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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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VOL. II.—No. 78. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1851. PRICE 6d.

News of the Week.

WHILE the Queen is rusticating in the Highlands, while her Ministers are scattering themselves over the country in search of health, Mrs. Dexter lecturing on Bloomerism, and Newminster winning the St. Leger, Mr. Disraeli has been promulgating a party manifesto from Aylesbury. Protection is no longer a great fact; it is a dead fact; and the member for Buckinghamshire gives it up. But in doing so he has given another proof of the utter impracticability, impotence, and want of statesmanship, which characterize the Country Party. This Aylesbury manifesto is more explicit, and at the same time more untrue—contains more selfish philosophy and illogical reasoning than any of the many by which it has been preceded.

The Protectionists have a magnificent career before them, if they would really consult the "spirit of the age," to which Mr. Disraeli appealed, and apply themselves heartily to the task of renovating the condition of the peasantry, instead of sustaining the rent-rolls of the landowners; but it will be seen that the projects of Mr. Disraeli aim only at the reconstruction of a shattered interest and a broken party; that they in no wise tend to the permanent welfare of the tenant or peasant-class, nor to the welfare of the nation; and that his boasted "case for the country" is a special, and not a national case, neither broad enough nor strong enough to form the basis of a party with the capacity of holding power for three months. "Political Justice" is incompatible with "rotten boroughs and the Chandos clause." "Financial Equity," meaning repeal of the malt-tax, repeal of the land-tax, could not coexist with the maintenance of a host of taxes pressing on the subsistence and the comforts of the poor. Yet this is the basis proposed by Disraeli, the best tongue among them, for the policy of the Country Party! But this question of taxes—the only question with which he deals—what a small thing it is! Might he not obtain an insight into "the spirit of the age" by looking at palpable facts, instead of framing ingenious theories of action upon a false bottom? Why is tenant-right ignored; and no word spoken for a peasant proprietary? The new Irish Society for placing Irishmen fairly on spots of free land, the great success of the Freehold Land Societies, and the perseverance and skill of a Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, in testing the practicability of applying steam to agriculture, point out the true basis for the formation of a Country party.

But every political section is drifting helplessly on the ocean of impracticability. Mr. Disraeli counsels unity and proposes chimeras; Mr. Hume, at Montrose, goes no further than household suffrage; the Whigs have no policy whatever; and the Peel party give no sign of their existence. Either vacillation or vacuity.

[COUNTRY EDITION.]

It is the same in our colonial mismanagement—no determined definite principle and course of action. Sir Harry Smith's despatches impart a graver tone to the Cape news. No one knows when or how hostilities at the Cape will terminate. Whig meanness and irresolution paralyze all.

In the educational aspects we see this week the two poles of the opposition to the national education party. Positive Cullen, negative Condor. Dr. Cullen would have no mixing of the children of different sects at school—everything must be Catholic. Education without religion is "devilish"—education in company with Episcopalian or Presbyterian children, an abomination. Not Catholicism this, but exclusiveness. While the Reverend Mr. Condor, an advocate of pure voluntarism, sneers at education in general, objects to any kind of state assistance, and denounces secular education in toto. Resistance to the spread of true Catholicity characterises each of these extremes.

Confusion of orders, a certain laxity of management, and want of positive definite instructions, prove to have been the causes of the Bicester railway "accident." The finding of the jury is a severe rebuke to the railway authorities. The "accident" need not have happened; none of the circumstances attending it were primarily beyond human control; and the weight of public censure which falls upon the authorities, is fully deserved.

A sickening task to trace week by week the blind courses of Continental reaction! Every day the close alliance of the French factions with the German despotisms becomes more palpable. The "vigorous Ministry" of M. Bonaparte is not content with doing "international loyalty" by espionage, imprisonment, and expulsion of herds of refugees, making the hospitality of the Republic a byword; but it apes faithfully every new vexation of the police of Vienna and Berlin. In Italy certain national colours are forbidden; so in France we hear of red cushions, cravats, or other articles of dress and furniture bearing that hateful colour, made a suspicion, an offence, a punishment.

In Paris the remaining son of Victor Hugo is sentenced, on the verdict of a packed jury, to an exorbitant penalty for an article adopting and commenting upon the avowals of a Government organ; whilst at Vienna, Sapphir, the brilliant humourist of the once gayest, but now most forlorn of cities, is condemned to prison for a page of real tragic irony on the recent Cabinet letters under the disguise of a lament over a shattered mind. Freedom of thought and utterance is alike incompatible with Emperors and Prince-Presidents; but it is well to mark that the sentences in both cases produced the same deep and universal feeling of disgust. Léon Faucher and Baroche strike at Victor Hugo through his sons; one not twenty-one, the other scarcely twenty-three years of age. If, as the advocate said on the trial, you deprive mothers of

their sons, how will you win the support of the "Family" which you are for ever chanting? The great poet-orator has given hostages to the Republic. In the day of her resurrection she will not forget the gift. Another whole Department placed in a state of siege, because in two small towns, containing each perhaps a thousand souls, some slight resistance was offered, on the occasion of a fête, to the provocations of the gendarmerie, shows how fatally incontinent is reaction! Four hundred thousand citizens deprived of the protection of the civil law and handed over to courts martial on account of some village rioting. And this in the heart of republican France, in a time of profound quiet. But the reasons that are alleged might be equally alleged for placing all France under a state of siege. Manœuvres of factions, indeed! Is the Republic a faction? Perhaps M. L. Bonaparte expects to obtain a renewed lease of power from the universal suffrage of a People under the state of siege. Can it be wondered at, that all the prestige of Bonapartism, all the hallucination of a "name" is fast fading away. Beyond the *entourage* and the functionaries, who will now vote for a man who is only not a traitor because he has neither the wit to devise, nor the courage to act? He is not even a decent stepping-stone to Monarchy. But he may retire with the miserable comfort of having consolidated the Republic, not according to his sacred promises, but in spite of his persevering treacheries. As an agent of Austrianism he has won his spurs. The sometime refugee of Switzerland menaces Swiss hospitality; and the exile of London solicits the harassing, when he cannot obtain the expulsion, of the exiles who gave him back a country. His own time may come again to know the sweets of exile and the glory of a free country's protection. The monstrous illegality of preventive imprisonment has been illustrated in the trials of Agen: MM. Lesseps, Desolme, and Dufau had been nine months in prison on mere accusation, and were acquitted. What security is there for life, or property, or family, where a Government gets obnoxious citizens out of the way in this summary fashion? There is no excess of tyranny practised at Berlin or Vienna that the actual Ministers of M. Bonaparte do not strive to exceed. Even Belleisle is an imitation Ischia!

The vexatious Police Ordinances respecting strangers have created a panic in Paris. Three thousand German and Belgian workmen deprived of honourable bread and work and driven across the frontiers, starving and desolate. A sop to Despotism! Even English travellers, as unpolitical as possible, rush for a *permit de séjour*, or take wing to regions where Passports are unknown. All these acts of the "vigorous" Government are paralyzing commerce; will the bourgeoisie be thankful? or will they, as they have done before, read a lesson to the authorities next time they have to vote?

M. L. Bonaparte's visit to the new *Halles*, and his gallant attentions to the ladies of the markets, are the one pleasant feature of the week. Perhaps, the *Vive la République*, which was evidently the prevailing cry, was not so pleasant to his ears; but the bouquet of violets lent a significant colour to the compliments of his fair entertainers, whom he seems to have entertained on the following morning in truly *Elysean* style. His written speech wound up as usual with obscure hints at founding a durable social edifice—with the aid of the *dames de la Halle*, of course! But the decorating of his "dear Minister," not without "sawder," rose above the domain of ordinary official farce.

Our old friend of Prussia has been making another tipsy speech at Potsdam to his faithful Treubund, a Tory Club, of the fossil kind. He denies the reports of his becoming this or that, as if the only question were not simply "What next?" Elsewhere we relate his sayings and doings at Stettin and Stergard. Are they not right royal?

Hanover, and the States of Northern Germany embraced in the commercial union, called the *Steuerverein*, have concluded a treaty with Prussia. This is regarded as favourable to Free-trade. It may be, but it is unfavourable to German liberty. Prussia, a despotic power, has thus acquired a hold upon the comparatively free states of the North. Better for commerce? No doubt. But better for the growth of the human soul? Questionable. It is another outwork of freedom which has fallen into the hands of Absolutism.

Franz Joseph, the young hopeful of Austria, is playing at soldiers in Italy. Perhaps he might do worse. His loan is being actively subscribed by—the monasteries and convents! He has no People—only an army, a few spiritual directors, and a bankrupt exchequer—rather a flourishing capital for 1852.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the accession of Nicholas has been appropriately celebrated at Warsaw by the scourge and the torture. Does he consider his "Ides of March" to be now well past? Let him stick to barbarism; if he encroach upon civilization, all his infallibility (for he is *Papa* as well as *Kaiser*) will melt away. In Italy the municipalities of Milan and of Venice are preparing to be joyful (on severest injunction) at the approach of their Imperial master. Ferdinand of Naples is going to be exceedingly merciful. Having sentenced forty-six prisoners to death on such charges, and in such courts, and before such judges, and by such witnesses as Mr. Gladstone has described, he is going to commute their sentences to imprisonment in the subterranean dungeons, *à la Poerio*. Merciful Bomba! the best and worthiest of Christian Kings, as M. Gordon persists in affirming, and as all loyal believers in "right divine" are bound to believe. And if Bomba be the "best," what must the merely "better," like Nicholas, and the simply "good," like Frederick William, be? A blessing to their subjects.

Madrid is in a ferment, it is said, about the Cuban invasion. Spain talks of going to war with the United States. Bon voyage! Spanish honour and Spanish pride outraged and affronted, may bring the star-spangled banner into Europe earlier than some people imagine!

THE DISRAELI MANIFESTO.

Aylesbury has been again the theatre of a representation by Mr. Disraeli on behalf of the "owners and occupiers of land." The annual dinner of the Royal Bucks Agricultural Association, which took place on Wednesday, afforded the occasion, and the Achilles of Protection was not slow in taking advantage of it. The consequence is, that we have had a flood of magnificent sentences in the morning journals, and a filip has been given to the almost exhausted interest in Protectionist politics.

Flinging the common excuse to the winds, that agricultural association meetings are not the proper place for political discussion, Mr. Disraeli, after a long preface, gave a lengthened statement of his views upon the "situation" of the agricultural interest. The whole of what he had to say upon the cause of the repeal of the Corn Laws, amounts to this; that the pretext for repealing those laws was wholly and solely the alleged inefficiency of the British farmer in energy, skill, and enterprise; whereas the contrary is the fact, seeing that British farmers produce more per acre than any others in the world; therefore, the Corn Laws ought not to have been abolished! He declared that Protection could not be brought back, unless it was proved to be for the interest of all classes; and that he did not feel compelled to sit still and behold the agricultural interest dilapidated, because only one remedy could be acknowledged. Passing to what he called the "general question,"

he stated that the reason why the British agriculturist could not compete with the foreigner was, that "he is subjected to a load of taxation, which overwhelms his energies, and curtails his enterprise." The economists had laid it down as a fundamental principle, that raw material ought not to be taxed; and he found that, while from all other raw material taxation had been taken off, upon the raw material of the agriculturist—the Land—it still remained. Local taxation was the burden they must cast down:—

"Now there is received from the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in local taxation the sum of £13,000,000 annually. When we complained urgently of this great assessment, it was said that the land must pay, that a good deal of it did not pay more than other classes of the community. The real property of the country bore a great deal of this burden, but that statement was denied as utterly erroneous. I find upon calculation, that of the £13,000,000 per annum received from this united class of property, £8,000,000 were contributed by the land of the United Kingdom. This is a general statement, which no one can contend against. Let me at once show you the consequence of that state of affairs. I will take the rental of the United Kingdom at £60,000,000 per annum. This is an excessive estimate; but I always wish to state the case rather against ourselves, because the reduction of rents in England and distress in Ireland have rendered this a very large estimate to make. We have pretty good evidence that the general income is about £240,000,000 per annum. To take a moderate estimate, we will take only the taxable income of the country—£60,000,000, or one-fourth of the general income. We will say, however, that it is only one-third. If only one-third of this contributes £8,000,000 of local taxation—a taxation now universally admitted for objects of general and permanent interest, it follows that two-thirds of that £8,000,000, or I will only say £6,000,000, must be borne by the land of the country. That appears to me to be an arithmetical proposition which no one can impugn. The land of the country, therefore, every year contributes to the advantage of the country and the maintenance of common and national objects £6,000,000 more than it ought."

He stated as a matter of fact, that the revenue of this country was formerly raised by securing a certain market to one important productive interest, and throwing the burden of taxation on and straining that interest in consequence. And then, he said, "the minute you withdrew the artificial assistance you gave to that interest, the moment you ceased to assure them of a certain market, you ought to have adapted your financial system to that change of affairs, and give them relief proportionate to the assistance you withdrew from them, or your restrictions upon the cultivation of the soil must seriously interfere with the profits of the farmer."

Of course the grievance of the malt tax did not pass unnoticed. Mr. Disraeli said he was not a man who took "hotheaded views of things." He thought that if the farmer had an assured market for corn, he ought not to complain of local taxation:—

"But look at the position of the British farmer at the present moment. You have Sir Robert Peel, and his successor, Lord John Russell, who, when speaking of the statements of agricultural distress brought forward, said they would always recommend the British farmer not to trust too much to his wheat crop. But while you tell him no longer to produce wheat, you maintain those laws which restrict the employment of his capital in the production of barley, and if he asks you to give him relief, you tell him it is not fair to the consumer—(laughter); but on all other subjects the interests of the consumer are now winked at. Who can deny that the law raises two-thirds of the inland revenue of this country from the crop of the British farmer by a restriction on his crops? But who can suppose that, if the present state of affairs had always existed, the duty upon barley would ever have existed? When that restriction was imposed, the agricultural interest of the country had an assured market and could bear their burdens. The assured market has been withdrawn, and the burdens ought to be withdrawn also."

As to the future policy of the party Mr. Disraeli has pointed out nothing very novel, but he has sketched the course to be pursued in a striking fashion. He assumes that the objection to taking off the local burdens, land-tax and malt-tax, will be met by the cry of a deficit; and he meets this objection in the usual manner, by asserting that it is for the men in power to devise an arrangement.

"I believe that we have a case for the country; if we can ask for relief on the principle which our antagonists are promulgating; if we can show that we are subject to an unequal taxation; if we can show that we are subject to injurious restrictions; if we can show that we are encountering this unequal taxation and unjust restriction, under the pressure of distress which no other class of the community experiences; then it is for our opponents to devise terms of arrangement. I think it most unwise in the landed interest—and when I say the landed interest I mean the farmer as much as the proprietor, for I make no difference—they are partners in the great agricultural firm, I say that it is a most unwise thing for the agricultural interest to go to any Government and say, 'We are suffering; give us a fixed duty; give us a sliding scale, and cure our suffering.' Our business is to say, 'We are suffering, and you admit it. The cause of it is excess of taxation, which our energies cannot endure. We have restrictions on our industry under which no industry can prosper. We call upon you to give us

justice, and to place us upon the same level as our fellow citizens.'"

And if "any Government" will not do this, then it is for the country party to consider whether they can longer endure the burdens, without such concessions as will give them what they want—"political justice" and "financial equity."

Mr. Disraeli's peroration nobody will dispute:—if the agricultural interest unite, show that its case is founded on justice, and can be supported by argument, then they will "gain the sympathies of all classes of a country where justice has ever been esteemed and reason has ever been honoured."

CONTINENTAL NOTES.

The decline of Bonapartism, in spite of all the efforts of the faction in power to render the Republic odious, to debase all the creatures of authority, and to suppress all independent thought, opinion, and action, is strikingly manifest even in the very departments where the name of the Emperor was most fanatically worshipped in December '48. It is the just and fitting punishment of the man who, raised to power by a people's enthusiasm, has forsworn all promises, falsified all hopes, disappointed all expectations. A statistical article in the *National* proves irrefutably on what a baseless fabric the popularity of M. Bonaparte has been reared, and how vain the illusions created by the votes of some eighty *Councils General*, who represent absolutely nothing but their own personal interests and passions, except it be extinct privileges and impossible restorations. Not one-fifth of the adhesions which the 10th of December, '48, spontaneously recorded, have been obtained for the "Prorogation," though all the force, all the corruption, all the influence of the central Government, all the subserviency of an army of creatures from the *préfet* to the *garde champêtre*, have been indecently set in motion to further the cause of illegality and of agitation.

There was a time, says the *République*, when the reactionary party threatened the revolution with the force of opinion in the Departments. It was under this idea of intimidation that the present *Councils General* (whose powers are now legally expired) were elected. But the votes of the 13th of May, '49, and more recent events have destroyed this illusion.

But eighty of these precious *Councils General* have voted for the revision: and though they exist only by virtue of a provisional decree of the Assembly, they are said to represent France. They denounce the Republic. What substitute do they propose? An Orleanist restoration? But there is not the faintest trace of such an appeal in any of their deliberations. Do they call for a prolongation of M. Bonaparte's term of office, or the Empire, or a military coup d'état? Certainly there were votes that may be construed in this sense. How many? Five. Do they, in the name of France, beseech Henry V. to return to his repentant people, as a living Panacea to all ills? A respectable minority of three have only served to mark the division of the Legitimists, whilst the majority confess that their time is not yet come! What then do the seventy *Councils General*, who in voting for revision have not given us the "which," or the "what," so anxiously desire? They do not know themselves; they dare not speak their minds; but we may be allowed to conclude that the result of these votes of the "Party of Order" is mere hostility to a régime which they once saluted with acclamations, mere illegality, mere anarchy. If they are so sure of a majority at the next general election, why do they not calmly await '52? But they speak, and write, and act like children who shout in the dark to hide their fear; they bluster, they threaten, they conspire, carried about by every wind of faction and intrigue; to-day Orleano-Legitimist, to-morrow Legitimo-Bonapartist Fusionists; but always under the *Aegis* of the thrones to which they pander, and of the Priests, whose usurpations they at once employ and condemn.

We read of ten or twelve of the incorrigible Burgraves who have betrayed or ruined every power they have served, meeting at Champlatreux, the seat of Count Molé, and constructing a Provisional Bonapartist alliance, for making the "prorogation" an easy transition to Monarchy. But the shameless apostacies of these intriguers, the effrontery of their self-contradictions, have disabused the public mind of France. The contrast of the Constitutional and Republican party, calm, patient, resolved, throws out into stronger relief the real agitators and anarchists. The country, divided by monarchical ambitions, looks calmly to the way of escape; and the Republic has the inestimable advantage of being the citadel of legality, and the only *pacific* solution of the approaching crisis.

M. Léon Faucher, that model of official probity and veracity, suspends and revokes by the *secre* mayors who have the misfortune, or the bad taste, not to disavow their convictions; and as these arbitrary ministerial acts are generally followed by the resignations of many who refuse to sell their conscience, or to

sanction the treacheries of the Government, a perfect anarchy exists in the provincial and municipal administrations. The Franco-German Plot has died a natural death; nearly all the arrested prisoners have been released; but the purpose has been served, and the Despotisms are satisfied. The political trials at Agen, a sort of branch of the trials of Lyons, have resulted in the acquittal of the principals. M. Lesseps had never been at Lyons, and had not corresponded with that city for three years. Not a vestige of the "plot of May and June, 1850," was discovered; but the accused had suffered a preventive imprisonment of nine months, separated from their families and their professions on a mere suspicion, or rather because the Government chose to suspect, in order to ruin them. But observe the fatal blindness of the Government: these trials excite a wide sensation; the brilliant speeches of the Republican advocates are reported with comments; their reception during the trials is an ovation to the proscribed cause.

The sentence of young François Hugo for his article in the *Événement* on the avowal of the *Constitutionnel* that the Ministry of the Republic had done an act of "international loyalty" in arresting the poor German workmen, and driving them from the refuge of French hospitality, has made a deep and painful impression on all parties. The Moderate press deems the sentence excessively severe, the Reactionist journals are silent—nine months' imprisonment, and 3000 francs' fine, and the suspension of the journal for one month! The following remarks of the correspondent of a morning journal tell the story well:—

"The two sons of Victor Hugo are now in prison. Their property is destroyed, for the suspension of a newspaper for a month is destruction—not, indeed, in the coarse way of breaking presses, as in the old times of rude, honest violence, but according to the refined hypocrisy of advanced civilization. That is to say, by a gentle word, which the daintiest lips might utter, covering an act of which barbarism would probably be ashamed. While the Court was pronouncing this sentence, the President of the Republic was decorating with the Grand Cross of a Commander of the Legion of Honour the ex-editor of the *Courrier Français*, of the *Siècle*, and many other journals in their time which did the work of undermining the monarchy. The decoration has certainly been fairly earned by atoning acts; but the Minister, with his blushing honours thick upon him, might suggest the exercise of a little mercy towards two young men, of respectively twenty-one and twenty-two years of age, sons of a man whose literary works have conferred as much honour at least on France as those of any member of the Government."

The *Presse* says:—

"M. Victor Hugo has only two sons; justice will take both of them from him; the elder has preceded his brother by a month in the prison of the Conciergerie; they had the same cradle, and will share the same dungeon. M. Paul Meurice will join M. Paradis. The *Événement* will then have four of its editors in prison! Where will the Government stop in this path? It will not stop—it cannot. The *Réforme* has been condemned; the *Peuple* has been condemned; the *Vote Universel* has been condemned; the *Presse* has been condemned; the *Siècle* has been condemned; the *Republique* has been condemned; the *Charivari* has been condemned; the *Opinion Publique* has been condemned; the *Assemblée Nationale* only escaped condemnation by submission. And then came the turn of the *National*, of the *Ordre*, of the *Gazette de France*, of the *Journal des Débats*, and of the *Union*. Although glorified at present by the public prosecutor, the *Constitutionnel* would strangely deceive itself if it were to flatter itself that it will escape the attacks of compression. Compression is a ball which rolls down an inclined plane. It is not journals which are prosecuted, but the liberty of the press. The journals which now applaud or are silent will find this, but it will then be too late. Two years ago I warned them that what characterizes limited liberty is unlimited arbitrary power. Fortunately I alone have not the gift of prophecy; it belongs in a not less degree to M. L. N. Bonaparte. He wrote in 1834:—'Selfishness and fear are the passions of the epoch. But there will be a morrow, of which the aurora will be as brilliant as the night was dark and cloudy.' In a short time we shall be obliged to employ as extracts from inviolable writers what we dare not write ourselves. Such is the state in which the liberty of the press stands in France on the 15th of September, 1851."

The *Presse* contains a remarkable document from the pen of the Marquis de Jouffroy, a legitimist, formerly secretary at the congress of Verona, and now editor of the *Europe Monarchique*, a Brussels paper, which exposes completely the failure of the negotiations undertaken since the revolution of February, for the fusion of the two branches.

The close alliance of French reaction with German despotism, is made evident by the same oppressions at Paris, Berlin, and Vienna. Here we have a peep into Vienna and to the liberty of the press in that happy capital:—

"Saphir, the well-known Viennese humourist, was arrested some days ago for writing a funny article on the recent ordinances abolishing the Constitution. He has already been tried and sentenced to three months' imprisonment and three months' suspension of his journal, the *Humorist*. The whole press of Austria is, in fact, ruled with a rod of iron. No journal ventures to remark upon the internal Government and its measures.

The papers contain merely extracts from Austrian 'blue books,' feuilletons, and an occasional article on foreign matters. Correspondents of foreign newspapers are watched most closely, and should any one known to the police write the slightest word offensive to the Government, he is immediately pounced upon, and, if a stranger, expelled, or if not, locked up for such a period as the police pleases. The form of trial for such cases is a humbug. Not very long ago a gentleman in the Government employment was dismissed from his post on the mere suspicion of his being the correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette*. There are hosts of cases of a similar nature—enough to fill your broadsheet. The censorship abolished in 1848 has been revived, and is practised with greater severity than before. In fact, liberty of opinion is crushed entirely; so far as its expression in the press is concerned; while the Government would most assuredly punish all who venture to think freely, could a police be invented for discovering men's thoughts. So terrible is the absolute power of the Austrian Government, and the means it employs to maintain it, that mutual confidence on political subjects is avoided by all but the most intimate friends. Men fear one another, speak in whispers when with a friend, and even then a bystander can detect the furtive glances of the eye, watching whether they are observed or likely to be overheard. The cafés and restaurants abound with police spies, and no one is safe. A more terrible state of society can hardly be imagined, especially in a city like Vienna, where domestic life is a thing hardly known, every one dining and supping in places of public resort."

The commercial treaty of Hanover and Prussia, which consists in the free absorption of the *Steuerverein* in the *Zollverein*, is the most important fact in Prussian affairs. It is considered to be a triumph to the free-trade party in Germany, since the restrictive tariff of the *Zollverein* must be reduced very much to coincide with the liberal tariff of the *Steuerverein*. The *Chronicle* has the following most apposite "reservations" on the subject of this move on the part of Prussia, which is the only redeeming fact in her more recent developments:—

"We are not, indeed, of the number of those who believe that commercial legislation will supply a panacea for the evils of Germany. Valuable as is a sound industrial policy, it is no substitute for the maintenance of constitutional rights, and for the development of the political energies of a people. Free-trade itself would be a poor compensation for the loss of the Bill of Rights. Nor do we conceive that the people of Germany will be satisfied with a Government whose highest achievement, in a time of political difficulty, is an adjustment of material interests. We know not whether the North Germans are more or less avaricious than the rest of the world; but it is difficult to imagine a whole people so penetrated with the esprit *boutiquier* as to find, in the mere extension of trade, a consolation for abject political slavery. It is certainly wiser and better to secure by legitimate means the extension of internal commerce than to disturb the peace of the Confederation by schemes of Prussian aggrandisement; but, after all, the first want of Germany is Constitutional Government in its several States. Until Prussia, which has both the means and the opportunity of establishing a representative Government, sets an example of political freedom to the Confederation, we must moderate our eulogies on her commercial reforms; and whilst we recognize the usefulness of the extension of the *Zollverein*—involving, perhaps, some sacrifice on her part—we must not forget the grievous sins of omission of which her rulers are guilty."

In an official letter to his "dear Prince Schwarzenberg," the young Autocrat of Austria, "in order to relieve the finances of the state" (in other words, to right a ship on her beamends and waterlogged), has "judged it advisable to charge expressly his Government to introduce as much economy as possible into every branch of the public service, and to send to him whatever propositions may seem necessary for that purpose." Such is the form of endorsement by your juvenile Imperial spendthrift to his Promissory Notes! Will the financiers accept it? Thus Franz Joseph baits his hook for subscribers to his loan! But will they not do well to inquire into the resources of this expensive young man,—his way of life, the company he keeps, and the probable chances of his ever being able or willing to pay his annually increasing debts! He has exasperated every province of a divided empire. His capital is in a state of siege. He has a colossal army in the field which is the only instrument of a paternal Government, he not only cannot reduce, but must inevitably increase. Bankruptcy, it is well-known, has ever been, from the days of Louis XIV. until now, one of the chief articles of the catechism of Kings. The word of a King is as good as his bond: the question is whether the bond is not as good as a King's word, and no better! Subscribe! Subscribe!

General Narvaez is expected to return to Spain in next October.

Great preparations are making at Madrid for the deeply interesting advent of a young prince. This is truly "counting chickens," &c.: for it is whispered that the last expectation of this kind was not prevented by a mishap as officially announced, but was a false alarm altogether!

In Portugal, the Duke of Terceira is aping the tactics of the "great Party of Order." In his electioneering programme he says—"As it is highly essential to the general welfare to promote by all

legal means (i. e., by intrigue and corruption) the principles which are the fundamental bases of the throne, the charter, and order, the representatives of the ideas which are herein symbolized, have unanimously resolved, in imitation of the *Conservative party all over the civilized world*," &c. &c. These "fundamental bases of the throne" are, we remember, the key-note of the High Cabinet letters of Austria. The rest is a pale copy of the jargon of the French Reaction. It is clear that Marshal Saldanha must make way for the advanced guard of his party. Here, as elsewhere, constitutional fictions are used up—Democracy or Despotism.

The King of Prussia is about to take another step downwards. He finds a citizen army too patriotic, too fond of merging the throne in the country: whereas *Monarchy is a principle, not a country*. Accordingly the present constitution of the army is to be fundamentally changed. The Landwehr is to be abolished; the troops are to be blind and unthinking mercenaries, quartered on the citizens, not to defend the frontiers, but to make a royal road for Nicholas.

The fundamental rights of the German People have, it seems, been finally voted away by a section of that galvanized corpse of a Frankfort Diet. So much the better. Between the Thrones and the Peoples let there be a clear stage and no favour.

The *Milan Gazette* announces officially the arrival of the Emperor for the 14th at Verona. The municipality of Milan has charged a deputation to go and invite the Emperor to visit that city. But it seems decided that his Majesty will take up his residence at Verona and Monza, passing through the Lombard capital to repair to the manœuvres of Somma. Grand fêtes are to be given upon this occasion. The King of Naples is to be lodged at the palace of the Viceroy; the Grand Duke of Tuscany, at the palace Archiato; the Duke of Modena, at the palace Belgioioso; the Duke of Parma, at the palace Litta Modigliani. The Pope is to be represented by the Prince Altici; and the Kings of Wurtemberg and Bavaria are expected. The Emperor is to return to Vienna on the 5th of October.

The *Milan Official Gazette* of the 8th instant announces, under date Naples the 27th ultimo, that the King had instituted a commission for the reform of prisons within his dominions, and that, in his anxiety that the truth should be known, his Majesty had requested the members of the *corps diplomatique* to join in the labours of the commission, and visit with them the different prisons of the kingdom.

As a "pendant" to this last piece of news, which may seem a fit of mercy in King Bomba, the *Croce di Savoia* of the 10th instant states that forty-six political prisoners had been tried in Naples and condemned to death. Among them were ten ex-deputies, two ex-Ministers, one ambassador, and two clergymen. It was hoped, however, that the King would commute their penalty.

Taking a sweep northwards, we read that the twenty-fifth anniversary of the coronation of the Emperor of All the Russias was celebrated on the 5th instant throughout the whole empire. Notabilities from all the provinces assembled at Moscow, where the Emperor and Empress had previously arrived, and where considerable military forces had been concentrated under the orders of Prince Paskiewitch. And from Poland we learn how the anniversary was celebrated at Warsaw.

At the beginning of the last month about forty political prisoners, many of whom had been for several years groaning in the dungeons of the citadel of Warsaw, were at last sentenced by court-martial. The expected arrival of Nicholas in Warsaw filled the hearts of the unfortunate prisoners with the hope that, at least on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Emperor's reign, the fate of the poor victims would be mitigated. Vain hope! For on the 20th of July last the inhabitants of Warsaw were horror-stricken at the horrible torture of three of the sentenced men. They were driven between two rows of soldiers armed with sticks, one of whom received one thousand, the other fifteen hundred, and third two thousand blows. The latter, after one thousand blows, fell senseless to the ground, whereupon he was thrown on a low cart, and received the remaining one thousand blows. There were, besides, more than thirty prisoners, amongst whom several refugees, who, having trusted to the so-called Imperial amnesty, have been sent, some to the mines of Nerchinsk, others to people Siberia. A great number of prisoners are still awaiting their sentence. No mercy is shown to those Poles, especially, who took an active part in the last war of Hungary. What a pity that the British Consul in Warsaw is not another Gladstone!

In the *Gazette of Northern Germany* we read the following:—"In all parts of Russian Poland the levy of recruits is enormous. It is believed that the Government is making preparations for the probable eventualities of 1852. They say that the interested powers have already concocted a plan for the concentration of the coalesced armies, and for the distribution of the forms of operation."

UNREPORTED INCIDENTS OF A LATE ROYAL TOUR.

In royal progresses it is not often that these unwearied gatherers of inconsiderate trifles, commonly called "gentlemen of the press," leave anything unrecorded. One or two incidents, however, of a somewhat significant character, have escaped these lynx-eyed historians.

In the course of his late tour, the King of Prussia stopped at Stergard. The burgomaster and other civic authorities were in waiting at the railway station, and respectfully invited the King to breakfast. To the astonishment of the worthy citizens, his Majesty opened his paternal mouth and spoke thus:—

"I will eat nothing here; I will drink nothing here. I hate Stergard. I would not have come at all, had it not been that the railway passed here. Stergard has shown in the year 1848 that it indulges in the most revolutionary, in the most subversive tendencies."

His Majesty having paused to breathe, Mr. Burgomaster ventured to remark that the good town of Stergard had no doubt been very agitated in that remarkable year, but by no means so much agitated as the enlightened city, the residence of his Majesty, where things did not pass off with a merely bloodless agitation. The King, in a very excited tone, replied:—

"The officials of Stergard encouraged the revolutionary efforts, and the loyal people were obliged to withdraw from the scene of action, and even to hide themselves."

The Burgomaster was about to offer some reply, when the King started up in a violent passion, clenched his royal fist, and was proceeding to clench the argument on the unlucky burgomaster's head, when the Minister Manteuffel and the King's adjutant interposed, seized his Majesty's arm, and spoiled a very nice little exhibition of royal pugilism. Tradition says that Frederick the Great was wont to chastise offending captains of grenadiers with his cane. The grandson of the philosopher no doubt imagined that he had a right divine to thrash a mayor.

Throughout the whole of the late journey the King was in an extraordinary state of excitement. His Majesty was in a lovely frame of mind at Stettin. The police had ordered the people to rejoice for the royal visit by the display of flags, and the other tokens of civic enthusiasm usual when mighty potentates condescend to travel. The Stettin burghesses displayed their exceeding loyalty and great joy, as desired. A blacksmith, thinking to give a stronger proof of loyalty than his neighbours, displayed along with the Prussian flag, the flag of Germany, with its black, red, and golden colours. The honest fellow very likely thought of that memorable day in March, 1848, when the King, after the bloody massacre of the citizens of Berlin, rode through the streets with the German flag in his hand, loudly exclaiming that he had placed himself at the head of the German movement, and that thenceforth Prussia would lose itself in Germany. Be that as it may, this loyal son of Vulcan hung out the German flag.

When the King passed and observed this disagreeable reminiscence of broken faith, he fell into a violent rage, asked who had the impudence to display that flag, and ordered a gendarme to enter the house and remove it instantly. "If any one," said the King to the policeman, "refuses to remove it, you must use the force of arms against him." When the King heard that this black, red, and gold criminal was a blacksmith employed in the Prussian marine, working himself up to a towering passion he roared out, "I will have no insurrectionists—I will have no revolutionists in my pay," and ordered the poor fellow to be instantly discharged. This order was of course immediately executed.

These two facts show that the King of Prussia is not only in that state of chronic intoxication in which he has lived for a long time, but has already reached the stage of illness which medical men call *dolirium tremens*; that is to say, the intermediate state between the enthusiasm of the opium-eater and complete madness. Late events have operated thus on the muddled intellect of his Majesty, and have given to his ordinary hallucinations the wilfulness of a Persian Satrap. For only a Mahomedan Chieftain, ruling with the sword over a barbarous people, could act as this "Protestant King" has acted, over a people perhaps the most intellectual in the world. "Whom the gods," says Tacitus, "wish to ruin, they first strike mad." This is not only morally true of German despotism in general, but literally and physically true in the individual case of the King of Prussia.

LIBERATION OF KOSSUTH.

A letter from Malta, dated the 12th of September, says:—

"By the French steamer which arrived yesterday from Constantinople we have received the welcome intelligence of the liberation of Kossuth and his gallant companions from Kutajah on the 1st instant. The Mississippi had arrived safely at Constantinople.

Its cabins were fitted up in the most elegant manner, so as to accommodate Kossuth, his family, and all his party. A Turkish steamer was to leave at once for Giemeleck to take them on board and to convey them to the Dardanelles, where the Mississippi was to be in readiness to receive them. Nothing could exceed the kindness, the attentions of the Turkish Government. The Pacha of Broussa, in accordance with orders forwarded to him from Constantinople, sent no less than fifty carriages to convey the exiles to the point of their embarkation. Among those mentioned as likely to accompany Kossuth, we find the well-known names of the two Perczels, of Vissowski, a general, and of Asboth. His secretary and physician will also go with him. Count Batthiany's movements are uncertain. His state of health is such that he is anxious to get to Paris, in order to consult some of the French faculty. The Countess Batthiany has been using all her endeavours with the French ambassador to obtain permission for this change in his destination.

"By the Growler, which arrived this morning, we have heard that Kossuth and his companions were all safe on board of the Mississippi, and that she had left the Dardanelles with them on the 7th for America."

These are "glad tidings," indeed!

THE SARDINIAN WORKMEN AND THE FRIENDS OF ITALY.

A small document, but of no small importance, appeared under the leading columns in the *Times* of Tuesday: nothing less than an official copy of an address from the Sardinian Workmen in London "To the English Society of the Friends of Italy." It is a sufficient rebuke to those who assert that the desire for Italian "nationality" is not a household aspiration among the Italian People:—

"The Italian workmen who have come from the Sardinian States to admire the cosmopolitan industry exhibited in the magnificent Crystal Palace, erected by British genius for so noble a purpose, believe that they would neglect a sacred duty of gratitude if they quitted the shores of the Thames without addressing their warmest thanks to you, the friends of their unhappy country, oppressed by the stranger.

"We, who, thanks to our statute, enjoy the advantage of free institutions, are yet but divided by the Ticino from those brethren the cry of whose long martyrdom is first addressed to us. May the great British nation be impressed by you in favour of the unhappy Peninsula, so that in the approaching struggle of the people she may meet with the powerful support of British influence. May the blessing of that God rest upon you who has marked out with His almighty finger the boundaries of our nationality. That nationality, opposed to foreign invasion, and by him who impiously and tyrannically arrogates to himself the right of representing the God who is the Father of the peoples on earth, will arise more rapidly if it meet the sympathy of free nations, and more especially of yours.

"THE ITALIAN WORKMEN OF THE SARDINIAN STATES IN LONDON.

"September 8."

We find the following letter in the *Daily News* of yesterday:—

"Sir,—The detachment of forty-eight of the Italian working-men of the Sardinian States, which visited Manchester in the beginning of this week, have begged me to communicate on their part, through the press, the gratitude which they feel for the kindness with which they were received. They desire to express their thanks to the town of Manchester, and to its manufacturers, for the liberality with which the industrial treasures of the first manufacturing city of the world were freely opened to their inspection. To the mayor they feel especially indebted for having addressed them in a discourse which moved them by the ideas of industrial progress which it expressed, and by the suggestions of hope for their unhappy country, based upon the greater liberties of the Sardinian States, which it contained. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"DAVID MASSON, Secretary.

"Society of the Friends of Italy,
10, Southampton-street, Strand, September 18, 1851."

THE KAFIR WAR.

Sir Harry Smith's official despatches from the Cape were published in Tuesday's *Gazette*. The gist of the news they contain was given last week. We may, however, remark two points in Sir Harry's despatch. First, that the cessation of hostilities is uncertain; and, secondly, that he regards the incursions of the Kafirs into the colony as a sign that the war is near its termination; as, according to his experience, they have always made a rush into the colony previous to any final submission. In other respects the additional information in the published documents consists in details of the patrol among the Amatolas; and a good idea may be formed of that from Lieutenant Corrigan's letter.

Lieutenant Corrigan, of the Seventy-fourth Regiment, has written home to his father, Dr. Corrigan, of Dublin, a spirited account of one of the incidents of a patrol in the Amatolas. Extracts from the letter have appeared in the *Dublin Evening Post*, and we append the account as an interesting personal adventure, and a sketch of Cape warfare. The letter is dated "Koonape River, July 10, 1851":—

"We had a very severe action the morning we marched

into the Amatola Mountains on our patrol with some rebel Hottentots and Kafirs combined. We lost some men killed and wounded, but we gave the enemy a most satisfactory thrashing. We had eight men killed and seventeen wounded on our side, besides one of our officers, who was wounded in the arm (young Bruce), but he is getting on famously, and will be soon all right again. I will try and describe the fight to you, as I think it may interest you:—We marched into the Amatolas just as day was breaking, and halted on the top of one of the hills called the 'Little Amatola'; thence we could see right down into an immense valley underneath, which is called the 'Amatola Basin,' and where great numbers of Kafirs, in fact, almost all Sandilli's Kafirs, live. The sun rose just after we got to the top of the mountain, and such a magnificent sight I never saw. There was the 'Great Amatola Mountain' in front of us, and we saw the rays of the sun gilding the tops of the whole range one after another, until he mounted over the top of the mountain now before us, and threw a flood of light over everything in the valley. However, we were not given much time to admire the sunrise, for as the morning 'lightened up' we could see the Kafirs underneath us driving away their cattle, and we were ordered to descend into the basin and attack them. We had at this time a pretty strong force with us, consisting of ourselves, the Ninety-first Regiment, the Cape Mounted Rifles, and a number of Burghers. When we got into the basin we were obliged to separate, in order to surround the cattle. We went away to the left of the basin, and as soon as we got to the extreme left of it we found ourselves under a very steep craggy hill, on the top of which about 700 Kafirs and Hottentots had taken up a position. They immediately opened a good smart fire on us, and wounded one or two of our men. We had nothing for it but to go at the hill, which we did; and my company was thrown out in skirmishing order to cover the advance of the regiment. For the first four or five minutes, going up the hill, I expected every moment to get a bullet into me, for they were whistling about our ears, and knocking up the dust about our feet in a manner that was anything but pleasant. However, we drove the enemy back from the top of the hill, and we got to the top of it. On the top of the hill, and stretching away for about three miles behind it, was an immense wood, or rather bush, into which these Hottentots (who, you must know, are all splendid shots) and Kafirs had retired, and from the edge of which they kept up a fire on us. We then extended two more companies (which, with mine, made three) in skirmishing order, just under the crest of the hill, where we lay down. Orders were then given to us to lie still until we got the word from the colonel, when we were to jump up, rush over the crest of the hill and down to the wood (a distance of about sixty yards), and then to fire away at the enemy as soon as we were under cover. We lay there about five or six minutes, and, certainly, they appeared to us to be the longest five minutes we ever spent. There were about 250 of us extended along the ridge, lying down in some long grass and rushes; you could not see a single man; the firing on both sides had ceased, and we lay there waiting for the order to rush over the crest of the hill and into the bush. I could almost fancy that I heard my heart beating, and you could certainly have heard a pin drop, so great was the silence. At last, the colonel gave the word, 'Forward.' We all jumped up, rushed over the top of the hill, and away we went, 'helterskelter' down the other side, as hard as we could go. As soon as we got over the hill, and were about half-way down the other side, the enemy gave us a volley, which wounded three men and killed two more. However, we never stopped to fire, but gave one cheer and dashed into the bush. From this time the fight was exactly similar to one of those that Cooper describes in his novels as taking place between 'white hunters' on the prairies and the 'Indians.' When we got down to the edge of the bush we caught seven Hottentots in a sort of sawpit, which they had not time to get out of, thanks to our having run down the hill so fast. We killed them all in the pit. The fight was then kept up for about two hours in the bush, we all covering ourselves in long grass, behind trees, rocks, and everything that afforded any shelter. Our men skirmished splendidly, and we kept on advancing and driving the enemy back, every now and then coming on one of their dead bodies. I shot a Hottentot during this part of the fight. I was lying behind a log of wood, when I saw a fellow put his head up from behind a large stone, and then rise up on one knee and take a steady aim at one of our men, who was standing behind a tree, and whose side was exposed to him. Before he had time to pull the trigger I fired at him, and sent a rifle bullet through his head. He tossed his arms up in the air and fell dead immediately. I went up with some of our fellows after the fight to see him; the bullet had struck him just over the ear and gone through, so he must have died almost instantaneously.

THE INDIAN NEWS.

Letters and papers from India reached town on Thursday. They contain accounts of the discovery of a conspiracy to liberate the Dewan Moolraj. The plan was to fire the Arsenal at Calcutta, and in the confusion, overpower the guards, and carry off Moolraj in a boat. Disturbances continue in the Nizam's territory. Gholab Singh, it is said, has been beaten by the insurgent hill tribes.

Intelligence from China reports that the insurrection is spreading far and wide.

ADVENT OF BLOOMERISM.

But a few weeks ago, we heard of Mrs. Bloomer, who had adopted the short coat and trousers, and expressed her intention of persevering in the use of those garments, with feelings of curiosity and interest.

We certainly did not anticipate that the Bloomer idea of female costume would so soon cross the Atlantic and appear among the sombre-dressing folks of London. But it has; you, dear reader in full skirts and crinoline, may be shocked or surprised—but a lecture on Bloomerism by a Bloomer has actually been delivered at the John-street Institution, Fitzroy-square. Great numbers of both sexes attended; in fact, the hall and gallery were crowded.

At half-past eight, Mrs. Dexter, the lecturer, a lady about thirty-five years of age, made her appearance on the platform habited in the Bloomer costume. She was received with slight manifestations of applause. Her attire, which was wholly composed of black stain, consisted of a jacket ordinarily worn by ladies in walking dress, a skirt below that, scarcely reached down to the knee, and a pair of exceedingly wide trousers, tied at the ankle.

Mrs. Dexter entered at once upon her lecture; referring to the time of ball head-dresses and expanded hoops, by way of exordium, and concluding it by a wise denunciation of the "infernal contrivance of tight stays." She laid it down as a principle, that, providing any dress did no injury to health or offered an affront to modesty; a woman had a perfect right to adopt that dress. If her particular costume did neither, she demanded to be left at perfect liberty to consult her own taste in the matter of decoration, and her own feelings with regard to convenience and comfort. (*Applause.*)

"She had long felt the inconvenience arising from long petticoats; yet she never thought of adopting the Oriental costume until she learnt that one lady across the Atlantic had actually walked abroad in trousers, to the amusement of fastidious fault-finders. Let her remind her audience of a common exhibition, a lady's dress on a rainy day; it was a moving panorama, and really gave her more trouble than a baby. (*Laughter.*) If that was not a pitiable and ludicrous spectacle, she (Mrs. Dexter) was much mistaken. The long petticoats, too, were equally inconvenient in fine as in dirty weather. When a lady, on a beautiful summer's day, attired herself in a dress of rich material, she forgot that the pavement would be wiped with it as it trailed magnificently along, enveloped in clouds of dust. What, she would ask, prevented women enjoying the vigorous exercise of their limbs? Let ladies ask their wardrobes and they would find an answer. Women, from time immemorial, had been cheated out of many a sweet summer's ramble in the open country. Was not a woman able to get over a stile without the care and assistance of her husband or her lover. (*Laughter.*) There was elasticity enough in her constitution (*renewed laughter*); but she was the slave of the foolish and too general impression that there was something of vulgarity in the gentler sex depending on their own resources."

Returning again to the subject of tight-lacing she exclaimed—"Only conceive a Venus held up to the admiration of man supported by slips of whalebone." (*Laughter.*) Trousers, she said, were worn by Greeks, and short petticoats by the Italians. As to the charge of novelty,—why novelty was the sine qua non of fashion.

"Would it not be wiser to inquire whether a thing was meritorious or useful, leaving the question of novelty to idlers and simple folk? She would remind them that there were at the present time millions of women who had never seen any other female dress than trousers and short petticoats; so that their lords and masters in this country must not look on the new dress as an illegal encroachment. The women of Georgia, Circassia, the Burman empire—in a word, one half of the human race—had from time immemorial worn trousers; so that there would be no danger of her (Mrs. Dexter) standing a solitary monument of trousers. (*Laughter.*) She was quite sure there would be more difficulty in convincing the ladies that their errors in dress demanded reform than in convincing the gentlemen that it was their duty to persuade them to assent to the change. (*Laughter.*) She was also quite sure that such views as she desired to convey would be embraced only by those who had good hearts and happy dispositions. (*Hear, hear.*) The question in America was, what right had men to wear trousers at all? (*Great laughter.*) In China the men now wore petticoats and the women trousers. (*Renewed laughter.*) In the dress in which she was now endeavouring to enlist their interest there was nothing inconvenient, unbecoming, or unsightly. (*Cheers.*) Of its comfort she could speak from experience, and with regard to its appearance she would leave the audience to contrast it with its competitors. (*Hear, hear.*)

She vindicated the Bloomer costume from the charge of indelicacy, by a "tu quoque." Were ladies caught in a shower, and obliged to hold up their petticoats, particularly modest appearances? She said the dress she wore would soon cease to be singular:—

"She was the first who had dared publicly to call attention to it in this metropolis. She had, therefore, been subject to many jeers. A young man, for instance, unaware of her presence, had asked whether she would complete the outrage on masculine attire by appearing at the lecture in whiskers. (*A laugh.*) Another had offered to present her with a box of cigars. She thanked him; but she had no desire to commit an outrage on nature; she wished rather to strengthen than to debilitate her nerves. Through a foolish servility to the dictates of fashion, women had been deprived of choice in matters of dress, and in order to maintain their rights it had consequently become necessary to set on foot an agitation as active as any poli-

tical one. If ladies chose to wear long dresses indoors or in carriages, where they were protected from mud and mire, it was not her business to interfere. What she asked was, that she might not be subjected to annoyance or insulting remarks because she differed from those about her in matters of costume. From the male sex she had never been treated with insult when she had appeared in the reformed costume. On the contrary, they had ever received her with respect and dignified politeness (*A laugh.*) She could not say as much of her sex."

She called on men, in conclusion, as the natural protectors of women in time of need, to shield those of her sex who might follow her example in adopting the costume she then wore from gratuitous and vulgar insult.

Mrs. Dexter then withdrew, amid expressions of general applause, mingled with some faint laughter.

PAPAL AGGRESSION.

The "Lord Bishop of Shrewsbury" preached a charity sermon at the church of St. Werburgh, Birkenhead, the same having been publicly announced. Of course Protestants were duly shocked, and the law violated, whereat great wrath. Some of the particulars are interesting, as showing what humanity is still capable of in the way of priestly idolatry in the nineteenth century.

The church of St. Werburgh is one of unpretending character, but it was made on this occasion somewhat more attractive. The altar was decorated with flowers, and to the right there was a kind of canopy, or throne, intended for the reception of "the Lord Bishop of Shrewsbury." The service was principally conducted by three priests, in vestments of cloth of gold, who appeared to act as the chaplains to the bishop. "The Lord Bishop of Troy," whose presence was promised in the handbill, did not make his appearance, and his absence was accounted for by Mr. Brown, who, before the service commenced, stated that "the Lord Bishop of Troy was called to the South, and, consequently, could not be present as announced in the printed placard"; but his lordship, "their own bishop, would address them in the evening as well as the morning." The sermon preached by "the Lord Bishop" in the morning was a very plain discourse, entirely confined to the charitable object for which the ceremony was got up. The only noticeable feature was that the greatest devotion was paid to the "sacred person" of the bishop, whose hands were repeatedly kissed during the ceremony, by the officiating priests. On leaving the chapel many of the congregation, principally those of the poorer class, kneeled down and eagerly caught the garment of the "prelate," which they applied to their lips.

DR. CULLEN ON EDUCATION.

Roman Catholic views on education have received an official exposition from Dr. Cullen, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland. The document in which this is contained comes to us in the shape of a letter to Mr. Alderman Boylan of Drogheda, in reply to a letter from the Alderman relative to a discussion on education in the Drogheda corporation. Dr. Cullen was reported to be favourable to the "model school and the mixed system," because he patronised the national schools in his diocese; and upon this point Alderman Boylan wished to be enlightened.

Dr. Cullen prefaces his reply with some observations denying the charge that the Catholics are opposed to education:—

"Before I enter into the subject of your communication, allow me to assure you that I do not yield to any one in a sincere desire to see our people well instructed. You and every true Catholic feel as I do, and our feelings are quite in accordance with the spirit of the Catholic Church. She has been the instructress and civiliser of all the nations of the earth; every noble and useful institution that we possess has originated with her; and to her are due the preservation of the arts and sciences in ages of darkness, and their revival and diffusion at a later period. The man who accuses the Catholic Church of promoting or patronising ignorance, or of being hostile to the improvement of the mind, either does not know her history, or wilfully misrepresents it. There is, indeed, a sort of knowledge not encouraged by our Church, a knowledge without religion, which, as the Apostle St. Paul says, puffeth up, and is described by St. James as earthly, sensual, devilish. The effects of knowledge of this kind can be easily traced in the history of Europe during the last eighty years. Its fruits have been sedition, rebellion, immorality, impiety, or, at least, an indifference to every sort of religion. Within the last twenty years the occupier of the throne in France and his ministers became its patrons in their university system, and, though that system was altogether under their control, yet they fell victims to the wicked spirit which their favoured godless education called into existence and nurtured. 'Et nunc reges intelligite, erudimini qui iudicatis terram.' (B. 2.)"

In explanation he asserts, that Catholics cannot sanction any system of education "opposed or dangerous to the Catholic faith;" that what is called mixed education is dangerous to that faith, being found pernicious and "well calculated to sow the seeds of indifferentism." Protestants, he writes, act upon these principles, giving their children an edu-

cation purely Protestant and anti-catholic; never sending them to Catholic schools, and setting a higher value on Protestantism than on its doctrines. He then asks, what are the Catholic doctrines, about which true Catholics are very anxious? and replies:—

"We believe that if any one wilfully denies, or even calls into doubt, one single article of our faith, he ceases to be a member of the true Church, and must be regarded as out of the way of salvation."

He stigmatises all Catholics who send their children to the mixed schools in which there is "no mixture of Catholicity"; and he explains, that he patronises the national schools in his own diocese, because they are not mixed schools; the managers, the teachers, the children, and the spirit of the schools being Catholic. He points out a second class where Catholics do not attend, and a third class, which he condemns:—

"There is a third class of national schools under the control of proselytising parsons, or agents of bigoted enemies of our faith, in which, though the masters are Protestant, and the teaching and spirit Protestant, yet Catholic children, by promises or threats, are induced to attend. Such schools I consider most dangerous. There is no protection in them for the faith of Catholic children. The parents, indeed, may object to the teaching of Protestant doctrines, and make their representations to the board. But this is in reality no protection, when the parents are dependent on the patrons or managers of the schools. It would be necessary to say a great deal about this branch of the national system. I shall for the present limit myself to observe that it is most unjust to tax a Catholic population for the support of schools of this kind that have been, or may be made an engine for undermining their faith. It is to be regretted that the original rules of the national board have been modified in a manner to favour such schools that may be made nurseries of proselytism."

Of the model school he thinks it not necessary to speak much. He delivers a wholesale sentence on these schools, in which Protestant, Presbyterian, and Catholic teachers instruct children of every denomination, and over which Catholics have no control.

"The whole system tends to inspire children with the absurd idea that all religions are equally good, and is thus hostile to truth, which is one and exclusive in its nature. The system also is directed to throw the education of a Catholic population into the hands of a Protestant Government, or at least of a commission appointed by the Protestant ministers of the day. Ought Catholics, or can they, conscientiously take an active part in establishing such schools?"

The remainder of the letter is devoted to a reply to a possible objection to his opinions on these important points. It will be argued, he says, that we live in times of great liberality, and that no teacher will interfere with the religious doctrines of his pupils. But, he replies, is it not a fact borne out by experience, that the most liberal of Ministers, Lord John Russell to wit, are oftenest most hostile to the Catholic religion, writing Durham letters, demanding penal enactments, displaying great bigotry, and treating its rites and practices as the mummeries of superstition? Trinity College does not escape. Its effects are evil in the eyes of Dr. Cullen:—"The example of those in office, the sneers of companions, the spirit of the place, the atmosphere itself, produce their effect, and many young either become open apostates from the faith of their fathers, or, at least, lose the spirit of their religion, and abandon its practices and observances." And he sweepingly concludes that the same effects will probably be produced in the model school when mixed education is fully developed in them.

As a pendant to this, we give the following from the Irish correspondent of the *Times*. The guardians of the Newry Poor Law Union have, by a majority of 23 to 13, negatived a motion for placing the schools under the Board of National Education. As far as can be judged by names, the minority was composed for the greater part of Roman Catholics, and the majority almost exclusively of Protestants, the latter resting their opposition on the threadbare argument of mutilated Scriptures, unholy tampering with the Word, and so forth. The gentleman who brought the question under consideration, prefaced the motion with a sensible speech, in the course of which he observed:—

"I do not care about Dr. Cullen or any one else; what any one else may do is nothing to me. If they fancy they can put down the national system of education, I say they cannot do it; I defy them. (*Hear, hear.*) Dr. Beresford and Dr. Cullen may issue their pronouncements against the schools, but they will be in vain; for the whole mass of the people is in favour of them. Dr. Cullen has not been long enough here to understand the question, which is simply a question of fair play and justice. Under the national system we have peace, order, and quietness; but if we had it not, we should have broils and disturbances in our schools eternally, in consequence of people interfering with the children and going about distributing tracts among them. All the great and wise men in the country are in favour of the national system of education—such, for instance, as Dr. Townsend, Bishop of Meath, who is a warm advocate of it. The Lord Primate and Dr. Cullen must eventually come round. Dr. Cooke and the General Assembly, who were formerly opposed to the national system, had to come round, and the others must do so in the end. The

most learned and intellectual men in the country are in favour of the national board. Dr. Whately Archbishop of Dublin, the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and nearly all the nobility—certainly all the Catholic nobility—and gentry of the country, are for it. Remember, it makes no difference what Government is in power, for every Government, both Whig and Tory, will support the Board of Education. Lord Stanley, who originated and founded it, would support it if he were in power tomorrow. Therefore you may as well hold your tongues, the half of you." ("Hear, hear," and laughter.)

The first of a series of meetings of the congregationalists of Lancashire, Yorkshire, Cheshire, and Derbyshire, favouring the promotion of education through the influence of voluntary effort, was held at Manchester on Tuesday evening, in the school-room of the Reverend Dr. Halley's chapel, Cavendish-street. There was a good attendance. The opinions broached were those of pure and extreme voluntarism. The Reverend G. W. Condor thought the prevailing agitation for extended education savoured more of quackery than earnestness. Education without religion was inadmissible. The people had no right to education. If they could not get it without having recourse to the State, they ought not to have it at all.

On Wednesday morning a conference was held. The chief fact we can gather is, that a want of money to carry out the objects of the Congregational Board was felt. Some pounds were subscribed at once.

LINCOLN PENITENT FEMALES' HOME.

The Earl of Yarborough presided over a public meeting, held on Monday week, in the Town-hall at Grimsby, in behalf of the "Lincoln and Lincolnshire Penitent Females' Home." The noble lord is president of the society. Ministers of every denomination attended the meeting, which was full and respectable. The institution owed its origin to the suicide of an unfortunate girl at Lincoln. In seconding one of the resolutions, the Reverend Edmund R. Larken, honorary secretary of the society, gave a detailed account of the rise and progress of the society, its operations in the small and inconvenient Home formerly rented in Lincoln, and the erection of the present spacious and commodious Home:—

"The number of inmates admitted from the commencement was seventy-one, from various parts of the county, for the advantages of the institution were not confined to Lincoln. Of these, one had married respectably, fifteen had been provided with situations and were giving great satisfaction, and six had been restored to their friends. One had died in the Home, two had been transferred to the Union, and twenty-six were at present under the society's care. They were under the charge of a matron and sub-matron, and a committee of ladies, one of whom visited the institution daily. Their instruction was attended to, with especial reference to their religious and moral improvement; and they were industriously employed in needlework and washing—their earnings in three years and a half having amounted to £360. It was the wish of the society that the inmates should consider themselves as constituting a family; accordingly they engaged, under the matron's direction, in domestic worship twice a day. They were visited on alternate Saturdays by the Reverend J. Craps, Baptist minister of Lincoln, and by himself, when they read the Scriptures and engaged in prayer. If illness, or any other cause, led an inmate to request the extraordinary attendance of his coadjutor or himself, it was given; or she might receive the instructions and consolations of the minister of the religious denomination to which she might belong. On Sunday mornings, such of the females as were able, attended divine worship in his parish church of Burton; wherein he had, on several occasions, witnessed their reverential and devout attendance on the communion. On the Sunday evening, they were visited by a member of the ladies' committee, who joined with them in Scriptural and devotional exercises. The greatest harmony had prevailed throughout among all concerned in the management of the Home; no proselytism had been attempted, but all had united cordially in the one effort to reform the vicious and restore the lost. Their necessities were still great; from three to four hundred pounds were still required to set them in a position to carry out their object successfully; but he trusted that the efforts and contributions of the charitable would meet their requirements, and that the blessing offered by the Home would be extended to every unhappy creature who might desire to avail herself of them."

BICESTER RAILWAY ACCIDENT—IMPORTANT VERDICT.

The jury met again on Monday, and re-examined several of the principal witnesses as to the cause of the accident. The opinion of Mr. Bruyeres, that the line was essentially a double line at Bicester, and not a main line and a siding, was opposed by the opinion of Mr. Bruin and Mr. Dockray, who thought it was a siding. This remains, therefore, a matter of opinion; but it is important: a siding is used on single lines for the purpose of shifting one train out of the way of another. If there is no double line at Bicester, of course an engine, who is not ordered or clearly signalled to stop, would not go on to the siding. The Coroner very ably summed up the evidence; but the string of remarks which the jury appended to their verdict render any account of it unnecessary. After deliberating for almost an hour and a half, the foreman of the jury announced their

verdict to be—"That the deceased died from accidental causes;" and stated that the jury desired him to append special observations to that verdict, which he then read as follows:—

"The jury consider that, in closing their investigation as to the cause of the melancholy catastrophe which has been attended with such fatal results, they are called upon, as well in regard to the distressed feelings of the relatives of the deceased as of those unfortunate sufferers who have survived the accident, and also in justice to the public at large, to record some special observations with reference to the events preceding the occurrence and attendant upon it, but further with reference to the future traffic of the Bucks Railway.

"The jury find that the railway upon which the lamentable event occurred is a branch line from the London and North-Western Railway, diverging at Bletchley to Oxford through Bicester, and that from Steeple Claydon to Oxford is a single line only.

"The jury find that the train to which the accident occurred was not only an excursion train advertised by public notice for passengers to leave London on Saturday and to return on the following Monday, but it also formed a return excursion train for passengers who had left Oxford for London on the previous Monday, as well as for those who had left Oxford and Bicester on the previous Tuesday.

"The jury find that the notices to the public of these excursion trains were imperfectly and vaguely drawn, for, while the company's officers at Bicester construed them to mean that the Saturday's excursion train from London to Oxford was to call at Bicester, the officers at Bletchley construed them to mean that they should not stop at Bletchley but go through to Oxford; and the jury consider that both of those constructions might be fairly adopted without the imputation of any neglect of duty on their part as arising from such cause.

"The jury find that the company's servants at Bicester were prepared for the train to stop there for the Bicester passengers to alight, but that the engineman in charge of the train acted upon the belief that he was to go through to Oxford without stopping at Bicester; and that such a misunderstanding had a tendency to produce confusion in the arrangements, and required more than ordinary vigilance to be paid to the points and signals; and the jury consider that there was a want of adequate instruction to the guards from their superior officers as to the stoppage of the train to be consistent with the public safety.

"The jury find that, although there is much discrepancy in the evidence before them as to the speed at which the train was travelling when it reached the junction point at Bicester, yet the engineman admits that he was going at a greater speed than he would have done had he known that he was to stop at Bicester. It appears, therefore, that, in the absence of a clear understanding among the officers as to stopping at Bicester or not, the only guides they had to direct them were the signals provided by the company with directions for their use. That in the present case the signalman had used the necessary signal and caution at the auxiliary signal-post, and of danger and stop at the points. That the engineman and guards had observed the caution signal at the auxiliary post, and had slackened speed accordingly; but that the driver and his guards were misled by some optical illusion as to the white light or 'Go on' signal at the principal signal-post at the station.

"The jury find that the white light was not turned towards the approaching train, yet they see no reason to doubt that the engineman and guards were, from some unexplained cause, misled by the appearance of a real or reflected light which they believed to have been the white light signal for 'Go on'; and that, being deluded by this supposed white light, they did not observe the danger signal at the points until they had approached so near to them as to be unable to stop or to reverse the engine.

"The jury find that if the points had been fairly open for the train to pass down either the straight line or the siding, and had been in perfect condition at the time, it is more than probable that the train would have passed to the station.

"The jury find that there was nothing observed by the pointsman at the time the train reached him to indicate any defect whatever in the points; but they find, also, that after the train had passed the pointsman, and before any other train had gone over the points, it was discovered that the tie-rod, which is shown to have been partially broken before, and which connects the two point-rails, had been broken asunder near to the screw and nut, and that the heel-chair was also broken, and the point-rail attached to it bent.

"The jury find that these injuries to the tie-rod, the chair, and point-rail were occasioned at the momentary transit of the engine or tender over the points by coming in contact with the toe of the point-rail, but whether they were so occasioned by sand, gravel, or any other material, having prevented the points falling into their proper position, or whether by any indecision on the part of the pointsman as to which line of rail he was to send the train down by, or whether by any slip of the handle of the points-lever, or by any other cause, yet the jury find that from some such cause the engine went over the points on to the straight line, while the rest of the train took the siding, and resulted in that awful loss of life, serious injury to persons, and great destruction of property, which are now so painfully deplored.

"That, while the jury find that there was not that measure of culpability in the conduct of any of the company's servants as to warrant the finding of an adverse verdict against any of them, yet they feel that it is due to the public safety that some greater means of protection to life and property than now exists should be resorted to by the company, and that in the monopoly which railways have achieved in travelling the lives of passengers should not be jeopardized at the shrine of interest and dividends.

"The jury find that a single line of railway necessarily involves more danger to passengers than a double one, by reason of the trains having to pass over junction-points in the one case which would not be required in the other. They also find that trains are occasionally delayed at the stations to prevent collision with other trains, and hence that the enginemen on duty are superinduced to travel at a greater speed than is consistent with safety on a single line of railway, in order to observe the times appointed for their arrival at stations. These and other matters of more minute detail impose upon the company's servants a degree of watchfulness and care on a single line of railway almost superhuman; and that the pointsman, in the discharge of his duties, is liable, from a mere accidental slip or fall, or from a want of nerve, or that presence of mind which is so essential in cases of difficulty and danger, to be the innocent or accidental cause of destruction to life and property.

"The jury, therefore, earnestly urge upon the directors of the company, as they value human life and deplore the sacrifice of it, that they will cause a second line of rails to be laid down without delay, as a means of preventing the recurrence of such a dire calamity as that which has now formed the subject of their very anxious inquiry and most painful deliberation."

With these views the Coroner entirely concurred, and suggested an additional clause, as follows:—

"The jury suggest, that, until the line of railway is made double, every train should stop at the Bicester station."

Mr. Wagstaffe, who had attended to watch the case on behalf of the railway authorities, assured the coroner and jury that attention would be paid to the suggestion without rendering it necessary to add it to the recommendations made by the jury. He begged to produce two general orders which had been issued by the company: one, a circular to guards and breaksmen; another, a notice to enginemen, and especially to those working the Buckinghamshire line, enjoining great caution, and also attention to the thirty-fourth rule, respecting the speed of trains when running through stations.

The clause suggested by the coroner was then added to the recommendations of the jury; and, the separate verdicts required in the different cases having been taken, the proceedings terminated.

PUBLIC OPINION.

"It has pleased God to bless us with a bountiful harvest," says the *Norfolk Chronicle*, which, after thankfully acknowledging the merciful dispensation, seems to lament that the price of wheat this year will be "not more than 4s. 6d. a bushel." Our spirited contemporary, the *Norfolk News*, thus replies:—

"What consistency is there in returning thanks for the bounty of Providence, and lamenting at the same time that the poor can get at it at so cheap a rate? It would be much better—for it would not savour so much of hypocrisy—if they closed their prayer books without uttering the thanksgiving, than to express gratitude with their lips, whilst desiring in their hearts to reenact an iniquitous law by which man can make a scarcity where God has sent a plenty!"

No opinion upon any matter of public political importance is expressed by the *Ayr Advertiser*; but it contains rather a vigorous rebuke to the writer of "Killing no Matter"—a dashing and caustic leader in the *Examiner*, apparently pointed and vigorous enough to have been written by Fonblanque himself.

The following sentence, the clincher to a not very profound *resumé* on colonial wars in general, and the Kafir war in particular, in the *Macclesfield Courier*, expresses exactly what a certain party think about the cause and continuance of the hostilities at the Cape:—

"Mr. Cobden, and the unwise economy in our military establishments, are the true causes of the present disastrous state of affairs in Kaffraria."

The *Preston Guardian* is hard upon the American "sympathisers," who were butchered in Cuba. We believe the *Guardian* is a "peace-at-any-price" paper:—

"The acquisition of territory by our republican brethren has hitherto, we regret to say, been compassed by the most exceptionable means, to which the recent invasion of Cuba forms an atrocious climax, and the disasters which have now befallen the participants therein are nothing more than a just punishment for such flagrant violations of national honour and morality."

Insecurity of tenure, and the necessity for a Peasant Proprietary in Ireland, form the staple of an earnest article in the *Londonderry Standard*:—

"The benefit of a Peasant Proprietary is placed beyond a doubt, by the testimony of those who have seen it in operation. Just in proportion as the tillers of the soil are owners does the land improve, and the country prosper. The social revolution in Prussia, which converted serfs into proprietors, it is confessed, 'in ten years carried the nation forward a whole century.' There is no country in the world where there are so few farmers not tenants, or so many who are tenants-at-will. Insecurity of tenure was a chief cause of Irish misery, mentioned by Spencer, in the reign of Elizabeth; and we need not say that the obvious remedy has never since been applied."

Opposing American designs on Cuba, the *Wakefield Journal* says:—

"If Cuba is to be saved for Spain, the latter ought, in the opinion of the public, to be made to pay her debts to British and French creditors."

"Every day brings us nearer to that war of principles," says the *Leeds Times*, "which one of our own statesmen long ago predicted as the inevitable destiny of Europe." And then referring to the Whig share in the "Von Beck" mystery, and expressing its desire to be charitable in construing the expression "foreign branch of the English police," it winds up with an ominous doubt:—

"If it should turn out that the Whig Government has really been maintaining a horde of spies for the benefit of the Continental despots, to watch and betray the exiles who have sought refuge on our shores, that Government will have reached a depth of official infamy and humiliation to which we had thought it impossible for any English administration to sink."

The *Lincolnshire Chronicle* is engaged on an electioneering topic, fighting the *Stamford Mercury*, which advocates the reelection of Sir Montague Cholmondeley. Apparently the editors do not fight in person, but mysterious correspondents furnish the polemics in the leading columns.

In the *Nottingham Mercury* there is a thoughtful paper on the laws of settlement and removal, suggested by the late report of Mr. George Coode to the Poor Law Board:—

"Though we are quite of opinion that, were the power of removal of native paupers by warrant entirely abolished, the remaining portion of the law empowering the removal of Irish, Scotch, and Channel Island paupers would speedily have to undergo considerable modification, yet we can scarcely see it necessary that the abolition of this part of the law of settlement and removal should proceed, side by side, with the abolition of the law affecting our native population. Such, however, is the rooted objection we have to this tyrannical statute, that if it was found impossible that the law affecting the removal of one class could not be repealed without the necessity of abolishing that which affects the other class, we would risk all the disadvantages, anticipated to arise from the non-removal of Irish, Scotch, and Channel Island paupers, rather than have the labouring population of England longer exposed to the grinding oppressions of this partial and unjust law."

The advance made in social questions is shown by the notice which the excellent lectures of Mr. William Coningham have attracted. The latest is in the *Birmingham Journal*, from which we cut the following:—

"We have before given reason for our belief that the coöperative system has not only always failed but always would fail amongst us, even if it should become general, which we hold to be impossible; but we rejoice at the opportunity of showing from the source named that the coöperative principle as developed in France is not the destructive and demoralised thing it is represented by certain writers here; and that it is altogether fallacious to suppose that our working classes would necessarily be irreligious and anarchical if the coöperative principle were more prevalent amongst them. As to the incendiarism and depravity manifested among some of the so-called organs of the industrial masses, as quoted by the *Times* before-mentioned, similar proofs of exceptional rascality might be obtained in infinitely greater abundance ten, twenty, and thirty years ago, as was proved before the Newspaper Stamp Committee of last Session beyond all doubt, improvement on that score being every day more conspicuous. The evidence and opinions of a gentleman in Mr. Coningham's position are worth something; and as a contribution to a vital question in social philosophy, and one that will need our best attention very frequently for the time to come, we give the substance of his experience without further comment."

FREEHOLD LAND MEETING.

Two considerable meetings connected with the freehold land movement took place on Tuesday; one at Kingsland, and the other at Lambeth; and a meeting of the Westminster Society on Wednesday. The first was large, and Mr. James Taylor, of Birmingham, delivered one of his characteristic speeches:—

"In Birmingham the society had existed just four years; they had made 1100 allotments; they had 3004 shares, and had taken in one day last week nearly £1000. They had now near £20,000 worth of land ready to divide, which would make 700 or 800 allotments more. They had been ridiculed at first, amongst others by Mr. Newdegate, M.P.; but he had ceased to ridicule them now, for he knew he should lose his seat at the next election. Land which was offered by retail at 3s. 6d. per yard had been bought by the society for 1s. 1d. per yard. (*Hear, hear.*) The estate had been allotted, and one lot which cost £17 had been sold since for £50. One man who had three lots, which had cost him £60, had let them off on a building lease for 99 years at a reserved rent of £8 14s. per annum. (*Hear, hear.*) One of the last estates they had purchased was in the borough of Birmingham: it cost the members 2s. 14d. per yard, or £24 a lot, and the lots had let from 45s. to 80s. a year. A hostile surveyor had stated in the revising barrister's court that none of this land was worth less than 6s. a yard, though it had only cost the members 2s. 14d. The societies in Coventry and Wolverhampton had been equally successful. Another feature of these societies was the political one. He had now a vote for seven counties, and should possess other three next year. At the next election he should have the pleasure of voting either for or against Mr. Disraeli if he stood again for Buckinghamshire. (*Hear.*) This was the re-

verse of all other movements in one respect, for it attained its object, not by expending, but by saving money. The Birmingham Society alone had created six hundred county voters; let the London societies proceed in the same way, and they would soon be able to give notice to quit to those obstructors of improvement, the present county members. (*Cheers.*) The Chairman's statement, that nearly a million of money had been subscribed by these societies, was considerably under the mark: taking the average value of the shares at £30, the amount was nearly two millions and a half. (*Hear, hear.*) Working-men should recollect that a quart of ale was equal to half a yard of land. (*Hear, hear.*) He had stated this to a meeting of working-men at Dudley, when one of them exclaimed, in his peculiar dialect—"Than, Oy'll tell yoa wot Oy've swallowed monny a field." (*"Cheers" and laughter.*)"

The Lambeth meeting was held to celebrate the taking possession of a plot of ground, recently purchased by the Lambeth Freehold Land Society, and took place on the West Kent Estate, situated near the Forest-hill Railway Station. The society was established in October last; the number of shareholders is 600, by whom 1000 shares are owned. The estate comprises thirty-eight acres, and is divided into 334 allotments, each allotment entitling the holder to a vote for the county. An ox was roasted whole and distributed to the poor. A number of ladies were present, and the band of the Sappers and Miners in attendance. The estate having been duly perambulated by the company, some two hundred sat down to a cold luncheon, after which speeches and toasts were the order of the day.

STEAM PLOUGHING.

Lord Willoughby d'Eresby has lately been making experiments in steam ploughing. He is said at length to have satisfactorily settled the vexed question, not only as to the practicability of ploughing by steam, but as to the superior cheapness and efficiency of that over the ordinary method.

A private experiment with one engine was made at Grimesthorpe, on Thursday week. The field selected for the purpose had grown a wheat crop, and was of good malleable soil. The engine was placed on a moveable tram-road at the end of the field. By way of testing the relative powers, the plough, a double one, with reversed shares and coulters, was drawn in one direction by horses, and contrarily by steam. The horses, four powerful animals, had much labour to drag the implement, and that only at a slow pace; whilst the engine, of 26-horse power, hurried it back as fast as a man could fairly walk to conduct the plough. After several "bouts," a subsoil plough was attached at a gauge of 9 and afterwards 12 inches. This additional burden, which the horses could not possibly have drawn, evidently steadied and improved the motion, and left the work in a most satisfactory manner. Harrows were afterwards appended with an equally pleasing result. The ploughing took place across old land, which showed in some places considerable dips.

The plough used on this occasion was designed and manufactured by an ingenious mechanic, named Downes, living at Ryhall, near Stamford, who has for some years deservedly been held in high esteem as a ploughman and ploughmaker in the midland counties.

It is estimated that the ploughing of twenty-four acres of land by horse power would cost £9 12s., while the same work could be done by steam for £6 16s., leaving a balance of £2 16s. in favour of steam power.

DONCASTER RACES.

Fine weather, crowds of spectators, plenty of sport, and capital races have characterised the Doncaster of 1851. The race on Tuesday was the Great Handicap, which was won in first-rate style by the Confessor, who waited on his horses up to the stand, when he quitted them and ran in first by a length. Tuesday, altogether, is said to have been the best "first day" known at Doncaster for many years.

Eighteen horses started for the St. Leger on Wednesday.

The betting was 6 to 4 against Hernandez, 2 to 1 against Aphrodite, 5 to 1 against the Ban, 12 to 1 against Newminster, 12 to 1 against Ephesus, 18 to 1 against Miserrima, 40 to 1 against Lough Bawn, and 50 to 1 against Phlegra.

The starting, it should be premised, was undertaken by Captain Rous, who got through his task with so little difficulty, that the race came off within a few minutes of the time specified on the cards. Deceitful went away with the lead, followed by Exeter, Aphrodite and Goliath lying third and fourth, Hernandez next, in company with Cnæus, Newminster, Phlegra, Sir Rowland Trenchard, Hookem Snivvey, and two or three others, Ephesus, Lough Bawn, and Jack Robinson bringing up the rear. Exeter retired before he reached the milepost, but in no other respect were the positions of the leading horses affected until they got to the Red-house; here Goliath and Hernandez were beaten, and Newminster took the third position. Halfway between the Red-house and the bend Deceitful gave way, and the race was left to Aphrodite and Newminster, the latter getting to the mare's head inside the distance, quitting her half-way up, and winning in a canter by two lengths, Hookem Snivvey, who was as far behind Aphro-

dite, beating Sir Rowland Trenchard by a neck. Phlegra and Miserrima were fifth and sixth, Lamartine and the Ban next. The race was run in 3 minutes 19 seconds.

Newminster belongs to Mr. A. Nichol, and was ridden by Templeman.

The Queen's Plate was won by the Maid of Masham, ridden by G. Abdale, beating Cossack with the greatest ease. On Thursday, Mr. Stebbing's Alfred the Great, ridden by Flatman, carried off the Twenty Sovereign Sweepstakes for two-year olds. Le Juif, a three-year old, won the Cleveland Handicap by a head, after a fine race, beating Worcester and Vanguard.

PERSONAL NEWS AND GOSSIP.

The Queen takes daily drives about the Crags and Pass of Ballater, and Prince Albert is walking up his health while he is stalking down the deer. The Ministers are everywhere; and all fashionable people flitting about in all directions. London gossips have had Bloomerism brought home to them by Mrs. Dexter, who has caused a deal of talk, and no doubt we shall soon see Bloomers abroad.

Lord and Lady John Russell surprised the good people of Dublin by a visit on Monday last, said the *Times*; but its informant was hoaxed. Lord John had only gone to Bangor!

Lord Brougham was seen in the House of Lords on Wednesday. He appeared in much better health than when last in town.

The Bishop of London has embroiled himself with the parish of St. Mary, Whitechapel, by interdicting a clergyman, just chosen as lecturer, from preaching. A meeting was held on Thursday, and it was resolved that, spite of the Bishop, the lecturer should discharge his duties.

Lieutenant-General Sir John Burgoyne is making a most minute inspection of the state of fortifications in the Channel Islands and the western coast of England.

Mr. Richard O'Gorman, one of the oldest and most respectable merchants of Dublin, has left Ireland for the United States. The exile of his only son, a noble-minded young fellow, who came out in '48, and who is at present a practising barrister at the American bar, has been the cause of Mr. O'Gorman's departure.

Father Gavazzi has created a fervour in Scotland quite as great as that in London. The brewers of Southwark gave Haynau a taste of English detestation of women-floggers and men-slaughters; the workmen of Mr. Napier's foundry at Glasgow turned out, and gave hearty cheers for the priestly advocate of Papal reform and Italian nationality.

Mr. Lawrence, the American Minister, and Mrs. Lawrence, are on a tour through Galway and Connemara.

Mr. Joseph Hume paid his constituents a public visit on Saturday, and delivered a financial and reform speech in the Town-hall of Montrose. The old veteran was heartily received.

The soirée to Mr. George Thompson, M.P., fixed for Tuesday, was unavoidably postponed, owing to a bereavement in the family of that gentleman, whose second son expired on Sunday evening, after a protracted illness.

The Earl of Donoughmore died on the afternoon of the 12th at Palmerstown-house, his lordship's mansion in the county of Dublin. He was in his sixty-fourth year, and had been for a long time in a declining state of health. He is succeeded in his estates and title by his son, Lord Suidale.

Died on Wednesday morning, at his residence in St. Giles's-street, Oxford, after a few hours' illness, John Kidd, D.M. of Christchurch, Regius Professor of Medicine, Tomline's Prælector of Anatomy, Aldrichian Professor of Anatomy, and Radcliffe's Librarian. Dr. Kidd was highly esteemed and respected both in the University and city of Oxford. In 1800, being then a student of Christ Church, Mr. Kidd took the degree of M.A. In 1801 that of Bachelor of Medicine, and in 1804 he proceeded to the degree of Doctor of Medicine. In 1822 Dr. Kidd succeeded Sir Christopher Pegge, Bart., in the office of Regius Professor of Medicine, to which is annexed Tomline's Prælectorship of Anatomy, and the Aldrichian Professorship of Anatomy, and in 1834 he succeeded Dr. Williams as Radcliffe's Librarian. The election of a successor to the latter office rests with the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, the Chancellor of the University, the Bishops of London and Winchester, the two principal Secretaries of State, the two Chief Justices, and the Master of the Rolls.

Mr. James Richardson, the enterprising African traveller, died on the 4th of March last, at a small village called Ungurutua, six days distant from Kouka, the capital of Bornou. Early in January, he and the companions of his mission, Drs. Barth and Overweg, arrived at the immense plain of Damergou, when, after remaining a few days, they separated, Dr. Barth proceeding to Kanu, Dr. Overweg to Guber, and Mr. Richardson taking the direct route to Kouka, by Zinder. There, it would seem, his strength began to give way, and before he had arrived twelve days distant from Kouka he became seriously ill, suffering much from the oppressive heat of the sun. Having reached a large town called Kangarrua, he halted for three days, and feeling himself rather refreshed he renewed his journey. After two days' more travelling, during which his weakness greatly increased, they arrived at the Waddy Mellaha. Leaving this place on the 3rd of March, they reached in two hours the village of Ungurutua, when Mr. Richardson became so weak that he was unable to proceed. In the evening he took a little food and tried to sleep, but became very restless, and left his tent supported by his servant. He then took some tea and threw himself again on his bed, but did not sleep. His attendants having made some coffee, he asked for a cup, but had no strength to hold it. He repeated several times, "I have no strength," and after having pronounced the name of his wife, sighed deeply, and expired without a struggle about two hours after midnight.

Early in the morning, the body wrapped in linen, and covered with a carpet, was borne to a grave which was dug four feet deep, under the shade of a large tree, close to the village, followed by all the principal Sheikhs and people of the district. The Sultan of Bornou has given orders that all respect and honour shall be paid to the grave of the ill-fated British traveller.—*Malta Times*.

In the *Scottish Press* we find some interesting particulars on the subject of which Scotchmen never tire, Burns:—"A Glasgow contemporary records the death of one of the six 'Mauchline belles,' on whom Burns confers the fame of his verse. Mrs. Findlay, relict of Mr. Robert Findlay, of the Excise, Greenock, was one of the very few persons, surviving to our own times, who intimately knew the peasant bard in the first flush of his genius and manhood, and by whom her name and charms have been wedded to immortal verse. When we consider that sixty-five years have elapsed since Burns wrote the lines in which this lady is noticed, and that the six Mauchline belles were then in the prime of opening womanhood, it is surprising that two of them, who have often listened to the living accents of the inspired peasant, still survive. The fate in life of the six belles was as follows:—Miss Helen Miller, the first named, became the wife of Burns's friend, Dr. Mackenzie, a medical gentleman in Mauchline, latterly in Irvine; Miss Markland we have already spoken of; Miss Jean Smith was married to Mr. Candlish, a successful teacher in Edinburgh, and became the mother of the eminent divine; Miss Betty (Miller) became the wife of Mr. Templeton, in Mauchline; and Miss Morton married Mr. Patterson, cloth merchant, in the same village. Of the fate and history of 'Bonnie Jean' (Armour) we need not speak. The survivors are Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Candlish."

The Duchess de Berry and her husband, Count de Lucchesi, left Vienna, on the 11th, for Italy.

The Sardinian workmen in England on a visit to the Exposition, have been down to Manchester this week, where they have been hospitably entertained by the local authorities.

"It is proper that the public should know," says the *North British Daily Mail*, "that his Grace of Atholl exacts 1s. per head upon every person entering his grounds at Dunkeld. Visitors on entering are desired to put their names down in a book, and on quitting the grounds a demand is made of 1s. from each. Thus a gentleman with a family of six or seven children, or it might be ten children, would have to pay a pretty heavy toll for liberty to take a walk through the grounds at Dunkeld."

Among the passengers who arrived on Sunday at Southampton from Cadiz in the Iberia mail steamer, was a Spanish Metador, or bull-fighter. He was on his way to South America, where he has an engagement for three years, to perform in the gladiatorial exhibitions in one of the South American capitals. The sum he is to receive for this service is £4000. He is a stout-built man, and appears to possess great activity and strength. During the voyage he exhibited the sword with which he is armed when in conflict with the savage performers of the amphitheatre. It is a heavy, straight, two-edged sword, about 3½ feet long, with a red hilt. The travelling dress of the Metador was rather stage-like, being variegated and picturesque, and quite different from that of a Spanish gentleman. He had a servant with him, a slender and effeminate looking youth, who was dressed more fantastically and singularly than his master. The behaviour of the Matador in the baggage warehouse of the Southampton customs, with his brusque manners, deep husky voice, and vehement volubility, seemed to cause much amusement amongst his fellow-voyagers.

THE "VON BECK" MYSTERY.

We find a letter in the *Times* from Mr. John Paget, disclaiming all knowledge of the "Baroness von Beck":—

"Dresden, September 11.

"Sir,—In a letter published in the *Times*, from Mr. Constant Darra, he states that among other letters shown to him by the person calling herself 'Baroness von Beck,' and on the strength of which he was induced to give credit to her story, was one from 'John Paget, whose wife is a born Hungarian.' Will you allow me to state how much either I or Mrs. Paget know of the person in question? Some months ago we received a copy of her book, and a letter signed 'Baroness von Beck,' in which the writer complained of her distressed condition. I answered the letter, and inclosed the price of her book (which I supposed was what she wanted), and which she received through her publisher, Mr. Bentley. We had never heard of the 'Baroness von Beck' before, and have had no communication with her since. Of course, I addressed my letter to her under the only name by which I knew her; but I cannot think that, from such premises, Mr. Darra was justified in concluding that we 'were either the accomplices of her fraud or the victims of it.'"

"I have the honour to be your obedient servant,
JOHN PAGET."

THE EXPOSITION.

For the last fortnight the numbers attending at the Exposition have sprung up somewhat to the old amount. The "sight" of omnibuses and cabs ranged along, waiting for passengers, is really one of the sights of London even for cockneys. One of this genus riding down to Kensington on Thursday, counted no less than ninety omnibuses in a line from the central gate of the Exposition down the road westward, and cabs three deep a great part of the length of the line—quite innumerable by anybody but Babbage or the calculating boy. It is rumoured half officially by the *Times* that some ceremony will be performed on the closing of the Exposition; in support of this we observe that the Queen will be back from the North just in time to be present; also, that the sale of season tickets has been stopped.

DESPERATE TOOTH-DRAWING.

An action has been brought, in the Marylebone County Court, by an enterprising dentist named Davidson, against a widow named Gale, for the sum of ten guineas. The action was tried before the Judge, Mr. Amos, on Tuesday. Davidson stated that he had received an order to make a set of artificial teeth for Mrs. Gale, who, on the delivery of the same, refused to receive them.

Mrs. Gale, being called by her solicitor, in answer to Davidson, said:—"In the month of April last I had a house in York-street, Portman-square, furnished, for the accommodation of visitors to the Great Exhibition. I had a card in the window announcing apartments to let, furnished. Davidson called. He said, 'You have furnished apartments?' and I answered, 'I have. Will you look at them?' He did so; and on being told that the rent was seven guineas per week, observed, 'Just the thing. I live in your neighbourhood, and shall require them for a relation of mine, with a family of seven children.' Davidson was then about descending the door step, when suddenly turning round, and looking her full in the face, he said, 'You are not so very old. I am a dentist by profession, and you have lost some teeth; let me supply you with some artificial and extract your stumps.' (Loud laughter.) I replied, 'No; the teeth I have will last me as long as I live; but, after the season is over, if I approve of your suggestion, you are the only person whom I should employ. Leave me your card.' He did so, and went away. Before doing so, however, he told me that his charge would be £11, with twelve months' credit. He added, 'If you take my advice, you will live many more years than you otherwise would, and, from the influx of expectant visitors, I presume, will gain another husband.' A few days afterwards he again called, asking me if I had made up my mind about the teeth, when I said no; but when I did, I would call upon him, at the same adding, that his visit was very timely, as he might be able to relieve my niece, who was suffering from pain in a tooth. He filled the tooth with something he took from his coat-pocket, after which she expressed herself easy, refusing, at my desire, to make any charge, but asking for boiling water to be fetched, for which purpose my niece left the room, and immediately afterwards said, 'Now I must take a model of your mouth, but must first extract your stumps.' (Laughter.) He then forcibly pushed me into a chair, and with some instrument drew from the roof of my mouth one of my two remaining stumps, which made me cry for help, whereupon he desisted. I saw no more of him till two months ago, when I received a summons from the court."

Mr. Amos: Have you the teeth?

Defendant: I have not, sir, nor would I have them at any price—(laughter)—but he once showed them to me, saying, if I did not take them, and pay him £10 10s., he would compel me to swallow them. (Loud laughter.)

Mrs. Gale's niece spoke in corroboration of her aunt's testimony, and the jury, under the direction of the judge, immediately gave a verdict for Mrs. Gale.

"MURDER WILL OUT."

A woman, named Davies, told a strange story before Mr. Traill on Tuesday, directly pointing out the murderer of a policeman who was killed five years ago.

In the month of February, 1846, a policeman named Hastie was barbarously assaulted at midnight, in a by-place called Tinder Box-alley, near the dockyard, Deptford, by some person or persons unknown, whilst in the discharge of his duty, the result of which was, that he was removed in a state of insensibility to St. Thomas's Hospital, where he lingered in great suffering ten days, and then expired. Yesterday, William Cressy, aged 41, a labouring man, belonging to Bexley Heath, was brought before Mr. Traill, by Mr. G. Hilton, superintendent of the rural police at West Malling, Kent, charged on suspicion of being the person who caused the death of Hastie. Mary Ann Davies sworn, said:—"I have been cohabiting with the prisoner on and off during the last six years. He brought me to Deptford before the policeman was killed. I had lived with him at Hackney also, previously. I had lived with him twelve months before the murder. We had lived in Griffin-street, Deptford, a week before the fatal occurrence. We lodged at Mr. Mann's. He went out on the night of the murder to buy some nails for his shoes. He did not return until one o'clock in the morning—he went out between nine and ten o'clock. On his return his right hand was full of blood. His waistcoat was much stained with blood. He was all of a tremble, and I thought he had been fighting. I asked him what was the matter, and he replied that he had done it now, and that he knew he should be hung. He was pale, and said no one saw him do it. 'I finished the policeman, for my wife had had a child by a policeman named French in his own country.' I did not think it was murder he had committed. He then went to bed, and said that he would tell me the secret in the morning if I would not tell any one. He then told me that he gave him the blows with the iron foot (used in cobbling) which he thought had killed him. He remarked that the policeman told him to go on; that he then got in front of the man and struck him with the iron foot on his forehead and nose. He brought home the iron foot, which I saw next morning. It was all over blood. I got a scrubbing-brush and scrubbed the stains off. He made me swear that I would not tell. He took the iron foot away in the morning after, and said that if I ever told of it, he would murder me; that he would not be hung for one but for two. It was on a Monday or Tuesday, I think. We remained in Deptford three weeks afterwards. He took the foot away, and when he returned I asked him where he had put it? He answered that he had thrown it into the water. I have never said anything about it since. I have been hopping at West Peckham, and a man was there who had been in the police. I first mentioned the facts to Police-constable Baker. I cannot tell whether we left Deptford before

the others were discharged or not. We then went to Hackney. I told them at hopping-time that the police could never find it out. My shawl was stolen from me there. I went to Police-constable Baker, and he said, 'Speak the truth about the murder.' I said, no. He repeated, 'Now, tell the truth,' and I cried. I told then what I have now sworn to. I said the prisoner had put me to my oath, and threatened to take my life away, and I was afraid to tell. I could not rest afterwards until I had disclosed all about it. He talked of Jersey, and we went over from London about three weeks or a month after the murder. I told him that there were four men in custody charged with murdering a policeman. I left the prisoner, and he lived at a bad house.—James Baker, police constable, East Peckham, sworn, said:—"The last witness came to me and said that some one had taken her shawl. I told her I would make inquiry. On Friday I saw the person working in the hop-gardens, and she said she knew of a murder at Deptford. I asked her if she knew a costermonger at Deptford, and I put the question again, and she declined to answer me. I said, 'Now you know that you had better disclose what you are in possession of.' She replied, 'I shall be in danger if I do,' and cried. She said the prisoner had several times asked her to go away with him from Deptford. She said, 'No it will not be from fear.' They, however, both went away to Hackney, and from thence to Jersey. I then apprehended the prisoner, and he talked away at a great rate, declaring his innocence, and then said—"It must be that d— woman that had done this." I said nothing to him how I got the information. I took him to a magistrate at West Malling. On Thursday last she told me he was at Bexley, and there I apprehended him, and he said they had never been there before.—The prisoner here denied the whole of the female witness's statement.—Mr. Traill: I shall remand you until Saturday next, and in the mean time the police will be instructed to make the most searching inquiries into all the facts."

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Liberal electors of Bradford have resolved upon supporting Mr. Milligan, a resident in Bradford. He is described as a Whig and something more. The other candidates are reported to be Mr. W. H. Wickham, a Free-Trade Tory, and Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds, who starts on Democratic grounds.

Accounts from Australia by the overland mail fully corroborate all the stories told of the gold diggings.

The *Globe* believes there is good foundation for the rumour that the Sixth Dragoon Guards (Carbineers) and an infantry regiment (the Fortieth, now at Cork) will be immediately sent to the Cape. The latter corps will in all probability proceed by the Vulcan steamer, which is now being refitted at Portsmouth with all despatch.

The news of Cuban affairs, brought by the Canada on Saturday, was mostly in the shape of additional particulars. General Enna was reported to have been killed. The fate of Lopez was doubtful; and the rumour that new sympathizers had gone over from New Orleans contradicted.

Steam communication with Australia will shortly be established. The conditions of tender have been published by the Admiralty for screw-steamers, to sail at least 8½ knots per hour, and convey the mail bags to and from England and Sydney six times in a year each way. They are to deliver and receive mails at King George's Sound, Adelaide, and Port Philip. Tenders will be received either in continuation of the existing line between England and the Cape, or for a new line extending the whole way from England to Sidney.

The last coil of the great submarine telegraph cable, twenty-four miles long, was finished about four o'clock on Wednesday.

Three colliers were drowned off Blackfriars-bridge on Wednesday morning. Their barge fouled the pier.

Some large storehouses at Kennington, belonging to Messrs. Hay, Anderson, and Sangster, were discovered to be on fire on Tuesday night. They were, with their contents, consumed almost before the engines arrived. The damage done is great.

A smart fire destroyed, on Thursday, the contents of four of the railway arches of the Eastern Counties Railway, used as timber-yards, and situate near the station. Besides, several neighbouring houses in North-street were seriously injured. It became a question whether the line above was safe; it was tested, and found to be, it is said, all right. The post and wires of the telegraph were burned.

The printers of the metropolis are making strenuous exertions to establish a literary institution to be called "The Printers' Athenaeum," and have already received considerable encouragement in its formation, both from compositors and the trades directly connected with the printing profession, as typefounders, bookbinders, engravers, letterpress and copperplate printers, &c., the members of which are eligible. The object contemplated is to combine the social advantages of a club with the mental improvement of a literary and scientific institution, and to adapt them for the position and circumstances of the working-classes. All persons engaged in the production of a newspaper, or book, such as editors, authors, reporters, readers, &c., although strictly not belonging to the printing profession, are competent to become members, and persons not so connected will be permitted to join the society upon their being proposed by a member. It is expected that the Athenaeum will be opened previous to the commencement of the ensuing year.

Milburn, the butcher, supposed to have been murdered near Morpeth, was found alive and well the other day in a public-house at Liverpool, reading the instructions for proceeding to Australia by the Eagle, about to sail. The sham "murder" had been well contrived, but all the intentions of the runaways were not carried out.

The potato blight, which had been suspended in its ravages for two or three weeks, has broken out afresh, and alarming accounts of its progress have been received from various parts of Ulster; but few unfavourable reports of the spread of the disease have come to hand from the other provinces, and in the vicinity of Dublin there are scarcely any complaints at present. According to the intelligence from Ulster, the blight, after the farmers had regained some degree of confidence, is once more destroying the crop, almost with the same rapidity as in 1846. The south and west, up to this time, have escaped any very serious injury; but it would be hazardous to speculate upon the continued safety of this precarious crop in any part of the country.

Accidents on railways do not always arise from the carelessness of directors. The following analysis of the accidents occurring on railways from causes which may be avoided by proper care on the part of the passenger, is taken from the work on *Railway Economy*:—Analysis of 100 accidents produced by imprudence of passengers:

	Killed.	Injured.	Total.
Sitting or standing in improper positions	17	11	28
Getting off when train in motion..	17	7	24
Getting up when train in motion..	10	6	16
Jumping off to recover hat or parcel	8	5	13
Crossing the line incautiously ..	11	1	12
Getting out on wrong side ..	3	3	6
Handing an article into train in motion	1	0	1
	67	33	100

An American, named Foreman, has invented and is patenting a printing-press, moved and regulated by galvanic magnets.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

On the 18th of July, at Kurnoul, the wife of Thomas Davies Lushington, Esq., of the Madras Civil Service, of a son.
On the 16th of August, at Sierra Leone, Eliza, wife of John Thomas Commissions, Esq., collector of H.M. Customs, of a daughter.
On the 29th, the wife of the Reverend T. B. Maskew, M.A., Head Master of the Grammar School, Dorchester, of a daughter.
At Militschewes, Bohemia, the wife of Count C. Althann, of a daughter.
On the 9th of September, at Ashley-park, Surrey, Lady Fletcher, of a son.
On the 9th, at Weston-super-Mare, the wife of E. S. Willete, Esq., M.P., of a son, stillborn.
On the 10th, at Chester, the wife of Sir Edward Walker, of a son.
On the 14th, at the Manor-house, Holt, Wilts, the wife of John Neeld, M.P., Esq., of a son.
On the 15th, at Esrick-park, the seat of her father, Lord Wenlock, the Honourable Mrs. James Stuart Wortley, of a son.
On the 15th, at Haileybury College, Herts, the wife of E. B. Eastwick, Esq., of a daughter.
On the 16th, at Manby, the Countess of Yarborough, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

On the 14th of August, at New York, Augustus Charles Murray, Lieutenant, R.N., eldest son of the late Honourable Alexander Murray, of Frimley, and grandson of John, fifth Earl of Dunmore, to Abbie de Montfort, daughter of David Lee, Esq.
On the 10th of September, at Paris, at the Church of the Madeleine, and afterwards at the English Episcopal Church, the Viscount Van Leempoel de Nieuwinster, member of the Belgian Senate, to Arabella, third daughter of John Dyke, Esq.
On the 11th, at Marylebone Church, George Trickett, Esq., of Wilmslow, Cheshire, to Jane, third daughter of the late Mr. Samuel Dolby, of Wardour-street, Soho.
On the 11th, at Leigh, in the county of Essex, Lieutenant Arthur a Court Fisher, Royal Engineers, second son of the Reverend William Fisher, Canon Residentiary of Salisbury, to Caroline Eden, second daughter of the Right Reverend the Bishop of Moray and Ross.
On the 11th, at St. Peter's Church, Dublin, John Stanford, Esq., to Mary, daughter of William Henn, Esq., Master in Chancery.
On the 11th, at St. Ann's Church, Dublin, and afterwards at Westland-row, Edmund William O'Mahony, Esq., barrister-at-law, to Grace, daughter of the late Colonel L'Estrange, of Moystown, in the King's County, and niece to the late General L'Estrange.
On the 13th, at St. Mark's Church, Hamilton-terrace, St. John's-wood, Alexander, eldest son of Thomas Fraser, Esq., of Achmonie, Glen Urquhart, Inverness, to Louisa Elizabeth, only child of James White, Esq., of Kilburn Priory.
On the 16th, at the Episcopal Church, Grief, North Britain, James W. Middleton Berry, Esq., of Ballynegall, county of Westmeath, Ireland, to Caroline Augusta, fourth daughter of the Right Honourable T. B. C. Smith, Master of the Rolls in Ireland.
On the 16th, at Richmond, Surrey, Arthur John, second son of the late Admiral Sir Robert Otway, Baronet, G.C.B., to Henrietta, daughter of the late Sir James Langham, Baronet, of Cottesbrooke-park, Northampton.

DEATHS.

On the 2nd of September, at the railway station at Dawlish, J. H. Tremayne, Esq., late M.P. for Cornwall, aged seventy-three.
On the 6th, at his residence, Royal-parade, Cheltenham, Colonel David Harriott, C.B., of the Bengal Light Cavalry, aged sixty-three.
On the 7th, at his residence, Church-street, Paddington, aged sixty-seven, Neville Butler Challoner, Esq., the well-known harpist and composer.
On the 8th, at Homburg, Germany, the Reverend Joseph John Freeman, one of the secretaries of the London Missionary Society, aged fifty-seven.
On the 8th, of hooping cough, Helen Louisa Mary, aged nine years, child of the Reverend Dr. Croly, rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook.
On the 8th, at Dorchester, Emily, wife of the Reverend T. R. Maskew, aged thirty-three.
On the 10th, W. Hughes, Esq., of Stoke Newington, in his eighty-fifth year, for fifty-five years in the service of the Bank of England.
On the 10th, at the Rectory, Loughton, Essex, in his seventy-fourth year, the Venerable Archdeacon Hamilton.
On the 11th, in Bury-street, St. James's, after a long illness, William Busfield, Esq., M.P., of Upwood, Yorkshire, in the seventy-ninth year of his age.
On the 12th, at Berechurch-hall, Essex, Lady Smyth, wife of Sir George Henry Smyth, Baronet, aged seventy-two years.
On the 14th, Celia, youngest daughter of George Hickson, Smithfield, aged three years.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Owing to the indisposition of the chief Editor, many letters unavoidably remain unanswered this week.

Several letters have been received by our publisher complaining of the non-receipt of papers, or the non-arrival of the *Leader* until Monday. We have made inquiry, and find that the errors have not arisen in our office. The Country Edition of the *Leader* is published on Friday, and the Town Edition on the Saturday, and Subscribers should be careful to specify which edition they wish to receive. Complaints of irregularity should be made to the particular news-agent supplying the paper, and if any difficulty should occur again it will be set right on application direct to our office, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, London.

In reply to inquiries we may state that the Office of the Friends of Italy is No. 10, Southampton-street, Strand.

All letters for the Editor should be addressed to 10, Wellington-street, Strand, London.

It is impossible to acknowledge the mass of letters we receive. Their insertion is often delayed, owing to a press of matter; and when omitted it is frequently from reasons quite independent of the merits of the communication.

Communications should always be legibly written, and on one side of the paper only. If long, it increases the difficulty of finding space for them.

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

Postscript.

SATURDAY, September 13.

The liberation of Kossuth, which, accident apart, will take place to-morrow, is an important event for Europe. England will have an opportunity of expressing her opinion upon European politics in a manner which the Foreign-office cannot mistake nor the Northern and Gallic despots condemn. Every Englishman who values the principles for which his fathers suffered, and fought, and bled, and who does not publicly assist in the expression of sympathy for the oppressed Peoples of Europe on the occasion, will be a traitor to his country and his race. We learn this morning that the people of Stafford set a noble example on Monday last; and also, that a portion of the people of Sheffield, ever foremost in the good cause, met on the same day, and performed a similar act.

At the Stafford meeting the Mayor presided; Mr. Urquhart, M.P., addressed the meeting. Mr. Pulszky made an eloquent and telling speech, and a few words were added by Mr. Paul Hajnik.

Mr. Urquhart happily termed the overthrow of Hungarian liberty by Austrian fraud and Russian force a "vast and overwhelming tragedy"! It was so. In the address to Kossuth, unanimously adopted, he is called "A Martyr to the cause of Europe;" an important phrase, and Kossuth's own. Mr. Urquhart explained his own position in these words—

"No one who has paid attention to foreign matters can be ignorant that I for years, and alone, have been the unflinching supporter of Austria and her alliance. I have not changed my opinions, but *Austria has undergone a transformation*, instead of being, as she then was, the defender of the independence of Europe (!?), now she is the tool of Russia."

He described Kossuth, whom he had visited in prison, as "powerful in intellect, but simple in disposition, possessing in the highest degree the gift of eloquence, with a character so genuine and *debonnaire*, that he carried conviction to every mind of the purity of his objects, and thence his extraordinary power over men." He describes him, when convinced of Austrian treachery, as "sowing sentences and reaping men"; and he testifies to the honesty and integrity of the Governor as well as to the nobleness of the man.

Mr. Pulszky's speech contained allegations against the English Government which deserve the deepest consideration, as they show the animus of the Foreign-office:—

"In 1848, when the movements took place in Hungary, application was made to the British Government, and the reply was that they considered the movement then taking place in Hungary to be entirely of a domestic character, and no foreign power could interfere in them. That letter made a lasting impression upon the Hungarians, and it had a fatal influence on their fate. That letter led Kossuth to believe that England would not allow the interference of Russia, and he was so sure of it that he did not take measures to defend the passes to the north towards Galicia. Kossuth felt certain that England could never permit the balance of power in Europe to be destroyed by the subserviency of Hungary, and Russia to become paramount. This belief, as he had said, exercised a fatal influence over their affairs."

Kossuth and the refugees entered Turkey, and their expulsion or extradition demanded by Austria and Russia.

"The English Government, when applied to, joined in some way the two treaties together, denied that either applied, and invented a distinction between expulsion and extradition; but at the same time said, that as the Sultan had passed his word, it would be a shame for him to give them up; and as Turkey had a duty of good neighbourhood to perform towards Austria, the Sultan was bound to provide some place in the interior where they should not be able to correspond with the people of

Hungary. (*Hear, hear.*) The Sultan was not to blame that Kossuth was not in England long ago, and England had no merit if he was free now."

The meeting was very enthusiastic, and an address to the Sultan was unanimously carried.

All the Poles who took refuge in Turkey after the Hungarian struggle, and were simple enough to trust to an amnesty of Nicholas, were, upon their arrival in Odessa, either enlisted in the so-called *disciplinary companies*, composed of every kind of culprits, or sent to the army of the Caucasus—so that none of them put their foot upon their native soil.

The Austrian Government is paternally interesting itself in behalf of the Gallician Israelites, particularly favouring those who exchange their dress for the German one. But a spirit of resistance against this Germanizing system has been awakened amongst them, and has given birth to a new sect, having some affinity with the *Hashidims*. This sect has drawn upon itself the attention of the paternal Government, and a judicial inquiry has been instituted against it in Lemberg. Meanwhile the number of Jews in Galicia is enormously increasing. They leave Russia by thousands, and go over to the promised land, where their emancipated brethren can breathe more freely. Amongst the emigrants are many boys of twelve years, who expatriate themselves chiefly to escape the Russian military press-gang; for it is now the general practice in Russia to drive the young male Israelites by herds to the first pond or river, there to christen them by force, thus transforming them by wholesale into orthodox schismatics. They then distribute them amongst the Russian peasantry, where they are fed at the expense of their own parents until they reach the proper age for becoming soldiers. If this system of recruitment be continued, we may venture to predict that in thirty years there will be not one Israelite left in Russia. The emigration of the Jews to Galicia is so immense, that every night one to two hundred cross the frontier and at once become Christian subjects. Is this the result of Signor Montefiori's late visit to St. Petersburg on behalf of his co-religionists?...

Not less busy is the Russian Government in converting the Christian populations to the Greco-Russian creed. The mode of that conversion is very efficient, for it is executed by the strongest of missionary arguments by the knout. This, at least, is the persuasive argument, viz., they employ with the *United Greeks*, some millions of whom they have already wrested from the holy fathers' protection. Only lately in Podolia alone, twenty-four Catholic churches have been taken from the Catholic communities and given to the schismatics. In the town of Kamieniec Podolski, only one miserable church has been left to the Catholic worshippers.

A lady who has played a part more or less justly celebrated in the political and choreographical world, Madame Lola Montez, now Countess of Lansfeld, is on the point of quitting Paris. It may be remembered that a journal devoted to the cause of order and to the candidature of M. L. N. Bonaparte, had in latter times offered a refuge to this lady's literary productions, for the purpose of attacking the Republic and of defending the eternal principles of morality and religion. It is then with deep astonishment that we read in another paper, in *l'Ordre*, the following lines which announce the approaching departure of the Countess of Lansfeld. The celebrated Countess of Lansfeld, pupil of M. Mabile, former maitre de ballet of the Opera, has just signed a definite engagement, and is about to reappear on the stage. She proposes, we are informed, to make a tour of some of our provinces before embarking for the New World. But as a prelude to her resuming the kingdom of Terpsichore, Lola Montez had invited her friends to a fête at the Jardin Mobilie, on Friday, the 12th instant. She will rehearse all her parts, and "try on" all her costumes on the occasion. The Countess of Lansfeld will admit to this farewell soirée only a few intimate friends and about a hundred journalists, to whom she will with her own hand pour out the punch in copious streams, and offer the perfumed cigarettes of her native country (says the *National*). We are not informed whether or not the Court of Bavaria will be represented at this solemnity; nor are we acquainted with the names of any of the journalists who will have the honour of being present; but we cannot doubt, from the known political principles of the lady-host, that her guests will be all selected from the *Party of Order and Religion*.

The *Evenement* has been again seized for an article by a son of Victor Hugo, entitled "Un Aveu," in which M. L. N. Bonaparte is handled with merciless severity.

We have received three numbers of *La Tribuna del Pueblo*, new organ of Democratic Socialism at Madrid, where its appearance may be considered quite a phenomenon, and its continued existence, we fear, a problem, which the Brava-Murillo Ministry will solve. The first two numbers were seized, and a prosecution instituted against the chief editor and the director, Joseph Melchior Carratala, for the political programme published in their first impression, which was studiously moderate in terms. The Spanish Government shares the wilful blindness of all reactionary powers, and prefers to grope in the dark of persecution rather than to face the broad light of free discussion. The courage and the ability of the writers of *La Tribuna* deserve the hearty sympathy of the Liberal press of all nations.

The Leader.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 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.

ENGLAND, EUROPE, AND AMERICA.

THE leading journal, taking Cuba as a text, discourses edifyingly, and with sententious gravity, on the "rules of international morality." The topic and the occasion subdue the style of the writer to the "very quality" of a sermon on the "comity of nations," and on the most sacred obligations of all civilized communities. The *Times* belongs no more to that "sanguine class of politicians" who abet and defend the atrocities of Ferdinand, Haynau, and Filangieri, till the indignation of the public opinion they have distorted and abused rises to shame and silence the organ of its own passions and interests, and compels it to muffle, if not to change, its tones; but rather, for the moment, at least, to that calm-blooded and rational class of the apostles of universal peace and universal cultivation, for whom, but a little while ago, it had found no ridicule too cruel, no sarcasm too pitiless, in a well-stored arsenal of arrogant abuse. Perhaps, like many other monitors, it has various moralities for various spheres; and, like some parson of a country village disporting himself, *minus* the white neckcloth, in the vortex of a huge city, where only one man is "known," it confines the "sanguine" politics to poor old decrepit Europe; and, refreshed and renovated by Atlantic gales, appears in the New World the mild and gracious preacher of "rational behaviour," not only among individuals, but among "states"; a firm believer that the dictates of prejudice and passion will have a constantly decreasing influence upon the policy and conduct of mankind; and that the rapid means of intercourse between all parts of the earth which we now providentially possess will lead, in truth, to a real comity of nations, making of the different kingdoms and states into which men are divided one great commonwealth, in which general opinion will have great sway, and the unbiassed judgment of disinterested parties will eventually acquire the force of an almost imperative rule of conduct.

Very fine and very delightful words in truth! A prophecy of better times worth recording, when we find it in the columns of the most powerful organ of European diplomacies, "right divine" congresses, Vienna treaties, parties of order, counter-revolutionary intrigues, and of all the material interests whose God is the money market, and whose church is 'Change. A new disciple of Kosmos, of the "idea of humanity," of a gospel of peace, freedom, and enlightenment that shall knit all nations in closer bonds of sympathy than ever king-made treaties forged or broke.

But we mark that our leading journal has one gospel for the old world and another for the new: one for Europe, another for America. In Europe let Nicholas break Polish charters, and people Siberian solitudes with the survivors of a decimated race of exiles; let Metternich (that great high priest of paternal Government, whose second advent to the scene of his "deluge" we have just been chanting) preside over Galician slaughter; making murder a sacred office, and spoliation a rewarded duty; let Haynau scourge women and torture men; let him set fire without mercy to capitulated towns, dishonour wives, cut children's throats, and force prisoners of war to "swallow the mangled entrails of their dearest friends"; let Ferdinand of Naples steep his perjured throne in blood and tears, and let his viceroy of Sicily make a desolation and a ruin of a lovely and fertile island; it is all done for the sacred cause of "international morality"; it is all in strict accordance with what is "commonly denominated the law of nations"! Or is young America only, and not old Europe, "most strictly bound by all the higher sanctions which can alone influence the conduct of sovereign communities, to set an example of the most ready obedience to this exalted morality"? Is this your comfortable creed? Is our king, and priest, and army-ridden

Europe to stick religiously to her tyrannies, and shams, and anomalies, and mystifications, whilst America, the fresh, the vigorous, the emancipated youth of the world, waxes ever freer, ever stronger to redress, on her boundless and virgin soil, and beneath her unpolluted skies, the balance of our worn-out sins, and miseries, and servitudes? Be it so. But how, with the "constant interchange of thought," and with the rapid means of intercourse between the hemispheres whereof you speak so forcibly, will you prevent the son sympathizing with the father, or avenging the father? How will you prevent the sons of the emigrants, of the involuntary exiles of discontent and starvation, the descendants of the hard step-mother who gave her children neither bread nor work, from vibrating with the shock of great ideas and burning with the sympathy of vital principles?

We do not care to discuss, nor do we pretend to vindicate the attack on Cuba. Call it, if you will, a buccaneering expedition, a marauding incursion of reckless and desperate adventurers. Granted that it was a gross infringement of international law and amity to attack and invade the possessions of a friendly power. It is certain that not only in the Southern and Slave States, but in the Northern and Abolitionist States of the Union, there exists a fixed determination to *have Cuba*: a deep and settled conviction that Cuba is thrown away upon the imbecile, corrupt, and oppressive Government of the rottenest of European powers: that the resources of the island are wasted, the energies paralyzed, and the treasures embezzled by a succession of bankrupt governors, whom the mother country sends like locusts to vex, devour, and tyrannize: that to the great Democracy, keen of eye, strong of hand, firm of will, resolute of purpose, ready to seize and able to defend, belong the gifts that Providence reserves not for decrepit and debauched tyrannies. And so America will have Cuba; we affirm without the gift of prophecy, and without fear of future refutation, *Cuba will be annexed to the United States.*

Yet, here a principle steps in, and it is impossible to deny that Spain might have averted the blow by decreeing the immediate Abolition of Slavery. She would have had the whole black population armed as one man to repel invaders, who come, not to abolish, but to maintain this profitable and odious iniquity. The Southern States, who have cast an eye on Cuba as a new slave state, would be glad enough to have nothing to say to an island in which slavery had been abolished. It is true that, sooner or later, the will even of the Abolitionist States would take Cuba, simply from a spirit of annexation and conquest; but the loss to Spain would be adjourned. It is thus that Slavery itself would be the Nemesis of the Slave States, and the crime of inhumanity would punish its abettors. But Spain has not the strength nor the honesty of principle to proclaim Abolition; and so she is content to lose her only title to the sympathy of the world.

A word about this same institution of slavery: vile, and odious, and inhuman as it is, there is much of tuneful cant and low charlatanism abroad. We do not deny that the "stripes" are a deep disgrace to the "stars"; but, in taking out the mote from our brother's eye, let us not forget the beam in our own. It is not because the Southern States are slaveholders, that the whole Democracy of the West is to be taunted with the sin of a part; and it is not so long ago that we of this land of freedom, whose ancestors had fought and won the battles of liberty at home, were as active and busy slaveholders as the Carolinas are now. And yet we then spoke of England as the "land of liberty." For, to speak calmly, the slavery of the blacks, who have never tasted freedom, is not to be reasonably compared with the slavery of your white Hungarian, and Russian, and Italian, under harder and more cruel taskmasters! The slavery of the blacks is not to be reasonably compared with the slavery of English pauperism! Far be it from us to write a word that may be distorted to a palliation of slavery, white or black; but we warn the wholesome sympathies of our readers against trading and officious Abolitionists!

But it is not of Cuba, nor of any trumpery quarrel between Spain and the United States, that we desire to speak. We read in official paragraphs that France and England—represented, the one by that high-minded and honest gentleman M. Baroche, the other by that most accomplished member of the "Inner Circle," the most liberal of statesmen, Lord Palmerston—have come to a resolution to

interfere in behalf of Spanish rights in Cuba, and in defence of international law. That M. Baroche should prostitute his brief grasp of office to any meanness or to any hypocrisy we neither care nor wonder; but what have we to do with Spain's quarrels? with the rights of Spain, which in the very indolence of weakness buffeted our ambassador only three years since? Verily your "accomplished members" of the "Inner Circle" forget these insults very soon! But what does it profit England that Cuba should be Spain's? And Cuba *will be American.*

The fact is, and in this the *Times* at least is faithful to the instincts it represents, there is a natural dislike in England to an active aggressive policy in any sense or direction. "Except," whispers the public conscience, "in India, in British Caffraria," &c. &c. We believe this state of public feeling to be not altogether sound nor healthy. We regret this paralysis of a nation's will at home and abroad. There is the same apathy, the same *atony* (we may almost say) in our domestic as in our foreign political sensitiveness. We discover a branch of the Austrian police in the pay and employ of our Foreign-office—"Let it pass!" After a long delay we are promised an Australian mail *once in two months*—"So be it!"

We have a Metropolitan Commission of Sewers, composed of men of rank, science, influence, in various degrees. They do little or nothing from want of money; and their powers stop short at the point of serious efficiency! "Give them time!" We call for extramural interments. The Board of Health gives us hearty best wishes, but their powers are unavailing against local and vested interests!—"They mean well!"

So it is! a sort of blind Irish helplessness, a mere fatalism, has crept into the very vital forces of our political and public existence. It is as if the nation had lost its will; and the Government, a blind reflex of the national *no-will*, burks all that it pretends to adopt. We talk again of Peace, and non-intervention and abstinence from meddling in the affairs of other Peoples. As if there were no despotisms awake and armed to the teeth and threatening, like a cloud: no barbarism of reaction in the very heart of Europe; no Cossackism looming sullenly on the northern horizons!

Laissez-faire will not do to meet coalitions of Ischl and Verona. We protest against the idea that a foreign power has no right to intervene in favour of one portion of a nation against another. The great authorities on international law are our authority.

The time is coming when nations which refuse to stand up for great principles will have to fight them out on their own borders. We repeat, then, that for a quarrel between Spain and the United States we care not a jot: the issue cannot be doubtful; but for the coming war of great principles, of positive truths and negative fictions, of bureaucracy and democracy, of despotism and liberty, we care infinitely. We see that great young Power of the West asserting its spirit of conquest: whilst in the East, Austrianism is rampant. Political Anglicanism bending over its counters, hugging its respectabilities, intent upon stocks, and shares, and prices current, supply and demand, profit and loss, going to its "Established" Church twice o' Sundays, with a laborious conviction that it is the "right thing to do," discerns not (how should a mole discern?) the rising gale of revolutions, and the last conflict of Force and Freedom. We appeal then to our brothers and sons of the West: a nobler battle field than the shores of Cuba, and a nobler death than in the square of Havannah, await them in Europe. Let the ship that bears away Kossuth be the herald of the new idea that shall never rest nor pause till it has accomplished the annexation of the world.

BLOOMERISM.

A BLOOMER has appeared in London, upon a public platform, boldly vindicating her right to wear the costume invented by the Transatlantic journalist, Mrs. Bloomer, and advocating its convenience and utility. And she has certainly a perfect right to be heard.

Putting together certain accepted axioms, such as the "Nude is always pure"—"when unadorned adorned the most"—and coupling them with the expressed repugnance of the male sex to their charming partners "wearing the breeches," a philosopher might conclude that the costume of Eve was the fitting costume of woman, and that Madam Wharton was "very fashionably dressed."

Certain vague notions of decency, however, strengthened by vague terrors of the Police, prevent this costume becoming general. The Nude may be pure in Art, but is decidedly objectionable in the streets; and, inasmuch as we must drape our human figures, the question of drapery seems as infinite as human caprice. Yet on nothing is the public mind more bigoted. The slightest variation in costume seems like an insult to the general taste. To wear a bonnet unlike that of the hundreds which pass you in the street is to commit a crime. To stint yourself in whalebone and crinoline is looked upon as evidence of an eccentric and unfeminine mind. In spite of all the pictorial and historical evidence of the infinite varieties of costume—and all these changes tending obviously to greater convenience—the changes are always resisted at first by inept ridicule; but they gain ground if they have any real superiority, and pass into established things, to become in their turn the obstacle to any new change. "Bloomerism" will gain ground, because the change it brings with it is indisputably one which has convenience in its favour. It is opposed by the natural conservatism of human beings, especially women, and still more by the fear of what "others" will think. But as the waist is no longer under the armpit, and as stays are every day becoming more and more obsolete, so we have no doubt but that the spirit of the "Bloomer" revolt will prevail, and some considerable modification of female costume become universal.

Indeed, not only with respect to female costume, but with respect also to male costume, a very decided revolution is necessary. We ought to study elegance of form more, and costliness of stuff less; we ought, while bearing *utility* in mind, to marry it as closely as possible with *beauty*. At present, who thinks of beauty—who can carry out his ideas of utility? We are all dressed by our tailors and hatters; and we accept their taste in lieu of our own, because they deepen their voices into solemnity, and assure us that "no gentleman wears such and such a thing now." Much of this is owing to our being as a people so inartistic; more, however, to our being as a people so "respectable" and conforming. Shelley used to say that he would rather be damned with Plato and Bacon than go to heaven with Paley and Malthus; but our nation would rather be damned with Respectability than go to heaven through the path of non-conformity beset by ridicule.

ROME AND CUBA.

INTERNATIONAL law is scouted by the Party of Order in some cases as ostentatiously as it is insisted on in others. For instance, the French bandit expedition to Rome was applauded by the reaction; the American buccaneer expedition to Cuba is condemned.

Rome in 1849 was in the hands of the Romans. A Roman Senate made the laws, a Roman Ministry executed them, a Roman army defended the city of the Cæsars and the Popes. Throughout the States which constitute, in international relations, the Roman nation, there was nothing exceeding the fullest support given to the national Government, except the joy and gratitude of a people delivered from the bloody and abominable rule of the Inquisition and the Vatican. Nothing was wanting to constitute an expression of national force and national will. As far as France and Austria and England were concerned, the Roman States were, to all intents and purposes, a Nation.

Was it not then fairly within the pale of international law and entitled to the protection of nations? How that national law was interpreted and that protection afforded we know. Four armies, with cannon and mortars, with sabre and bayonet, surrounded its unfortified extent; and one nation trampled out, not only the fire of its nationality, but the last sparks of its liberty.

The party of Order rejoiced. The *Times*, the *Chronicle*, and the "weaker vessels" of the English Absolutists had no arguments against the men who reestablished the Inquisition, and reasserted the domination of Austria. Then they did not urge for one moment that the Roman Expedition was a violation of international law. Neither in that nor the subsequent invasion of Hungary by the Cossacks, did they express a longing for the time when all civilized nations would unhesitatingly acquiesce "in the rules of international morality, commonly denominated the law of nations."

But now the tables are turned. The Spanish Monarchy is one of the brightest gems in the

crown of the Party of Order, because it is one of the meanest of the crowns of Europe. The Spanish Monarchy is among the weakest and most contemptible of that bloodstained party, and the Spanish Monarchy is (or was) in possession of the island of Cuba.

Cuba is not a nation; Cuba is not liberated and independent; Cuba has no national senate, no national executive, no national army. Spanish soldiers command in her citadels, and a Spanish general rules in her councils. She is not a part of Spain, but one of Spain's dependencies: she is not an integral portion of the Spanish monarchy. The Creole population detest their Spanish masters, and they strive to eject them from the islands. An invading force land upon its shores to assist the patriotic party. Part of them are taken, and a Spanish *hidalgo* orders their massacre in cold blood. Fresh supplies of men, money, and arms are sent to the invaders. Their own countrymen are guilty of the crime of mourning and preparing to avenge their loss. Then what do we read in the journals of the Party of Order? Those who raised not a voice in favour of the annihilation of Roman nationality and Roman liberty—a case of the violation of international law so strong that this of Cuba is weak compared with it—those who saw only justice and right emblazoned on the standards, and enforced by the arms of a Louis Napoleon, a Ferdinand, and a Francis Joseph, see nothing but piracy and robbery, injustice and unrighteousness, in the expedition of Lopez. The conquest of Rome by the Jesuits was a great and noble action; the invasion of Cuba by American Republicans and exiled Cubans is an act comparable only to the deeds of a Kyd or a Constable Bourbon.

We are not defending "buccaneers," we are placing two facts side by side; in order that the eyes of the People may be opened, and the hand of the Foreign-office either constrained or compelled to help on the right side, and prevented from stabbing Liberty in the back.

WHAT CAN BE DONE WITH SIX ACRES OF LAND.

"ENGLAND is over peopled. We ought to send away some 300,000 men, women, and children annually, or the whole country will be overrun with paupers." This is the doctrine of the landlords, who have usurped the title of landowners. They have, for many years, been labouring as industriously to clear their estates of surplus labourers, as their ancestors did to extirpate wolves, bears, and other sylvan monsters. They know that property has its duties as well as its rights, and, therefore, they use every scheme, however dishonourable, to screw down the rates, that being, in their estimation, the paramount duty of every conscientious landlord. Virtue has thereby its own reward, in the shape of an improved rental. Land surveyors affirm that every cottage in the country is equal to a deduction of £100 from the value of the estate which it encumbers. At this rate, a landowner may calculate that peasant-hunting is a most profitable occupation. For every family whom he drives from the land to compete for employment, or steal, or beg, or starve, in the nearest large town, he has the solid satisfaction of reflecting that he has added £5 per annum to his income. People wonder at the rapid increase of population in towns, but how can it be otherwise? This process of land improvement has been carried on incessantly for the last sixty or eighty years, as any one may ascertain by consulting the population tables. In 1774, Arthur Young, in speaking of the tyrannical mode in which the landlords and farmers interfered to prevent the poor from marrying, says:—

"The landlord and the farmer have almost equal motives to reduce the number of poor in their respective parishes: marriages are very frequently obstructed; the couple must, if they marry, stay at home, the overseers of the poor will grant no certificates; if they marry, therefore, where are they to live? No cottage is empty—they must live with their fathers or mothers, or lodge; the poor abhor both as much as their betters, and certainly, in many cases, run into licentious amours, merely for want of a cottage or a certificate. Suppose an unmarried couple applies to the lord of a manor for permission to build a cottage on the waste—'No,' says the gentleman, 'the cottage, when built, will be a nest of buggars, and we shall have them all on the parish.'"

"They must live with their fathers or mothers, or lodge." This was the rule in 1774; but the case of rural lovers has altered greatly for the worse since that time, especially on well-managed estates. To think of marriage before a vacant

house has been found for the young couple, is treated as a most heinous offence by Malthusian landlords. On the Bridgewater estate, for example, the Earl of Ellesmere keeps a watchful eye on the progress of population among his tenantry. The following circular, which was issued by the head steward a few years ago, will show that it is not the Earl's fault if population increases too fast in South Lancashire:—

"Worsley, July 30, 1842.

"The evils which an over-crowded population entails upon the poorer classes of society make it necessary to consider in what manner this may with the most ease, and with the least interference with their comforts, be diminished gradually, and finally removed altogether. There can be no doubt that early and ill-considered marriages between very young persons is one great cause of these evils—marriages contracted without forethought, and without any consideration as to the means of future support and maintenance of children. Such marriages should be discouraged for the sake of the individuals themselves, as well as for that of their parents and neighbours. Such marriages receive great encouragement upon the Bridgewater Estate, from the parties being permitted to reside in their parents' dwellings after marriage, thereby producing other serious evils and inconvenience. It is, therefore, hereby intimated, that after the 1st day of October next, no cottage tenant shall permit any newly married son or daughter to take up their residence in their house, without leave in writing from Mr. Fereday Smith, or Mr. Robert Lansdale, as the case may be, or the tenant himself will be put under notice. Mr. Lansdale will fill up any cottage now vacant from those cottages which contain more than one family, taking great care that the vacancy thus made shall not be filled up by an extra family or lodger.

"JAMES LOCK."

It never seems to strike these Malthusian economists that there is any other mode of improving the condition of the People besides that of keeping down their numbers. "Mr. Lansdale [the Earl of Ellesmere's agent] will fill up any cottage now vacant from those cottages which contain more than one family, taking great care that the vacancy thus made shall not be filled up by an *extra family* or lodger." Alas, for the houseless "extra families" on the Bridgewater estate! Not a word is said about ever building a new cottage for any of them. The improvement of the Bridgewater property, to use the slang phrase, requires that all such surplus families shall be peremptorily ordered to take themselves off without delay. They must betake themselves elsewhere—in other words to Manchester, that being the largest and nearest place of refuge for the "extra families" of the improved estates of the Earl of Derby, the Earl of Ellesmere, and other Lancashire landowners.

And yet, while this merciless system of rural depopulation is going on from year to year, there are millions of acres lying waste in Great Britain, upon which the whole of the surplus families might be comfortably settled. We last week gave an account of what has been done with six acres of land at Highgate, in improving the condition of eighty-three inhabitants of that village, many of them with large families. What has been effected there in a small way, might easily be carried out on an enlarged scale in all parts of the kingdom. There never was a time so favourable for such a movement as at present. The "agricultural mind" is in a transition state, ready for any great improvement which may be presented to them. Now, then, is the time for the Earl of Shaftesbury, Mr. Sidney Herbert, and the Society for Bettering the Condition of the Poor to come forward and show what immense benefit the community would derive from a complete agricultural reform. Let them give the labourers an interest in the cultivation of the soil by promoting the small farm and allotment system—let them bring the intellect of the country to bear on the cultivation of the soil, and thereby prevent the demoralizing immigration into the large towns, and they will do more to elevate the physical, social, and moral condition of the working-classes, than by building ever so many lodging-houses for the poor, who overcrowd the towns, breeding fever and pestilence there, because they have been driven off the land on which they might so easily be made comfortable and independent.

THE SULPHURIC ACID TEST OF PROSPERITY.

BARON LIEBIG, in his *Familiar Letters on Chemistry*, recently published, says, "We may judge with great accuracy of the commercial prosperity of a country from the quantity of sulphuric acid it consumes." Here is a valuable hint for Sir Charles Wood when he brings forward his budget for 1852. Instead of wearying the House with a tiresome mass of poor-law returns, for the purpose

of showing that pauperism has decreased eight or nine per cent., he would only require to ask Messrs. Tennant, of Glasgow, or Mr. Musprat, of Liverpool, and a few other large manufacturers of the commodity, what demand there is for oil of vitriol compared with former years. The answer would show, among other things, what demand there has been for soap; for, as Liebig elsewhere remarks, "The quantity of soap consumed by a nation would form no inaccurate measure whereby to measure its wealth and civilization;" we must warn the Chancellor of the Exchequer, however, not to rely too much upon the soap test as a criterion of national prosperity. On consulting the revenue returns we find that the average consumption per head—thanks to our absurd and oppressive Excise regulations—has not increased a single ounce during the last ten years.

AN ANTIDOTE FOR SPIES.

THE Society of the Friends of Italy have issued No. 1 of a Monthly Record, intended, as its name implies, to record, not only the progress of the society, but the progress of the Italian question. Additional evidence of the immense usefulness of the society is furnished by the address of the Sardinian workmen, published elsewhere, from the *Times*. No Englishman who values liberty and justice, who sees even the material importance of Italian Independence should stand aloof from this society. At the present time it is of especial moment that the people should aid in foreign movements, and sustain foreign refugees, since there is good reason to believe that there are Austrian spies in British pay, and a duplex Minister in the Foreign-office. The best way to oppose him and them is to support the frank and open action of societies like this of the Friends of Italy.

A FLATTERING LIKENESS.

M. A. DE LA GUERONNIERE, the rose-water optimist, ditto of his friend Lamartine, and a thorough adept in *Lamartinism*, has lately indulged his pen and his readers with a fancy portrait of that great man, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. His way of painting a flattering likeness does not require the subject to give any sittings to the artist. He forms a *beau idéal* in his own warm imagination of a noble, profound, mysterious, self-sacrificing Prince-President: he adorns it with the finest touches, and lends it the grandest features. Having finished his portrait, he calls it—Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. One unfailing method of establishing the good qualities of M. Bonaparte is, after arraying a catalogue of graces and virtues in all the colours of a prismatic diction, to say—and, what is singular, M. Bonaparte is so reserved that his nearest intimates do not recognize these fine qualities! A French wit wrote to compliment the artist on his portrait, in which he could find but one fault. *Il ne lui manque que le nez!*

A SUBVERSIVE FACT.

THERE is a person living in one of the streets of Kensington, who evidently possesses the loftiest genius in house decoration, and no mean capacity for advertising himself. Contagious example of Alexis Soyer! Upon a blue and pink check ground, which covers the whole front of the house, the Kensington marine-store dealer has actually had his name and occupation painted with the letters turned upside down!

The force of Robins could no further go!

SOCIAL REFORM.

"NOTES OF A SOCIAL ECONOMIST."

THE COÖPERATIVE ASSOCIATIONS OF ENGLAND.

"QUI LABORAT ORAT."

I.

THE evident improvement which has recently taken place in the moral, physical, and social condition of the operatives in the populous and wealthy counties of York and Lancaster, is a practical and indisputable proof of the increasing intelligence, and, consequently, increasing political power of the unprivileged and disfranchised classes in England. The present qualification for the *privilege* of voting for national representatives (?) being the morally degrading test of money-worth, not moral or social worth. This increased political power has been already exercised in the most useful manner for the purpose of carrying out two very important measures of Social and Economical Reform—The total repeal of the corn-laws and the diminution in the hours of factory labour.

The enormous advantages obtained for England by the repeal of the bread tax—the net product of war and monopoly—are patent to the world, which also shares in them to a certain extent; and the repeal of this tax is in some sort an acknowledgment of the right of every citizen, able and willing to work, to an unstinted share, at the minimum price, of that food called "the staff of life," which is raised from the common earth by the united skill and industry of mankind. The comparative facilities thus acquired for the free exchange of the products of labour—a

principle of capital importance and of universal application—have given a healthy impetus to our foreign trade and home manufacture, and introduced a degree of comfort hitherto unknown into the homes and families of our manufacturing population.

The diminution in the hours of factory labour has been most beneficial. It has not only increased the number of hands necessarily employed (at a slight reduction of wages, perhaps), but has also given a powerful impulse to improvement in the application of machinery; the control of mental organization over inert matter. The moral and physical health of the operative has perceptibly improved—a great national *economy*—and the "schooling" of the children during certain hours of the day (which is enforced by law), has been found a profitable speculation to the employer and to the employed. By this humane and concerted limitation of work, the feeble and defenceless are now protected from the tyranny of the strong or unprincipled; but until pregnant women, and those who have children, be removed from the factory to their natural domestic sphere of activity, no effectual remedy can be applied by the Legislature to the social gangrene of juvenile depravity and corruption, originating in the neglect or ignorance of parents and *Guardians*.

The first check to our present commercial prosperity must again lead to a renewal of the clamour for diminished hours of toil, and the time will soon come when it shall be universally acknowledged that eight hours of constant and well directed labour are amply sufficient for every purpose of useful production, that some kind of agricultural or horticultural employment during the twenty-four hours is indispensable to the health of the operative, and that every practical health of towns bill must ultimately take for its motto the proverbial "*rus in urbe*"—pure air and water, space, light, warmth, dryness, and exercise being conditions necessary to health.

The rapid evolution of mental power, the increase of capital, and the improvements gradually introduced into the present imperfect system of cultivation, into the machinery applied to agriculture as well as to manufactures, must all tend to diminish the existing amount of pauperism, and to promote the happiness of all. But if the manufacturing districts (except the mining population, now working twelve or fourteen hours a day for an average wages of from two to two shillings and sixpence) be in such a thriving condition, the reverse of the picture may be seen in the purely agricultural counties. Land has been a monopoly of the privileged classes, perpetuated by the law of primogeniture (the only one fool in the family principle), by the law of entail, and by the uncertainty and expense attendant upon conveyance and title to real property. If land were as easily purchased as cotton, or as Three per Cents., not only would it be more valuable as a marketable commodity, but it would also become indefinitely more productive and profitable. The land, in fact, has been starved, and frequently converted into mere pastures or shooting grounds, and thus partially depopulated—to which the atrocious law of parish settlement has materially contributed. Mr. Kingsley accuses the land monopolists of being mere "land traders." Would that they were mere "land traders"! Does any reasonable being suppose that, if the wool, flax, and cotton trade had been an hereditary monopoly, England could now have boasted of a six hundred million man-machine power, as Dr. John Watts, the powerful advocate of secular education, called it, or have employed so large a population, originally drawn from the land, at highly remunerative wages. The full extent of the productive power of land is unknown, or only guessed at; yet capital still remains unemployed, and, therefore, unproductive, and labourers pauperized or idle: while the soil lies comparatively waste and untilled. Neither must we overlook the fact that hostile competition between traders or employers is not an unmixed evil; for the employer must then compete for the employed in the labour market, being compelled to do so by the remorseless law, which, as profits diminish, renders increased production necessary. For pauperism—the modern incarnation of evil—will "overtake the hindmost."

Communism, in its most exaggerated form, may be considered as the natural result of pauperism, and a reaction consequent on the neglect and violation of the laws of nature. The Scotch economists have proclaimed, from the stump tops, that pauperism, in the disfranchised victims of monopoly and taxation, was a crime; that pauperism had no right

to indulge in the passions and affections of human nature; they separated the wife from her husband, the child from its mother; and in their model, workless workhouses the sacred bonds of family union were irreverently torn asunder. The gaol, instead of the school, became the means of Social Reformation, and a lasting monument of bureaucratic folly and of failure; the criminal, in order to escape transportation, now shams conversion—a conversion supposed to have been accomplished by maudlin religious tracts—a rose-water cure for a deadly moral sickness. As the natural result of such a monstrous system of legislation, a doctrine sprung up that women and children were destined, by the law of nature, to be the common property of man: and that the wife and companion of his youth and manhood, who is destined to be the comfort and solace of his old age, shall no longer look to him alone for love and protection. But the gentle and vibrating voice of retributive nature shall yet make itself heard amidst this Babel-like confusion of tongues, and vindicate the Divine and eternal truth of her immutable laws. But I am wandering from my theme—the English Associations. Your readers, however, must bear in mind that the history of the various attempts to form agricultural communities carries us back to an epoch long antecedent to Christianity.

The Jews were divided into three sects, the Pharisees, the Sadducees, and lastly the *Essenes*, established on the western shores of the Dead Sea. The *Essenes* were again divided into two sects, the *Practici*, who lived in community, and the *Theorici*, in solitude, the original founders of the eremitic and cœnobitic mode of life afterwards adopted by the early followers of John and of Jesus. The *Essenes* devoted themselves entirely to the pursuit of agriculture, and they despised riches, commerce, and navigation. All their goods were held in common, and a system of perfect equality prevailed among them. They had neither wives nor slaves, and performed all menial services for each other. The most able and skilful were elected as managers, and their food was prepared by their priests. They recruited their numbers (upwards of 4000) by the adoption of children; Pliny, therefore, calls them an eternal nation, in which no one is born. It is also related by Philo, the learned Alexandrian Jew, and by Josephus, that the *Essenes* devoted themselves to the worship of God, not by the sacrifice of animals, but by preserving the spotless purity of their souls; and they avoided cities because they entertained the opinion that, as physical maladies are generated by putrid exhalations, so, by analogy, the soul-stain of social contagion was ineffaceable.

Could we but rise to the true nobleness and unity of our work, as Social Reformers, and all zealously coöperate like these poor ignorant enthusiasts, how vast might be the result! The round earth, and its inhabitants, is our seed-field, the indefinite perfectibility of man our quickening faith, and the principle of universal brotherhood—the unity of the human race—a worthy motive for action.

WILLIAM CONINGHAM.

In a report made to the Secretary-at-War by Lieutenant-Colonel Jebb, the Inspector-General of Military Prisons, which has just been printed in a Parliamentary paper, the subject of flogging in the army is brought forward. It seems that imprisonment in lieu of corporal punishment has been beneficial in its operation, notwithstanding the contrary opinion of a number of military officers. Colonel Jebb states:—"If the views of the most experienced officers in her Majesty's service as to the deterring influence of corporal punishment were correct, a great increase of crime in the army might have been anticipated as the necessary consequence of limiting the power of courts martial, and materially diminishing a mode of punishment deemed to be the most efficacious for the maintenance of discipline. It is, however, satisfactory to see that the result has not been unfavourable; and though it may partly be attributed to the encouragement given to good conduct, the better class of men who have entered the service, and the partial discharge of some of the worst characters, yet taking all this into account, I think that experience has sufficiently shown that imprisonment for military offences has answered the expectations that were formed of it." In 1845, the year previous to the establishment of prisons, the number of convictions by courts martial was 9954, and 652 corporal punishments were inflicted. In 1850, the convictions were 9306, and the corporal punishments, 238. The effective force was about the same in each year; in 1845, 125,252, and in 1850, 125,119. Last year there were 495 lashes inflicted by the visitors for serious offences, and the number of prisoners admitted into military prisons was 3565.

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.*

SOME months ago we announced that CARLYLE had written a Life of JOHN STERLING, which would, for the first time, give an honest statement of the belief that struggling thinker finally arrived at. Doubts were thrown upon the authenticity of our assertion, which, however, will be cleared up next month by the publication of the work. Meanwhile, let us be distinctly understood as guaranteeing the truth of all the literary gossip we chronicle here, unless when we give it as a rumour. That precaution taken, we may now announce the certainty of an abridged translation of AUGUSTE COMTE's six volumes of *Positive Philosophy* appearing as soon as is compatible with the exigencies of so important an undertaking. A very competent mind has long been engaged upon the task; and the growing desire in the public to hear more about this BACON of the nineteenth century, renders such a publication necessary. Nor have we forgotten our promise of devoting to the *Positive Philosophy* a series of articles, which will appear on the completion of arrangements for their uninterrupted publication.

A series of papers on *Socialism* is now in course of publication in the *Economist*, to which we direct all who desire to hear the adverse side of the question forcibly stated. When the series is complete we may answer its arguments at length. They admit of easy answer; as the writer may imagine when we tell him that we *accept* most of his positions, for in truth they do not touch Socialism, they pass *beside* it. He commits the almost universal mistake of adducing purely *economic* arguments against a *moral* doctrine. By studiously omitting the moral consideration he leaves Socialism just where it stood; Socialists having perpetually declared the radical vice of the Economists to be this limitation of social questions to those of mere profit and loss! The writer of whom we now speak labours to show that Coöperative Stores and Working-Men's Associations, however they may prosper, can only surpass an ordinary tradesman in the small margin of profit which accrues from the difference between the wages of the foreman and gains of the master after deducting the interest of capital. Granted. What then? The Profit is not greatly increased, but is the condition of the Producers not greatly ameliorated? Is it nothing to the workmen themselves that they shall be raised from the condition of hired servant into that of free man, working with their equals in a spirit of hearty goodwill, conscious that they are increasing the *social* tendency, conscious that their little experiment may be the forerunner of a change which will make all men coöperate upon principles of Justice, instead of struggling to *exploiter* each other upon principles of Selfishness? Is this nothing? Is a question of Profit to swamp such considerations?

We merely touch, in passing, the weak point of the *Economist*; for a more ample refutation we must wait till the series is completed. Perhaps the writer will reconsider his position, and meet Socialism as a Social doctrine, which includes Political Economy, but includes a great deal more than that.

In this week's number of *Household Words* there is an amusing and suggestive paper on Nursery Rhymes, wherein the ferocious morals embalmed in jog-trot verse are indicated, for the reflective consideration of all parents. A terrible case is made out against these lispings moralists: slaughter, cruelty, bigotry, injustice, wanton delight in terrible accidents and awful punishments for trivial offences, ferocity of every kind—such a mass of "shocking notions" as would people our nurseries with demons, were it not for the happy indifference of children to anything but the rhyme, rhythm, and the quaint image. The philosophy of this subject is

not touched upon. It would make a separate paper of great interest. The imperfect adaptation of man to the Social state, which our admirable friend HERBERT SPENCER shows to be the source of all Social discordances, is here exemplified in the love of children for stories which appeal to their destructive propensities. The "manly sports," which grow into heroisms in the eloquent pages of sporting writers—the cock fights, bull fights, boxing matches, game battues, and military glories, are all activities of those propensities which make the truculent incidents of Nursery Rhymes so acceptable to the child.

French Literature is beginning to show some activity. THIERS issues the eleventh volume of his *History of the Consulate and Empire*; instead of the ten volumes originally proposed, the work is to extend to fourteen—an extension for which few will be grateful! We stumbled the other day upon a passage in PLINY, the Elder, wherein he notes the fact, that paper (or the ancient substitute therefor, viz., Papyrus) is an article not absolutely to be counted on. "There was a dearth of paper," he says, "in the reign of Tiberius, and it became so alarming that senators were appointed to look after its distribution, otherwise the greatest inconveniences would have occurred." In certain sarcastic moments who has not wished for such a dearth—for anything, in short, that would limit the voluminousness of modern authors? *L'écrivainerie*, says old Montaigne, *est le symptôme d'un siècle débordé*; but sarcasms against the "itch of writing," *cacoëthes scribendi*, are almost as ancient as authorship itself, so we will allow THIERS and his fourteen volumes to pass by, envying the man who has leisure to read them—a leisure we should diligently employ in not reading them.

ADOLPHE GRANIER DE CASSAGNAC, the lively, impertinent, paradoxical journalist, is writing a *Histoire du Directoire* in his own paper (as we announced months past), and the Brussels edition of volume one now lies on our table. It is full of sarcasms and declamations against the Republican party and their great Leaders; but it is sprightly, amusing, and has something of novelty in its tone: after so much wearisome laudation of everybody in the Revolution, a spirited, reckless, and dashing onslaught makes the old subject piquant.

EUGENE SUE offers us a new novel, *L'Avarice*, the last of his series on the seven cardinal sins. It is in one volume; and its presence reminds us that we have not yet spoken of *Miss Mary*, which is still a novelty. In *Miss Mary* we have EUGENE SUE, not precisely upon English ground, but with one foot here—just enough to exhibit to his countrymen his perfect familiarity with the "insolent Islanders." *Miss Mary* is the daughter of Sir Lawson Esquire, one of the richest gentlemen cultivators of his country—possessing eight magnificent horses of true Irish breed, and a kennel of five and twenty fox hounds, not to speak of the manorial estate, *Lawson-cottage*. *Miss Mary*, however, is forced to quit Ireland, forced to give up her horses *Turner* and *Smogler*, which the little *Johnny* rode *en postillon*—and is now wending her way to France, where she is to be a governess, Sir Lawson having met with misfortunes which have reduced him to poverty. Of course the gentleman in whose family she is governess falls in love with her; but what the upshot is we cannot say, for at this point the reading faculty fairly gave way.

Turning from EUGENE SUE to the Count JOSEPH DE MAISTRE—from the popular romancist to the most illustrious defender of the Catholic Church, is something like taking a literary Russian bath. We found it agreeable. The two volumes of DE MAISTRE's letters and inedited trifles, *Lettres et Opuscules inédits*, with a biographical notice written by his son, will be very acceptable, not only to Catholics, but to all who can rise above differences of creed, and recognize the amazing power of this great writer. These volumes present him, *en dishabille*, and he is worthy knowing so.

Oxford has lost an ornament in losing Dr. KIDD, the Regius Professor of Medicine in the University, whose death we see recorded in the papers; and the public will remember him as the author of one of the most popular *Bridgewater Treatises*, a series of works intended to give orthodoxy the support of science, and which, by the very juxtaposition of religion and science, have greatly helped to bring their discordances into relief. Dr. KIDD was not a writer of such attainments in philosophy as to give any weight to his views; but his knowledge of facts was extensive, and his exposition popular in style. It may be worth remarking that the title of his book, *On the Adaptation of External Nature to the Physical Condition of Man*, is radically opposed to the most advanced views of physiology, and (unless Morphology is to be tossed contemptuously aside as "materialistic") the title should be reversed into the *Adaptation of the Physical Condition of Man to the External Universe*. This title, indeed, would not suit the orthodox view which assumes that Nature is made for Man—adapted to him, instead of Man being adapted to the conditions of Nature; a view which might have been accepted at a time when the stars were supposed to be nothing more than lamps for the night, the whole universe being centred in our planet—a view which modern science unequivocally opposes. "What's in a name?" asks some hasty reader. Everything, when that name implies a theory, and that theory a false one!

THE CREED OF CHRISTENDOM.

The Creed of Christendom: its Foundations and Superstructure.
By William Rathbone Greg. John Chapman.

ENGLISH Protestantism, effete as it seems in its ecclesiastical and sectarian forms, is manifesting the vitality of its roots in the vigorous and rapid growth of free religious inquiry among earnest men. The writers who are heading the present movement against dogmatic theology, are not mere speculators enamoured of theory, and careless of its practical results. Still less are they anti-religious zealots, who identify all faith with superstition. They are men at once devout and practical, who have been driven into antagonism with the dominant belief by the force of their moral, no less than of their intellectual nature, and who have been led to the avowal of that antagonism, not simply by the impulse of candour, but by an interest in the spiritual well-being of society. They know that to call dogmatic Christianity the popular creed is a misnomer; that the doctrines taught in our pulpits neither have, nor can have, any hold on the masses; and that if our population is to be Christianized, religious teaching must be conducted in a new spirit and on new principles. They protest against the current faith, because they would substitute for it one purer and more influential; they lay the axe to the old, only that there may be freer play for the energies which are ever tending to the development of the new and more perfect.

Among these pioneers of the New Reformation, Mr. Greg is likely to be one of the most effective. Without any pretension to striking originality or extensive learning, his work perhaps all the more exhibits that sound, practical judgment which discerns at once the *hinge* of a question, and it bears throughout the impress of an honesty, geniality, and refinement which imply a moral nature of a very high order. The absence of any very profound critical erudition, far from disqualifying Mr. Greg for the task he has undertaken, is essential to the aim of his book—namely, to show at what conclusions concerning the Bible and Christianity a sensible, educated layman is likely to arrive, with such an amount of critical attainment as is compatible with the work that lies before him in daily life. If such conclusions must necessarily be unsound because they are formed in ignorance of the last new edition of every Biblical critic, orthodox or heterodox, the right of private judgment is a nullity, and the unclerical mind must either dismiss the subject altogether, or surrender itself to a more consistent spiritual despotism than that of Protestant divines. *The Creed of Christendom* claims the attention of the theologian, not that it may teach him Biblical criticism, but that it may render him more familiar with the impression made by the vexed questions of his science on an earnest, cultivated mind, cut off by no barrier of caste or prejudice from full sympathy and acquaintance

with the spirit and wants of the age. Another class of readers to whom it is adapted, are those struggling towards free religious thought amidst the impediments of critical ignorance and early artificial associations. To such, Mr. Greg's book will be valuable, both as an introductory manual of Biblical criticism and as a help in the consideration of certain moral questions.

In stating the reasons which urged him to publication, Mr. Greg says:—

"Much observation of the conversation and controversy of the religious world had brought the conviction that the evil resulting from the received notions as to Scriptural authority has been immensely under-estimated. I was compelled to see that there is scarcely a low and dishonouring conception of God current among men, scarcely a narrow and malignant passion of the human heart, scarcely a moral obliquity, scarcely a political error or misdeed, which Biblical texts are not, and may not be, without any violence to their obvious signification, adduced to countenance and justify. On the other hand I was compelled to see how many clear, honest, and aspiring minds have been hampered and baffled in their struggles after truth and light, how many tender, pure, and loving hearts have been hardened, perverted, and forced to a denial of their nobler nature and their better instincts, by the ruthless influence of some passages of Scripture which seemed in the clearest language to condemn the good and to denounce the true. No work contributed more than Mr. Newman's Phases of Faith, to force upon me the conviction that little progress can be hoped, either for religious science or charitable feeling, till the question of Biblical authority shall have been placed upon a sounder footing, and viewed in a very different light."

Mr. Greg sets out by examining the dogma of Scriptural inspiration, which he justly regards as the keystone of Protestant orthodoxy. After considering separately each of the grounds on which it rests, he concludes that there is no valid foundation for believing the Hebrew and Christian canonical writings to be inspired, in the ordinary acceptation of the word—that is, dictated or suggested by God; that hence we must regard them "as records, not revelations; as histories, to be investigated like other histories; documents, of which the date, the authorship, the genuineness, the accuracy of the text, are to be ascertained by the same principles as we apply to other documents." Having thus cleared away the dazzling haze with which the inspiration dogma invests the Biblical writings, he proceeds to investigate the genuineness and authenticity of the Old Testament canon, and traces briefly but forcibly the chief results of modern criticism in relation to this subject; indicating such of the reasons on which they are founded as are readily appreciable by the general reader. According to these results, no longer held debatable by critics of high standing, the Pentateuch, instead of being, as is popularly supposed, the production of Moses, is a compilation from separate documents, the earliest of which must have been written as late as the time of Saul; while the whole book of Deuteronomy, and many parts of the preceding books, are irrefragably proved by the subsequent history of the Hebrews to have had no existence prior to the reign of Josiah. Mr. Greg instances some of the straits to which English divines have been driven, in the effort to maintain the authority of the Old Testament in the face of scientific discovery; and dwells on the advantage which would accrue, not only to the truthfulness of divines, but to the real instructiveness of the Hebrew writings, if the latter were regarded as merely human narratives, traditions, and speculations. He next discusses the prophecies, and adduces many considerations tending to prove how far we are from possessing that clear knowledge concerning them which alone could warrant the conclusions of orthodoxy. In his opinion,—

"The Hebrew prophets were wise, gifted, earnest men, deeply conversant with the Past—looking far into the Future—shocked with the unrighteousness around them—sagacious to see impending evil—bold to denounce wickedness in high places—imbued, above all, with an unflinching faith, peculiarly strong among their people, that national delinquency and national virtue would alike meet with a temporal and inevitable retribution—and gifted 'with the glorious faculty of poetic hope, exerted on human prospects, and presenting its results with the vividness of prophecy'—but prophets in no stricter sense than this."

The Theism of the Hebrews, Mr. Greg maintains, was impure and progressive; they arrived at their mono-theism by the same stages that characterize the development of the human race in general, the Old Testament exhibiting strong evi-

dence that the Hebrew deity was originally a family god, elevated by Moses to the dignity of a national god, and ultimately, owing to the influence of prophets and sages, and yet more to the contact of the Hebrews with other Oriental nations, expanded into the God of the Universe.

The claims of the New Testament on our credence are next considered. The chapters on the Origin of the Gospels and the Fidelity of the Gospel History contain no fresh contributions to Biblical criticism, nor anything new to persons conversant with this class of subjects; but they are a well arranged summary of salient facts and arguments, gathered chiefly from Strauss, Hug, Schleiermacher, and Hennell. The conclusions to which the writer is led are, that we have no certitude as to the Gospels conveying the testimony of eyewitnesses, while, on the other hand, there is the strongest evidence of their containing a large admixture of legend, and that we can trust them no further than as giving an outline of Christ's life and teaching. Hence Mr. Greg holds that dogmas founded on sayings attributed to Jesus, but discordant with the impression of his character conveyed by the general tenor of the Gospels, must be rejected; for example, the dogmas of the necessity of belief to salvation, the proper Deity of Christ, and the Atonement. We quote some of his reflections on these results:—

"In fine, then, we arrive at this irresistible conclusion, that, knowing many passages in the Evangelists to be unauthentic, and having reason to suspect the authenticity of many others, and not being able with absolute certainty to point to any which are perfectly and indubitably authentic—the probability in favour of the fidelity of any of the texts relied on to prove the peculiar and perplexing doctrines of modern orthodoxy, is far inferior to the probability against the truth of those doctrines. A doctrine perplexing to our reason, and painful to our feelings, may be from God; but in this case the proof of its being from God must be proportionately clear and irrefragable; the assertion of it in a narrative, which does not scruple to attribute to God's messenger words which he never uttered, is not only no proof, but does not even amount to a presumption. There is no text in the Evangelists, the Divine (or Christian) origin of which is sufficiently unquestionable to enable it to serve as the foundation of doctrines repugnant to natural feeling or to common sense."

"But it will be objected, if these conclusions are sound, absolute uncertainty is thrown over the whole Gospel history, and over all Christ's teaching. To this we reply, *in limine*, in the language of Algernon Sydney, 'No consequence can destroy a truth;' the sole matter for consideration is, Are our arguments correct?—not, Do they lead to a result which is embarrassing and unwelcome?"

"But the inference is excessive; the premises do not reach so far. The uncertainty thrown is not over the main points of Christ's history, which, after all retrenchments, still stands out an intelligible, though a skeleton account—not over the grand features, the pervading tone of his doctrines or his character, which still present to us a clear, consistent, and splendid delineation; but over those individual statements, passages, and discourses which mar this delineation—which break its unity—which destroy its consistency—which cloud its clearness—which tarnish its beauty. The gain to us seems immense."

"It is true we have no longer absolute certainty with regard to any one especial text or scene; such is neither necessary nor attainable; it is true that, instead of passively accepting the whole heterogeneous and indigestible mass, we must, by the careful and conscientious exercise of those faculties with which we are endowed, by ratiocination and moral tact, separate what Christ did, from what he did not teach, as best we may. But the task will be difficult to those only who look in the Gospels for a minute, dogmatic, and sententious creed; not to those who seek only to learn Christ's spirit that they may imbibed it, and to comprehend his views of virtue and of God, that they may draw strength and consolation from those fountains of living water."

In discussing the limits of Apostolic wisdom and authority, Mr. Greg's prepossessions, perhaps, lead him to heighten the difference between the spirit and teaching of the Apostles and those of their Master; but for much that he maintains under this head, he has strictly critical grounds. His observations on the misapprehension of the Apostles and the early Church concerning the "gift of tongues," are especially just and pointed. In the chapter on Miracles, he treats the subject chiefly on a priori grounds, and only cursorily touches on the question whether the miraculous narratives in the Gospels bear the marks of credibility. He argues for the position, long ago strenuously maintained by Locke, and admitted by many even of our orthodox divines, that a miracle can never authenticate a doctrine; and he further shows, that

miracles are not a safe foundation on which to rest the claims of Christianity, inasmuch as they are not susceptible of proof by documentary evidence. The crowning miracle of the Resurrection he considers separately, giving a condensed analysis of the evidence on which it rests. The conclusion that this evidence is insufficient is, he thinks, rendered needlessly painful by the undue doctrinal value assigned by theologians to the Resurrection of Christ, whether as a sanction of his doctrines, or as a type and pledge of our own resurrection; for, viewed in the one light it is superfluous, while in the other, it utterly fails of the supposed end, since a bodily resurrection after three days' interment, can bear no resemblance to anything that awaits ourselves.

Even after the renunciation of implicit credence in the Gospel narratives and Apostolic writings, and the rejection of all miraculous evidence, the question remains—Is Christianity a revealed religion? Since, however, the lustre of Christ's life and teaching may have been obscured by the errors and limitations of his biographers and immediate disciples, it is still possible that he may have had a special divine mission. In seeking for an answer to this question, Mr. Greg "finds no adequate reason for believing Jesus to be the son of God, nor his doctrines to be a direct and special revelation." The following is his conception of Jesus:—

"We do not believe that Christianity contains anything which a genius like Christ's, brought up and nourished as his had been, might not have disentangled for itself. We hold that God has so arranged matters in this beautiful and well-ordered but mysteriously governed universe, that one great mind after another will arise from time to time, as such are needed, to discover and flash forth before the eyes of men the truths that are wanted, and the amount of truth that can be borne. We conceive that this is effected by endowing them—or (for we pretend to no scholastic nicety of expression) by having arranged that nature and the course of events shall send them into the world endowed with that superior mental and moral organization, in which grand truths, sublime gleams of spiritual light, will spontaneously and inevitably arise. Such a one we believe was Jesus of Nazareth—the most exalted genius whom God ever sent upon earth; in himself an embodied revelation; humanity in its divinest phase—"God manifest in the flesh," according to Eastern hyperbole; an exemplar vouchsafed, in an early age of the world, of what man may and should become, in the course of ages, in his progress towards the realization of his destiny; an individual gifted with a glorious intellect, a noble soul, a fine organization, and a perfectly balanced moral being; and who, by virtue of these endowments, saw further than all other men—

"Beyond the verge of that blue sky,
Where God's sublimest secrets lie;"

an earnest, not only of what humanity may be, but of what it will be, when the most perfected races shall bear the same relation to the finest minds of existing times, as these now bear to the Bushmen and the Esquimaux. He was, as Parker beautifully expresses it, 'the possibility of the rare made real.' He was a sublime poet, prophet, hero, and philosopher; and had the usual fate of such—misrepresented by his enemies, misconstrued by his friends; unhappy in this, that his nearest intimates and followers were not of a calibre to understand him; happy in this, that his words contained such undying seeds of truth as could survive even the media through which they passed. Like the wheat found in the Egyptian catacombs, the retain the power of germinating undiminished, whenever their appropriate soil is found. They have been preserved almost pure, notwithstanding the Judaic narrowness of Peter, the orthodox passions of John, and the metaphysical subtleties of Paul. Everything seems to us to confirm the conclusion that we have in the Christianity of Scripture a code of beautiful, simple, sublime, profound, but not perfect truth, obscured by having come down to us by the intervention of minds far inferior to that of its Author; narrowed by their uncultivation; marred by their misapprehensions; and tarnished by their foreign admixtures. It is a collection of grand truths transmitted to us by men who only half comprehended their grandeur, and imperfectly grasped their truth."

If Christianity be no longer regarded as a revelation, but as the conception of a fallible though transcendantly gifted mind, it follows that only so much of it is to be accepted as harmonizes with the reason and conscience: Christianity becomes "Christian Eclecticism." Mr. Greg unhesitatingly receives many of Christ's precepts as unsurpassable and unimprovable: for example, those which inculcate the worthlessness of ceremonial observance and the necessity of active virtue, purity of heart as the security for purity of life, universal philanthropy, forgiveness of injuries, self-sacrifice in the cause of duty, humility, and genuine sincerity. He regards

as next in perfection the views which Christianity unfolds of God as a Father.

"In the two great points essential to our practical life, viz., our feelings towards God and our conduct towards man, the Gospels contain little about which men can differ—little from which they can dissent. He is our Father, we are all brethren. This much lies open to the most ignorant and busy, as fully as to the most leisurely and learned. This needs no priest to teach it, no authority to endorse it. The rest is speculation; intensely interesting, indeed, but of no practical necessity."

Other tenets taught in the Christian Scriptures, however, Mr. Greg thinks open to grave objections. He urges, for example, that the New Testament assigns an efficacy to prayer incompatible with any elevated conception of Deity; that it inculcates resignation, not as the result of a self-reasoning faith in the wisdom and justice of the supreme will, but on the narrow ground that sufferings are specially ordained for the benefit of the individual; and that it appeals to the selfish motives—the desire for recompense, rather than to the highest—the love of the good for its own sake. He holds that the conception of the pardon of sin, or repentance and conversion, tends to contravene the system on which man is trained and disciplined, and the entire scheme of God's government—the conviction that every breach of the Divine law is attended with inexorable consequences, being essential to a healthy condition of the conscience and a just theory of Providence:—

"Let any one look back upon his past career, look inward on his daily life, and then say what effect would be produced upon him, were the conviction once fixedly embedded in his soul, that everything done is done irrevocably, that even the omnipotence of God cannot uncommit a deed, cannot make that undone which has been done; that every act of his must bear its allotted fruit according to the everlasting laws—must remain for ever ineffaceably inscribed on the tablets of universal Nature. And, then, let him consider what would have been the result upon the moral condition of our race, had all men ever held this conviction.

"Perhaps you have led a youth of dissipation and excess which has undermined and enfeebled your constitution, and you have transmitted this injured and enfeebled constitution to your children. They suffer, in consequence, through life; suffering is entailed upon them; your repentance, were it in sackcloth and ashes, cannot help you or them. Your punishment is tremendous, but it is legitimate and inevitable. You have broken Nature's laws, or you have ignored them, and no one violates or neglects them with impunity. What a lesson for timely reflection and obedience is here!

"Again—you have broken the seventh commandment. You grieve—you repent—you resolutely determine against any such weakness in future. It is well; but 'you know that God is merciful—you feel that he will forgive you.' You are comforted. But no—there is no forgiveness of sins—the injured party may forgive you—your accomplice or victim may forgive you, according to the meaning of human language; but *the deed is done*, and all the powers of Nature, were they to conspire in your behalf, could not make it undone; the consequences to the body—the consequences to the soul—though no man may perceive them, *are there*—are written in the annals of the past, and must reverberate through all time.

"But all this, let it be understood, in no degree militates against the value or the necessity of repentance. Repentance, contrition of soul, bears, like every other act, its own fruit—the fruit of purifying the heart, of amending the future: not as man has hitherto conceived—of effacing the past. The commission of sin is an irrevocable act, but it does not incapacitate the soul for virtue. Its consequences cannot be expunged, but the course need not be pursued. Sin, though it is ineffaceable, calls for no despair, but for efforts more energetic than before. Repentance is still as valid as ever; but it is valid to secure the future, not to obliterate the past.

"The moral to be drawn from these reflections is this:—God has placed the lot of man—not, perhaps, altogether of the individual, but certainly of the race—in his own hands, by surrounding him with laws, on knowledge of which, and on conformity to which, his well-being depends. The study of these, and the principle of obedience to them, forms, therefore, the great aim of education, both of men and nations. They must be taught:—

"1. The *physical laws*, on which God has made *health* to depend.

"2. The *moral laws*, on which He has made *happiness* to depend.

"3. The *intellectual laws*, on which He has made *knowledge* to depend.

"4. The *social and political laws*, on which He has made *national prosperity* to depend.

"5. The *economic laws*, on which He has made *wealth* to depend.

"A true comprehension of all these, and of their *unexceptional and unalterable nature*, would ultimately rescue mankind from all their vice and nearly all their suffering, save casualties and sorrows."

Mr. Greg also shows that Christianity teaches an ascetic and depreciating view of life, incompatible with that energetic devotion to the improvement of our races, and with that delight in the innocent adornment of our existence in this world, which are essential to a noble and well-balanced soul.

In the concluding chapter we have the author's reflections on "the great enigma—the question of man's future existence." He applies himself, evidently with his utmost strength, to prove the invalidity and even futility of a conclusion which, after all, he himself holds. He labours to make clear that the belief in a future state is not demanded by any process of our intellect or any tendency of our moral nature, in order that he may fall back with the greater confidence on the assertion of his belief in it as an intuition on a par with our belief in the reality of an external world.

We have endeavoured to give our readers a faithful idea of Mr. Greg's work. Though far from setting our seal to all his opinions, we think that the *Creed of Christendom* sets forth very powerfully much truth of which society is in urgent need, while it opens to us an acquaintance with an individual mind possessing a strong moral and intellectual charm.

The deservedly respectful reception of Mr. Greg's work by the periodical press, compared with that given twelve years ago to a work of kindred character—Hennell's *Inquiry concerning the Origin of Christianity*—is no slight indication of advancement, either in plain speaking or in liberality of religious views. Though too distinct in their method, and to a considerable extent in their matter, for one to be regarded as superseding the other, both these works have the same object, to ascertain how far the popular idea of Christianity will sustain the test of impartial criticism; they are alike animated by a spirit of candour and reverence, and they have substantially the same result. Hennell, it is true, holds that Jesus shared the common theocratic hope of his nation, and thinks there is strong evidence that, at the commencement of his career, he expected the Divine attestation to his Messiahship to be given in such a general adhesion of the people to his cause as would enable him to free his nation from the Roman yoke by insurrection, and effect the political as well as the spiritual regeneration of Israel. He regards the character of Jesus as less exceptional than it appears under Mr. Greg's view; but he estimates very highly the power and beauty of his nature and the value of his moral teaching. The *Inquiry concerning the Origin of Christianity* is evidently the production of a mind which has brought to the independent study of the New Testament the rare combination of analytic acumen with breadth of conception. Its merit was at once recognized in Germany, where it was speedily translated. While in our own country it was welcomed by many distinguished minds, and has had an extensive, though latent, influence in promoting the intelligent study of the Christian Scriptures. That Mr. Greg has found it a valuable aid is not only evidenced in his text, but avowed by frequent references in his notes, though, doubtless through a temporary forgetfulness, he speaks in his preface as if he had no predecessor among laymen in the path of free but reverent inquiry into the claims of Christianity.

Nevertheless, when Hennell's work first appeared, the Reviews dared not acknowledge the merit which it was privately admitted to possess, and four years after the appearance of the second edition, it received, from a periodical which has recently bestowed elaborate praise on the *Creed of Christendom*, a rather contemptuous critique, the object of which was, obviously, to put down the book by no fairer means than that of presenting details, adduced by Hennell merely in the light of cumulative evidence, as if they formed the sole basis of his argument.

In this *annus mirabilis* of 1851, however, our reviewers have attained a higher standard of courage and fairness than could be ascribed to them in 1838, or even in 1845. "*La terre tourne*," says Pascal, "*malgré qu'on le nie; et vous aussi, mes révérends pères, vous tournez avec elle*—The earth turns in spite of all denials; and you also, my reverend fathers, turn with it."

GOLDEN DREAMS AND WAKING REALITIES.

Golden Dreams and Waking Realities; being the Adventures of a Gold-seeker in California and the Pacific Islands. By William Shaw. Smith and Elder.

AN interesting and graphic, because unambitious, work. Mr. Shaw has little or nothing of the Litterateur. He tells his story plainly, without affectation, without rhetoric, without that curse of literature, "fine writing." Such experience as he has to set before us he endeavours to express in the directest style. The consequence of this is that his book has a truthful air, wanting in the more ambitious accounts which we have seen; and the story of his Californian expedition suggests curious trains of thought. As a warning and example it should be read by those who think of the "Diggings;" and as an amusing book of travels it should be read by all lovers of light literature. We shall best consult the pleasure of our readers by refraining from the indulgence of those trains of thought called up by the work; and in lieu of a set criticism confine ourselves to such extracts as we can find room for.

THE HAPPY VALLEY.

"Skirting the beach was a vast collection of tents, called the 'Happy Valley,'—since more truly designated the 'Sickly Valley;' where filth of every description and stagnant pools beset one at every stride. In these tents congregated the refuse of all nations, crowded together; eight people occupying what was only space for two. Blankets, firearms, and cooking utensils were the only worldly property they possessed. Scenes of depravity, sickness, and wretchedness, shocked the moral scene, as much as filth and effluvia did the nerves; and such was the state of personal insecurity, that few 'Citizens' slept without firearms at hand.

"The constant wearing of arms by such a disorderly set, amongst whom quarrels were frequent, caused many disputes to terminate disastrously; but the unsettled state of the country, and the many desperate characters prowling about, made it necessary to be armed for self-protection: the weaker party was only sheltered from oppression by a loaded revolver, as there was no assistance to be expected from others. Steel and lead were the only arguments available for redress, and bystanders looked on unconcerned at acts of violence; the cause of the dispute, or the justice of the punishment inflicted, being seldom inquired into.

"It would be difficult to describe my sensations after the first day's ramble in Francisco. I had witnessed so many startling sights, that had I not been well assured of their reality, I might have imagined them phantasies of the brain: buildings were springing up 'as at the stroke of an enchanter's wand;' valuable merchandise was strewn about in every direction; men of every costume and colour—Down-Easter's with sharp-set faces, sallow Southerners, gaunt Western Squatters, vivacious Frenchmen, sedate Germans, sturdy English Colonists, Californians and Chilians, Mexicans, Kanakas, and Celestials, hurried too and fro, pursuing their various avocations; and business to an incalculable amount seemed to be transacted. Looking at the rude sign-boards inscribed in various languages, glancing at the chaos of articles exposed for sale, and listening to the various dialects spoken, the city seemed a complete Babel.

"Gold was evidently the mainspring of all this activity. Tables, piled with gold, were seen under tents, whence issued melodious strains of music; and the most exaggerated statements were current respecting the auriferous regions. But amid scenes of profusion and extravagance, no sign of order or comfort was perceptible, nor did any one appear happy: wan, anxious countenances, and restless eager eyes, met you on every side.

"The aspect of personal neglect and discomfort, filth, rags, and squalor, combined with uneasiness, avidity, and recklessness of manner,—an all-absorbing selfishness, as if each man were striving against his fellow-man,—were characteristics of the gold-fever, at once repulsive and pitiable; and, notwithstanding the gold I saw on every side, a feeling of despondency crept insensibly over me."

THE SELFISHNESS DEVELOPED BY DANGER.

"Before leaving the woodland we scared several dusky-brown animals the size of a lurcher—wolves, or coyotes—in the chaperal, or bush; but they stealthily avoided us. About ten we entered on the plain: as far as the eye could reach we saw sand-hills without a symptom of vegetation; the heat had opened cracks and fissures in the earth, which emitted a fiery heat; and pyramids of dust arose at intervals, borne with velocity through the air: sometimes appearing in the shape of tall columns, sixty feet in perpendicular height, moving majestically over the plain. Those who have not walked on sand ankle deep cannot imagine how wearisome it is. At noon the heat of the blazing sun was literally scorching, the thermometer being at least 120°: the parching effect of a Californian sun is most debilitating; the dazzling glare of the sand irritated and inflamed the

eyes, and clouds of dust enveloped us, followed by hot winds so arid and suffocating that the very inside seemed to be dried up, and the pores of the skin closed, producing heat of blood and excessive thirst.

"Most of the party had water kegs and bottles, which, as joint property, they carried alternately: the Muleteers had skins of water for themselves and animals; Mac and I luckily had each an Indian-rubber bag, which contained a gallon of water, sparing us much suffering and no little peril; we drank from them very moderately, however, being uncertain when they would be again replenished.

"We came to no water that day, but were told that we should find some the next morning. At dusk we squatted down in the sand, covered with dust; being without wood we could not light a fire. For the first time for months, I denied myself a pipe, lest it should increase my thirst; taking a slight draught of water, being too exhausted to eat, I fell asleep, oppressed with fatigue; but was continually awoken by the howling of wolves, which hovered around. I was aroused at break of day by Mac belabouring me; and at first felt glad, but soon recoiled at the prospect of such another day's journey; the day being as hot as the preceding one.

"We hastened onward, but the water-hole on which we relied was dried up; in vain the earth around was scooped out, it yielded nothing: never shall I forget the consternation and dejection pictured on men's countenances as we gazed at one another. During the night, in expectation of speedy replenishment, the water vessels of some had been emptied. I thought of the parable of the foolish virgins, as I looked on the flushed faces and glazing eyes of the unfortunates. Their case was truly pitiable: they at least expected commiseration, but the harsh summons of the muleteer cut short any considerations of humane sympathy. 'Onwards, men! onwards! Forty miles off is the Stanislaus! Each man for himself, I say. I've darned little to spare.'

"Onwards we went. Fain would I have swallowed at a draught the small remainder of our supply of water; my vitals seemed on fire; but the Malay boy's life and my own depended on it. Overpowered with heat, exhausted by exertion, burnt up with thirst, those without water to moisten their parched lips and throat could with difficulty keep pace with us. By degrees they divested themselves of their burdens and their clothes, which they left strewn on the plain; each mile they became more enfeebled; in vain they beseeched us to halt; our lives were at stake. Two of them actually licked the bodies of the mules for the sake of the animal exudations, to relieve their thirst; but a thick coating of dust prevented their deriving any beneficial effects. One man in his desperation seized hold of the water-skin hanging to the mule. 'Avast there, stranger,' cried the muleteer, and a loaded pistol intimidated the sufferer. The poor mules with hanging ears and glazed eyes, snorted with agony and dropped continually from exhaustion; a sharp thrust with the goad, however, roused the animal to stagger on. Young Mahomet behaved with uncommon fortitude; hobbling between me and Mac, the poor boy feverishly lisped out for water, and piteously besought us not to leave him to the wolves. One of the sufferers, evidently of a drinking propensity, possessed a flask of brandy, but had poorly provided himself with water; the brandy which he drank as a substitute, instead of alleviating his thirst had produced feverishness; in this extremity, with haggard looks, he came to each of us successively, offering his brandy for a gill of water; when he saw his proffered flask rejected, he learned, perhaps for the first time in his life, the superiority of the necessities over the luxuries of life.

"In the afternoon, those without water, who had with difficulty kept pace with us during the day, having become almost delirious from imbibing brandy, finding that they could not proceed further, or excite our compassion, determined, if left behind, to keep together; four of them did so. Never shall I forget their imploring looks of despair, and the imprecations following our departure. This desertion appears cruel, but our hearts were hardened: self-preservation, that most imperative of nature's instincts, prevailed over all other feelings. Had we stayed, we could have rendered them but temporary service, and our own lives depended on our speed. The unfortunate men in all probability soon became insensible, and fell a prey to wolves or Indians; both equally on the alert for helpless stragglers.

"The prospect of speedy relief made us almost disregard our sufferings, and walking fast, we halted at dark about twenty miles from the river. No wood was to be had, so we camped without a fire; chewing tobacco for the moisture it excited was resorted to by some; and the majority having finished their water at supper, the probability of an attack being made on those who had any left, was hinted at by the muleteers. We were too fatigued to watch, but to guard against an attack we slept together rolled up in our blankets, with pistol in hand and the water bags attached to us. During the night vigils the wolves again visited us; but the imploring cries, irritated exclamations, and angry discontent of those without water, were far more distressing than the howling of

wild beasts. As we could find little repose, some of us started before daybreak; those who remained behind proposing to follow us at leisure.

"Walking at a terrific pace we soon sighted the woodland. Oh! how refreshing to the eye is the sight of verdure after being nearly blinded by the glare and heat of glittering sand! As we neared the Oasis, even the very mules, though their eyes were bandaged, seemed conscious of its vicinity, and snuffed the breeze impatiently; one of them, an old traveller on the road, pricking up his ears neighed loudly, with a sound like the flourish of a trumpet. Revivified by the sight of verdure, we pressed onward, and soon entered the cooling shade; the river presently appeared in sight. The mules were disencumbered, and throwing down our burdens, we ran to the banks, and without doffing our clothes, eagerly rushed into the cooling stream, mules and men indiscriminately, up to the neck. Never in my life had I experienced anything more refreshing than this bath: the dust seemed to have penetrated our vitals—every pore of our skins was choked. The river was about a quarter of a mile in width, with a shelving bank, the utmost depth about eight feet; the water was perfectly clear to the bottom, and salmon leaped about in every direction. The sun's rays struck fiercely down, but shady trees protected us from its heat, and shed their refreshing influence around. When we had sufficiently cooled ourselves, we took off our clothes, and laid them on the rocks, to be washed by the action of the current.

"Having refreshed ourselves, it would have been humane to have hastened to the relief of our deserted companions; but no such charitable feelings prevail amongst gold hunters: all pity and sympathy was deadened; those who had remained behind were given up for lost, and onwards we went."

THE REVERSE SIDE OF THE MEDAL.

"In the morning I took a stroll around the tents; a most ominous silence prevailed: of the busy crowds not one was to be seen at work: all was as still as an hospital: we had not been the only sufferers; sickness universally prevailed; seeming as infectious as the plague. In every tent lay sufferers in various stages of disease; out of two hundred at least twenty had died, and not more than sixty were able to move; those convalescent would be seen gathered together in the stores.

"One end of these tents is in general a refreshment-room, in which are gambling-tables; idleness is the root of all evil, and the few fortunate diggers would there be seen staking their gold dust on cards; gambling more deeply as they became excited, and invariably losing their all, if they continued playing. Others, seated on rough benches, might be seen breaking off the necks of champagne bottles; for if they had been fortunate, they took care to show it by ordering the most expensive beverages. Sardines, turtle-soup, lobsters, fruits, and other luxuries, preserved in tins, were to be had in these stores; but the consumers paid very dearly for such epicureanism.

"I have frequently observed in Californians an absurd extravagance in their expenditure, as if the easy possession of gold tempted them to lavish it in luxuries; their selection of choice viands and wines did not proceed from refinement of taste (for I have heard these spendthrifts disparage the very delicacies they ordered), but from a proneness to parade their easily gotten wealth, imagining that it raised them in the estimation of others. Such ostentatious prodigality soon beggars them, and I believe that the majority wished themselves again in the backwoods, preferring beef broth and spruce beer there, to champagne and turtle in the diggings.

"Those who were too ill to frequent scenes of dissipation, excited my compassion; they lay huddled together in tents, moaning and cursing, many of them dying, with no one to attend to their spiritual or bodily wants: and I cannot but think that many died from sheer starvation, or mere want of attendance. The most prevalent complaints were dysentery, fever, and ague, terminating in many cases in delirium; these unfortunate and dangerous lunatics would sometimes rush forth from the tents in a frantic state; and one, as if to revenge himself for the doctor's neglect, clutched the little man by the throat, and almost suffocated him."

A PLEASANT NIGHT.

"Camping that night on the verge of the plain, I luxuriated over the fire, not knowing when I should have another, and cooked the best supper my means would admit. About midnight the howling of wolves awoke me; never had they been so clamorous before; they seemed actually hounding on each other to an attack, as if thinking to inspire me with fear by their hideous serenade: from rock to rock their dismal howls were echoed, and responded to in the distance by the fiendish laugh of a jackall. Casting a look around, a huge shaggy wolf stood within five yards, his eyes glaring at me like burning coals; snatching up a fire-brand, I hurled it at him, which made him turn tail, and beat a rapid retreat: my pistols were damp, or I would have made use of them; but fire is the wolf's detestation, and the brand did as well. Making up the fire, and priming

my pistols afresh, I again fell asleep, overcome with my day's exertion."

CALIFORNIAN POLITICIANS.

"The winter having set in, thousands were returning sick and impoverished from the mines; the arrival of so many labourers soon affected the rate of wages, and the points were daily crowded with men unable to get work.

"As this influx of labour caused a great diminution of wages, the price of provisions remaining the same, discontent and indignation prevailed amongst the lower orders, and nightly meetings took place, attended by crowds of the rabble ripe for pillage or riot; but luckily without leaders. At these agitations I was sometimes present; violent speeches were made, secret leagues were formed in every quarter, and had an O'Connell arisen from amongst them, order might have been subverted, and terms dictated by the mob to the storekeepers and householders; as it was, these meetings ended in furious tirades, forbidding foreigners to seek employment or people to hire them; accusing the foreigners of being the cause of a fall in wages, and holding out a deadly threat to all who dared labour under the fixed rate of payment, ten dollars a day.

"These nocturnal assemblies had in them something appalling, being composed of between three hundred to one thousand cut-throats, armed with bowie-knives and firearms, often intoxicated. The stump orators and leading demagogues were usually notorious characters, celebrated not for mental superiority, but for their extreme democratic principles and physical powers. Their rostrum was any elevation or moveable convertible to their purpose; flaming brands usually lighted up the scene. The spokesman was generally able to enforce order, either by eloquence or prowess; on one occasion an orator, being interrupted in his harangue by certain remarks derogatory to his person, leaped off his tub into the midst of the crowd and seized the offender; fierce was the struggle, a ring was formed, when, throwing his antagonist down, the orator jumped on him with his heavy boots! In vain were the victim's shrieks of agony, no one ventured to interpose; the demagogue's rage being satiated, he remounted the tub and continued his oration. Such brutal atrocity as stamping upon a prostrate foe, would have drawn forth the execrations and interference of the lowest rabble in England. If such sanguinary treatment followed a personal affront, what would have been the fate of an unhappy dissident from the doctrines propounded—especially had he been a stranger?"

CHARITIES.—To diffuse immediate happiness upon those near at hand, without reference to future and more permanent good, is the short-sighted object of the uncultivated feeling of benevolence. When cultivated, but with a wrong direction, its operation is still of the same kind, but more mischievous as it is exerted through a wider sphere. Many of the widespread charities of the present day furnish examples of this. They seek to remedy a present evil, to relieve a present suffering, by means which multiply for the future these pains and sufferings many-fold. A late writer on the principles of charitable institutions remarks, that they are more numerous, that more exertions are made for the relief of the poor now than at any former period—yet poverty and crime are on the increase. What is the reason of this? The writer alluded to goes on to prove that it is to be found in the fact, that remedies are often applied without discriminating between the different causes which produce these evils, and therefore perpetuate and increase them, or at best only palliate them. But the real cause of this want of discrimination and consequent failure is the fact that it is not real benevolence at work, but a something between the seeming of love of approbation and a bargain to get as cheaply as possible to heaven. People wish to stand well in the opinion of their neighbours, and they have likewise heard that "he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," and they approve of the security and invest a small sum, but never more than they can conveniently spare; to do that would be imprudence. They do their charities, that is, give annual guineas, the press generally blowing a trumpet before them; but they neither watch the spending of the money or care much what becomes of it,—consequently, the more remote the sphere of operation—if to build a church at Jerusalem for converted Jews, or to make Christians of Caribs—the more liberal the donation. Children should be early taught to distinguish between seeming and real benevolence—between generosity that costs nothing, that is, involves no self-sacrifice, or even self-denial, and that which proceeds from love and duty. When the higher classes are really in earnest about raising the condition of the lower—when they cease to consider them as mere objects to perform their charities upon, as convenient stepping-stones to heaven, as so much raw material out of which they are to work their own salvation, as the poor, "whom we are always to have with us," and therefore are to be kept poor, or at least in their present position,—then there will be found little difficulty and certainly no natural barriers to their success.—*Education of the Feelings, by Charles Bray.*

Portfolio.

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

THE SOCIALISTS' APOLOGY.

Our name should be a name for Hope to utter;
A watchword for the chosen of the land;
A bloodless nation-flag, beneath whose flutter
The earnest soldiers of the world should stand:

But gentle eyes look doubtfully upon us;
Warmest of hearts are cold if we be nigh;
Softest of voices breathe no whisper of us,
Or link it with the sweet condemning sigh.

It may be that they read our purpose wrongly,
And ere they learn to know them, learn to fear
The unresting hands, which silently, but strongly,
Carve the broad pathway of the coming year.

If 't is a dream to seek, in bonds unbreaking,
To link the many-peopled homes of earth—
One God, one Law, one Love, one Worship taking,—
Then, statesman, curl the lip in cynic mirth!

If 't is a crime to ask for youth's deep yearning,
Access unpurchased to the great old books,
Where the soul's thirst is slaked with draughts of
learning,—

Then, noble, we have earn'd those angry looks!

If it be mad to beg for starving Beauty
Some other home than the rude glaring streets;
Some other love than feign'd love's fearful duty;
Some other bread than that the harlot eats:

Look sadly on us, lady! They will borrow
Deeds of wild wickedness to lie to thee;
Will stain our fame with many a tale of horror,
And treason done to woman's majesty.

But oh! believe them not. The deed that frightens
One blush into thy cheek—the words that shame
One tear into the eye which Pity brightens—
Is not of us—wears not our holy name.

E. ARNOLD.

"TALENTED" AGAIN!

If you tread on a man's corns, how he cries out!
Not unnaturally; though to the man of untrodden
corns smiling opposite, the incident only forms an
agreeable variety of omnibus travelling. By the
onslaught upon "talented" I have made many
winces and more chuckles. Smith thinks me an
"intolerable pedant," and tells me so; Brown is
"delighted" to see me "slashing" at the vulgar-
ism! Smith I quietly crush by a quotation from
Sophocles:—

"Zeus γὰρ μεγάλης γλώσσης κομπους
ὑπερχθαιρει."

(If I am a pedant, why should I not fling Greek at
him and overwhelm him? I feel convinced he
can't translate it, and I won't help him.)*

You would be quite amused with the "sensa-
tion" caused among our readers by this "talented"
controversy. The Big-endians and the Little-
endians rush into the field, "their souls in arms
and eager for the fray;" some of them forgetting,
in their haste, to comply with the fastidious ex-
igencies of syntax and orthography—*c'est si peu de
chose!* To print these letters is out of the ques-
tion: if for no better reason than their number, I
should be forced to decline that. But there are
two among them of so superior an order that I feel
our readers would be glad to see them, and they
happen to take opposite sides:—

"London, September 15, 1851."

"I was very glad to see Mr. Kelly's clever and
amusing letter; for I could not by any means agree
with our brilliant friend VIVIAN in his estimation of
the word *talented*, nor in his view of the English
language generally. It seems to me the very spirit
of that language that one word is to play many parts;
that in particular, verb, noun, and adjective are to be
identical; although pedantry and timidity have pre-
vented the proper development of such tendency.
Thus, to love, a constant love, a love poem; to paper
a room, paper for a room, a paper-war; to water a
lily, water for a lily, a water-lily, &c.

"This rule I should like to see *universal*, and much
extraneous aid to words removed thereby. Why
should we not say to *bright* a plate, instead of to
brighten; a *sleep-draught*, instead of a *sleeping-
draught*; an *induce*, instead of an *inducement*? A
'favourite aversion' of VIVIAN is, probably, the
'vulgarism' an *invite*, for an *invitation*, and yet an
invite seems to me in the spirit of English, and an
invitation cumbrous and foreign.

"Why may we not say *rose-otto*, instead of *otto* of

* Brown, who is milder (and on my side), deserves to
have attention paid to his blushing avowal that he has
"forgotten his classics," so I will murmur in his ear that
it means:—"Jove especially can't abide the bragging of
big-tongued coves."

roses; *moon rainbow*, instead of *lunar rainbow*; *gas
matter*, instead of *gaseous matter*; a *troop inspect*,
instead of an *inspection of troops*?

"By such a plan, words already formed would not
so much be destroyed as used less often. We should
say that we had seen a *moon-rainbow*, and that the
rainbow which we saw was *lunar*; that *gas-matter*
was formed, and that the matter which was formed
was *gaseous*.

"The instincts of the vulgar in grammar appear to
me to be generally the truth. One of the most
common mistakes amongst 'uneducated' people is,
the use of *who* for *whom*—they do not in fact recog-
nize the existence of the word *whom*; and is not its
existence quite against the almost invariable rule of
the language which makes accusative the same as
nominative? The countryman's 'I like he, and he
likes I,' ought to be as correct as the townsman's
'You do as is done to you.'

"The lady in the *Pickwick Papers* who speaks
of another lady 'which keeps a mangle,' is only too
correct to be right. She understands that, in Eng-
lish, gender is not discriminated by auxiliary
words; she feels therefore that the use of *who* for
persons and *which* for things is unenglish—and know-
ing that one of them, only, should exist, she chooses
which.

"Is not the frequent error of adjective for adverb
significant too? 'He runs slow' is more simple
than 'he runs slowly,' and quite as clear. Why
should not the very same word be used to qualify
noun and verb: why any distinction between ad-
jective and adverb? Are not the expressions a *slow-
moving body*, a *high-mettled racer*, *fill high! to go fast*,
&c. &c., correct—and, if so, why?

"According to my rule, I should say a *good-
intention man*, and that the man was *good-intentioned*;
a *many-head monster*, the monster being *many-headed*,
&c.

"The use of compound words in English, imitated
from the German, is extending, and will extend.
How much better *ice-cold* is than *as cold as ice*!

"New words are often formed half in jest, and then
seriously adopted as expressive and convenient.
VIVIAN says, if 'talented,' why not 'geniused'
or 'ideaed'? I will remind him that the word
'ideaed' is already duly formed, and that we owe it
to no less an authority than *Doctor Johnson*. In
Boswell's *Life Johnson* speaks of 'wretched, *unideaed*
girls.'*

"Since pedants and dandies went out of fashion,
the upper classes have taken as many words from the
lower classes as the lower classes have taken from
the upper, and speakers have originated as many new
words as writers. The Americans are giving valuable
aid to the construction of the English language;
which is a fact not *accomplished*, but *accomplishing*.
"W."

W. has opinions on Language so extremely re-
moved from mine, that I cannot venture to open a
discussion here with him, not seeing the limits it
would require; the desire he expresses for a liberal
infusion of compound words, *more Germanico*, is
the only point on which we are agreed. Against
all the rest I enter a simple protest, and pass on to
the second letter:—

"Manchester.

"Will you allow a very humble philologist, who
warmly sympathises in your di-like of the epithet
'talented,' to give a suggestion towards explaining
our common antipathy? It must be allowed, I think,
after reading Mr. Kelly's letter, that the objection
on the score of unanalogous formation is untenable;
in fact, many of the parallel instances which he so
humorously enumerates occurred to me on reading
the original article in *Fraser*; and on the other hand,
the word has apparently been long enough in the
language to enable it to plead on its behalf that cus-
tom upon which the *arbitrium, et jus, et norma
loquendi*, are said to depend. Still I hate the word;
perhaps for the same no-reason that Martial hated
Sabidius, but not the less fervently on that account.
An attempt to analyse my dislike has, however, led
me to suspect that the cause of offence resides more in
the original substantive than its derivative; and I am
only puzzled by observing that so excellent a judge
as yourself seems to have no natural shrinking
from the word 'talent.' I refer my distaste for
that unpleasant duosyllable partly to its vague-
ness and inappositeness, but principally to its
Scriptural origin. The latter objection seems,
to my mind, particularly well founded; not,
of course, that it implies a corresponding antipathy to
the Scriptures, but because we know that the most
odious people in the world pride themselves upon
drawing as much of their daily language as possible
from this source. In fact, there is at least as strong
an objection to many words and figures of speech
introduced to the language under this disadvantage,
as there is to the cant of the lawyer or the critic;
and I have no doubt that you, and every other honest
man of sound taste, instinctively avoid them a dozen
times a day.

* Only in jest; he never used the word in writing.—
VIVIAN.

"While touching on the purity of English, which
you are laudably desirous to maintain, allow me to
say that I was thrown out of my reckoning by seeing
in the first line of a letter from Mr. Francis W. New-
man, published in your last number, the words "a
mutual friend." This expression is so often con-
demned now-a-days, that it would be pedantic to
point out wherein its inaccuracy is supposed
to consist, in fact it is just the point on
which small critics in 'grammartye' are delighted
to catch country gentlemen, and members of
the old school, tripping. In common, however,
with all who have had the rare advantage of being
Mr. Newman's pupils I can scarcely think it possible
for him to have written a barbarism through careles-
ness, and have been troubling myself to ascertain
whether this use of the word *mutual* (where no idea
of exchange is conveyed) may be defensible upon
any grounds that have not hitherto occurred to me.
I have not succeeded, and should be glad to know
whether it is worth while pursuing the search any
further. Yours obediently,
H. M. A."

I do not share H. M. A's antipathy to the word
"talent"; it has a full weighty sound with it agree-
able to my ear, and a meaning as precise as most
metaphorical words. It may be that herein lies
my objection to "talented"—viz., that the beauty
of the word *talent* is destroyed. "A man of talent"
flatters the ear, a "talented man" with its tripping
flippancy offends the ear; and hence, perhaps, the
direct phrase of which "talented man" is the
metaphorical, viz., "a moneyed man"—seems to
me perfectly admissible; the more so because
it has the further merit of greater distinctness in
marking the idea—"a moneyed man" being some-
what different from "a rich man."

Let me, for the sake of its illustrations, recur to
W.'s position respecting the desirableness of the
literati borrowing from the vulgar—a Democracy
in the Republic of Letters which would need a very
refined Congress, or it would end in obliterating
the delicacies, the beauties, and the precision of
language—that is to say, in ruining language as an
instrument of thought. If language were only
needed as the telegraph of our ordinary desires,
no doubt the vulgar instinct would suffice; but for
Literature, Philosophy, for the higher needs of
intellectual life, the careless, haphazard, irregular
dashes at expression which the vulgar use, would
never suffice.

I am often interested in tracing the perversions
of words, caused by the aforesaid tendency to dash
at an expression. Somebody having heard that an
offence was *aggravated* by the abuse which
accompanied it, called the next offender "an
aggravating person"—the resemblance of "aggra-
vated" to "aggrieved" no doubt facilitating the
transmutation. The perversions of pronunciation
are still more amusing, in all cases the process
being one of abbreviation. How soon Omnibus
became 'Bus in our hurried mouths. Half our
words are usually clipped or blurred, after a little
circulation among the busy crowd; and Alfieri has
an amusing sonnet descriptive of Italian, French,
and English in their pronunciation of the word
Captain. The Italian, he says, has *la cosa e il nome
grande*—

IL CAPITANO!

The Frenchman (whom he elsewhere describes as
screwing up his mouth to speak as if eternally
blowing his *soup maigre*) narrows and degrades it
to—

Le Capitaine!

But the hurried Englishman reduces it to its
briefest possible form—

KPN!

The force of abbreviation can no farther go! I am
wrong. It has gone farther. The word *Madame*
has shrivelled into a thickened half of the letter *M*
in the mouths of servants who say "Yes 'm," for
"yes m'am," which is an abbreviation of "yes
Madam."

But I am wandering from "talented"; the dis-
cussion has lasted long enough, and unless some
very novel or conclusive suggestion be offered on
the subject, the dispute must close here. It is a
question of Taste; if you make Language a ques-
tion of convenience—if carelessness and ignorance
may coin at will—then, of course, we must submit
to hear of "talented pictures," of "talented
novels," and of "talented discoveries" until in-
toxicated by success, our noble Language wallows
in mud of such depth that from it we may expect
to hear our most illustrious contributor spoken of
as a *talented individual*!

VIVIAN.

The Arts.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

Faithful to the generous traditions of "Vivian," who has appointed me his *critique blond* on occasions when he is absent, or weary, or lazy, or, as now, absorbed in congenial light reading (you know what he calls *light* reading, and all I can say is, I can't pronounce the titles of the books), I shall tell you at once, that I did not get to Sadler's Wells till the great scene between Apemantus and Timon in the fourth act. The fact is, I am of a very wine-and-walnatty disposition as the autumn draws on, and you must make allowance for a natural laziness of temperament, especially after dinner. Then I was so bold as to undertake the journey to Islington on foot, under a vague impression that, by striking down Gray's Inn-lane, I should, as a yachting friend of mine was once informed by his sailing-master, as he was running in for the Needles Passage on a foggy night, "Knock down summat soon if I held on." I was very soon out of all reckoning; and instead of taking proper lunar observations,—the confession is humiliating,—I allowed myself to be directed into all sorts of impossible quarters by communicative street-boys of very diminutive frames, very shrill voices, and exceedingly composed and yet wide-awake manners. When I reached the theatre I found in its very approaches something not merely decent and dignified, but purifying and elevating. The "genius of the place" was as of a temple devoted to Art, and not merely to Amusement. Shakspeare should certainly remove from the atrium of Drury Lane to Sadler's Wells. He would be far more comfortable, and less compromised, under the protection of Mr. Phelps. On reaching the boxes I found the theatre crowded with an audience not merely attentive, but *intent* and rapt; and a more discriminating audience is not to be found in London. The intellectual aristocracy of Islington were there no doubt; but I was struck with the demeanour of the mechanics in the pit and in the gallery. They thoroughly understood every word; they caught at every fine thought and subtle allusion: many of them followed the scene with the book. All this may be the derision or the despair of the fast school; I am not an exclusive dramatic legitimist, nor do I very keenly enjoy your modern Elizabethan five-act plays; but it was refreshing to me to find that there were still believers in "glorious Villiams," as French critics call him, and an audience capable of soaring above extravaganzas which extravagate extravagance itself. As I purpose another pilgrimage of love to *Timon of Athens* at Sadler's Wells, I defer speaking critically till next week. I content myself with advising all who can, to go and see this fine play, admirably put on the stage with that reverent and thoughtful care displayed in all the accessories, which has always marked the productions of Mr. Phelps. The scene between Apemantus and Timon was most effectively rendered by George Bennett and Phelps; the reading was scholarly and refined. In the last act I had an opportunity of observing how strongly all the subordinate parts were filled, for there is no "starring" at Sadler's Wells. What has often made Shakspeare tedious is the great number of small characters not inadequately but ridiculously represented. But O! ye doubters, what grand passages there are in this *Timon*! What thoughts clothed in what a diction! Hear this on life and death:—

"My long sickness
Of health, and living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things."

What a solemn sweep, too, in this passage:—

"Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Which once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover."

The last scenes were cleverly managed to consult spectacular tastes, by a dioramic effect passing from the city to the sea shore, with a noble glancing sunset sheen. I wish our French critics, when they visit London, would pay a visit to Sadler's Wells in preference to the blood-and-thunder atrocities of the Victoria, which do not precisely represent the English drama, any more than fogs and porter our national existence. So for the present, with best wishes to Mr. Phelps, the "unacknowledged legislator" of Islington, I remain, *sans adieu*,

LE CHAT HUANT.

Organizations of the People,

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL.

COOPERATIVE STORES AND THEIR ORGANIZATION.

The first coöperators have perhaps never realized their professions. Those Stores, now the most successful and satisfactory, disappointed their first customers. How could it be otherwise? Beginning with a small capital they could lay in only a small stock, and that not always of the best quality. Then their first sales being few and far between, the quality of the goods, deteriorated by time, did not always answer the expectation of customers, who commonly began by expecting a better as well as a cheaper article. Then those appointed to "buy in" in the first instances, are not always the best persons. They may want judgment, they may want practice, they may want knowledge of particular articles. But as a new Store is seldom rich it cannot afford to throw away what has been bought injudiciously, or at disadvantage: it must be sold: and those who come to a new Coöperative Store, just by way of giving it a trial, are always the persons who happen to get these articles; and who, in no wise reflecting upon the difficulties which always beset new beginners in business (difficulties from which Coöperative Societies enjoy no natural exemption), spread an unfavourable opinion around them. I have known many cases of those who ought to have known better, and to have done better, who have withdrawn their custom on these accounts. It is too much to expect either better articles or cheaper articles at first. Time must be given for the system to develop itself, which sooner or later it does, and proves an advantage to all who deal at such Stores. The Rochdale Coöperatives sold worse groceries than their competitive neighbours at one short period, and so have Stores nearer the metropolis, and of greater pretensions. The Leeds Flour Mill (confessedly so effective now) did not, without any exception, supply from the first, the best quality of flour; but the capacity of these Associations to compete with, as respects quality and cheapness, and to exceed in advantages to purchasers all competitive dealers around them, has been demonstrated. Let those, then, who wish Coöperative Stores to succeed, give them a Trial, give them Time, and a liberal opinion.

One ought here to observe that the difficulties adverted to, under which Coöperative Stores have hitherto, in so many cases, laboured, will be obviated by the Central Coöperative Agency of London, of which Organization mention has already been made in this journal, an Organization conducted by the firm of Lechevalier, Jones, and Woodin. Lechevalier being a devising, Woodin an executing, and Jones a species of speaking partner, than whom no more suitable person could be found to undertake that indispensable office. Mr. Lloyd Jones's functions chiefly at this time lie in the provinces. Presiding over a Branch of the Agency in Manchester, he visits various places, extending his tours as far even as Scotland, to afford to the public that explanation necessary for them to lend their aid, and to Stores that instruction needful for their guidance. The Central Agency in London is able by its comprehensive dealings, to supply to the youngest Stores the best articles, and at the fairest prices, furnishing as it were the buying talent so difficult to find in many places, to all Stores who put themselves into business communication with it.

Of whatever advantage, and it is incalculable, which the Central Agency—in its development—will afford to the growing Union of Coöperative Stores, of no less moment will be its value to the purchasing poor. Where now can they go, being sure that they will not have supplied to them deleterious and adulterated articles? The recent exposures made in public Journals, Medical Reviews, and in Parliament, show the impossibility of the working-classes being able to buy pure food, *i. e.* food which they shall know to be pure, from tradesmen whom they can trust. The multitude of small tradesmen in all places doubtless intend to keep good faith with their customers; but they cannot do it unless they can command so much capital as will enable them to go to the first markets and select for themselves. The rich man who can order his Wine from Bordeaux or Madeira, or who can give orders so large that wholesale houses will supply him, can consciously secure himself the cheap and genuine article. And out of wholesale houses only the well informed commercially, or through business relations, are able to select the reputable. The working-class are again out of the way of all this, both as respects means and knowledge, and to them a Central Coöperative Agency becomes a moral guarantee of the highest importance, and doubtless the day will come when many tradesmen will do what private gentlemen are now doing—order their goods of that Agency—as that firm will become a moral guarantee to the customers of tradesmen who deal with them, that the articles they buy of such tradesmen are genuine and wholesome.

Yet for this Central Agency to act efficiently, it

is needful that it be widely supported, and it is the interest of all that it should be supported. What it offers to do no other firm offers in the same sense or the same spirit; and if this opportunity should pass away, it may not be soon repeated. But not alone in the respect of purity of food is this Central Agency a source of public improvement. It is not only honest, but it does not puff, and that is an intellectual benefit, which deserves some public acknowledgement; but of this I shall speak in another letter. ION.

NATIONAL CHARTER ASSOCIATION.—At the usual weekly meeting of the Executive, the final report from Mr. Ernest Jones was read. He visited Sheffield on the 9th, and afterwards went to Newport Pagnell, in Bucks, and North Crawley. Upon the whole, he thinks the experience gleaned during the tour of a most encouraging character. Notwithstanding the inactivity, the neglect in subscribing funds and organising, it is evident that a democratic under-current is at work beneath the surface, waiting but for the coming commercial crisis to arise, to roll its waves in the broad agitation of a Chartist movement. Now, indeed, there is little action—but there is all the more thought. In the agricultural districts he believes the movement once begun would spread with the rapidity of fire. A special meeting of the Executive has been called for the 24th of February.

REDEMPTION SOCIETY.—The rules for the management of a coöperative store, in connection with the society, are now prepared, and will be brought before a special meeting of the members on Wednesday evening, September 24, when it is hoped that they will be adopted, and immediate steps taken to carry out the scheme. Moneys received for the week:—Leeds, £1 1s. 1d. Newcastle, per Mr. Johnson, £2 1s. 2d. Building Fund:—Leeds, 9s.; Newcastle, 3s. 9d. Propagandist Fund, 2s. 2d.—J. HENDERSON, Sec.



Open Council.

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

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

CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT MIRACLES.

September 16, 1851.

SIX.—The *Times*, which for the nonce appears to have entered into a holy alliance with Exeter Hall, has been recently very facetious at the expense of Popish miracles and Father Newman's logic. Now, it appears to me that the formal logic of Popery is absolutely unassailable on the grounds taken by the writer in the *Times*, and that the Birmingham doctor has really succeeded in placing the advocates of our popular Protestantism on the horns of a dilemma. The same good people who cheer the No-Popery orators on the platform, grow warm at the eloquence of Dr. Cumming, and chuckle over the delicate banter of the *Times*, in discussing the pretensions of winking Madonnas and bleeding pictures, sit quietly in their pews, and listen with devout attention to the miraculous elocution of Balaam's ass. They believe that the whale swallowed Jonas, and would no doubt, believe, if the Church so taught (for it is on the authority of the Church, and not on the authority of their reason, that they believe these things), that Jonas swallowed the whale!

Now, what is the real difference between the credulity of the orthodox Protestant and the orthodox Papist in these matters? The Papist believes a miracle attested by living men and women, and said to have occurred in his own time. The Protestant believes a miracle said to have occurred some 4000 years ago, and attested by traditional and Oriental testimony. The two sets of miracles are perhaps equally purposeless, and the testimony in each case at least equally suspicious—except that it is not quite so easy to expose a fraud 4000 years old as a fraud of yesterday. It is quite clear that the exercise of our reasoning faculties will lead equally to the rejection of the Protestant and the Popish miracles; and that if they are believed at all either by Protestants or Papists, it must be on the authority of their several

Churches—in short, on the authority of infallible tradition. If the Church of Rome decides that these modern miracles are true, good Papists will believe them, for the same reason that good Protestants believe in the speaking of Balaam's ass.

When the miracle of the winking Madonna is as old as that of Balaam's ass (supposing, which God forbid! the world should grow no wiser), it will be equally respectable. In endeavouring to wriggle himself out of this painful dilemma, the contortions of the Protestant advocate are absolutely ludicrous. At one moment he talks as liberally as a French savant, and the next buries himself in a cloud of the vaguest mysticism. He is alternately a saint and a philosopher—a Methodist and an "infidel," and hashes together the rationalism of Strauss and the maundering of John Bunyan. If Popery be a "lie," surely this sort of Protestantism is a "sham;" and the time cannot be far distant when men will discover that their belief must repose either on their internal convictions or on external authority, and that it matters little whether their Pope is enthroned at Lambeth or in Rome.

Ever faithfully yours,

FRED. J. FOXTON.

THE PRINCIPLES OF SOCIAL ORGANIZATION.

Bolton, August 11, 1851.

SIR,—No one can be more anxious than I am to begin at once to take active measures for the removal of social grievances; but at the same time I am far from being satisfied with the principles and modes of action already proposed or adopted. There is much in some of the schemes, no doubt, that is good and true; but in none of them have I yet been able to trace the operation of one grand overruling principle throughout, and none of them, therefore, appears to me to be free from inconsistencies.

With respect to your own principle of concert, I most cordially agree with you, so far as to wish that the whole business of the world were so conducted; but desiring this, I think, is no more than desiring harmony in music. You aim to produce concert in the one case, as you would endeavour to produce harmony in the other; but, according to my notions, these are not, properly speaking, principles. These are principles which, if followed, will occasion concerted action, just as there are principles which will lead to harmony in music. A principle, therefore, ought to be something that will guide us in practice, requiring only to be properly applied to give the right solution in all cases to which they belong, just like the mariner's compass, which to the skilful sailor ever indicates the path that he wishes to travel; but when you merely say that there ought to be concert in the division of employments, you give us no clue as to the mode of proceeding, and consequently different parties adopting it pursue each a different method.

Now, I wish to submit to the judgment of your readers and of yourself a principle, which to my mind appears perfectly satisfactory and conclusive, capable of the strictest proof and admitting of the widest application; and if it abide the test, as I expect it will, I hope that it may soon be made the subject of experiment; not indeed at first on a national scale, for that would be impracticable and not to be thought of, but on one sufficiently large to demonstrate its merits and carry conviction to the most reluctant. In this letter, however, I must do no more than merely state the principle in the briefest possible manner, leaving it to be more fully developed in future letters, if you will now and then favour me with space for their insertion.

It is a most obvious and well-known fact that no one can make for himself the things that he requires for use and comfort, or supply himself with any kind of good by his own isolated efforts; in fact, that what a man can do immediately for himself is but the smallest fraction of what he has need of. Supposing the natural constitution of our own race had been otherwise, and each man had been created an independent self-sufficient being, able to satisfy his every want by his own unaided labour and skill, the identical produce of his labour would have come direct to himself for his own use, whether much or little; but where then would have been the divine institution of society? As human nature is constituted, however, there is but one way in which a man can obtain the full value of his labour, and that is by first parting with nearly the whole produce of it to the community, and by throwing it, if I may use the term here, into hotchpot. By the division of labour what each man does is only a part of one great whole, and by itself taken separately is altogether useless, or rather it has or can have no independent existence; but by the united labours of all, a fund of useful articles, comforts, necessities, and conveniences of every kind is created, adapted to the circumstances of each. In this way labour naturally mixes itself together, and the produce of each person's labour becomes amalgamated and so thoroughly mixed up in one mass that it can neither be separated nor distinguished from the rest. Now here, by a natural necessity, we have a fund of wealth created by the whole community jointly, and therefore belonging to all jointly. How then ought it to be

distributed? Justice surely dictates that since each person cannot have the very produce of his own labour, he should receive its value out of the joint fund. With regard to the mode of distribution, we must of course adopt that in each case which is most conducive to the enjoyment of the things to be disposed of; thus some things are best enjoyed in common, while others require exclusive possession.

With respect to the profits of land and natural produce, they too are inseparably mixed up with the produce of labour, and in their distribution must follow the latter, which indeed is the only method agreeable to justice and sound reason.

Following out this argument, I might prove that things in the course of production, or that are only fit for, or are set apart for purposes of that nature, are public property, and should be managed by public officers; but when things are fit, or have been rendered fit for personal use and enjoyment, they ought then to be distributed for that purpose. I might also demonstrate that the doctrine of exchanges, which is, that the commerce of the world is to be carried on by exchanges between one man and another, as held by some political economists, is a pure fallacy; but want of space compels me to omit the consideration of these questions for the present.

We have seen that the wealth of a community is, or should be made up of the joint contributions of all its members; and that each is entitled to the value of his contribution in return, which he should be allowed to take in that form and manner that best pleases him. Now, since all are bound to contribute in one way or another, and since it must be for the good of society that each person should contribute in that particular branch of labour and in that station which is most suited to his natural taste and capabilities, it is of the highest importance that no hindrances or obstructions should be allowed to exist in the way of any man's attaining his proper place and position in the social body, and so serving the community to the utmost of his power. But if we examine existing systems we shall find that they abound in obstacles of this sort, which seem to be mainly the result of one great error, namely that the community does not take upon itself the disposal and management of its wealth, as I have already shown that for other reasons it ought to do. It can therefore neither place the best and most suitable men in offices of trust or authority, nor in most cases adequately reward the services of its members. By this means it often becomes immensely difficult, if not impossible, for a man to exert his talents in the best way for the benefit of the community, while at the same time the recompense that should stimulate his exertions, is diminished and rendered uncertain. By our wretched contrivances we are interfering with and impeding the operation of a great law of Heaven's creation; for we have abundant proof that, but for these obstructions, talent of every kind would find its true position, and rise to its proper level as readily and as surely as water rises to the level of its source. In the struggles of genius, in the desire of all men to exercise their peculiar powers, in the general recognition of talent by the world, and its frequent success in spite of obstacles, it is easy to perceive a force which in the absence of obstructive causes would in all cases prevail.

The benefits of government and legislation are no less parts of a nation's wealth than the more substantial articles of commerce, and this same principle of contribution is therefore equally applicable; and I trace the failure of some promising schemes to the neglect of this principle in this department of industry. To manage well the whole wealth of a nation, or community collectively, requires every spark of wisdom and knowledge which the community can command; and every one who can aid in this matter should be invited and encouraged to do so, as well as remunerated for his pains, if he succeed in doing anything worthy of it. It is necessary, not only to have officers of different ranks to superintend the different branches of the public business, but these officers, including the highest or king, must be governed by public opinion, or rather by the public wisdom, and this must be created by the joint contributions of such as are able, publicly sifted and fairly canvassed. This at once does away with what is called the principle of representation, which assigns to a select few the duties that properly belong to, and can only be duly exercised by, the public at large. How the latter is to discharge those duties I hope to show in a future letter.

Whatever be the form of government, public wisdom and knowledge, or public folly and ignorance, must necessarily be supreme; we have only to choose which it shall be; the one is freedom itself to the individual, guiding him always into the path that he wishes to find; the other is harsh and tyrannical, forcing him into a path that is not his own. To obtain the one, every one must be allowed and encouraged to contribute according to his ability: to be cursed with the other you must suppress talent, and bring forward dulness into action, or allow chance to settle the matter at its own discretion.

INDAGATOR.

AFFAIRS OF THE LATE HARMONY HALL ESTATE.

Rational Society-office, 23, John-street, Fitzroy-square, August 19, 1851.

SIR,—In answer to the letters of Mr. Pare and Mr. Finch, appearing in your paper of Saturday last, I beg to say it was understood and stated at the Rose-hill meeting, that Mr. Pare was Mr. Finch's agent. It has never been before denied. The "persons" who sent the petition are as stated "the Central Board," who agreed to the petition unanimously, and the officers signed it. Mr. Pare knows who they are. The "unworthy" attempt of the Board is simply to state facts, which neither Mr. Pare nor Mr. Finch attempt substantially to controvert. The "extraordinary course" pursued by the "authors of the petition"—the society—has been to be quiet several years and give the trustees the fullest chance. They are now going to take another extraordinary course—to endeavour to bring the society's affairs to a close. The Board had discussed the idea of the petition, and prepared the draft, before Mr. Finch's difficulties were known or dreamed of. As Mr. Finch thinks the investigation had better be made by the House of Commons, it is to be hoped he will assist in getting the inquiry—that will be the time to have all explained. If the lessees had allowed the sale to go on, or the bonâ fide offer which I made at a general meeting of members, viz., £10,000 (my friend understanding that Mr. Finch would give £10,000 for the property) had been accepted, I think all would have been right.

Requesting that you will have the kindness to insert this letter at your earliest convenience, I remain, dear sir, yours faithfully,

THOS. WHITAKER, Hon. Finan. Sec.

HEALTH OF LONDON DURING THE WEEK.

(From the Registrar-General's Report.)

London is as healthy as is usual at this season of the year. 1026 deaths were registered in the week. The average number of deaths in the corresponding week of the ten years 1841-50 was 1104; or 1000 if we correct for increase of population and exclude 2865 deaths in the second week of September, 1849, when the cholera was epidemic. In the last week there was a death every ten minutes in London; but the population is now about 2,381,000, and the mortality is therefore at the rate of 1 in 2381 weekly. The births were 1429, and exceeded the deaths by 403 the population is increasing partly by immigration at the rate of 42,000 a year or 800 weekly. 535 males and 491 females died. The ages of four persons were not reported; 198 only were at the age of 60 and upwards, 359 were in the prime of life, and 465 were children who had not attained the age of 15. Of the 1026 deaths, 722 occurred on the north, 304 on the south side of the Thames. 72 persons died in hospitals, 9 in lunatic asylums, 93 in workhouses, 5 in prisons; 7 in military and naval hospitals, and 8 in military and naval asylums. No persons died in the hospitals for foreigners. Diarrhoea, summer cholera, and fever are the prevailing diseases; fever is increasing; cholera is slowly, diarrhoea rapidly declining. The deaths in the last three weeks were 28, 17, 17 from cholera, and 174, 192, 101 from diarrhoea; 24 men and women died of that painful disease—cancer, and 119 of consumption, and 31 of heart disease; 6 women died in childbirth; 59 violent deaths are reported.

Commercial Affairs.

MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

FRIDAY.

Foreign intelligence is alleged to have produced the variations in the English funds this week. Consols receded on Monday from the closing price on Saturday, which was 95½ 96, to 95½ 3; on Tuesday they advanced again to 95½ 96; but on Thursday they receded to 95½ 3. The opening price this morning was—Consols, 95½ 96.

The fluctuations of the week have been:—Consols, from 95½ to 96; Bank Stock, from 212 to 213, ex div.; and Exchequer Bills, from 44s. to 47s. premium.

Foreign Securities show a tendency to decline, and not much business has been done. In the official list yesterday the bargains comprised:—Mexican, for money, 26½, 4, and 25½; and for the account, 25½; Portuguese Four per Cents., 32½; Russian Five per Cents., 111; the Four-and-a-Half per Cents., 101½, 101, and 100; Sardinian Five per Cents., 80½; the Scrip, 3½ discount; Spanish Passive, 5 and 4½; Spanish Three per Cents., 37; and Dutch Two-and-a-Half per Cents., 58½.

SHARES.

Last Official Quotation for Week ending Friday Evening.

RAILWAYS.		BANKS.	
Aberdeen	—	Australasian	—
Bristol and Exeter ..	77	British North American ..	45
Caledonian	103	Colonial	—
Eastern Counties	—	Commercial of London ..	—
Edinburgh and Glasgow ..	—	London and Westminster ..	29
Great Northern	153	London Joint Stock	184
Great S. & W. (Ireland) ..	—	National of Ireland	—
Great Western	76	National Provincial	—
Lancashire and Yorkshire ..	51	Provincial of Ireland	—
Lancaster and Carlisle ..	—	Union of Australia	35
London, Brighton, & S. Coast ..	—	Union of London	114
London and Blackwall ..	64	MINES.	
London and N.-Western ..	113	Bolanos	—
Midland	44	Brazilian Imperial	—
North British	—	Ditto, St. John del Rey ..	19
South-Eastern and Dover ..	—	Cobre Copper	—
South-Western	80	MISCELLANEOUS.	
York, Newcastle, & Berwick ..	17	Australian Agricultural ..	—
York and North Midland ..	17	Canada	—
DOCKS.		General Steam	—
East and West India	—	Peninsular & Oriental Steam ..	68
London	—	Royal Mail Steam	79
St. Katharine	—	South Australian	—

BANK OF ENGLAND.

An Account, pursuant to the Act 7th and 8th Victoria, cap. 32, for the week ending on Saturday, September 6, 1851,

ISSUE DEPARTMENT.

Notes issued	£ 27,707,565	Government Debt, 11,015,100	£
		Other Securities ..	2,984,900
		Gold Coin and Bullion	13,674,190
		Silver Bullion	33,375
	£27,707,565		£27,707,565

BANKING DEPARTMENT.

Proprietors' Capital, 14,553,000	£	Government Securities (including Dead-weight Annuity)	12,464,216
Reserve	3,588,937	Other Securities ..	13,193,878
Public Deposits (including Exchequer, Savings, Banks, Commissioners of National Debt, and Dividend Accounts) ..	8,093,413	Notes	8,344,190
Other Deposits	8,121,431	Gold and Silver Coin	582,826
Seven-day and other Bills	1,228,309		
	£35,585,110		£35,585,110

Dated September 11, 1851. M. MARSHALL, Chief Cashier.

BRITISH FUNDS FOR THE PAST WEEK.
(Closing Prices.)

	Satur.	Mond.	Tues.	Wedn.	Thurs.	Frid.
Bank Stock	215½	97	—	—	—	—
3 per Ct. Red ..	95½	96½	96	95½	95½	—
3 p. C. Con. Ans.	—	—	—	—	—	—
3 p. C. An. 1726.	96	96½	96	96	—	—
3 p. Ct. Con. Ac.	95½	98½	—	—	—	—
3½ p. Cent. An.	—	—	—	—	—	—
New 5 per Cts.	—	7½	—	—	—	—
Long Ans., 1860.	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ind. St. 10½ p. Ct.	—	—	262	—	216½	—
Ditto Bonds ..	—	57 p	48 p	48 p	—	—
Ex. Bills, 10000.	48 p	46 p	47 p	44 p	44 p	—
Ditto, 5000.	48 p	46 p	47 p	47 p	44 p	—
Ditto, Small.	48 p	46 p	47 p	47 p	44 p	—

FOREIGN FUNDS.

(Last Official Quotation during the Week ending Friday Evening.)

Austrian 5 per Cents.	81	Mexican 5 per Ct. Acc.	26½
Belgian Bds., 4½ p. Ct.	94½	Small ..	—
Brazilian 5 per Cents.	91½	Neapolitan 5 per Cents.	—
Buenos Ayres 6 p. Cts.	55	Peruvian 4½ p. Cents.	—
Chilian 6 per Cents.	104	Portuguese 5 per Cent.	—
Danish 5 per Cents.	102	4 per Cts.	32½
Dutch 2½ p. Cents.	59½	Annuities ..	—
4 per Cents.	92½	Russian, 1822, 4½ p. Cts.	101½
Ecuador Bonds ..	3	Span. Actives, 5 p. Cts.	20½
French 5 p. C. An. at Paris	92.15	Passive ..	5½
3 p. Cts., July 11, 56.00	—	Deferred ..	—

CORN EXCHANGE.

MARK-LANE, September 19.—Supplies since Monday small. Wheat dull, at Monday's prices. Barley inquired for on fully last terms. Oats 6d. per quarter dearer. Beans and Peas without alteration. Floating cargoes in slow request.

Arrivals from September 15 to September 19.

	English.	Irish.	Foreign.
Wheat ..	5020	—	6140
Barley ..	610	—	870
Oats ..	50	700	2810
Flour ..	2790	—	1920

GRAIN, Mark-lane, Sept. 12.

Wheat, R. New 36s. to 38s.	Naple	29s. to 30s.
Fine	White	24 — 25
Old	Boilers	26 — 28
White	Beans, Ticks ..	27 — 28
Fine	Old	28 — 30
Superior New 42 — 46	Indian Corn ..	27 — 28
Rye	Oats, Feed ..	16 — 17
Barley	Fine	17 — 18
Malting	Poland	20 — 21
Malt, Ord.	Fine	21 — 22
Fine	Potato	20 — 21
Peas, Hog	Fine	21 — 22

FLOUR.

Town-made	per sack 39s. to 42s.
Seconds	37 — 39
Essex and Suffolk, on board ship ..	34 — 37
Norfolk and Stockton ..	31 — 33
American	per barrel 19 — 22
Canadian	19 — 22
Wheat Bread, 7d. the 4lb. loaf. Households, 6d.	—

GENERAL AVERAGE PRICE OF GRAIN.

WEEK ENDING SEPT. 6.

Imperial General Weekly Average.

Wheat	38s. 9d.	Rye	26s. 2d
Barley	26 1	Beans	30 4
Oats	20 1	Peas	25 11

Aggregate Average of the Six Weeks.

Wheat	40s. 7d.	Rye	26s 10
Barley	26 1	Beans	30 10
Oats	21 3	Peas	27 0

BUTCHERS' MEAT.

NEWGATE AND LEADENHALL.* SMITHFIELD.*

	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Beef	3 4	to 3 2	3 4	to 3 6
Mutton	2 8	3 6	3 8	4 0
Lamb	3 4	4 4	4 0	4 8
Veal	2 4	3 8	2 6	3 6
Pork	2 8	4 0	3 0	3 8

* To sink the offal, per 8 lb.

HEAD OF CATTLE AT SMITHFIELD.

	Friday.	Monday.
Beasts	1146	4656
Sheep	11,890	31,274
Calves	638	810
Pigs	396	578

AVERAGE PRICE OF SUGAR.

The average price of Brown or Muscovado Sugar, computed from the returns made in the week ending the 2nd day of September, 1851, is 27s. 3d. per cwt.

PROVISIONS.

Butter—Best Fresh, 11s. 0d. to 12s. per doz.	
Carlow, £3 14s. to £3 17s. per cwt.	
Bacon, Irish	per cwt. 50s. to 54s.
Cheese, Cheshire	42 — 70
Derby, Plain	48 — 60
Hams, York	56 — 64
Eggs, French, per 120, 5s. 6d. to 6s. 3d.	

HAY AND STRAW. (Per load of 36 Trusses.)

	CUMBERLAND.	SMITHFIELD.	WHITECHAPEL.
Hay, Good	75s. to 80s.	78s. to 80s.	65s. to 73s.
Inferior ..	60 — 75	70 — 75	0 — 0
New	60 — 75	60 — 72	50 — 60
Clover	81 — 95	88 — 90	78 — 90
Wheat Straw ..	27 — 30	21 — 30	22 — 24

HOPS.

Kent Pockets ..	98s. to 108s.	York Regents per ton	90s. to 110
Choice ditto ..	100 — 140	Wisbech Regents ..	65 — 75
Sussex ditto ..	95 — 105	Scotch Reds	— — —
Farnham do. ..	— — —	French Whites	— — —

POTATOES.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

Friday, September 12.

BANKRUPTCY ANNULLED.—H. G. HARRISON, King's-road, Hoxton Old-town, wheelwright.

BANKRUPTS.—D. FRENCH and A. SANDS, Coal Exchange, and Chatham, coal-factors, to surrender Oct. 2, Nov. 8; solicitors, Messrs. Lawrence, Plews, and Boyer, Old Jewry-chambers; official assignee, Mr. Nicholson, Basinghall-street—S. CANNOCK, jun., Kent-terrace, Great College-street, Camden-town, tobacconist, September 20, October 23; solicitors, Messrs. Rogers and Ford, Lincoln's-inn-fields; and Mr. Carter, Gloucester; official assignee, Mr. Nicholson, Basinghall-street—E. LACY, Birmingham, glass-dealer, September 25, Oct. 14; solicitor, Mr. Hayward, Birmingham; official assignee, Mr. Valpy, Birmingham—M. LISTER, Painswick, clothier, September 25, October 28; solicitor, Mr. Kearsey, Stroud; official assignee, Mr. Acraman, Bristol—J. BEACH, Bradford, Yorkshire, apothecary, September 25, October 20; solicitors, Messrs. Terry and Watson, Bradford, and Messrs. Bond and Barwick, Leeds; official assignee, Mr. Young, Leeds—T. HURST, Warrington, printer, September 22, November 4; solicitors, Mr. Ford, Lincoln's-inn fields, and Mr. Cobbett, Manchester; official assignee, Mr. Fraser, Manchester—S. WALKER, Little Lever, Lancashire, dyer, September 26, November 3; solicitors, Messrs. Sale, Worthington, and Shipman, Manchester; official assignee, Mr. Pott, Manchester.

Tuesday, September 16.

BANKRUPTCIES ANNULLED.—J. HETHERINGTON, of 322A, High Holborn, grocer—G. BUTCHER, 68, Holborn-hill, china and glass dealer.

BANKRUPTS.—J. COOK, 5, Assembly-row, Mile-end-road, builder, September 27, November 3; solicitor, Mr. J. Sorrell, Fenchurch-street; official assignee, Mr. W. Whitmore, 2, Basinghall-street—E. and H. MARTYN, 24, Aldgate High-street, woollen drapers, September 22, November 4; solicitors, Messrs. Reed, Langford, and Marsden, 59, Friday-street, Cheapside; official assignee, Mr. W. Pennell, 3, Guildhall-chambers, Basinghall-street—R. and P. ICEMONGER, Littlehampton, Sussex, merchants, September 23, November 8; solicitors, Messrs. Lewis, Wood, and Street, 6, Raymond-buildings, and Messrs. Holmes and Sons, Arundel; official assignee, Mr. W. Pennell, 3, Guildhall-chambers, Basinghall-street—E. SOLOMON, 7, Haydon-square, Minorities, jeweller, September 23, November 1; solicitor, Mr. E. J. Sydney, 46, Finsbury-circus, Finsbury; official assignee, Mr. W. Pennell, 3, Guildhall-chambers, Basinghall-street—J. S. MARYGOLD, Tipton, Staffordshire, provision-dealer, September 30, October 21; solicitors, Messrs. Motteram, Knight, and Emmet, Birmingham; official assignee, Mr. F. Whitmore, Birmingham—W. BELL, Abergavenny, Monmouthshire, pianoforte-dealer, September 29, October 29; solicitor, Mr. F. Paxon, Bloomsbury-square, London; official assignee, Mr. T. R. Hutton, Bristol—J. THOMPSON, Leeds, glass and china dealer, October 6, November 3; solicitor, Mr. J. Dunning, Leeds; official assignee, Mr. G. W. Freeman, Leeds.

SYRO-LEBANON COMPANY. HOLY

LAND DIORAMA.—EGYPTIAN-HALL.—The great original Diorama of the HOLY LAND and JERUSALEM presents accurate views of all the towns and villages in Palestine, and is illustrated by Fourteen Natives of Syria, who exemplify the Manners, Customs, and Melodies of their land.

This is the Diorama painted from Daguerreotypes. Daily, at Three and Eight. Admission, 1s.; Pit, 1s. 6d.; Stalls, 2s. 6d. Egyptian-hall, Piccadilly.

OFFICE FOR PATENTS, BRITISH AND

FOREIGN, and REGISTRATION OF DESIGNS.—Conducted by Mr. J. G. WILSON, C. E., 18, Great George-street (opposite the Abbey), Westminster. Every description of business connected with Patents transacted daily. Inventors assisted in ascertaining the novelty of their Inventions and with Capital when required. Office hours, Ten to Four o'clock.

COCOA is a nut which, besides farinaceous substance, contains a bland oil. The oil in this nut has one advantage, which is, that it is less liable than any other oil to rancidity. Possessing these two nutritive substances, Cocoa is become a most valuable article of diet, more particularly if, by mechanical or other means, the farinaceous substance can be so perfectly incorporated with the oil, that the one will prevent the other from separating. Such a union is presented in the Cocoa prepared by JAMES EPPS; and thus, while the delightful flavour, in part dependent upon the oil, is retained, the whole preparation will agree with the most delicate stomach.

JAMES EPPS, Homoeopathic Chemist, 112, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, and 82, Old Broad-street, City, London.

METROPOLITAN COUNTIES and GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, 27, Regent-street, Waterloo-place, London.

DIRECTORS.

Samuel Driver, Esq.	Thomas Littledale, Esq.
John Griffith Frith, Esq.	Edward Lomax, Esq.
Henry Peter Fuller, Esq.	Samuel Miller, Esq.
John Park Griffin, Esq.	Edward Vansittart Neale, Esq.
Peter Hood, Esq.	Sir Thomas N. Reeve.
Capt. Hon. G. F. Hotham, R.N.	William Studley, Esq.

Life Assurances, Annuities, and Endowments. Three-fourths of profits divided amongst the assured.—Prospectuses, post free, on application. F. FERGUSON CAMROUX, Manager.

LONDON ASSURANCE CORPORATION.

Established by Royal Charter, A.D. 1720.

FOR LIFE, FIRE, AND MARINE ASSURANCES.

Head-Office, No. 7, Royal Exchange.

Branch-Office, No. 10, Regent-street.

Actuary—Peter Hardy, Esq., F.R.S.

This Corporation has effected Assurances on Lives for a period of One Hundred and Thirty Years.

The Expenses of managing the Life Department are defrayed by the Corporation, and not taken from the Premium Fund, Fire Insurances effected at Moderate Rates upon every description of Property.

Marine Insurances at the Current premiums of the day.

JOHN LAURENCE, Secretary.

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.

Offices, 34, Moorgate-street, Bank, London.

TRUSTEES.

John Hinde Palmer, Esq. Thomas Winkworth, Esq.
William Anthony Purnell, Esq. John Poole, Esq.

Persons assured in this Office to the extent of £300 and upwards on the participating scale, or holders of five shares and upwards, will be entitled to nominate scholars to the endowed schools of the Society.

Every description of Life Assurance business transacted. Prospectuses and every information may be obtained at the Offices of the Society.

Applications for agencies requested.

By order of the Board, J. W. SPRAGUE, Manager.

ATHENÆUM LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

30, Sackville-street, London.

Established for the Assurance of the Lives of Authors, Painters, Sculptors, Musicians, persons connected with every Art and Science, and the Public generally.

Incorporated by Act of Parliament.

Capital, £100,000, in shares of £1 each, to be paid up in full. With Power to increase to a Million.

The following are some of the peculiar advantages of this Society:—

Entirely new tables based on the latest data. Policies once granted are absolutely INDISPUTABLE on any ground whatever, and payable IMMEDIATELY after satisfactory proof of death.

A form of policy granted at the option of the assured, and at the same rates of premium, made payable to holder, thus affording to all an immediately available security for money without the delay, trouble, and expense of an assignment in the usual way, or any exposure of the private affairs or transactions of the assured.

HENRY SUTTON, Manager.

RECIPROCAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

32, Great Cornam-street, Russell-square.

Capital—£100,000, in 20,000 Shares of £5 each.

Deposit, 10s. per Share.

One-tenth of the profits of the Company will form a fund for the relief of aged and distressed Shareholders and Members, their Widows and Orphans.

TRUSTEES.

T. A. Knight, Esq. J. Moseley, Esq., B.C.L.
R. Marshall, Esq., M.A. Reverend C. Owen, M.A.
F. C. Skey, Esq., F.R.S.

This Company is established for the purpose of bringing the benefits of Life Assurance within the reach of all classes, and with this view its details have been most carefully considered, so as to afford every facility and advantage consistent with safety. Three-fifths of the Profits being annually divided among those members who have paid five annual premiums.

The Business of the Company embraces Assurances, Annuities, and Endowments of every kind; also Annuities payable During Sickness; Assurances of Leaseholds, Copyholds, and other Terminable Interests; and Guarantee Assurances for the Fidelity of persons in places of Trust.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES TO ASSURERS.

Policies will be granted for any sum as low as £5. No Policy Stamp, Entrance Fee, or other charge, except the Premium.

Policies indisputable, except in cases of actual fraud. Diseased and Declined Lives assured at equitable and moderate rates.

Premiums may be paid Quarterly or Monthly if desired. Half the Premium, for the first seven years, may remain unpaid.

Every further information may be had on application to the Actuary and Resident Director.

THE GREAT WESTERN AND FOREST OF DEAN COAL COMPANY.

CAPITAL, £25,000.

In 25,000 Shares, of £1 per Share, paid up.

Provisionally registered pursuant to 7th and 8th Vict., cap. 110. Temporary Offices—3, Bridge-street, Westminster.

TRUSTEE.

Colonel Salwey, M.P., Egham-park, Surrey.

DIRECTORS.

William Aspdin, Esq. (Robins, Aspdin, and Co.), Great Scotland-yard, and Northfleet, Kent.

George Francis, Esq., 5, Hare-court, Temple, and Brompton-crescent, Brompton.

John Gardiner, Esq., 18, Queen's-terrace, St. John's-wood, Director of Sovereign Life Assurance.

Thomas Ritchie, Esq., 117, Bishopsgate-street Within, Director of the British Bank.

With power to add to their number.

BANKERS.

London and County Bank, Lombard-street.

MINING ENGINEERS AND SUPERINTENDENTS.

Messrs. Cook and George, Drybrook, Gloucestershire.

SOLICITORS.

Messrs. Coombe and Nickoll, 3, Bridge-street, Westminster.

SECRETARY.

Mr. Henry Capper.

This Company is formed for the purpose of working a Coal Field, situate in the Forest of Dean, Gloucestershire, held by the present Proprietors under a grant direct from the Crown, comprising an area of about one hundred and fifty Acres, and contains five Seams of Coal, of fifteen feet in thickness, three of which it is proposed to work, which will produce upwards of three and a half million Tons of Coal.

One of the Seams alluded to produces Cannel Coal, of which there is a large consumption in the Gas Works of London and of other places. The other two Seams are already in great demand, both in the Provincial and Foreign Markets; large quantities

being consumed by the Steam Engines of West Gloucestershire, the Cotton Mills and Gas Works of Bristol, and the Iron Furnaces of the surrounding districts. Immense supplies are shipped from Lydney, under the well-known title of "Forest Walls End"—a coal equal in quality to the best Newcastle.

Specimens of the various Seams of Coal from the Forest of Dean have been sent to the Exhibition in Hyde-park by Mr. Atkinson, one of her Majesty's Deputy Gavers of the Forest.

The nature and capabilities of this Coal Field have long been known, and, in the immediate neighbourhood, made available. Hitherto, the want of Railway Communication has kept the productions of this Field out of the London Market. The difficulty of transport is now obviated; a Branch of the Great Western Railway, six miles in extent, is about to be carried through this very Coal Field, and will pass close to the intended Pit's Mouth.

Prospectuses and every information may be obtained of the Secretary.

Application for Shares to be addressed to the Secretary, at the Offices of the Company, or to any of the following parties, viz.:

To the Solicitors of the Company.
Messrs. Lind and Rickard, Stockbrokers, 3, Bank-chambers, Lothbury.
Henry Darvell, Esq., Solicitor, Windsor.
Messrs. Lowe and Sons, Stockbrokers, Liverpool.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES. GREAT WESTERN AND FOREST OF DEAN COAL COMPANY.

Gentlemen,—I request you to allot me Shares in the above Company, and I agree to accept the same, or any less number that may be allotted to me, to pay the sum of £1 per Share, and to sign the Deed of Settlement when the same shall be ready for execution.

Name
Address
Business
Referee
Address of Referee

Dated this day of
To the Provisional Directors of the above-mentioned Company.

THOMAS COOPER, Author of "The Purgatory of Suicides," &c., delivers Oration on the following subjects:—

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CLASS XXII.—GROUND FLOOR—SOUTH SIDE.—No. 553.

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ARTICLES IN GUTTA PERCHA.

CLASS XXVIII.—NORTH GALLERY.—No. 85.

CLASS XXVI.—GROUND FLOOR, NORTH SIDE.—No. 21.

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