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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.

**DEFIANCE** is audibly proclaimed by the leaders of the Roman Catholics, English as well as Irish, assembled in Dublin, at the great "aggregate meeting." The preparations made beforehand to get up a counter demonstration among the Gregg School of Orangemen, were a mere local expression of the interest excited; but when we see the character of the men present—when we see not "mere Irish" Members, but men who command the attention of the Commons—when we see the Catholic Bishops of England and Scotland as well as Ireland—when we see the unanimity, and the determined feeling to go all lengths in asserting the right of Catholicism to the free exercise of its own forms—we understand that the Catholics are not inclined to spare Ministers by winking at compromises, and suffering the new Catholic Coercion Act to fall into oblivion through a studied avoidance of its prohibitions. We should have been amazed at the Catholics if they could have abated their language and observances to the polite standard of Whig compromises; assuredly, we should not have respected them. The key-note of the meeting was struck in the first words uttered by Lord Gormanstown, who moved, that "the most Reverend Dr. Cullen, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland," be requested to take the chair. Lord Gormanstown is liable to prosecution for the use of that forbidden title: will the Attorney-General prosecute him? Will the Attorney-General permit Mr. Tresham Gregg to prosecute? Of course the Orangemen of Ireland will stand by their principles, and will press for permission to vindicate the law under Sir Frederick Thesiger's clause. And occasions will multiply too often for Government to abstain altogether. But the first prosecution will be a declaration of war; and from the spirit now evinced in Ireland, we may guess the sequel. The touch of feeling elicited by Thomas Cooper at his lecture in Belfast—the prompt hot assertion of nationality—the admission, tacit or avowed, that the Protestants and Catholics, if free from English repression, would wage war to the knife—these traits, even in Saxonized Belfast, attest the smouldering fire upon which Ministers have been heaping coals.

When once a war against oppression is begun, the English Catholics can hardly hold back; nor do we suppose that English lovers of freedom, however they might disclaim an influence residing in alien Rome, would refuse to stand by fellow-countrymen in the struggle for the equal rights of religious freedom.

We can answer for the just feeling and hearty good will of the working classes in this matter. They will have questions of their own to raise when attention is a little more awakened than it has been

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this year; but they will not forget the wants of their fellow-countrymen.

Before this great contest, of Protestant against Catholic, the minor discords of English sects sink into insignificance for the moment; yet are they fraught with much that will affect society at no distant date; and, upon the whole, we believe the better influences are both the larger and the stronger. This correspondence between Bishop Thirlwall and Archdeacon Williams is one of those unpleasant occurrences which are so frequently contributing to bring discredit on the Church of England. The Archdeacon is somewhat coarse in his demeanour; but no Churchman can blame him for that which he seeks—to develop the machinery of the Church of England in Cardiganshire. Dr. Thirlwall has promised to remove legal difficulties in the way of doing so—difficulties arising from the very fact that the Church has been undeveloped in Wales; during eight years that promise has been unfulfilled; now the Bishop repays his Archdeacon's zeal with insinuations that he is not suited to promote the best interests of his Church; and still the Bishop withholds the required sanction!

We do not desire to be hard on Dr. Thirlwall: he is a distinguished scholar; a man of truly generous intellect; a politician, whose influence has, in the main, been exerted for good. But he is tainted with the Whig spirit of compromise and expediency.

The set-off against this Cardigan scandal is the honest act of Dr. Townsend, who recently visited Rome, in the hope of closing the schism which has divided the Protestant from the Catholic Church for three centuries. He has not yet effected his object. Nothing daunted, he attended at the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, invited five of the members to spend some days with him, and is to discuss with them the possibility of uniting the several bodies of the great Christian Church.

The same spirit animated that remarkable meeting of the Church of the New Jerusalem, at which the followers of Swedenborg opened arms to all sincere seekers of truth. In short, under the mystical influence of Swedenborg, the New Jerusalem is one form in which a Catholic Spiritualism is becoming embodied. The sentiment of Swedenborg obtains adherents, and the veracity of his feeling convinces the heart of many who might find a difficulty in reasoning out his exposition.

In France, illegality; in Germany, mystification; in Italy, savagery; these words describe the hindrances of Government of the "Party of Order." Such are the three strings of one eternal fiddlestick for war, scraping a monotonous tune of "Religion, Family, Property." By the way, M. Thiers's own sister seeks a precarious subsistence by advertising her next of kin. Who more fit than "the late Prime Minister of France" to vindicate "the family"?

France is divided into Constitutionalists and

Revisionists; the former comprising all shades of the Republican party, the latter all the Monarchical factions. Total Revision means a return to Monarchy—but to which of the three? Partial Revision, a prolongation of the Elysée, *et cetera*, to M. L. Napoleon and his needy *entourage*. But so long as Article 45 of the Constitution, and the law of the 31st of May, remain unrepealed, and 188 is more than a fourth of 750, Revision is impossible. And who dreams of a coup d'état at the eleventh hour? The most moderate men express disgust at these failures, these struggles for place and power, and at the selfishness of the man to whom France was so blind as to confide her destiny, and to whom the Republic restored a country. They say they now understand all the violence of the first revolution. Happily for Paris, the Government of conspirators encourage every plan of pleasure which can divert the people from their plots; so that if a struggle be unavoidable next year, at least "the eve of their deluge" will be gaily spent, *sans broyer du noir prématurement*: or, as we say, without meeting troubles half way.

Nevertheless, the *Conseils d'Arrondissement* petition, the *Conseils Généraux* will petition, supplied with forms from the Prefectures. Their municipal bodies exist at this moment illegally, their powers having expired last May. They discuss political questions illegally; yet if the burden of their song be revision, they are not connived at, but encouraged by the Government. It is only when, as at Limoges, they dare to speak in favour of the Constitution, that a decree condemns and annuls the spontaneous vote. The preachers of order are the preachers of disorder, they agitate for agitation's sake. The French Ministry are visiting the Exposition by turns. May they return wiser from the spectacle of Order in Liberty!

The new Legitimo-Bonapartist league threatens to fall through, from the chivalrous repugnance of the sons of La Vendée to so unblest an alliance. The Prince de Joinville is decidedly a competitor for the Great National Stakes of '52. But till the settlement of M. Creton's motion, to recall the proscribed families, he is to remain dark. His address is said to be already at Paris, patent to his select friends; and expressions of devotion to his country, with bits of pathos on exile, are oozing out confidentially.

The disturbances in *L'Ardèche* are exaggerated by the reactionary press into a fresh pretext for repression; they seem to have begun with the Gendarmerie forbidding the *Marseillaise*; which is deemed a seditious hymn under Napoleon the Little! His air next year will probably be *Partant pour la Syrie*.

The manifesto (from the pen of Lamennais, and signed by some eminent names of the Mountain) of a new "French, Italian, and Spanish Central Democratic Committee," is noticeable for the largeness of its religious spirit: and the appeal to a democracy in Spain, so long bandied about by

palace intriguers and influences and "something more," is another evidence of that solidarity which is to be the future international law.

In Germany we see the sentimental tipling enthusiast of the Divine Right, *sauté au vin de Champagne*, entering upon a Royal Progress amidst official felicitations; shaking hands with "Hanover," who, though an obstinate old Tory as a Duke, has proved an exception as the tolerably honest German King. Young Austria is caracoling like a lad, to the smiling approval of the parental Nicholas, who looms very large in the northern horizon. His troops have been soundly thrashed in the Caucasus: a comfortable fact, not only for the sake of brave Circassia, but in that it cuts out work for the Bear that threatens to hug all Europe next year, if report say truly that the counter-revolutionary campaign of '52 is already mapped out at Warsaw.

Old Radetzky begs for more Croats, stifled as he is by the sullen calm of "Order," disturbed only by the bastinado and the musket.

Piedmont is the bugbear of Austria; so from the Chanceries of Vienna come forged incitations to revolt, said to have been dropped in the streets of Florence by agents of D'Azeglio. Opposite rumours at present make a second Charles Albert of Victor Emmanuel, already scheming to play a trustful people into the hands of Despotism—on conditions, or, according to official jargon, "finding himself overrun by the Revolutionists, preparing to make common cause with the Defenders of Society." He is also announced to be arranging a concordat with the Pope. May all such rumours be, as we believe them to be, of Austrian manufacture! their aim is of course to sow suspicion at Turin. If this young King were to play false, his crown is but a whip of straw in the coming whirlwind.

At Rome, in the midst of French and Austrian intrigues, Pope and Cardinals roll helplessly to the abyss that will submerge all falsehoods, however sacred, and all tyrannies, however legitimate.

The far East is becoming almost as go-a-head as the far West—so literally are extremes meeting! China is undergoing some revolution, the object of which is said to be to eject the Tatar dynasty; and some amazing Mandarin is said to have been preaching "self-government"! A storm in the great, the original teapot of the globe! The real character of this revolution is little understood through the branching obscurities which invest the central Flowery Nation; but it seems to command the instinctive sympathies of the English in the neighbourhood.

Siam goes beyond China. In the person of a young gentleman of forty, Legitimacy has formed an alliance with constitutional Monarchy and education! The new King has added to the number of constitutional axioms: it is not good, he says, either for King or People, that one will should rule! Very good, O Siamese!

The most unsatisfactory revolution is that which the Indian Government is about to conduct in the Deccan. Part of the territory is seized for arrears of tribute, which are to be intercepted in the shape of the Nizam's revenue. In short, he is declared bankrupt, and his "estate" is handed over to official assignees. But they only take a part of his territory into their keeping, and that only for a time; they will be unable to effect any real reforms; they will only bring additional bereavement to the Nizam, his creditors, and his subjects.

In the opposite extremity of the British empire, North America, we see something that promises to be an instrument of incalculable benefit to the Colonies, and to the people of this country: virtually the great railway question seems to be settled—the railway is to be made; and if so, while capital and colonists are drawn to the three colonies of Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, an opportunity is offered of providing for the labouring poor, while the process of improving their condition is carried on at home. Such at least may be done, if there be but the will.

#### CATHOLIC AGITATION IN IRELAND.

Preceded by active preparations, enthusiastic though quiet, and marked by great steadiness, characterized by a triumph at Limerick, which may be considered the opening battle of the great campaign of Catholic agitation, the Catholic Defence Association has at length presented itself to the public, and held its first and eminently successful aggregate meeting.

Attempts were made last week to get up an Orange riot by the Reverend Thresham Gregg, well known in Dublin. He and a Mr. Cooke placarded the town with provocative posters, declaring that the title of

Archbishop of Armagh belonged alone to Lord George Beresford. To this the *Tablet* replied:—

"Our readers already know that the Primate, the only Archbishop of Armagh (a certain Lord John G. Beresford, who sometimes receives that title, being the merest of shams and impostors)—the successor of St. Patrick, the representative of the Holy See and of St. Peter's Chair, the chief teacher of Christianity in this island, authorized and commissioned as such by our blessed Lord and Saviour, has been requested and has kindly given his consent to occupy the chair. Cardinal Wiseman, and all the other archbishops and bishops in the three kingdoms—not, we repeat, including in that description the superintendents of certain Protestant congregations appointed by the state to receive stolen goods and to teach falsehood, but all the archbishops who are archbishops, and all the bishops who are bishops, have been invited to support his Grace on this occasion, and to lend the weight of their influence and authority to this great event."

Mr. Cooke was forbidden by the police to post any more of his placards after the first batch, and both himself and his notorious chief Mr. Gregg, having provoked a riot were severely handled by a mob. Mr. Gregg indited another epistle asserting that he had "tickets" (the Catholics to prevent an Orange riot had adopted the ticket system) and that he would attend.

Early on Tuesday morning the streets near the Rotunda rapidly filled with people, and by eleven o'clock Great Britain-street and Sackville-street were thronged to excess. Strong bodies of police were on the ground and about 1000 porters from the quays came up in ranks to assist them in maintaining order. From half-past ten to eleven there were numerous arrivals of the more prominent actors in the great scene—noblemen, prelates, members of Parliament, commoners, and priests. When the doors were opened the body and platform of the Rotunda soon filled. Thresham Gregg, his coadjutor Cooke, and another individual arrived, presented tickets which were rejected, protested against the rejection, and retired escorted by the police amid the hissing and hooting of the crowd. With this exception the meeting in every respect was dignified and orderly, not a single case of drunkenness occurring during the day.

Viewing the vast assembly within the Rotunda everybody was reminded of the days when Daniel O'Connell guided, excited, and controlled the people. The platform was slightly raised, a gilded chair placed for the distinguished president, and seats around for the lords and prelates in attendance.

At ten minutes past eleven o'clock Lord Gormanstown rose and said:—

"My lords and gentlemen, I have the honour to move that the Most Reverend Dr. Cullen, Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of all Ireland, be requested to take the chair."

The moment the title of the distinguished head of the Irish Catholic Church was heard by the people, the speaker was interrupted by deafening cheers, which were again and again repeated.

Mr. Reynolds, M.P., then came forward, and was most loudly cheered. He said:—

"Fellow-citizens, Lord Viscount Gormanstown has moved that the Most Reverend Dr. Cullen, Archbishop of Armagh—(loud cheers)—and Primate of all Ireland—(renewed cheering)—be most respectfully requested to take the chair and to preside over this great meeting of the Catholics of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. (Loud cheers.) Now, gentlemen, I have used the precise words Lord Gormanstown used in moving the resolution. The Almighty has not blessed his lordship with as good lungs as he has blessed me with—(laughter)—and I am, therefore, in seconding the motion which, as member of Parliament for the city—(cheers)—the committee have done me the honour of asking me to second—I am repeating his lordship's words, and having performed that pleasing duty, I beg now to congratulate you upon this enormous assemblage, headed by the Primate of all Ireland—(cheers)—surrounded as he is by the following mitres:—We have present his Grace the Archbishop of Cashel—(loud cheers)—his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam—(most vehement and prolonged cheering)—the Lord Bishop of Birmingham—(cheers)—the Lord Bishop of Edinburgh—(cheers)—the Lord Bishop of Elphin—(cheers)—the Lord Bishop of Clogher—(cheers)—the Lord Bishop of Killaloe—(cheers)—the Lord Bishop of Clonfert—(cheers)—the Lord Bishop of Savannah—(cheers)—the Lord Bishop of Cloyne, and the Lord Bishop of Hyderabad. (Cheers.) Although there are many dignitaries of the Catholic Church here under the rank of bishops, I will not detain you by enumerating their names. We have on the present occasion the advantage of the presence of many members of the Imperial Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland—(cheers)—and I hope those who are present are not the less acceptable to you because they belong to the Irish Brigade. (Loud cheers.)"

"We are assembled here," Mr. Reynolds continued, "not for the purpose of forging chains for any sect of our fellow-men, whether they are Christians or no Christians. We are here assembled to protest against an aggression that has been committed on us, and while, in asserting our rights, we are prepared to maintain the right of every sect of Christians, we are equally determined to protect our own. (Cheers.)"

The motion having been carried by acclamation, Dr. Cullen, Archbishop of Armagh, accordingly

took the chair. He delivered a long speech, pointing out how the Catholics had been driven to assume an attitude of defence; how the movement was not hostile to anybody but their persecutors; denying that he had stepped out of the ecclesiastical into the political domain; and claiming for the meeting that it was purely defensive. After describing the consequences of the Durham Letter, the mention of which drew down a storm of groans and hisses, he said:—

"Should we not, however, be thankful to God for having given such a turn to late events? If we are threatened with the persecution of violence and force, an end is put to a more dangerous sort of persecution, the persecution of false friends, whose smiles and trifling favours were scattered for the purpose of enslaving us, and gradually depriving us of our religion, or our religious rights; who, under the pretence of being perfectly liberal, would put truth and error, light and darkness, on the same footing; and who to propagate their principles more effectually would take into their own hands the whole education of the rising Catholic generation of the country. (Hear, hear.)"

He eulogized their defender in Parliament, particularizing Graham and Gladstone, and the latent Catholic force of Ireland. He explained the objects of the Defence Association:—

"It will be one of the first duties of this body to cement firmly and permanently the union among all the Catholics of the empire—a union so closely connected with the interests of all, so necessary for our welfare, and even for our existence—a union commenced under such happy auspices. When we shall be closely united our efforts to redress our grievances will not fail to be effectual; and here a great field will be opened for the operations of the association. Our poor are to be protected from a heartless proselytism—the faith of the children of the soldier and the sailor is to be preserved—the state of our workhouses is to be examined—a Catholic education is to be obtained for our people. In a Catholic country like this there is a great and perfectly organized system of Protestant instruction. Hundreds of thousands are expended in promoting a purely Protestant education, whilst the sums given to Catholic schools (with one exception) are given only on the condition that the system of the schools which are filled with Catholic children shall be suited to the education of children of every sect who do not frequent such schools, and we are left without any Catholic university. (Hear, hear.) But it would be too long to enumerate all our grievances."

"By the labours of the association let us trust that they shall be removed, and that we shall be put on a perfect footing of equality with every other class of her Majesty's subjects. (Hear, hear.) In tending to this great object, I trust it will be accurately understood that no divine, and no just human, law is to be violated—that the rights of no one are to be invaded, but that, on the contrary, we are to be ready to protect them—nothing is to be done to weaken our allegiance to the Crown, and no insult is to be offered to those who differ from us in religion, or to any of the Protestant inhabitants of the empire. (Hear, hear.)"

"The association must repudiate everything like violence, threatening, calumny, or misrepresentation. Its arms must be the arms of Catholic truth, prayer, patience, forbearance, justice, and charity. Catholics are continually misrepresented, as if they were the slaves of bigotry and intolerance. Our conduct is to be the best answer to such a charge. (Hear, and cheers.)"

On the motion of the Bishop of Elphin, Mr. Sadleir, M.P., Mr. O'Higgins, M.P., and Mr. James Burke, were appointed secretaries. A letter was read from Cardinal Wiseman, in which he alluded mysteriously to those "whose word would a few months ago have been in our eyes as safe a security as a bond signed and sealed, who have made light of pledges given to us, and feel no shame in withdrawing them." Letters were read from the Honourable William Stourton, Lord Arundell, of Wardour (inclosing £6), Lords Stourton, Kenmare, Petre, and two Roman Catholic Bishops; also an address from Roman Catholics at Liverpool, inclosing £10.

Without much speaking, the following resolution, moved by the Archbishop of Cashel, and seconded by Sir Piers Mostyn (on the part of the English Roman Catholics), was carried:—

"That we declare an act lately passed by the Imperial Parliament, commonly called the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, to be a violation of the compact contained in the Catholic Relief Act of 1829, and subversive of the great principle of religious liberty as established in this empire."

John, Archbishop of Tuam, moved the next resolution, worded as follows:—

"That we unhesitatingly declare that the present Ministers have betrayed the cause of civil and religious freedom, and forfeited the confidence of the Catholics of the United Kingdom."

His speech was not remarkable, except for the length of the sentences, and the ponderosity of the wit, as reported. But he recited a heavy list of charges against the Imperial Government.

"Who could imagine," he said, alluding to the conduct of the priests during the famine;—"who could imagine that those who were instrumental in soothing the public discontent, and preserving the public tranquillity amidst such terrible trials, were to be selected by our rulers as the first victims of a bigoted proscription. (Hear, hear.)"

Mr. Keogh, M.P., seconded the resolution. Holding the Act of Parliament in his hand, he unhesi-



tatingly accorded to Dr. Cullen the title of Lord Archbishop of Armagh. He called Lord John Russell a "base minister," his cabinet a "besotted administration," and the offensive bill an "atrocious" act of Parliament. He glorified the memory of O'Connell amidst tremendous cheers. He vindicated the People of England, and threw all the odium on the Government, and proposed that forty Irish members should be sent to Parliament who would make no terms with the Government until the act was repealed.

The Bishop of Edinburgh, seconded by Mr. Moore, M.P., moved the following resolution, which was adopted:—

"That we hereby solemnly pledge ourselves to use every legitimate means within the constitution to obtain a total repeal of that act, and every other statute which imposes upon the Catholics of this empire any civil or religious disability whatever, or precludes them from the enjoyment of their religion."

An altercation arose between Mr. Moore and Dr. Cullen. Mr. Moore was speaking in reference to the conduct of the English press, when the Pope sent over the celebrated bull which forbade priests to meddle in matters political. Apparently the Primate thought Mr. Moore's light wit was carrying him too far, for he struck in with the astounding declaration, that the Pope, that the Catholic Church, were not inimical to civil liberty; and, moreover, that where "Catholicity had been superseded, slavery followed"! Mr. Moore would not contradict the Primate, but proceeded with his speech. He had occasion, however, to allude to Belgium, and her efforts for liberty. "Belgium," he said, "had her Catholic party, and her Orange party, like Ireland. At last Belgium arose in insurrection, as I fear Ireland would if she could, and as I fear Ireland will some day, if England's present policy continues—"

The Lord Primate again interrupted the speaker, and said that he thought that the feeling of the meeting was not in favour of insurrection (*hear, hear*); that they were attached to the Sovereign when even persecuting laws were enacted. "It was in accordance with the Catholic doctrine to uphold the cause of order." Mr. Moore explained, innocently alleging that he had used the same language in the House of Commons. The Primate thought that did not matter. No such expression as Mr. Moore made use of should be addressed to that meeting—"it was contrary to Catholic doctrine." Mr. Moore continued:—

"My lord, it is not for me to bandy opinions with your grace—I will only say, therefore, that Catholic Belgium did rise in insurrection. Catholic Belgium succeeded (*loud cheers*), and religious liberty was established. (*Renewed cheers*.)"

Dr. Ullathorne, bishop of Birmingham, moved:—

"That for the above objects we deem it necessary to establish a Catholic Defence Association, and that the same be and is hereby established."

He made a very exciting speech, in the course of which he said:—

"It was his duty in every way he could to avoid collision with any enactment, however penal or atrocious. But where his duty warned him to obey the Divine law he must do so. He could not possibly withhold the signature of his office—which was inseparable from his person and was indicative of his title, though not in the legal sense of the word—from certain documents, without himself becoming a recreant to the Church of God, and an apostate to his high office. (*Cheers*.) Therefore, where he could not otherwise fulfil his duty, he would append the whole designation of his office—where it was needful it should be done. (*Cheers*.) Then, as to the consequence of so acting: he had come to the conclusion, after mature deliberation, that he could not have recourse to the purse which was confided to him for the support of the clergy and the promotion of religion, for the payment of fines inflicted by this penal enactment. He was prepared at once to go to gaol. (*Tremendous cheering, and waving of hats, handkerchiefs, &c.*)"

Mr. John Reynolds, M.P., appeared to second the resolution. He called the Ecclesiastical Titles Act an "Algerine" act; he called Lord John Russell a "bigot and a tyrant;" and he called their Irish opponents in general "designing firebrand fanatics." He defied Lord John Russell to imprison a bishop. They would not subscribe pence to pay fines, but for more unpleasant purposes. He advocated a line of policy which would enable them to "trample" on both Whigs and Tories. He repudiated all sectarian feelings, and declared in favour of "perfect civil and religious equality." But the Irish Catholics had been robbed of everything except their creed:—

"That little fanatic and insolent Lord John Russell (*hisses*), not satisfied with introducing the bill, rummaged history—all the lying volumes that were compiled by all lying historians that ever defiled their pens in lying against the religion of the people—and delivered them in the shape of a speech in the House of Commons to 500 of his supporters, who swallowed it as political Gospel. That bill was a declaration of war against the people of Ireland."

The resolution was adopted.

The Bishop of Clonfert moved the next resolution as follows:—

"Resolved,—That as one of the great constitutional and practical means of carrying out the objects of this

meeting, we pledge ourselves to make every effort to strengthen the bands and increase the power of those faithful representatives who, in the last session of Parliament so energetically devoted themselves to the formation of an independent party in the Legislature, having for its object the maintenance of civil and religious liberty in the British empire. That the following prelates and members of the Legislature be a committee to define with accuracy the objects which are to occupy the association, to frame the rules and regulations by which it shall be governed, and to submit the same to the next general meeting of the association: The Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Birmingham, the Bishop of Nottingham, the Bishop of Hexham, the Bishop of Southwark, the Bishop of Liverpool, the Bishop of Beverley, the Bishop of Salford, the Bishop of Northampton, Paul Archbishop of Armagh, John Archbishop of Tuam, Archbishop of Cashel, Bishop of Ardagh, Bishop of Achonry, Bishop of Meath, Bishop of Cork, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, Bishop of Clonfert, Bishop of Killala, Bishop of Cloyne, Bishop of Kilmaeduaigh, Bishop of Raphoe, Bishop of Ross, Bishop of Clogher, Bishop of Kerry, Bishop of Killaloe, Bishop of Elphin, and Bishop of Derry; John Reynolds, M.P., Dublin; William Keogh, M.P., Athlone; George H. Brown, M.P., Mayo; J. Sadleir, M.P., Carlow; G. O. Higgins, M.P., Mayo; Martin J. Blake, M.P., Galway city; N. V. Mayer, M.P., Tipperary; Francis Scully, M.P., Tipperary; Thomas Meagher, M.P., Waterford, and Robert Keating, M.P., Waterford; John T. Devereaux, M.P., Wexford; Timothy O'Brien, M.P., Cashel; John O'Brien, M.P., Limerick; and Michael Sullivan, M.P., Kilkenny."

The motion was seconded by Mr. Bianconi, and adopted. Some other business resolutions were adopted, and one thanking the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Montague, Sir J. Graham, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Sidney Herbert, and Mr. R. Palmer for their services; spoken to by Mr. Scully, M.P., Mr. J. Rawson, of Lancashire, Mr. J. F. Maguire, the Reverend Mr. Kearney, Mr. J. M. Cann, Mr. O'Flaherty, M.P., and the Honourable M. Preston, and the meeting separated in the greatest order.

Thus ended this remarkable demonstration. We observe one or two things which require explanation. What has become of Lord Arundel and Surrey, and why is not his name on the committee? Why is Mr. Cobden's name excluded from the vote of thanks to the Protestants?

#### CHURCH MATTERS.

There are some remarkable matters which require a brief notice at our hands. The Swedenborgians held a meeting at the Freemasons'-hall, on Wednesday. The speeches delivered contain some very noteworthy sentiments. The Chairman, the Reverend J. H. Smithson, of Manchester, noticed that on his right hand they had inhabitants of Germany and Denmark there—on his left there were natives of France and Spain; and again, there were visitors from America; and, moreover, they had a voice from India, and a voice from Africa, proclaiming that the new Church of the Lord Jesus Christ had commenced in their respective countries. He said we were living in times when old things were passing away; that to settle the momentous questions at issue it was necessary to ascend upon that newer and loftier platform than the world had ever yet witnessed, where all creeds could merge into the one great principle of acknowledging the sole headship over the Church of the Lord Jesus, and the love of Him in the heart and the life as the only principle of salvation, for time and eternity.

Various speakers echoed the same sentiment in different words. The Reverend Mr. Clissold pointed out how unity lost at the Reformation by the repudiation of the Pope, was the chief cause of secession to Rome from the Church of England. Mr. Finch, of London, said that what the Christian world wanted was a Christianity which reconciled modern science with ancient belief—a Christianity which put itself in the van instead of in the rear of human progress, and which became the moving spring as well as the regulating principle of social advancement. The whole tendency of the meeting was towards a Catholic faith based on extreme sincerity and good works.

The South Church Union have published their annual report. They advocate of course synodical action and a national convocation as a weapon of defence against the decision of the Privy Council on the Gorham case as well as on broader grounds.

As to the Romish aggression they point out how they were among the first to protest against it, rating the "common Protestantism" cry at its true value; but at the same time they deprecate the uncatholic spirit in which the Papal aggression had been met by the common Protestantism of this country, and vindicating themselves from any share in this reproach.

They demand a valid security against unfit appointments to the episcopate, and they protest against any relaxation of the law of marriage.

The daily papers contain the following paragraph:—"Yesterday (Wednesday), as soon as the Evangelical Alliance—A union of Protestant Christians of all denominations—had entered upon its first session, the Chairman (Sir Culling E. Eardley, Bart.) introduced the Reverend Dr. Townsend, Canon of Durham, on account of whose self-imposed visit to

the Pope, undertaken with a desire to find a basis for the ecclesiastical reconciliation of Christendom, has lately been given to the world. The doctor having briefly explained his views on the subject of the union of all sects of Christians, expressed his desire that that alliance would select five brethren from amongst themselves, of different denominations, to come to his house and remain for a week or so, to consult together on the question—How far is a union of all Christians possible? He was received with the utmost cordiality, and his proposition will be immediately considered.

Some smart letters have passed between the Bishop of St. David's, and the Archdeacon of Cardiff, apropos of the famous charge made by Sir Benjamin Hall of the "disgraceful state" of the diocese of St. David's. The Archdeacon complains that he has for years been prevented by the Bishop from fulfilling his archidiaconal duties—especially with reference to education. He particularly wishes to summon an archidiaconal court and deliver a charge. The Bishop objects that there are legal obstacles to this; but from expressions in his last letter to the Archdeacon, the latter has determined to fulfil his duties, delivering a charge, and instituting a strict inquiry into the state of his archdeaconry. He trusts that if he encounter legal difficulties, the Bishop will not suffer eight years to pass without an attempt to remove them.

The Wesleyan Reform Conference at Newcastle terminated its sittings on Tuesday. Among the resolutions agreed to, we find the following resolutions of general interest:—

"That this meeting, reviewing the proceedings of the Conference during the last two years, are of opinion that some of the chief evils of which the people complain, are:—1. The assumption on the part of the Conference of legislative and executive authority over the connection. 2. The treatment of discussion as a crime, when applied to the state and conduct of Methodist affairs. 3. The exercise by the preachers alone of the power of admission into and expulsion from the Church."

A resolution was also adopted on Tuesday, urging upon the people a consistent adherence to the previous decision of "no secession, no surrender, and no supply;" even to stopping the pew-rents."

The Reverend W. J. Conybeare, Vicar of Axminster, and Queen's Preacher, has written to the *Times*, to correct an error in an article of the 12th of August, on the Exeter Synod:—

"You say 'Two representatives of each deanery were elected by an absolute majority of the beneficed and licensed clergy in each district.' Had this been really the case, it would have made the unanimity of the sixty elected members of the synod a very remarkable fact; but the very reverse of your statement was the truth, for the representatives were elected by an absolute minority of the clergy in each district, so far as I have been able to ascertain. In the rural deanery to which I myself belong (that of Honiton) the clergy present at the election were ten, and one proxy was sent; thus the representatives were elected by only eleven out of twenty-seven clergy entitled to vote. The majority declined to take any part in the election, and left it in the hands of the minority. This was the case almost universally throughout the diocese, except in those two deaneries which refused to send any representatives at all. I may add, that the reason why the majority of the clergy and the dignitaries of the cathedral declined to take part in the synod was not, so far as I can learn, from disapproving of such assemblies in general, but because the Bishop of Exeter, in his 'Pastoral Address' convoking the synod, renounced communion with the Archbishop, to whom he had formerly taken an oath of canonical obedience. In the same address he (not obscurely) intimated his wish that the synod should support him in this course; although, when it came to the point, he made no proposal to that effect."

This is most important evidence, throws a new light on the subject, and suggests many reflections.

#### CONTINENTAL NOTES.

Reaction would seem to gather increased precipitation as it approaches the cataclysm of '52. If indeed it be true that the gods first deprive of their wits those they intend to ruin, then assuredly are the powers that be of Continental Europe condemned; for that they are rapidly losing the little sense, the "quantula sapientia" they ever possessed, all Europe testifies. They are hurrying down a declivity at the foot of which lies extinction.

In France the talk of the last ten days has been the fusion of the Elysée and the larger and elder section (under Berryer and De Falloux) of the Legitimists. A monstrous alliance of the fleur de lys and the eagle for the destruction of the common enemy, the Republic, which once destroyed the one and gave birth to the other. How are the shades of Marshal Ney and the Duc d'Enghien to be appeased? The younger and more chivalrous of the Legitimists, represented by Henri de Larochejacquin and Alfred Nettement, obstinately refuse the compact. Hence Alfred Nettement has been solemnly excommunicated by the "Royal Faubourg," as also the benevolent and beloved Archbishop of Paris, M. Sibour, whose Christian Socialism is a bugbear to the faithful of the Bourse and the coulisses, and it may be remembered gave rise to an intemperate if not insulting protest on

the part of an ultramontane bishop. The position of the Reactionists generally, of the Bonapartist faction particularly, is becoming desperate, as the new Republic of the new year begins to herald its dawn. The whole situation turns upon that iniquitous and inauspicious law of the 31st of May. If it be not repealed before the general elections, civil war; if it be repealed, a Democratic (perhaps a Democratic-Socialist) majority in the next assembly. Of this there can be little doubt, after the elections of March and April last year; the organized abstention from voting of the Democratic party since the mutilation of the suffrage, and the vigorous and active propaganda carried on throughout the departments in spite of all restrictions, perhaps *because* of them. The repeal of this law of the 31st of May is the only *pacifist* solution, but it would not suit any section of the reaction. They prefer the chances of a coup d'état, or to reckon on the appeal to Northern despotism. The trial of Alphonse Gent and others for the conspiracy (real or pretended) of Lyons, is still going on. After the disgraceful illegalities of a *preventive* imprisonment of nine months, their letters and papers meanwhile committed to the tender mercies of the police, they are now before a court-martial. Hitherto, through all the mass of papers examined, nothing has transpired more serious than the intention of the "conspirators" to celebrate the death of Louis XVI. by a "succulent repast." An act of questionable taste, perhaps in one sense, according to the *republican* procureur, "calculated to raise emotions of indignation and disgust." One feature in the trial repulsive to English forms of justice and to our laws of evidence, is that police agents are allowed to bring forward anonymous reports of secret spies, most damaging to the private character of the accused, who are unable to cite these purveyors of infamy to the bar. The probable issue of the trials will be perpetual imprisonment; but *perpetual* in France means only till the next revolution when culprits become heroes.

The candidatureship of the Prince de Joinville for the Presidency begins to assume a definite shape. If the "proposition active" for the recall of the Orléanists be carried, as it is expected to be, in November next, it will be more formally announced. In order to avert the danger of this competition, orders were given to the ministerial press in Paris and in the departments, to present, in the most violent colours, the recent manifesto signed by 119 representatives of the Republican opposition, so as to give the majority courage to abandon the said 119 to prosecution. This stratagem would break up the compact and desperate phalanx of 188, without whose consent the revision of the constitution is impossible. In the absence of the 119, either in prison or escaped, revision would be treated as an exigency of "public safety;" and Louis Napoleon would then become a candidate as constitutionally as M. de Joinville, or Ledru Rollin; we say Ledru Rollin, because the Creton motion cannot succeed without a simultaneous amnesty in favour of the Republican exiles. But this plan has perhaps been abandoned, through the peremptory challenge of the press of the minority to the Government, to point out a single unconstitutional passage in the manifesto.

Friday, the 15th instant, being the anniversary of the Emperor's birth-day, Bonapartist banquets were held in Paris, under the patronage and protection of the heroes of the late society *du Dix Décembre*. A. M. Belmoulet appears to have been the Coryphæus at the most important of these gatherings, and to have recited some balderdash in prose and verse, more or less dithyrambic, to the old tune of the *grande armée* and *la gloire impériale*; phrases hollow and meaningless enough now, for the Emperor carried the empire once for all with him to the grave. It is a giant shadow that makes your "uncle's nephew" look small enough with his chosen army of riff-raff rioters, and his battles of the plain of Satory!

The little episode of Thiers's own sister advertising a cheap table d'hôte, is a curious testimony to that little great man's notions on "the family" of which, as a Burgrave of the party of Order, he is an official champion. We can vouch for the genuineness of Madame Ripert.

The persecution of all that savours of republicanism in a Republic goes on bravely. Every day we have an imaginary plot "cooked," for the mere purpose of imprisoning preventively the most active and able supporters of the Constitution. The press of the Opposition is hunted to the death by fines, suspension, imprisonment. The recent annual report on the administration of criminal justice during '49, discloses a perfect martyrdom in the ranks of the independent journals. Eighty-eight journals prosecuted for political opinions. Out of this number as many as thirteen tried at least twice, ten thrice tried, seven four times; of two papers, one was prosecuted seven times, and the other ten times within the year. And besides the long imprisonment of their editors, the republican press has been mulcted a sum amounting to about £7000. Such is the merciless crusade against the liberty of the press, for which M. Louis Napoleon claims the gratitude of his country. We may add, that the criminal statistics of '49 show a decrease of attacks against property and an increase in assaults against persons; the latter may, perhaps, be

ascribed to the fact that the gendarmerie is employed in Imperial propagandism, instead of the regular duties of that useful corps. The Government, which should be the example of legality and order, has become an incessant system of provocation and vexation. Domiciliary visits often accompanied by rudeness and violence, paid to quiet persons only suspected of attachment to the constitution. Forged letters addressed to journals, containing libellous matter for prosecution; revocation of mayors and schoolmasters, if not monarchical; printers' licences abruptly withdrawn; legions of National Guards dissolved for shouting, "*Vive la République*"; the very *Marseillaise* interdicted as seditious; all the liberties, all the traditions, all the generous hopes of the People handed over to a monstrous triple alliance of Bonapartists, Legitimists, and Jesuits.

The Conseils d'Arrondissement met on the 4th instant for a session of ten days. By law they are forbidden to treat of any but local questions. The present Government has brought its Préfets to bear upon their discussions, and to promote set forms of petition for revision of the constitution. In one case, at Limoges, the Conseil took advantage of the privilege accorded to others to vote for a petition of *their own*; expressing a desire that, "*For the future, the constitution should be fairly observed, and all laws contrary to its spirit be repealed.*" This vote is annulled by the President on the ground of the law of 1833, which forbids all political discussion to the councils. Mark, that so long as they demand an *infringement of the constitution*, the prorogation of the presidential term of office, they are allowed to break the law of 1833; if they demand a strict observance of the constitution which is the law of laws, their vote is judged illegal and annulled. Is not this party of order the party of illegality in France as in the rest of Europe? The councils general of the departments are to meet on the 25th instant. Their session extends to the 4th of September. They will, of course, be allowed to discuss, illegally, the revision—if in a favourable sense. But it must not be forgotten that the very existence of the *Conseils généraux* and *d'Arrondissement* is arbitrary and illegal. Elected by universal suffrage for three years in '48, their powers expired last May; but on the pretext of waiting for the organic law they are indefinitely prolonged, whilst a third of the electors are deprived of their votes. The journals of the Elysée, "organs of personal interests" (as M. le Docteur Véron once wrote in a pet) daily provoke to civil war and to *coups d'état*, with impunity! while six of the most eminent publicists of the opposition are in prison for defending the cause of civilization and humanity. The latest trial takes place this week. M. Sarrans, once an intimate friend of Louis Napoleon when the *Prince* was a proscribed exile, is prosecuted for appealing to the recollections of the prisoner of Ham in behalf of the political détenus at Belleisle, who it seems are treated with a barbarity scarcely surpassed by Rome and Naples—noisome cells, want of ventilation, coarse food, bad clothing, brutality of gaolers. Why not? it is still the "Party of Order" in power! It is difficult to get at the truth about the recent riots in the Department of L'Ardèche: for the only accounts received are from the Reactionist papers: all the Republican having been suspended or suppressed in that and the neighbouring department. But they seem to have arisen from the brutal interruptions of some Republican songs by the gendarmerie. Wherever the mayor has had the good sense to allow peaceful and orderly festivities, there has been no provocation, and consequently no rioting. What would the *real* Napoleon have said of his Order of the Legion of Honour, if he could see his nephew decorating a corporal in the National Guard for "assisting in the repression of a riot in L'Ardèche, where he was wounded!"

In the rest of Europe, reaction pursues its blind and fatal path. The affairs of Germany are an imbroglia into which we do not recommend our readers to plunge their heads. What with faithless kings and bewildered peoples, the mystifications of the Diet of Frankfort, and the illegal convocations of Provincial Diets, one day declared to be powerless for political modifications, and the next encouraged by royal edict to effect the same: the minor principalities and duchies recommended to eliminate from their several constitutions all the quasi-republican elements of '48; and, half jealous of possible mediation, the settlement of accounts for exchange of services in the reactionary campaign of '49—the discussions about a Federal army to be placed on a war footing—and to whom, and whether Austrian or Prussian, the command should be given. It is all perplexity—a complication of knots, which perhaps '52 may help to solve. We mark the following rumours:—The Austrians are loth to quit Hamburg, and have even increased their forces in Holstein—to the disgust of Prussia, which now regrets having suffered their intervention. At Berlin we find a man of letters arrested for having written a popular history of the French Revolution. Austria has apologized to the Federal Commissary of Switzerland, for some violations of territory in the Canton of Tessin, and affects the most friendly dispositions. Radetzky finds the ground crumbling under him in

Lombardy, and entreats for reinforcements, which cannot be spared him in the present attitude of Hungary. At Bologna the convent of the Annunziata has been occupied by the Austrian troops as a fort. Brigandage increases in the States of the Church and in the Austrian territory, and threatens to equal the good days of Gregory. Now, however, it is attended with an unparalleled desperation. At Milan the Government of the bastinado prevails, relieved by occasional mock trials. When Schusa was shot, the other day, an executioner was wanting. A deputy was sent for, and on his arrival refused the office, and was thereupon shot! "Kill me, if you will," he said: "you will only have two victims instead of one." Martyrdom is making Italy united. Once united, she can never be enslaved.

At Rome the same cruelties: the same intrigues of French and Austrian. General Gémeau, it seems, was not at all satisfied with his reception at Castel-Gandolpho. He was only asked once to dine with "his Holiness" and King Bomba, to the Austrian general's three times. On his return to Rome he occupied all the principal posts of the city, on the plea of "orders from Paris." The Austrians in the mean time are seizing on the best strategical positions on the line of their occupation; and their press industriously sneers at the weakness of the Papal Government. The French (they say) are playing one of their own comedies—*Les Fourberies de Scapin*. Scapin is the General Gémeau, Mazzini the terrible Sacripant, and the Papal Government takes the part of Géronte. In the name of Mazzini, the French take measures of precaution which result in depriving the Pope of all liberty of movement and action. In the name of Mazzini, the French general takes 70,000 muskets from the Pontifical arsenal, and fortifies the Palazzo of the Holy Office.

As a consolation to the troubles of the Pope, the Emperor of Haiti, Faustin Soulouque, the First, has sent an ambassador to the Vatican, requesting the loan of an archbishop for his consecration; and the Bey of Tunis has asked for a resident bishop, to whom he concedes a local title, and the *honours of a general officer*!

The recent revolution in Portugal seems to have effected only one object, Marshal Saldanha's personal aggrandizement—for the present, at least.

A letter from Galicia, on the 13th ultimo, informs us that in the whole province the Austrians are very busy in trying to catch Mazzini, and for that purpose warrants of arrest, with a very minute description of his person, are circulated and communicated to all the commissaries of the circles. The Gallician peasants, who since a certain time have made a great progress, openly jeer the busy Austrians. They say, making allusion to the general decay of the potato crop, "The potatoes came to us with the Germans, and will leave us with them." In the circle of Nasielsk, the commissary ordered the peasants of a village that as soon as Mazzini should appear amongst them they were immediately to apprehend and to deliver him to the authority of the circle; but the peasants said, you likewise ordered us to capture Kossuth, whilst he was at that moment so gloriously thrashing you that you were obliged to apply to the Muscovites for help; we therefore beg leave to request you, and the authorities in general, not to consider us to be such fools as to believe you any more. But be assured, sir, that should Mazzini order us to catch and to deliver you to the Poles, we should perform our task so well that even the Muscovite would not save you.

A correspondence from Berlin, inserted in the *German Gazette*, of Posen, speaking of the operations of the *Central Democratic Committee of Europe*, gives, among other absurdities, the following:—That Mazzini has deposited £10,000 in the Bank of England, destined for the refugees, who, at the first opportunity, will leave London for Germany or France. That he (Mazzini) already has at his disposal twenty-five American and English steamers, each of whom can carry one thousand men; but that he intends to double their number. That he has bought several hundred pieces of ordnance. That he is about to make a descent in Piedmont, with an army of 50,000 to 60,000 men, the greatest part of which is now in America, where the forces are to be concentrated and drilled, to be ready at a moment's notice.

According to a newly made arrangement in Russia and Poland, a passport will cost 250 silver roubles (£41 13s. 4d.), and will only serve for six months; so that if the party wants to stay, for example, three years abroad (which is the maximum allowed for a nobleman, for the commoner cannot exceed one year), his passport would cost him £125, exclusively of the stamps.

#### REVOLUTIONS IN THE EAST.

There can be no longer any doubt lingering in the minds of the incredulous. The year 1851 is the true *annus mirabilis*. Not only have we had in England the British Exposition, in France the sad spectacle of great parties smitten with judicial blindness, in Germany a vigorous attempt to revive the status quo ante, and the German Diet actually reconstituted at Frankfurt, in Italy reaction attended with unparalleled



atrocities denounced by a Conservative of unexceptionable hue; but there has been a peaceful revolution in Siam, there is progressing a bloody revolution in China, and a step taken on the part of the East India Company pregnant with important influence on the history of Hindustan.

The Siamese revolution is curious—nothing less than a restoration of legitimacy, accompanied by very peculiar circumstances. On the 3rd of April, before break of day, the late King of Siam died. He had usurped the throne in 1824, and seems to have been in every way a very ill-conditioned sort of person; having no "regularly constituted" Queen, consequently, no regularly constituted issue. He was the eldest son of the King who died in 1824, though not legitimate. He had ruled twenty-seven years, oppressing the people, oppressing the missionaries, taking no steps for the preservation of morality, nor the encouragement of learning or commerce. When it was known in January last that he was seized with a mortal disease, the question of succession was warmly discussed. There were three parties: the King's party, which desired that his sons should succeed him; a second party, who wished to elevate the King's brother, for a long time chief judge, to the throne; and a third party, who espoused the cause of Chonfah Mungut, legitimate son of that King who died in 1824. It happened that the Minister for Foreign Affairs, the most powerful of the King's servants, and who had been the most prominent of those who had placed the King upon the throne in 1824, declared himself in favour of Chonfah Mungut. This put an end to all opposition. The declaration of the powerful Minister to his opponents was, that, if they wanted to fight, if they waited until the King's death he would be ready to encounter them; but that he certainly intended that Chonfah Mungut and his younger brother should succeed to the throne. On the 3rd of April the old King died; and accordingly, without bloodshed, with the consent of the High Council—with the approbation of the people, Chonfah Mungut took possession of power. He is, with his brother, King of Siam.

Now, the importance of this event to us is great. Chonfah Mungut is very fond of the English and Americans. He has studied the English language; he is favourably impressed with English ideas and fond of science. He was a priest, and he has changed his order, it is said, very unwillingly. But the great peculiarity is this. Dr. Bradley, "an old and well-informed resident of Bangkok," is the narrator:—"But a few days before his Royal Highness left the priesthood," writes Dr. Bradley on the 10th of April, "I had the pleasure, in company with my colleague, Professor John Silsby, of a very friendly and familiar interview with him at his temple. He received us in an upper room, and gave us a pleasant entertainment, and spoke encouragingly to us of his purposes when he should come into full power as King of Siam. One of the improvements he proposes to make is to have his reign *practically a limited monarchy*; the spirit of what he said was, that he could not think that it was good either for King or People to have only one will to rule a kingdom, as had been the case during all the late reign. Another encouraging thing, he said, was, that he was pleased with the proposition we made of having a high school established in Bangkok, for the purpose of teaching Siamese youth the English language and the sciences connected with it, and that he would give this subject due attention at the beginning of his reign."

This new King of Siam proposes to do many things in addition to those above-mentioned, among others, to have "a number of quite new ships and two steam-boats built." He has already received the missionaries and merchants of Bangkok in the most friendly spirit. It appears that opium sucking, spirit drinking, and, above all, gambling, are the great evils of the country; and these, the sanguine admirers of Chonfah (Lord of heaven) Mungut, hope he will destroy.

Through the southern provinces of China rings the war-cry of rebellion, shortly, it is said, to be the triumphant shout of successful revolution, of "Down with the Tartar Dynasty." Through the conflicting accounts of the Chinese papers we see dimly and vaguely a huge insurrection, dark and foreboding for that same Tartar dynasty. Canton is menaced, possibly by this time taken, the Imperial celestial court is seriously alarmed, and an officer of eminence has been lecturing the Emperor upon self-government. It is certainly a notable thing, that in 1851, "China for the Chinese," the European equivalent of "Down with the Tartar Dynasty," should be the watchword of a revolution. Evidently a great change is taking place in the East. China is in revolt; Chinamen are emigrating in considerable numbers; and we have recounted how it is expected a species of constitutional monarchy will be set up in Siam. The *Hong Kong Register* speaks with great coolness of the insurrection; the *China Mail*, less calm, writes an article, which by no means leads us to believe that the outbreak is one of mere banditti; while the *Friend of China*, June 23, writes as follows:—

"A few more months will assuredly decide the fate of the empire. At enmity with the very name 'Tartar Dynasty'—an enmity which every individual whose heart

is in the right place will feel, when he remembers the career of barbarism the blood-thirsty despots have run during the last quarter of a century—we indulge the earnest hope that a better fate is about to dawn on China's relations with foreign countries—that the benighted millions of its population will be permitted to hold with us a freer and more social intercourse—and that, so long closed against any advance in civilization, it is now about to be opened indeed."

If we add to this a passage from the letter of the correspondent of the *Daily News*, our readers will be able to form some notion of what is going on.

"The insurgent mass is moving gradually but irresistibly onward, involving ruin in its course, unless the mandarins declare themselves and hasten the downfall of the present dynasty—fall it assuredly will, and it will be well if the event finds our countrymen with sufficient naval force for their protection. Already the military commanders and civil commissioners appointed to suppress the rebellion have been carried off by death, lured by the charms of future reward, or dismayed at the number, strength, and success of the revolutionists. The man put forth as the leader of the movement has assumed regal honours, to the terror of the reigning and legitimate sovereign, who, fearing the disaffection of his troops quartered or raised in the disturbed provinces, has ordered choice soldiers from the capital; if these soldiers, in example of the local force, fraternise with the rebels, and reëcho the rebel shout, 'Down with the Tartar Dynasty,' the consummation will be reached sooner than the friends of the pretender expect. The local papers, after cavilling at my sources of information, and in plain terms denying the existence of any general organized plan for bringing about a change of dynasty, a reform of the constitution, or rather, the granting of one, are now unanimously of opinion that the peace of the country is in imminent danger."

The Indian news is of a different order of importance; though, politically and socially, the steps about to be taken by the Indian authorities may in their consequences prove equal to a revolution. Intelligence has been received from India to the effect that the Government of Calcutta has at length determined on immediate interference in the affairs of the Nizam. It is generally reported that orders from the Court of Directors to the Governor-General have been at last received by the Resident at Hyderabad, Deccan, to take and keep possession of certain parks of the Nizam's dominions unless he repays at once the moneys due to the Government of India, amounting to upwards of 80 lacs of rupees, with interest at six per cent. The districts of country about to be absorbed are, it is said, all those on the other side of the Krishna-river, Bachore, and Neildroog, besides Berar. This menace has been so long suspended over the Court of Hyderabad, and the embarrassments and disorganization of the Deccan have constituted so interminable a subject of remonstrance and report, that the information thus communicated will, perhaps, appear to carry little novelty or interest. Yet the conjuncture is not without an importance of its own.

The Nizam, or "Administrator," of the Deccan, is the representative of a family founded about a century ago at the dissolution of the Mogul empire. The word "Deccan" signifies "South," and was applied to the portion of India between the rivers Nerbuddah and Kistnah, which stood in that geographical relation to the seat of Imperial power. To this spacious territory there was despatched from the Court of the Great Mogul a renowned lieutenant of the Emperor, with the title of "Nizam," a distinction which he perpetuated by transmitting it to his descendants along with the province which he had been sent to superintend, and which, after Eastern fashion, he had converted into a princely inheritance. On our first intervention in Indian politics we found the Nizam of the Deccan a formidable Sovereign, though he was brought before the close of the century to hold his crown by our protection. The alliance between his State and the British Government was serviceable to both in turn, but it ended in arrangements which have led by degrees to the present crisis of affairs. As the strength of the native Powers declined, and that of the British increased, it was natural that our contributions towards a common object should take the form of military force, while those of the Nizam should be confined to pecuniary subsidies. Some of the obligations thus accepted were commuted for territorial cessions; others retained their original form; and the ultimate pacification of Peninsular India left the Nizam under engagements with the Government of Calcutta to defray annual charges to a very considerable amount.

These annual charges have not been regularly defrayed. The peculiar system of government adopted in the Deccan, and the natural antagonism between the English Resident and the Nizam, produced in due time disorder, excess, and extravagance; until the sum due from the latter to the Exchequer at Calcutta, amounts to some £850,000. Moreover, the soldiers whom the Nizam has had to maintain, have proved a constant drain upon his Exchequer. To dismiss these troops is impossible, for there are no means of satisfying their demands, nor is it probable indeed that they would consent to be dislodged from a settlement so congenial to their habits; so that the Sikhs from the Punjab, Arabs from the Gulf, Beloo-

chees from Scinde, Rajpoots from the north-west, and Patans from Afghanistan—all the fiercest foes, in short, of all our Eastern wars—are now mustered for mischief in the Deccan.

At this moment the revenues of the Nizam amount, we believe, to about £1,000,000 sterling—a sum so inadequate to the exigencies thus induced, that was a deficit of some £300,000 an annual event. From this income the British Government proposes to intercept some £350,000, so that the deficit will be more than doubled. It is believed that the Nizam could, if he pleased, meet the demands of his creditors from his privy purse, but it is not conjectured that he will so incline. Another method lies in the resumption of "jaghires," or Crown revenues, from the favourites on whom they have been so profusely bestowed; but these favourites retain small armies of Arabs, who will incontestably fight to the death, if not for their masters, at least for their pay. In fact, the whole revenues of the Nizam and his followers may be described as pledged to a powerful and extortionate band of military creditors, holding actual possession, and likely to surrender their advantages only with their lives.

#### THE FORMOSA MASSACRE.

The last Indian mail brought intelligence of another of those acts of bloody cruelty which make the Eastern Archipelago so terrible. The natives of Formosa are Chinese; they have sinned before; they are as infamous as the Algerines for inhospitality. Surely, summary measures ought to be taken to render these people harmless in future. The story of the new victims is as follows:—

"On May 1, the Antelope, an American barque, was lying becalmed off the southern extremity of Formosa, when she perceived a boat, rowed by three men, approaching from the shore. The captain, aware of the infamous character of the islanders, ordered his carronades to be loaded, and fired a shot over the heads of the boat's crew; but the latter continued to pull for the ship, and were soon discovered to be three Englishmen, of the names of Berries, Blake, and Hill. The account these poor fellows gave of themselves to their preservers was deplorable enough. The Larpent, they stated, sailed from Liverpool for Shanghai on the 18th of May, 1850, with thirty-one souls on board. On the night of September 12, she struck on a rock; and at two on the following morning it was necessary to abandon her. Captain Gilson, the mate, and six men, got into the starboard quarter-boat; while the rest of the crew—twenty-three in all, including the narrators—took to the launch. They found themselves at daybreak close to shore, near a place called Mat-faer, in the island of Formosa. Here they landed, in order to obtain water, and to caulk the launch; but the natives, coming down in great numbers, plundered them of every movable, so that they were compelled again to put to sea. The two boats then separated. Captain Gilson's party gave out that they should attempt to reach Hong Kong (a distance of more than 400 miles), and they were soon lost sight of by the heavier-laden launch, which was once more forced, owing to its constant leakage, to be hauled ashore. The crew, of course, took care to land this time at another point; but no sooner were they out of the boat than they found themselves in the midst of a murderous fire of matchlocks. The butchery was frightful. Mr. Bland, a passenger, was the first to fall; and eighteen others shared his fate. Hill and Blake saved themselves by swimming under shelter of a coral rock; Berries, and a man named Harrison, found cover under another; and from these hiding places the wretched men saw their comrades massacred and mangled, one after another, all their heads being subsequently hacked off and piled together on the beach! The natives at last disappeared. Poor Harrison then swam for a junk which was seen nearing the spot where they were concealed; but he had scarcely reached it before he was shot and beheaded. Blake and Hill escaped by night to the mountains, fearful of showing themselves; but, after five days spent in the agonies of hunger, Blake—who, as he subsequently declared, began to be conscious of the insane yearnings of cannibalism towards his companion—resolved on discovering himself to some villagers who were working in a field. Fortunately, the lives of himself and his comrade were spared; but they were taken into servitude. Berries subsequently joined them. They were sold, at the end of five months, to a new master, and they finally made their escape to the Antelope, after a captivity of seven months and sixteen days. What became of Captain Gilson and his party is, as we have said, unknown; but Blake and Hill heard, while in Formosa, that two white slaves besides themselves were in the island; and this, coupled with the report that the missing party landed near South Cape for water, has led to the conjecture that two at least of their number may yet survive."

#### NOTES OF TRAVEL AND TALK.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne, August 18, 1851.

I left Fleetwood in the steamer for Belfast, at dusk in the evening of Monday the 2nd of June; and as

it grew both dark and stormy in about two hours, and I felt somewhat qualmish, I quitted the deck,—though I could have delighted in watching all night, the electric flashes from marine animals, and the white pyramidal masses of foam that reared themselves to divide the thick darkness for a few moments, and melted away into it as suddenly. I went down and got into bed quickly; thus avoiding sickness, and all feeling of it, though I had no sleep till about four in the morning, from the pitching and heaving of the vessel; but what a relief to get quit of that wretched feeling of sea-sickness! How to do so? Go to bed. That is the simple recipe.

About seven, the heaving motion of the steamer having subsided, I put on my clothes and went on deck. We were in the beautiful "Lough" of Belfast, with the grand and lofty hills on our right, and a tract of country on the left so much like cultivated England that I was a little disappointed. Ireland! Surely, I thought, the shore should have looked a little more wild and savage. But there it lay, as sensible-looking a country as any part of England. A drizzling rain came on as we advanced along the broad water, so that I did not get a very striking impression of old Carrickfergus, with its grim little castle by the water's edge, or of the approach to the town of Belfast. But I had, afterwards, a delightful opportunity of beholding that pleasing and majestic outline of hills above, with the alternation of cultivated grounds, country seats, and little towns—all along the extent of that most beautiful "Lough" to the sea.

The entrance to Belfast from the harbour, is striking. The Victoria "triumphal arch"—a very classic-looking affair, only it is a sham wooden one—stands before you; and when you pass under and have the high street in view, it is wonderfully fine. You feel proud that poor Ireland possesses so fine a city as Belfast. But all looks modern. No grand old Gothic pile—no interesting and quaint gable—no shred or fragment of the Past is there to greet the eyes of any antiquarian visitor. The churches and chapels—and they are exceedingly numerous—are very fine, I had almost said magnificent: but the pillared portico and triangular pediment prevail in them all; it is, everlastingly, Corinthian, Ionic, or Doric; not a bit of the rich Gothic to be seen! I wonder what has given rise to this exclusive taste in the architecture of Belfast. Was it the Presbyterian dislike of all that had been associated with Romanism? I should think so; and yet when I reached Presbyterian Scotland, I found the rage for Gothic was becoming as notable as in England.

The first thing that fixed my attention, after my good friend, Mr. Maginnis, had received me at the landing, was the form and make of the cabs. How funny they looked to one used every day to seeing the rows of Broughams and Hansoms in London! They were all light, naked, and unroofed vehicles: the driver sits in front, but his passengers ride sideways, two on each side: the carriages look almost like things with wings, and you feel as insecure when you first mount them, as if you were about to attempt flying. They scour along at a rapid rate, however, on their two wheels; and the natives smile to see a stranger hold on lest he should fall off. Except bare-legged and bare-footed children and women, nothing in the appearance of the people reminds you that you are out of England. The faces are few that resemble the Irish we are accustomed to see about St. Giles's. The names on the signboards are scarcely so often Irish as Scotch and English; and you are not surprised at this, when you remember that you are in that Ulster which was colonized by Cromwell's Puritan soldiers.

I addressed audiences nine times during the eleven days I spent in Belfast; none of them large, but all manifesting an eagerness of attention that showed something might be done among them for progress, if one knew the right way of talking to them. I felt, however, that I had yet to learn the method: it was clear to me, although some of the young men often applauded rather too loudly, that I was not getting fair hold of the minds of all I was talking to. They could appreciate any flash of poetic feeling or imagination, and testified it with enthusiasm; any slight stroke of rhetoric produced an equal effect; but, the franchise for every upgrown man—the right of every man to share in the election of those by whom he is to be governed—that kind of appeal was received with comparative indifference, I thought. I felt resolved, if possible, to find out what was the chord I ought to strike; and, the last time I addressed them, though the subject was poetry, I went out of the way of it to draw them into some expression of home feeling. The experiment was successful; but somewhat painfully so to myself. I was expressing the pleasure I had felt in visiting their country, and my gratification in finding it so much like my own; and then I ventured to say, that their faces seemed so English, that I could hardly think they should class themselves with the Keltic race. My stars! with what vehemence a young working-man started up, and how bitterly he spurned the idea that they were either like the English, or wished to be like them! "Nationality—*independent nationality*," that was the darling thought and desire, I found; and unless a

speaker sympathises with that feeling, it is evident he will not be heartily relished by even the thinking portion of the working-classes of Ireland. I did not shrink, however, from uttering my conviction, that the separation of Ireland from England was impracticable; and avowed that, as an Englishman, I could not desire it, though I did not wonder that Irishmen wished for it, when they remembered the seven hundred years of misgovernment and wrong their country had experienced from mine. I endeavoured also to show them, that if they would join us in trying to get the People's Charter, and every man of them could with us share in choosing a good government, they would thereby be benefitted much more effectually, than by setting up a rude "independent nationality," which might not, after all, give them manhood suffrage. But it was evident that they had no strong sympathy with the distinct idea of Chartism—though they fired up at the enunciation of broad democratic doctrines, and were eager to welcome the names of Mazzini and Kossuth and Louis Blanc.

I ventured to touch another tender argument; namely, that if they could win the "independent nationality," it was but too probable that Catholic and Presbyterian would be cutting each others throats in a few weeks. There was a strong response to the truth of this remark, but not from the working-men—though they seemed to be so far persuaded of its probability as to express no dissent. A residence of some months among them might develope to one the best way of creating a feeling of a more fraternal nature towards Englishmen; but, I must confess, I did not discover this way while I was among the Irish people—if the inhabitants of Belfast are really to be classed among them.

By a very small portion of the middle class views of progress are warmly entertained; and by one most amiable and intelligent family I was received with a degree of kindness that I shall never cease to remember. By these intelligent few, and by the very *élite* of the working-men, my friend, Maginnis, the Unitarian minister, is seconded in his laudable attempts to spread free thought on political and theological subjects. I have seen few men that I believe to be so thoroughly true-hearted; but he has a sore uphill fight to sustain in a town like Belfast. I could almost wish that his excellent nature were planted in a soil more congenial to its growth; and yet Belfast needs an addition to its few strugglers for mental advancement, rather than a diminution of their number.

The nearer grew the time for my departure from the shores of Old Ireland, the deeper was my regret that I could not see some of its natural grandeur, such as the mountains of Donegal, or view the beauty of its capital; for people will talk about these things to you, till they "make your mouth water," as we say. Not a flower or weed could I find but such as I had gathered in England in my childhood—except the wild seapink and a few new lichens, near the sea-side, at the entrance of the "Lough." It is true I saw a few things that looked strange—such as the sea-weed, called "dullas," which poor women sold in the streets by halfpenny worths, and which is eaten, it seems, as a kind of treat. I tasted it once; but, 'egad, I declined it a second time! Neither flowers nor fields, buildings nor people, seemed foreign, though I knew there was much to be seen of that character if I had had the opportunity; and while the steamer was making her way over the calm sea, and we were nearing the coast of Scotland, I watched the fading shore of Old Ireland with an inexpressible feeling of regret that I had not seen more of its human tribes, as well as of its surpassing scenery.

Ailsa Craig! what a charm to the sight is that huge conical rock, standing so solitarily in the waves, as you approach the Scottish coast and make way towards the mouth of the Clyde. The peaks of the isle of Arran, too, how bold and imposing! There is nothing like these as you approach the English coast; they give you a sublime warning that you are about to enter the "land of the mountain and the flood"—the land of romantic beauty.

We landed at Ardrossan, by eight in the evening, having left Belfast at one in the afternoon of Saturday; and in less than two hours I was in the streets of Glasgow, and was welcomed by the hospitality of my friend, Mr. Clarke, also a Unitarian minister. I had never been in Scotland before; and though I had heard much of the beauty of Edinburgh, no one had ever praised the appearance of Glasgow in my hearing. I therefore saw its Argyll-street, its Exchange, and its squares and streets to the west, with the utmost surprise. I do not hesitate to say, that the western part of Glasgow is more stately and better built than any town in England, except London. It is true that the contrast between the wynds of the old town and these superb parts of the new, is very notable; but the contrasts in London are fully as remarkable. The first entire day I spent in Scotland being a rainy Sunday, all who are well acquainted with the country will have some guess of my misery, especially as I had no talking duty to attend to. What sombre looks!—what dismal clanking of the single bells in the churches!—what a dreary closing of every shop and house!—what long solemn, drawl-

ing, in most lugubrious minors, under the name of psalm-tunes, as you pass the kirks!—what troops of people, all wending solemnly to the kirk, and looking neither to the right hand nor to the left! I wandered hither and thither, gazing at the buildings, till I was wet and faint (for I never can control my curiosity when I enter a fresh city), and I sought a place of entertainment; but none could I find open: nothing to be had, either to eat or drink; it was—awful word in Scotland!—"the Sabbath." I began to feel as bitter as the Scotch Sabbath itself, and looked about for a cab; but I had to plod my dreary way down many a street before I found one; and then away I went, and ensconced myself from so much that was dismal, among my friend Clarke's books.

I was in and out of Glasgow for more than three weeks—passing four times to talk at Paisley, and sundry other times to talk at Hamilton, Barrhead, Kilbarchan, and Campsie. In Glasgow itself I addressed audiences five times in the Unitarian chapel, and once in the Lyceum, Nelson-street. I soon found the intellectual atmosphere to be very different from that of Belfast. It was no longer difficult to make oneself understood, or to touch the chord of sympathy; but I was evidently talking to a critical people. I had the same impression all the way through Scotland, and everywhere I was surrounded by working-men, who gave powerful indications of mind; though I did not think every individual I met free from wrongheadedness, nor, above all, from conceit. Indeed, there is too much vain talk about "our Scottish education," and a most ungracious and discourteous undervaluing of the mental training of the English. Of course, this is to be found among those Scotchmen who have never been out of Scotland. I endeavoured to check this ridiculous Scotch prejudice, very often at the risk of giving offence, and, I fear, without much success. It gave me the greater pain to hear Scotchmen speak deprecatingly of Englishmen, since I never hear Englishmen speak in the same manner about Scotchmen. It is time all these foolish prejudices were laid aside; Scotchmen ought to know that, throughout the whole length and breadth of England, working-men are as eager for education, and in as great numbers too, as the working-men to be found any where north of the Tweed.

But their prejudice is not confined to the notion of their superior education. The majority of the Scotch, ay, even they who are professed Freethinkers, evince such a tenderness respecting their "Sabbath," that if you happen to hum a line of a song, or whistle, on the Sunday, they look as if they were about to swoon! You tell them that you regard their notion of the Sunday as absurdly tyrannous, and creative of hypocrites. They do not deny it; but they answer with a stolid solemnity that provokes your mirth, "Ay; but it is our Scottish Sabbath!" and there, they think, the conversation ought to end!

One of the most vinegar instances of Sabbatarianism that I met in Scotland was at Paisley. The friend who had been commissioned to invite me to talk there directed me to a temperance hotel. On the Sunday, having spent the forenoon in writing letters in my sleeping room (not being allowed to write them elsewhere), I went down stairs towards two o'clock, and said cheerfully, "Now, landlord, what have you got for dinner?" The man's face became three inches longer! "Dinner, sir!" he answered, "do you no ken it's the Sabbath?" The words and the man's look were so strange, that I asked him in my perplexity what he said, although I had heard him plainly enough. He repeated his question, and I could not help, somehow or other, appealing to his Satanic Majesty whether such a question was not strange: "What the d—," said I, "has the Sabbath to do with my dinner? Do you thing an Englishman is to go without his dinner, because it is what you call the Sabbath?" He looked unutterable things; but, without saying more, went into the kitchen, and began conversing in a low tone with the landlady. Very soon he beckoned me; and when I had rejoined him he said, in a mysterious tone, "Ye ken, if ye'll stay till the people are gone to the kirk, I'll get ye a steak!" I was in danger of laughing in his face, though he looked inexpressibly serious. When his company (who had been sitting silently in various rooms, discussing biscuits, tracts, and teetotal drinks) had disappeared, the steak was brought up. I asked waggishly if he could not get me a drop of porter. "Nay, nay," he replied, very firmly, "nae porter!"

The man was truer to his teetotalism than to his sour Sabbatarianism, after all. His conscience was bound by appearances in one case, and it led to hypocrisy. In the other, it was guided by conviction, and he preserved his truth. Of course, I did not trouble him with my company again. The following Sunday, when I had to be at Paisley again, I went to the principal inn; and there dinner was served up, and all things went on as they do in any English hotel. The lesson was not lost upon me. I took care never to be sourly circumstanced again while in Scotland.

It is this gloomy, slavish, soul-grinding doctrine and practice of Sabbatarianism which raises one's combativeness perpetually in Scotland. As for a



little conceit of their "education," why, I suppose we must excuse it. Englishmen have also their conceit; and so "let that pass." The sturdy independence of some, and the natural cheerfulness of the many, among the Scotch, make one wonder that this irksome bondage is borne so long. The rise of the "Free Kirk," too, they say, has tightened the general bondage; for the new sect vies with the old in setting the example of strictness. I heard that some parties had been summoned before the authorities in Arbroath, and fined, for walking out on the Sunday! Perhaps it is to be denied that such instances should increase—even till they attempt to nail up people's doors and windows on the Sunday. May the Scotch have enough of it! say I—till they end it.

And now, having said my say about the dark side, let me have done with it, and turn to the bright one. Did I enjoy Scotland? O yes, most superlatively! I found warm hearts and a fervent welcome which made me forget the Sunday bondage; and the scenery!—it was so glorious that I am trying to recapture it in my mind every day, and shall feel restless till I see it again. The first leisure day I could seize I got into a steam-packet and went down the Clyde, and then by rail to Loch Lomond. A small steamer plies from one end of the lake to the other. It was a radiant evening—the sky so deeply blue and the sun so bright that the dullest scenery might have pleased; but here it was so gorgeous—that pomp of sun and sky, and lake and mountains—that, in plain mother English (for fine words are of no use here), I felt as if emotion would choke me, and hid my face from the glances of gentles, lest they should gaze at me for a sentimental fool. I got on shore at the little inn called "Rowerdrennan"—a very choice spot—and found two young Scotch working-men, recently married, who, with their brides, were purposing to climb Ben Lomond, to see the sun rise next morning. Like all Scotchmen, they had to consider about it before they fully made up their minds. I told them I would go even if I went alone. This served to summon their wills to a decision; and it was arranged that we were to be called at one o'clock, and commence the journey half an hour after, under the direction of one of the "guides," kept at the inn. Every body said whisky would be needed to give us strength to reach the summit of the mountain; and my companions took it liberally on the way, and gave the "guide," a poor Irishman, a very fair portion at sundry times. There was such an abundant supply of water, however, as we went along, that I declined taking the spirit either in going up or coming down, nor did I feel that I needed it. The Scotch lasses displayed wonderful vigour, and got over the difficulties of the ascents as nimbly as any of us. At the last spring, I left Pat and the lads and lasses to their whisky and water, and dashed on to win the top first. Ah, the sly rogue Phœbus! he had just risen when I won the peak; so that I did not see him rise, but only risen; and there he was with his huge crimson face barred with black clouds, resting his chin on the horizon. Presently his undress was laid aside, and he put on his robes of glorious gold, and then—by the Titans!—but it was grand, "beyond compare," to see how he lighted up the giant peaks of Ben Ledi, and Ben Mawr, and Ben Eligh, and Ben Voirlich, and Ben Lawers, and a hundred lesser peaks; and how he drove away the mists and laid bare the broad, glittering bosom of Loch Lomond, with its hundred islets, and gave us a glimpse of Loch Long, and tinted up Loch Katrine, and showed us the Lake of Monteith, and the interminable lowlands of the east! The cold became so intense in a few minutes (especially as I was wet through with perspiration), that I was drinking in that draught of magnificence with the thought that I must lose it immediately, and never have it again,—when one of my companions, who had come up, repeated the saying of a rough, strong-headed peasant, who had seen the same sight with one of his friends—"Eh, mon Jock, are not the works o' the Almighty deevilish?" That was such a stroke of real poetry as made me despair of ever saying aught equal to it about the view from the top of Ben Lomond at sunrise; and so no more. I left the lads and lasses and descended, shivering with cold; for although it was the 28th of June, it was but half-past three in the morning, and we were many hundred feet above the level of the sea. Pat was soon after me, and gave unmistakable signs of having taken too deep and frequents draughts at the whisky bottle. He was sure that I was a jintleman, and would give him half-a-crown! an English jintleman,—and the English jintlemen always gave the most! He had small wages—very small wages; and he took anything that the jintlemen pleased to give him! But he was sure that I was a rare jintleman, and would give him half-a-crown!—and so on, till down he fell in the mud. Five times he fell, before we reached the bottom; but he would not hear of my suspicion that he had taken too much whisky. "Och, no, yer honour!" said he, "it's the want o' sleep, and the small wages, yer honour! I'm sure ye'll give me half-a-crown!"

Let me not forget one most rapturous bit of scenery

that I saw in Scotland; for I saw so much on the grand scale, that minuter beauties might easily be forgotten for the moment. The "Glen" of Campsie should be seen by every lover of the picturesque: the winding stream, the magnificent giant beeches, the grand waterfall, are worth walking fifty miles to see! By the way, the only new wild vegetable that I found in Scotland grows in that romantic glen—the wild leek, or onion; it scents the air perceptibly. I have heard that it is found in England; but never found it here myself. Just as it was in Ulster, I found the wild flowers all over Scotland were the same as those of my boyhood; and looked in vain, with this exception, for a new flower. Even in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen, 500 miles from London, I found none but old acquaintances.

Talking of Aberdeen—what a grand street is its "Union-street"—long, wide, and regularly built, and all the houses of granite! It is unique. The inhabitants may well be proud of it. To speak truth, I was not more happy in any part of Scotland than in Aberdeen. The town itself—"the granite city," as they call it—is a very noble one; but the earnest, intelligent, and kindly working-men by whom I was surrounded, and the interesting character of the four meetings I held there, rendered my brief stay of five days as memorable to me as some five weeks of other parts of my life.

The rich cultivation, interspersed with transcendent natural scenery, all the way from Glasgow to Aberdeen (passing by Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Dumblane, &c.—all most beautifully situated), and, again, from Aberdeen to Dundee, render the journey, even by railway, one continued feast to the eye and the mind. Dundee, itself, is an ill-built town, although the site is in the midst of natural beauty. Of all the rivers of Scotland, the Tay is the broadest, and most imposing; and the "Law," or high hill above the town, affords a very noble panorama. In the cemetery reposes my friend, poor Willie Thom. I went and stood upon his lowly grave; and, as I looked around, I felt that if poor Willie, now his suffering is o'er, could be conscious of where he lies, he would be glad. It is, indeed, a beautiful spot: flowers bloom on the rich sward, the princely Tay stretches his broad arm on one side, and swelling hills encircle the prospect on the other: it is just where a poet's grave should be—and a very lowly headstone records that a "Poet" lies there; but they have misspelt the name: "it is Thoms," instead of Thom; and the stone is so mean and small, that it compels you to remember poor Willie's poverty and suffering, even if you would forget all!

I found many highly intelligent and kindly men in Dundee; but, to my great surprise, a considerable number of them were arguers for the foolish doctrine of physical force. I had not expected to find such people in "educated" Scotland; and, in one protracted conversation, after my public talk was over, we had such a sturdy debate as I shall not soon forget. I so far forgot my philosophy as to be really angry with my friends. Zeal against their error impelled me into error. I rely on their good feeling to excuse me. If ever we meet again, and they have not then forsaken their old-fashioned doctrine, we will try to fight out the battle with a little more calmness. At Edinburgh I fell into an equal and similar error. I must say so; for I should not be easy if I did not keep "my heart on the outside of my waistcoat." I really quarrelled with a company of teetotallers—real friends, and noble young fellows though they were. But they seemed, as I thought, intolerant, and inclined to dictate that I should practise what I knew I could not practise without losing my strength and capacity for constant labour. It is not the first time that I have been met in this way, and the recurrence of dictation—or what I think is dictation—renders such treatment increasingly grievous. Yet I cannot justify my loss of temper; and when one of those young men met me the next evening, and, with an expressive look, said, "You ought to have been the meekest!" the rebuke was felt so keenly, that I was heartily humbled.

From Dundee (across the Tay, and through the finely cultivated and minerally rich county of Fife), I went to Dunfermline. Again I was welcomed and surrounded by kind hearts and intelligent minds; and the "lions" of the place served to swell the list of remarkable historic sights I had witnessed in Scotland. From Glasgow (in addition to my Loch Lomond trip), I had found one day's leisure to go to "Auld Ayr," the cottage in which Burns was born, Kirk Alloway, and the Brig o' Doon. From Paisley, in company with the Poet Mitchell (the companion of Tannahill) and several other friends, I had passed to Elderslie, to see "Wallace's oak," and the house in which (it is said) the hero was born; and now, at Dunfermline, I was in the Abbey where "Robert the Bruce" is entombed, and among the stately and picturesque ruins of the favourite palace of many of the Scottish Kings. In the house, too, of Mr. Paton, the Swedenborgian minister, I saw the richest collection of antiquities, chiefly from the palaces of Dunfermline, Stirling, Scone, Holyrood, &c.—that I have ever seen in the possession of an untitled person. Mr. Paton's kindly readiness in showing his collection renders the treat the greater,

Edinburgh! how eager I felt for the first sight of it! But disappointment fell upon me at first. It had been misrepresented to me. Its houses were not of the character that they had been described to have: so tall and regular that you might stretch a straight rod over them and touch all their tops! Pooh! nobody had told me of the unparalleled romance of its site—of its monuments, and their striking situations—of the Scott monument (the most peerless thing in Britain); of the really Athenian air of the "Calton-hill;" of the majesty of the grand rock, "Arthur's seat;" of the frowning but fine effect of the old castle on its mount! It is the finest city in Britain, so far as I have seen (and I have now seen every large town, except Dublin and Cork, Plymouth and Devonport); but it is the magical effect of its situation, and not the superior buildings in its streets and squares, which give it the palm. For excellence of streets and squares Glasgow is equal to it, and I should almost say superior; but no city in the three kingdoms possesses a site so grandly romantic,—so rich in elevations, and the advantage they give to the architect for displaying his work, as Edinburgh.

Thought is more free from fetters, I think, in the capital than in any other part of Scotland. Not that the "unco guid" are much disposed to relax their iron rule in Edinburgh any more than in Aberdeen, Dundee, or Glasgow; but the number of English visitors, chiefly of the holiday classes, renders it almost impossible to preserve the "Scottish Sabbath" with such Seville orange-purity in Edinburgh as in Glasgow; and these visitors, too, mingling with the Kirk people, but not being of their peculiar persuasion, must create a more liberal atmosphere in the drawing-rooms of the rich and middle classes on the week days. For working-men, it seems to me, that there is a great work to do in Edinburgh, and fine opportunity for doing it. They have intelligence, the number that I saw—and they only need union, discretion, and perseverance to perform a great liberalising deed.

Of course I saw everything that I could see while in Edinburgh—not omitting "palace" of Holyrood. What a pity it is that the very old lady should die who shows you over Queen Mary's rooms, and points you out her bed and the stains of David Rizzio's blood; her stories and her ancient self are so wonderfully in keeping! I told her so; and she received it all in earnest, smiled most graciously, dropped me so court-like and grand a curtsy, and said, with a toss of the head as lofty as that of a countess, that she was very much obliged to me! If the old lady does die, they ought to pull down those miserable gloomy rooms she shows, and make an end of the savage mockery altogether.

I had two hours' delightful conversation with Mr. de Quincy, at Lasswade, and was as deeply impressed with his intellectual power in talking, as I was with his writing when, in my boyhood, I read his "Confessions of an English Opium Eater," in the loveable old *London Magazine*.

In Dalkeith and Lasswade I stayed too brief a time to be able to make much observation; and our meetings at the former place were anything but good—all organization having been neglected for a long time. The two remaining towns I visited in Scotland, Galashiels, and Hawick, presented a very different state of things. The meetings were, in Galashiels especially, well-attended, and the listeners eager and intelligent. I was now in the neighbourhood of all Scott's mighty enchantments—went to gaze at Abbotsford—made a pedestrian journey to Melrose Abbey (what marvellously perfect and minute carvery! I have seen nothing equal to it, except that of one chapel in Ely cathedral)—and to Dryburgh Abbey, where the mighty magician lies. That was a day to be often recalled, so long as I live. O the beauty of all that Tweed land, over which Scott so often rode! The romantic river, those "cleft" Eildon hills, "Norham's castled steep,"—and all the spots refilling the mind with the riches of his verse and prose,—how eagerly I strained to have the last glimpse of it all as the train went tearing along its way and at last bore me once more to the edge of the German ocean, and gave me a sight of old Berwick!

Much as I had thought of returning to England, I was surprised that I felt sad, when all that glorious scenery was passed, and the common-place landscape was restored to me; but it was England, and so I soon was in good humour with it.

I cannot close this already wearisome story without saying, that on my return from visiting Kirk Alloway, and the cottage of Burns, I called on his remaining sister, Mrs. Begg, a highly intelligent woman of eighty, who gave me some information of an important character, as I deem it to be. Her daughter, Isabella, was present while I had the short conversation with her. I told her that I entertained strong doubts of the truth of many things which were said about her illustrious brother, and I wished to have the benefit of her own personal knowledge respecting him. She replied that she would have pleasure in giving me all the information in her power. I told her that a person in Glasgow had declared to me, the other day, that he believed all the accounts of her brother's irregular

life; for a friend of his had called on Mrs. Begg lately, and she had said that she had often seen her brother sit at the table in a morning, after a night's debauch, shading his face with his hand, while the big tears of remorse were dropping on the board before him. Mrs. Begg seemed moved painfully. "Nothing is more false," she replied; "I never had such a conversation; and never could say so, for I never saw my brother either drunk, or showing any such feeling; nor did I ever know him to be drunk. It is true, I saw but little of him in the latter part of his life; but his son, who was with him almost constantly, told me that he never saw his father the worse for liquor but once; and then he was sick, but yet perfectly conscious. His son also said, that though his father would come home late during the latter part of his life, when they lived in Dumfries; yet he was always able to examine bolts and bars, went to observe that the children were right in bed, and always acted like a sober man. Besides," added the intelligent old lady, "how was it possible that my brother could be a drunkard, when he had so small an income, and yet, a few weeks before his death, owed nobody a shilling? That speaks for itself." Mrs. Begg furthermore confirmed what I also learned in Glasgow from persons conversant with those who had known every circumstance of the close of Burns's life, that Allan Cunningham has sorely mis-stated many matters. Burns did not die in the dramatic style which Allan tells of. Allan was never in Ayrshire in his life; but had his materials from some old fellow who went about poking into every corner and raking out every false story about Burns. A writer in Glasgow, in whose company I sat for a short time in the evening after I had delivered my oration there on Burns, contradicted Allan Cunningham's account of Burns's death, from personal knowledge—just at the time when Allan's *Life of Burns* appeared; but Allan never took any notice of the pamphlet, and never corrected the mis-statement. Mrs. Begg said that she had seen the two volumes of the new life of her brother, by Robert Chambers, and the account was fairer than any she had seen before.

THOMAS COOPER.

#### A POLISH HERO.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* has sent the following account of one of the old soldiers of Kosciusko and Napoleon to that journal:—

"Joseph Rusiecki, one of the oldest and the most distinguished of the Polish emigrants in France, died a few days since in the hospital at Vierzon. He was born in 1770, and commenced his military career in 1787. He fought against the Russians in 1794, under the command of the immortal Kosciusko. After the partition of Poland he entered the service of the French Republic, fondly hoping, like many others who were equally deceived, that his country's independence would be restored through French influence. He made the campaigns of Italy with the first consul, and formed part of the expedition to St. Domingo under Rochambeau. He served subsequently in the Cuirassiers, commanded by General Hautpoul, who died in his arms on the sanguinary field of Eylau. On the Cuirassiers, who were cut to pieces in that battle, being reorganized, it was observed to Napoleon that Lieutenant Rusiecki was not the height for a Cuirassier. The Emperor commanded him to alight; and placing himself back to back with him, he remarked to his aide-de-camp—'You are mistaken, Sir; he is not a dwarf, he is my size,' and at the same time he promoted him to the rank of captain in that corps. He was named major in the year 1812, during the campaign of Russia. He commanded the Twenty-second Regiment of the line during the war of Independence, in the year 1831. His remains were accompanied to the grave by the principal inhabitants of Vierzon, and by the National Guard."

#### HALIFAX AND QUEBEC RAILWAY.

Lord Grey's offer is in a fair way of being accepted. Mr. Joseph Howe has transmitted a report of his negotiations to the Canadian Land and Railway Association; and from that we learn, not only that public opinion in the three provinces is highly favourable to the construction of the great trunk line, but that a preliminary arrangement has been agreed to by Canada and New Brunswick, and by Mr. Howe on the part of Nova Scotia. That the Assembly of Nova Scotia will assent to the propositions there is little doubt. That body has just been dissolved and will reassemble in September; at which time the basis for a definite arrangement with the Imperial Government will at once be submitted; so that there is every prospect of the railway being shortly commenced. The preliminary agreement between the provinces is, according to Mr. Howe, as follows:—

"That the line from Halifax to Quebec should be made on the joint account and at the mutual risk of the three provinces, ten miles of Crown land along the line being vested in a joint committee, and the proceeds appropriated towards the payment of the principal and interest of the sum required. That New Brunswick should construct the Portland line, with the funds advanced by the British Government, at her own risk. That Canada should, at her own risk, complete the line from Quebec to Montreal, it being understood that any saving which

could be effected within the limits of the sum which the British Government are prepared to advance, should be appropriated to an extension of the line above Montreal. That, on the debt contracted on the joint account of the three provinces being repaid, each should own the line within its own territory. It was also understood that Canada would withdraw the general guarantee offered for the construction of railways in any direction, and that her resources should be concentrated upon the main trunk line, with a view to an early completion of a great intercolonial highway, or British territory from Halifax to Hamilton; from whence to Windsor, opposite to Detroit, the Great Western Company of Canada have a line already in course of construction."

Mr. Howe already contemplates the reaching of the Pacific "in our time"!

#### THE CLIPPER YACHT "AMERICA."

Fennimore Cooper's description of the ship of the Red Rover seems to have been realized in the New York yacht "America." This pretty and astonishing vessel has excited the greatest amazement and curiosity at Ryde. We find a description of herself and one of her performances, the former in the *Chronicle*, the latter in the *Times*:—

"The owner is most courteous to all visitors, and conducts them over his yacht, which, whatever may be her sailing powers, must be regarded as a model of elegant comfort inside. Her cabins, berths, &c., are fitted up in the best taste, with every attention to economy of space, and in a style of luxurious simplicity. It would be difficult to describe her appearance without the aid of the pencil. She has a low black hull, two noble 'sticks of extreme rake,' without an extra rope, and is altogether the beau idéal of what one is accustomed to read about in Cooper's novels. When close to her you see that her bow is as sharp as a knife blade, and is 'scooped away,' as it were, outwards, till it swells towards the stern, the sides gradually springing outwards, as round as an apple, till a little forward of the mainmast, where she has her greatest beam, being there twenty-two feet and some inches across. Her stern is remarkably broad and wide and full, affording great accommodation on deck as well as below. She has no bulwarks, at least, they are not above nine or ten inches high. Thus she differs most materially from our vessels, and 'if she be right (as the Marquess of Anglesey said), why we must all be wrong.' Standing at the stern and looking forward, the deck is nearly of a wedge-shape, the extreme beam being, as I have stated it, the bow as sharp as the apex of a triangle, and the stern not very much less than the extreme breadth of beam. Her crew are very fine active-looking seamen, and altogether, sail when she will, she is not to be despised by the best boat we have seen, if appearances go for anything."

There were many yachts at Ryde on Friday week but little racing:—

"And the event of the day was the appearance of the Yankee. I suppose she was tempted out by the breeze of wind, which was not, however, quite good for six knots, by the sailing of several crack schooners from Cowes, and by the desire to run past Osborne decorated for the fête, and with the Royal yachts lying dressed in the roads, close under the house, so that the Queen might see what a craft brother Jonathan could turn out. Whatever the reason, out she came, with the wind on her quarter (after some three or more schooners had got well ahead of her), under mainsail, foresail, and the new jib. She went along very steadily and well up to Ryde, but did not show any great superiority till she was off the pier about 3.20, when she seemed as if she had put a screw into her stern, hoisted her fore and aft foresail, and began 'to fly through the water.' She passed schooners and cutters one after the other just as a Derby winner passes the 'ruck,' and as the breeze freshened slid with the speed of an arrow out towards the Nab, standing upright as a ramrod under her canvas, while the schooners were staggering under every stitch they could set, and the cutters were heeling over under gaff topsails and balloon jibs. It was remarked by the crowd on the pier head that there was scarcely any foam at her bows, nor any broken water raised in a mass before them; but that the waves appeared to fall away under her keel and sides, offering the minimum of resistance to her course, owing to the peculiar form of her 'entry.' Still, the nauticals looked knowing, and said, 'Oh ay, this is all very well for a schooner on this wind, let us see how she'll come back, when the wind will be a point or so worse for her!' The America soon gave them an opportunity of judging on this point too. She went about in splendid style, a little short of the Nab, spinning round like a top, and came bowling away towards Cowes as fast if not faster than ever. As if to let our best craft see she did not care about them, the America went up to each in succession, ran to leeward of every one of them as close as she could, and shot before them in succession, coming to anchor off Ryde, at least two miles as it seemed to me, ahead of any of the craft she had been running against."

Commodore Stevens, commander of the yacht, issued a challenge some time ago, to race any cutter or schooner; and it was thought no one would accept it. There was a good deal of excitement on the subject. However, the challenge of the Americans has been accepted at the last hour. Mr. Stephenson, M.P., has taken up their gage, and all that remains is to sail the match as soon as the regatta to-morrow is over. The conditions of the race are not known, but the sum staked on the event by Mr. Stephenson is £100. The vessel which is opposed to the America is an iron schooner of 100 tons, called the *Titanica*.

#### PERSONAL NEWS AND GOSSIP.

The Chinese party visited the Queen at Osborne, on Monday. Mrs. (sic) Chung Atai, the younger,

sang before her Majesty; Mrs. Chung Atai, senior, gave her Majesty a daguerrotype likeness of the party. Prince Albert escorted them into the garden, to see the Chinese plants and flowers, and it is said the Queen was amused at the helpless and inelegant mode of walking of the women!

The Queen and her family go to Scotland this year, and on their return home call at Liverpool by the way, visiting the Earl of Sefton, and the Earl of Ellesmere, and looking in for a few hours upon Manchester.

The Queen has presented a silver teapot to Superintendent Pearce, and gold watches to Inspectors Beckerson and Lester, as marks of appreciation, on her part, of their intelligent attendance upon her Majesty at the Crystal Palace. The Prince of Wales has also presented a gold watch to Inspector Smith O'Brien.

The Earl of Clare, who has been in declining health for some time past, expired on Monday evening last at Brighton, whither he had retired for the benefit of his health. The Right Honourable Colonel Fitzgibbon, brother of the earl, succeeds to the title and estates.

Mrs. Chisholm continues her earnest and enlightened efforts on behalf of the welfare and comforts of emigrants. She is engaged in obtaining separate berths for young people of both sexes in emigrant ships.

Albert Smith and three English students went up Mont Blanc on the 13th. Sir Robert Peel arrived in the afternoon, and having assembled the villagers of Chamouni, treated them royally to potables; and while the adventurers slept at the Grands Mulets, Sir Robert Peel and the good folks of Chamouni drank "to the health of the Englishmen who are sleeping on Mont Blanc."

Mr. Sidney Herbert has given £500 towards building a new church at Fisherton, in the diocese of Salisbury.

The Earl of Chichester has given an acre of land on the north-west part of Lindfield-common, as the site for a school and school-house in connection with the Established Church.

The Earl of Derby resigns the patronage of the new church of St. James's, at Latham, to the vicar of Ormskirk.

On the 7th instant, the foundation stone of a new church, built at the sole expense of John Naylor, Esq., of this town (Liverpool), and Leighton Hall, Montgomeryshire, was laid at Leighton.

Mr. Minter Morgan, whose graceful writings, prompted by such noble motives, and instinct with the finest charity, are not unknown to our readers, is about to add another volume to the number already published. As some may be gratified to see the title, we append it:—

"The Triumph; or, the Coming Age of Christianity."

Selections from Authors,  
Chiefly Religious and Philosophical,  
on the Necessity of  
Early and Consistent Training,  
No less than Teaching,  
and on

The advantages of maintaining the Principle of undivided  
Interests among all the Members of Society, as  
essential to its Continual Progress in Know-  
ledge, Virtue, and Happiness;  
and to

The Permanent Ascendancy and Universal  
Prevalence of Christian Love.

We have a few items of personal interest by the Indian mail with news up to the 9th of July.

Sir L. Peel has no intention at all of giving up his appointment for the present.

Major Herbert Edwards, the hero of Mooltan, has by this time entered on his duties as commissioner in the Jullundhur Doab.

The friends and admirers of the gallant General Sir W. R. Gilbert, at Calcutta, have resolved to present him with a magnificent sword, in testimony of their admiration of his conduct during the last Sikh campaign. The subscription is open to all, the sum of £1 being all that any individual will be allowed to contribute.

The friends of the late Colonel Ogilvie have resolved to erect a monument over his remains at Poonah.

Mr. Fenner, in command of the steamer Falkland when she went down at sea, has been tried at Bombay, and not only honourably acquitted of all blame, but he, his officers and crew, have received the highest praise for their coolness and intrepidity on the occasion. The vessel was too long by a third in the trough of the sea she "broke her back," the supposed fate of the President.

The Rajah of Joonaghir, in Goozerat, died on the 16th of June. His riches are said to be immense. He will be succeeded by his brother, unless the story of two of his queens being pregnant prove true: at present it is believed to be untrue.

It is reported that Haynau has become a Hungarian oppositionist; and that the licking he received in South-west did him a deal of good. This is very likely!

The celebrated Neapolitan astronomer, Signor de Gasparis, has discovered another planet. This is the fifth we owe to his successful exertions.

Prince de Joinville and the Duc de Nemours, having visited the far-famed Noss and Cradle, and also the old town of Scalloway, in Shetland, arrived at Aberdeen, from Wick, on Wednesday evening, and left by the mail train on Thursday morning, for Glasgow, en route to Oban.

M. de Falloux passed through Lyons three days ago, on his way to Nice. During his short stay at Lyons, says the *Courrier de Lyon*, he exhorted his friends to conciliation, as the most certain means of saving the country. M. de Falloux's great act of European "conciliation" was the expedition to Rome.

A museum of a novel kind has been added to the sights of Versailles. A large building has been erected at Trianon, for the purpose of exhibiting a collection of French saddlery and harness from the earliest times, together with many specimens from Africa and the Levant. In this building are also to be placed the his-



torical state carriages, which have hitherto been locked up in a room on the ground floor of the Palace of Versailles, to which the public were not admitted. They are ten in number, and consist of the coronation carriage of Charles X., the carriage used at the baptism of the King of Rome, the carriage called the Topaz, the Victory, the Turquoise, the Brilliant, the Cornelian, the Amethyst, the Opal, and the funeral car of Louis XVIII.

"We are informed by a private letter from Rome of the 8th that Count Alexander Calandrelli, Minister of War during the Republic, condemned to imprisonment for a long term of years, is immediately to be released from confinement on the intercession, as our correspondent is informed, of Baron Usedom, the able Minister of Prussia, to the Holy See."

[The Times announced this in a very formal manner in fat type at the foot of the leading articles.]

A small agitation is going on respecting the celebrated Cleopatra needle at present lying buried in the sands at Alexandria. One of the correspondents of the Times suggests that Stephenson, now in Egypt, should be employed by the Government to raise it and ship it for England, that it might be erected to the memory of the gallant Abercromby. Another, who signs himself "Taylor Effendi," suggests "that this celebrated monolith obelisk, nearly 70 feet high, of Thebaic granite, should be raised on a pedestal of some 30 feet of British stone of the same character, on the four faces of which should be recorded in sculpture, metal, glass, or enamel, the flags or ensigns of all the nations of the earth, while at the four corners should be raised colossal statues representing industry, skill, science, and art, to be given as orders, by way of prizes, to the competing sculptors of every country in the Exhibition itself."

When Captain West arrived at New York with the steamer Atlantic, his friend Jenny Lind was one of the first persons to step on board. A New York correspondent thus describes the scene:—"By a happy coincidence, Jenny Lind was approaching the city from Albany while the Atlantic was coming up the bay. As soon as she landed, she heard of the steam-ship coming, and drove immediately to the pier of the Collins Steamers. As soon as the gang plank was fastened, she hurried aboard, and was the first to welcome her old friend Captain West. The scene is described as having been very interesting. It is strange that Jenny Lind should have been one of the last to say good bye to Captain West in December, and the first to greet him on his return. Jenny Lind attracted a good deal of attention on board the steam-ship and at the wharf. Some say she sails in a week or two for Europe, while others report that she will remain here till next spring, but give no more concerts. The gossips, too, are again in a fog about her reported marriage with Belletti, which is believed by sensible people to have neither happened nor to be likely to happen. She is now living quietly at her old lodgings in Brooklyn."

#### BLOOMER GOSSIP.

Three ladies in the "Bloomer" costume, according to the *Belfast News Letter*, made their debut on the promenade near that town on Sunday week. The "Bloomer," in each case, consisted of a satin visite of cerulean shade, an inner tunic of the same material, but of a different tint, and loose muslin trousers, fastened considerably above the ankle—somewhat after the manner of those worn by Turkish belles.

A young lady recently appeared at a ball in a neighbouring city dressed in short skirts and pants. The gentlemen admired her neat and comfortable dress, but several ladies accused her of being immodest. She turned to some of them whose dresses were quite low in the neck, and replied, "If you will pull up your dresses to a proper place about your necks, your skirts will hang no lower than mine do."—(*Hartford (U.S.) Times*.) Two youngsters of this hybrid genus were lately driving out in the environs of one of the western cities, and having occasion to cross a plank-road, they were trotting briskly along, when they were suddenly arrested by a toll-gate keeper, who demanded the toll. "How much is it?" demanded they. "For a man and horse," he replied, "it is fifty cents." "Well then, get out of the way, for we are girls and a mare! Get up Jenny," and away they went leaving the man in mute astonishment.—*New York Express*.

A newspaper, published in Springfield, Massachusetts, stated the other day, that two young ladies of East-hampton, in that state, who had appeared in what is termed the Bloomer costume, were waited upon by the pastor of the church to which they belonged, and informed by him that if they persisted in wearing that description of dress, their connection with the Church should cease; or, in other words, that he would excommunicate them. [If the girls had any spirit would they not excommunicate the priest?]

The *Cincinnati Free Press* states, that there are now 175 American papers advocating the new style of lady's dress.

#### CRIME IN THE UNITED STATES.

Crime in "the States" is of a very different character from crime among us. It seldom arises from avarice or covetousness—very rarely from poverty—and nearly always from personal pique. There is a dash of tragic romance about it, a recklessness of consequences, which shows how little life is valued among our transatlantic brethren. Take the following as specimens:—

"A fatal affray occurred in Richmond on July 29, in which David B. Richmond, of Canada, was shot by one Hargreaves, in a quarrel. At Detroit, on August 3, Mr. Alexander Bryce was fatally stabbed by his father-in-law, who is in custody, during a family quarrel. On the evening of July 12, a man named Alfred Rose from Brunswick, who had been somewhat intoxicated throughout the day, become rather annoying, and was put out of

doors by a grocery keeper. From the grocery he went to Mr. Chiles's hotel near St. Louis, where his conduct compelled Mr. Chiles also to expel him with some slight violence. Rose paused a few moments in the street, and, with a large knife in his hand, returned upon Mr. Chiles, who was sitting in front of the house, and suddenly plunged it into his breast, near the heart. Mr. Chiles sprang up, exclaiming, 'I am a dead man.' The murderer immediately ran off the steep bank of the river, and, falling in, was drowned in a few minutes. Mr. Chiles died on the following morning, leaving a wife and six children. He was a citizen of high standing, and universally esteemed. At Versailles, Kentucky, Mr. Carter shot Mr. Baford dead, during a quarrel. The wearing of concealed weapons is the one great evil of the southern and south-western States."

But the most fearful story we have to relate is of Texan growth, and reads like a volume of romance condensed into a paragraph. The narrator is the *Texan State Gazette*:—

"A negro rode up to Mr. Baker's, at Galveston, about sunrise, July 11, and inquired the way to a neighbour's house and was invited by Mr. Baker to alight until the family were done breakfast, to which they were about to sit down, and the negro did so. About this time Colonel E. S. C. Robertson rode up, and, upon examination, found the negro was a runaway, and he and Mr. Baker tied and placed him in the house. Colonel Robertson then left; soon after which Mr. Baker met the negro at the door, he having cut himself loose with a large butcher-knife which he held in his hand. On Mr. Baker's attempting to retie the negro, the latter grappled with and commenced stabbing him. Mrs. Baker seeing her husband in this perilous situation, ran to his relief, when the negro stabbed her, the knife entering just above the left nipple, severing the arteries of the axillar, producing hæmorrhage and almost instant death; and after stabbing Mr. Baker four times, thrice in the back near the spine, and once in the side, the negro got on his horse and fled. No one was present during the horrid tragedy, except five little children, whose screams soon assembled some of the neighbours. Medical aid was immediately summoned to Mr. Baker, but there is not the most distant hope of his recovery. A large number of our citizens immediately armed themselves and went in pursuit of the murderer; but at our last accounts from the scene of the murder, he had not been arrested."

#### SUICIDE AND ATTEMPT TO MURDER AT TOTTENHAM.

A desperate attempt was made to murder two respectable women, mother and daughter, by a German named Carl Ragelaek, at Tottenham, on Wednesday. He came to England some twelve months since with a recommendation to Mr. Broad, clerk in a bank in Lombard-street, and has since resided with that gentleman's family at Tottenham-hale. He is said to have had an attachment for Miss Broad, whose father, however, objected to their union, chiefly on account of the disparity of their ages, Ragelaek being 35 years old and the young lady only about 20; added to which he had on several occasions evinced symptoms of a disordered mind. About three months back he disappeared from home in an extraordinary manner, and nothing was heard of him for a considerable time, until at length he wrote from Liverpool to Mr. Broad, who went to that place and brought him back. On Wednesday, after being in London during the day, he returned about eight o'clock in the evening to Tottenham, and had scarcely entered the house when screams and cries of "Murder" were heard, and immediately afterwards the two women, who were alone in the house, ran out bleeding from various wounds. Mr. Ryan, the railway station-master having entered the place, found Carl Ragelaek lying dead in the parlour, and a dagger covered with blood lying beside him. He had attacked Miss Broad with the dagger, inflicted a slight stab upon her body, and a more serious wound upon her hand, with which she had endeavoured to ward off the blow, and her mother on hastening to her assistance, hearing her cry out, was attacked, and received a rather severe stab in the chest. The two women then ran out and fell fainting on the road, and Ragelaek turning the weapon against himself, plunged it nearly to the hilt into his abdomen five or six times. Mrs. Broad and her daughter were placed under the care of Mr. May, a surgeon; they are expected to recover. Ragelaek was conveyed to the White Hart, near the railway station, to await the inquest; and on stripping the body on Thursday, to place it in the coffin, a belt was found round the waist containing upwards of £100 in German money, besides £7 17s. English in the pockets of his clothes. The dagger which he used is nine inches long, with a black handle, apparently of foreign make, and it is stated that he had another instrument of the same kind, but more handsomely mounted, in his possession.

#### POLICE.

We invite the attention of our readers to the following case at Guildhall, on Monday:—

Jane Maskell, a decent-looking woman, was charged before Alderman Wire with illegally pawning the materials of two boys' coats entrusted to her to make up.

John Priest, a foreman to Mr. Plaven Kaye, clothier, of Aldersgate-street, said he delivered materials to prisoner for four boys' coats in the early part of July, on the understanding that they were to be returned within the fortnight. Witness went to her house yesterday morning, and found she had pawned two of them.

Prisoner: I was very ill, your worship, and sent to Mr. Kaye for 1s. 8d. that was due to me; but I could not get it, and was obliged to pawn the articles to procure the common necessities of life.

Alderman Wire: How much does Mr. Kaye pay you for these coats?—Prisoner: Only sixpence each, sir.

Alderman Wire: How long does it take you to make

a coat at that price?—Prisoner: Seven hours, your worship.

Alderman Wire: And who finds the trimmings?—Prisoner: I do, sir.

Alderman Wire: What do they come to?—Prisoner: One penny, sir.

Alderman Wire (to witness): What is a coat worth when finished?—Witness: From 3s. 6d. to 4s.

Alderman Wire: And what do the materials cost?—Witness: About 2s. 6d.

Alderman Wire: Did prisoner give you any security in obtaining the work?—Witness: She did, sir.

Alderman Wire: Would it not have been better for Mr. Kaye to have applied to the security, instead of bringing her here on such a charge?—Witness: It is Mr. Kaye's intention, I believe, to apply to the security.

Alderman Wire: Under the circumstances, I shall discharge the prisoner; but she must not make so free with other persons' property in future.

The worthy Alderman then directed the officer of the court to pay the amount the goods were pledged for, and she was liberated forthwith.

Contrast the case of Jane Maskell with this of another unfortunate, in the lowest stage of degradation.

Elizabeth Durant, a notorious prostitute, who appeared twice at the Thames Police Court last week, was charged on Saturday, with drunkenness and riotous conduct. She was found lying in St. George's-street, screaming and bellowing. On being taken to the station-house, she tore every rag off her, and used most disgusting language. Elizabeth Durant: "I've been transported for seven years, and am a returned convict. I've had six months, three months, a month, twenty-one days, fourteen days, seven days, and three days. When I left the Model Prison I had £22 given me for good conduct. Though I am only eighteen, I have been up and down the world these eight years." Mr. Ingham ordered her to pay a fine, or be imprisoned for fourteen days. She was then looked up by Roche the gaoler, on which she again tore every rag off herself, and was ultimately taken away in the van in a state of nudity.

In connection with the Ranelagh affair the following is interesting:—

Mr. Robert Dalyell, a solicitor, was brought into the Westminster court, charged with obstructing the officials at Westminster Abbey. William Foster Owen, one of the constables at Westminster Abbey, stated that Mr. Dalyell had presented himself at the entrance gate of the chapel in Westminster Abbey at the instant it was ordered to be closed, and placing himself in the opening, resisted its being shut, and set the man who had charge of the chapel at defiance, upon which he was taken into custody.

Mr. Dalyell said he felt much hurt at being removed in so shameful a manner without having for one moment done anything to deserve such treatment. He had gone to the Abbey with two French friends, to show them the building, and, understanding that some money was to be paid for seeing the chapel, he pressed forward with half-a-crown in his hand, which he offered to the verger at the gate. In doing so, he was slightly pushed against him by the crowd. The man was then very insolent, and violently pushed him back. He was then taken by the collar and turned out, and threatened to be taken up if he did not go away. He considered this conduct so unjustifiable that he himself desired to be taken into custody, in order that he might make a complaint of the ill usage he had suffered. He begged the magistrate would hear the evidence of his two friends, who would state the manner in which he had been treated.

Mr. Secker (the magistrate) said he did not require any further evidence; he would take the defendant's account of it, and would assume that the verger had behaved ill in thrusting him back; still it was the duty of the constable, when he fancied that a fracas was likely to happen, to interfere and prevent the scandal of such a scene in the sacred edifice. He should, however, at once discharge Mr. Dalyell, leaving it open to him to apply for a summons against the verger if he thought fit.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

The new council of the National Reform Association met on Tuesday. It is intended to hold great demonstrations, beginning with Manchester, in September.

A full meeting of the Royal Commissioners was held on Tuesday, at which Prince Albert, Earl Granville, and Lord John Russell, were present, and it was decided to close the Exhibition on Saturday, the 11th of October. The distribution of medals—one of which will be presented to every exhibitor—will not take place with any public ceremonial.

The Tenant-Right Conference in Dublin, under the presidency of Sharman Crawford, has agreed to a bill to be introduced into Parliament by that gentleman next Session.

Under the heading "The Espionage System," the *Limerick Reporter* contains the following announcement:—"We understand that the resident magistrate at Killaloe has made a report to the Castle of the observations alleged to have been made on Sunday by the Right Reverend Dr. Vaughan, Bishop of Killaloe, when addressing the people on the subject of the recent penal enactment."

The question of the combination laws is still agitated. Mr. Perry has supplied the *Daily News* with a case for an opinion, and the *Daily News* has delivered itself of the required opinion. A meeting has been held by the working men at Manchester, and there it was proposed to raise the legal point at issue in the Queen's Bench.

Dr. J. O. Brown and Mr. T. Rudall have opened a Phrenological Museum in the Strand, containing more than four thousand casts and crania. Dr. Brown delivers gratuitous lectures on Thursdays.

Accounts of the harvest are still favourable. The weather continues as unsettled and capricious as ever.





his name to it. He had been staying at Johnny Broome's public-house, and the fraternity had gone down to Brighton races at the expense of William Hamp, accompanied by three ladies. John Broome, Charles Staden, and John James were yesterday fully committed for trial.

In May last a young lady, Miss Wyse, died suddenly in the house of a clergyman, Mr. Hele, at Bishopsteignton, near Exeter. Circumstances since occurred which aroused the suspicions of her relatives, and a note from Major Ellison, her uncle, to Mr. Hele, declining to receive that gentleman and his wife at the major's house, induced Mr. Hele to have the body exhumed and examined. The inquest took place on Wednesday and Thursday. The contents of the stomach were submitted to Mr. Herepath, and he found that she had died of prussic acid. One of the servants in the house alleged ill-treatment of Miss Wyse by Mr. and Mrs. Hele. There was no evidence to show that Miss Wyse had been poisoned. The coroner in summing up said—"In reference to the alleged ill-treatment by Mr. and Mrs. Hele of the deceased, Mr. Hele was a clergyman of the Church of England, and could not have gone to such lengths as would have induced the deceased to have committed such an act;" and the jury returned the following verdict:—"We find that Jane Wyse came to her death by taking essential oil of almonds; but whether she took it with the intention of putting an end to her life or not, we cannot say."

#### THE GERMAN AGITATION UNION OF LONDON.

A society under the above name has been formed for the purpose of reestablishing the lawful rights of the German people which were overthrown by a despotism as barbarous in its cruelty, and more lawless than that of Naples, and crushing with the same iron weight the whole of Italy and Hungary. The society will make use only of means of agitation within the limits of the laws of England.

The society is not merely for discussion, but pre-eminently for work.

Each of the members who have at present acceded to it has undertaken to work in a special department of the business of agitation.

To prevent misconception or wilful misrepresentation, the society declares distinctly that it has no pretension whatever to be a secret Government of Germany.

The society has entrusted Dr. Karl Tausenau, of Vienna, with its central direction, and has appointed him, with full power, to be its representative and agent in all its external business and negotiations.

London, August 15, 1851.

Signed in the name of the society,

JOSEPH FICKLER.	JOHANNES RONGE.
DR. GOTTFRIED FRANCK.	ARNOLD RUGE.
AMAND GOEGG.	FRANZ SIGEL.
DANIEL HERTLE.	

The German Agitation Union of London approves of the position of Dr. Arnold Ruge in the European Central Committee.

London, August 15, 1851.

Signed in the name of the society,

JOSEPH FICKLER.	JOHANNES RONGE.
DR. GOTTFRIED FRANCK.	FRANZ SIGEL.
AMAND GOEGG.	DR. KARL TAUSENAU.
DANIEL HERTLE.	

By the power entrusted to me by the German Agitation Union of London, I hereby invite all friends of the German popular cause in Europe and America, to send their communications, suggestions, periodical or other money contributions, to me by safe means, and free of postage.

DR. KARL TAUSENAU.

London, August 15, 1851.

8, Barnard's-inn, Holborn.

#### HARMONY-HALL PETITION.

Sheffield, August 13, 1851.

SIR,—On the 27th of July a general meeting of the members of the Sheffield Branch of the Rational Society was held, at which a petition to Parliament on the subject of Harmony-hall, somewhat similar to that from the Central Board, which appeared in your columns, was unanimously adopted. I sent it to our member, Mr. Parker, for presentation, and he has informed me by letter that he duly presented the same.

Yours, respectfully, WM. LAWTON, Secretary.

To the Editor of the Leader.

#### PORTRAIT OF KOSSUTH.

A portrait of Kossuth is to be seen in London. We have just seen it in the studio of M. De'snai, his countryman, a painter and sculptor. It is a full length; the Hungarian leader is clothed in his usual dress—one which puts the wretched costume to shame; and he appears to be delivering a speech. His compatriots vouch for the likeness; and the countenance quite comes up to the description of Kossuth,—blending with manliness a certain feminine gentleness, which has been noticed also in Mazzini.

# The Leader.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1851.

## 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.

### CATHOLIC, NOT PROTESTANT.

PROTESTANTISM is rapidly declining in these our days. It has served its purpose; it has spiritually revolutionized Europe; it has broken the iron despotism of Rome. Essentially a state of transition, it has necessarily been attended with the evils of transitional existence,—doubt, indifference, and antagonism. And now it goes on its way towards the things that were.

All Christian sects have aimed, if not to be Catholic, at least to belong to that which is Catholic. In all "persuasions," that which is worth anything is not the negative portion, but the positive; and it is the Catholic portion of all faiths which is that positive part; it is the salt which keeps them sweet; it is the essential, the governing power. The true Catholic religion, therefore, would be the most perfect spiritual government; and by this, we do not mean spiritual despotism. Protestantism is, however, the reverse of government—it is revolution; it is only, it can only be the negation of something else that is false; and the establishment of the principle of that negation as a substitute for a positive faith. However needful that negation may have been, it is still no more than negation.

How, then, can Protestantism lead us anywhere but where it has led—even to domestic contention, anarchy, and spiritual paralysis. Look upon the religious state of England. We see Protestantism in perfection; it culminates, it is now falling by its own disruptive power. Practically, the Church of England seems to vindicate its own existence and essence, above all things, by denying the Pope; while a great meeting of freemen, this week, in Dublin, provoked by Whig persecution, swears by the Roman image of Absolutism and denies the denier. Dissent denies the authority of the Church of England; and Rationalism denies the foundations of Dissent. Puseyism denies Gorhamism, and Gorhamism flings back the denial in no mincing phrase. Calvinism denies Erastianism, and fervently records its sentence of eternal damnation; and in more courtly language Episcopacy damns Presbyterianism. To crown all, the Roman Catholic denies the right of private judgment; and, as in duty bound, private judgment denies everybody else's judgment. The great net result of Protestantism, after years of toil, it may be years of bloodshed also, is but the establishment of the negative of the thing impugned—not spiritual freedom and concord, but spiritual anarchy and contest.

This state of things is by no means pleasant wherein to live, move, and have our being. We would fain see the end of it. We would fain have a faith. Now, there is only one way of labouring peaceably and rapidly toward the attainment of the true Catholic faith. Since every sect is the embodiment of one phase of truth, let every sect have freedom to establish what is true in the proposition which it embodies, and to work out a disproof of what is false. A true faith in the ultimate attainment of a Catholic religion would encourage that self-development, and protect it against reciprocal "antagonism" and repression.

And it is in this direction alone that we see signs of land, of safety, of religious peace. We discern in the aspect of the religious world a disposition to approach to a more Catholic sentiment—the true prelude of a Catholic faith. Disordered as it is, the state of England hopefully illustrates this view. Religious activity is more wide-spread than it has been for the past two hundred years. At the same time there is a strong tendency to liberalize creeds, to waive some points, and explain away other points of mere doctrinal dissent. Side by side with this advance of liberalism, and partly due to its prevalence, we find that wide-spread indifference in the Church of England, a phenomenon not to be looked on without pain; an indifference which has its source also in the belief that laxity of discipline conduces to freedom of

thought and sentiment, whereas it only conduces to laxity of thought and sentiment and belief.

The path of escape from this is long and painful. The whole scheme of religious life must have undergone that process of being broken up and reformed, which we have witnessed with too weak a confidence. Sects are splitting into sections—Unitarians, Congregational Dissenters, Baptists, Wesleyans—all, and more, are casting off great pieces of their body, each moving towards some more liberal interpretation of its creed. The Church of England itself seems disposed to divide and fructify; while Roman Catholics, as we saw by the Irish movement in favour of "the Godless colleges," especially before the stupid Whig scheme of resisting the Papal aggression, tend towards a less politico-theocratic form of that faith. The very demand for diocesan synods and a general Convocation of the Church—a demand purely just in itself—shows that religion is disposed to throw off the tutelage of the state, and obtain for itself an existence and means of self-development unobstructed by Acts of Parliament.

One thing we must have: the Church—all Churches must be set quite free from this state control—that unhallowed weapon which each in turn has used against the others. We contend, not for toleration,—it is the hope of the bondman,—but for the just and equal recognition of all sects, churches, and religions, their freedom and right to self-development. The state is a temporal power. It is decomposed, and recomposed, at intervals. It may be this year Tory, that Whig, the next day Republican. Its acts are collective and binding, obligatory upon all, per force, or by convention, without compromise of eternal truth or the search thereof. Sectarian religion, whether of Rome or Canterbury, is not binding upon all: the mere attempt to make it so would create a revolution. State religion with state supremacy is, and can be, nothing more than state politics under the guise of the religious forms of the Church; and as such it is condemned.

Every creed is but the fallible human perception of the one truth; but all seek the one God, who still rules over all; by his blessing, these contentions shall but lead us to recognize the fact, that in our stumblings we have been only too impatient to approach nearer, to the one truth which is universally. The interference of the state can only be tyranny; and it is as much a stroke at spiritual freedom when it is aimed at the Romanist as it is when aimed at Protestant or Sceptic. Stand we, then, on the broad ground of equal recognition for all, equal defence by each of rights common to all.

### SEIZURE OF THE NIZAM'S TERRITORIES.

As a step in the progress of Indian consolidation, we cannot withhold our approval from the confiscation of the Nizam's territories; but it certainly has the air of a vast practical burlesque to our direct "dependencies," when we govern those we have, so ill as to be familiar with murmurs of discontent from every quarter of them. It is the more absurd, since the pretext is the non-payment of subsidy,—and to make that good, we are going to seize an annual deficit; for such is the perennial aspect of the Nizam's exchequer; and the Indian Government, which undertakes that seizure, is itself conspicuous among great states for being unable to convert a deficit into a surplus. The joke is tripled, when we understand that the seizure is to be only "temporary," which forbids the idea of such real reform as could alone render the finance healthy. Our present purpose in noticing this "transaction," however, is to assist our readers in perceiving the immediate practical effects. The ulterior effects might be of the noblest and most beneficial kind, if our Government intended really to grapple with the reconstitution of Hindustan; but the past forbids any such expectation. We find our Ministers positively maintaining the worst influences of the local institutions—keeping down the Hindûs, for instance, as a race, by absurd disqualification of them as professional men, however manifest their faculties and attainments.

The primary object of the seizure is to recover the amount of tribute due—arrears to the extent of £850,000. The public revenue of the Nizam is said to be £1,000,000; the expenditure about £300,000 more; and the English Government proposes to seize about £350,000; leaving the Nizam to make good the increased deficit how he may. The case is something like that of an ordinary "execution" for debt in this country,

only it is carried out in the most odious and reckless form. But we are not going to touch upon the point of humanity or justice; we are only, for the moment, pointing out the inevitable financial effect of the operation. The English Government seizes the bankrupt revenue of the Deccan, and adds to the bankruptcy. The Nizam might make good the deficit out of his private purse; and, if so, the seizure is virtually an aggression on private property. Or he might revoke Crown revenues bestowed on court favourites; another species of aggression not unlike the revocation of patent offices or pensions in this country, *without compensation*. To recover £850,000, therefore, the English Government must incur an amount of odium equivalent to a far larger sum in its damaging influence.

But we have the utmost doubt whether the £850,000 can be netted by the operation. The Nizam's territory has been a sort of "sanctuary" for vagabond soldiers of all the races that wield the sword in India; the invaded "interests" of the Deccan are not likely to surrender their pleasant holdings without a contest; and, therefore, the attempt at seizure will entail war. Yes, Manchester men and Peace Ministerialists, war. Now, war is not an economy. We have not all the current prejudices against it; but we cannot recommend it as sound finance. The war is far less likely to nett £850,000 for our Government, than to add some £3,000,000, at least, to the Indian debt.

Even that might be sound policy, under one all-important *if*—if the territory were to be consolidated with our Indian empire and thoroughly reformed. It is demonstrable that the resources of India, so far from being exhausted, have been but *scratched* during the ages of wretched rule in which that splendid empire has been more than half fallow; the tiger still shares the empire with the Englishman; fever still keeps whole regions "in Chancery," to the undisturbed possession of disease. There is not the slightest doubt, that reforms which might *develope*, rather than thwart the native institutions, with enterprises imported from Europe—notably scientific education, honourable employment as a consequence of that education, and railways—would render that huge Indian estate a real source of wealth. We are aware of no reason why the New Brunswick principle should not be applied to railways in India, although it would, of course, need modification to suit it to the latitude. The "Nizam's territory" has been one of those forbidden grounds from which English influence was self-excluded, or into which it intruded only by fits and starts, and was available only to prevent native development. The mixed, or "protected" Government, is a tradition of the ante-British æra reduced to a miserable burlesque, a sham in no wise respectable. Were it swept away, then might a reform of the country be possible, its productive resources might be set free, and the annexation might ultimately prove an operation of sound economy. But the occupation, they say, is to be only "temporary."

#### RAILWAY POLICY.

RAILWAY proprietors are becoming heretical in political economy. One of the most extraordinary confessions ever made by commerce to the public consists of the speech delivered by Mr. Glyn, Chairman of the North-Western Railway Company, at the half-yearly meeting of the shareholders on Friday.

He boasted that the Directors had "closed the capital account," excepting for certain special purposes. Our readers will understand how desirable it is to set current charges against revenue rather than capital, since it is only by that means that you get a clear conception of profit or loss; and the determination of the Directors not to pursue a system which magnifies profits to the eye, but really undermines them, is judicious. The boast was delivered with an emphasis implying that some difficulty had been conquered in carrying it out; and we can well imagine that there was: the commercial public is so fond of cheating itself.

It seems, however, that the capital account is *not* closed; and although it is reopened for an excellent purpose, it is of the utmost importance to bear in mind the circumstances under which it is reopened. An extension of the railway is to be made into the heart of the city, for the traffic in goods; evidently a most advantageous plan. At the same time another sort of extension is going on. Other parties have obtained a bill for a railway which will connect the North-Western with the South-Western and other railways south of the

Thames; an excellent metropolitan junction of the several systems. In resisting the temptation to charge outlay against capital, one charge that pressed hard on their fortitude, from its weight and nature, was that for lawyers' bills; and included in that was the cost of watching another sort of "bills"—those in Parliament. "If we have not had to promote bills," said Mr. Glyn, "we have been occupied for a considerable time in opposing bills." This looks very invidious. In one case, however, the opposition was natural and proper enough. The company resisted a project, developed in two bills introduced by the Great Western Company and the Shrewsbury and Birmingham Company:—

"I do not think, gentlemen, that in the whole course of my parliamentary and railway experience I ever met with such an extraordinary attempt as that. It was admirable, in fact, from its boldness; for they actually endeavoured to avail themselves of our capital—and we have spent a considerable sum of money for our station and our lines in Birmingham—they sought to avail themselves of our own land and station for the purpose of beginning a competition against us!"

¶ Cool! The opposition was successful; but still the Company is engaged in "a very serious contest with the Great Northern," in which they hope to succeed, by favour of Mr. Gladstone's arbitration; they hope, under legal advice, to bind the Shrewsbury and Birmingham Company to a written agreement; negotiations with the Great Western have failed; but they do not believe that Parliament will sanction a second competing line to the Mersey. Such are the hopes, fears, and tribulations, the enterprises contemplated and resisted by the North-Western Company; and it is under such circumstances that the capital account is to be reopened for an extension of the line into the heart of the City.

But Mr. Glyn extends his deprecation of the competitive principle beyond that hateful line to the Mersey:—

"Rest assured that every year's experience—and more especially when capital accounts are closed—will lead to this fact and development, that competition is a fallacy as regards railway affairs. It is the reverse—it is the close and intimate connection between companies occupying the same districts—it is the connection supported by Parliament, and being allowed to do their best for the development of their traffic—being allowed a fair receipt, under regulations laid down by Parliament—being allowed, in fact, to put something into the pockets of the proprietors, which will lead at last to the only chance which exists of the railway system being properly supported in this country. It is in vain to talk of competition. Look at the competition between the Great Northern and the Midland and ourselves—5s. or 4s. 6d. from Leeds to London and back! It is ridiculous to suppose that such a system can go on? It must lead to a combination and division of the whole territory among the companies according to their respective interests. That must be and will be the case."

Most true. In passing, we would ask Mr. Glyn whether the competition which is so bad, so wrong, so impracticable for railway companies, is good for any other branch of trade? Whether the evils which become so convincingly evident in railway affairs are not just the same with the evils which it produces in others? But although he says that competition *cannot* go on in railways, he also declares with the eloquence of prophecy that it *will* go on.

"But in the mean time I do not hesitate to say that to arrive at that point it is necessary for us, and I believe we shall have to go through a very serious racing competition. I know what the effect will be—a great deal of ruin and a great deal of misery; and, what is more, I know the public will be extremely ill-served, and we shall have a repetition of horrible accidents until the public mind itself is awake to the real position of the question, and Parliament shall do that which it ought to have done seven years ago—place the whole system on a different footing, and arrange it according to territorial districts."

The remedy suggested by the railway chairman is "a combination and division of the whole territory according to their respective interests;" in other words, the principle of concert, so far applied. And he is not content with enunciating that principle, but he urges his hearers to become the propagators and missionaries of the new doctrine:—

"Gentlemen, I wish it to be understood that I alone am responsible for these remarks, but I am sure my colleagues concur in them. It is no use your coming here and saying, 'All these remarks are very right.' Go to other meetings, and impress them with

the same conviction. I know that I am addressing gentlemen who are not merely proprietors in the London and North-Western, but in other companies; and I would say, 'Go and impress these ideas upon them. If you do not you will ruin your property; if you do you will preserve it from utter destruction.' I am quite certain that it will take time to bring about a proper feeling on this subject, and a judicious course of action."

But let the missionaries understand *what* feeling they are to propagate. We are far from ascribing the intention of monopoly to Mr. Glyn; it has been laid down as a fundamental rule, by high authorities in railway affairs, that the financial administration is the best which produces the largest revenue; and undoubtedly the largest revenue will always be produced by low prices. There is a point at which lowering of price does not produce a proportionate increase of traffic, and that is practically the minimum point. There may also be an increase of traffic beyond the power of the rolling stock, so that the cost of wear and tear may outbalance the advantage of increased revenue. But it would not be for the public interest to overtax the railway beyond its powers; nor for the public interest to ruin the railway—which too low a tariff of prices would do. Ruined establishments cannot do the work well or safely. From these considerations it follows that a "monopoly," in the old and ordinary sense of the word, would be as injurious to the companies as to the public; that it is as impracticable as a reckless competition; in other words, that the principle of concert holds good, not only between railway companies, but between each company and the public. Now, if this truth were fully understood by Mr. Glyn's missionaries and those of whom they are to make proselytes, the progress of the new propagandism of railway union would be far more easy, more rapid, and more effectual.

#### MR. GLADSTONE'S DENIERS.

THE revelations of Mr. Gladstone are absolutely incapable of refutation or disproof. But on the principle that *tout mauvais cas est niable*, a flat, barefaced denial has been deemed in this case the one kind of reply available to the satellites of his most religious Majesty the King of Naples. It is at least a satisfaction to find in the seared and blunted conscience of that perjured and lawless man, to whom cruelty and violence, torture and assassination, wholesale massacres, and secret murders have been a *regal and righteous* pastime in the intervals of his religious offices so exactly performed, some show of susceptibility where pity has never entered and remorse is but the lassitude of revenge. Like other phenomena in the annals of humbler crime, he has the inklings of a decent solicitude for "reputation," even in the very act of crime, to the last hour of an ignominious retribution; but neither confession, nor repentance. He stays not the hand of blood and treachery: he arrests not the atrocities at which all Europe of the nineteenth century stands aghast. Conscience is to be acquitted by denial. It is worth while to see what the denials are, who the deniers.

We know that a person, whose name we have heard, was engaged to *arrange* a reply to Mr. Gladstone, in the shape of a denial, in the very limited portion of the French press (to its honour be it spoken) amenable to so unholy an influence. The chief of the monarchical papers, Fusionist, Legitimist, Orleanist, fought shy of an advocacy so perilous, or of a denial more damning than the charge. Yet neither M. Le Docteur Véron's *Inconstitutionnel*, nor M. Guizot, De Pastoret, and Co.'s pseudonymous *Assemblée Nationale* are remarkable for frankness and good faith. The *Débats*, so forcible-feeble since the law of the signatures, declines all complicity with the Ultramontane organs. The chivalrous *Opinion Publique* of the young Legitimists, and the sound hearted *Gazette de France*, never quite give up the hopeless problem of uniting Legitimacy and Liberty. So that in none of the purely monarchical press has his sacred Majesty of Naples obtained a thorough champion. Hints of probable exaggerations have been loosely thrown out, and not a little of the especial rancour of the French Royalists against England and English perfidies, incidentally emits its venom; but Mr. Gladstone survives intact. The only "next friend" to go in for the King, utterly and unreservedly, is that highly respectable and ingenious Spiritual Director and Apostle of Retrogress, and Ultramontane Electric Light, *L'Univers*, the select confessional of the Parti-prêtre, the quasi Bonapartist promoter of the Fratricidal Roman invasion. But when we tell



you that this charming print has also been the warm advocate, à l'outrance, of the Holy Inquisition, of the torture, of the auto da fè, of the St. Bartholomew massacre, of the dragonnades, and we know not what other agreeable bygones, you will not be surprised to learn that *L'Univers* is in the van to exalt his Sacred Majesty of Naples as the "best and worthiest and most clement of Christian Kings"! But it goes further, and with a temerity which seems almost "judicial" in the midst of habitual prevarications and "reserves," positively asserts that "there is not a simple fact in either of Mr. Gladstone's letters which can bear examination;" and this assertion, while recognizing its boldness, *L'Univers* engages to sustain. It has the further rashness to attempt publicly to throw suspicion on the credibility of Mr. Gladstone's statements by declaring that he has recounted mere hearsays, that he was not an eyewitness on any occasion, that he has picked up mere vague rumours and the interested exaggerations of Neapolitan revolutionists. Accordingly *L'Univers* begins a series of letters to Mr. Gladstone upon the data of its own gratuitous assumptions. Unluckily, it has once more caught a Tartar in its intimate enemy *La Presse*, which by way of opposing proof to assertion, translates literally the most striking passages of Mr. Gladstone's letters, where the significant words, "I have seen with my own eyes" (not "I have heard," and "as I hear," and "as I was assured," according to M. Gondou) so frequently occur. The attitude of the Republican and Constitutional press is worthy of France and of the cause of humanity to which Mr. Gladstone has so nobly lent the crushing weight of his name—calm, dignified, just in appreciation. But as if *L'Univers* (which we fear will be the winding-sheet of the *parti-prêtre*) were not enough to "finish" the king of its predilection, an ally or aide-de-camp has entered the lists in the person of the *Patrie*, the Elyséan optimist, of which the most that can be said is that it is—"Journal du Soir!"

English influence was to be pressed into the service of Naples, to counteract the truly English act of Mr. Gladstone. In the first place, we understand, an English opponent has been manufactured. A composition has been got up in the English language, published at Lugano, Capolago, or some other place in Switzerland, and imported into Naples, as if it were the declaration of an English writer against the statements of Mr. Gladstone; but the writing was manifestly by no English pen. We describe it at second hand, not having had the felicity to see it; but we have no reason to doubt the correctness of the description.

It was desirable, however, to find a real Englishman to contradict the truth-teller. Even the correspondent of the *Times*, so friendly and lenient towards the Royalist parties of Italy, cannot withhold his voucher from Mr. Gladstone's account. However, a champion was at last found in that market where, it is said, everything may be procured—London. We know that a certain individual, not an Italian, belonging to the distinguished family of *Les Mouchards*, was in London, not long since; and he made no secret, among friends, that he had secured a writer to deny Mr. Gladstone.

Mr. Charles Macfarlane has just put forth a pamphlet professing to deny Mr. Gladstone and all that he has said. And who, you will say, is Mr. C. Macfarlane? *La Patrie* informs us that he is "a distinguished publicist;" but some doubt is thrown upon the fact by *La Presse*, who calls him a "nomad (or wandering) pamphleteer, known only for the absurdity of his lucubrations." We are not indeed without some past knowledge of the new champion who advances to defend "the best of Kings." Have you read the *The Romance of the Reaction* which he entitled in that elegant aristocratic way of his, *A Glance at Revolutionized Italy*? It is written, we were going to say, "in very choice Italian," we mean it is—"by authority." Have you read a former "lucubration" on the subject of *Turkey and the Turks*? It should have been called *Turkey seen through the Medium of a Dragoman*; or, *a Walk round my Room*. In this book you will find a horrible onslaught upon the oppressions of the Turkish Government, which affected the distinguished and liberal publicist even to sickness. But we have heard that the Vizier did not consider the damages very heavy; and Turkey still survives, not an unfavourable contrast to Naples. There! could the King of Naples himself have done more for Mr. Charles Macfarlane than we have done by recounting his past exploits. Rush and buy his last pamphlet in defence of his bosom friends the titled gaolers of

the Neapolitan dungeons. All Mr. Macfarlane's bosom friends have handles to their names. He is "one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy," if only because he is one of the "powers that be."

Such are Mr. Gladstone's "deniers." Between him and them let publicity be the judge! Let his sacred Majesty of Naples "plate sin with gold." We at least will never cease to call crime, however royal, crime!

#### PROGRESS OF ASSURANCE.

We last week referred to the peculiar adaptations of the Life Assurance principle by the Athenæum Life Assurance Society; but we are desirous of drawing the attention of literary men and artists and the liberal professions generally, to the great importance of the assurance principle and its peculiar adaptation to their position. It is a great thing for a public company to offer a benefit to a class. We do not question that the tables of the "Athenæum," which offer special advantages to the professional man, are so constructed as to bring advantages also to the society; but it ought to be remembered that the society could have achieved a commercial success without this adjunct.

Unfortunately, the sorrows of authors are too well known, and many persons are too ready in attributing improvidence and want of principle to those whose minds are insufficient to measure those persons they condemn. People really know nothing of the difficulties that man has to contend against who offers his intellectual luxuries, or high spiritual gifts, in exchange for corporal necessities. The late Disraeli has well observed that, "Authors of all classes in the community have been the most honoured and the least remunerated." Smollett died in penury and among strangers. But after his death, ornamented columns rose to his memory, and his very grave seemed to multiply the editions of his works. See Goldsmith selling his *Vicar of Wakefield* for £60, a work which is even now continually being reprinted in this and other countries. Milton's *Paradise Lost* was sold by its author for £10, and yet Dr. Newton received £630 for his edition of the work. When Hume published the first edition of his *History*, it was received with such coldness and indifference, that he would have left his native country disgusted and heart-broken, had not the war prevented him. De Foe sold *Robinson Crusoe* for a trifle, and the fortunate publisher made a thousand guineas by it. *Burn's Justice* and *Buchan's Domestic Medicine*, books which now yield steady annual incomes, were obtained from their authors for a mere song. Poor Chatterton, who was compelled by want to bring every production of his genius to a statement of pounds, shillings, and pence, left the following memorandum among his papers. A Political Essay he had penned had been stopped in the publication by the death of the Lord Mayor of London, which rendered it useless. He thus states the account:—

Lost by the Mayor's death in this Essay	£1 11 6
Gained, however, in Elegies and Essays thereon.....	5 5 0
The favourable balance stands recorded thus:—	
"I am glad he is dead by....."	£3 13 6

We have already frequently referred to the necessity of life assurance to all those whose income is dependent on their lives. The adoption of the "Athenæum" principles is incumbent on all those whose income is dependent on their personal exertions. The great barrier to the adoption of life assurance by literary men and artists is the fear that they may not be able to keep up the premiums, and that all they had advanced would be lost to them. The precarious tenure of the literary man's income is recognized by the "Athenæum" so far, that he does not forfeit his policy if the premiums should not be regularly paid up, or, rather, a fund is provided to enable him to pay them. But there is a feature which we think would insure the adoption of life assurance by all professional persons.

The literary man, the barrister, the sailor, and all men in the professions, are liable to fits of prosperity as well as adversity. Mostly they are not of a saving turn—the productive mood is often incompatible with the saving mood; and there is no provision that enables a man to capitalize the income of a prosperous year. The development of Life Assurance induces us to hope that tables may be formed to meet this condition of things.

Suppose the "Athenæum" made a provision calculated to this effect: That a man effecting an assurance should be permitted to make payments to any amount in specified sums, say £5 each.

These sums each to represent a proportionate sum at death, larger in proportion to the year it was paid, having no reference to yearly premiums. For instance, a man enters in 1850 pays £5; in 1851, a bad year, he pays nothing; in 1852, a better year, he pays three sums of £5 each; in 1853, a prosperous year, he pays seven sums of £5 each; in 1854, an indifferent year, he pays two sums of £5; in 1855, a bad year, nothing. The calculation of the table might be made against the assurer. Prosperity puts him in a spending humour, Adversity makes him glad to save his premiums for assurance even at the cost of rather a hard calculation. But the power to deposit every £5 whilst he may, would be a real boon; and the hold on so much capital, which would otherwise float away into space, would be a gain to the Assurance office.

We offer these proposals to the notice of the "Athenæum Life Assurance Society," as they appear actuated by the most benevolent intentions. They have an actuary fully competent to erect tables with this object, on the safest and most comprehensive data. They should remember that the profession, if it have the character of improvidence, has also the credit of liberality; and that the extra premiums will be lost sight of in viewing the solid benefits conferred.

#### "ORDER" CONDUCTIVE TO CRIME.

FRANCE is growing moral; England is degenerating. Such appear to be the conclusions on high authority. The arithmetical moralist is perplexing himself just now over statistical tables of criminal justice in divers countries, with strange results. We will not here trouble our readers with figures which the very promulgators disclaim or "explain away." The criminal statistics of England show rather a diminution of crime in 1850; but perhaps, says the sceptic, because the Juvenile Offenders Act and other improvements, by extending summary jurisdiction, have withdrawn many crimes from the cognizance of Law and Assize Courts. In Ireland crime is diminishing—with the hunger and with the number of people. In Scotland—never, alas! says the *Edinburgh Courant*, very sober or very chaste—the criminal returns attest a considerable increase of "wickedness." It is in France that crime is diminished. The establishment of the Republic in 1848 marked a striking diminution of crime; but in 1849, the year just reported, there was a slight increase. Scotland was unaffected by the revolutionary storm, France has undergone its full force.

Baron Platt notices a disappointment on the score of "education":—

"It had been found from the annual tables, travelling over a space of no less than thirteen years, that the want of education stood as a mark upon crime; for it had been found invariably during those twelve years that the totally illiterate and the partially educated together formed nine out of ten throughout the whole calendar, showing that ignorance and crime were intimately connected. But he found in this part of the county of Lancaster (Liverpool) education had not had a very salutary effect; for he found here, —whereas, as he had already stated, that throughout the country ignorant persons were criminals in the proportion of nine to one,—that in this calendar, consisting of 123 prisoners, there were eighteen who could read and write well, and six of a superior education, bringing the proportion down to three or four to one, and diminishing, of course, to the same amount, the proportion in favour of education. Thus, they observed, that eighteen and six make twenty-four—that was twenty-four educated persons out of 123. That was very striking. There must be some cause for it. Was it a lax mode of conducting trade in this great trading portion of the island? Was it a want of moral feeling in the conduct of trade? Was it a want of care which was exhibited as to the morals of the persons who might receive some education? There must be something wrong in this; or it might be it was a source from which they might draw a very favourable inference to the conclusions of some very wise men on this subject, that education, unless it be moral and religious, was rather a mischievous than a useful acquirement to man."

But Scotland is "religious," also educated; Lancashire is educated; France is revolutionary! It is perplexing. The touch at trade is worth consideration. We doubt whether enough stress is laid in "education," on the drawing out of the natural faculties: perhaps it is too much an attempt to turn men into diagrams; which failing, we have the recoil—"crime." In religion, more stress is laid upon mystic dogmas than upon the instinctive piety which is the best part of all "persuasions." Trade, perhaps, has been made too

much the paramount test of right and wrong: "Will it pay?" is the test of right: "It will not pay," is moral condemnation. Hence, in orderly, commercial England, we breed an uncommon supply of thieves and forgers; in moral England, a vast host of debauchees and all their train; in religious Scotland, a tremendous and eternal race of drunkards and diabolists; while in France, revolutionary, non-commercial, free-thinking, free-living France, crime abates. Perhaps they are more chivalrous in France? Perhaps they interfere less with Nature? An empyric, acting on the French experience, might almost propose a general curtailment of royalty as a short cut to moral improvement. Another might propose to free education from the trammel of the "religion" upon which no one can agree. A third would pronounce English education, as it is taught at "commercial academies," to be bad—demoralizing. We judge not; but it is evident that Baron Platt suggests some very subversive ideas.

#### BETRAYAL OF THE LAW BY A MAGISTRATE.

JANE MASKELL is placed before Alderman Wire, at the Guildhall, for illegally pawning two boys' coats delivered to her to make up by a Mr. Haven Kaye, a clothier. She gets sixpence each for the coats; she finds the trimmings; each coat takes her about seven hours to make. She had sent to Mr. Kaye, she said, for 1s. 8d., which he owed her; but he had not paid it, and being ill, she had no resource. She had given security to her employer, and she believed that her employer meant to apply to the security. Under these circumstances, Mr. Wire discharged her.

Now why? We do not believe that he had any right to exercise any such discretion. The offence alleged was not rebutted; and the application to the security was only stated on "belief." But the fact is, that the laws against the labourer are often so oppressive and cruel that the administrators hesitate to enforce them.

The alderman went further than the discharge of the prisoner—he ordered the officer to pay the amount for which the goods were pledged; one of the most distinct instances of recognizing a penal offence as the direct act of necessity which we remember. But does Alderman Wire do this for the hundreds of women who are as cruelly distressed as Jane Maskell, and yet resist the temptation to break the law?

#### PROHIBITORY POSTAGE ABROAD.

IN our Postscript of Saturday last we quoted what the Roman correspondent of the *Times* said of prohibitory postage of English journals in Rome. All Liberal journals are excluded; but while certain French journals are admitted at a postage of six sous, the postage of English journals ranges from three shillings to a dollar. Why not prohibit the English journals at once? Perhaps that would look too anti-British.

A correspondent of the *Times* has mentioned that at Rippoldsau, in the Duchy of Baden, the postage on the English journals varied in a remarkable manner: in the *Times* it varied from 10d. to 1s. 5d.; on the *Spectator*, from 1d. to 6d. He could obtain no explanation of the fact from the postmaster.

We lately stated that in Prussia about 1s. 6d. has been charged on our own journal; not, we suppose, solely, but only as one of the English press.

Thus the exclusive use of prohibitory postage is becoming common to the Absolutist Governments.

#### A CHEERING FACT.

THE *Times* mentions as "a cheering fact," that "an extensive agriculturist of Bicester, King's End, a few days since, rode upwards of twenty miles on an unsuccessful effort to obtain a sufficient number of men for harvesting his crops." A strange sort of "cheering fact"! But it is cited "as indicating full employment for labourers." So that, under our admirable system of economy, you cannot be sure that labourers are fully employed, until farmers are "unsuccessful" in obtaining hands, and the crops are in danger of rotting on the ground. And when that is the case, it is "a cheering fact." What must be the disconsolate nature of that system in which such a fact is "cheering"?

#### NEWS FOR YARMOUTH.

THE Catholic Bishop of Edinburgh at the late Dublin meeting, is reported to have uttered the following sentence, which must strike terror into the House of Lords, and fill the good people of Norfolk with wonder:—

"It is in the power of every venerable bloater to put on his chains for the keeping of his sovereign's conscience, seat himself on the Woolsack, and sport a Chancellor's wig."

Fancy a bloater, "tall on end," addressing the House from the Woolsack, adorned with his chains, and sporting a Chancellor's wig, against the Papal Aggression!

## SOCIAL REFORM.

CONCERT: THE SALVATION OF THE MIDDLE CLASS.

TO R. H.

August 18, 1851.

MY DEAR GRANDFATHER,—I address this one of my letters to you, not only because I am glad to place on record my grateful remembrance of your unflinching and affectionate kindness—unflinching through every change of adversity and prosperity, of constant intercourse and of distance—but because you have been yourself in trade; you have experienced the reverses of trade, have seen its working; and your strictly practical mind is precisely the most candid, and perhaps the toughest, of that kind which I desire to reach.

I was much struck lately with the remark which a friend told me he had encountered from more than one trader, "Oh! you Socialists mean to do away with us;" and undoubtedly there is a feeling among Socialists, as well as their opponents, that the middle class is somehow to be superseded, swept away, annihilated. Now, nobody likes the idea of annihilation, at all events in his own person, even hypothetically. We have, at all events, a bias against a doctrine which we expect to annihilate us; the more so, if its advocates admit, or rather boast, of such an effect; and we take refuge in the presumption that the doctrine is visionary. It is very desirable that such an impression should be removed, since nothing could be more calculated to hinder the peaceful and thoroughly advantageous progress of Association, and nothing could be founded on a more fundamental misconception.

I have always endeavoured to keep distinct these three things—the principle on which Association is based, and which I have defined to be general concert in the division of employments; secondly, the immediate and practical application of that principle to the actual condition in which we find society, so that such condition may be improved; thirdly, the ulterior, theoretical, and speculative results, which are necessary to complete the rationale of the subject, but are as little likely to be realized at the moment, as the principle which has been enjoined upon Christians for rather more than eighteen hundred years—that they should love one another.

In fact, retail traders are themselves suffering from the want of concert, not only amongst themselves, but among the different classes of industry. While others were attacking traders for their dishonesty, when the *Lancet* disclosed the enormous adulterations practised in various provision trades, all Communists were immediately struck with the effects of competition which that practice betrayed. The *Lancet* showed that in many cases the adulteration proceeded to the degree of fifty or even a hundred per cent. When you are supposing yourself to buy "coffee," for example, you are buying a mixture, perhaps half coffee, perhaps half chicory; possibly chicory, beans, and other things, with a mere spice of coffee. It was shown that some of the most largely professing houses, and not the cheapest, were among the most guilty. This was not confined to the coffee trade, but prevailed in every kind of grocery. We find it in every other business. I have myself been condemned to write upon paper which was, I believe, "felt" touched up with plaster of Paris. I know, on the very best authority, that the trade in medical drugs is in an equally vitiated state; and you might see from the letters of Mr. Joseph Flint, that the same kind of thing is seen about the country; soap offered to the institutions in Lincoln at five shillings a stone, a sum, with the carriage, less by two shillings per hundred weight than he could buy it for, though he takes ten tons at a time.

Thus we find the trader supplying, in the name of food, rubbish, or even poison; defrauding the sick man in his medicine, and making some unaccountable "contract" even with the managers for the poor. They could scarcely have become so lost to moral considerations, so hardened to the precepts which they profess, so deadened to common good feeling for their fellow-creatures, if they were not themselves the sufferers under the system. The same trick is played all round; each trade is taught to regard itself as an interest isolated from the rest of humanity, with all other interests opposed to it. Each trader is commercially a Cain in a nation of Cains. All moral consideration is reduced to the rule recently proclaimed from the lips of our Finance Minister, "Caveat emptor," "Buyer, beware." People talk about the danger of dissolving society into its elements, but I ask you if this is not dissolving the Social system? Man is set against man, and is taught from the highest bench in the Legislature that it is not

wrong, not practical infidelity, not unchristian, anarchical, antisocial, if he defrauds his fellow-creatures of their food, the sick man of his medicine, and the poor of their allowance; but the phrases which are not applied to the man who thus performs his social duties, are applied to those who suggest a plan that would not compel the trader to seek self-defence in fraud.

I know that no set of men, much less a whole class, would resort to practices like these, if it were not under the pressure of some great necessity, and I find the necessity confessed in the very resort to devices. Those practices must tell against each man more than they tell for him; in the bankruptcy which hangs over every trader, threatening him with destruction if he flagged in the race of competition; and also in destruction which threatens him in another shape. The aggregate amount of bankruptcy officially recognized which falls every year upon the class of retail traders is enormous; but how much larger is the additional amount annually disguised under the form of "composition"! How much humiliation does the trader have to undergo when he has to meet creditor or commissioner, and to be rebuked in his mortification for careless accounts, reckless trading, or "not stopping soon enough"! Yet I often think that offences of this kind are not half so bad as those which are justified in high places—the giving to a fellow-creature poison for food or rubbish for medicine.

The retail trader vainly apprehends destruction for his class from the principle of Association, while, in fact, his class is actually undergoing a destructive process by the operation of capital. Where are the small haberdashers that used to be scattered about London and other towns? In place of them you find a few very large establishments, the Morrisons or Shoolbreds, each employing shopmen by the hundred. A Morrison devised the plan through which the capitalist is enabled to undersell the small trader, by taking a fraction only of the profits which enabled the small dealer to go on, and yet the many fractions put together form an immense return in the aggregate. By this process the great capitalist has converted the small dealers into his shopmen. The trader who employs a hundred shopmen, may be said to have eaten up a hundred small dealers.

Now, under any form of society, it is inconceivable that people would be able to do without the functionaries represented by traders—those who carry on the exchanges of the products of industry; and, unquestionably, if we were to arrange our business matters on the most desirable footing for all classes, we should desire to have traders in sufficient numbers, and furnished with sufficient means, to conduct their operations effectively. It is a remarkable fact, that while traders are beginning to learn, in the terrible lessons of bankruptcy, and in the more terrible trespasses of adulteration, how desperate is the struggle they are maintaining against Competition, the promoters of Association are making practical arrangements to keep up the efficiency of exchanges. In its thirty-five or forty agents, the People's mill at Leeds may be said to have created so many retail traders; who carry on their business, however, with a strict understanding between themselves, the wholesale producer, and their consumers; all working together in concert.

Several of the Associations in Paris maintain in their "gérant," or manager, the exact counterpart of the trader; only it is a trader who exists in perfect understanding with his workmen. The ruined pianoforte-maker, whose stock founded the stock in trade of the Associated Pianoforte-Makers—the thriving company that may be said to have adopted his children, and has sent such creditable specimens of its work to the Exposition—that man may be regarded as typifying the future fate of the retail trader. The establishment of the Central Agency in London will further exemplify the transmutation of the trader alienated from his workmen into the trader incorporated with his workmen. But I must reserve for a second letter an explanation of the manner in which Concert operates for the safety and advantage of the trader, while the competitive system subjects him to a triple process of ruin—the eating up of the small trader by the great capitalist, the bankruptcy of those who escape devouring, and that adulteration which seems like an escape from the pressure of competition, but which corrupts the very substance of trade, and tends to destroy the production of the very things on which trade depends.—Your affectionate, though Communist,

THORNTON HUNT.



## 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.*

ENGLAND since 1848 has held a position similar to that held by Holland in the 17th and 18th centuries—all the stifled voices of freedom gain free utterance here. German literature may be termed *en route* for England. Our free press is an irresistible attraction to men upon whom the *Pressgesetz* weigh like an incubus; they do not relish "man's large discourse of reason" as edited by the police; the shadows falling from the gloomy walls of Spandau, Spielberg, Stettin, chill the current of free thought; within those shadows only noxious weeds will grow, such as we see in the literature of reaction. Publicists were wont to rail against the censorship. It is abolished. Press laws have taken its place. But when King Stork was substituted for King Log the "social arrangements" were not found to be highly satisfactory to the Frogs. The *Pressgesetze* are incalculably more tyrannical than ever the censorship was; and thinking men are silent. They crowd to England as much to breathe the air of freedom as to see the World's Show. But Paternal vigilance follows them even here. A police force has been organized, not, as it was ludicrously reported, to look after "the foreign thieves," but after the foreign literati who are here from all parts of Germany. Their passport is delivered at the Embassy, their arrival is known, their steps watched,—if they have had any communication with RUGE KINKEL or any other name of terror, it is reported—nay, even the lectures of KINKEL were visited by German detectives for the purpose, it is supposed, of reconnoitring the audience!

After all, one sympathizes with Paternal Governments pestered by children who *will* think for themselves! As PAUL LOUIS COURIER sarcastically says, "Printing is the origin of evil; murder there finds its source, and Cain was a newspaper reader in Paradise; we cannot doubt it, for the ministers say so, and ministers never lie, above all at the tribune! [C'est l'imprimerie qui met le monde à mal. C'est la lettre moulée qui fait qu'on assassine depuis la création; et Cain lisait les journaux dans le paradis terrestre. Il n'en faut point douter les ministres le disent; les ministres ne mentent pas, à la tribune surtout.]"

The contest for the vacant fauteuil in the Académie furnishes gossip to Paris. ALFRED DE MUSSET and EMILE AUGIER are candidates; the former has too good a claim to have much chance, for in academies it is bad to have genius on your side, you are sure to have the blockheads against you, and *they* are the preponderating influences. ALEXANDRE DUMAS was reported to have become a candidate; but DUMAS, with an European reputation, *can* have no chance. He feels it to be so, and therefore desires his son to write a contradiction to the report, "he not having time to attend to such matters." Meanwhile we observe that he *has* time to write a letter of emphatic puff respecting the new scheme of pleasure by contract, wherein for fifteen francs thirty days' amusements of every description are offered!

We presume that all those of our readers who occupy themselves with German literature are aware of the change which has come over the spirit of the Countess HAHN HAHN, whom sorrow, the most profound and inconsolable, has driven into the bosom of the Holy Catholic Church. She has just issued a little work called *Aus Jerusalem*, which, though fervent enough, and immensely powerful in interjections, leaves something to be desired on the score of sense and coherence. As the production of one who gained celebrity by sentimental freethinking and aristocratic "advanced views," it is curious and painful; but as a work it is Religion in hysterics more than anything else. Rome has no great reason to be proud of her con-

vert. Proud, perhaps, of the Countess's name; proud of the *éclat* attendant on the conversion of one so opposed to the Church; but scarcely proud of the rhapsodies in which she gives utterance to her newly-found consolation.

With us nothing can be flatter than the state of Literature. In the absence of topics even Mr. MACFARLANE's name rises into conversation, carried thither by the reverberations of astonishment at the audacity of his denials of Mr. GLADSTONE's statements, and at the taste and amenity of his style. It is amusing to see the energy with which men labour to render themselves more definite objects of contempt!

Mr. MACFARLANE's pamphlet shows what CHURCHILL calls

"A matchless intrepidity of face,"

if it show nothing else. It shows how stanch Conservatism can be. While contemplating such Conservatism, we recal what PAUL LOUIS so admirably said of some defender of Order:—"On the day of Creation what a hubbub he would have made! he would have exclaimed: O God, let us save Chaos! *Mon Dieu, conservons le chaos!*" Why not? was not Light a Revolution, and is not Revolution the greatest of evils, even when it be an issue into good? Light is Utopian; only brain-sick dreamers and bloodthirsty ruffians want it; every virtuous and respectable man will "stand by the Chaos of his Forefathers!" *Credat MACFARLANE!*

## RUSKIN'S PRE-RAPHAELITISM.

*Pre-Raphaelitism.* By the Author of "Modern Painters." Smith, Elder, and Co.

WE have already intimated that the *thesis* maintained by Mr. Ruskin in this pamphlet is the ancient truism that success in Art can only be achieved by an earnest, self-forgetting study of Nature—that the Painter must intensely observe facts, and allow reverence for mere tradition to sit lightly on him. He must follow Nature, not the Royal Academy; fact, not the critic in the *Times*; truth, not convention! This, though it be a truism, needs frequent emphasis. Mr. Ruskin, as every other critic, does well to keep it prominent. But we looked for something more from him. He should have more distinctly specified its application to the new school. Instead of doing so he treats of almost everything except the Pre-Raphaelites. His evasion of one point is too remarkable to be overlooked. Not only does it leave a capital question, as regards the P. R. B.'s, unnoticed, but it also betrays a reticence or misgiving in Mr. Ruskin's own mind on the subject of Human Form. We need few sentences to show that the Human Form, as the flower and consummation of creative energy, must also be the crowning difficulty in Art. It is known that the P. R. B.'s have peculiar views on this subject; indeed, this we should call the capital point of their system. Mr. Ruskin is silent on it. Nay, this silence is to be regretted in all his writings. The Human Form was to have been treated in the third volume of his *Modern Painters*; but that volume has never appeared, *other* works have taken precedence, and his silence on the all-important subject is unbroken. Is this reticence or misgiving? Has he not made up his mind?

There are excellent pages, however, in his pamphlet.

He begins by very properly demanding that the Painter be fit for his work; that he choose a branch of the Art because it suits him, and not because it is in the abstract fine. The advice is not restricted to Artists. We all need it, for we have all a passion for inequality:—

"The very removal of the massy bars which once separated one class of society from another, has rendered it tenfold more shameful in foolish people's, i. e. in most people's eyes, to remain in the lower grades of it, than ever it was before. When a man born of an artisan was looked upon as an entirely different species of animal from a man born of a noble, it made him no more uncomfortable, or ashamed to remain that different species of animal, than it makes a horse ashamed to remain a horse, and not to become a giraffe. But now that a man may make money, and rise in the world, and associate himself, unrepined, with people once far above him, not only is the natural discontentedness of humanity developed to an unheard-of extent, whatever a man's position, but it becomes a veritable shame to him to remain in the state he was born in, and

everybody thinks it his *duty* to try to be a 'gentleman.' Persons who have any influence in the management of public institutions for charitable education know how common this feeling has become. Hardly a day passes but they receive letters from mothers who want all their six or eight sons to go to college, and make the grand tour in the long vacation, and who think there is something wrong in the foundations of society, because this is not possible. Out of every ten letters of this kind, nine will allege, as the reason of the writers' importunity, their desire to keep their families in such and such a 'station of life.' There is no real desire for the safety, the discipline, or the moral good of the children, only a panic horror of the inexpressibly pitiable calamity of their living a ledge or two lower on the molehill of the world—a calamity to be averted at any cost whatever, of struggle, anxiety, and shortening of life itself. I do not believe that any greater good could be achieved for the country, than the change in public feeling on this head, which might be brought about by a few benevolent men, undeniably in the class of 'gentlemen,' who would, on principle, enter into some of our commonest trades, and make them honourable; showing that it was possible for a man to retain his dignity, and remain, in the best sense, a gentleman, though part of his time was every day occupied in manual labour, or even in serving customers over a counter. I do not in the least see why courtesy, and gravity, and sympathy with the feelings of others, and courage, and truth, and piety, and what else goes to make up a gentleman's character, should not be found behind a counter as well as elsewhere, if they were demanded, or even hoped for, there."

The special application of this to Painters is obvious. A man gifted with a talent for drawing cows should draw cows, and not splash with vague ambition at historical subjects because they are grander. Poetry has spoiled many excellent clerks; the drama has robbed commerce of many excellent shopmen; historical painting has likewise wasted the mediocrity of many clever men.

Connected with this ambition to achieve greatness in the highest departments, is the false notion that Will can do the work of Intellect, that Effort can supply Genius, and that mere intensity of desire can give intensity of power. As we often say, it is a fatal mistake that of Aspiration for Inspiration—the *desire* to be great for the consciousness of greatness! Mr. Ruskin touches on a point of very great importance, to our thinking, when he says boldly that *No great intellectual thing was ever done by great effort.* A great thing can only be done by a great man. He does it *without* effort. A paradox, but a truth! This is no encouragement to idleness, for Genius is essentially active, creative; nor does it flatter the conceit of Heaven-descended Genius in turned down collars that work may be dispensed with. It simply and sternly says that the Crow is not an Eagle, and no amount of sun-starrings will make it one:—

"Therefore, literally, it is no man's business whether he has genius or not: work he must, whatever he is, but quietly and steadily; and the natural and unforced results of such work will be always the things that God meant him to do, and will be his best. No agonies nor heart-rendings will enable him to do any better. If he be a great man, they will be great things; if a small man, small things; but always, if thus peacefully done, good and right; always, if restlessly and ambitiously done, false, hollow, and despicable."

This is sound sensible teaching. Mr. Ruskin will not be accused of undervaluing labour because he here says that labour is not genius; labour is necessary to attain *mastery* in Art; but no amount of concentrated effort will produce dignity, grace, grandeur, beauty. "Is not the evidence of Ease on the very front of all the greatest works in existence? Do they not plainly say to us, not 'there has been great effort here,' but, 'there has been a great power here?'"

An illustration enables Mr. Ruskin to show the vanity of the present:—

## EDUCATION OF THE PAINTER.

"Understand this thoroughly; know once for all, that a poet on canvas is exactly the same species of creature as a poet in song, and nearly every error in our methods of teaching will be done away with. For who among us now thinks of bringing men up to be poets?—of producing poets by any kind of general recipe or method of cultivation? Suppose even that we see in a youth that which we hope may, in its development, become a power of this kind, should we instantly, supposing that we wanted to make a poet of him, and nothing else, forbid him all quiet, steady, rational labour? Should we force him to perpetual spinning of new crudities out of his boyish brain, and set before him, as the only objects of his study, the laws of versification which criticism has supposed itself to discover in the works of pre-

vicious writers? Whatever gifts the boy had, would much be likely to come of them so treated? unless, indeed, they were so great as to break through all such snares of falsehood and vanity, and build their own foundation in spite of us; whereas if, as in cases numbering millions against units, the natural gifts were too weak to do this, could anything come of such training but utter inanity and spuriousness of the whole man? But if we had sense, should we not rather restrain and bridle the first flame of invention in early youth, heaping material on it as one would on the first sparks and tongues of a fire which we desired to feed into greatness? Should we not educate the whole intellect into general strength, and all the affections into warmth and honesty, and look to Heaven for the rest? This, I say, we should have sense enough to do, in order to produce a poet in words: but, it being required to produce a poet on canvas, what is our way of setting to work? We begin, in all probability, by telling the youth of fifteen or sixteen, that Nature is full of faults, and that he is to improve her; but that Raphael is perfection, and that the more he copies Raphael the better; that after much copying of Raphael, he is to try what he can do himself in a Raphael-like, but yet original, manner: that is to say, he is to try to do something very clever, all out of his own head, but yet this clever something is to be properly subjected to Raphael-like rules, is to have a principal light occupying one-seventh of its space, and a principal shadow occupying one-third of the same; that no two people's heads in the picture are to be turned the same way [not a rule to Raphael], and that all the personages represented are to possess ideal beauty of the highest order, which ideal beauty consists partly in a Greek outline of nose, partly in proportions expressible in decimal fractions between the lips and chin; but partly also in that degree of improvement which the youth of sixteen is to bestow upon God's work in general. This I say is the kind of teaching which through various channels, Royal Academy lectures, press criticisms, public enthusiasm, and not least by solid weight of gold, we give to our young men. And we wonder we have no painters."

The P.R.B.'s may be accepted as the energetic exponents of reaction against such a system:—

"Consider, farther, that the particular system to be overthrown was, in the present case, one of which the main characteristic was the pursuit of beauty at the expense of manliness and truth; and it will seem likely, a priori, that the men intended successfully to resist the influence of such a system should be endowed with little natural sense of beauty, and thus rendered dead to the temptation it presented. Summing up these conditions, there is surely little cause for surprise that pictures painted, in a temper of resistance, by exceedingly young men, of stubborn instincts and positive self-trust, and with little natural perception of beauty, should not be calculated, at the first glance, to win us from works enriched by plagiarism, polished by convention, invested with all the attractiveness of artificial grace, and recommended to our respect by established authority."

But Mr. Ruskin, while thundering against Royal Academy twaddle (and it is great) avoids the delicate and difficult question which meets every student at the vestibule of Art, viz., Are the great masters to be wholly rejected, and their experience disregarded, so that each painter must begin *de novo*, as if painting had never been; or are they to be accepted under certain restrictions; and what are those restrictions? The student ought to be told whether, if he reject Raphael, he may accept Giotto or Fra Bartolommeo; and if so, why so? Mr. Ruskin evades the question altogether. Rules of Art, i.e., the conclusions which the best painters have come to as the result of their experience—he treats with implied scorn. To look at Nature and copy her is the whole process. Read this vivid description of—

#### TWO PAINTERS.

"Suppose, for instance, two men, equally honest, equally industrious, equally impressed with a humble desire to render some part of what they saw in nature faithfully; and, otherwise, trained in convictions such as I have above endeavoured to induce. But one of them is quiet in temperament, has a feeble memory, no invention, and excessively keen sight. The other is impatient in temperament, has a memory which nothing escapes, an invention which never rests, and is comparatively near-sighted."

"Set them both free in the same field in a mountain valley. One sees everything, small and large, with almost the same clearness; mountains and grasshoppers alike; the leaves on the branches, the veins in the pebbles, the bubbles in the stream; but he can remember nothing, and invent nothing. Patiently he sets himself to his ~~mighty task~~; abandoning at once all thoughts of seizing transient effects, or giving general impressions of things which his eyes present to him in microscopical dissection, he chooses some small portion of the infinite scene, and calculates with courage the number of weeks which must elapse

before he can do justice to the intensity of his perceptions, or the fulness of matter in his subject."

"Meantime, the other has been watching the change of the clouds, and the march of the light along the mountain sides; he beholds the entire scene in broad, soft masses of true gradation, and the very feebleness of his sight is in some sort an advantage to him, in making him more sensible of the aerial mystery of distance, and hiding from him the multitudes of circumstances which it would have been impossible for him to represent. But there is not one change in the casting of the jagged shadows along the hollows of the hills, but it is fixed in his mind for ever; not a flake of spray has broken from the sea of cloud about their bases, but he has watched it as it melts away, and could recall it to its lost place in heaven by the slightest effort of his thoughts. Not only so, but thousands and thousands of such images of older scenes remain congregated in his mind, each mingling in new associations with those now visibly passing before him, and these again confused with other images of his own ceaseless, sleepless imagination, flashing by in sudden troops. Fancy how his paper will be covered with stray symbols and blots, and undecipherable shorthand: as for his sitting down to 'draw from Nature,' there was not one of the things which he wished to represent, that stayed for so much as five seconds together; but none of them escaped for all that; they are sealed up in that strange storehouse of his; he may take one of them out perhaps, this day twenty years, and paint it in his dark room, far away. Now, observe, you may tell both of these men, when they are young, that they are to be honest, that they have an important function, and that they are not to care what Raphael did. This you may wholesomely impress on them both. But fancy the exquisite absurdity of expecting either of them to possess any of the qualities of the other."

"I have supposed the feebleness of sight in the last, and of invention in the first painter, that the contrast between them might be more striking; but, with very slight modification, both the characters are real. Grant to the first considerable inventive power, with exquisite sense of colour; and give to the second, in addition to all his other faculties, the eye of an eagle; and the first is John Everett Millais, the second Joseph Mallard William Turner."

But, we repeat, this pamphlet is little more than the jottings down of a critic; interesting enough as the rambling observations of one who *does* observe, but carrying forward no "high argument." He is led incidentally to speak of Turner, and straightway fills half the pamphlet with a review of Turner's different styles. For Turner you must know, is as much a P.R.B. as Millais or Hunt! According to Mr. Ruskin, every man is a P.R.B. who really succeeds in painting nature; an extension of the school which renders criticism somewhat vague. Therefore we argue not with Mr. Ruskin; we content ourselves with two brief passages, one as a specimen of his pictorial style, the other as the iteration of a principle we are incessantly applying to poets and novelists:—

#### JOHN LEWIS'S ANIMALS.

"Reubens, Rembrandt, Snyders, Tintoret, and Titian, have all, in various ways, drawn wild beasts magnificently; but they have in some sort humanized or demonized them, making them either ravenous fiends, or educated beasts, that would draw cars, and had respect for hermits. The sullen isolation of the brutal nature; the dignity and quietness of the mighty limbs; the shaggy mountainous power, mingled with grace as of a flowing stream; the stealthy restraint of strength and wrath in every soundless motion of the gigantic frame; all this seems never to have been seen, much less drawn, until Lewis drew and himself engraved a series of animal subjects, now many years ago."

#### TRUTH IN ART.

"I wish it to be understood how every great man paints what he sees or did see, his greatness being indeed little else than his intense sense of fact. And thus Pre-Raphaelitism and Raphaelitism, and Turnerism, are all one and the same, so far as education can influence them. They are different in their choice, different in their faculties, but all the same in this, that Raphael himself, so far as he was great, and all who preceded or followed him who ever were great, became so by painting the truths around them as they appeared to each man's own mind, not as he had been taught to see them, except by the God who made both him and them."

#### THORNBURY'S LAYS AND LEGENDS.

*Lays and Legends or Ballads of the New World.* By G. W. Thornbury. Saunders and Otley.

To any ambitious friend resolved on rushing into print we should urge this final counsel: at any rate publish your verses without a Preface! Authors complain of the ruthless criticism which their poems elicit, and little do they suspect how much of it is owing to the prejudicial effect of some pompous or

flippant preface. Bad as most volumes of verse unblushingly are, they are often rendered worse by the uneasy flippancy in which criticism is deprecated or defied; and as the preface strikes the keynote, we could never understand upon what principle the writers so commonly assume a facetious tone: and such facetiousness! ye Gods, such facetiousness!

The ordinary preface runs somewhat thus: Here is a volume of poetry thrown off by me in careless moments of leisure. I can do immensely cleverer things if I try—but I haven't the time. Nevertheless, though hastily written you are requested to observe that they are by no means crude or incorrect; for the rest I scorn the opinion of those who do not admire them, and rely on the impartial justice of those who do admire them. There are a number of wretched scribblers—wasps who make no honey—always ready to decry genius. But I never read what they say, and I am perfectly calm and indifferent to what they may think of me.

Word that flippantly or arrogantly and you have the two species of preface usually found introducing a volume of poems; and so rare is it to find a sensible straightforward word of introduction, that we feel justified in interdicting to poets the use of prefaces altogether.

Mr. G. W. Thornbury, though certainly not below the average mediocrity, has very much disfigured his volume of *Lays and Legends* by a preface of dreary facetiousness. What opinion does he think the reader can form of his tact, sense, and judgment after such a display? If Mr. Thornbury wished to address electors from the hustings, he would not endeavour to enhance the effect of his eloquence by previously standing on his head, or balancing a chair upon his chin; then why attempt to captivate a reader by such feeble pranks as those of his preface?

The idea of his volume is good; but he is greatly mistaken in supposing he is the first to have opened "the new mine" of New World Legends. Columbus, Cortez, and Pizarro have been too obviously poetical not to have been frequently chosen. There is moreover a disadvantage in such subjects, greater even than their advantages. The very facility is an obstacle. Their fertility seduces the writer into a careless contentment with the first image and the first suggestion which may arise in his mind, while at the same time this suggestiveness of the subject acts upon the reader's mind, and enables him to form pictures for himself. It is thus difficult to treat Columbus *adequately*, from the very reason that it is easy to treat it with a certain degree of animation. Mr. Thornbury has proved himself no poet by the mediocrity of his treatment of poetic subjects; on the other hand the interest in his subjects has made his *Legends* readable, and that caused us to say that the idea of writing poems on Columbus, Cortez, and Pizarro, was a good one inasmuch as it secured a certain amount of interest.

There is nothing in the *Legends* which tempts us to quote it; but that some specimen of his style may be given we select the following translation of Freiligrath's spirited poem—the reader will see at a glance what are the pretensions of Mr. Thornbury to be considered a poet:—

#### "THE LION'S JOURNEY.

(From the German of Freiligrath.)

"The desert king, the lion, his empire wanders through,  
He lies in the marsh, where the giant rushes hide him from the view;  
Where gazelles and giraffes are drinking, he cowers in his reedy bed,  
And the leaves of the forest sycamore are quivering o'er his head.  
"At eve in the Hottentot's poor village, when glow the ruddy fires,  
When on the broad wide table land, blaze up no signal pyres;  
When the savage Caffre wanders alone through the still *caroo*,  
When the antelope is sleeping beside the agile *gnu*.  
"See, majestic through the desert comes the giraffe stately, slow,  
To dip his red and burning tongue in the pools that turbid flow;  
Stretching forth with joy to taste it, panting for the pleasure,  
Reaching with his long neck o'er to reach the liquid treasure.  
"Sudden, rising from his ambush, from the reedy jungle creeping,  
Springs the lion on his charger, like a knightly horse-man leaping,  
Never in a prince's stable was there rich equipage  
Half so fair as skin of charger that the desert king is on."



"In its long neck's hidden muscle drive the claws that deeply tear;  
O'er the spotted flank of the steed is hanging the rider's yellow hair.  
With a low deep moan of anguish flies he o'er the sandy ground;  
See the swiftness of the camel, joined to the panther's bound.

"Now the moonlit sands he is spurring with his flying tread,  
From their caverns glare his fiery eyes, all starting from his head.  
Down his dark neck, long and spotted, bloody drops are fleeting,  
Of the heart of that winged creature the deserts hear the beating.

"On his track the obscene vulture flies swooping through the sky;  
On his *spoor* the grim hyæna, plunderer of the graves, is nigh.  
After bounds the agile panther—how the Caffres dread his wrath,  
Blood and sweat of fiercest anguish paint the forest monarch's path.

"Trembling they see, on his living throne, the savage monarch there,  
With his fierce sharp claws deep driven in, his colour'd saddle tear.  
Ever, till his life is over, must the giraffe hurry fast;  
By no rude shock that monarch can from his throne be cast.

"Reeling to the desert's boundary falls the charger dead; his blood  
Bestain'd carcass, travel-worn, is his royal rider's food.  
Far in the east, in Madagascar, rises morn on airy pinions;  
So rides the wild beast's monarch by night through his dominions."

#### REVOLUTIONS OF ITALY.

*Gli ultimi Rivolgimenti Italiani, Memorie Storiche, con Documenti inediti di F. A. Gualterio (the late Italian Revolutions).* Vol. I, in three parts. D. Nutt.

WE have here history on a gigantic scale. F. A. Gualterio brings out an account of the late Italian revolutions; the first volume of which—a volume in three large octavo volumes—only comes down to the accession of Pius IX. to the Pontificate. The work is published in Florence, and has made considerable sensation, especially in Tuscany and Piedmont.

Significant facts all these. Publications of this nature must be looked upon as unmistakable signs of the times. From 1815 to 1846 there was only one party among the Italian patriots; it was thought the country had nothing to hope but from revolution. Between 1840 and 1846, a new set of men sprang up, who proclaimed that the revolution was an impossibility, and that the cause of Italy could best be advanced by reconciliation. This latter party had it almost all their own way up to the downfall of Charles Albert at Milan, in August 1848. Since then, the revolutionary party gained a decided ascendancy, and was able to raise a monument of national glory even in the brilliant catastrophe of Rome in July, 1849.

What did then the conciliatory party—that of Gioberti, D'Azeglio, Farini, and Gualterio—expect of their countrymen? That they should all with one mind make friends with their princes and bring them all, in due time, into open collision—into mortal struggle with Austria. Up to February 1848, the plan seemed to succeed; the reconciliation was complete, however hollow; and Mazzini seemed a cypher. They went to war, were soundly beaten, and Mazzini was once more the Italian potentate.

The Mazzinians point to Rome, to Naples, to Tuscany, to Parma and Modena, and cry out with bitter exultation:—"Such are thy rulers, O Italy! these the men that Gioberti and Co. wished us to bow to or take by the hand! that imbecile priest the head of an Italian League! that brutal Bourbon its right arm! Has not 1850 cured you of all the infatuation of 1847? Is there any hope of reconstruction, save only in all-sweeping destruction? any regeneration, save only in a baptism of blood?"

There are not many that recommend such measures in plain words; but, truly, those who come from Naples or Rome, be they even English Conservatives, must feel the words rising to their lips: "To mend a king," said Alfieri, "you must unmake him."

"Per far migliore un rè, convien disfarlo."

Such kings as now rule over Italy, most certainly. If it then be impossible—as who would deny it?—to come to terms with men of the temper of Ferdinand of Naples, or Leopold of Tuscany, the

Mazzinians justly contend—"What chances are there for Italy, save only in unsparing Republicanism? What ground to build our new edifice upon, save only God and the People?"

On the other hand, the conciliatory party—some call them "Moderates" or "Constitutionalists"—have their tower of strength in Turin, their shrine in Charles Albert's coffin, amongst the tombs of the royal house at Superga. "Here," they say, "is almost the only free state in Continental Europe, and it is the only one that ventured on no revolutionary experiment—the only state in Italy that fairly, fully, and implicitly trusted its prince—that prince, too, the blackest, or, at least, the most calumniated of Italian rulers—and it is now rewarded by a loyalty and uprightness of which no other instance occurs in the annals of royalty. With all the enormities of the tyrants of Central and Southern Italy, Sardinia and its constitutionalism are still the national palladium. The House of Savoy must ultimately either force the most hideous tyrants to follow its own policy, or must wrench their states from them: a federal or a united monarchy must necessarily arise in Italy under the auspices of that Prince who alone knew how to base his throne on popular opinion."

To return to the past. All works of the nature of the one now in our hands are the mere outpouring of all the uncharitableness of the one party against the other. Farini and Gualterio, the last writers who are making their way before the English public, have sent us little better than an indictment against Mazzini and the Mazzinians. Farini writes with dignity, and generally with common sense. Gualterio, on the contrary, takes the most extreme views of the subject. Charles Albert was for him, from the very beginning, the angel of Italy—Mazzini, her evil genius.

"Endowed with an obstinate will, with deep skill in conspiracy, Mazzini," he says, "easily found himself at the head of a large multitude of young patriots, who were then (in 1831) raging with disappointment, and would, in their chagrin, have joined any party rather than be doomed to inactivity. Mazzini, by nature addicted to mysticism, a man of simple and affable manners, of an easy goodnature which won him the reputation of integrity, a man of information and scholarship, without the gift of true eloquence, resorted to a fantastic language which was sufficiently striking for its novelty, although it only served to mantle the barrenness of his ideas. These were indeed few, and might, in fact, be reduced to two only, upon which, as on a pivot, all his system—if we may use such a word—was made to revolve. His motto was, 'God and the People.' By the first he meant to inspire his followers with faith in the future, as if his mission were the result of, and rested on the Divine will; so that, seemingly, he aspired to the glory of a prophet—I had almost said of a Mahomet. By the second, he raised the standard of Democracy; and by both, he evidently aimed rather at a social than a political revolution. It is, however, important to observe, that he encompassed himself with desperate characters, *uomini perduti d'opinione*, with demagogues—men sufficient in themselves to stain the most intemperate reputation and to ruin the holiest cause."

It is not necessary for us to follow up the diatribe to any greater extent. Mazzini's character is now firmly established in this country, and we know him, perhaps, better than his own Italians themselves. Much that is perfectly true respecting him will be found in this as well as in other attempts to abuse him: much is said to his disparagement, which, in our judgment, turns to his greatest credit.

In the first place it is quite true that he is the conspirator *par excellence*—the most unrelenting and indefatigable. We must never forget that, during the whole reign of Louis Philippe, from 1831 to 1848, he alone was astir when all Italy—almost all Europe—was falling into an ignominious lethargy.

In the second place, it may be true that he reports himself as a Prophet: he does bear as distinctly the marks of a Prophet, as any man ever did. Had Oudinot taken and ignominiously crucified him in Rome, we know not how far Italy and the world would go in their worship of his divinity. Gualterio talks of the paucity of Mazzini's ideas! but there is an Italian saying "*La verità è una sola*" (There is only one truth in the world). Mazzini is too deeply impressed with his own truth to admit of another. It is not for such men as Farini or Gualterio to mete him with their own measure. It is for the world and its irresistible march to give a practical interpretation to his simple but already fruitful ideas. Certainly those who cried anathema

against him as he withdrew from Milan little expected that all Europe should, a few months later, fall prostrate before the transcendent genius of the Roman Triumvir. The man lives yet, and the whole future before him, and the world nearer to a *Metternichian* deluge than it was even in 1848. Whatever may be the feelings of friends or enemies, Mazzini is not a man to be spoken of without reverence; and we were never more deeply under the influence of that feeling, than as we read the pompous and insipid *tirades* of Gualterio against him.

We shall waste only a few words more about this bulky production. It is meant as little more than an apotheosis of Charles Albert "the Magnanimous." In his panegyrist's opinion that King never, for one instant, played false to the cause of his country. Placed in direct hostility with Austria ever since 1821, and especially on his coming to the throne in 1831, he was compelled to shuffle and dissemble, but was only craftily biding his moment. Placed between two equally formidable enemies, Northern Despotism and Mazzinian democracy, he was driven to the most desperate shifts of procrastination and compromise; but he was at least the King-patriot all the time. He was always determined that the day should come when all his pledges should be redeemed, at least by self-sacrifice.

We shall not test the soundness of this specious theory. Charles Albert was in earnest at least once in his life; a death like his would have atoned for many an error, many a crime. Peace be with his memory, and may the House of Savoy reap the benefit of the splendid inheritance that his heroic agony has bequeathed upon them!

But we would not, for all that, strain at gnats and swallow camels, as Gualterio seems so eagerly to do. We try to serve truth to the best of our power, and honour it when we think we find it with the living and the dead, with the tomb at Superga, and with Mazzini himself.

Some of the inedited documents brought to light by Gualterio, in the third part of the first volume, are of the very greatest importance.

That the man is a pedant both as to style and language, the very word *Rivolgimento*, instead of *Rivoluzione*, in the titlepage, will satisfy most readers sufficiently familiar with the Italian language.

#### BOOKS ON OUR TABLE.

London and the Exhibition. By Cyrus Redding. With numerous illustrations on wood. H. G. Bohn.

Guide-books are not remarkable for their entertaining style; but anything more prosaic than this work by Cyrus Redding we have not seen. It is a description of London, in the driest and briefest manner. The Exhibition is disposed of in about thirty pages. Altogether, we think such a work was unnecessary.

Vasari's Lives of Eminent Painters, Sculptors, and Architects. Translated by Mrs. J. Foster. Vol. III. (Bohn's Standard Library.) H. G. Bohn.

We have already pointed out the peculiarities of this translation, the notes to which are well selected. The charm of Vasari's book needs no description; in every country in Europe the charm has been acknowledged. This third volume contains Raphael, Andrea del Sarto, Parmigiano, and some thirty less sounding names.

The Stone Mason of Saint Point. A Village Tale. By Alphonse de Lamartine. (Bohn's Cheap Series.) H. G. Bohn.

A fair translation of the work which we introduced to our readers several weeks ago. Neither in French nor in English do we think it calculated to win much favour; but there are some eloquent pages to relieve the stilted tedium of the whole.

The Edinburgh Review, Mr. Cornwall Lewis, and the Reverend Dr. Maitland on Mesmerism. H. Ballière.

This pamphlet is a reprint of certain passages bearing on Mesmerism, from a review in the *Edinburgh* of Cornwall Lewis, on "Authority in Matters of Opinion," extracts from Dr. Maitland, and from the *Zoist*.

Hunt's Handbook to the Official Catalogues: an Explanatory Guide to the Natural Productions and Manufactures of the Great Exhibition. Edited by Robert Hunt, Keeper of Mining Records. Vol. I. Spicer Brothers.

This is really what it purports to be, a Handbook to the Exhibition; portable in shape, legible in typography, intelligible in exposition.

Tales of the Mountains; or, Sojourns in Eastern Belgium. 2 vols. W. Pickering.

This book—daintily printed, like all Mr. Pickering's books—made us anticipate something far more delightful than we found. It consists of two tales; but why they are christened "of the Mountains," and what may be the "Sojourns in Eastern Belgium" therein traced, we have as yet been unable to detect. As tales, they are rambling and uninteresting; but there is every now and then a passage which looks like the writing of an observant and cultivated mind.

Whatever faculty the author may possess, these tales exhibit none for fiction. The style is involved and cumbersome. What might not be expected in the way of style from a writer whose opening paragraph contains this sentence—"than the scenery about which you will find in the pleasant province of Liège, few parts more charming or picturesque"?

## NEW MUSIC.

*A Collection of Chants for the Use of the United Churches of England and Ireland.* Compiled by John Bishop. R. Cocks and Co.

It would seem that, while in secular music we are fast progressing, in Ecclesiastical music we retrograde. The musical service of the Church is frequently profane rather than sacred, more worthy of wild savages than an enlightened and civilized nation. The clergy are for the most part ignorant of music, and the congregation appears careless what service is offered. Seeing how hypercritical the people have become in secular music, so much so that they must have foreign singers and foreign operas, and that only the very first talent will satisfy them, what are we to believe on entering places of worship but that they are not in earnest in their devotions, or that they offer a mocking and hypocritical sacrifice? They will incur any expenditure for the gratification of an enlightened taste during the week, and they will have cheap music on Sunday, though it be little better than the howl of a savage. As a writer on the musical service of the Church has lately observed—"Now-a-days the word 'sing' in the Psalms has no reference to musical expression. It may mean 'mutter,' 'mumble,' 'grumble,'—anything you please except melody and modulation, harmony, time, or tune."

It is not always to carelessness, however, that we must attribute the present state of church music. It frequently arises from some puritanical asceticism on the part of the clergy or their "followers." There are some people whose religion, if it be true, must be excessively disagreeable even to themselves, and certainly it is so to those who are unfortunate enough to dwell within the circle of their malign influence. Such would have us believe that Heaven is better pleased with discordant wails than with harmonious music: though why it should be considered more devotional to yell like cats in the night than to "sing praises with understanding" we are at a loss to determine. Others consider that singing should be altogether omitted as belonging to the profane. We cannot understand how they reconcile this proposition with the "singing" of the "hymn" on the Mount of Olives, or why the divine gift of harmony should be handed over to the hands of Beelzebub.

Archbishop Laud was not of their opinion. He very quaintly observes:—"The difference between singing and reading a psalm will easily be understood if you consider the difference between reading and singing a common song that you like. Whilst you only read it you only like it; but as soon as you sing it, then you enjoy it—you feel the delight of it—it has got hold of you—your passion keeps pace with it; you feel the same spirit within you that seems to be in the words. If you were to tell a person who has such a song that he need not sing it, that it was sufficient to peruse it, he would wonder what you meant, and would think you as absurd as if you were to tell him that he should only look at his food, but need not eat it; for a song of praise not sung is very like any other good thing not made use of."

Mr. Bishop, whose arrangements of several of the best Oratorios are well known, has here given a collection of single chants, with tables applying them suitably to the several psalms. The collection includes all the best single chants by old composers, and several original modern compositions. As a book of single chants it is probably the best extant. We do not understand, however, why double chants should have been omitted. Mr. Bishop talks in his preface about "his dislike to double chants for a variety of reasons." But the only reason he adduces is that many of them "abound with puerilities in the shape of jejune attempts at double counterpoint, imitation per recte et retro, &c., all which are duly pointed out so that such astounding proofs of skill cannot possibly pass unnoticed." He then cites an instance of this absurdity which, if it were a bona fide specimen of double chants, would certainly render his argument unanswerable. But we do not consider Mr. Bishop's position tenable nor his citation fair. It is a most grotesque exaggeration; and we think the compiler would have done better in selecting some of the more orthodox double chants, which are exceed-

ingly beautiful, and are not distinguished by the folly which Mr. Bishop justly condemns.

*Trio for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello.* Composed and dedicated to Spohr, by Charles Edward Stephens. Schott and Co.

A classical trio in print by an English composer is a good sign. A short time since the publication of such a work would have argued insanity; but now it is probable this pleasing trio will find such favour where the necessary combination of instruments is to be met with, as to offer a temptation for others to write in the same style, and for Mr. Stephens to bring out Op. 2, without delay. As the composer has made the pianoforte his chief study, it is not a matter of surprise that that part is predominant. In his next work of the kind, Mr. Stephens will, probably, be a little more courteous, to the violin especially. The triplets in the first movement are objectionable, especially as there is a cantabile style about the whole of it, which they disturb too abruptly. Their reduction to half notes would not have made the movement appear monotonous. Triplets are only grateful in a lengthened passage. In this movement they last at the utmost six bars, producing a *scrambly* effect without producing the relief which, probably, the author intended. Lovers of the classical will derive much pleasure from this trio, and it is especially welcome, as the musical world is certainly not overrun with such compositions.

*Handel's Oratorio "Solomon."* The Musical Times.

J. A. Novello.

Mr. Novello's cheap oratorios for the people progress well. They are beautifully printed, and while they are so inexpensive as to be within the means of all amateurs, from their portable size they afford an excellent handbook to Exeter-hall and the musical festivals.

The *Musical Times* contains Morley's madrigal, "Now is the month of Maying;" an anthem by Dr. Crotch, "Methinks I hear the full celestial choir;" and an "Analytical and Thematic Index to Mozart's Pianoforte Works," excellently edited by Edward Holmes.

*School Songs, for two or three voices.* Composed by John Hullah. Book II. J. W. Parker and Son.

Mr. Hullah's part songs are well known as excellent works for the young student. These *School Songs* are well suited to the young idea, the words being full of sentiment and the songs nicely though simply harmonized.

## Portfolio.

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

## THE DOG-CART.

Where are the royal beagles, so high fed?  
The grated cart shakes them from side to side,  
Protruding with stretcht neck the sweating tongue;  
Open it; take them by the scuff, and toss  
The creatures into kennel: let them bark  
And stand upright against the bolted door  
All day, and howl all night.

O Politics!

Can no man touch ye but his hand must stink  
His whole life through? Must sound become unsound  
In your enclosure? O, ye busy mites  
That live within our cheese, and fatten there,  
And seem its substance! must ye feel the keen  
And searching air, and thus be swept away?  
The scullery and sink receive ye, sent  
Race after race; and yet ye will outlast  
Sesostris and Osiris girded round  
By guards of obelisks and pyramids;  
Your generations numberless; your food  
Man's corrupt nature, man's corroded heart,  
Man's liquefied and unsubstantial brain.  
Yea, while the world rolls on unfelt to roll,  
There will be Greys and Russells round its core.  
Divested of their marrow and their nerve,  
Gigantic forms lie underneath our feet  
Without our knowing it: we pass, repass,  
And only stop (and then stop listlessly  
Or idly curious) when some scient hand  
Uncarths and holds huge bones before our eyes,  
And says "Ye trampled on them, silly clowns,  
Now they may teach you somewhat; try to learn."  
Meanwhile the meadow hums with insect sounds,  
And gilded backs and wings o'ertop the grass:  
These are sought after, these are prized, and caged  
In secret cabinet by regal hands.

Feb. 24,

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

## The Arts.

## COUNTRY COUSINS AT THE THEATRES.

Cherry cheeks and wondering eyes, pretty faces and fabulous toilettes, fatigue the lounge's eye, and perpetually haunt him with a sense of Country Cousinship! London is crammed with Country Cousins. We jostle them everywhere. We breathe them in the air. If I am out, and escape the visit—(I had nearly said the avalanche)—of cousins from Bungay, I am sure to stumble up against yours from Birmingham; they besiege me for "orders," and with cruel politeness insist upon my dining with them at their hotel, promising to "give me an account of all they have seen!"

Being of a mild and yielding disposition, I suffer myself to be led into a vortex of vulgar sight-seeing, and—as if I had not enough of it officially—I am dragged to the theatre, with the additional permission of investing loose capital in cab hire! This is not, perhaps, the routine of existence I should purchase if put up to public auction; but having the thing to do, like a true philosopher I try to turn it to account, and contemplate the conduct of my Cousins at the play. I assure you it is a subject worth studying. Their toilettes alone betray them. You see them with bare necks and flowers in their hair, as if they were going to an evening party; and they look as happy as if the plays were the finest, and the acting the most exquisite in the world. How happy they are! how thoroughly they enjoy it! How they laugh at feeble repartees, and hug the old Joe Millers like their dearest friends! I observe that "Pooh-pooh!" has all the effect of a brilliant sally; while a poke in the ribs, or a stamping exit, sets the house in a roar. "Everything is dear in Exhibition time. They charge fourpence for a threepenny 'Bus!" This joke—in *Apartments*—nightly throws the audience into ecstasies. I do not consider it immensely humorous. Generally, I observe that the "hits" in *Prince Charming*, which told on a London audience, fall flat upon the Country Cousins; but, *en revanche*, a multitude of unsuspected jokes are detected and relished unmissingly. These happy, honest, uncritical audiences fill the theatres, please the actors, and amuse themselves. Is not that a pleasant thought? They enjoy the theatre; do we? Alas, no! and that is half the reason why we have no theatre to enjoy.

I must tell you something I overheard on Monday night during the performance of *Angelo*. In the box next to me sat some Country Cousins. They enjoyed the acting greatly. They were duly "worked up" by the horrors of the play; and when the Podestà gives orders to the monks respecting the body of his wife whom he is about to murder, my neighbour turned to her sister, or friend, and said, "Those are the Roman Catholics, you know!" Whereupon they both followed the scene with augmented interest.

Apropos of this *Angelo*: I promised last week to criticize it, though in truth I was so little pleased that I should be glad to pass over it altogether; but a critic for whose opinion I have respect has so lauded it in the *Post*, that I feel bound to put in a caveat. Mrs. Stirling will ruin her reputation if she persist in thus sweeping out of her domestic path. Her performance of *La Tisbe* was evidence to my mind of her extremely limited capacity. The impassioned passages were weak or viragoish, the natural passages were of an essentially common nature: the grace, the warmth, the impassioned exaltation of a Venetian courtesan were never touched by her, even in moments. The playfulness was the playfulness of Miss Smith—the passion was the passion of Miss Smith "aggravated" by the faithless Brown. I insist upon this, because there is a dangerous fallacy lurking in the notion of "being natural." As I said once before, the question is "natural according to whose nature?" Mrs. Stirling—and of late Mrs. Keira—has fallen into the same painful error—seems to mistake colloquialism for simplicity, vulgarity for nature, the grief of a cook maid for the grief of a



heroine. There is a passage in Diderot which admirably points out this mistake:—"An actress weeps and does not move you: nay worse, her distorted features make you laugh; an accent of her voice is dissonant; a movement habitual to her in her grief shows her to you under an ungraceful aspect. The reason of this is that true passions have almost all some grimaces which the artist without tact and taste copies servilely, but which the great artist avoids." It is very probable that a woman having stabbed herself would make grimaces similar to those which distorted Mrs. Stirling's countenance; but it was impossible for me to behold them with any other feeling than that of seeing a woman before me suffering from colic!

Mrs. Stirling is too clever an actress in her own domestic line for me to hesitate in expressing my opinion of her recent experiments in Rachel's characters; and I trust that my repeated praise of her will soften what is harsh in the crudity of the foregoing. Mr. Henry Farren played the Podestà (by the way, that word is not Podestà, but Podestà—William Farren, jun., was the only person who pronounced it correctly), and it would have been a clever performance of any other part, for there really was both thought and expression in it; unhappily the expression was all wrong; the part was removed from its category of a cold, remorseless tyrant into that of a broken-hearted husband crushed by the weight of his dishonour, and avenging himself like an Othello, nought in hate but all in honour. Grant him his view of the part, and make some allowances for violence and want of "keeping," then I say Henry Farren played with decided effect.

To the Opera, of course, the Cousins flock. Not even the tropical warmth can keep them away; and I really sympathize with them. Then as to *Vauxhall*, with its masquerades, and the *Surrey Zoological Gardens*, with Mons. Jullien, what can be more tempting than these *al fresco* pleasures? Who wonders that these places of amusement are in a splendidly flourishing condition? I believe half-a-dozen more would be found to pay.

VIVIAN.

# THE MUSICIAN IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

## THE ORGANS.

Organ-building is far better represented in the Great Exhibition than pianoforte manufacture. We have evidence not only of the exact condition of organ-building in this and other countries, but also instruments built for the occasion, to exhibit some special and important improvement and appliance.

The organ, traced from its earliest infancy to the present time, has ever been the king of instruments. As we listen to the ponderous tones of our modern organs, rolling majestically along, we little think that the only difference between them and the ancient *Syrinx* consists in the mode of introducing the air into the pipes; but from the manufacture of the first Pan's pipe to the present time, the striving after this object has led to all the improvements. In the experiments of the ancients, water was most frequently the cause of the motion by which the wind was introduced, and the instrument so constructed was called an *Hydraulicon*. One of these appears to have been manufactured by Ctesibus, of Alexandria, who lived about a hundred and twenty years before Christ. Vitruvius, speaking of Ctesibus, says:—"He improved, by the use of water and keys, the organ which Archimedes (who lived two hundred years before Christ) invented." St. Jerome tells of an organ which had twelve pairs of bellows and fifteen pipes, and was heard at the distance of a mile; and of another at Jerusalem which could be heard at the Mount of Olives.

It is supposed that the organ was first introduced into the service of the Church by Pope Vitalian, about the year 670. The first organ we hear of in France was of Greek construction, and sent thither in 757, as a present to King Pepin, grandfather of Charlemagne. On this model several organs were immediately built in that country. One of them is mentioned by Walafrid Strabo, which was erected in a church at Aix-la-Chapelle, in the ninth century, and which he asserts to have been of such an exquisite tone as to have caused the death of a female. Zarlius, in his "*Sopplimenti Musicale*," supposes that the pneumatic organ was first used in Greece, and that it passed from thence to Hungary, Germany, and Bavaria. From one of these countries, Elphegius, Bishop of Winchester, obtained an organ for his

cathedral, about the year 951. It was played by two organists, and supplied with air by no less than 26 pairs of bellows, which were worked by 70 men. It contained 400 pipes, and 40 valves; making 40 keys and 10 pipes to each key.

The organ long remained exceedingly rude in construction. The keys were 5 or 6 inches broad, the pipes were of brass, and, up to the twelfth century, the compass did not exceed 2 octaves. About this time half notes were introduced at Venice, where also, in the year 1471, the important addition of pedals was made by Bernhard, a German. The earliest organ-builder in England of whom we have any particulars, is William Wotton, of Oxford, who, in 1489, built an organ for Magdalen College, and subsequently one for Merton. About 1596, an organ was also built by John Chappington for Westminster Abbey.

From that time no important change was effected in organ building until lately. The mechanism had been rendered more perfect, a great variety of stops had been introduced, and the number of keyboards had been increased. But one formidable obstacle to progress presented itself. In proportion as the power and resources of the instrument were augmented, the weight and resistance of the keys were increased; and in some of the large organs the physical force of the organist was insufficient to give full effect to the instrument. The introduction of the pneumatic lever movement is the greatest achievement since the introduction of the pedals; and by its help organs may be built of almost any dimensions, yet the touch will not be so heavy as that of a small organ on the old principle. The pneumatic machine is an intermediary apparatus between the finger-board and the valves of the organ, and is composed of as many little power-bellows as there are keys on the principal finger-board. Each key, instead of acting on the sound-board pallet, acts only on a very small and light valve, which admits compressed air into its corresponding power-bellows. The latter, supposed to be previously in a collapsed state, yields to the pressure of the air, and in expanding simultaneously opens the sound-board pallets with which it is connected. These remain open as long as the finger of the performer rests on the depressed key; but on the removal of the finger, the valve which admitted the air into the power-bellows closes, and another valve opening to allow this air to escape, the bellows fall and the sound-board pallets close by the action of their springs. By this adaptation it is that not only can any number of manuals be coupled, but, by means of octave couplers, on touching one key the corresponding note in every part of the organ may be made to sound. A complete revolution is thus made in organ performance, and the most rapid passages may be played with as great facility as on the pianoforte.

In order rightly to estimate the organs in the Exhibition, we must refer to two of those on the Continent, which are regarded as models. The Haarlem organ, respecting which so many disputes are continually arising, was built in 1738 by Christian Müller, of Amsterdam, and cost £5000. It has sixty stops, two tremulants, two couplings or springs of communication, four separations or valves to close the wind chest in case of a "cipher," and twelve pairs of bellows, each 9 feet by 5 feet. It contains nearly 5000 pipes, eight of which are 16 feet, and two of 32 feet. It is 90 feet in height and 50 feet in breadth. The following are the stops, with their English equivalents:—

*Great Manual*, 16 stops:—Prestant (double open diapason) 16 feet; Bourdon (stopped ditto), 16 feet; Octave (open diapason), 8 feet; Viol di Gambe (unison with ditto), 8 feet; Roer fluit, with a funnel or small pipe upon the top (diapason half stopped), 8 feet; Octave (principal), 4 feet; Gems hoorn, a kind of flute, the pipes narrow at the top (unison with ditto), 4 feet; Roer Quint (12th half stopped), 6 feet; Quint (fifth), 3 feet; Tertian (tierce, or 17th), 2 ranks; Mixture, 6, 3, and 10 ranks; Holz fluit, stopped pipe unison with the 15th or 8vo flute (Wood), 2 feet; Trumpet (double trumpet), 16 feet; Trumpet, 8 feet; Trumpet (Clarion), 4 feet; Hautbois, 8 feet.

*Upper Manual*, 15 stops:—Prestant, 8 feet; Quintadeena, breaks into a fifth which predominates (double diapason), 8 feet; Gems hoorn, 8 feet; Baar pyp, a muffled pipe used with the vox humana; Octave, 4 feet; Flag fluit, reed flute (flute) 4 feet; Nassat (stopped 12th), 3 feet; Hagt hoorn, i. e. night horn, but why so called no reason can be given (flute), 2 feet; Flageolet (8va 12th), 1½ foot; Sesquialter, tuned 8va and 12th to diapason (sesquialtera), 2 ranks; Cimbale 8va to Mixture, a series of 8 notes repeated through the instrument, 4 and 6 ranks; Schalmay, reed stop (bagpipe), 8 feet; Dulcian, a narrow delicate pipe in unison with the diapason, 8 feet; Vox humana, an imitation of the human voice, 8 feet.

*Positif, or Small Organ*, 14 stops:—Prestant, 8 feet;

Holfluit (diapason half stopped), 8 feet; Quintadeena (ditto), 8 feet; Octave, 4 feet; Flute, 4 feet; Speel fluit (12th), 3 feet; Sesquialter, 2, 3, and 4 ranks; Super-octave (15th), 2 feet; Scherp (high mixture), 6 and 8 ranks; Cornet, 4 ranks; Cimbale, 3 ranks; Fagotte (double bassoon), 16 feet; Trumpet, 8 feet; Regaal, 8 feet. (Formerly a portable organ used in processions was called a Regal; the stop in this organ is entirely composed of reeds.)

*Pedal Organ*, 15 stops:—Principal or longest pipe (octave below the double diapason), 32 feet; Prestant (double diapason open) 16 feet; Sub-bass (ditto stopped), 16 feet; Roer quint (4th below diapason stopped), 12 feet; Holfluit (diapason half stopped), 8 feet; Octave (open diapason), 8 feet; Quint prestant (5th), 6 feet; Octave, 4 feet; Ruisch quint, rush or reed (12th), 3 feet; Holfluit, 2 feet; Bazuin (posauone, or a reed stop), 32 feet; Bazuin (sacbut), 16 feet; Trumpet, 8 feet; Trumpet, 4 feet; Cinh, a cornet, horn, or shawm (8va Clarion), 2 feet."

The Haarlem, however, is by no means the largest organ, although it has long been so considered. The Weingarten organ is a superb instrument, both in power and quality of tone. It was built by M. Gabler, of Ravensburg, and finished on the 24th of June, 1750. The organ gave such satisfaction that the monks, who were very rich, presented the builder with 6775 florins above his charge; being an additional florin for each pipe. The organ has four complete manuals, containing the following stops:—

*Fourth Manual*, 12 stops:—Principal, 8 feet; Cornet de 4 octaves, 2 feet; Piffaro, 4 feet; Viol di Gambe, 8 feet; Flute, 4 feet; Quint, 8 feet; Hautbois, 4 feet; Voix humaine, 1 foot; Flageolet, 2 feet; Rohr flüte, 4 feet; Quer flüte, 4 feet; Flute dauce, 8 feet—1111 pipes.

*Third Manual*, 12 stops:—Montre, 8 feet; Prestant, 4 feet; Doublette, 2 feet; Cornet, 1 foot; Fourniture, 2 feet; Piffaro, 4 feet; Violonchel, 8 feet; Quint, 8 feet; Hautbois, 8 feet; Hohl Flüte, 4 feet; Flute, 8 feet; Bourdon, 16 feet—1211 pipes.

*Second Manual*, 12 stops:—Montre, 8 feet; Prestant, 4 feet; Fourniture, 3 feet; Cymbale, 2 feet; Nasard, 2 feet; Viola, 4 feet; Violonchel, 8 feet; Solicional, 8 feet; Bourdon, 8 feet; Flute, 8 feet; Unda Maris, 8 feet; Bourdon bouché, 16 feet—1675 pipes.

*First Manual*, 12 stops:—Montre, 16 feet; Montre, 8 feet; Prestant, 4 feet; Fourniture, 2 feet; Doublette, 2 feet; Sesquialtera, 1½ foot; Cymbale, 1 foot; Piffaro, 8 feet; Trompette, 8 feet; Hohl flüte, 2 feet; Roher flüte, 8 feet; Carillon de Cloches, 2 feet (bell-metal)—2222 pipes.

*Pedals* of 20 keys, 12 stops:—Contre basse, 32 feet; Fourniture, 8 feet; Violon basse, 16 feet; Bombarde, 16 feet; Bombarde basse, 16 feet; Octave basse ou flute, 16 feet; Soub basse ou flute, 32 feet; Carillon de Cloches, 4 feet; Timpano; Cuculus; Cymbale; La Force, 4 feet—260 pipes.

*Second Pedal*, which couples with the first pedal, and with first manual, 12 stops:—Super octava, 8 feet; Cornet, 4 feet; Sesquialtera, 3 feet; Violoncello, 8 feet; Trompette, 8 feet; Grosse flute, 4 feet; Flute douce, 8 feet; Cremona, 8 feet; Quint, 16 feet; Rossignol tremblant—296 pipes."

The total number of pipes is 6775, and the "full organ" gives 86 pipes on a key.\*

Even more than in pianofortes at the Exhibition, London takes precedence in organ manufacture. The most important instrument is the monster organ in the western gallery, built expressly for the Exhibition by Mr. Willis. This instrument is mechanically perfect. It has three rows of keys from C C to G (56 notes), and two octaves and one-fifth of pedals from C C C to G (32 notes). It has the pneumatic lever on an improved and simplified principle, and a novel and convenient movement for arranging the stops, called the "Patent combination movement," which consists of small buttons projecting just above the keys, by which the stops are changed with marvellous facility, altogether superseding composition pedals.

The bellows supplying the swell organ are placed in the box itself, and give two pressures of air. The following is the composition:—

*Great Organ*, C C to G 20 stops:—Double diapason (metal), 16 feet; Bourdon (closed wood), 16 feet; Trumpet, 16 feet; Open diapason, 8 feet; Open diapason, 8 feet; Stopped diapason with Claribella, 8 feet; Trumpet, 8 feet; Principal, 4 feet; Principal, 4 feet; Flute (open wood), 4 feet; Clarion, 4 feet; 12th, 3 feet; 15th, 2 feet; 15th, 2 feet; Piccolo, 2 feet; Octave clarion, 2 feet; Doublette, 1 foot; Sesquialtera, 3 ranks; Mixture, ditto; Fourniture, ditto.

*Swell*, C C to G 22 stops:—Double diapason, 16 feet; Double dulciana, 16 feet; Open diapason, 8 feet; Open diapason, 8 feet; Dulciana, 8 feet; Viol di Gamba, 8 feet; Stopped diapason, 8 feet; Trumpet, 8 feet; Trombone, 8 feet; Hautbois, 8 feet; Cremona, 8 feet; Principal, 4 feet; Principal Dulciana, 4 feet; Flute, 4 feet; Clarion, 4 feet; 12th, 3 feet; 15th dulciana, 2 feet; 15th, 2 feet; Dulcimer, 3 ranks; Sesquialtera, 3 ranks; Mixture, ditto; Fourniture, ditto.

*Pedal Organ*, C C C to G, 14 stops:—Double dia-

\* For the descriptions of the foreign organs we are indebted to a new edition of Hamilton's *Catechism of the Organ*, edited by Joseph Warren, and published by Cooks and Co., a book which ought to be in the studio of every musician.

pason (open wood), 32 feet; Open diapason (ditto), 16 feet; Open diapason (metal), 16 feet; Violon (ditto), 16 feet; Bourdon, 16 feet; Tromba, 16 feet; Trumpet, 8 feet; Octave (metal), 8 feet; Octave (wood), 8 feet; Quint, 6 feet; Super octava (metal), 4 feet; Clarion, 4 feet; Sesquialtera, 3 ranks; Mixture (ditto).

**Choir Organ**, C C to G, 14 stops:—Bourdon, 16 feet; Open diapason, 8 feet; Dulciana, 8 feet; Viol di Gamba, 8 feet; Stopped diapason, 8 feet; Corno di bassetto, 8 feet; Viola, 4 feet; Principal, 4 feet; Flute (open wood), 4 feet; Flute (closed metal), 4 feet; Octave Cremona, 4 feet; 15th, 2 feet; Piccolo, 2 feet; Orchestral oboe, 8 feet.

**Couplers**.—Great to swell, swell to great, choir to great, swell to choir, swell to pedals, great to pedals, choir to pedals.

The whole of the stops extend throughout the compass of the various clavier; except the orchestral oboe, which, from its close resemblance to the instrument, is only of the same compass.

This organ is altogether a triumph of manufacture. All the mechanical difficulties of organ-playing are removed, and the voicing of the stops for the production of a blending combination, is most artistic. Some notion may be obtained of the perfect effect produced by the lever action, from the fact that a movement like the "Cat's Minuet" may be performed on the pedals. However rapidly the toe may be passed along them, every note speaks beneath the slightest pressure.

In the gallery at the eastern end of the nave stands Messrs. Gray and Davison's organ, which bade welcome to the Queen on the day of the inauguration. It then stood in the north gallery of the transept; but was immediately afterwards removed to its present position. This organ is an exceedingly compact and elegant instrument. The case is of oak, with mouldings supporting four towers of speaking pipes decorated elaborately. There are three manuals from C C to F in alt, and a separate pedal organ from C C C to E, two octaves and a third; two horizontal bellows, with double feeders of different degrees of pressure, and six composition pedals for changing the stops. The following is the composition:—

**Great Organ**, 13 stops:—Double open diapason, 16 feet; Open diapason, 8 feet; Stopped diapason, 8 feet; Octave, 4 feet; Flute, 4 feet; a Twelfth, 3 feet; Fifteenth, 2 feet; Flageolet, 2 feet; Sesquialtera, 3 ranks; Mixture, 2 ranks; Posaune, 8 feet; Clarion, 4 feet.

**Swell**, 9 stops:—Bourdon, 16 feet; Open diapason, 8 feet; stopped diapason, 8 feet; Octave, 4 feet; Fifteenth, 2 feet; Sesquialtera, 3 ranks; Cornocean, 8 feet; Oboe, 8 feet; Clarion, 4 feet.

**Choir**, 8 stops:—Dulciana, 8 feet; Keraulophon, 8 feet; stopped diapason, bass, 8 feet; Clarionet flute, 8 feet; Octave, 4 feet; Flute, 4 feet; Fifteenth, 2 feet; Clarionet, 8 feet.

**Pedal Organ**, 4 stops:—Grand open diapason, 16 feet; Grand bourdon, 16 feet; Grand octave, 8 feet; Grand bombarde, 16 feet.

**Couplers**.—Swell to great, swell to choir, swell to pedals, great to pedals, choir to pedals.

This organ is infinitely more effective in its present position than when it stood in the north gallery of the transept. The voicing is an exaggeration of the breadth usually observed in Gray's instruments. It is in some of its stops positively coarse, and it requires much softening to make it a good instrument. The organ built by Gray, now in St. James's Church, Cheltenham, is the most exquisite specimen of a combination of breadth and delicacy of tone. Messrs. Gray might refresh themselves at their own model.

Messrs. Hill, the builders of the Birmingham and York organs, exhibit a very fine instrument, though of small compass. It contains all the modern improvements of organs built by this eminent firm. The touch is exceedingly light and pleasant, from the application of the pneumatic principle. There are no wind trunks, the wind being conveyed through a hollow stand, by which arrangement much room is saved. The usual lever and draw stops are dispensed with, the slides being drawn by keys at each end of the manuals. This alteration is, however, somewhat questionable. To one thoroughly accustomed to this particular organ it would prove a great facility, but any one sitting at the instrument for the first time must find it very puzzling.

**The Great Organ** contains 10 stops:—Double diapason, 16 feet; Open diapason, 8 feet; Stop ditto, 8 feet; Principal, 4 feet, 12 feet, 3 feet, 15th, 2 feet; Sesquialtera, 3 ranks; Cornocean, 8 feet; Krumhorn, 8 feet; and Wald flute, 4 feet.

**The Echo Organ** contains 5 stops:—Stop diapason, bass; Claribella, treble; Gems horn, 4 feet; Hohl flute, 8 feet; Hautbois, 8 feet.

There is also a tuba mirabilis, a reed stop of great power, with separate sound-boards and action. The peculiar power of this stop is produced

by wind at a great pressure, from a separate pair of bellows. It is of very fine quality, and either as a solo stop or in continuation is exceedingly effective.

The manuals are from C C to F, and the pedal organ from C C C to E, or nine notes. The organ is inclosed in a Venetian swell, and the echo organ is inclosed in another swell. The coupler movement unites the two sets of keys and the pedal organ to either. There are four composition pedals. There is also a movement connected with the swell pedals, which enables the performer to open the swell to any extent, or fix it in any position.

The voicing of all the stops in this organ is extremely delicate; too much so, if it were required for a church or large building. Indeed this very delicacy of voicing, which is a peculiar characteristic of Hill's organs, while it is invaluable for chamber instruments, is carried to so great an extent as to become a defect in organs on a large scale. The Birmingham organ is a magnificent instrument, but it really does not produce the effect which might have been anticipated. If a greater breadth of voicing were adopted in organs of great magnitude, Messrs. Hill would produce perfection, so far as tone is concerned.

Mr. Bishop by no means represents his position as an organ-builder by the very small chamber instrument he sends to the Exhibition. It is a cabinet organ, possessing great sweetness of tone; and from its containing pedals, or composition pedals, is an admirable instrument for the music-room or for private practice.

Mr. Walker exhibits an organ with 8 stops; but as it is always under lock and key, we can speak of nothing but the case, which is stated to be in the Tudor style.

An organ of exceedingly sweet tone is exhibited by Mr. Holdich. The great peculiarity is a stop called the "diaocton," which has the effect of giving voice to the corresponding note and its octave in each rank of stops of each note struck. It is an admirable addition to the combinative machinery lately introduced in organ manufacture.

Germany is represented by only one organ, from the works of Schulze, of Rudolstadt. It is a very singular structure, having 16 stops, two rows of keys and pedals, a coupler of the pedals and manuals, and an octave coupler. The pedals lie under the feet like a cradle, rising up at the two extremities; they are broad flat-looking affairs, and the draw-stops are as large as those which have just been removed from the organ in St. Paul's Cathedral. We have never had an opportunity of hearing this instrument since the day of inauguration. It appeared to be of good tone; but, like German organs generally, but little variety.

The French organ in the nave has attracted very general attention. From its position it can scarcely be overlooked, and it is played so frequently that every one has an opportunity of hearing it. It certainly is an exceedingly fine instrument; though possessing more brilliancy than solemnity of tone, it is more adapted for the concert-room than a church. The organ has 20 stops, 2 manuals and German pedals. Each manual comprises 5 octaves, from C C to C, and the pedals 2 octaves, from C C C to C.

**Great Organ**, 10 stops:—Open diapason, 8 feet; Bell diapason, 8 feet; Dulciana; Stopped diapason, 8 feet; stopped double diapason, 16 feet; Principal, 4 feet; Fourniture, 5 ranks; Trumpet, 8 feet; Double trumpet, 16 feet; Clarion—842 pipes.

All the reed-stops on this manual are on a separate wind-chest, and are supplied with air at a greater pressure than the diapasons.

**Swell**, 8 stops:—Stopped diapason, 8 feet; Harmonic or German flute; Viola di Gamba; Open diapason, 8 feet; Principal, 4 feet; Trumpet; Oboe bassoon; Cor Anglais, free reed—469 pipes.

**Pedal Organ**,—Pedal pipes, 16 feet, 25 pipes; Ophicleide, 16 feet, 25 pipes—50 pipes.

**Couplers**.—Great to swell, in unison; octave below and octave above. Pedals to great organ.

The tone of the combined organ is most energetic; the bell diapason and harmonic flute giving great brilliancy. It will be perceived there are an immensely increased number of reed-stops compared to organs of similar dimensions built in England or Germany. But M. Ducroquet deserves all that has been said of him. His organ, though offering that orchestral peculiarity of tone which makes it, as we have said, more suited for secular than sacred purposes, is a very magnificent instrument, and has upheld the position of France among organ-building countries.

## European Democracy.

This page is accorded to an authentic Exposition of the Opinions and Acts of the Democracy of Europe: as such we do not impose any restraint on the utterance of opinion, and, therefore, limit our own responsibility to the authenticity of the statement.

### THE CENTRAL EUROPEAN DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEE.

**ITALIANS!**—The hour of deliverance approaches: at home and abroad every thing contributes to hasten it.

Abroad the nations feel that henceforth their interest is strictly bound up with yours; that the Revolution will not triumph definitively save by the simultaneous outburst of all the Peoples, and by their fraternal solidarity.

At home, implacable tyranny has never contributed more efficaciously to fortify your minds, to strengthen your souls, and to penetrate them with the sacred love of liberty.

In two years political despotism and the clerical caste have renewed all the ferocious persecutions of the middle ages. At Rome, Naples, Milan, and Palermo, their sole instruments of action have been banishment, prisons, the sword, and the axe. In two years they have turned a generous people—a people full of clemency and magnanimity when it was master—into a people full of hatred and revenge. The past has, indeed, been recalled in all that it had of savage and fratricidal—the knife responds to the axe and the poignard to the gun.

It is a terrible trial, O Italians! and you bear it with heroic courage, because you know that the cause which is at stake in Italy, is not only that of your independence and liberty, but that it is the cause of the human conscience.

In the struggle between light and darkness, between progress and immorality, between life and death, between freedom of thought, in short, and Catholicism, it was necessary, in order to remove every veil, to efface utterly any lingering *prestiges*, to fortify timid minds and cowardly consciences—it was necessary that the Papacy should be forced to return to its fatal law of religious anathema and secular extermination. It was necessary, in order to enlighten all eyes, that the Papacy should speak of liberty while surrounded by executioners, as it had before spoken of mercy in the midst of fire and faggots—in a word, it was necessary that the terrorism of the Papal dogma should again be brought into the service of the state. It was necessary that the haughty institution which has ruined, destroyed all those nations servilely bowed down beneath her yoke—Italy, Spain, Portugal, Poland, Bohemia, Hungary, Austria, the Republics of the Middle Ages, as well as the Southern Republics of the New World—it was necessary that it should reign anew amid tortures and by force, in order that this cry of independence might escape from the revolted human soul—"No more Theocracy!—No more Papal Despotism!—Unlimited absolute liberty of conscience!"

Italians! in this last crusade of the human mind against the monstrous oppressions of the past, you have a noble part to play. When Europe in arms shall say—"No more Kings!"—it is from the *Rome of the People* that must issue this sentence of emancipation—"No more Pope!" every member of the New World being, under the collective inspiration of his brethren, both Pope and King unto himself. Thus shall be broken, in the same day, that evil power which under two names has oppressed the world for so many centuries—that sword with two edges, one called Theocracy and the other Royalty.

To give to the human conscience full possession of itself, such is, O Italians! the immediate aim assigned to you in the common work of the nations. Is not this a page worthy of your ancient Epos? You have had a Rome irresistible through conquest, a Rome made once more young through the renaissance and the Arts; it is for you now to have a Rome of religious liberty—to have this incomparable glory, that theogonies, before which every thing else in this world has passed away, should each pass away successively before your Capitol, still standing strong and stately. On the day when you shake off the dust of the tomb, to enter into a new life, you will again become a powerful and great nation.

What is wanted for you to attain this end? To be reborn unto your own estate?—Two things already half achieved:—



To win your independence.  
To constitute your unity.

In 1848, did you not accomplish the most difficult of your tasks? Do you not already know how an enemy is driven out? Have you not already been masters from the Alps to the Sea? Why should you not be so once more?

If you should need them, there are brothers who will come to your aid. The hands which have been clasped in London are the pledge of an alliance between the Peoples; and the coming year, which threatens ancient tyrannies, is pregnant for us with hopes and with propitious events. Be prepared, then, and be confident. But independence once gained can only be durable on one condition—to make of Italy one body politic, from Palermo to the frontiers of France.

No Federalism;—Homogeneity, Cohesion—complete absolute political unity.

It was Royal Federalism which destroyed you in 1848. Condemned for ever at Milan and Novara, it can never return. But beware also of Republican Federalism—that would ruin you through anarchy, as the other through the negation of the sovereignty of the people.

As long as there remains erect in Italy one king, one duke, one oppressor of men, no independence is possible. A monarchy beside you is the leaven of discord. As long as a single element of separatism subsists, it will tend by its very nature to withdraw itself from the national thought, to break up the country, to weaken it, to introduce within it jealous rivalries and foreign influence.

This second step towards a brotherly mingling, towards a life, at once single and collective, is not more difficult for you to take than the first towards your independence. It is in vain that the enemies of your greatness say to the contrary.

She wills to be, she can be one and indivisible; that nation which, parcelled out into little countries, each retained in century-long hatreds by wicked calculation and design, had but one remembrance in the midst of the uproar and suffering of 1848—that of the great and immortal country of Past Times; but one cry everywhere repeated, everywhere the same, "Viva l'Italia!"

Constitute yourselves, then, in Unity!

And as you have had but one cry, have but one banner, that of your fathers—that which men beloved by you all have displayed from afar before you for twenty years; that Republican banner which they raised at the beginning of the struggle, which they planted victoriously on the summit of your monuments, and which they have carried away with them into exile, to be raised again on the approaching morrow.

When the hour shall have arrived, beware of confounding two things essentially distinct, combat and victory; Italy accomplishing her freedom, and Italy already free.

Who knows better than you, Italians, that a combat with the foreigner can only be sustained by silencing venal tongues, the enemies' tongues that would spread trouble and disorder in your ranks; that an insurrection attempted in the midst of foreign enemies cannot succeed otherwise than by a strong united action.

During the war, therefore, it is necessary that one sole authority, invested with exceptional powers, quick as the lightning, powerful as a people in action, should be called by the country to direct the struggle until the moment when the People, emancipated and master of the soil, can speak out freely. Fear nothing for your liberty from this transitory concentration of power. Have you not for a guarantee that device, of which your *National Committee* is the vigilant guardian, and which is the expression at once of your faith and of your undeniable sovereignty—"God and the People."

What do these symbolic words signify? What else save "No more tyrants of souls and bodies, of the priesthood or of the laity. No mediators between the creature and the Creator—communion of the same people in the exercise of its sovereign right worked out under the eye of God."

What do these words signify if not a living equality, or a Republic of the People by the People and for the People?

Unhappy he who shall understand them otherwise! He would not be worthy to combat either for the Italian cause or for the holy cause of humanity.

For the Central European Democratic Committee,  
LEDRU ROLLIN. A. RUGE.  
A. DARASZ. D. BRATIANO.  
J. MAZZINI.  
London, August, 1851.

## Organizations of the People, POLITICAL AND SOCIAL.

**NATIONAL CHARTER ASSOCIATION.**—At the meeting of the executive on Wednesday an error in the minutes was corrected. Mr. Cooper was represented as having said that "great prejudice existed against Chartism at Greenwich," whereas he said that "great prejudice existed among those who were ignorant of its principles." Mr. Ernest Jones has sent a report of his progress, which was read. He has been lecturing at Bristol, Merthyr, Llanidloes, and Newtown; he has met excellent audiences; and altogether he has enrolled 342 members during his tour. He points out the West and Wales as fertile in Democratic sentiments, and worthy of the attention of the executive. The meeting then resolved itself into a metropolitan delegate meeting, and reports similar to those given last week were made from Bonner's-fields and Bermondsey. It was agreed that an aggregate meeting of Chartists should be held monthly in the John-street Coffee-room, on Sunday afternoons, at three o'clock; the first to commence on the 7th of September. On the motion of Mr. Arnott, it was resolved to establish a tract fund, and the machinery to work it; and subsequently to print 5000 copies of the tract called *Chartism*.

### HINTS TOWARDS RENDERING LOCAL AGITATION EFFECTIVE.

Conventions and Executives have been too much depended on to give life and vigour to the Chartist cause. A political body, like a human body, loses power and soon decays, unless kept in active motion. This activity must exist in the heart, that a well distributed and healthful circulation be insured, or the head becomes useless. The Convention, or the Executive, is the head; the People is the heart.

The People, and they alone, are to blame for the want of an effective agitation. The People's business is to organize themselves. No one can do it for them. We have a purpose—enfranchisement and social amelioration. We have numbers—6,000,000 of unenfranchised Englishmen. We have enthusiasm—for we still hope and work after twelve years of failure and disappointment. The experience of the past, the facts of the present teach, it is not revolution, but the formation of public opinion at which we should aim. That leads to the only revolution that is justifiable. The formation of public opinion is possible under certain condition. To issue placards and addresses which the public will not read, is useless. The public must be assailed individually, spoken to, reasoned with, and induced to read tracts and democratic papers by persuading its individual members. To upbraid the public for its apathy and ignorance is useless. The public will not read our upbraidings, it cares nothing for our eloquence, for it will not come to listen. The public, to be effectually got at, must be assailed at home. The individual may thus be indoctrinated with sound political principles, and stimulated to the performance of duty. Other valuable results would also follow.

Organization, that centralizes all action, that leaves the individual unoccupied, is not only useless, but injurious. Organization should not supersede individual effort, but methodize it. The conditions under which these hints can be practically carried out, are the existence in different localities of a few men who are unmistakably in earnest, and who know at what they aim, who would set the practicable example of methodized enthusiasm, and be the centres of organizations which, gradually radiating, might soon include a whole people.

The members of the Hoxton locality, which has existed but three weeks, and now numbers thirty working and paying members, are attempting to carry out the spirit of the above suggestions in the following manner:—

1. All members are divided into sections of not less than three nor more than five. Each section appoints one of its number as spokesman, who gives on every Thursday night to the general meeting an account of the activity of himself and fellows. The spokesman of each section also collects the weekly subscription of his section, and pays it to the secretary, weekly.

2. Each section meets once a week at the residence of one of its members, before the general weekly meeting, to take into consideration the general welfare of the cause, to prepare resolutions, to give each other information, or to arrange any plan of action for that particular section. Also, to arrange their report for the general weekly meeting, and to pay subscriptions to spokesman.

3. Every member of a section holds himself bound to aid another member in developing or carrying out plans of propagandism. Should petitions be desired, each section will be intrusted with the duty of collecting signatures and authenticating them, in a particular district of the locality appointed to them by the Committee.

When experience has confirmed our convictions of the usefulness of the above organization, or should

we modify it, information shall be forwarded for your consideration.

For the general meeting of members of the Hoxton Locality,  
E. F. NICHOLLS.

### HEALTH OF LONDON DURING THE WEEK.

(From the Registrar-General's Report.)

The return for the week ending last Saturday indicates a further and considerable increase in the mortality. In the third week of July the deaths in London were only 873; in the three following they were 956, 1010, and 1038, and last week they rose to 1061. The last number must be considered to represent a high mortality even for London, where the conditions of health are not the most favourable, and at a period of the year which experience has already shown to be extremely fatal to the young. The deaths of last week were more than in any of the corresponding weeks of the years 1841–50, with the exception of that of 1847, when they were 1108, and that of 1849, when cholera raised the total deaths to 2230. The births of 774 boys and 726 girls—in all 1500 children—were registered in the week. The average number in six corresponding weeks of 1845–50 was 1308.

**NATURE'S ARISTOCRACY.**—It is from within now that we must look for change; for when education, based upon correct knowledge of our constitution, shall have raised the man, there will be found no impediment to the advance of the whole race to all that is necessary for the enjoyment of the highest pleasures of which his nature is susceptible. In proportion as the higher feelings of our nature gain strength and predominate, and the law of universal brotherhood is written on the heart, and not merely upon the tongue—in proportion, in fact, as real Christianity prevails—the petty distinctions of a savage age which form the present scale of society, will disappear, and we shall no longer seek to be distinguished by mere wealth and external advantages gained at the expense of the excessive labour of others, but for the supremacy in us of all that distinguishes us from the brutes; for all that saves toil, instead of increasing it, and that affords time to every man for the development of high moral and intellectual power. Distinction will be based upon worth alone, and we shall bow to an aristocracy of nature, of which the present is but the symbol. If God gives us superior abilities, we shall not glorify ourselves, but Him, and hold them in trust for the good of mankind; and wherever superior worth and talent is recognized, there will be acknowledged the future noble—his badges not stars and garters, but the unmistakable expression of nobility which habitual obedience to that which is true and good and beautiful invariably bestows.—*Education of the Feelings, by Charles Bray.*

## Commercial Affairs.

### MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

FRIDAY.

Consols declined an eighth on Monday—from 96½ to 96¼ to 96. This rate was maintained for two days, when on Wednesday an extra demand for stock sent them up to 96½, at which price they remained on Thursday. This morning the opening price was 96½.

Fluctuations have been, Consols from 96½ to 96½; Bank Stock, 215 to 216; Exchequer Bills, 44s. to 48s. premium.

Foreign Stocks have not been more than usually active. Yesterday, the official list of the prices comprised:—Mexican, for the account, 28½ and ¼; Portuguese Five per Cents. Converted, 32½; the Four per Cents., 32½; Russian Four-and-a-Half per Cents., 101½; Spanish Five per Cents., 21 and 21½; Spanish Three per Cents., 38; Austrian Five per Cents., 81½; and Dutch Two-and-a-Half per Cents., 69½.

### BANK OF ENGLAND.

An Account, pursuant to the Act 7th and 8th Victoria, cap. 32, for the week ending on Saturday, the 16th of August, 1851,

#### ISSUE DEPARTMENT.

	£		£
Notes issued ....	27,268,180	Government Debt, 11,015,100	
		Other Securities ..	2,984,900
		Gold Coin and Bullion .....	13,234,805
		Silver Bullion ....	33,376
	£27,268,180		£27,268,180

#### BANKING DEPARTMENT.

	£		£
Proprietors' Capital, 14,553,000		Government Securities (including Dead-weight Annuity) .....	12,404,021
Reserve .....	3,229,281	Other Securities ..	11,800,143
Public Deposits (including Exchequer, Savings Banks, Commissioners of National Debt, and Dividend Accounts) ..	4,758,458	Notes .....	6,922,483
Other Deposits .....	9,002,481	Gold and Silver Coin .....	626,699
even-day and other Bills .....	1,370,118		
	£32,813,348		£32,813,348

Dated August 7, 1851. M. MARSHALL, Chief Cashier.

### AVERAGE PRICE OF SUGAR.

The average price of Brown or Muscovado Sugar, computed from the returns made in the week ending the 12th day of August, 1851, is 25s. 6½d. per cwt

1 street, Bloomsbury, and 62, Old Broad Street.



# AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.—

The public are admitted, without charge, to the British Museum, National Gallery, East India Company's Museum, London Missionary Society's Museum, and to the Splendid Exhibition of Art and Industry, on view from 8 in the morning till 8 at night, at Benettink and Company's Emporium for Furnishing Ironmongery, 89 and 90, Cheapside, London. The splendid stock comprises every variety of Electro-plated Wares, Chandeliers, Lamps, Tea-urns, Tea-trays, Cutlery, Iron Bedsteads, Baths, Stoves, Fire-irons; in short, every requisite either for the Mansion or the Cottage.

At this establishment you cannot be deceived, because every article is marked in plain figures, and at such prices as can be offered only by a house whose gross sales are so enormous as to enable them to sell the best articles at 10 or 15 per cent. less than any other house in the kingdom. That we can furnish a mansion, is demonstrated by the continued patronage of the nobility and gentry; and to prove that we can also suit the necessary and judicious economy of those moving in a more humble sphere, we are enabled actually to furnish an eight-roomed house for £5, and the articles, too, of the best quality and workmanship. This may appear incredible; but as we are the largest buyers of iron goods, to say nothing of those of our own manufacture, in London, we can do it, and subjoin a list of the requisites:—

1 Hall-lamp .. .. .	0 10 6
1 Umbrella-stand .. .. .	0 4 6
1 Bronzed Dining-room Fender and Standards .. .. .	0 5 6
1 Set of Polished Steel Fire-irons .. .. .	0 3 6
1 Brass Toast-stand .. .. .	0 1 6
1 Fire-guard .. .. .	0 1 6
1 Bronzed and Polished Steel Scroll Fender .. .. .	0 8 6
1 Set Polished Steel Fire-irons, Bright Pan .. .. .	0 5 6
1 Ornamented Japanned Scuttle and Scoop .. .. .	0 4 6
1 Best Bed-room Fender and Polished Steel Fire-irons .. .. .	0 7 0
2 Bed-room Fenders, and 2 Sets of Fire-irons .. .. .	0 7 6
Set of Four Black-tin Dish Covers .. .. .	0 11 6
1 Bread-grater, 6d., Tin Candlestick, 9d. .. .. .	0 1 3
1 Teakettle, 2s. 6d., 1 Gridiron, 1s. .. .. .	0 3 6
1 Frying-pan, 1s., 1 Meat-chopper, 1s. 6d. .. .. .	0 2 6
1 Coffee-pot, 1s., 1 Colander, 1s. .. .. .	0 2 0
1 Dust-pan, 6d., 1 Fish-kettle, 4s. .. .. .	0 4 6
1 Fish-slice, 6d., 1 Flour-box, 8d. .. .. .	0 1 2
1 Pepper-box .. .. .	0 0 4
3 Tinned Iron Saucepans .. .. .	0 5 0
1 Oval Boiling-pot, 3s. 8d., 1 Set of Skewers, 4d. .. .. .	0 4 0
3 Spoons, 9d., Tea-pot and Tray, 3s. .. .. .	0 3 9
Toasting-fork .. .. .	0 0 6

NOTE.—Any one or more of the articles may be selected at the above prices. And all orders for £5 and upwards will be forwarded free to any part of the kingdom. Note, therefore, the address, BENETTINK and Co., 89 and 90, Cheapside, London; and if you are about to furnish, and want to buy economically and tastefully visit this establishment.

# MORISON'S VEGETABLE UNIVERSAL

MEDICINES, Depot, 344, Strand.—The Partnership of MORISON, MOAT and Co., of the "British College of Health," having expired on the 25th of March last, Mr. MOAT Manufactures the above-named medicines ("Morison's Pills") from the Recipes of the late "James Morison, the Hygeist."

Mr. Moat is Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and Licentiate of the Society of Apothecaries, and has devoted many years to the study of Medicine; by the employ of a matured judgment in the selection of Drugs, and attention to their thorough combination and uniformity of mixture, he ensures certainty of effect with the least possible unpleasantness.

He offers the Pills, thus made, by himself, as a perfectly safe and efficient purgative, and recommends them to be taken in those cases of illness where the services of a medical adviser are not felt to be requisite.

Sold with directions, in the usual priced boxes, by all Medicine Vendors. Foreign Houses dealt with in the most advantageous manner.

DR. CULVERWELL ON NERVOUSNESS, DEBILITY, AND INDIGESTION; also on Urinary Derangements, Constipation, and Hemorrhoids. 1s. each; by post, 1s. 6d.

# WHAT TO EAT, DRINK, AND AVOID.

"Abstinentia multi curantur morbi." A popular exposition of the principal causes (over and careless feeding, &c.) of the above harassing and distressing complaints, with an equally intelligible and popular exposition of how we should live to get rid of them; to which is added diet tables for every meal in the day, and full instructions for the regimen and observance of every hour out of the twenty-four: illustrated by numerous cases, &c.

Vols. 2 and 3, companions to the preceding. THE ENJOYMENT OF LIFE. I. HOW TO BE HAPPY. "Jucunde Vivere."

ON URINARY DISORDERS, CONSTIPATION, and HÆMORRHOIDS; their Obviation and Removal. Sherwood, 23, Paternoster-row; Mann, 39, Cornhill; and the Author, 10, Argyl-place, Regent-street: consultation hours, ten to twelve; evenings, seven till nine.

# A NEW MEDICINE.

FRANKS'S SPECIFIC CAPSULE—A form of Medicine at once safe, sure, speedy, and pleasant, especially applicable to urethral morbid secretions, and other ailments for which copaiba and cubeba are commonly administered.

Each Capsule containing the Specific is made of the purest Gelatine, which, encased in tinfoil, may be conveniently carried in the pocket, and, being both elastic and pleasant to take, affords the greatest facility for repeating the doses without intermission—a desideratum to persons travelling, visiting, or engaged in business, as well as to those who object to fluid medicines, being unobjectionable to the most susceptible stomach.

Prepared only by GEORGE FRANKS, Surgeon, at his Laboratory, 90, Blackfriars-road, London, where they may be had, and of all Medicine Vendors, in boxes, at 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. each, or sent free by post at 3s. and 5s. each. Of whom, also, may be had, in bottles, at 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each.

# FRANKS'S SPECIFIC SOLUTION OF COPAIBA.

TESTIMONIALS.

From Joseph Henry Green, Esq., F.R.S., President of the Royal College of Surgeons, London; Senior Surgeon to St. Thomas's Hospital; and Professor of Surgery in King's College, London. "I have made trial of Mr. Franks's Solution of Copaiba, at St. Thomas's Hospital, in a variety of cases, and the results warrant my stating, that it is an efficacious remedy, and one which does not produce the usual unpleasant effects of Copaiba. (Signed) "JOSEPH HENRY GREEN."

"Lincoln's-inn Fields, April 15, 1835."

From Bransby Cooper, Esq., F.R.S., one of the Council of the Royal College of Surgeons, London; Senior Surgeon to Guy's Hospital; and Lecturer on Anatomy, &c.

"Mr. Bransby Cooper presents his compliments to Mr. George Franks, and has great pleasure in bearing testimony to the efficacy of his Solution of Copaiba. Mr. Cooper has prescribed the Solution in ten or twelve cases with perfect success. "New-street, April 13, 1835."

\* These medicines are protected against counterfeits by the Government Stamp—on which is engraven "GEORGE FRANKS, Blackfriars-road"—being attached to each.

# DEAFNESS—SINGING in the EARS.—

Extraordinary Cures are effected daily, in cases long since pronounced incurable by the Faculty. Even in cases of total deafness, which have existed a lifetime, a positive cure can be guaranteed without pain or operation, by a newly discovered and infallible mode of treatment, discovered and practised only by Dr. FRANCIS, Physician, Aurist, 40, Liverpool-street, King's Cross, London. Dr. F. has applied this new treatment in the presence of and on several of the most eminent medical men of the day, who have been utterly astonished at its magical effect. All martyrs to these distressing complaints should immediately consult Dr. Francis, as none need now despair, however bad their case. Hours of consultation daily from Eleven till Four, and Six till Nine. Country patients, stating their case by letter, will receive the means of cure per post, with such advice and directions as are guaranteed to render failure impossible.

# HEALTH WHERE 'TIS SOUGHT.

# HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Cure of a Case of

Weakness and Debility, of Four Years' standing. Extract of a Letter from Mr. William Smith, of No. 5, Little Thomas-street, Gibson-street, Lambeth, dated Dec. 12, 1849.

"To Professor HOLLOWAY, "SIR,—I beg to inform you that for nearly five years I hardly knew what it was to have a day's health, suffering from extreme weakness and debility, with constant nervous headaches, giddiness, and sickness of the stomach, together with a great depression of spirits. I used to think that nothing could benefit me, as I had been to many medical men, some of whom, after doing all that was in their power, informed me that they considered that I had some spinal complaint beyond the reach of cure, together with a very disordered state of the stomach and liver, making my case so complicated that nothing could be done for me. One day, being unusually ill and in a dejected state, I saw your Pills advertised, and resolved to give them a trial, more perhaps from curiosity than with a hope of being cured, however I soon found myself better by taking them, and so I went on persevering in their use for six months, when I am happy to say they effected a perfect cure,

(Signed) "WILLIAM SMITH, (frequently called EDWARD)."

Sold at the Establishment of Professor HOLLOWAY, 214, Strand (near Temple Bar), London, and by most all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicine throughout the civilized World, at the following prices—1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box. There is a considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

N.B.—Directions for the guidance of Patients in every Disorder are affixed to each Box.

# RUPTURES

# EFFECTUALLY CURED WITHOUT A TRUSS!

DR. BARKER still continues to supply the afflicted with his celebrated remedy for this alarming complaint, the great success of which, for many years past, renders any further comment unnecessary. It is easy and painless in use, causing no inconvenience or confinement, and is applicable to every variety of single and double rupture, however bad or long-standing, in male or female of any age. The remedy, with full instructions for use, &c., will be sent post free to any part of the kingdom on receipt of 7s., in postage stamps, or Post-office Order, by Dr. ALFRED BARKER, 48, Liverpool-street, King's-cross, London, where he may be consulted daily from Ten till One, mornings, and Five till Eight, evenings (Sundays excepted). Post-office Orders to be made payable at the Battle-bridge Post-office. A great number of testimonials and trusses have been left behind by persons cured, as trophies of the success of this remedy, which Dr. B. will be happy to give to any requiring them after a trial of it.

# DEAFNESS, SINGING NOISES in the HEAD AND EARS,

EFFECTUALLY CURED.—Dr. Barker's remedy permanently restores hearing in all cases, in infancy or old age, however bad or long-standing, even where the Faculty has pronounced it incurable. It removes all those distressing noises in the head and ears resulting from deafness or nervousness, and enables all sufferers, however bad, to hear the ticking of a watch in a few days. The remedy, which is easy in application, will be sent free on receipt of 7s., in postage stamps, or Post-office order, by Dr. ALFRED BARKER, 48, Liverpool-street, King's-cross, London. Consultations daily from Ten till One and Five till Eight (Sundays excepted). A cure in every case is guaranteed.

# DO YOU WANT LUXURANT AND BEAUTIFUL HAIR, WHISKERS, &c.?

The immense public patronage bestowed upon Miss ELLEN GRAHAM'S NIUKRENE, is sufficient evidence of its amazing properties in reproducing the human hair, whether lost by disease or natural decay, preventing the hair falling off, strengthening weak hair, and checking greyness. It is guaranteed to produce whiskers, moustaches, &c., in three weeks, without fail. It is elegantly scented; and sufficient for three months' use will be sent free, on receipt of twenty-four postage stamps, by Miss Ellen Graham, 6, Ampton-street, Gray's-inn-road, London. Unlike all other preparations for the hair, it is free from artificial colouring and filthy greasiness, well known to be so injurious to it. At home for consultation daily from two till five.

# AUTHENTIC TESTIMONIALS.

"My hair is restored. Thanks to your very valuable Nioukrene."—Miss Mane, Kennington.

"I tried every other compound advertised, and they are all impositions. Your Nioukrene has produced the effect beautifully."—Mr. James, St. Alban's.

"Your Nioukrene is the most elegant preparation I have ever analysed, being free from colouring matter and injurious scent. The stimulant is excellent."—Dr. John Thomson, author of a "Treatise on the Human Hair," and Professor of Chemistry. For the nursery it is invaluable, its balsamic properties being admirably adapted to infants' hair.

# WHY NOT WALK WITH EASE?

Soft and hard corns and bunions may be instantly relieved and permanently cured, by Miss Graham's PLOMBINE, in three days. It is sent free for thirteen postage stamps.

"It cured my corns like magic."—Mr. Johns, Hounslow.

"My bunion has not appeared since."—Mrs. Sims, Truro.

# IMPORTANT TO LIFE ASSURERS.

# NATIONAL PROVINCIAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

Completely Registered and Incorporated. Capital £50,000 in 10,000 shares of £5 each. Deposit £1 per share.

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