

The Leader.

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

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VOL. 132.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1852.

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Notes of the Week.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL has astounded his enemies, his friends, and his neutrals, by a sudden dash at the Democracy of England. He is setting up an Order of the Lone Star, himself being the lonely one in want of an order; and lo! it answers to his call. The occasion of Lord John's speech was a dinner at Perth, given to Lord Panmure by the constituents who had sent him to Parliament as Mr. Fox Maule; the drift of his speech was to announce that he should wait to hear the Ministerial course to be declared in November, and then to propose a course of his own—not avoiding but courting that "Democracy" which consists of the people of England advancing irresistibly to political power by the acquirement of wealth and intelligence. So spoke Lord John; and the Liberal press generally re-echoes his speech as a manifesto savouring of all his early boldness. The hopes of the Liberals revive, and the idea of more political union has decidedly "taken."

Manchester is to hold a great meeting in November, and will probably follow up Lord John's manifesto with a formal adhesion.

On the other side, there have been various agricultural gatherings. At Framlingham, Sir Fitzroy Kelly tells the farmers that they must rely on themselves, not others, nor Ministers; at Harrow, Mr. Pownall, Mr. Hubert de Burgh, and the Middlesex Magistrates have presided over ploughing and prize distributions: no politics allowed. At Banbury, Mr. Henley entertains the people of Oxford with a Ministerial manifesto. He promised to disclose the principles and future course of Lord Derby's Government. "Conticuerne omnes"—all pricked up their ears. In lieu of telling principles, he told a history; in lieu of measures, non-measures. He traced the growth of the "Conservative" party, from the appropriation clause and Lord Stanley's defection; the resistance to the Whig education plan of 1839; the impious and irreligious, vulgar measure of 1840; down to the present time; and he implied that Government would adhere to its views on sugar, on the Irish Church, and on Education; but would not reverse the repeal of the Corn Laws, nor legislate on any sectional interests. In other words, the principles of Lord Derby's cabinet are, sugar

duties, established ignorance, Orangeism, and non-protection of corn. The future course, "to relieve the suffering classes," was not stated. Whereat Rainald Knightley, kinsman of that Knightley who fought with Cromwell, was wroth. Among other side glances, Mr. Henley threw out hints that a Peelite accession would be welcomed. No doubt—but all the Peellites know better.

National prosperity continues to be the theme of the day. The cry is in every mouth; and we are telling each other of our immense material conquests and comforts with all the glee of school-boys. How much of all this comes from Emigration, how much from Free-trade, what proportion from gold discoveries, the sages of Protection decline to affirm. Nevertheless, everybody else sees that it is due mainly to Emigration. Even Mr. Henley, at Banbury, admits that Emigration has emptied our workhouses and enabled the farmers of the south to employ fewer and better hands. The Secretary of the Early Closing Association tells us that shopmen are now "free agents," another effect of Emigration. Even the handloom weavers of Scotland have in some instances obtained a rise from the same potent cause. On rushes the tide. Leith is now reported to be an Emigration port; four vessels are about to sail for Australia. The Irish Exodus is greater than ever. And all round our coast the population is pouring forth; forming new markets for produce, new populations to enjoy it, new states and empires. But in spite of Emigration, Free-trade, and gold, England has yet enough squalor, misery, and crime to eradicate before she can be really prosperous.

The Amalgamated Engineers again come before the public. Many of them very naturally refuse to sign the declaration, without which masters will not give employment; others are marked men for their previous activity; hence, to provide for these men, an organized movement has been set on foot to raise a fund for their Emigration to Australia. A good number have gone. In Australia, men who can work are at a premium; and the training of men in iron works will give them many advantages in arranging the search and selection of the gold. In Australia, industry secures independence, increasing ease, and the opportunity of social advancement. The masters may yet have to repent of their malice-bearing rigour.

The murder of the soldier at Fermoy, wounded

with a double-edged knife, by piercing him in the spine as oxen are killed, attests the malignant feeling against the regiment which served at Six-mile-bridge. The respectable people of Fermoy have emphatically disclaimed this dastardly enmity to the regiment, but Ribandmen and organized murderers are not among the classes able to subscribe pounds sterling to discover a culprit.

Mr. Webster has retracted his claim to the Lobos islands, countermanded the order sent to Commander M'Auley to protect American guano robbers, and informed Captain Jewett that if he persists in his enterprise, he will be treated as a pirate making "private war!" This is one of Mr. Webster's most astonishing political summer-sets. But will Captain Jewett also countermand his orders to the captains of his buccaneering squadron to fight for the Lobos? If not, Peru is ready, armed to the teeth, to meet him; and the cry in the mountains of the Incas, is, "Down with the Yankees!"

The fishery question is in a very pretty muddle. Seizures go on, and are to be persisted in. Mr. Abbott Lawrence is said to think there is no danger: Lord Malmesbury is of another opinion. The colonists are hot for their rights, and positive denials come thick and fast, that any settlement has been made. The reciprocal settlement talked of by the *Standard* was fudge. The colonists rely on Lord Derby, and talk of sticking to the bay construction, and fighting for the three-mile line. Where will this imbroglio end?

Every mail now reports the rise of Cuban and Yankee antagonism. General Cañedo has actually refused the purser of the *Crescent City* permission to land, and set a guard on the ship. The charge is, that he published false reports of the state of the island in the American papers. Not only this, but American journals are not allowed to circulate in Havana. The official organs admit that we have been made, and that an invasion was planned; but they dispute about the numbers. The anniversary of the death of Lopez was celebrated at New Orleans with great torchlight. The ugliest news is, that French and English consuls at Cuba have been ordered to furnish an armed force to protect French property "in the event of disturbances." Our readers will remember that Lord Malmesbury stated the wants of the British official by two steam-frigates to reinforce the West

India Squadron. The western horizon, therefore, looks ominously cloudy.

Through the cloud of falsehood and mystification, fact begins to pierce, and we learn the measure of the *Moniteur's* veracity, as the gaps of the telegraphs are filled up by private letters. It is evident that not only is the enthusiasm of the population on the passage of the President factitious, represented by theatrical geygaws, but it is got up by the aid of an extraordinary pressure on the purse, the conscience, and the liberty of the citizen. Not only is the enthusiastic population chiefly made up of an army of functionaries, but the peasantry are dragged from their homes at beat of drum, to swell the official triumphs. In some towns, indeed, in spite of all coercion, the reception has been worse than apathetic; and in Lyons, not unfaithful to her political traditions, the triumph had well nigh become a rout: for there the Republic still lives, a watchword, a banner, and a hope.

Valence, the stronghold of Legitimacy, shrouded itself in a cold and disdainful silence, closing its windows as the cavalcade rode on. At Marseilles, the triumphal progress was not cut short by an infernal machine, which still remains for us in the domain of fable. The police, by their excess of skill, prove too much: how account for the discrepancy of dates in the fixing and the finding of the machine? how account for the elaborate details of the conspiracy published in the *Moniteur*, and shaking the Bourse, in Paris, before the fleetest telegraph could have conveyed the bare news of the detection? Still the purpose was gained. The *éclat* of a frightful danger escaped, and no risk encountered—the precious life preserved to France by a Providential vigilance, and the disgust which wise men of all parties feel at the thought of getting rid of a great public criminal by assassination, rather than by a solemn vindication of justice—all these results were opportunely hit off, as the elections of Paris (if elections they can be called when scarcely a tithe of the electors vote) were approaching. But as nothing is said of the persons arrested, France and the world are still incredulous of a machine so conveniently placed and timed. An infernal machine may be considered as a "property" in the burlesque, to complete the contrast (in the copy) of the Little and the Great. But we reiterate our opinion expressed in December last, that the most fatal thing that could happen to the cause of the Democracy in France would be the death of the usurper by assassination. Tyrannicide is long since an obsolete theme of schoolboys, and our practical age has extended to princes, no longer sacred, the common law against murder.

Belgium is now beginning to feel the realization of threats long deferred, but never abandoned. Menace is succeeded by action: commercial hostilities are engaged, and intrigues, fomented by a sinister and crafty Church, break out in the very Chamber, and drive the ministers from power. Belgium, free and constitutional, is a thorn in the side of despotism. Shall England suffer Belgium to be annexed? Ask the royal niece of Leopold, on the one hand, and the Downing-street friend of Louis Bonaparte, on the other. The matter is rife with warnings for England. We find Louis Bonaparte carrying out the threats withdrawn nine months ago: we find that dark encroaching Church, in Belgium, as nearer home, standing apart from national sympathies and conspiring with alien oppressors.

Elsewhere, too, there are warnings for those who can see and hear. The President tells the merchants of Marseilles that it is his desire to see the Emperor's prophecy fulfilled, and the Mediterranean become a French lake.

Meanwhile, the French navy leaves us drifting astern: steam line-of-battle-ships are pouring from the stocks at Cherbourg and Toulon, sham fights by day and by night are teaching gunnery to Johnny Crapaud, and shaking the city and the sea.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL ON DEMOCRACY.

By some singular caprice of fortune, all the political oracles of the recess have been uttered in the North. Not long ago, there was Lord Carlisle defending the Whig party at Newcastle; then we found Sir James Graham at Carlisle; last week, Lord John Russell at Stirling; this week, a Whig ovation at Perth. With the exception of Mr. Robert Lowe's dashing speech at Kidderminster, all the political demonstrations of the season have been made in the latitude of the black cock and the red deer.

The latest occasion which gave rise to a display of Whig oratory, was a banquet, in honour of Lord Panmure, given by the citizens of Perth, on Friday week. Killing two birds with one stone, the municipality of Perth had presented the freedom of their city to Lord John Russell in the afternoon, and in the evening that political worthy dined in the city hall, in company with Lord Panmure, Lord Kinnaid, Mr. Arthur Kinnaid, Sir Charles Adam, several members of Parliament, and a strong gathering of local great men. The Lord Provost of Perth presided over the fête; and Lady Panmure, with many ladies, looked and listened from a gallery above.

Of course, the complimentary speaking of the evening lay between the Provost and his guests, especially the guest of the evening, Lord Panmure, who was toasted as a Whig, and applauded as a Whig. In reply, he stamped the character of the meeting as a party gathering, by looking on the "splendid ovation" as a tribute to the landmarks which the great Whig party had ever respected. Then, having run through his own political career, and ridiculed the position of the Derby Cabinet, he came to Lord John, and volunteered a defence, not only of his chief, but of the Whig party.

"It is impossible, in this free country, to expect that any man, whether he be a minister of the Crown or a public man in any other position, will always command the popular opinion of the day; but, in judging of public men, I would say that particular instances are not to be too harshly judged of as specimens of the whole. It is but fair to look back on the general tenor of the man's public life; and so with regard to parties; and I am sure that, if the career of that party, of which my noble friend is the great leader, be looked into from first to last, for years past, before he or any of us were born, we shall find that the great liberties of this country were due to that party which he now leads; and that they were contended for in the worst of times, when even the people themselves, for whose liberties they struggled, were cold or indifferent, or were taught to run them down. (Cheers.)"

Not satisfied with this, Lord Panmure clenched the nail, by excluding all possible rivals to the ex-premier.

"You may rely on this, that, let the Liberal party seek where they please for leaders, there are no soldiers to take the field like those that have been accustomed to lead forward armies to victory. They know the tactics to be guided by, and the ground to stand upon; their honour is unimpeached—their consistency is unquestioned—and they deserve the confidence of the country, rather than those who may present themselves as younger and mere raw recruits."

He then wound up with an oracular passage, which may be taken by the reader, either for a simple wish, or a political prophecy, as he pleases.

"There are, gentlemen, yet many reforms to be achieved. The Reform Bill was but the stone set in motion; it never can stand still. There may be seasons of progress; that progress may sometimes be faster, and sometimes it may be slower; but progress this country must and will; and as people become more intelligent and capable of governing themselves, the franchise must be extended, and privileges must be held out to them which they do not at present enjoy. I hope I shall live to see the day when we shall have a far larger ramification of the franchise than at present. I hope to live to see the day when a sound religious and secular education shall spread far and wide amongst the people; and I hope to see the day when this country will take as high standing for the enjoyment of its liberty, and for the intelligence of its people, as any country can do on the face of the earth. In the enjoyment of liberty, at present, I believe, she stands first; let her also aim to stand as the best educated and most enlightened people of the world. To achieve these objects, gentlemen, shall be my utmost endeavour; and in whatever sphere or station I am placed, my whole energies shall always be devoted to the benefit of the country at large, and in my own locality, as a landlord, to see to the comforts and attend to the interests, both sacred and secular, of those who live around me. (Cheers.)"

He bade them farewell.

"Lord John Russell, and success to the cause of civil and religious liberty over the world." This was really the toast of the evening. Lord John replied. Gradually, from the non-success of democracy on the Continent, he arrived at the success of democracy at home, achieved by following a "more sober course;" and without more ado, he took up the challenge thrown down by Lord Derby, on the advances of democracy, frankly justifying those advances, such as they have been, and boldly advocating their acceleration.

"Gentlemen, in connexion with this subject, I must mention, however, an alarm which has lately been—I was going to say—excited, but it is not an alarm which has really been excited, but an alarm which has been at-

tempted democracy with respect to the advances of having the... that those who are at present barraged... affairs, being somewhat em- truly, are kept... which, my noble friend says voured to dive... secrecy, have rather endea- shortcomings of... from what may be their ing to create a... subjects, by endeavour- ing to approach... at present subject to a and cheers.) I have... and democracy (laughter groundless (hear, hear) that alarm is totally will not be considered... however, my authority of the alarm was that... because part I had adopted some... opinions—that what they were, but the... said exactly ing and highly democratic... very alarm- to introduce measures which... I was about future time of shaking the... effect at some which I venerate as much... constitution Kingdom (cheers). Well, I... this United that this rumour was total... that subject circumstance on which it... it had no that I had given in public... union of mine ation. Whether this was... that insinu- observation—(laughter)—the... or it was an the statement that I had... ect at all to was about to advance in the... opinions, and direction I will not say. A... democratical George Grey) told me that... of mine (Sir persons who attached some... s found some I asked him what explanation... id his expla- nation was very simple and... by using a monosyllable I will not now... ater). But, gentlemen, we will look to... which is attempted to be created at the... Does it mean that the people of this coun... other words, the democracy of this countr... add to their own power at the expense of... the House of Lords? Does any one mean... to diminish the people of this country a... really believe anything of the prerogatives... that was his that nobody could stand up... no time in opinion, because the notorio... been more at- the history of this country... fectionate to attached to the monarchy, or... does it mean their Sovereign (loud cheer... lawful privi- that they are attempting t... leges which the House of Lo... deprive it of its part in the constitution... Now, I think I may appeal to my noble... entered the House of Lords, whether h... of such an impediment attempt, where it has been... power or any there has been to the lawful... country the privilege which by the con... has been so, House of Lords possesses? It does not that at least is not the char... and, be it ob- mean that the democracy of... served, democracy has as fair a claim to the enjoyment of its rights as monarchy or nobility—it does not mean that the democracy of this country is in a state of discontent and disaffection, and is endeavouring to push down this constitution, and to deprive the other branches of the constitution of any powers which lawfully belong to them. That cannot be—that I think we must immediately say cannot for a moment be maintained. But it may mean something else—it may mean something else which it behoves us all to wish—that the democracy of this country—meaning by that term the people of this country—by increase of power, by increase of intelligence, by increase of wealth—have increased in that weight which they must have, not only in this country, but in all other countries of the world—have gained an increase in that weight which is due to a people highly industrious, and earning a competence by their labour, physical and intellectual—employing their minds in the acquirement of knowledge, and in the forming and fostering of that public opinion which is so much the guide and government of this country. But, gentlemen, if these attempts to which I have lately alluded are attempts which, though they have existed, ought to be discouraged and resisted—this fair growth of the power of democracy—this growth of intelligence—this growth of wealth—this forming of opinions more enlightened and more calculated to carry on in an enlightened manner the government of the world—this is an increased power which ought not to be crushed, but ought to be encouraged and maintained (enthusiastic cheering). But I will say more—I will say this—that the manner of dealing with that increase of the position of democracy could not be according to the old story of restraint with which I was but too familiar during the first few years after I entered Parliament in 1817 and in 1819, which, besides all the faults of an irritation promoting that discontent which it was intended to check, proved utterly powerless, and had much the same effect as if persons were to attempt to dam up your magnificent river with the view of preventing an inundation—or, to use a simile which applies perhaps more properly to the present time, as if persons were to lock up all the gates of the railroad, with the hope that the express train would be stopped in its course (laughter and cheers). Well, then, that is not the mode in which this increase of the power of democracy ought to be dealt with; but the way in which the power of democracy ought to be dealt with is by listening to every complaint, by considering every grievance, and by giving a legitimate and legal organ to that power and influence which otherwise may be mischievous, irregular, and injurious (loud cheering). That is my way of dealing with this which is complained of—this increase of democratic power in this country."

He stigmatised the attempt to get up an alarm about democracy as a cry for party purposes, got up to conceal the difficult position of the party in power. But, said he, Parliament will meet in November, and then we shall hear what is to be done. He was content to wait.

"We are bound in justice, as well as, I think, directed by policy, to wait until these measures are produced which are to give to the agricultural interest, to the colonial interest, and to the shipping interest all that compensation of which they have hitherto been unjustly deprived—(Laughter)—and which are at the same time to confer benefits on every class in the community—(Laughter, and cheers)—these admirable measures which are to put an end to a long contest—which are to satisfy people who are at the present moment in the greatest state of satisfaction—which are to content people who have never been discontented—(Laughter)—and which at the same time are to reconcile along with them other classes who are discontented and dissatisfied."

He was sure the farmers expected relief in the direction of compensation for alleged ill-treatment; and he put the case rather humorously, as between the Farmer, the Whigs, and the Derbyites.

"It appeared to me—I may be quite wrong in this respect—but I know it appears to me somewhat like the case found in no historical work, and of which there is no precedent amongst statesmen, but of which there are precedents to be found in the practice of daily life—I mean of the patient who seeks for a regular physician, and who says to him—'I feel very much depressed—I have not been well for some time—I want to be cured.' The physician says to him—'I see what it is; I am sorry to observe that for a long course of years your regimen has been very unhealthy, and that you have lived on artificial stimulants. (Laughter.) I advise you to return to wholesome food and exercise, and to trust to nature for your recovery.' (A laugh.) Well, I have very often heard that that patient has been very much dissatisfied with this advice, and that he has said, 'This is a trumpery fellow of a physician who tells me nothing but to lead a wholesome life; it is not worth listening to his advice, I will turn him off and send for some one else.' He has only to take up a newspaper, and he will find the announcements of persons who say that, without any confinement, without any inconvenience, by merely taking a few pills—(Laughter)—the patient shall be restored entirely to health, and shall never have any reason to complain afterwards, but on the contrary shall be strong and vigorous for the next twenty years of his life. (Laughter.) I cannot help thinking that the present case is likely in the end to turn out something like this. (Cheers.) But mind, my suspicions may be unjust. I may have the envy of the discarded physician—(A laugh)—I may be the person who gave that unpalatable advice—I may, to end the metaphor, think that the happiness, welfare, and prosperity of the agricultural classes is to be sought for in the general welfare and prosperity of the country. (Loud cheers.)"

If any medicine could be procured which would produce universal satisfaction he would be sure to own that he was utterly wrong.

"But, gentlemen, as all this is to be told us in November; all I can say is, that I think and I trust, when we meet in November, we shall confine ourselves, in the first instance, to asking what the course is that is to be proposed; and when we have heard what that course is, we shall then consider what ought to be our course with respect to it."

This gathering broke up with three cheers for the Queen.

DERBYITE MANIFESTO AT BANBURY.

"BANBURY cakes" are familiar as household words to our juvenile population, and the sweet-toothed among our adults. Of course, they are concocted in other towns, and often prove counterfeits; but Banbury itself has maintained its reputation, always turning out genuine cakes. On Wednesday, there was a political dinner given at Banbury in honour of Mr. Henley and Colonel North, and "honoured" by the presence of Captain Vyse, and a young Knightly from Northamptonshire, who is a worthy successor of his bucolic parent, Sir Charles. At this banquet Mr. Henley was the main spokesman; he promised to present his hearers with what we may call a genuine Banbury cake political; but, as will be seen, he turned out a miserable counterfeit.

As the dinner was like all other gatherings of its kind; and as the interest especially attaches to the most weighty and most eccentric speakers, we shall omit the commonplace, and tell only of the pretensions and uncommon.

The scene of the feast was the floor of a malling house, and the chairman, a Mr. Loveday. It sounds oddly, but is nevertheless true, that the toast of "Lord Derby and the House of Lords," was, out of respect to the memory of the Duke of Wellington, drunk in silence, and not responded to save by "a comic song from Mr. Bruton." After this delectable performance, Mr. Cartwright proposed the health of Mr. Henley, Colonel North, and the members for Oxfordshire.

Mr. Henley, in reply, attacked the press for opposing Lord Derby; and for what?

"Not for any act it has done, but because it has what they call 'no principles.' Now, if I understand anything of the feelings of the gentlemen assembled, that Government has received, and will receive, your support because you believe it has principles. (Cheers.) As this has been so much and so loudly insisted on—echoed, I may say, from one end of the country to the other, I shall, with your permission, if I do not trespass too long on your

time, endeavour to trace out a little what have been the principles of that great party with which I have the honour to be associated, and what are, and what will continue to be their principles to the end. (Applause.)"

And he proceeded to fulfil this pledge by giving, not a statement of principles, but an historical disquisition on the great "Conservative party."

They were, he said, deeply attached to the monarchy. Then they had opposed—nay, Lord Derby had split from, the Whigs on the appropriation clause.

"The next question which followed, and which shook the then Whig Reform Government to its centre—the question which first gave the Conservative party a tie, or a majority of one (I forget which), in the House of Commons, was whether the people of this country, by the aid of the State, should receive a religious or a secular education. Now, I ask you, is that a question of principle, or is it not? (Cheers.) Are children to be taught that 'the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom,' or are they to receive a merely secular education, and be let loose to pick up their religious principles where they can? That was the first question which shook the Whig Government, and laid the foundation for the accession of Sir R. Peel to power. I ask if that principle does not still remain in all its force, and whether the same party who wanted to introduce it twelve or fourteen years ago are not now again ready to proceed with the same measure?"

Next, he wanted to know what were the Whig opinions with regard to the Irish Church; decrying Lord John Russell's speeches on Mr. Ward's motion in 1844 and '45, and claiming immense credit for his own party, who opposed that motion. Then came the Free-trade question, raised by the Whigs, and taken up by Peel. "It was the late Sir Robert Peel's Government which first hounded on the country upon these questions."

"They were the first, in 1841, to make them an electioneering cry. In 1840, when those gentlemen were in opposition, we heard a great deal, and they taught all who trusted in them to believe that there was something unholy in buying sugar which the slave produced—that it was irreligious and immoral. Well, was that changed in 1846, when they supported the Whigs in carrying the very measure which they themselves denounced? Surely, if it were wrong in 1845, it could not be right in 1846, and men will be disposed to ask themselves whether these gentlemen were sincere in the opinions which they entertained? Five or six years passed on, and great changes were effected in 1846, and because the 250 gentlemen, forming perhaps four-fifths of the great Conservative party, who had held those principles uninterruptedly and unbroken from 1832 and 1833, when they first formed a party, did not suddenly, and without reason assigned, turn round on all they had previously believed, and say that it was wrong to do that which in 1840 they had declared to be right, but chose to say, 'We see no arguments or reasons to make us change our opinions, and we wish to see the operation of those great measures upon the community at large before we give our assent to them;'—because they take that course, people turn round upon them and say, 'They have no principles.' If that be the case, I do not know what a principle is."

As to their accession to office, and their right to office, why, they did not arrive there by any motion of their own, but by the disunion of "the Liberal party." Lord John Russell "hit up the Government in a pet," and said, "There is nobody fit to take the Government, because he has not been in the Government before." But they, as the largest body, for the Peelites did not count, took office as a matter of duty—

"We have differed from the leaders of what was called 'the great Conservative party' on commercial policy. Scarcely seven years have passed over our heads since that policy became the law of the land. I am speaking in the presence of men who have not unfrequently heard me express my opinions on this subject, and even at a time when your feelings ran somewhat counter to my own. My opinion was, that it was a question which must be decided and settled as it should be proved to affect the whole community. (Hear.) I know you will do me the justice to admit that that is the language I have always held in this town. I told you to withhold your judgment, and that, deep as the pressure and difficulty you were labouring under might be, not to deceive yourselves into the belief that these questions would ever be settled as they merely affected yourselves, but with reference to their bearing on the whole community. I know it is an unfortunate thing—I knew it then—I know it now—it is an unfortunate thing for those who happen to be the sufferers. Still, I should only have been deceiving you then, and I should be only deceiving you now, if I led you to believe that these questions would be settled in this country in any other way than as they affect the great mass and majority of the people."

And he digressed here to show that the Peelite branch of the Conservative party stood alone, having no chance of forming a government.

So far he had proceeded, and there remained only the question as to what course would be taken with respect to the suffering interests of the country. All ears were opened; but Mr. Henley did not deign to satisfy the curiosity he had raised.

"The agricultural interest has no doubt suffered, and the shipping interest has no doubt suffered; and, if it had not been for matters to which I shall shortly advert, they would have suffered still more severely. We agriculturists, in the south of England particularly, have always had two great difficulties to contend with. At times we have had fluctuating prices, and that I am afraid nothing will re-

move from us. We shall have them, I fear, fluctuating still, only on a lower scale. Fluctuate they will at seasons, and neither free-trade nor anything else will prevent higher or lower prices; but no doubt we shall have them on a lower scale, except under special circumstances. The other matter we suffered from in the south of England was our labour market. Every one who is acquainted with the management of land is aware that the occupiers in the south do and did cultivate their farms at a greater expense for labour than our brethren north of the Tweed. The actual cost for labour on a farm north of the Tweed, cultivating the same quality of land in the same manner, has been satisfactorily proved to be much less per acre than in the south of England. That, no doubt, is very much owing to the state of our labour market. Our parishes, many of them, were overdone with labour, and we were obliged, therefore, to employ a greater amount of labour at a low rate of wages, and that is the most expensive labour we can employ. (Cheers.) Well, circumstances which had nothing on earth to do with free-trade—the famine and the destruction of human life in Ireland—the vast exodus of our people which has taken place in consequence of that and of the discovery of the precious metals in other parts of the world, have occasioned such a diminution in the labour market that no difficulty is likely to be felt on that head for some time to come. That has also very much relieved the shipping interest, the demands for shipping for the purposes of emigration being so great that no British ship is unemployed, but that we have been obliged to have recourse to Dutch, Hamburg, and other foreign ships, to carry the people away. What the ultimate effect will be of thus stripping the land of its sinews and strength, God only knows; but the real fact is, that in Ireland, from the misery of the people, and in England from the hope of gain, the people are rushing from our shores in every way and in every direction as soon as they can muster the passage money. The colonists themselves are sending home large sums of money, which are distributed by a Government office as trustees for the colonists, and in the manner they direct, for the purpose of hiring and sending out labour. The effect, no doubt, has been very much to empty our workhouses. So far it has benefited the land, and has also advantaged the shipping interest, by giving them a great amount of employment; so that the evil is somewhat palliated. (Hear, hear.) It would be presumptuous in me to pretend to point out how much this or that cause may have tended to produce this or that amount of prosperity in various parts of the country; nor shall I attempt to say what that prosperity is. I have lived too long in this county to suppose that you feel anything but the greatest pleasure at the prosperity of any portion of her Majesty's subjects. We feel it, not only as a gratification to ourselves, but, further from this interested motive, that if a large portion of the country is doing well it must reflect some benefit upon us; and, above all, that they are our fellow-countrymen, and that their being the better off does not make us one jot the worse." (Cheers.)

And he wound up by saying that he had gone through all the topics!

The other speakers did not rise to the level of Mr. Henley, and only one ventured to express his disappointment at the speech of the Minister; but he said such extravagant things that we will print a few to show our readers the intentions of the "roughs" among the Derbyites. The speaker we allude to is Mr. Rainald Knightley, who succeeded his father, the notorious Sir Charles Knightley, in the representation of Northamptonshire. First, Mr. Knightley expressed his disappointment:—

"He was sure they must all have listened with attention to the speech of Mr. Henley, but he must say for himself that he should like to have had one little more glimpse of that 'bright thing' which was 'looming in the future for them.' (Loud laughter and cheers.) He supposed, however, they must be content to wait patiently until Parliament met, when it would rise upon them with a bright halo all at once. (Roars of laughter.) They must not expect too much at present, for the Government were placed in rather strange and awkward circumstances."

After ridiculing, in a ribald strain, the Whigs and the Peelites, this young member showed in what light he and such as he regard the mass of the community at home and abroad:—

"Besides these two parties, there was yet a third—the ultra-democratic section—and a strange combination of monstrous contradictions it consisted of. On the first night of the coming session, then, they would see united on one bench, in the closest bonds of fraternity and affinity, Papists and Puritans, Socialists and Quakers, Jews and Jesuits, all united for one object—that object being the destruction of the Protestant faith, and the plunder of the revenues of the National Church. (Hear, hear.) Now, supposing they succeeded in compelling his right hon. friend, Mr. Henley, and his colleagues to resign the reins of power, the question he would ask them was this—out of which motley section of this harlequin opposition could her Majesty select a councillor who would have the slightest prospect of being able to carry on the government of the country? (Loud cheers.) These were not the times when the important duties which pertained to offices of the state were to be toyed and trifled with. Who amongst them did not remember the awful and momentous epoch of 1848, when the institutions of almost every country in Europe were shaken to their very foundations, and rent in twain from top to bottom—when order and anarchy long 'trembled in the balance'—nor did the latter eventually 'kick the beam' till the sword of the Autocrat of Russia was cast into the opposing scale? (Hear, hear.) Let not Englishmen be deceived by the present aspect of continental affairs. The Socialist hell-hounds of neighbouring states were at present chained and muzzled, but if they could escape their bonds, was it likely that the late

painful incarceration would render them in any respect less sanguinary or more peaceable than before? If such an event were to happen, what might not be the fate of this country, if she were then found with a democratic government in power, a disbanded army, and her sole national defences the childish, twaddling dogmas of Mr. Cobden and his precious Peace Association. (Vehement and continued cheers.) To avert so great a calamity as that, he (Mr. Knightley) had great hopes that moderate and independent men would join in support of the present government; and though they might not perhaps coincide with them in opinion upon every subject, regard that government, with Lord Derby at its head, as the chief barrier to the advance of democracy, and the greatest champion of the Protestant faith."

From the country gentlemen at table Mr. Knightley carried away the lion's share of the applause. He is not a bad type of the overbearing politicians who allow him to be their mouthpiece.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

LETTER XL.

Paris, September 28, 1852.

BONAPARTE pursues the career of his triumphs. From Lyons he proceeded to Grenoble, from Grenoble to Valence, from Valence to Avignon, from Avignon to Marseilles, from Marseilles to Toulon.

Everywhere, according to the *Moniteur*, the entire population rush to meet him, and to greet him with the warmest enthusiasm: everywhere, according to the same *Moniteur*, he is saluted with cries of *Vive l'Empereur*; throughout the course of his progress triumphal arches of flowers and evergreens gladden his approach, while every house is adorned with flags and streamers by day, and with illuminated lamps by night. Everywhere the most enthusiastic inscriptions endeavour to express the pretended sentiments of the population. How much of truth is there in all this? The following edict of the Mayor of Valence will be a sufficient answer:—

"As early as ten o'clock in the morning the proprietors and occupiers of the houses, situated in the streets and in the squares through which the cortège is to pass, will decorate (*devront pavoiser*) their windows with flags of the national colours, and at night there will be a general illumination. All contraventions to this order (*disposition*) will be legally reported."

This edict of M. Sapey, mayor of Valence, which we read at full length in the *Courrier de la Drôme*, is perfectly explicit. No citizen has liberty to take refuge in the dignity of silence. He must illuminate his house and decorate his windows, under penalty of being had up before the magistrates. Such is the naked fact: observe too that Valence is full of legitimists. Let us now see how the *Moniteur* which alone possesses the monopoly of the public ear announces the entry of the President into Valence. We shall then be able to judge of the measure of its veracity.

"The enthusiasm is at its height. The presence of the hero of the great name in which France takes pride, recalls to this city the sojourn that the chief of the Napoleonic dynasty made within her walls at the opening of his brilliant career. The cry of *Vive l'Empereur* resounds on every side with an inexpressible excitement (*entrainement*) on the passage of the new liberator of his country." The recital of the reception at Grenoble is full of the same exaggeration. "Everywhere," says the *Moniteur*, "the windows are decorated with banners: the imperial emblems glitter at every point of the town, immense transparencies bear the following inscriptions: '*Vive Napoleon III.*' '*Vive l'Empereur*!' '*To the Empire Grenoble was ever faithful*!' '*To the Emperor, 7th March, 1815*!' '*To Napoleon III., his immortal 2nd of December*!' '*Vive l'Empereur Napoleon III.*'" It is scarcely three weeks since that same Grenoble professed so deep a contempt for Bonaparte, that the town would not even admit into its municipal council the Mayor and deputies imposed *ex officio* upon it by the Government; and these magistrates, who are supposed to possess the assent of the population, were not even named municipal councillors, because they were nominated by Bonaparte. And there are sensible people who seriously imagine that in a town actuated by such feelings the population is an accomplice in the disgusting imperial adulations inscribed upon the transparencies which were got up to perfection by the authorities. At Lyons it was even worse. It is now an ascertained fact, that on the Sunday when Bonaparte made his entry into that city he was greeted by the workmen with the unanimous shout of *Vive la République*! a great number of arrests were made on that account. The men who escorted the President were furious, and even desired to charge the crowd. Some were toppled off their horses: Colonel Fleury (the same who a month ago was inspecting all the vulnerable points of the English coast) was unhorsed. Another personage of the *entourage*, M. Menche de Loigne had his leg

broken. Here, too, as everywhere else, orders had been given to decorate the windows with flags. The orders were obeyed; but by way of protest, every flag without exception bore the famous republican device: *Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*. The Ministerial journals were obliged to confess the fact.

See now how the *Moniteur* recounts the reception of Bonaparte at Lyons. "Never was the city of Lyons more brilliant or more animated. In the day time, garlands of flowers, at night magnificent illuminations marked his passage, and throughout HIS HIGHNESS was welcomed with the most enthusiastic manifestations of the popular hopes and sympathies."

These pompous official reports are all rank falsehood, then! But what is the object? To prepare the Empire: little matters it whether Bonaparte do, in fact, receive ovations or rebuffs, provided that the *Moniteur* proclaim the lie aloud to France and to Europe: the end is attained. For what other reason is it that the circulation of the *Moniteur* is doubled, tripled, quadrupled, by every conceivable effort. The editors of the other journals were summoned to the Ministry of the Interior, and there informed that they could have copies of the telegraphic despatches twenty-four hours in advance. The gaping noodles fell into the trap laid for them, and so, by the extended publicity they have volunteered to give to these despatches, they have made themselves accomplices in the great work of falsehood.

For some days past copies of the *Moniteur* are stuck up on every dead wall in Paris, and the suburbs, to feed the curiosity of the crowd. About 1200 copies are used in this way daily. An immense publicity is required to mislead the public. It is imagined that the intelligent population of Paris, struck by the enthusiastic demonstrations recounted in the *Moniteur*, will contentedly accept a *régime* saluted by the *vivats* of all France, and discouraged by the pressure of false reports, abandon any hopes they may still cherish.

The whole order of Government is a calculated system of falsehood. Probably even the conspiracy of Marseilles is a fabrication of the police. I give you the terms in which the *Moniteur* of Monday last announced the discovery to France:—

"By a despatch dated this day, the Government has learnt, that, on the 24th inst., an infernal machine was seized at Marseilles. It is composed of four principal pieces of ordnance, and of 250 ordinary gun-barrels. The barrels contained 1500 balls. The authors of the plot are arrested, and all its ramifications known. It is in the hands of justice."

Now, according to the *Moniteur*, it is on the 24th inst. that the detection of the machine was effected at Marseilles, and on Saturday the 25th, the news reached the Exchange at Paris, and occasioned a fall of one franc. As early as the 25th inst., incredible details were circumstantially related, details which the *Moniteur* has published: details which no telegraph, aerial or electric, could possibly have transmitted in the time. "A secret society, entitling itself '*Les Vengeurs*,' had been organized (said the report) at Marseilles, with the intention of making an attempt on the life of the President. An infernal machine had been resolved, and promptly completed. It was composed of 250 gun-barrels, and four blunderbuss barrels, (*canons de tromblon*), of powerful calibre, the whole divided into twenty-eight compartments; these twenty-eight pieces had been, for greater precaution, deposited in twenty-eight different places, until the moment a place could be found to fix and put the machine together. The conspirators then occupied themselves with the choice of a situation, which should naturally be situate on the passage of the Prince President. They first fixed their choice on a first story in a house in the Rue d'Aix, whither they were to remove, and raise the machine on the night previous to that in which the President was to arrive at Marseilles." "It was seized on that spot," adds the *Moniteur*, caught in a flagrant contradiction.

It was not to have been set up before the night of the 24th—how then could it have been seized on the 24th, when it had not been removed into the house in question? However, it may be, here we find the little Bonaparte with his infernal machine, too, like the *Great*, only, his police being more skilful, that is to say, itself organizing the conspiracy, he will enjoy the honour of having incurred an immense danger without having run the risk. The people of France, notwithstanding their enthusiasm, don't seem to appreciate enough the immensity of the services that Bonaparte rendered to society on the 2nd of December, in seizing the supreme power by force. No doubt the Elysée thought that when France, panic-struck, should learn that she had well-nigh relapsed into the horrible convulsions of anarchy, she would throw herself into the arms of her deliverer, incontinent! Double the usual number of copies of the *Moniteur* were placarded on that day. It fell on a Sunday, to a nicety: as on the next day the Paris

elections were to take place, and it was hoped that the immense danger they had just escaped would arouse the apathy of the electors, who would not stir a step to exercise the privilege of a vote!

As I write, Bonaparte is at Toulon, whither our Mediterranean squadron has been expressly recalled to celebrate his coming with manœuvres, evolutions, and sham fights. Thence he will return to Marseilles, and will afterwards proceed into Languedoc, where the prefects are busily preparing the same ovations that have marked his passage hitherto. Throughout the departments of the South one hears of nothing but edicts and ordinances of the prefects and mayors enjoining the municipalities and the citizens to fête the President. The Prefect of Toulouse, among others, has indited a circular which even the Gascons, who should be good connoisseurs, call a *gasconnade*. Not content with his first success, this prefect has published the following instructions:—"The mayors of the several communes will select a certain number of citizens to accompany them to Toulouse, and to be presented to the President. MM. les Maires, will take care to bring with them the flags and the banners by which their communes may be distinguished; MM. les Maires will specially invite the societies of Mutual Assistance to be represented at this solemnity. Such rural communes as may have fifes, and drums, and hautboys, will bring them. The mayors and their deputies will wear their official scarfs. They will see that the drummers and the musicians adorn their button-holes and their hats with ribands and flowers, &c., &c." Is not this enough to prove how factitious is all this enthusiasm—to word of command!

In the midst of all the forced adulations which the race of courtesans has invented to fête the President, the Prefect of Agen has distinguished himself by a new invention. Beside the tri-coloured flag will wave the flag of green and gold, the colours of the President; such is the decree this prefect has delivered. We have then a new national flag, the flag of green and gold, like the livery of the President! The livery of this man's menials for a flag—that is all we deserve!

Bonaparte does not alone receive triumphs and ovations. It appears that Granier de Cassagnac competes with him for triumphal arches. We read in the *Courrier de Gers*—"M. Granier de Cassagnac continues to receive from the population of the Gers testimonies of gratitude *deservedly due to the man who took so energetic a part in the re-establishment of order, and whose devotedness to the person and the policy of the President is so well known*. Sunday last a bouquet was offered to him at Aignan in the name of the municipal authorities, and the notable inhabitants of all the communes of the canton. M. Granier de Cassagnac was received at the entrance of the town under a triumphal arch elegantly decorated by the ladies of the place. M. Laignoux, mayor, having at his side his deputy, M. Laffont, the municipal council, the *clergy*, the *mayors*, the *justices of the peace*, the *gendarmerie*, and the *other functionaries* of the canton, and surrounded by a great concourse of inhabitants, addressed to him a speech, to which M. Granier de Cassagnac replied."

Now, if a miserable hireling bravo like Granier de Cassagnac is saluted with triumphs like these, how can we be astonished at those which Bonaparte, his chief, receives?

They both draw up the programme of their triumphs for themselves, the one in the *Moniteur*, the other in the *Courrier du Gers*. Their end is the same: the one object of both is to sound the trumpet, and to collect a crowd of curious fools before their stage. For it is for both an enterprise *de réclame*. The one hopes to obtain credit with his tailor; the other, to win the good graces of the nation. Mountebanks both!

Meanwhile, transportations to Cayenne and Algeria continue. Old accusations are exhumed, and many a poor citizen who had been left in peace for nine months, is suddenly torn from his family, and shipped for exile. Forty-two citizens in a southern department were recently shipped, at Cette, on board the *Ville de Bordeaux*, and sent to Algeria. Eight others, who had been confined within a penal district, and who had exceeded the limits of the town to which they were assigned, have been shipped for Cayenne; and the *Moniteur* describes them as *convicts* who have broken their ban.

A great many municipal councils have been suspended, on the pretext that they are composed of republicans, while France is monarchico-imperialist. As you may scarcely believe this, I subjoin the decree of the Prefect of the Var, who, for his share, has suspended fifteen municipal councils in his one department. "Having examined the lists (*proces verbaux*) of the municipal councils of fifteen communes of . . . considering that the majority of members composing the municipal councils of the undermentioned communes no-

toriously belong to the demagogical party, etc. . . . The municipal councils of the communes of, etc. . . . are suspended." It is the same in many other departments; and this is what is called the reign of universal suffrage!

Another circular, more rigorous than ever in its terms, has been launched against the hawkers of books. It appears that Victor Hugo's *brochure* is committing most serious ravages. Persigny has returned to Paris: he went as far as Roanne, to do the honours of his native town to Bonaparte, and then came back at once to Paris, where his presence is absolutely necessary. He returned to Paris immediately after the affray at Lyons, to keep things in order. The Ministers in Paris, who had received news by telegraph of the aide-de-camp, Colonel Fleury, being unhorsed, were found in a state of fear and confusion. —S.

CONTINENTAL NOTES.

According to the *Moniteur*, the President arrived at Toulon at about one o'clock on the 27th. He was received by a salute from the fortifications and the fleet, which shook both sea and shore for ten minutes consecutively like an earthquake. He received the municipal authorities in the arsenal, and at three o'clock mounted on horseback to review the troops.

Louis Napoleon has decreed royal honours to himself from the fleet, and is at this moment enjoying them at Toulon. He provided for this by a decree, which has been in M. Ducos's pocket ever since September 4, and has only just been made public in the *Bulletin des lois*. The reception of the President of the Republic by ships of war was regulated by the 711th Article of a decree of Aug. 15, 1851. This article is now abolished, and the honours to be rendered to the head of the State are to be those mentioned in a decree of Charles X., dated October 31, 1827. It is further ordered that the President is to be saluted with the cry of "Vive Louis Napoleon!"

The two Government candidates have been returned for Paris, in the room of General Cavaignac and M. Carnot. There were barely number of votes sufficient to make the election valid. The Government candidate has been also returned for Lyons, in the place of M. Henon. It would be a grave error, considering the extreme scarcity of electors who voted, the apathy of many, the fear of all, and the pressure of the terrors and influences of the Government, to consider these elections in the light of a triumph for the Government candidates.

A private correspondent in France writes as follows, on a subject which had not escaped our attention:—"I know for a positive certainty that M. Napoleon Jérôme (son of old King Jérôme) is endeavouring to take up a serious position in the ranks of the democracy. He insinuates himself among those who are in vogue with a pardon or a commutation of punishment in his hand, at another with the offer of a situation to some starved or recreant demagogue; to all with complimentary words of condolence. His father, too, taking advantage of his official position, and of the immense authority which his rank and his name give him, perhaps one may fairly say his *bonhomie* also, pursues the programme with perfect consistency. Every one remarked his quasi-republican speech at the opening of the Senate; many persons are disposed to question the objects of his last journey. People have even asked how it was that M. Blanqui, the economist, was by his side as historiographer? why M. de Girardin, whose sustained intimacy with Napoleon Jérôme is no secret, bravely opened the columns of his journal to letters which had the only merit of betraying a *réclame* in favour of a new *younger branch*? I have even heard it said, quite recently, that certain Generals are ready; and one might almost assert that there are democrats, in the enjoyment of an honourable reputation hitherto, men and women, who, without being disposed to act beforehand, would abet if required. I must tell you a little anecdote, inedited, but not the less important. Jérôme Bonaparte was lately on a visit to a large town in the west, where a well-known republican resides. Jérôme despatched his secretary to him to beg him to accept a rendezvous on such a road, at such time, and place as mentioned. The rendezvous was punctually kept on both sides. Jérôme Bonaparte, it is said, warmly congratulated 'one, whose acquaintance he was so happy to make, on having escaped the proscription,' etc. In a word, both the one and the other were expansive in mutual compliments; and, at last, Jérôme, taking up 'the Republic,' spoke of its *organization*, and expressed wishes for its future triumph. Overcome by such princely generosity, the proud Republican could scarcely contain himself, and returned to the town happy and content."

We ought to remind our readers, by way of comment upon this letter, that Napoleon, the son of Jérôme, resembles the Emperor more than any of the family, and is not destitute of abilities. No man spoke more frankly or more intemperately than he of Louis Bonaparte, even in Paris, after the *coup d'état*. He has now been reconciled to the President, but never intimate. It is to be hoped, however, that when Louis Bonaparte has run his course, France will be sick of all Bonapartism and all Bonapartes.

In the interview which took place at Nevers between Baron Dupin, (who was President of one of the juries of the Great National Exhibition of last year) as President of the Council-General of the Nièvre, and Louis Napoleon, he made a long report to the Prince of the industry of the department, and, alluding particularly to a foundry at Nevers, said:—"After the examination that I have made of the most perfect products for the British navy, I do not fear to affirm that the best workshops in England do not turn out better articles, and that, although the raw material is more expensive, there is in France greater economy both as regards labour and fuel."

Colonel Fleury was so much hurt by the fall from his horse at Lyons that he was obliged to return immediately to Paris.

The Prefect of the Pas de Calais has ordered all the mayors in his department to *purchase a portrait of the President*.

The proprietor of Tortoni's has been warned not to allow any political discussion in his house.

During the stay of Louis Bonaparte at Marseilles, he laid the first stone of the new Exchange, and decreed the re-building of the cathedral. This decree was placarded over the city the day after his arrival. To the address presented to him, by the President of the Chamber of Commerce, "his Highness" replied, that "He was well pleased to be able to give that testimony of interest to the commerce of Marseilles, and that his desire was that Marseilles, more and more flourishing, should co-operate in realizing the great idea of the EMPEROR—that the Mediterranean ought to be a French lake." Surely "his Highness" forgets Malta and Gibraltar!

The theatrical censors have of late become unusually strict in Paris. This week a piece was to be acted for the first time at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, which has been so often altered by the censors, that very little of the original work of the author remains. The drama is called *Richard III.*, and the author is M. Victor Segour. The principal objection made to the piece was, that the character of the hero was drawn in too strong colours, and more especially, that he was represented as too ambitious. The words *tyran* and *usurpateur*, which occurred in some of the scenes were ordered to be struck out; and at the end of the piece, the cry of "*Vive la Rose blanche*," was suppressed, as an expression which might be misunderstood.

Perhaps it may not be known generally to the public that, a few months ago, a French Vice Consul was sent down to Jersey from London. So far as commercial affairs are concerned, his presence is absolutely unnecessary, for his duties in that particular line had always been hitherto most satisfactorily fulfilled by an inhabitant of St. Helier. The nomination of this new functionary could, therefore, seem to have no other object than that of establishing a French superintendent of *refugiés*—a rather dubious office, and one which no foreign government should be allowed to appoint on British ground. But the good people of Jersey were not prepared to find that the expenses of this agent were to be defrayed out of their pockets. They are in the habit of continually going to and coming from France on their traffic or business, and formerly could enter and leave that country with a simple passport, delivered by their own constable of St. Helier, and which cost only seven sous. Now they are obliged to pay this French Vice Consul five francs. The French themselves are mulcted in ten francs. All this, of course, does not tend to render the residence of the new official popular in the island.

General Castanos, Duke of Baylen, an old companion in arms of the Duke of Wellington, died on the 24th, at the age of 95. The battle of Baylen, from which the general drew his title of Duke, was one of the most memorable defeats of the French in the Spanish war of independence. Castanos was free from the jealousies entertained by several of the Spanish commanders towards their foreign allies. He cheerfully served under English commanders, and was best of all liked by Wellington and his army. The *Military Gazette* states that the Minister of War has ordered that his funeral shall be conducted with all possible magnificence at the expense of the state. The Queen, who greatly esteemed the old Duke, has given orders that he shall have a public funeral, and that the Court shall go into mourning for three days. Her Majesty has also intimated that she would attend the funeral, which is to take place at the church of Atocha. The precise age of the distinguished soldier was ninety-five and a half years.

The *Epoca* says that the Queen has ordered that all the honours due to a Marshal of the Spanish army shall be paid to the memory of the Duke of Wellington, with the exception of a religious service, which cannot take place on account of his having been a Protestant.

On Thursday, the 23rd inst., the King of the Belgians, with his eldest son, the Duc de Brabant, was entertained by the Burgomaster of Brussels.

The session of the Legislative Chambers of Belgium was opened on the 27th by commission, without a speech from the throne.

The Chamber of Deputies elected M. Delehaye President by 54 votes. M. Verhagen obtained but 46. In consequence of this vote the Ministers resigned. The Chambers were adjourned to the 26th October.

The French Government pursues its intrigues in Belgium, aided and abetted by the ultramontane clerical party, who are incensed at the recent curtailments of their overweening privileges by the liberal measures of the Belgian Government.

The decree raising the duty on Belgian coal and iron, which we reported last week, is regarded by the *Siecle* as the commencement of the war of tariffs with which Belgium was menaced by the memorable article of Granier de Cassagnac. It has been lately stated by a Belgian journal that the French Government threatened to impose an additional duty of ten per cent. upon all Belgian produce, unless Belgium would accept all the modifications in the tariff of 1845 proposed by France. These modifications are understood to extend not only to silks and wines, but to cottons, woollen tissues, printed wools, ribbons, fancy articles, cloths, and sea salt.

This fall of the liberal Ministry, for want of a working majority in the Chamber, is a fresh conquest of Bonapartist intrigue, a fresh rebuff to the King, and a fresh danger to the nation. Ever since the beginning of the year Louis Bonaparte has incessantly threatened and harassed Belgium with vexatious and unreasonable demands for the expulsion of refugees, the prosecution of newspapers, the modification of tariffs, in a way to alarm Belgian producers, and to bring the Government into contempt with the nation. Will England, so closely bound to Belgium by dynastic and diplomatic ties, by the guarantees of treaties, by similarity of institutions, allow Belgium to be absorbed or annexed by her overpowering neighbour?

Will Queen Victoria allow her royal uncle to be sacrificed to the insolent caprices of her Foreign Secretary's intimate personal friend? These symptoms of reaction, political and ecclesiastical, and the evidences of despotic pressure upon what was so lately the most prosperous and contented constitutional state in Europe, demands the earnest attention of the English Government.

Louis Bonaparte is not the only bully that threatens Belgium.

The Vienna *Presse* of the 22nd inst. contains a monitory article on Belgium. The youngest of European states is reminded that it is not entitled to play the moderator in European politics, but is bound to conform itself to the order-policy of the greater states. It adds that Belgium is not in the number of those states whose existence is guaranteed in the treaties of 1815: its later independence is only an indulgence granted by the great powers, and one of the most essential conditions of the prolongation of that indulgence is the removal of all persons whose presence on the soil may be prejudicial to Belgium's neighbours.

Certainly when despots do agree, their unanimity is wonderful. Constitutional and contented Belgium is an eyesore to despotic, down-trodden, and bankrupt Austria, as well as to Napoleonic France. What is the attitude of England in this matter? Is Belgium to be annexed, or not?

A letter from Berlin, of the 24th, states that the less elevated state of the temperature has checked the progress of the cholera in that city. An official report which has been just published there has tended much to reassure the public mind. Only three new cases had occurred on the 23rd. The news from Posen and Western Prussia was also less alarming.

The sanitary congress at Brussels, which has been attended by distinguished foreigners from all parts of Europe, and honoured by the presence of the King of the Belgians, has just terminated its sittings. The facts and calculations advanced by our sanitary reformers during the debates of the Congress, and characterized by Mr. Ward by the phrase, "*Circulation v. Stagnation*," are to be made the subject of inquiry in this country by the Belgian government engineers.

It is well known that the Sultan had made a concession to M. Lamartine of an extensive farm in the neighbourhood of Smyrna. M. Lamartine has leased it to an English gentleman on certain conditions, which have not been accepted by the Government. An Armenian company, however, offered a sum of 800*l.* per annum for twenty-five years, on the Government conditions, which has been agreed upon, and ratified by all parties. The result is, that the Sultan's grant has been converted into an annuity of 800*l.* for twenty-five years, for the exclusive benefit of M. Lamartine and his heirs.

The passion for obtaining titles as a preamble to names in Germany, is proverbial. Kotzebue, in his *Klein Städter*, ridiculed this mania in a pleasant manner. His satirical fancy went far, but it has been outdone by the reality in the person of a Silesian gravedigger, who signs the receipts for his labour, "*Lowering-down Councillor*" (*Ver-senkungs-Rath*).

At the grand imperial review at Pesth, on the 20th, Lord Westmoreland wore his uniform of a British general, with the cross of the Austrian order of Maria-Theresa, presented to him in the year 1815. His lordship was a very conspicuous object, although surrounded by nearly 300 princes and officers of high rank that composed the escort of the young Emperor.

Austria is making arrangements to negotiate a concordat with the Holy See.

The new law of marriage, which is to be submitted to the Pope, transfers from the civil to the spiritual jurisdiction all divorce cases, besides creating fresh obstacles to the marriage of Catholic and Protestant.

Marshal Radetzky, now in his 85th year, passed through Trieste on the 22nd inst., on his way to Fiume.

The official Austrian papers extol the Duke of Wellington as a statesman, but are singularly silent as to his military career.

It is computed that about 35,000 emigrants have left Germany within the year, from the port of Bremen alone, chiefly for North America.

The reports of the inundations in Switzerland, and the Upper as well as the Lower Rhine, continue deplorable. Even as low down as Dusseldorf the waters had risen fifteen feet, and continued to rise at the rate of two feet in the twenty-four hours.

Advices from Berlin of the 26th instant state that all the governments of the coalition have signed, at Munich, their answer to the last Prussian declaration. They no longer insist on the simultaneity of the negotiations with Austria, and those for the re-constitution of the Zollverein; but while giving way on this point, they persist in demanding that the basis of the future treaty with Austria shall be assured before the reconstruction of the customs-union. They also refuse to renew their present engagements for 12 years, as demanded by Prussia.

Ministerial conferences were held at Berlin on the 25th and 26th, and it was believed at Berlin that the government had refused to accept the answer, and that the customs conferences, and not the union itself, were on the point of dissolution.

The Zollverein dispute is growing angrier, and shows no symptom of a reconciliation.

Austria, on her side, is greatly incensed, and, through the official journals, complains bitterly of the intolerable presumption of Prussia, creating delays on frivolous pretexts, aspiring to the Protectorate of a North German Union, and plotting the dismemberment of Germany. But, adds the *Austrian Correspondenz*, it is a matter to be peaceably arranged.

The Pope visited Porto d'Anzio on the 16th, where, after receiving the authorities, he inspected two steamers intended for the Navigation of the Tiber; one of them commanded by a Pontifical officer, and the other by Captain Olivier, of the French navy. His Holiness embarked in

the former with his suite, and, escorted by the other, enjoyed a short trip at sea.

The grape crop in Sicily is almost entirely destroyed, as it has been in Madeira.

The Queen of Naples was delivered of a prince on the 15th, at Caserta. He has been christened Pascal, Count of Bari.

THE CASE OF MR. PAGET.

THE *Leicestershire Chronicle* furnishes some additional particulars of this burglarious business. It will be seen that Mr. Paget's property has *not* been returned to him.

"Lord Malmesbury, it seems, is likely to have his hands full. It remains to be seen whether the spirit which, under Lord Palmerston, kept foreign despots in check, and extended to British subjects abroad that protection which rendered them safe and respected on the Continent, is to continue to animate our Cabinet, or whether their persons, as in the case of Mr. Mather, their papers and property, as in the case of Mr. John Paget, are to be at the mercy of those arbitrary and cruel Governments, with whom to be the advocate of Liberal opinions, to be the bearer of a name identified with the cause of freedom—nay, even to be the subject of a free State like England—is a crime.

"We are glad to see the case of Mr. John Paget made the subject of animadversion in some of the London papers; and having received from the friends of that gentleman some recent particulars of the case, we have pleasure in laying them before our readers.

"The documents and papers belonging to Mr. Paget which were seized have not been returned. Mr. Forbes, the British minister at Dresden, has received an answer from the Saxon Minister, stating as the reason for searching Mr. John Paget, and seizing upon his papers, the belief that he was a 'medium of communication between Kossuth and the malcontents of Hungary, and that he had had interviews with Kossuth;' whereas he (Mr. Paget)—we quote from his letter of the 13th inst. to his brother, Mr. Arthur Paget—'had been living quietly all the time at Dresden; and it must have been known from his letters, which had been opened, that he had held no communication with Kossuth or the malcontents of Hungary;' and that his writings and speeches had invariably been in opposition to their proceedings.

"The meeting held in Leicester, in June, 1851, to receive General Messaros, then on a visit to Mr. John Paget, and the Baroness, his wife, at the time of their residence in Leicester, is doubtless in the recollection of our readers. On that occasion Mr. John Paget, in a speech of some length, thus expressed himself:—

"Now, I fear that what I am about to add will scarcely agree with the opinions of many of those who hear me, but I think I owe it both to you and myself to speak openly and without reserve, and I feel assured you will give me a fair hearing. I do not agree with a former speaker on revolution and war; I hate revolution, for I know how little it has contributed to the freedom or happiness of mankind. I abhor war, for I have seen something of the crimes it gives rise to, of the miseries it inflicts on the innocent and unoffending; and yet, so aggravated was the conduct of the Austrian Government, that, in common with every man of honour in the country, I was morally obliged to gird on my sword for the defence of property and life, as well as for the preservation of the rights and privileges which had stood the test of centuries of opposition. (Loud applause.) I am not, nor never was, an adherent of Kossuth. While I fully admit the brilliancy of his talents, and the disinterestedness of his patriotism, I neither admired his policy nor shared in his opinions. The Act of Independence, of which Kossuth was the author, I held to be unwise and injurious to Hungary."

"And yet this is the man, who, living quietly at Dresden, with his wife and son, for the purposes of the education of the latter, driven from the country of his adoption by the mob which pillaged and utterly destroyed his house, backed by the most despotic and perfidious of Governments, from which he narrowly escaped with life and liberty, having been guilty of no offences, but having laboured to maintain the constitutional existence of Hungary, and quietly living in the capital of a friendly state, is to be subjected to a personal search, and deprived of his most private papers, on a plea which those who make it know to be, on the face of it, false and unfounded.

"If this is the treatment which is to be submitted to on the part of an English subject, by the sufferance of Lord Malmesbury, we may indeed bid adieu to the proud position which England has hitherto held among the nations of the earth, and to regret those days when we had the bold spirit of a Palmerston to avert war, and the great name of Wellington to insure its success when inevitable."

NADAUD'S ADDRESS TO THE MASONS.

WE have great pleasure in giving publicity to the following address, written by M. Nadaud, to the Masons of London—an address which is equally honourable to both parties. When M. Nadaud arrived in London, thinking he might be in want, and anxious to mark their sense of his honesty and worth, the English masons subscribed and sent to him several pounds; but M. Nadaud, with characteristic and fraternal generosity, handed the money to the Refugee Committee, saying that no doubt many of his brethren were worse off than he; as he had a trade which he was willing to work at, and they were bordering on starvation.

TO THE STONE MASONS.

BRETHREN AND FRIENDS,—A few months have scarcely elapsed since I was driven out of France by the savage despotism of the perjurer of December. What was my crime? Son of an agricultural labourer, myself a mason, it was after the revolution of February that universal suffrage took me from the midst of my labour to make me a representative of the people.

The treason of the 2nd of December found me faithful to my mandate, and unreservedly devoted to the working-classes. It was enough to raise against me the hatred of the traitor who had then raised himself to the supreme power. Therefore I was not surprised when the *gendarmes* of Louis Bonaparte came to tear me out of my house, to put me in prison; and, later, to banish me from the land which they now sully with their presence.

I was obliged to choose another country. England alone, it must be said, offers a fitting refuge where an exile can freely live. I came to you as to brethren, without believing in all those rivalries, in all those hatreds, which kings and princes endeavour to kindle between the nations in order better to enslave them.

I was not deceived in my trust. The second day of my arrival you opened to me your workshops, and in consequence of the employment I found amongst those who adopted me, I could live as an exile without any acquaintance with misery.

Since, you have done still better. In your solicitude you have raised a subscription, of which you offer me the proceeds. Accept my thanks. But as I have been enabled to earn my livelihood by my labour, allow me to dispose of the sum in favour of those of my fellow-countrymen who, less fortunate than I, are wanting bread and refuge.

In receiving us amongst you, you have begun a great work: go on until you have accomplished it. Do not forget that the *French* proscribed are the pioneers of the Revolution; that in their country they have always struggled against all despotisms, under whatever name they have been disguised. Remember that many of them have done so, being not rich, and having wives and children. Now, to strive when you have fortune, for the cause of truth and justice, is honourable; but how far more honourable, is it not, when you are poor, to give up your family, your business, your labour, your all, for the sake of your country?

English workmen, open to us your workshops. Be without fear; we will behave as honest men; and you will have done for the realization of our common belief much more than many philosophers and sages; you will have substituted practice for theory; you will have opposed to the calumniating words of our enemies the example of working men, differing in language and in manners, but united, without respect to nationality, in a common feeling.

May my wish be accomplished, and you will have well deserved of humanity, for you will have sealed, practically, an indissoluble alliance between the two greatest nations in the world—England and France.

Yours fraternally,

NADAUD, *Mason*.

NEWS FROM AMERICA.

THE LOBOS ISLANDS.

MR. WEBSTER'S letter to Captain Jewett, and his subsequent despatch to Senor Osma, have produced their consequences. The bold, spirited Captain Jewett, whose ideas of meum and tuum seem confused, sent out fifteen ships and five barks, last summer, to take guano on the Lobos islands. Not content with this, and determined to test the power of Mr. Secretary Webster's letter, he sent with his squadron, as convoy, the bark, *Sarah Chase*, armed to the teeth, with four nine poundercannonades, muskets, and other arms. Her captain was instructed to "take possession of *all* the available landing places on the islands," and remain there so long as the ships were loading. He forwarded a gratuitous and lengthy account of his intended operations to Mr. Webster, enclosing a copy of the instructions given to the captain of the *Sarah Chase*.

This seems to have aroused Mr. Webster from his perilous position, and to have completely revolutionised

his notions on the Lobos question, as the following despatches will show:—

"Department of State, Washington, Aug. 21, 1852.

"SIR,—Your letter of the 16th inst., with the accompanying papers, relative to your proceedings for the purpose of taking guano from the Lobos Islands, has been received. Since the one addressed to you by this department, under date the 5th, in answer to yours of the 2nd of June last, information has reached the department that the Peruvian government claims jurisdiction over these islands, and that in 1842 it issued two decrees prohibiting any foreign vessels, upon the penalty of confiscation, from removing guano from any of the islands near the coast of Peru, without a license from that government. Under these circumstances, it is expected that the vessels which have proceeded thither under your auspices, will not make use of the arms, with which it appears, from your letter of the 16th inst., they are provided, for the purpose of forcibly resisting the Peruvian authorities. You must be aware that such a resistance would be an act of private war, which can never receive any countenance from this government. The naval commander of the United States in the Pacific will also, under existing circumstances, be required to abstain from protecting any vessels of the United States which may visit those islands for purposes forbidden by the decrees of the Peruvian government until he shall receive further orders.

"Some of the statements contained in your letter of 2nd of June last had a tendency to mislead us, and, as intimated above, may, it is apprehended, have done so.

"I am, Sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
"DANIEL WEBSTER.

"To James C. Jewett, Esq., New York."

A despatch upon the same subject from the Secretary of the Navy to the United States commodore commanding in the Pacific, has also been published, and is to the following effect:—

"August 25th, 1852.

"SIR,—By direction of the President, you are hereby instructed to suspend, until further orders, the execution of the order addressed to you under date of June 16, 1852, and you are required to abstain from aiding or abetting any citizens of the United States who may forcibly resist the execution of the laws of Peru by the authority of that republic.—I am, &c.,
"JOHN P. KENNEDY.

"Commodore C. S. McCauley,
Commanding U. S. squadron, Pacific Ocean."

The only other document on this question is a letter from Mr. Abbott Lawrence to the *National Intelligencer*:—

"Legation of the United States, London, Aug. 24.

"Dear Sirs,—I noticed in the *New York Herald* of the 11th inst. an article, copied into *The Times* of this morning, intimating that I had consented, on the part of the United States, to the monopoly of the Lobos Islands between Peru and Great Britain. I have not spoken or written of these islands to any person connected with the British Government—I have received no communication from the Government of the United States relative to them—I have expressed no opinion about them, nor, indeed, have I made an examination to form an opinion. I am, therefore, at a loss to know the reason for such a statement.

"I am, dear sirs, very faithfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"ABBOTT LAWRENCE."

THE FISHERIES.

Seizures continue in the fishing grounds. The *Gloucester Telegraph* of the 12th, says, on the authority of a letter from one of the owners of the schooner *Florida*, which has been seized and carried into Charlottetown, Prince Edward's Island, that the schooner had been stripped, and her provisions stored, and that they would have to sue the Government for a trial. The writer says, "the case appears to be clear on our side, and, if there is any justice, she will have a chance to be cleared." The schooner *Golden Rule*, taken the week before, had been released, on an application made through the Governor. The schooner *Hannibal* went to the Magdalen Islands, and had taken 30 barrels of mackerel, when she was fired at by the British cutter, in consequence of which she left the islands.

The correspondent of the Boston *Atlas* writes that the commander of the English cutter, *Nelley*, continues to annoy American fishermen. On the 20th of August the *Nelley* boarded the schooner *Powlonga*, Captain Coggins, and the *Leader*, Captain Hibbard, both of Lubec, between Campo Bello and Grand Merian, where there was no fishing ground, and, after searching the vessel, endorsed on the licenses, "Found under auspicious circumstances.

The commander of the *Nelley* told Captain Coggins he observed the Yankee papers stated, there would be no more trouble to the fishing vessels. He would like to know, he said, where they got their information. They would find him doing in future just as he had always done. The above statement was obtained from Captain Coggins.

The *New York Herald* of the 14th intimates that the question is not settled:—

"The statements in the English papers, that the fishing difficulties have been arranged, are not to be relied on. On the contrary, it is confidently stated by those whose authority is not to be slighted, that the British Imperial Government, by the last steamer, sent despatches to Mr. Crampton, intimating that no arrangement had been made. Indeed, Admiral Seymour has his express orders, since Congress adjourned, sent through Mr. Crampton, to seize every

Yankee vessel within three miles of the colonial shores. Strange to say, the despatches of Mr. Abbott Lawrence and of Lord Malmesbury are quite discrepant. There is some misunderstanding and some bungling somewhere. Mr. Lawrence seems to think there is no trouble ahead. Lord Malmesbury is not of that opinion. The Colonial Governments will not allow the Imperial Government to trifle with their rights or their interests."

The writer states that our Government is disposed to enforce the strict letter of the treaty, unless certain equivalents are given to the colonists.

"The British Government, conforming to the views of the colonists, have not the least idea of allowing us to fish between the headlands of their bays, nor within three miles of their coasts or shores, without receiving a full equivalent. The equivalent required, it is said, is reciprocal free trade between all the colonies and the United States in all the productions of agriculture, the forest, and the sea of each; and a full and equal participation in all the coast fisheries of the United States, including the privilege of wrecking, fishing, and catching turtle in the Gulf and Straits of Florida, and other southern coasts."

Negotiations are announced as about to be opened at Marshfield, between Mr. Webster and Mr. Crampton. Mr. Perley, of New Brunswick, had been at Washington, imparting that information to the British Minister which he is known to possess, respecting the colonies.

But the most important extract we have to present, is from the St. John's *New Brunswick*. The reader will see what great expectations have been formed of the Derby Cabinet by Sir John Pakington's despatch of May last.

"In our last we published a paragraph, among the items of English news received by telegraph, which stated that the Imperial Government had agreed to settle the fishery question by allowing the Americans to fish anywhere in British waters three miles from land, which would give them the privilege of entering most of our small bays and recesses of the ocean. We expressed our disbelief in this statement, as we thought the present Ministry would never consent to terms so manifestly unjust. We have now much satisfaction in informing the public that the reported settlement of this question is incorrect, no such terms having been agreed to by the Imperial Government; and we are also enabled to state, on the highest authority, that in the settlement of so important a matter, no rights which the colonists now claim or enjoy will be given up to foreign fishermen. We make this statement with the greatest confidence and satisfaction, and congratulate our fellow colonists on the disposition manifested by the Home Government to guard and preserve every right which fairly and honestly belongs to them. We can also assure our readers that the Government of this province is fully alive to the importance of the subject, and has taken the proper steps to impress upon the Imperial authorities the true state of the case, and the necessity of retaining all our rights unimpaired. The British Minister at Washington has also been made to understand the great importance of the fisheries to our own people, and we may safely calculate that whatever is done by him will be done with a view to subserve the interests of British North America. We have no desire to prevent our American neighbours from participating, to a certain extent, in the benefits to be derived from our fisheries, provided they grant us an equivalent; but we will never consent to give up our fishing-grounds indiscriminately to the Americans for all time to come. The people of these colonies are perfectly willing to treat with them in a fair and manly spirit, but they may rest assured that all their energies will be exerted to preserve their valuable fishing grounds from open spoliation, no matter by what nation it may be attempted."

THE "MEMORY OF LOPEZ."

At New Orleans obsequies were performed in honour of Lopez, on the 1st of September. The proceedings are described in the *Picayune* of the 2nd.

"The torchlight procession which was got up last night to commemorate the anniversary of the death of General Lopez, must have exceeded in magnitude the most sanguine expectations of the warmest friends of the movement. About 8 o'clock the procession commenced moving down Royal-street from Canal, where an immense crowd assembled to see it form. First went the different companies of the Washington Regiment, under the command of Colonel Wood, who was surrounded by a numerous staff with brilliant uniforms. Next came the returned Cuban prisoners, with a large illuminated lantern, bearing on one side an inscription designating them, and on the other, "Beaten, but not conquered." A hearse, with all the insignia of mourning, and bearing on its sides the names of Lopez, Crittenden, Kerr, and others, was the next and most striking feature of the procession. Three pall-bearers walked at each side. Then came a large body of Cubans who are exiled in this city; and then followed a multitude of firemen and citizens, whose unbroken line, as they marched past where we stood, seemed interminable. A large number of the members of the Society of the Lone Star and a German association, organized for the purpose of practising gymnastics, called the "Turners," also joined in the procession. Last of all followed a number of well-known citizens on horseback and in carriages. As all moved along, the gleaming torches, the glancing bayonets of the military, the gay uniforms of the officers, the shining caps of the firemen, the stars and regalia on the breasts of many of those who composed the purely civic part of the procession, the flags of the United States and Cuba, and banners of various devices, gave the pageant a truly imposing aspect. There were several bands of music. Messmer's celebrated band played a very fine piece which had been composed by him for the occasion, and is called "The Lopez Dead March." Every street through which the procession passed, during a march of nearly two hours, was crowded by persons of

both sexes and all ages and conditions. The balconies and windows in the line of march were filled with ladies. The principal streets appeared as if the population of the city had turned out *en masse*. When the procession filed into Lafayette-square, Colonel Scott Haynes ascended a stand, and introduced W. J. A. Roberts as the orator of the occasion. That gentleman delivered a very spirited address, which was received with repeated applause. All passed off in the most harmonious manner, and we did not hear of an accident or a breach of the peace during the progress of the procession through the city, or at the meeting that followed. At the close of the procession religious services were held in the Cathedral, when speeches were delivered by Lieutenant Haynes and others. Interesting ceremonies were also held on board the steamer *Pampero*.

Cuba continues in agitation, and the severity of the governor is not relaxed.

MOVEMENT AGAINST THE IRISH CHURCH.

A "PRIVATE and confidential" circular, issued by the Preparatory Committee of the Friends of Religious Equality, in reference to the Conference to be held in Dublin on the 28th of October, came into the hands of the editor of the *Dublin Evening Mail*, who at once published it, the mark "private" notwithstanding.

It is dated September 15th, and subscribed by Mr. G. H. Moore. After an introductory paragraph, it continues:—

"It has been deemed advisable that, at the present important crisis of public affairs, the whole scope and operation of the religious laws which separate the people of this empire into hostile castes, and which tend to degrade large classes of British subjects beneath the level of their fellows, should be submitted to the consideration of the legislature. Although some of these laws may be found more mischievously operative than others, it appears to be a general opinion that, as they are all parts of the same system, and have an equal tendency to reproduce themselves, and reappear at intervals in more dangerous forms of organization, it is indispensable, for a right conception of their great capabilities of evil, that they should be brought under review at the same time, and with a regard to their mutual relations to each other.

"These laws, or operations of laws, may be classed under four heads:—

"1. The appropriation of the ecclesiastical revenues of the country—originally set aside for the religious instruction and consolation of the people—to purposes quite foreign to the spirit of that sacred trust.

"2. The penalties or prohibitions which still attach to the performance of certain spiritual functions, or the exercise of certain ecclesiastical rights of order or jurisdiction.

"3. The laws which still disqualify certain classes of her Majesty's subjects, on account of their religion, from holding various honourable and important offices in the state.

"4. Those more hidden operations of Government which, by a certain connivance between the legislative and the executive, between the wording and the working of the law, pervert the best and most benevolent institutions into instruments of persecution; drain the bitter cup of poverty of its one blessed drop of comfort; and cheat even the gallant men who live and die in the service of their country of all that elevates life and consoles death."

The first in this list is styled the "largest of these elements of persecution;" and the circular says further:—

"The iniquitous anomaly of the Church establishment of Ireland may be truly said to be the cause of every evil, and to stand in the way of every good, in that country; and it would be superfluous to argue the condemnation of a system which has been already denounced by the voice of the whole civilized world."

On this subject, however, there are the widest differences of opinion; nevertheless the time has come, we are told, when this great question must be looked fairly in the face, and come before the Legislature:—

"Our complaint is, that large revenues, designed for the religious uses of the great bulk of the people, have been diverted from the original purposes of their trust, and applied to a purpose which is not, on the whole, one of general benefit to the community. It may be a question, therefore, whether, before we can hope to obtain the consent of the legislature to another appropriation of those revenues, we must not be prepared to point out to what extent we think that appropriation should be carried out, and in what way those revenues may be most beneficially applied."

What the differences of opinion are, the circular proceeds carefully to enumerate:—

"Some gentlemen are for the withdrawal of all public funds from all religious bodies; for the appropriation of the revenues of the Established Church; for the repeal of the *Regium Donum* and the Maynooth grant; and for the complete establishment of religious equality, by the complete removal of religious endowment. This arrangement, although it would find favour among a large section of the friends of religious equality, while it is liable to the charge of being almost as complete an alienation of the Church revenues from the original purposes of their trust as the mode in which they are now applied, leaves still open the whole question of the application of the funds proposed to be appropriated.

"It is an opinion very frequently advanced, that these revenues should be applied to the relief of the poor; and this proposition is supported by the well-known fact, that such application was one of the purposes of their original trust. It is objected, on the other hand, that this allocation would be a virtual transfer of the funds to the owners of property now rated to the relief of the poor; and that, although a part of the revenues in question was originally

applied to the relief of the poor, it was a very different mode of relief, and worked by a very different machinery from that of the poor law.

"Others have urged their application to the relief of county cess and other burthens upon land; and it has been objected on one side, and denied on the other, that this proposition is liable to the same objection as the last.

"The education of the people is another purpose which has been very generally advocated as more analogous to the original trust, and not open to the same objections as the foregoing; but, after the experience we have had of the purposes to which Government education may be perverted, the disposition of 800,000*l.* a-year in the hands of the Government of the day, for general education, might be regarded by many as a more dangerous engine of religious warfare than any the present Church establishment supplies.

"Another suggestion to be considered is the very obvious alternative of restoring the ecclesiastical revenues of Ireland to the purposes for which they were formerly allotted, the religious instruction and spiritual uses of the whole Irish people. It has been suggested that the whole revenues of the Irish Church Establishment, after having been appropriated and turned to account, should be divided amongst the three great religious denominations into which the Irish people are divided, according to their respective numbers, wants, and circumstances; and that these sums having been thus allocated, absolutely, irrevocably, and without condition, the state should thenceforth leave each denomination, as far as their further wants are concerned, to the operation of the voluntary principle, and to their own internal arrangements. To this proposition, however simple and equitable it may appear, formidable difficulties have been suggested. Even if such a general arrangement were finally assented to, the good faith of the Government in carrying it out might reasonably be questioned. It is not probable that the present establishment, although stripped of a portion of its trappings, would be allowed to slip altogether out of the harness of the state; and there may be ground for apprehension that, in endowing other denominations of Christians with a portion of its spoils, an attempt might be made to fasten upon them a part of its subjection. It is clear, at all events, that great caution is necessary in this matter; and that every step taken should be well and carefully considered.

"A final suggestion is, that as each benefice or bishopric becomes vacant, the tithe rentcharge, episcopal palace, and revenue be sold, and the proceeds invested in the names of commissioners to be appointed for that purpose; the fund to be afterwards appropriated as may be agreed upon. It has been argued in support of this proposition, that the appropriation of these revenues could not be hastily decided on; and that by eliminating from the controversy the chief elements of discord, a greater amount of support would be procured for this first and most important part of the process. On the other hand, it has been objected that this proposition is blinking the whole question of the purposes for which this property is held in trust; that it deprives our case of the greater part of its strength, and leaves it open to the charge, on the part of its opponents, of being a mere naked measure of spoliation for no definite purpose assigned."

Passing by the second and third topics with a few remarks, the circular dilates on the fourth:—

"With regard to the fourth element of persecution to which we have ventured to call your attention, we conceive it to be one of the deepest importance, and one on which statistical information is most required. Secret and widespread in its operation—stealthy and yet daring in its mode of action—at home and in the colonies—in the camp and in the hospital—in the school-house and in the poor-house—from the orphan pauper to the strong but friendless soldier and sailor; all are equally subjected to its sinister and subtle influence; and it is therefore earnestly requested that this committee may be furnished with every information that you possess, tending to throw light upon the operation of this dark and dangerous agent of sectarian injustice."

The persons to whom the circular is addressed are informed that, although the above mentioned divisions have been adopted, it is not intended to confine attention to them exclusively. Information upon all points connected with the subject is asked for, and co-operation earnestly requested.

NEW STEAM-POWER.

AUSTRALIA is a land of wonders. When the white man first landed on its coasts, he found that the natives killed their game with a weapon of a totally original construction, called a "bomerang." Some years ago we remember boys in their teens playing with this weapon; and young England, therefore, is familiar with its shape. Well, what shall we say to the application of this rude instrument of the aborigines of Australia to the steam ships of the western world?

Yet the last files of the *Sydney Morning Herald* contain accounts of a new propeller, invented by Sir Thomas Mitchell, the Surveyor-General of New South Wales, a trial of which in a small steamer at that port had just excited great interest. It is called the Bomerang propeller, and is constructed on the principle of the weapon of that name used by the natives to kill game. Although the experiment was only on a small and imperfect scale, a speed of twelve knots an hour against a head-wind is stated to have been obtained. The instrument is described to combine great strength and simplicity, while it has also the advantage that its motion in the water causes but a comparatively slight agitation, so that it is capable of being adapted to

canal boats as well as to other vessels. At the conclusion of the trial, Sir Thomas Mitchell expressed his conviction "that the weapon of the earliest inhabitants of Australia has now led to the determination mathematically of the true form by which alone, on the screw principle, high speed on water can be obtained."

A merchant of Sydney states, in a letter dated June 22, that "Sir Thomas Mitchell has been testing his new invention—the Bomerang propeller for steamers in lieu of the screw. He has tried it on a steamer here, and it has answered very well. Sir Thomas says he will be able to get twenty knots an hour out of it. It will be the very thing for ocean steam-ships. He has taken out a patent, and wishes to go home to bring it out."

Clearly there is no end to mechanical invention bridging space and annihilating time; drawing together continents, until we shall need no Puck to

"Put a girdle round the world in forty minutes."

AUSTRALIAN EMIGRATION FROM NEW YORK.

(From the New York Herald of the 18th.)

THE fine ship *Ocean Eagle*, Captain Some, with a large number of passengers for Australia, was towed to sea from her berth in the East river yesterday. This is the third vessel of Messrs. Ogden and Cameron's Pioneer Line that has left this port, filled with emigrants for Australia, since the 2nd of July, and the eighth that has left this port since the news of the discovery of gold there reached us. The agents of this line, in their internal arrangements, have been assiduous to ameliorate, as far as lay in their power, the disagreeable attendant upon a long sea voyage, by rendering the quarters of the passengers as light, airy, and commodious as the limits of good roomy vessels will allow, and have also directed special attention to the quality as well as quantity of the passengers' food. If the profusion spread over the board yesterday be a fair sample of the kind to be daily furnished, there will be no likelihood of complaints on that score.

The number of passengers taken out by the *Ocean Eagle* amounted to about 200, and the list would have been much larger if the owners had been willing to pay less regard to the comfort of the voyagers. The passengers appeared to be composed mostly of respectable mechanics and clerks, some being accompanied with their wives and children. The majority, however, were apparently single young men, full of life, and buoyant with the prospect of making rapid fortunes in the new land of their hopes.

The Australian fever appears to be daily gaining strength, and it is anticipated there will be a greatly increased demand for passage as soon as the harvest is closed, both from the States and Canada. A ship-owner engaged in the business received, in one day last week, some twenty letters from people in all parts of the country, asking information as to the best means of getting there, many of whom will probably, in a few days, be on their way there.

The *Ocean Eagle* will be followed, before the present week expires, by another fine ship from this port—the *Ascutuna*—now lying at pier No 10, E. R., being advertised to leave on the 17th. This vessel is commanded by Captain Pepper, late of the bark *Isla de Cuba*, and is owned by Messrs. W. T. Dugan and Co. She, like her predecessor, is a fine strong vessel of about 900 tons burden, and has very fine accommodations for passengers. The berths comprise two ranges, one on each side of the vessel, and running from stem to stern, leaving a wide space in the centre clear of impediments to locomotion or ventilation, the only divisions being loose curtains, which can be drawn up or let down at pleasure. This arrangement, together with several stern lights, and wind sails at the hatchways, affords a free, uninterrupted circulation of air throughout the vessel, which is a great consideration in warm latitudes. There are accommodations here for 140 passengers, though the law allows 180. There are also accommodation in the poop cabin for forty first-class passengers. The *Ascutuna* will no doubt leave with a full passenger list, many of the berths having been engaged some time back.

SAILING OF THE FORERUNNER FOR AFRICA.

THE *Forerunner*, Captain J. B. Atkins, a new and beautiful vessel, belonging to the African Steam Navigation Company, arrived at Plymouth from the Thames, says the *Liverpool Albion*, after a speedy passage of thirty-four hours, in weather well calculated to try her capabilities as a sea boat. Several of the directors came round as passengers, and, amongst them, Mr. Macgregor Laird, the founder of the company, and whose practical acquaintance with that country and its coasts and harbours has imparted a spirit of confidence to

this undertaking which augurs well for its future success. The construction of the *Forerunner* having been already described, we feel it unnecessary to go into particulars, further than to state that she is an iron steamer, propelled by the screw, of 400 tons, and 50 horse power. Her extreme length over all is 170 feet, and breadth of beam 22 feet, drawing, with full cargo and coals for fifteen days, nine feet water fore and aft. The saloons and private cabins are designed with every view to comfort and elegance, and her great length, tapering masts, and external colour, which is entirely green, give her a light and graceful appearance. Finally, when we learn that the contract for the conveyance of the mails was only completed in March last, and the vessel built and made ready for sea within six months, the public will recognise the activity of those who have been able to achieve so much in so short a period.

The *Forerunner* takes out a full cargo of miscellaneous goods and a large amount in specie. She also carries a number of passengers, amongst whom are, Captain A. E. Kennedy, governor of Sierra Leone, Mrs. Kennedy, and servant; Mr. James C. Fitzpatrick, Chief Justice of the Gold Coast; Mr. and Mrs. Pratt, Miss Campbell, Rev. M. Reichardt, Mr. E. Watacoll, Rev. Mr. Reay, Rev. Mr. Cornwall, Colonial Chaplain, and Mrs. Cornwall; Mr. J. W. Thompson, Lieutenant Cave, Mr. Cox, and Mr. Brocket, for Sierra Leone; also Staff Surgeon Daniel, Rev. Mr. Monserratt, Colonial Chaplain, Madame Chevreille, Mr. Malliotte, and others, for the Gambia. All expressed themselves highly pleased with the accommodation, and were in high spirits, more especially the old voyagers, at the prospect of a speedy passage.

In connexion with the internal arrangements of the vessel, it may be interesting to state that her berths, though comparatively small, are well lighted and ventilated, and this company have, we believe, the merit of introducing, for the first time in a mail packet-ship, Silver's waterproof and floatable mattresses, each of which is said to be capable of sustaining the weight of eight persons in the water. She also carries powerful hose, to be worked by the ship's engine, in case of fire, and two capacious life-boats, each with full room for thirty persons. The latter have been imported from America, and are similar to those now generally employed in the United States navy. They are constructed of galvanised iron; have air-chambers fore and aft; and are considered peculiarly adapted for vessels trading in hot climates, the material of which they are constructed not being likely to deteriorate by exposure. Captain Atkins, who commands the *Forerunner*, is a seaman of much experience, and was, until recently, in the employment of Messrs. Wigram, in one of their East Indianmen, and therefore well acquainted with the passenger trade. His crew consists of first and second officers, ten able seamen, three engineers and six firemen. The cuddy servants are also appointed by himself, and under his implicit control, and, looking to recent examples, the most rigid regulations are prescribed with respect to lights, smoking, and other practices involving danger by fire. A novel expedient has also been adopted by the directors, at Mr. Laird's suggestion, with a view at once to preserve discipline and encourage propriety of behaviour. A certain percentage is allowed upon the passage money and freight each voyage, which is called good-conduct money, and divided amongst the officers and crew; the former getting two-thirds, and the latter one-third each. This is much on the system of "lays" in the whaling service, and gives all on board an interest in the success of the voyage, and, as the captain has the power of withholding these gratuities in cases of misconduct, a salutary means of punishment is thus provided.

We are told that the *Forerunner* is specially designed by draft of water to enter the harbour of Lagos, it being expected, as a consequence of the friendly relations which we have latterly established with the chiefs and other inhabitants of that part of the coast, that an extensive trade will soon be in operation. Already it has exhibited itself in an extraordinary degree at the Gambia, and there can be no doubt it will be further encouraged by the facilities afforded to commercial enterprise by the active directors of the African Steam Navigation Company.

The *Forerunner* will be succeeded by four other steamers of a much larger class, two of 900 and two of 1060 tons burthen, to sail every month, and a steamer will shortly be laid on to Madeira and Teneriffe, which, from the beauty of its climate, and picturesque scenery, is likely to rival the former place as a sanatorium. Hitherto, however, Teneriffe has not been much resorted to by Europeans for purposes of health, owing to the want of opportunities of reaching or leaving it at convenient intervals, such opportunities depending solely upon the chance visit of eligible vessels. Under all circumstances we feel that great public advantages will be derived from the efforts of

the company to which we now allude. The harmonizing influence of legitimate commerce must sooner or later show its effects in superseding a barbarous traffic; the way of the missionary opened up, and the efforts of those at home, be they religionists or mere philanthropists, having in view the reclamation of the negro race, will be promoted and fostered by a means of communication at once frequent and certain. Already we find that two missionary clergymen have gone out in the *Forerunner*, one from the Church of England Society, the other from the Wesleyan body, and we are told that a number of others are expected to follow.

THE EMIGRATION "REMEDY."

WE have received the following address from "The Emigration Committee of the Amalgamated Society" of Engineers, and we earnestly call the attention of our readers to its story:—

"FELLOW WORKMEN,—The late contest in which we have been engaged, whatever may have been its usefulness or its tendencies, has left some of the members of the Amalgamated Society in a position of dependence and deprivation. This result is brought about by the fact that those who have taken the greatest interest in their trade's affairs, have been singled out by the employers, their names have been published and sent to all the employers of the country, with an especial request not to employ any of them; without at all saying one word with respect to such conduct, for it speaks loudly enough for itself, we may be indulged if we attempt, by the formation of a committee, and by obtaining subscriptions, to promote the emigration to another country of those who cannot find employment in their own.

"There are some who cannot submit to sign the master's declaration, which calls for an abrogation of those rights of association inherent in men of all ranks and grades of wealth. There are others who, from having taken a prominent part in the agitation, are marked men, destined to be kept in continual idleness and poverty—To provide for these is an object of earnest consideration.

"For this purpose a committee has been elected out of the various branches of the Amalgamated Society in London, to assist those who desire to carry their skill and industry to distant lands, where labour is yet too scarce, and too valuable, to reduce the workman to the condition of a serf. To collect funds to carry out that object, appeals have already been made with partial success. Some are already on their passage to the fertile shores of Australia, others remain who need assistance. In their name, and upon their behalf, the committee now appeal to you for subscriptions towards raising the necessary amount—in the full confidence that you will not be backward to aid those who have suffered, not only for themselves, but for the assertion of the general rights of labour.

"It is for the good—not only of the Amalgamated Society—but of all, that the surplus labour should not remain here, while other countries offer a field for it—of which many adventurous and independent men are anxious to take advantage of. To aid them by contributions appears to us to be the duty of every man who wishes well to his trade, and those who have struggled hard for its independence; and if a willingness is shown on the part of those who are more immediately interested, to assist the Committee in their present object—and if we should not be enabled to get sufficient means to carry out that object, there are gentlemen who bear us sufficient good-will to subscribe handsomely towards making up the necessary amount, to aid all those who are deprived by the injustice of their employers of obtaining work in this country.

"We have said sufficient to show every one the necessity of assisting us, and with great confidence we leave the matter in your hands, strongly hoping that our appeal for aid in a cause that not only proposes to confer an advantage on those who go, but also on those who stay behind, will not go unresponded to by our fellow workmen in all parts of the country.

"The Committee is actively engaged in compiling rules for the efficient working of a general organized plan of emigration on an extensive scale.

"BY ORDER OF THE COMMITTEE."

Although it is a sad thing to see brave men compelled to quit their native land for conscience sake, yet it is better so than to see Englishmen succumb to any kind of tyranny. The old spirit which led the Pilgrim Fathers forth is still alive, and we heartily hope that those who have suffered in defence of the rights of labour will meet that reward in other lands denied them in their own. But woe to that land whose best and whose bravest can no longer find a home in it, and whose prosperity can only be bought at the cost of independence.

SEWAGE MANURE.

At a meeting of the Sowers Commission, on Tuesday, the secretary read the following report from the chairman of the commission on the subject of Mr. Stothert's application for the use of the sewage of Richmond, in order to convert it into deodorized manure:—

"I have to report that, in pursuance of the appointment made with Mr. Stothert and Mr. Banfield, at the meeting of the general committee on the 24th ult., five of the commissioners (viz., Major Dawson, Mr. Baker, Mr. Smith, Mr. Redhead, and myself), with the secretary met those gentlemen, on the 9th inst., at Richmond, in the direction of Mortlake, at the point where it adjoins the gas works. The sewer at this place was charged with a quantity of

dark slimy matter, emitting a most offensive smell, although, as it was stated, its condition was less disagreeable than usual, owing to the quantity of rain that had fallen in the morning, and on the preceding day. The following experiments were performed, in the presence of the commissioners, upon sewage water taken from the ditch, holding in suspension a large proportion of dark coloured matter, in a state of decomposition, and smelling offensively:—

"1. Thirty-five grains of a powder prepared by Mr. Stothert were added to a pint of sewage water, and the whole stirred up with a stick. The water instantaneously lost its disagreeable odour, and in the course of four or five minutes the solid matter was precipitated to the bottom, leaving the water above it perfectly clear.

"2. A like experiment was tried, and with the like effect, upon a pint of water of the same quality with thirty grains of the powder.

"In each of these cases the solid matter precipitated stood about one-fifth the way up in the cylindrical glass vessel used on the occasion, the other four-fifths being clear water. A portion of the solid matter, having been taken out of the vessel, was found to be free from odour.

"3. A portion of the water cleared by the above process, being mixed with about an equal quantity of foul sewage water, immediately deodorized the latter, but without precipitating the solid matter contained in it.

"The commissioners expressed to Mr. Stothert their satisfaction with the result of the experiments, and signified their intention to report to the committee in favour of his application.

"R. JEBB, Chairman."

"Greek-street, Soho, Sept. 24, 1852."

Mr. Woolrych also read a letter from the Messrs. Vallance, submitting, on behalf of Mr. Stothert, the following proposal for a licence to use the sewage of Richmond:—

"25th Sept., 1852.

"Messrs. Vallance and Vallance of 20, Essex-street, Strand, beg to submit the following as the terms on which the Commissioners of Sewers should grant to Mr. Henry Stothert, or his nominees, or a company to be formed for the purpose of carrying out the same, a licence to use and dispose of certain sewage matter as hereinafter more particularly mentioned:—

"1. That the said commissioners shall grant to the said company full, free, and uninterrupted use and enjoyment of all the sewage matter of the town and parish of Richmond, in the county of Surrey, now draining, or which may hereafter drain, into the sewer which passes from New Richmond by the gas works towards Mortlake, with liberty for the said company to treat, use, employ, sell and dispose of the same absolutely as they may think right, subject to the following conditions:—

"2. That the term of this licence and grant shall be for twenty years, determinable, nevertheless, as hereinafter mentioned.

"3. That the commissioners are to be at liberty to determine the licence and grant hereby given, provided the operations upon the sewage matter by the said company become, in the opinion of the commissioners, a nuisance, or in anywise injurious to public health, or render the water of any river or stream into which the sewerage or water operated upon by the said company shall be suffered to flow detrimental to health, and in that case the said company, upon notice in writing from the said commissioners, are to discontinue from all further operations, and the grant and licence hereby given shall thereupon cease and determine.

"4. That the said company are to erect works at their own expense, but the said commissioners are to cause the sewage to be conveyed to the outlet of the said sewer: provided, nevertheless, that the commissioners are to be at liberty to alter the line of sewers from time to time in any manner they may think proper; but it is understood they will have regard to the works of the company, and facilitate their operations so far as they can, consistent with the interests of the Metropolitan Commission of Sewers.

"5. That for the first ten years of the said term a rental of 5s. per annum shall be payable by the company to the said commissioners, and that for the remainder of the said term of twenty years the said company shall pay to the said commissioners such a fixed annual rent as shall be equivalent to one-tenth of the average net annual profit made in the eighth, ninth, and tenth years of the second term, proper accounts to be furnished for the purpose, with power for the commissioners to inspect the books of the company.

"6. That at the expiration of the said term of twenty years, the said commissioners shall be at liberty to take the works and machinery of the said company at a valuation, to be made in the usual way.

"7. The company to accept such title as the present commissioners can give them under the statutes establishing and regulating the Metropolitan Commission of Sewers."

The Secretary then read the resolution and recommendation of the general committee of the commission on the subject of the above proposal, viz.:—Resolved, that in the opinion of this committee the process of Mr. Stothert is deserving of encouragement, and that, in order to afford a fair opportunity of testing its applicability to a more extended area of drainage, it would be proper at present to grant to the parties on whose behalf application is now made, a licence to take, use, and enjoy the sewage of Richmond as hereinafter mentioned, on the terms proposed, in the hope that they may succeed in establishing the complete efficiency of the system, and the commissioners become justified in granting to them the sewage of an extended portion of the district under the jurisdiction of the commissioners, upon such terms as shall appear fair and reasonable to

both parties. Recommended, accordingly, that license to take, use, and enjoy the sewage of Richmond, now draining, or which may hereafter drain into the sewer (as in proposal), be granted to Mr. Stothert, or his nominees, upon the terms proposed.

The Court then adopted the recommendation of the general committee.

The Chairman said, that in agreeing to Mr. Stothert's application the commissioners had not granted to that gentleman any indulgence which they were not equally prepared to extend to any other party who brought forward any similar scheme which appeared to them to be likely to succeed.

THE FLOODS IN CHAMOUNIX.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* has furnished that journal with a capital account of the late floods at Chamounix. The date of his letter is September the 18th.

"The greatest inundation which has occurred this century has just carried misery and desolation through this secluded valley. On Thursday last the rain commenced falling in torrents, and when morning broke the Arve had risen considerably, but there seemed no reason to apprehend any danger, as the river has carved for itself a channel deep and wide enough, one would have thought, to drain all the Alps between Chamounix and Geneva. It was observed, however, with some uneasiness, that the stream which precipitates itself from the Glaciers des Bois into the river Arveiron had swollen into a cataract. Towards night the river had risen five or six feet above its ordinary level, and the mountain sides were marked in every direction with the white seams of new water-courses. On Friday morning the aspect of the Arve, as it tore through the village, hurrying forest trees, planks, and fragments of wooden bridges on its turbid waters, and momentarily rushing higher and higher up against its banks, was enough to excite the gravest apprehensions. All the people in the village turned out by beat of drum to help each other in the approaching calamity. It was not long coming. Ere nine o'clock a.m. the river had burst its banks, and flooded the whole of the lower part of the valley, sweeping away the flax crops of the poor cottagers left out to dry, and covering their scanty supplies of food and corn with thick layers of white mud, composed of the *débris* of granite and shale rocks, which will take years to remove. The increasing force and power of the torrent was marked every minute by the greater size of the trees and timber it bore along, and, by-and-bye, the most painful feelings were excited by the appearance of the planks and roofs of *chalets* whirling down in its waves, which boiled and chafed in huge masses of water resembling liquid mortar. All the strangers at the hotels turned out, in spite of the incessant rain, to watch a sight so novel and so terrible. Above their heads hung a dark canopy of clouds, which settled down to the very base of the Alps, or drifted now and then up along the mountain sides, only to show the glaciers pouring down their furious cascades through the pine-trees, and to reveal the ampler currents of the water-courses. Around on every side was a dense vapour, concealing every object at the distance of 100 yards, but still leaving the angry rush of the roaring Arve and its chaotic burdens but too plainly visible as it seethed through its widely-spreading banks, which grew more distant from each other with every minute. The sound of the huge boulders which it forced along, as they struck the rocky bottom, literally shook the ground and filled the air like growling thunder, and the long reverberations of the avalanches mingling with this horrid tumult, the crash of trees and timber, and the hissing of the toppling waters of river and cataract, formed an awful chorus. The anxious faces of the villagers but too well revealed the amount of the destruction that was taking place, as, surrounding their priest, who stood with uncovered head beneath the teeming clouds, they gazed from the bridges in hopeless despair at the torrent below. By the fragments, which passed in quick succession, it was known that all the bridges along the road to Martigny had been destroyed, and, from experience, they had reason to believe greater mischief would be done lower down the valley. At the Hotel de Londres strenuous efforts were made to preserve the bridge which led from the garden across the river to the road ascending towards the Cascade des Pelerins, and large beams of wood, trees stripped of their branches, were conveyed with great labour, and placed so that one end was fixed under the bridge, and the other, weighed down by large stones and bulks of timber, rested on the ground; but, in spite of this eccentric engineering, it was plain to those who watched the progress of the flood, that the erection could not long withstand the furious tide that beat against its buttresses. Before eleven o'clock the waters had rushed into the hotel garden, and in a few moments after the stone buttresses and foundations were sapped and over-

thrown, and with a tremendous crash down came the bridge into the Arve, which, whirling it round and round like a straw, speedily hurried it out of sight. Only one bridge was now left in the village, and it was crowded during the day with people, and, though several false alarms caused them to run off, it was fortunately so high above the Arve, and its foundations were so strong, that it escaped all injury. All the walls by the side, and part of the roadway, however, were washed away. On walking by the mountain side, above the valley, the appearance of the torrent was frightful. Enormous pine-trees, ash, and beeches of great bulk, were to be seen struggling to rise out of the race, and lifting their dark roots and branches for an instant, but to be whelmed again by the stream, the course of which was marked everywhere by ruined mills and half-drowned *chalets*. Women, gathered on the hill-side, stood wringing their hands and weeping as they looked on their submerged homes, their friendly roofs just peeping above the water, or, with their husbands, fathers, and sons, bore their humble household goods to some securer elevation. All the population agreed in saying they had never heard of or seen such a deluge before, and I certainly was inclined to believe it, from witnessing the inefficient and unskilful attempts they made to check the destruction caused by the river. For the most part, indeed, they submitted in silence to a calamity which they seemed to consider inevitable and irremediable. The small millers whose houses stood by the roadside, were, of course, the great sufferers. In every case their dwellings were destroyed, and their property carried away; and it was melancholy to see some of those great stout fellows crying like children, as they beheld the fruits of years of industry and toil swallowed up in an instant for ever. A more touching subject for a painter than one of these sad groups perched on a rock over their home, and lamenting over its loss, as they watched the Arve scaling its walls, till it gurgled through the windows, and the whole building sank with a crash, could not be imagined. It is to be hoped that M. Hugard, a Savoyard landscape painter, who is here by order of the French Government to finish some large pieces of Alpine scenery for the Ecole des Mines, may render the world familiar with the details of this flood, of which the pen can never convey a description. In one night the river rose, in some places, twenty-five and thirty feet. All communication has been cut off between us and Geneva, and up and down the valley, for some days; but there are many reports respecting the loss of life and property down towards Sallenches. It is said that fifty persons have been drowned at Bonneville, and that those who escaped were taken out of the windows in boats. Persons belonging to other hamlets down the valley are missing. Mules, cows, sheep, and goats, have perished in numbers; and, if one were to credit the stories told by the peasantry, they must have been the richest set of fellows in the world before the flood burst on them. The lowest estimate any of them fixes on his personal disaster is about 2000*fr.*; and it is astonishing to see how quietly they endure the annihilation of such comparatively colossal possessions; there being only one instance, to my knowledge, of one of these rural Cræsi getting drunk, that being the case of a man who avowed that, not being able to bear his misfortune *en philosophe*, he had had recourse to the bottle on purpose. As some slight token of their sympathy, the visitors at the various hotels subscribed 500*fr.* for the sufferers."

At the end of his letter he notices the great number of travellers who have swarmed into the Alpine regions this summer; and the many unsuccessful attempts which have been made to ascend Mont Blanc. He also appends the following postscript:—

"I am enabled to confirm from personal observation the truth of the reports which have reached us of the damage done by the floods. The villagers are literally deprived of *all food*. They must buy corn for bread, and there is not a mill left within twenty miles. Considering the awful winter before them their case well merits consideration and sympathy, and M. Michon, the physician at Chamounix, will be happy to give the fullest information to those who feel inclined to aid the sufferers. The road between this and Martigny is destroyed."

THE ORGANOPHONIC BAND.

A RATHER singular and novel entertainment is being given at the St. James's Theatre, under this title, by a company of twelve Germans, characteristically dressed, who, without any mechanical aid, perform, by the voice only, a varied selection of music, consisting of polkas, marches, songs, accompaniments, &c. The "orchestra" of voices comprises the horn, the trumpet, the violin, and other wind and stringed instruments, down to the military drums and cymbals, and the fearful bagpipes. A musical box is also represented.

The result, it may be imagined, is more curious than pleasant: the tones are not full enough to deceive the ear, though many instrumental effects are produced with remarkable ingenuity.

GALLANT CONDUCT OF A POLICEMAN.

ABOUT half-past ten o'clock on Saturday night, a policeman was walking quietly along the road near Highgate, having been only a short time on his beat, when he saw a tall, powerful looking man approaching him, carrying a bundle, and trying to avoid him, as if in haste. This excited the constable's suspicions, who stopped him and required to know what he had, at the same time discovering a gun under his arm; the answer given not being satisfactory, the officer desired him to proceed to the police-station, which the other demurred to, with imprecations, and endeavoured to pass on; but the officer seized the property and the man, the latter in turn laying hold of the policeman, and swearing that if not permitted to go on unmolested the constable's days were numbered. A fight commenced, the policeman managing to disarm him of his gun, but being at the same time prevented himself from giving an alarm. They fought and wrestled for a considerable time, frequently rolling about the road, without much advantage on either side, until the burglar, getting hold of the constable's head, made the most determined and inhuman attempts to gouge out his eyes, by forcing the thumbs into the sockets. Fortunately at this juncture the constable was enabled to get his truncheon into use, and struck his murderous assailant over the arm with such force as to paralyse him for the moment, and so prevent the horrible attempt on his eyes. Following up the advantage, he soon put him completely *hors de combat*, and some assistance arriving, both men were conveyed to the station-house at Highgate. Upon examining the property, it was found to consist of wearing apparel and other articles, whilst the gun, upon being proved, was found to be charged with heavy shot. It has since been ascertained that the articles were actually the produce of a robbery which had been committed at a gentleman's house in the neighbourhood that very evening. On looking to both the policeman and the robber, it was discovered that they were considerably beaten, the former having suffered extensively about the eyes by the brutal attempt at gouging; he has been placed under the care of the divisional surgeon, whilst his antagonist was immediately conveyed, in the custody of two constables, to University College Hospital, one of whom remained with him, and he will be removed, if practicable, to the Infirmary of the House of Detention, Clerkenwell, until they can both appear before the magistrate.

He has given his name as C. Johnson, is about forty years of age, and says he came from Manchester a few days ago. It is thought by the police that he is one of the gang recently known as the "Northern Banditti," consisting of seven armed desperadoes, three of whom were apprehended last week, one each in the towns of Bradford, Liverpool, and Manchester, and Johnson makes the fourth. He is dangerously ill, from the blows of the policeman's staff about the head.

We have not learned the name of the gallant fellow who so courageously risked his life in doing his duty; but his number is 233 S., and he well deserves a handsome reward.

LONDON LODGING-HOUSES.

IN carrying out the Lodging Houses Act, statements of the most horrible description have become public. Inspector Reason, of the A division, the officer appointed by the Commissioners of Police to carry out the provisions of the Common Lodging-house Act, is continuing his useful, but very dangerous and unpleasant labours; and attended on Monday before Mr. Yardley to support several informations against the proprietors of lodging-houses in the neighbourhood of Rosemary-lane, *alias* Royal Mint-street, Whitechapel, for neglecting to register their houses, and to comply with the requirements of the statute. The defendants were all Irish, and the first who answered to his name was Richard Nowlan, who has lately come from Ireland, and who did not understand many words of English. It was therefore found necessary to swear in Roche, the gaoler of the court, as an interpreter.

It appeared from the evidence of Inspector Reason and Police-sergeant Price, No. 15 H., appointed to carry out the provisions of the act in the Whitechapel district, that the defendant was served with a notice on the 20th of July last to register his place within a month from that time, and failed to do so. On the 21st inst., between the hours of twelve and one o'clock, the officers visited the defendant's room, in a dilapidated tenement in Slater's-court, Rosemary-lane. There were four beds on the floor, and no bedsteads. The first contained the defendant and his sister, a woman about 30 years of age, who said she had occupied the same bed as her brother for some time; the second contained Daniel Murley, who said he paid 6d. per week; the third John Browne and John Sweeney, who said they paid 1s. per week each; and the fourth, Mary Hurley, a girl aged 19, who paid 9d. per week. There were no partitions for the separation of the sexes, no bedsteads, and the beds consisted of a lot of filthy rags. The room was in a filthy state, and the stench was dreadful. Sergeant Price described the state of Slater's-court. There were 10 houses in it. They were inhabited solely by the poorer classes of Irish. There was one retiring place in a corner of the court for the use of the numerous occupants of the 10 houses. Fever and cholera had abounded in the court. The tenements were let out to various persons in separate apartments, and sublet to others.

The defendant stated, in Irish, that he could not read the notice, and it was not properly explained to him, and that when he went to Scotland-yard to obtain a register for his room, no one could understand him, but he was told that nothing would be done with him.

Mr. Reason explained that the room could not be registered till it was cleaned and whitewashed, and if persons

of both sexes be taken in, there must be partitions six feet high between the beds. The defendant must also provide bedsteads.

Mr. Yardley asked how many persons would be allowed to sleep in the room by the regulations.

Price.—Four only, sir. It is a small room. There were a dozen men, women, and children in it when I first saw it.

The defendant said he could not afford to purchase bedsteads, and promised to do everything which the magistrate ordered him to do.

Mr. Yardley said, the peculiarity in this case was that the defendant only spoke Irish, and most probably did not understand the notice served upon him. He could not, however, help expressing his disgust and abhorrence of a man who occupied the same bed as his sister. Nothing could be more filthy and revolting. It was abominable, horrifying, and must not happen again.

The defendant said it was an accident that his sister slept with him, and it was only for a night or two.

Mr. Yardley then directed Roche to explain to the defendant that before he could be registered or allowed to receive any more lodgers, his room must be cleaned and lime-washed, bedsteads must be provided, the water laid on, and proper retiring places erected. The defendant must not allow persons of different sexes to sleep in the same bed unless they were man and wife, and there must be partitions for the separation of the sexes. He would adjourn the case for a month if the defendant would promise not to receive any more lodgers until he had complied with all the provisions of the statute, and registered his room.

The defendant made the required promise.

Mr. Yardley.—Very well, then; I will adjourn this case for a month; but if his promise is not kept I shall inflict a heavy fine upon him, and if it is not paid he will be sent to gaol, rely upon it.

Morgan Callaghan, the occupier of two rooms in a house in Slater's-court, was the next defendant. He had received notice to register, but had not done so.

Mr. Yardley consented, on the promise of the defendant to comply with the requirements of the act, to adjourn the case for a month.

Jeremiah Bryan was the third defendant. He also occupied a room in a tenement in Slater's-court. When Sergeant Price gave him notice to register, his room was crowded with men, women, and children, sleeping on the floor. On a second visit, the defendant was sleeping in the same bed with his cousin, a young woman, and upon a bundle of straw alongside of him there was another couple, who paid 1s. per week. The defendant said his cousin officiated, in the absence of his wife and family in the country "hopping," to clean up the place; and that he would not take in any more lodgers.—Inspector Reason said the room was very dark and dirty, and could not be registered for lodgers in its present condition.—Bryan said when his family returned he would not take in any more lodgers, and would dismiss his cousin; but until his wife's return it was necessary, for his comfort and happiness, that his cousin should occupy part of his bed and cook his meals.

Mr. Yardley, on his promise to clean his room, and take in no more lodgers, adjourned the summons for a month.

The next case, against Margaret Hart, was a most extraordinary one. The defendant, a widow, who did not appear, had received a notice to register, and had failed to do so. The room which she occupied was over the one rented by Brian, and was in a most filthy condition, and had not been cleaned for many years; it was full of vermin. Sergeant Price visited the dark and dismal hole on the morning of the 21st inst. The effluvia was intolerable. The sergeant discovered four beds on the floor in this room. The first contained Mrs. Hart and a newly-born infant, to which she had given birth an hour before in the presence of all her lodgers. The second bed contained Mary Coghlan, late from Ireland, and her two children, who paid 10d. per week. The third bed contained two adults, named Henry Moore and Ann Fitzgerald, who paid 5d. per week each; and the fourth bed, Dennis Murphy and his son, aged five years, who paid 6d. per week. Sergeant Price added, that the men, women, and children were indiscriminately huddled together, and some of them were in a state of nudity. The stench was horrible, and when he reached home he was very ill, and obliged to change his clothes.

Mr. Yardley.—They were covered with vermin, I suppose?

Price.—They were, sir. I beg leave to state to your worship that I have removed many cases of fever and cholera from Slater's-court. It is in a most awful state.

Mr. Yardley.—I shall inflict a fine of 40s. and costs in this case; but, as the woman is in her confinement, I shall not levy a distress-warrant or send her to prison at present; and if she discontinues taking in lodgers I will remit the fine.

Margaret Farrell, the occupier of a room in Slater's-court, sublet to various persons, was the last defendant. She did not appear. Mr. Ingham inflicted a nominal fine and cautioned her a month ago. Since then she has received lodgers, and the woman and her two daughters were removed from the room, while labouring under fever, by Sergeant Price. They were cured at the expense of the parish, and Mrs. Farrell returned to her miserable apartment and received lodgers again. They slept on the floor on dirty rags.

Mr. Yardley.—I shall inflict a fine of 40s. and costs in this case, and if it is not paid the defendant will be committed to prison.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Queen is expected to leave Balmoral on the 10th of October.

Mr. Ingersoll, the new Minister from the United States to this country, arrived in the *Arctic* on Wednesday.

Lord Elgin has been recalled from the Governorship of Canada; his successor is Lord Harris. But the *Times* of yesterday, discredits the report, saying, "We have reason to believe that the statement of some of the Canadian and American papers, that Lord Elgin has been recalled from the Governor-Generalship of British North America, and that he is succeeded by Lord Harris in that office, is unfounded, or at least premature."

The Consuls General of France and England at Havannah have written to their respective Governments for an armed force, to protect French and English interests in Cuba.

It is stated that Sir Emerson Tennent, M.P., is to be appointed to the office of Joint Secretary to the Board of Trade, vacant by the decease of Mr. G. R. Porter.

The members of the Anti-Corn-Law League resolved, on Tuesday, to have a great banquet in the Free-trade Hall on the 9th of November.

The West Middlesex Agricultural Association held its anniversary meeting on Tuesday, near Harrow. The object of the Association is the distribution of prizes to labourers and servants for superior work and good conduct.

Mr. Henley and Colonel North were the chief guests at the annual festival and distribution of prizes of the Watlington Agricultural Association last Wednesday week. There was little political speaking. Mr. Henley hoped and believed that the yeomanry would stick to their friends now in power, and not throw themselves into the hands of men who never had done them good and never would.

Sir Fitzroy Kelly and Sir Edmund Gooch were entertained by their constituents at Framlingham, in Suffolk, on Friday week. The notable point in the after-dinner speaking was a strong recommendation from Sir Fitzroy to the farmers to trust to their own energies for success in their business, and not to rely too much upon her Majesty's Ministers.

Telegraphic despatches, announcing the arrival of the overland mail at Trieste, reached town yesterday. The dates are, Bombay to September 1st.

"The Governor-General returned to Calcutta on the 6th of August. Commodore Lambert, accompanied by Captain Rundall, of the Engineers, had gone up to Promé in the *Phlegathon* steamer, to reconnoitre: it was understood that she would be speedily followed by other vessels, and that Promé would be occupied by an advanced force, consisting of the 18th Royal Irish and the 40th Native Infantry. It was also believed that a general advance would be made as soon as four or five fresh regiments had reached Rangoon."

The channel fleet, under the command of Admiral Corry, arrived at Queen's-town, on Sunday.

According to a statement made before the Lord Mayor on Saturday, the number of men required to make up the City Militia have been nearly obtained.

The Master-General of the Ordnance has desired that the Isle of Wight shall be put in a proper state of defence, and strongly fortified. This undertaking will cost the country at least sixty thousand pounds.—*Kentish Mercury*.

The new Sheriffs of London were sworn in on Tuesday at Guildhall; they are Mr. Alderman Carter and Mr. Augustus Croll.

A pension of 100*l.* a year has also been conferred, according to the *Guardian*, on the widow of Mr. Welby Pugin, the architect.

The Queen, by her warrant of the 6th of August last, has granted to Caroline Southey, the widow of the late poet laureate, a yearly pension of 200*l.*, "in consideration," as in the warrant is set forth, "of her late husband's eminent literary merits." A like warrant of the 9th of the same month confers a pension of 75*l.* a year on Miss Louisa Stuart Costello, "in consideration of her merits as an authoress, and her inability, from the state of her health, to continue her exertions for a livelihood."—*Standard*.

Cardinal Wiseman was at Plymouth on Wednesday week; on Saturday he went on board the *Queen*, and was shown over this huge war-engine; and on Sunday he preached at St. Mary's, Stonehouse, on behalf of the poor.

Colonel Colt has received a silver medal from the Institution of Civil Engineers, in England, for a paper read before that body, on revolving fire-arms. The paper of Colonel Colt was a very able one; it went into the history and improvements on revolving fire-arms in a most thorough manner.

The Somersetshire Archaeological and Natural History Society met this week at Bath. From the report it appeared that 105 new members have been added to the Society since the last published list, and that the affairs of the society are progressing very satisfactorily. The excavations on Worle-hill, near Weston-super-Mare, are being continued by the kindness of Mr. Pigott, the proprietor of the land, under the direction of the Rev. F. Warre, and some Roman coins have been discovered. Several papers have been read and excursions made after the manner of archaeological societies.

The following characteristic letter of the late Duke of Wellington appears in the *Banner of Ulster*. It is stated to be a veritable document, and was addressed to a gentleman residing near Belfast, who at the time of its receipt was not a little annoyed at the curt phraseology of his illustrious correspondent:—

"Belfast, June 17, 1851.

"FIELD-MARSHAL THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

"May it please your Grace,—I have taken the liberty of requesting your opinion,—Was 'Napoleon' guilty or

not of the murder of his prisoners at Jaffa, and if there is any military law or circumstance which would justify the deed?

"Yours respectfully,
J. H."

REPLY.

"London, June 23, 1851.

"F. M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. H. He has also received Mr. H.'s letter, and begs leave to inform him he is not the historian of the wars of the French Republic in Egypt and Syria."

Following the example of St. Martin's in the Fields, the parish of Shoreditch has made an attempt, but unsuccessfully, to obtain power to raise a sum of 500*l.*, for the purpose of sending out pauper emigrants. It was urged by the opponents of the movement, that the trustees already have power to spend 1000*l.* on emigrants; and the proposition was defeated by an adverse majority of 79 to 2, in favour of an adjournment.

An important fact was stated at the last meeting of the Early Closing Association, by Mr. Lilwal, the secretary. He said, that at the corresponding period of last year they were in debt to the extent of 300*l.*; but having since collected 400*l.*, and Mr. Hitchcock having presented them with a similar sum, the result was that, after discharging the demands upon them, they had a balance remaining of 500*l.* He had attended meetings at Leicester, Nottingham, Reading, Croydon, and at other places, and the consequence was that the cause had progressed very considerably in the country. In London a great advance had been made during the past year; Shoobred and Co. had arranged to close their extensive establishments at seven o'clock, including Saturday evening, and their example had been followed by establishments at Knightsbridge, Pimlico, and other places. One establishment in Soho-square was closed at half-past six o'clock, and that example had been followed by Wilson and Swale, Hanway-passage. A considerable advance had been made amongst the woollendrapers at Holborn and Blackfriars-road, and Mr. Peek, of Ludgate-hill, had agreed to close at six o'clock. He referred to other cases, showing that there had been a gradual increase every year of the early-closing houses. But his most important statement was this. "He called attention to the effect which the present desire for emigration must have on the movement. Before the emigration commenced it was impossible to say the young men were free agents; but now there were more situations than young men to fill them, and if the present circumstances were properly taken advantage of, they must tend to improve their position."

Sanitary reform is only in its infancy. The following verdict was returned by a jury which sat to consider the cause of the death of a young woman living in Dutton-street, St. Pancras:—"That the deceased Maria Havhard, on the 23rd day of September, did then and there die, and the jurors do say that the death of the said Maria Havhard was caused by the mortal effects of typhoid puerperal fever, produced by the unhealthy state of the atmosphere of the house and locality in which she lived acting injuriously upon the impaired body and health of the said Maria Havhard. And the jurors express their regret that the nursing of the deceased woman was imperfectly performed, and that an effort was not made by the friends of the deceased to procure the attendance of a parochial nurse. The jurors entertain an earnest hope that the vestry of the parish of St. Pancras will promptly exert the legal powers they have at their disposal, in order to improve the sanitary condition of different portions of the parish, and to prevent the occurrence of death from causes similar to those which have now called them together; and the coroner is hereby respectfully but earnestly requested to communicate the above verdict and this appendix to the vestry of the parish of St. Pancras at his earliest opportunity."

Miss Elizabeth Squirrel, and her parents, have been acquitted of fraud by the committee of watchers, who have watched unremittingly for fourteen days. During that time the girl neither ate nor drank.

Parry, whose wife was found dead at the stair foot, after a drunken quarrel with her husband, although acquitted by the coroner's jury, has been committed for trial by the magistrate.

Two young men have been convicted and fined for behaving in a disorderly way in the Regent's-park Zoological Gardens, and injuring a badger by giving it gin.

Two men, employed as watchmen, at South-end Kensington, quarrelled on their beat on Monday. One, Ford, was striking his work; the other, Smith, found him, and reproached him with neglect of duty; whereupon, Ford beat Smith into a state of insensibility. Ford has been arrested.

Three adroit railway thieves, two women and a man, have been run down at Bristol. For a long time they had haunted the Great Western station there. These robberies were extremely skilful, but at length they were detected, and being taken in the fact, they have been committed to take their trial.

Two men were convicted on Tuesday, one for an assault upon a child, and the other for public indecency accompanied by stabbing. In the first, the magistrate fined the scoundrel five pounds, and he was committed to prison in default; the second scoundrel was to be imprisoned three months for his beastly conduct, and the stabbing case was sent to the sessions.

The inquest on the body of Major Forester has terminated in a verdict to the effect that he died from the effects of medicine taken by him without proper precautions on his own part. The medical witnesses were uncertain as to the actual cause of death.

The jury have returned a verdict of "Willful murder against some person or persons unknown," in the case of the soldier of the 31st regiment, who was killed last week near Fernoy. Deegan, clearly, was brutally murdered by overpowering numbers, and his comrade Thompson barely escaped. Their assailants first threw stones; but when Deegan was left too severely injured to walk, it would appear from the medical evidence that he was stabbed in the back, the spinal cord having been divided.

A Dutch engineer has invented a break which, it is said, will instantaneously stop a train.

A new sugar-making process has been discovered, whereby the great saving of about sixty per cent. upon the old system can be effected. The inventor is a Mr. Bessemer, of Old St. Pancras-road.

Great damage was done to the Tyne soap and alkali works at Newcastle by fire on Sunday.

A fierce gale blew all night in the Irish Channel. Several wrecks took place. The violence of the wind may be guessed when a steamer, which had put into Kingston harbour for shelter, was obliged to return to Dublin, in consequence of the tremendous roll of the sea.

Two houses fell down suddenly on Monday night, on the Seven Dials, and several persons were crushed in the ruins. Noble efforts were made to save the wounded; and by these means seven persons were got out more or less hurt. It is supposed that the wall of one of the houses being higher fell on the roof of the other and forced out the walls.

An outrigger boat, with four persons in her, came in contact with Putney-bridge on Sunday, and of course turned over. Three, who could swim, were saved; and one, who could not, was drowned. This is another illustration of the risk of outriggers.

HEALTH OF LONDON DURING THE WEEK.

LAST week 1077 deaths were registered in the metropolitan districts. There is an increase on the return of the preceding week, when the number was 913; but this is chiefly due to coroners' cases, many of which occurred at previous dates, but were not registered till the end of the quarter. In the ten corresponding weeks of the years 1842-51 the average number of deaths was 1042, which, with a correction for increase of population, becomes 1146. Fatal cases produced by epidemic diseases amount in the present return to 271, nearly the same as in the previous week. The mortality arising from measles at the present time is unusually low, only two and five cases respectively having been registered in the last two weeks. Scarlatina, however, makes progress, as is shown by the steady increase of deaths referred to it since July; the numbers during the last 8 weeks were: 38, 47, 49, 51, 53, 58, 67, 83. In a case that occurred at 14, Dean's-place, Vauxhall-bridge-road, the cause of death is entered thus: "malignant scarlatina (3 days); imperfect drainage." Diarrhoea, which continues to decline, was fatal last week to 61 children and 11 adults; cholera, to 7 persons; typhus, remittent fever, &c., to 45.

Last week the births of 847 boys and 793 girls, in all 1640 children, were registered in London. The average number in seven corresponding weeks of the years 1845-51 was 1360.

At the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, the mean height of the barometer in the week was 29.873 in. The mean daily reading was above 30 in. on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. The mean temperature of the week was 54.3°, the same as in the previous week. On Tuesday the mean daily temperature was only 49°, which is 6.9° below the average of the same day in ten years. The wind was for the most part in the south-west.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

On the 23rd August, at St. Ann's, Trinidad, Lady Harris: a daughter.

On the 21st ult., at Wimbledon, the wife of George F. Pollock, Esq.: a son.

On the 23rd ult., at Mortlake, the Hon. Mrs. Henry Taylor: a son.

On the 23rd ult., at Logie, Mrs. Kinlock: a son.

On the 23rd ult., at Darley-house, Sunbury, Middlesex, the wife of Captain Hayes, 46th Regiment: a daughter.

On the 25th ult., at Perdiswell, Lady Wakeman: a son.

On the 26th ult., at Ringrone-house, Devonshire, the residence of her mother, Lady Kingsale, the Hon. Mrs. Stretton: a son.

MARRIAGES.

On the 21st ult., at St. Peter's Chapel, Jersey, J. T. Harding, Esq., of Porthallow-house, Cornwall, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Maule.

On the 21st ult., at Ederne Church, Carnarvonshire, James Nicholson, Esq., of The Wall-hall, Cheshire, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Rev. John Parry Jones Parry, M.A., rector of Ederne and of Llangellyn, Merionethshire, and niece of Lieutenant-General Sir Love Parry Jones Parry, K.H., of Madryn-park, Carnarvonshire.

On the 22nd ult., at Dunolly, Sir Angus Campbell, Bart., of Dunstaffnage Castle, Argyllshire, Lieut. R.N., grandson of Sir William Plomer, Alderman of London, to Sophia Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Captain MacDougall, Royal Navy, of MacDougall.

On the 22nd ult., at Tunbridge-wells, Thomas Kerl, of Hans-place, Esq., to Emmeline, second daughter of the late Sir Joseph Huddart, of Brynkir, Carnarvonshire, and Norfolk-crecent, Bath.

On the 25th ult., at Aston, Birmingham, Captain Richard King Freeth, Royal Artillery, youngest son of Major-General Freeth, to Jane Lydia, second daughter of Thomas Drinkwater, Esq., of Gibraltar.

DEATHS.

On the 17th ult., at Issy, near Paris, the Very Rev. J. V. Quiblier, D.D., late Superior of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Montreal, Canada, aged 56.

On the 23rd ult., of bronchitis, Amy Henrietta, twin daughter of T. O. Tyndall, Esq., of the Fort, Bristol.

On the 26th ult., at Peshurst, Lieutenant-Colonel Streetfield, late of the Grenadier Guards.

On the 26th ult., in Parkville-street, Islington, the Rev. Wm. Burton Dymham, rector of St. Swithin's, chaplain to the troops, Winchester, and chaplain to H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge.

On the 27th ult., at his residence, Antigua-house, Abbey-road, St. John's-wood, Kenn B. Osborn, Esq., M.D., formerly of the island of Antigua, West Indies, aged 83.

On the 27th ult., at the residence of Sir Isaac L. Goldsmid, Bart., Somerset, Tunbridge, after a few days' illness, Charles Alexander Bisset, Esq., M.D., eldest son of Charles E. Bisset, Esq., surgeon, Rye-lane, Peckham, in his 27th year.

On the 27th ult., at her house, No. 16, Michael's-place, Brompton, Mrs. Mary Trelawny Brereton, relict of Colonel Trelawny Brereton, late of the Grenadier Guards, in the 91st year of her age.

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

Postscript.

SATURDAY, September 25.

THE "LEADER" AND THE RED REPUBLICAN QUESTION.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

September 24, 1852.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—A note in your first edition of this week calls upon me to make a statement which I should gladly have waived, as I am opposed to the opinion that all newspaper writing should be signed, or that all writers should be held personally responsible for the work of their pens, when executed in concert with their colleagues. The rule which makes the editor responsible is quite sufficient. And I should not now speak, if my doing so could in the slightest degree discredit the friendship between us.

When the conduct of the *Leader* passed into your hands, I notified my surrender of it in a letter signed by my own name. That letter notified not a form but a fact. Subsequently to that letter I have continued to serve you with my pen; and I need not invite you to avow the cordiality which subsists among the staff around you. Combination is impossible unless personal distinctions of opinion be rendered subordinate to broader agreements of opinion; and I have been proud to accept the conditions of a discipline which I have always found to be cheerfully and frankly obeyed when it was my duty to enforce it. In transferring the management to you I expressed the confidence I then felt that the paper would be as efficiently guided by you as by myself, as zealously, and as usefully; and my confidence has not been disappointed.

It is a personal accident, however, which in the present instance renders my position somewhat different from that of the other writers on your staff, or from my own position on any other journal with which I have been connected. The strictures on the comments which were published in the *Leader*, on Red-Republican politics, have been mingled with suggestions that I myself, personally, have receded from opinions which I had formerly expressed. It is my rule never to defend myself; and I should have thought it unnecessary to answer the personal allusions, if your answer to the attack on the doctrine had not read like an admission that no answer was possible to the other portion of the attack.

My reason for speaking is this. It so happens that the politicians of the working class take a more lively interest than politicians of other classes in the personality of journalism, and *your* silence on the one part of strictures advanced against you, would by my friends of the working class be construed in such manner as to deprive me of their confidence. The number of those who honoured me with their confidence had already been diminished by the part I took in adhering to a compact at Copenhagen-fields; by my unreserved adhesion to a particular political tenet, and by other causes, the explanation of which would require me to discuss the conduct of other men. I did not defend myself on any of those occasions, because as soon as a man becomes my accuser I cease to value his opinion; and as soon as any man withdraws his trust from me on the mere report of a third person I cease to covet his trust. But even a tacit falling off from doctrines which I hold would deservedly lose me the trust of the friends that still remain to me. Lest want of explicitness should give rise to mistake, I will state the two points which appear to concern myself.

Some of the leading men among French Socialists are also "Red Republicans;" with some of those men I sympathize most heartily. I dissent from the censure which the *Leader* has passed upon them; believing that it is not applicable either to the leaders of the party whom I know, nor to the working men who came out to defend with their blood the Republic compromised by the "Moderate" Republicans, and who were slaughtered by the soldiery of those Moderate Republicans. That *your* opinion is founded on your own personal knowledge I know; that you have not formed it hastily I also know; that the utterance of your opinion was made under the strong compulsion of conscience I am equally aware; and I perfectly approve of your avowal. But it must not pass for the avowal of my sentiments among those who have reason to believe that I hold other sentiments.

Seeing that force is used not less now than in old times, by particular classes, very limited in numbers, to keep down the peoples of Europe, I hold that those peoples will not be free, until they acquire the generous courage to take arms on their own side, and, setting their numbers against the skill of the mercenary troops in the pay of their subjugators, conquer force by force.

It would be a humane saving of bloodshed, to hold the ringleaders of the Absolutist conspiracy specially responsible, and, on the next insurrection of Europe, to make them examples. Hungary, Sicily, and Schleswig-Holstein, are kept down by breaches of public law; Naples and France are held by favour of perjury and usurpation; Gladstone is a witness of the cruelty with which Absolutism makes its rule obeyed. I should be pleased to see the ringleaders in that cruel conspiracy punished as felons are punished; and I believe that it would be an act of virtuous patriotism so to punish them. I justify this view by the precedent of your forefathers, who rose in arms, vindicated the freedom of Englishmen, and brought the law-breaker in chief, King Charles the First, to justice. That lesson was not lost upon the world. I justify it by the example set in America, by men whom I may reckon among my own forefathers. And though I have no wish to see the English Monarchy superseded by a republic, until republics can be wiser than some have proved; although I value institutions little as compared with the spirit of the people; I do hold that every people is in bondage and humiliation which does not, in the free possession of arms, hold in its own hand the instrument of defending its own liberties, and which does not possess in its own heart the will to use that instrument.

In the doctrine which I thus explicitly avow, to such extent, I differ from you, and therefore, of course, from the paper which you conduct. In few other things do we differ; in most we agree. I believe that your labours are doing excellent service in every cause which I have most at heart; I believe that your more moderate utterance is calculated to win the concurrence of larger numbers among those who support weekly newspapers of the class to which you belong, than the unqualified utterance to which I adhere when I am personally accountable. My forefathers have twice abandoned country and hopes rather than succumb to a rule which they denied; and although, on both those occasions, they stood by a royalist cause, which I could not uphold, centuries have not softened the stubbornness of the stock. You will pardon to so old a habit the trouble it now gives you; the more readily, I know, since, although my personal opinions have for the moment been accidentally brought into question, you and I are not the less bound together by brotherly affection and by zeal, in the common cause to which you have devoted yourself with so much energy. Those who do not know you may for a moment mistake your motives; but the habit of suspecting sinister designs in opponents, is one to which democratic politicians would not be so prone, if they knew all the weakness which it implies; and, in expressing my dissent from you on a special point, I am proud, in the face of your assailants, to stand with you side by side.

Ever, my dear friend, your faithful and affectionate,
THORNTON HUNT.

The first general order of the new Commander-in-chief is before us:—

GENERAL ORDER.

Horse-Guards, Sept. 23, 1852.

In obedience to her Majesty's most gracious commands, Lieutenant-General Viscount Hardinge assumes the command of her Majesty's army, and all matters relating to her Majesty's military service, which have heretofore been performed by his Grace the late Commander-in-Chief will henceforth be transacted by his Lordship.

He confidently hopes that, in the performance of the duties intrusted to him by her Majesty's favour, he will receive the assistance and support of the general and other officers of the army, and be enabled to maintain its discipline and high character by a continuance of those services which have identified the British army with the honour, power, and prosperity of their country.

The Queen having, in the general order to the army of yesterday's date, expressed Her Majesty's sentiments on the irreparable loss sustained by Her Majesty, the country, and the army, in the sudden death of Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington, Viscount Hardinge presumes only on this occasion to give utterance to his devoted attachment to the memory of "the greatest commander whom England ever saw," and whose whole life has afforded the brightest example by which a British army can be guided in the performance of its duties.

By command of the Right Hon. Lieutenant-General Viscount HARDINGE, Commanding-in-Chief,
G. BROWN, Adjutant-General.

MOURNING FOR THE ARMY.

Horse-Guards, Sept. 22, 1852.

The Adjutant-General has received Her Majesty's most gracious commands to issue the following general orders to the army:—

1. The Queen feels assured that the army will participate in the deep grief with which Her Majesty has received the intelligence of the irreparable loss sustained by herself and by the country in the sudden death of Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington.

In him Her Majesty has lost a firm supporter of her throne, a faithful, wise, and devoted councillor, and a valued and honoured friend.

In him the army will lament the loss of a Commander-

in-Chief unequalled for the brilliancy, the magnitude, and the success of his military achievements; but hardly less distinguished for the indefatigable and earnest zeal with which, in time of peace, he laboured to maintain the efficiency and promote the interests of that army which he had often led to victory.

The discipline which he exacted from others, as the main foundation of the military character, he sternly imposed upon himself; and the Queen desires to impress upon the army, that the greatest commander whom England ever saw has left an example for the imitation of every soldier, in taking, as his guiding principle in every relation of life, an energetic and unhesitating obedience to the call of duty.

It is her Majesty's command that this general order shall be inserted in the order-books, and read at the head of every regiment in her Majesty's service.

2. The Queen does not require that the officers of the army should wear any other mourning with their uniforms, on the present melancholy occasion, than black crape over the ornamental part of the cap or hat, the sword-knot, and on the left arm—with the following exceptions, viz.:—

Officers on duty are to wear black gloves, black crape over the ornamental part of the cap or hat, the sword-knot, and on the left arm, the sash covered with black crape, and a black crape scarf over the right shoulder.

The drums of regiments are to be covered with black, and black crape is to be hung from the pike of the colour-staff of infantry, and from the standard-staff and trumpets of cavalry.

3. The Queen has been most graciously pleased, under the present afflicting circumstances, to direct that Lieutenant-General Viscount Hardinge, G.C.B., shall be placed on the staff of Her Majesty's army, and that all matters respecting Her Majesty's military service which have heretofore been transacted by his Grace the late Commander-in-Chief shall henceforth be performed by Lieutenant-General Viscount Hardinge, G.C.B.

By Her Majesty's command,
G. BROWN, Adjutant General.

The Prussian army has been ordered into mourning for the Duke, for three days.

Lord Derby has accepted the nomination to the Chancellorship of the University of Oxford, thrust upon him by a clique of "waiters on Providence."

We hear that it is the intention of the Government to issue a Commission to inquire into the condition of the Cathedral Chapters.—*Morning Chronicle*.

THE NORWICH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

THIS week the tenth anniversary of the Norwich Triennial Festival, adjourned from last year on account of the Great Exhibition, has been held. Norwich is scarcely second to Birmingham in these celebrations. On Tuesday evening the Festival was inaugurated by a grand concert of vocal and instrumental music, selected chiefly from the "classical" composers. The principal singers were Madame Viardot, Madame Fiorentini, Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Dolby, Signor Gardoni, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Locket, Signor Belletti, and Herr Formes.

The second part of the concert was the music of Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the play being read by Mrs. Fanny Kemble.

Madame Viardot, in the vocal, and Bottesini in the instrumental department, created the greatest sensation. "Nothing" (we quote the *Times*) "could be more satisfactory than the whole of the selection. There was not one indifferent *morceau*, nor one weak performance."

Wednesday morning found the weather delightfully changed; but the sunshine did not draw the large audience of the evening before. Mr. Henry Leslie's Festival Anthem "Let God arise," was capitally given under the baton of Mr. Benedict, "who took every pains to ensure a good result, and appeared quite as anxious and interested as if the Festival Anthem had been his own."

This anthem was greatly admired, and is pronounced by the critic whose report we are abstracting, "certainly one of the ablest compositions in the English repertoire." Dr. Bexfield's oratorio, *Israel Restored*, came next. The Doctor is, it seems, a native of Norwich, and, as a boy, formed one of the choir of the cathedral. His oratorio had been performed once by the local choral society, and by them recommended to the higher spheres. Dr. Bexfield, with questionable prudence, conducted his work in person. The verdict of the *Times* is, that *Israel Restored* is "a long, but not a great oratorio;" but that it contains passages of merit, which, "if they fail to sustain the oratorio as a standard work, will at least prevent its being utterly forgotten."

After the oratorio, the solo, "Ye sons of Israel, now lament," the Dead March, and the chorus, "Glorious hero," from Handel's *Samson*, were performed, as a tribute of respect to the memory of the Duke of Wellington. The solo was delivered by Madame Viardot Garcia with exquisite pathos and solemnity.

In the evening, there was a second miscellaneous concert, admirably selected. Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, played to perfection, was the great work in the first part. In the second, a selection from M. Benedict's MS. opera, *The Minnesinger*, performed for the first time, "the only fault of which," says the *Times*, "was its brevity."

On Thursday morning Mr. Pierson's oratorio, *Jerusalem*, was performed.

In the evening, the third miscellaneous concert, embracing an extraordinary variety of favourite pieces, delighted twelve hundred auditors.

On Friday morning the *Messiah* drew the largest audience of the week, and in the evening a dress ball brought artists and audiences into pleasant companionship. We should not omit to add, that the whole of the musical proceedings were under the direction of M. Benedict, than whom, says the *Times*, "it would be impossible to find a professor more zealous, indefatigable, and thoroughly competent for the task."

The Leader

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1852.

Public Affairs.

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

LORD JOHN RUSSELL AT PERTH.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL's hand has not lost its cunning, nor his heart its daring, since he boasted of the effect with which his party had aroused the voice of a people to overbear the whisper of a faction. If he has been asleep for the last five or ten years, he has re-awakened to the animated aspirations of 1831. If he has not undertaken the post assigned to him by Sydney Smith, and has not placed himself at the head of the Channel fleet, he has, in terms at least, placed himself at the head of the "Democracy" of the country. We are but copying his own expression.

It has been the boast of the Tory party, that their function is not the hopeless enterprise of restoring Protection, but that of stemming the torrent of Democracy, headed, according to the Tory journalists, by Lord John Russell and Mr. Cobden. Lord John Russell says nothing for his supposed colleague, and Mr. Cobden does not yet stand as the avowed Danton of the new revolution. He may perhaps retain some aristocratic scruples against accepting a post for which the ardour of his temperament has pointed him out to the alarmed but discriminating journalist. Speaking for himself alone, then, the less exclusive Lord John Russell accepted the term. There is no alternative, cried the *Herald*, save Lord Derby or Democracy: "I am the Democracy, and the life of the next administration," cries Lord John, as "game" as in the heyday of reform. Instead of repudiating a strong term for his somewhat mild form of the thing designated, he cherishes the name, boasts of it, revels in it, and flaunts it in the face of the alarmists. He evidently feels that he has got hold of the red rag which frightens the turkey-cocks in office. His Perth speech is a spirited manifesto, and the response which it has met, in the same sense, from the several sections of the Liberal press, may possibly keep "John" up to the work of showing that though not gigantic, he is yet "strong enough for the place."

Before we can accord any adhesion to the views which he enunciated, unexpectedly sensible and practical as those views are in the main, we must record our most solemn protest against one passage, which odiously disfigures the commencement of his speech.

"I am," he said, "sorry that on the continent of Europe, whether we look to France, to Germany, or to Italy, we have little cause to congratulate ourselves upon the progress of civil and religious liberty. We shall find that the attempt which was made in 1848 to introduce wild licence in place of sober liberty has tended, instead of fixing or extending freedom, to confirm the claims of authority, and to make men rush with willingness, nay, with enthusiasm and vehemence, into the arms of despotism."

If Lord John were a man who weighed his words, instead of putting them together with some difficulty, he could hardly have uttered any remark so untrue, and so unbecoming to his lips in particular. Where was the attempt to establish "wild licence in the place of sober liberty?" Nowhere: No epithet befits that insinuation but the word *false*. We can only excuse it on the score of extreme thoughtlessness. Save the Austria-incited Jacquerie here and there in Germany, there was not a single revolutionary movement that had for its aim anything that even bigotry, short of insanity, would call "licence." The revolutionary Governments were, for the most part, contrasted as night is to day, precisely for their humanity, their order, and their sobriety, with the brutal, corrupt, and licentious conduct of the military powers which overcame them—which overcame them, in great part, through the acquiescence of England. Can Lord John Russell say where

were the men who "rushed with enthusiasm into the arms of despotism?" Was it in Naples? Let him ask Mr. Gladstone. Was it in central Italy? Let him ask Lord Minto.

Minto!—The name should make Lord John Russell blush for his allusion to Italy and 1848. If it was licence that was then awakened, what was it that the father-in-law of Lord John Russell was sent to cheer with his open sympathy? If there was a going back to despotism, how much share had *England* in that re-action, after having, for the third time within the century, inveigled Sicily onward, by an affected sympathy, in order to betray her by abandonment?

Lord John Russell ought to be ashamed of his pharisaical boast for England—"we are not as other nations;" when England has committed herself to a sympathy with those other nations in the hour of their advance, and separated herself from them when adversity claimed her help.

This protest is due to countries whose wrongs and misfortunes must not be forgotten in the day of England's prosperity, as assuredly they will not be forgotten in the day of England's adversity. For, should England ever descend in the scale of nations, and be threatened by the barbaric powers now rising in the world, she will owe a shield and a defence to the representatives of those patriots, whom Lord John now wrongly denounces as the champions of "wild licence."

But the substance of Lord John's speech at Perth most chiefly concerns us in our own country. His acceptance of the word Democracy is a political fact. It is a distinct and a corroborative political fact that the public has endorsed his acceptance. Taken together, the two facts are a great advance in political philology. Heretofore the Democratic party, so calling itself, has applied the word to designate one class alone; which, however numerous, however deserving the esteem and the profoundest respect of the politician, still does not include *all* classes. The democracy—the government by the people—ought to include all classes of the people, especially classes existing and exercising great influence *de facto*. Heretofore the classes directly or indirectly sharing the Government, have excluded that class which is the most numerous. This is equally an error. The working classes have been mistaken in the first half of the word "Democracy;" the constitutionalists, like Lord John, have practically erred in the second half of the word. If we now understand the Perth manifesto, the practical error is to be amended, and the whole people is to be taken into the scheme of Government, which is to include Queen, Lords, Gentry, Middle Class, and Working Class; it is all those classes that constitute the people of England, and you cannot omit one without cutting off a constituent part of the Democracy.

Heretofore indeed the fault has been, not that any one class arrogated to itself too much, but that it asserted itself too little. From luxury, from the apathy of peace, from the want of public spirit, or from whatsoever cause, the aristocracy has not been *enough* of an aristocracy—it has not enough stood forward to act upon high principles, upon generous regard for others, upon the spirit of sacrifice for country, upon chivalrous courage in the face of doubtful events—the real traits of an aristocracy worthy of the name. The middle class has accepted the suffrage, but, for want of courage, for want of faith, has not done enough with it, especially to help the class which helped it to the franchise. The working-class has not been less traitor to its country; and we boldly challenge it to recognise its faults: it has frittered away its energies in bootless agitations after they were known to be bootless; it has suffered itself to be misled into intrigues by paltry beggars who were petitioning for its pence; it has in class objects forgotten its country. This last is the fault of every class; and if once, by whomsoever summoned, every class can act for the whole people, can pursue its interest in the teeth of every obstacle, can carry its will in the teeth of every danger, England will really own a democracy capable of controlling its own governments and of restoring its country to that high position of national power and pride which the enervated doctrines and practices of the day have for the moment hazarded.

THE DAY OF THE WORKER.

At no period, perhaps, within the present century, certainly within the present generation, have the working classes been more "tranquil"

than they are at the present moment. At no period within the same range have they been so well off. We know well, indeed, that the tranquillity of the working classes is not exactly that thorough contentment which the superficial politician, making up his accounts for the parliamentary campaign, is so willing to believe it. We know as well as the members of the working class themselves, that the tranquillity arises in part from mere weariness of agitation, the want of invention amongst their political leaders, and the want of confidence also in the most active of those leaders. We know that it partly arises from faults which the working class share with others in these commercial days, and which are often denounced at public meetings—the selfishness which makes men quiet when they are doing well for themselves, the want of generous spirit which makes them draw back into themselves, and mistrust all when they have been deceived by a few. It arises also from a still more serious fault which distinguishes the working class and the middle class, egregiously, as compared with the other less numerous but more cultivated classes of the community, the miserable want of the love of country. Disgusted with the operation of our institutions upon themselves, many of our working classes go to America or to Australia to learn the love of country; and then the country is *not* England. The more cultivated classes, who have not so largely lost this virtue, are greatly to blame for the extent to which it has declined in quarters where they might have kept it alive by more active attention, and a more noble-minded intercourse with their "inferiors."

Furthermore, the tranquillity in part arises from the real absence of physical discomfort throughout a much larger proportion of the general community than we remember to have seen in such pleasant condition. Statistics, we know, might exhibit higher wages, say in Stockport, twelve or fifteen years ago, or amongst certain classes in Yorkshire even two or three years back; but the working people of the manufacturing districts are sharing in a prosperity far more general than any exhibited at the most prosperous times of the cotton manufacture; and at no time since the growth of that manufacture has so large a share of agreeable and wholesome food visited the lips of the labouring class in the agricultural districts. The stimulus of "distress" fails the political agitator; and the superficial statesman of the public meeting is not less gloomy than the superficial statesman of the public office is elated at "the tranquillity of the country."

For our own part we are in every way cheered at the prospects; not because we share in the red tape satisfaction at the political apathy, nor because we hold that the working classes have yet attained all to which they are entitled. The political apathy appears likely enough to be cured by the great movements which the world is preparing. When once the conflict of principles shall break out on the great fields of contest, every Englishman will become a thing of value to his country; and then the working classes, which possess, but scarcely rate at its true importance, the great political power that lies in numbers, will become a thing of value to the ruling classes of the country. Already, if we are not too sanguine, we discern in Lord John Russell's speech at Perth, a sign that the Englishman, of whatsoever class, will not, unsought, be won by the active statesman of the day. God bless the hour when the value of the Englishman, whatsoever his degree, shall again be recognised by the working statesman, and by the people.

There are also unmistakeable signs that the labourer is becoming a thing of value to the employing classes. This is in great part due to three concurrent causes. In the first place, Free-trade, which has so largely contributed to relieve the cupboard outlay of the labouring man, has rendered him proportionately effective as a consumer, and has consequently imparted a great stimulus to the home consumption of the country. Statistics have not as yet supplied us with the exact account of our own condition at the present moment; some months hence we shall know how much per cent. the enhancement has been in this or that trade; but in the meanwhile we can enjoy the improvement, although we cannot statistically survey it; and it is sufficient to know that all the great staples of the country—the cotton, the woollen, the iron, and the linen trades—report a most healthy condition—low stocks, steady demand, and increasing

investments. As many as eighty-one manufactories have been added to the cotton-trade within the last official year; and more than one fortune of half-a-million has been thrown into some of these new factories. If the damaged harvest in the South has deranged the accounts of the farmer, and given a shake to the quarter-day expectations of the landlord, Free-trade has secured the bread to the labouring man, and emigration has unmistakeably established his market value. In all quarters of the country, from the extreme South to Scotland, the same tale continues. Here and there farmers are taking counsel as to the effect of emigration on wages. The continued outpouring from Ireland is expected to show a greater decrease of the population than even that of last year. Two facts will powerfully illustrate the searching effect of this draft upon the labour market.

The Glasgow reports announce that the beneficial reaction has at last visited even those long-suffering people, the handloom weavers of Scotland. Mr. Lilwal, the secretary of the Early Closing Association, announces not only a greatly improved condition of accounts, but a much more independent position of the members. Their claim for early closing receives an unwonted attention from employers. In short, the shopmen—who may be considered the upper extremity of the town working classes, as the handloom weavers are the lowest—are feeling the moral as well as the material effects of an enhanced market value.

The present tranquillity, however, differs immensely from any preceding aspect of the kind, in more things than one. In the even balance of political parties, resting as those parties have done hitherto upon the upper and middle classes, the influence of the working class, neglected as it has unaccountably been by the party of the author of *Sybil*, has become a thing of value; and Lord John Russell's Perth speech suggests that he has at last discerned the true value of that instrument which he used in 1831, but did not appreciate; which he forgot, and left behind him. In this way, especially if they could improve the opportunity offered to them, the working classes have the prospect of realizing some Parliamentary influence, even before the direct attainment of the franchise. Since the last period of true political peace, opinion has been largely developed on many most important subjects: the question of reproductive employment, for example, spontaneously suggesting itself to the practical administrators of the Poor Law throughout the country, has been excellently worked by the industry of the Anti-Poor-Law Association and its indefatigable secretary, Mr. Archibald Stark. The adhesion to it of a journal like the *Globe*, faithful as that journal is to the traditions of the Whig party and of the orthodox political economy, marks the advance of the doctrine; and the subject of the Poor-Law will come before the new Parliament with the popular interest backed, not only by the increased political influence of the working classes, but by the development given to the general knowledge on the subject. At the same time, the diminished pressure of pauperism—from all quarters of the country they are reporting that the number of able-bodied paupers has never been so small as it is now—renders a practical solution of this question, if less urgent than it has been, also far less alarming and difficult. The disposition to a closer intercourse between the several classes, which is indicated concurrently by the speeches of Lord John Russell at Perth, and Mr. Lilwal in London, will contribute to facilitate the discussion of industrial questions. The working-classes, therefore, are likely to encounter less hostility, precisely at a period when they acquire more power, by the enhancement of their market value and of their political value. The opportunity is great; it can only be marred or abused by the ignorance or dishonesty of the men whom the working classes may accredit as their representatives.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

DANIEL WEBSTER is the darling of the United States—only they won't elect him for President. He exemplifies several of the most admirable traits of the national character, and not a few, also, of its faults. The "almighty dollar" is an idol which he has not repudiated, nor altogether subdued, as the younger mind of America is subduing it, to a position at least secondary, under the far higher object of national greatness. Of

immense power as a public speaker, with a retentive and a ready memory, a tongue at once vigorous and disengaged, Mr. Webster has heretofore been, in the eye of the world at least, the ablest statesman of the Union. Clay might have more statesmanlike views, and exercise a higher moral influence; Seward might be more independent and more unmistakably generous in his public conduct; James Buchanan might be more practised in the routine of office. But the ablest man to undertake a task, and to push it forward in Faneuil Hall, in Congress, and in bureau, was Daniel Webster. In these respects he may be considered to have been, in a certain sense, the Yankee counterpart of our own Peel.

But the comparison only holds good in respect to the individual power so remarkably sustained on various fields. To guarantee the absolute disinterestedness of Peel's character, it needed, either the happy circumstance of his great independent fortune, or a much more poetical and religious exaltation of mind than either Peel or Webster could boast; and Webster has never had Peel's fortune. An habitual disinterestedness, from whatsoever cause, is almost necessary to sustain the statesman against the temptations to sympathize too closely with enterprises which promise an immediate advantage, but militate against high principles. Over confident, perhaps, in his great power—trusting to the admiration which that excites in a community that perhaps inordinately admires individual power—Daniel Webster has suffered himself at times to drift away from high principle. His conduct in the affair of the Lobos Islands exemplifies what we mean. In the first instance, when a leading question was put to him, manifestly to extract an official admission that the Americans had a right of access to the Lobos Islands, he so couched his reply as to speak of their "discovery" by an American in 1823! Any schoolboy could have pitched upon the materials to refute him. The Americans themselves had frequented the Islands before that date; and when that fact came officially before Mr. Webster, he had the face to speak of it in juxtaposition with the claim of discovery in 1823, almost as if the two representations were reciprocally corroborative.

Acting on the views sanctioned by him, that the Americans have a right of access to the islands, Captain Jewett fits out an expedition to make good that access by force, and formally notifies to Mr. Webster's department that the expedition is about to sail. Peru had prepared to resist; England was understood to maintain the right of Peru; the public law of the civilized world equally maintains that right; and without having especially consulted the pages of Wheaton, we are convinced that the American version of the public law could only be cited to cast discredit on the position taken up by Mr. Webster. But worse than all that anticipation of adverse influences must have been the prospect, that neither official colleagues nor public opinion could sustain him. He was now forced to write a second letter, citing the claims of Peru against his own rash and hasty assertion of individual claims which it would be an abuse of terms to call American; and notifying to Captain Jewett that resistance to the authorities of Peru would be an act of private war, which could never receive any countenance from the government of the United States.

The necessity of addressing such a letter with his own hand to the same person who had received from him the previous letter, would have been regarded by any English statesman as impossible: resignation would be the preferable alternative. The rashness which could indite the first letter, lending a state authenticity to a baseless claim, is painfully reflected in the non-chalance with which the writer takes up the other side.

Our ardent, and, we will venture to say, our tried attachment to the United States, calls upon us to submit to our friends in that country, in the most explicit terms, the considerations which we have set forth. Some people in this country shrug their shoulders, and exclaim, "*this*, then, is the favourite type in a Yankee statesman!" Others, more charitable, ask if Mr. Webster's faculties are not declining with his advancing years. A third party, still more candid, holds that Mr. Webster belongs to a past generation of statesmen—they think that the spoilt child of Americanism has been indulged beyond bounds

in his eccentric sallies; but that the public gladiator—the champion of Yankeeism—the man who combines popular power with official experience—the red-tape rifleman of the Union, belongs to a generation which is passing away, to a system which is going out of fashion, to be succeeded by a much more earnest and really powerful race. Meanwhile, he is licensed to commit the present Government at Washington by very inconvenient sallies; for if New Brunswick has its Pakington, the statue of Webster may stand on the highest map of the Lobos islands as on a pedestal, a mark of the shoals which true statesmanship will avoid.

HOW PROTECTION FARED AT THE AUDIT DINNER.

MEN who live on the broad highway of this nineteenth century, in the very storm and press of the onward march, know too little of that great inert mass of the population who consume the fruits of the earth in country towns and rural districts miles away from this seething centre of the world. Let any one of our readers who exults in the conquests of thought and science, whose political hopes are in the advent of that democracy which even Lord John Russell hails from a secure Whig eminence, whose social faith grasps the realization of problems only now discussed in the more advanced coteries, and whose religious convictions pierce beyond the horizon of respectable theologies—let such a man take counsel of this insufferable epoch of the London year, to forsake the haunts of thinking and articulate men, and to plunge into the thick vegetation of provincial existence. We promise him that within one week he will have begun to realize, we do not say his own utter insignificance, but the insignificance of all that he has been accustomed to hold most worth the living for. He will find that the men, and the thoughts, and the activities, whether intellectual, social, or political, of which by daily converseance he may have become a part, and which he *knows* to be upheaving the nations, are nothing more than the feverish follies of a town life, which country air and acquaintance with squires and turnips will healthily dissipate. "Go down," we say, to the ardent lover of humanity, whose heart is with Hungary oppressed and Italy trampled, who dreams of a social economy more humane, of a Church more catholic, and of a Government more national, than are yet deposited in the ark of the British constitution,—go down into some snug country village, and know thyself! Against that village the tempests of this great heaving century strike in vain. Absorbed in local politics, worshipping local "lions," immersed in local small-talk, that village accepts you as an outlandish stranger, or patronizes you as a subdued and silent guest.

Stagnation is the state of life, as it is the political creed of "our village" potentates, except at the election time, and then it is converted into *obstruction*, taking all sorts of ugly, brutal, or foolish shapes—riotous, domineering, abusive, by turns.

Let us suppose ourselves suddenly transplanted into such a community, about this very time, when the sad realities of the rent-day audit, with its dreary and ponderous festivities, are calling together those "friends and brothers," who ran before the squire last summer to the poll, like sheep to Smithfield. Our first impression, as we observe those burly, bovine agriculturists trotting up the street is, that Agricultural Distress has gone to Australia; at all events, it does not reside in those ruddy apple cheeks and drab great-coats. Clearly, these victims of Peel and Cobden are grown fat, whether with grief, as Falstaff would say, or with the happy consciousness of a Derby at the helm, we do not stop to inquire. Clearly, too, their shoulders are broad enough to bear many "burdens on land." Neither are their faces altogether sad, as become victims—although tinged to-day with a shade of seriousness, as of men about to be bled. We follow them into the room, where, after the surgical operation has been effected, the restoratives are applied. Not being admitted to the bleeding business, we can only report, that through an open door we catch a glimpse of two gentlemen, the one with a jaunty farmers'-friend look, and the other more positive and calm, silently noting down mysterious quantities, which are solemnly dragged forth from the recesses of bucolio bags,

and incredible pockets, not without a frequent groan from the disgorger. It is now two o'clock, and we find ourselves in a long room, divided by a dinner-table plentifully garnished. The squire, the steward, and a visitor or two, have taken their seats: enter the "receivers," followed discursively by tenants who have "paid up," and by tenants who have postponed business to pleasure, and intend to dine *first*. Grimly humorous, almost sarcastic, is the expression of these honest, surly fellows, as they take their places, and, after grace, (from the acting chaplain at the bottom of the table, whose jokes are as juicy as the meat, and as keenly relished by the present congregation), they fall to. Whether the preliminary process has dulled the agricultural appetites or not, we cannot say; but certain it is, that these massive joints of half-raw meat are soon disposed of, by the aid of melted butter, which appears to be the favourite condiment; the squire's party at the head of the table preferring "chicken," and from time to time pausing to exchange the compliment of a glass of native sherry with some "larger" tenant, who, we suspect, prefers cider or malt—even to champagne.

Now comes the "solemnity." The cloth is removed; the chaplain says a second, and a longer grace. The solicitor at the head of the table rises to propose the usual loyal toasts; then comes the health of the landlord, who is evidently a man of few words, for many reasons; and presently, "the Steward," proposed by a principal tenant. This is the toast of the evening; *he* is the veritable *coq de clocher*, and he is going to crow. He alludes, no doubt, in feeling terms, to the continued distress of the owners and occupiers of land; to the burdens unjustly imposed upon them; to the necessity of restoring Protection, undiluted and undisguised, as a measure of strict justice to that loyal and deserving class of her Majesty's subjects, the British Farmers; to the cheering fact that we have at last got a Ministry in power who have promised to restore Protection, and who will chivalrously perform that promise in spite of the Manchester "destructives," Sir James Graham, Kossuth, Lord John Russell, Louis Blanc, and the Editor of the *Times*; and he winds up a magnificent harangue with a peroration to the effect that, considering all this distress, their generous landlord has great pleasure in reducing all the rents, as the time has come when "we must help ourselves."

Does he say all this? Not a word of it. There is a time for all things: a time for election speeches, and a time for rent-days. He breathes not a syllable about agricultural distress, nor about Protection to be restored, nor about hard times. How should he *to-day*? He curses Cobden and Bright in very choice English, anatomizes every man not a Derbyite as a Destructive, and portends the deluge that only Lord Derby can avert. Finally, he exhorts his friends to stick by a Conservative Ministry, who will do *all they can* for the farmers, and will uphold the institutions of the country against Jews, Turks, heretics, infidels, and Cobdenites. "But I am not afraid," he says, "as long as we have the honest hearts of English yeomen," etc.—in the style familiar to very old playgoers. And so he recovers his seat, while the mouths of his bewildered and mystified audience are yet gaping at these "real old English" sentiments: for, if their pockets are empty, at least their stomachs, and their hearts, are full. But the entertainment is not yet over: a rare attraction has been secured for this occasion only—a distinguished Spanish Hidalgo, who returns thanks for his toast in a speech manifesting a profound study of the British constitution, and a deep respect for British landlords, *whom*, he says, "he shall introduce into his own country on his return."

We observed, by the way, that when the steward alluded to the *nexus* between landlord and tenant being not simply one of rent, but of affection, the most intelligent of the general company shook their heads with comical gravity, and an air of scepticism, which nothing but the proceedings of the morning could excuse.

Such is a picture of agricultural distress, and of agricultural intelligence, taken at quarter-day. Such is the political common sense of gentlemen who propose to govern England in 1852. Yes! The steam-ship, and the railway, and the telegraph, and the "thoughts that shake mankind," are to them a dead letter. Commerce is regarded as a foe; science a jugglery; liberty a word of terror; and national progress a bugbear and a

crime. Big babies as they are, they do not hear the great sea of time roaring at their doors, while Bright and Cobden are the bogies with which they are at once terrified and subdued!

EXTENSION OF THE THAMES TO ASIA, AFRICA, AND AMERICA.

STEAM is conquering new domains. The sudden access to the power of transit between distant parts, by the institution of the Transatlantic steamers, scarcely formed so great an advance as the new plans that are now in process of application. To bring England and America within a week's sail was a grand conquest, but to bring the western coast of Africa within the range of regular intercourse, to have begun the process of superseding the sail by the engine even for goods and emigration, and to essay the use of vast ships calculated to defy the inequalities of weather, are enterprises that would have been thought wild dreams no longer than a year back. The men of active imagination, like Bridges Adams or Macgregor Laird, find the facts overtaking their reveries, and turning the laugh against the slower intellects.

The very extension of this steam intercourse, with the crossing of many paths, in itself greatly improves the character of the benefit. America has already several lines, and new ones projected. Beside Cunard's line, we have the New York line and the West Indian line. The Australian Pacific Mail Steam Company proposes to establish monthly mails connecting Sydney with Panamá, and so with the West Indian line. The Cape already has its steamers. India sends us regular mails by steam; and the Peninsular and Oriental Company has extended its operations to Australia. The *Formosa* sailed in July last, to serve in the new extension of bi-monthly mails, including not only China and Singapore, but Australia.

Golden Australia has several lines to herself. Messrs. Kenna, Jones, and Chapple, of Liverpool, have established a line of screw steamers, including the *Geelong* of 1200 tons, and some smaller ships. The *Great Britain*, now belonging to "the Eagle line," sailed from Liverpool for Australia last month; she had accommodation for a thousand passengers. The *South Sea*, of 2000 tons, and the *Sarah Sands*, the *Australian*, the *Chusan*, and the *Sydney*, 1400 tons, also belong to "the Eagle line."

The Australian Royal Mail Steam Navigation Company sends out the *Melbourne*, of 1800 tons, to sail from Plymouth on the 3rd instant. The *Cleopatra*, a private ship, of 1500 tons, has sailed from Liverpool. The General Screw Steam Navigation Company has, partly sent out, a magnificent fleet, comprising the *Queen of the South*, 1800 tons; the *Lady Jocelyn*, 1800 tons; the *Indiaman*, 1850; the *Mauritius*, 1200; *Calcutta*, 1900; and *Hydaspes*, 1900 tons. We are aware that even now we have not exhausted the list; but we have stated enough to show how much has been done in rendering the intercourse with the most remote quarters not only speedy and safe, but *habitual*.

The comfort of these ships is also greatly in advance of the old models. In those under Mrs. Chisholm's auspices—such as the *Caroline Chisholm*, a steamer of 2300 tons burden, constructed to carry out 550 young women—perfect comfort and decorum are made consistent with great economy. The *Queen of the South* is a magnificent hotel. And if complaints have been made of some other steamers, for want of full accommodation—proper enough to be corrected—it would astonish the first voyagers to the Great South Land, to see how fastidious circumnavigators have grown.

But in many respects more surprising than even this great fleet tending on the Golden Land, is the establishment of the general line for Western Africa. That indomitably savage coast is to be visited by a series of five steamers. The *Forerunner*, of 400 tons, has gone, with its founder, Macgregor Laird, on board; two other steamers, of 900 tons, are to follow; and two of 1000 tons. The line will touch at Goree, Bathurst, Sierra Leone, Liberia, Cape Coast, Accra, Whydah, Badagry, Lagos, Old Calabar, the Cameroons, Fernando Po, Madeira, and Teneriffe. With the true spirit of a reformer, Macgregor Laird has introduced on board a species of good-conduct money, divisible among officers and men, to encourage discipline and zeal; a grand check on the malignant influences of the climate. The

slave trade will not withstand *this* invasion of steady commerce. The exile of the white man will be cheered by the regular intercourse with home.

While the paddle and the screw are thus making regular roads across the ocean, strange rumours come from Australia, of a new kind of screw, devised by Thomas Mitchell, on "the principle of the boomerang." A screw propeller on the inscrutable principle of the native weapon is an idea as strange as a jockey race on the saltatory biped, with honorary front legs—the kangaroo; but who, in these days, shall undertake to pronounce what is possible or impossible? The Funnel is superseding the Sail in the vast landscape of the ocean; and why should not the boomerang, invented by the human *ornithorhynchus paradoxus*, supersede the paddle and the screw, and perhaps teach Queen Victoria's Portsmouth how to bang Louis Napoleon's Cherbourg in "the great game of sea fights?" A game, by the bye, which, when it begins, may be very troublesome to all our ocean steamers, if we do not have a good escort or outfit for those floating inns; especially if a great statesman, like Malmesbury, should contrive to embroil us with our only sea rival, America.

WOMAN AGAINST THE "TIMES."

THE Woman's Rights Convention at Syracuse, in the United States, was not an achievement but a symptom. That a great number of women should be collected together for an organized agitation in favour of "woman's rights,"—which appear to be more especially political suffrage, equal control over property, and removal of other civil disabilities—is a fact not to be abolished by ridicule or by overlooking. At the same time, the assemblage of a great number of ladies of all ages, with the machinery of a convention—its president, its morning and evening session, and its resolutions—before the agitators have acquired the slightest practice, or even insight into the conduct of public business, shows that they are not only incompetent to exercise the functions which they claim, but that they are incompetent to the preliminary task of marching towards those rights by the paths of agitation; nay, that they have not even got so far as to know their own deficiencies.

That the position of women is far inferior to what it ought to be, is proved by many enormities in our social system. It has been remarked, that if the female infanticide were tried by women, the verdict would often be less narrow-minded and less severe than it is; since women would enter more into the spirit of the influence that coerces the prisoner against nature. But the same principle may be carried much further: if woman possessed equal control over property, or to avoid uncertainties, if she possessed a secondary control, or control over a specified proportion, it is most likely that the misery which haunts many an improvident home, would be checked. It is probable, that if women had a share in the franchise, laws relating to the responsibilities of parentage would be seriously modified, and that the canker of society which endows the seducer with impunity, and consigns his victim to no resource but a profession of infamy, would at least begin to be effectually arrested.

That ideas of this kind are making way, is proved by the adhesion which several philosophical and practical politicians are known to have given to the rights of women. One most eminent economist and logician, whose works on those abstruse subjects are deservedly as popular as novels, has publicly set forth his anticipation of a time when women of a superior cast shall prefer intellectual labours to the functions of maternity; leaving such inferior duties to those who might still be prejudiced in favour of the passion of Romeo and Juliet. The convention at Syracuse is a still more tangible sign. That it should be able to produce its clergywomen, such as the Reverend Antoinette Brown, its doctresses in medicine, like Dr. Harriet K. Hunt, its editresses and speakers of real merit, proves that the feeling in favour of asserting woman's presence in public life is making some approach, however distant, to practical fruition.

This kind of advance is not to be met by feeble commonplaces like those of the respectable quaker, Mr. Brigham, who argued that "man was the objective, woman the subjective element," and that each should remain in the allotted "sphere;" nor by the conventicle ribaldry of the Reverend

C. L. Hatch, congregational minister; nor yet by the elaborate ridicule of the *Times*. The leading journal devotes an inordinately long article to a *resumé* of the speaking in the Convention, somewhat dry, although interlarded with jocose sarcasms. The *Times* calls the Convention the sample of a "petticoat parliament," laughs at the "anti-male and female movement," ridicules some of the pedantries and crudenesses in the conduct of business, and, with a "proh pudor," almost applauds the licentious language of Mr. Hatch as "a coarse test," which was "sufficient to prove that his hearers were women, in spite of themselves." It did no such thing; it only proved that the Reverend C. L. Hatch was incompetent to understand the practical principles of fitness or unfitness to the occasion, which are the basis for rules of decency.

The arguments against the Convention are not to be found in the intruders who violated its presence, nor in the tripping commonplaces of the *Times*, but in the acts of the Convention itself. When Doctor Harriet Hunt declares that "untold sorrows have driven women into convents," like those of the Shakers, and when she asks what is the social status of a single woman without professional independence, she points to facts and urgent questions; but when it is assumed that the position of woman is to be attained directly through a political enfranchisement, or snatched by suddenly enduing male titles and male costume, the agitators prove that they do not understand the method of advancing any totally new principle in society. To put a woman into coat and trousers, and call her "Doctor," is to contradict every sympathy in favour of her sex, and practically to make her the scarecrow of the opinion she advocates, protecting it against all approach or adhesion. Before even the first steps of progress can be made, it is necessary to clear away false facts with which advocates obstruct their own advance, such as the assumption that women have a capacity not unequal to that of man, for the arts and sciences. Independently of educational training, there is no more evidence of any such coequal capacity than there is of coequal muscular power.

There are, in fact, only two concurrent methods of working out practically any new law alien to the recognised opinions of any community. One method consists in expounding the principle, which is much more easily received into the body of theory or abstract reasoning, to stand there on record for practical enactment in due course, than it is to be pieced together in the form of a systematic plan, amongst institutions framed on different principles. The principle of Free-trade was accepted in every standard authority, even by Peel, while still the practical advocate of Protection, long before the enactment of Corn-law Repeal was possible. The other method is, to carry out the principle in individual conduct so far as that is practicable within the range of existing compulsory laws. If all persons who thought that women ought to have equal civil rights with man, were never to flinch from the avowal of such an opinion, and always conceded the right in their own conduct, the working of the principle would be reconciled by degrees to the general usage; and the party entertaining the opinion, by thus mustering its numbers, would attain to a knowledge of its real strength. It is the curse of all reforms just now that those who advocate them leave the work of promoting them to somebody else, and wait to enjoy the advantage when it shall have been earned by the labour of other hands. Thus many an emancipated woman of the present day walks in the livery of bondage, disguises the numbers asking for enfranchisement, and scolds Parliament for not decreeing liberty on speculation. In all great emancipations of mankind, individuals work out their freedom first, the herd follows, and enacted law comes lagging last.

NAPOLÉON BURLESQUED BY BONAPARTE.

ASTOUNDED at that strange human phenomenon, who in France is styled Bonaparte, at his progress, his acts, the symbols he employs, and the wonderful success he meets with, we have seriously endeavoured to discover the meaning of it all, and lay it bare to the world. By every post from France we have learned how that section of society, which deals in high and transcendental mysteries, calling itself the Priesthood, looks with unmistakable reverence on him who was once a Prisoner at Ham, and is now President of

France. We read that he has been styled "the Elect of God"—"the Man of Providence"—"the Saviour of France;" in short, the latest work of the French Deity, who, having evolved such a perfect creature, forthwith rested from his labours, and ceased to create Frenchmen. To us, looking fixedly, curiously, and with some amount of awe, these bewildering phenomena have danced for a long time before our eyes, like a dream, a nightmare, a phantasm of fever, or any other horrible delusion. But we are now convinced they are factual phenomena, and that they must have a meaning. We believe that our patient and trusting contemplation has been rewarded; we believe we have found the "mot d'énigme."

The fact is, M. Bonaparte has been enacting a grand and stately travestie for the benefit of France. From his earliest public appearance he has had one aim—to make his uncle ridiculous, and to cure the French people of their idolatrous worship of that towering name. All things have come about in his favour. He had determined to be the Resurrection Man of the empire—it was his "star:" and lo! France gave him the opportunity. He had determined to perform the most costly burlesque in history, and fortune made him a present of the "properties." As an antithesis to Napoleon the Great, he made himself Napoleon the Little. The other extreme in every respect, he substituted the calculation of effects for the spontaneity of genius, and his own obstinate fatalism for the far-reaching earnestness of his reputed ancestor. Proudhon enthroned Irony in the Void. That was the latest oracle of the century. What was pleasant theory in the terrible dialectician, the Nephew of his Uncle tried to reduce to practice. In a moment of inspiration, after one of those long intervals of silence for which he is famous, M. Bonaparte exclaimed, "There is but one Proudhon, and I am his Prophet!"

The dim truth of this, like an unapprehended prophecy, had long haunted his mind, shaped his actions, and governed his career. Henceforth all was plain. Irony was the deity of Proudhon, and Proudhon was the inspirer of Bonaparte. He would cure France of idol worship, and use up, once for all, the prestige of the empire. This was the "vraie idéé Napoléonienne." Was it not a grand conception? What a height of patriotism and self-sacrifice—to make oneself a puppet and a scourge, in order that one's country might never again believe in either empire or glory!

We have not arrived at these views without serious thought; we have not adopted them without some grounds upon which to rest our theory of Bonaparte.

Did not Napoleon deify the Army? and has not Bonaparte done the same? Did not the former persecute genius? and has not the latter miserably aped that persecution? Napoleon procured himself to be the elect of three millions; Bonaparte has outdone him, he proclaims himself the elect of seven millions. Napoleon had his Fouché; Bonaparte has his Maupas. Napoleon was in real danger from an infernal machine; Bonaparte has incurred an immense danger from the Marseilles invention without having run the risk! Napoleon revived the violet robe of Charlemagne, bespangled with golden bees; Bonaparte has bee-bespangled Notre Dame. Napoleon grape-shotted the sections one year, and expelled the Assembly another; Bonaparte has again surpassed him; the 2nd of December was his 18th Brumaire; and the 4th, his 9th Vendémiaire. Napoleon married an Austrian princess; Bonaparte would marry a Swedish Princess, if he could. Napoleon had a Cambacères; Bonaparte has a Bacciochi. Napoleon crushed the ideologists; Bonaparte has gagged the press. If Napoleon won victories, and overran Europe with the eagle and the tricolour, Bonaparte has distributed sausages and champagne at Satory; eagles on the Champ de Mars; assisted at sham fights, and crossed the Rhine in sport! Napoleon captured Toulon; Bonaparte executes a mock naval engagement in the harbour!

If this be not all irony in Bonaparte, how can we style that earnestness in Napoleon?

But there are some acts committed by the sham Bonaparte which the real Napoleon could not have performed. Take an instance:—

"M. Sarda Garriga got up a fête in Guiana in honour of the Prince President, by the trans-

ported felons in that colony. The programme of the fête was published by the official journal. These unfortunate men were made to erect three triumphal arches, on one of which was this inscription, 'Au Prince President les transportés reconnaissants.' The other two arches were in 'honour' of M. Ducos and M. S. Garriga. A felon was appointed to make a complimentary speech, the Governor laid the first stone of a column to be erected by felons to the Prince President, and the day concluded with private theatricals, in which the actors were felons, followed by a felons' ball."

How dismally appropriate, this crowning irony of a felon's fête in honour of successful crime!

Well, the corpse-Empire is fairly disintombed; and, to complete all, General Regnault St. Jean d'Angely, or General Cotte, now at Rome, is said to be engaged in persuading Pius IX. to come to Paris, and perform the part of Pius VII. in the ghastly coronation of the Emperor Napoleon the Third! Irony to the last!

THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE "AMICUS" LETTERS.

WE have received the following letter from Mr. Newton in reference to the article which appeared under this head last week. The promptitude with which the explanation is tendered and the spirit it breathes are alike noticeable.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—Being here in Manchester, I have no opportunity of consulting any members of the Council of the Amalgamated Society, on the subject of the authorship of the "Amicus" letters, to which you refer in your journal of last week. I believe, however, I speak the opinions of them all when I say that they do not believe Mr. W. J. Fox either wrote the letters in question, or had anything to do with them. The letters were much directed against myself personally, and I have been often asked whether I thought Mr. Fox was the author or not. I have always said that I felt certain he was not. I said so to Mr. Fielding when he first made the statement in public. The most careless observer might perceive that the tone, spirit, style, and composition of the letters were utterly at variance with the character of Mr. Fox's writings.

It is a serious pity that an unfounded charge like this should be allowed to injure the character of an honourable-minded man. I know not what to think of a man who, like "Amicus," allows another and a worthy man's reputation to be traduced, his prospects of usefulness materially lessened, the country made to suffer by his absence from Parliament, and still preserves an *incognito* which at the best is of questionable honour, and, where personalities are concerned, is truly disgraceful. You will perceive the impossibility (however strong our belief) of proving that Mr. Fox did not write the letter in question, but what can be done to assure our friends at Oldham of our disbelief I am sure we would readily do. There are, however, two ways in which the public may be satisfied on this point. One is for the *Times* to publish the fact plainly that Mr. Fox is not the author; the other is for the veritable author to honestly avow himself, and free Mr. Fox from the imputation. If he is not sufficiently independent or honourable to do that, no doubt some friends of Mr. Fox will prevail on the *Times* to make the necessary statement, which I believe they would willingly do as an act of justice.

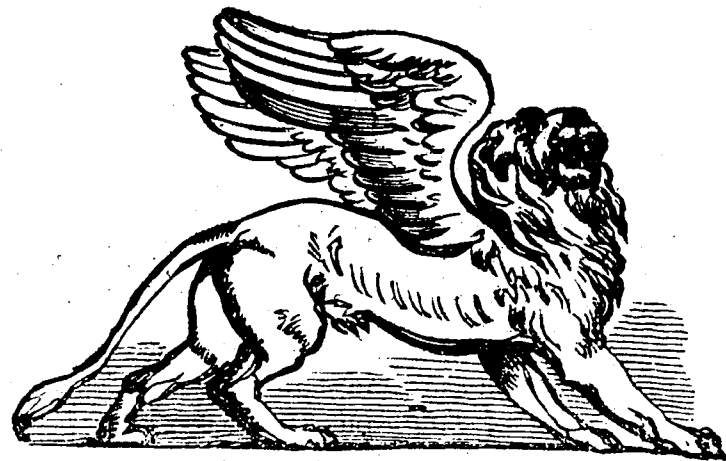
I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM NEWTON.

Moulders' Arms, Manchester,
Sept. 29, 1852.

THE DOWNING-STREET CERBERUS.

LORD DERBY assumed office as the triple-champion of Protection, Protestantism, and People-compression. It were an insult to the common sense of our readers to waste words on the chivalrous good faith which has sold the farmers: Lord John Russell has exploded the bugbear of democracy: there remained the banner of Protestantism, around which parsons of the port-wine school of constitutional theology, and state churchmen of the lion and unicorn creed were fain to flock in stern array to the summons of the "last of Conservative Ministries." What then is Downing-street doing for the sacred cause? Let a voice from Rome reply. Assuring the Pope of its cordial anxiety to be on good terms with the Holy See, soliciting a concordat, and proposing an ambassador to the Vatican. So much for the Protestantism of our Protestant Cabinet, which has the sympathy and support of Exeter-hall, and of the Establishment. Verily, this Derbyite Ministry is a Cerberus; throw it off for a sop, it will put its Protectionist tongue in its cheek, forget its territorial teeth, and wag its tail at the Pope himself.



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.

THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING WORKING-MEN'S ASSOCIATIONS, AND THE CO-OPERATIVE CONFERENCE.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—I have read Mr. Shorter's reply, as secretary to the Co-operative Conference, in answer to the questions put by me in your number of the 4th instant. As those questions involved, also, some particulars regarding the "Society for Promoting Working-Men's Associations," and Mr. Shorter answers them by distinctly stating, that the Co-operative Conference was called by the said "Society for Promoting Working-Men's Associations," of which Mr. Shorter is also the Secretary, the information sought for may be considered as given by Mr. Thomas Shorter, in his two-fold capacity.

The report of the Conference contained in the *Morning Advertiser*, does not seem so correct as Mr. Shorter believed. But, as we are told that a full report of the Conference is in the press, and also that a report of the "Society for Promoting Working-Men's Associations," will be shortly published, I postpone, until these publications appear, further remarks on the proceedings of a movement which I consider is, on public grounds, entitled to attention.

Having referred me to the No. V. of the *Tracts on Christian Socialism*, as regards the queries about the constitution of the working-men's associations, and of the council of promoters, and to the *Christian Socialist* and the *Journal of Association*, as regards the transactions of the "Society for Promoting Working-Men's Associations," Mr. Shorter takes the opportunity of expressing his belief that a revision of the constitution contained in *Tract No. V.*, is in contemplation, in consequence of the changes that will be effected in the "Working Associations by passing of the Industrial and Provident Societies Act."

The constitution of the society is to be revised. Such revision was wanted, quite independently of the passing of the Industrial and Provident Societies Act; and if it happens that the reformed constitution be so framed as to preclude the necessity of repeating my former queries, I shall be gratified.

The *Christian Socialist* and *Journal of Association* having been discontinued, one is now at a loss where to look for the scanty information we could formerly gather from the domestic papers of the society.

Certainly, Mr. Shorter, in the name of the society he represents, has somewhat slightly answered the question put by me. Had I not perused over and over again the constitution of the society (*Tract No. V.*), and the whole of the numbers of the *Christian Socialist* and of the *Gazette of Association*, I should not have proposed those queries, which are all the more timely and necessary after reading that constitution. I have sought for more particulars than are to be found in the *Christian Socialist* and in the *Gazette of Association*. There is much vagueness in the reports therein published, and many facts have come to my knowledge unmentioned in those papers.

The first tract on *Christian Socialism* declared that in the eyes of the society, the Association for Working Men was an experiment. I do not consider that to be a *bond fide* experiment, whose particulars and conditions are not brought to bear for evil as well as for good. Neither is that a well-organized body whose constitution is published without names appended, and without any conditions of membership stipulated.

Secret societies, and still more so, mixed, half public, half secret, societies, are open to serious objections. I shall solicit the privilege of offering a few more remarks when the aforesaid publications are issued.

Yours, respectfully,

A LOCKER-ON.

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*.

It is a matter of general remark, that the *Westminster Review*, since it passed into MR. CHAPMAN'S hands, has recovered the former importance it acquired when under the editorship of JOHN STUART MILL. It is now a Review that people talk about, ask for at the clubs, and read with respect. The variety and general excellence of its articles are not surpassed by any Review. The number just out opens with a thoughtful, temperate, and sagacious examination of the *Oxford Commission*, which gently, but firmly, exposes the deep-rooted abuses of the University, and suggests a practical, satisfactory remedy. The writer, after detailing the absurdity of the statutes, says:—

"But those who profit by these endowments consider themselves bound by the conditions of their statutes; and being unable to fulfil the duties therein imposed on them, decline to substitute others in their place; yet the country generally regarding Oxford as a place of education, and the colleges as the means of conducting it, are wholly unable to take this view of the matter, and are anxious to see some substantial results arising out of all this expenditure. If the legend of the 30,000 students who were to be found in Oxford in the time of the third Edward be only half correct, when the revenues after all deductions from the altered value of money were less than a tithe of what they are at present, it is difficult to know why, with the present England and the English empire, some 1300, or 1400 should now be the outside of its numbers; and it is to the causes of this remarkable anomaly that the inquiries of the Commissioners have been particularly directed. They are found to lie generally in the moral and intellectual life of the young men who are at present in training there. The evidence on these points is remarkably uniform—and, in fact, is in many ways remarkable. Those who have furnished it, are for the most part the fellows and tutors of the college, men whose quiet habits have disqualified them from recognising or understanding the ordinary lives of average undergraduates: who, as Mr. Wilkinson says, are cut off from opportunities of observing them by an impassable gulf; and the disorder must have become serious indeed to have become conspicuous to eyes short-sighted as theirs. College tutors are supposed, in theory, to exercise some sort of surveillance over their pupils; but to the proctors or university magistrates only, the real state of things is known: and a personal friend of our own, who had been many years resident, first as an undergraduate and then as a fellow and tutor, told us that it was not till he became proctor that he had the least idea of the profligacy with which undergraduate life was saturated."

Whatever difficulty may be found with the statutes, it is quite clear that the one enormous evil of extravagant expenditure forced upon the students may be avoided. A thousand pounds for three years and a-half of residence is a sum considerably under the average cost of a degree to an ordinary commoner: and "seeing that the residence is but for twenty-six weeks in each year, and that tuition, as it appears in the bills, is charged but *sixteen guineas*," the surplus that goes to mere expenses of living, for a young man, makes a very awkward figure in the accounts, and causes even the best friends to the University to note with sorrow how colleges, originally meant for the poor, have become saturated with the vices of the rich.

"One more illustration of the hollowness which underlies the heads of houses' defence of themselves. At least, they will appeal to their tuition—their tuition! That is excellent; cheap, dirt cheap—sixteen guineas a-year; and three hours a-day from the ablest men that can be found in the university—there, indeed, is an example of liberality which all the world may wonder at. It has a very pretty sound; yet, not to waste our time on an analysis of the method of its working, let us look at the results of it; first, by-the-by, observing that the undergraduate has to pay four years' tuition fees, as well as four years' room rent, although he is not permitted either to attend lectures or occupy rooms for more than three; so that, in fact, the sixteen guineas are twenty-one, and the accounts are "cooked" to suit the simplicity of the public. Eighty undergraduates, then, pay twenty-one guineas each for the year's lecture which they attend, making in all something over 1700*l*. Now, in order to make the tuition more than a name, ten pupils is as many as any tutor could successfully manage; and the 1700*l*. would be divided between eight tutors. Rating his fellowship at 200*l*. additional, a college tutor would thus receive 412*l*. or 413*l*. a-year for six months' work, an income which might be thought very sufficient for all reasonable wants. So, however, do not think the heads of houses; and to convert the tutorships into valuable pieces of patronage, they give each tutor twenty pupils, thus doubling his income, and turning the office into a sinecure, from the impossibility of an adequate discharge of the duties of it. Consequently, according to the common consent of all the evidence before us, the tutors are comparatively useless, and the substantial teaching of the university is given by private tutors whom the poor fleeced undergraduates are obliged to provide for themselves at a cost of fifty pounds a-year."

Perhaps, however, this expense is compensated by the advantages of a "college education." JONES pays heavily for JONES junior; but, at any rate, he has the consolation of thinking what useful friendships will be formed by the scion of the house of JONES.

"One of the supposed benefits of college life is the easy intercourse of the students with each other, the friendships which are formed in a cultivated and agreeable society. It sounds all very pretty, and that it is very pleasant, there is no doubt either; but the substantial result of it is, that the standard of the common life is fixed by those who have most money; and if a young man coming up to the university wishes to have the advantage of this so very valuable society, he must live like the rest. We do not mean that there are not gradations of expense; of course there are; but the lowest average of the amusements and the entertainments is pitched far beyond what the position of the sons of the clergy and the poorer gentlemen are entitled to; the style of life altogether is quite above what is necessary for them or for any one; and in all cases the facilities for incurring debts are so great, and the temptations arising from the extravagance and folly of half the undergraduates in every college are so immediate and pressing,

that however fair on paper the discipline may look, with its caps, and gowns, and chapel-goings, and academic brotherhood, and paternal supervision—this very juxtaposition as equals of young men of all degrees of fortune, and the perpetual presence before the eyes of the less wealthy among them, of indulgences which they have only to stretch out their hands to reach, make the life in college a harder ordeal than they are likely to meet with again wherever they may be thrown. Can it be wondered at, that, surrounded with wine parties and breakfast parties, billiards and horses, prints and perfumery, and all sweet things in which the youthful imagination and the youthful five senses take delight, so many of them should take the plunge into this tempting elysium? Mr. Donkin says that there are no temptations at Oxford beyond what a young man may be fairly expected to overcome; either he has never known, or he has forgotten the position of nineteen out of twenty undergraduates. They come up from home with characters altogether unformed, or they have been at a public school, in which, as in some river Styx, they have been steeped in the knowledge and practice of all grossest and filthiest things, that they may learn early to fight their way in the world; and then they come up to the university, where every facility for indulgence is thrust upon them. In the world, a man's credit is limited by his means, and his society is determined by his position. At college, unlimited credit is offered and even obtruded, and whether they can afford it or not, they must mix with the society which they find."

The suggestion with which this paper closes we commend to serious attention.

After laying bare the corporate abuses of Oxford, the next article—on *Whewell's Moral Philosophy*—with unsparing hand lays bare the intellectual insignificance which the Master of Trinity conceals beneath his immense pretensions, so that both Oxford and Cambridge are interested in this number of the Review. DR. WHEWELL, everywhere out of Cambridge, and in Cambridge, too, among those competent to speak, is justly considered as a man of astonishing attainments, and of platitude of intellect equally astonishing. He knows more than almost any man of his time, but for ambitious weakness and platitude we can hardly name his rival. His reasonings are so shallow that they painfully puzzle the reader, unwilling to believe that what lies as meaning under the elaborate verbiage really is the meaning of this learned professor. We have had some little acquaintance with philosophical writings, and deliberately declare that in the writings of no one man who has ever gained attention have we met with anything comparable to the sustained incompetence of DR. WHEWELL, when he is giving his own opinions and not retailing those of others. The writer in the *Westminster Review* has a calm contempt for him—so calm that it disdains to express itself otherwise than in the exposure of his reasonings, which is effected in a masterly style. As a defence of BENTHAM the article will have a more permanent interest; but for those who are awed by the great acquirements and great reputation of DR. WHEWELL it will be a salutary warning.

Plants and Botanists is the title of an article apparently without any purpose, and certainly without any value. *Our Colonial Empire* is a suggestive and useful survey of an important question, written with abundant knowledge and sagacious insight. In the *Philosophy of Style* we have a scientific inquiry into an extremely complex subject, to be accepted as a valuable contribution, though far from an exhaustive one. Speaking anatomically, we should say that the writer had demonstrated the vertebral column and some of the appendages, but the structure of Style has other elements still to be detected. "Economy of the recipient's attention" is here laid down as the secret of effect alike in the right choice and collocation of words; and this principle is illustrated with great ingenuity and success, although we think the writer too exclusive in his treatment of it. It is the back-bone of language—it is not the pulsating heart, the flash in the eye, the smile, the grace, the charm. His preference for Saxon words is just enough, but we think too exclusive. Latin words are often preferable to Saxon, and are employed because of their magnificent sonorousness, as well as their power of awakening different associations; for it should not be forgotten that Language is not purely symbolical and addressed to the intellect, but emotive also; and therefore although that form of speech which will be more quickly interpreted by the intellect will, as an intellectual expression, be the more effective, yet still more effective than all will be the form of expression which, even at the expense of brevity, unites the force of sound to that of sense. The subject, however, is too extensive to be entered upon here. As a specimen of the application of the principle, let us quote the following, and direct especial attention to the ingenious illustration at the close.

"Thus poetry, regarded as a vehicle of thought, is especially impressive, partly because it obeys all the laws of effective speech, and partly because in so doing it imitates the natural utterances of excitement. Whilst the matter embodied is idealized emotion, the vehicle is the idealized language of emotion. As the musical composer catches the cadences in which our feelings of joy and sympathy, grief and despair, vent themselves, and out of these germs evolves melodies suggesting higher phases of these feelings; so the poet develops from the typical expressions in which men utter passion and sentiment, those choice forms of verbal combination in which concentrated passion and sentiment may be fitly presented.

"There is one peculiarity of poetry conducing much to its effect—the peculiarity which is indeed usually thought its characteristic one—still remaining to be considered: we mean its rhythmical structure. This, unexpected as it may be, will be found to come under the same generalization with the others. Like each of them, it is an idealization of the natural language of emotion, which is known to be more or less metrical if the emotion be not violent; and like each of them, it is an economy of the reader's or hearer's attention. In the peculiar tone and manner we adopt in uttering versified language may be discerned its relationship to the feelings; and the pleasure which its measured movement gives us is ascribable to the comparative ease with which words metrically arranged can be recognised. This last position will scarcely be at once admitted; but a little explanation will show

its reasonableness. For if, as we have seen, there is an expenditure of mental energy in the mere act of listening to verbal articulations, or in that silent repetition of them which goes on in reading—if the perceptive faculties must be in active exercise to identify every syllable—then any mode of combining words so as to present a regular recurrence of certain traits which the mind can anticipate, will diminish that strain upon the attention required by the total irregularity of prose. In the same manner that the body, in receiving a series of varying concussions, must keep the muscles ready to meet the most violent of them, as not knowing when such may come; so the mind in receiving unarranged articulations must keep its perceptive active enough to recognise the least easily caught sounds. And as, if the concussions recur in a definite order, the body may husband its forces by adjusting the resistance needful for each concussion; so, if the syllables be rhythmically arranged, the mind may economize its energies by anticipating the attention required for each syllable. Far-fetched as this idea will perhaps be thought, a little retrospection will countenance it. That we *do* take advantage of metrical language to adjust our perceptive faculties to the force of the expected articulations, is clear from the fact that we are balked by halting versification. Much as at the bottom of a flight of stairs, a step more or less than we counted upon gives us a shock, so, too, does a misplaced accent or a supernumerary syllable. In the one case, we know that there is an erroneous pre-adjustment; and we can scarcely doubt that there is one in the other. But if we habitually pre-adjust our perceptions to the measured movement of verse, the physical analogy lately given renders it probable that by so doing we economize attention; and hence that metrical language is more effective than prose, simply because it enables us to do this."

The Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin is characterized in a sparkling paper, doing it justice while pointing out its intrinsic mediocrity. In the opening remarks on satire generally there are assertions which if put less conversationally would "make us pause," but being more like "after dinner talk" than literary history we may let them pass. The next articles are *Goethe as a Man of Science*, little likely to be read we fear by those who are not interested in Comparative Anatomy, and *The Profession of Literature*, *à propos* to a review of JERDAN'S *Autobiography*—an article which has the serious drawback—perhaps inevitable—of saying over again, at greater length, what has already been said by JERDAN'S reviewers. It is, however, a well-written, well-reasoned article; and the position assigned to Literature is the true one. There is one more article—besides the customary surveys of English, American, German, and French Literature—and that is on the hackneyed subject of the *Duke of Wellington*, which meets us everywhere now, from COLBURN'S *United Service Magazine* to *Fraser and Blackwood*. The Duke, the Duke, and nothing but the Duke! Mr. BENTLEY reprints in his *Shilling Series* the account of the *Battle of Waterloo* by Professor CREASY'S *Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World*, and reprints, with additions from the French papers, the *Life of the Duke* which appeared in the *Daily News*. LONGMANS reprint the *Life* from the *Times*. Mr. BOHN issues MAXWELL'S *Life* in three forms. Mr. BOOTH re-issues his *History of the Battles of Ligny, Quatre Bras, and Waterloo*. In fact, the Wellington Literature just now needs an enterprising man to catalogue it—not Mr. PANIZZI.

Some few weeks ago a manuscript was left with the doorkeeper of the *Gymnase Theatre*, in Paris, which on inspection proved to be a comedy bearing the title *La Pariure de Jules Denis*. It was read, produced a most favourable impression, was put in rehearsal, when suddenly it became necessary to find out who the author was. No name, no address, no indication had been given. Rehearsals went on, and hopes were universal that the author would come forward and claim his work. No one appeared. At length the manager was forced to put an advertisement in the papers, and then the happy writer avowed herself—for a lady, young, *du beau monde*, unknown to literature, is the author after all! The piece is to be performed this week, and from the very originality of its presentation we augur success. GOETHE says it is easier to weave laurel crowns than to find heads worthy to be crowned, yet this is the first time that managers have had to advertise for the head!

It may interest some of our readers, especially the admirers of that admirable and original American novelist, NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, to hear that he has just published a life of his old college "chum," and steadfast friend through life, FRANKLIN PIERCE, whom the Liberal hopes would carry into the President's chair, and thus bring us one step nearer to the desired end—the ANGLO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE.

THE RESTORATION OF BELIEF.

The Restoration of Belief. Part II. On the Supernatural Element contained in the Epistles, and its bearing on the Argument. Macmillan and Co.

To restore Belief—i.e., belief in Christianity—to its once dominant and sincere position in the mind of Europe, is, on the face of it, an impossible attempt; for the belief which has once died out does not revive again under the same form. We shall as soon see Feudalism once more the organization of society. But under whatever form Belief is possible to be restored, there is one imperative and primary condition affixed to every attempt at restoration—viz., a sincere single-hearted candour in facing Disbelief—a righteous and manful contest with the enemy. Skirmishing with outposts and straggling companies will gain no victory. Let Christianity have its Waterloo.

The readers of this journal are perfectly aware that we earnestly desire to see the battle fought by the Church with all her might. It is not the army of Disbelief that shirks an encounter. And when first the Cambridge manifesto was announced, we welcomed it in no niggard terms, hoping that the writer of so ambitious a work would, at least, do something towards bringing the question into open field. Our notice of the

First Part courteously abstained from any severe inquiry as to the main purport of the argument; the preliminaries we allowed the author to settle at his own pleasure, and we were content to await his further and more precise exposition, in the hope that we should meet with precision. To Part the Second we looked for the opening of serious warfare; and the opening sentence seemed to promise a fulfilment:—

"We are told that Christianity must be content to take its place along with many indeterminate questions, which are, and which should be spoken of among reasonable men as 'matters of opinion.'"

"I deny this allegation; and I take my position, with all humility, yet fearlessly, on this opposite ground, namely: that, if those modes of proceeding which have been authenticated as good in other cases, are allowed to take effect in this case, nothing in the entire round of human belief is more infallibly sure than is Christianity, when it claims to be—RELIGION, GIVEN TO MAN BY GOD."

"The same proposition, stated exceptively, may be thus worded. Christianity can be held in question only by aid of violence done to established principles of reasoning, and by contempt of the laws of evidence, which in all cases analogous to this are enforced."

After language so confident, coming from so accomplished a writer, our disappointment is not easily to be expressed, without departing from that courtesy we are anxious not to overstep. Yet, in all seriousness, we must assure the author, that the effect of his treatise on our minds was that of what the French call an immense *mystification*. As to any human soul struggling with doubts being guided and enlightened by such reasoning as may here be met, the supposition seems preposterous. Minds of a weak and casuistic cunning, no less than minds of an acquiescent, sheep-like nature, easily drawn after a confident assertion, and silenced by a bold denial, may be delighted with this elegantly-worded web of sophistry. But minds of energetic temper—men looking with sincere directness at questions of immense importance, will feel that they are played with, if not mocked, by this oily incompetence and this shifty logic. They might grant—for the sake of argument—nearly everything the writer asks, short of the fundamental assumption, and not be moved an inch from their position. Judge:—

The author—who is addicted to graceful and imposing preliminary flourishes, which occupy him more than a direct mind will find agreeable—sets forth with some parade the distinction between matters which are simply *adhesive* to history, and matters which are *cohesive*: the former—as some of the facts related by Herodotus—admit of removal without destroying the integrity of the history; but with the latter, such a removal is not possible:—

"Wherever the tie is of *this* kind, an attempted separation of the two masses touches the life, and we should look well to the consequences before we set about it. I affirm that, in the instance of the canonical documents of Christianity, the connexion of the historic mass with the supernatural, is a case of cohesion, and that it is absolutely indissoluble."

Having asserted that the supernatural element in the Gospel narrative is a case of cohesion, he has an easy task of it:—

"The course of argument, therefore, in relation to Christianity must be this:—In behalf of it, it should be shown, first—That the alliance of the historical and the supernatural which it offers to our view is not an instance of mere adhesion, but of indissoluble cohesion."

"We must then show that, unless violence is to be done to every principle which is applicable to the occasion, the conglomerate cannot be cast aside, as unsubstantial, or as destitute of value; inasmuch as the historical portion is of indisputable validity:—it is sure, if anything be sure."

What think you of *this* as the deliberately occupied position of a man who undertakes to face Disbelief? If the narrative is true, the miracles are true, because they are cohesive with the narrative—i.e., form a part of it. If there is any truth in the history of Matthew Hale, then, inasmuch as the supernatural element of witchcraft 'coheres' with that history, witchcraft is a truth! If there is any truth in the narrative of Bernal Diaz, then is the appearance of St. James on a white horse leading the Spaniards to victory (our recollection of this miraculous appearance is but hazy—perhaps the reader will supply the precise details for himself) also to be accepted, because it coheres with the narrative. We might prove anything by evidence of this kind.

The jugglery by which this author amuses his readers is painful when one comes to examine it. He talks, with all the emphasis of type, of the Pauline style as an HISTORIC REALITY, and rings the changes on this word history, without stopping to specify *what* history, *what* reality. No one doubts that St. Paul lived and wrote. That is history. The doubt is: Did St. Paul write that which is true? When he talks of having performed miracles, are we to believe him? Yes, answers our author, *for* the miraculous is cohesive with the historical, and if you reject one you must reject both. This is so solid a position, according to him, that he boldly rests the claim of Christianity upon its basis: he sets inspiration aside:—

"Nor do we now touch any question as to the alleged INSPIRATION of these epistles, or of any other books of the Canon. We are often told that we timidly hold up this 'Inspiration' as a screen, lest the documents of our faith should come to be dealt with severely, in the mode that is proper to historic criticism. Only let this Historic Severity take its free course, and Disbelief will be driven from its last standing-place. It is my perfect persuasion that, in the now actual position of the Christian argument, the doctrine of the INSPIRATION of the Canonical books is of more importance, in a logical sense, to Disbelief than it is to Belief."

"If every one of the Canonical books of the New Testament—every one of those in behalf of which Inspiration is alleged, had perished, and if nothing were now before us but the *uninspired* documents of Christianity—(those of the second century) I must still be a Christian, although I should often be at a loss as to the single items of my Creed. But now if the Canonical writings—Inspiration not considered—were dealt with in the historic mode, without prejudice or favour, Disbelief would wither like the grass of the tropics."

It would be a vain attempt, in any number of newspaper articles, to examine in detail the *historic* value of the Gospel narrative, and we shall

be doing enough if we meet our author's argument in a field lying parallel to it. We will suppose some future Mesmeric Church defending its doctrines against sceptics, and defending them in the style of the *Restoration of Belief*. To prevent all cavil, we will not prejudge the question of Clairvoyance. Be Clairvoyance possible or impossible, every one is aware that in some cases, at least, it has been the cloak of charlatans, and that its "miracles" are impostures. Now we ask, is it enough to establish the acceptance of these miracles, that among those who witnessed them were persons of high moral character, of public importance, of scientific reputation, above all suspicion, their interests decidedly against any implication in the cheat? And when History records these miracles in conjunction with other events, will the credibility of the events serve as a guarantee for the miracles? In the following passage, read Mesmerism for Miracles, and see what can be made of it:—

"There are three mental conditions, easily distinguishable from each other, in which I can imagine an indubitable miracle to be witnessed. The first is that of medieval credulity—or an incurious, unreasoning, inconsequential passiveness, to which all things, natural and supernatural, come alike, and pass away without leaving an impression. The second state is that of our modern, dry, cold, sophisticated, scientific temper;—scientific more than philosophical. Witnessed in this mood, a miracle would astound us—it would just curdle the brain, and produce no effect whatever upon the moral nature.

"But I can form an idea of a mental condition as much unlike the first of these two states as the second. I can imagine myself to have come into a discernment of those unchanging realities of the spiritual and moral system which *indeed* affect my welfare, present and future; so that the witnessing of a miracle would produce a feeling entirely congruous with such perceptions, and would neither astound nor agitate the mind. I can imagine myself to have so profound a sense of primary moral truths as that miracles would be confluent with the deep movements of the soul, and would produce no surge. I can imagine myself to have such a prospect of the plains of immortality—a prospect *moral*, not fanciful, not sensuous, as that the spectacle of the raising of the dead should assort itself with my feelings. So to see 'death swallowed up in victory,' would excite no amazement. I read this very quietness in the apostolic epistles; and it sheds the steady brightness of the morning upon St. Paul's discourse concerning the resurrection. This great fact, concerning the destiny of man, which he there expounds, I also hold to be a truth, undoubted. But if, beside thus believing it with modern logical persuasion, if instead of this belief I had St. Paul's sight and consciousness of it, then, like him, I could speak of miracles briefly, firmly, and without a note of wonder.

"The miracles of the evangelic history come to us with the force of CONGRUITY, just so far as we can bring ourselves morally within the splendour of those eternal verities which are of the substance of the Gospel. While we stand remote from that illuminated field, they are to us only a galling perplexity; for we can neither rid ourselves of the evidence that attests them, nor are prepared to yield ourselves to it. At this moment the Christian argument is an intolerable torment to hundreds of cultivated minds around us.

"In the crowd of those who witnessed the miracles of Christ there were some who mocked; there were some who gnashed their teeth; there were many who marvelled and applauded, and soon forgot what they had seen. But there were some into whose minds the doctrine—the moral purport—the spiritual reality of his discourses had so entered that, beside being conscious of the fitness of which already I have spoken, they felt, with overwhelming force, a Congruity of another kind; I mean that of these miracles with the majestic bearing and style of Him who wrought them; for he did these 'mighty works' with the spontaneous ease of one in whom this power, and much more, was inherent."

In fact, the miracles recorded *may have been* recorded by the *very men* who witnessed them; these men may have been the most moral and enlightened of that age; they may have been recorded in the most sincere conviction of their truth; and yet, so little does Christianity gain by all these admissions, that the calm verdict of Reason is against the acceptance of the Miracles, precisely as it is against the acceptance of the Mesmeric marvels, and no amount of Congruity or Historic Cohesion will make Reason accept them.

Let us examine one of the Miracles, and see how beautiful the "historic cohesion" is, and how little it helps credibility. We beg to quote the Gospel narrative in all its integrity. "And they came over unto the other side of the sea, into the country of the Gadarenes. And when he was come out of the ship, immediately there met him out of the tombs a man with an unclean spirit, who had his dwelling among the tombs; and no man could bind him, no, not with chains; because that he had been often bound with fetters and chains, and the chains had been plucked asunder by him and the fetters broken in pieces: neither could any man tame him. And always, night and day, he was in the mountains, and in the tombs, crying, and cutting himself with stones. And when he saw Jesus afar off, he ran and worshipped him, and cried with a loud voice, and said, What have I to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of the most high God? I adjure thee by God, that thou torment me not. For he said unto him, Come out of the man, thou unclean spirit. And he asked him, What is thy name? And he answered, My name is Legion; for we are many. [Luke is more precise in his language: "And he said Legion: because many devils were entered into him."] And they besought him much that he would not send them away out of the country. Now there was there high unto the mountains a great herd of swine feeding. And all the devils besought him, saying, Send us into the swine, that we may enter into them. And forthwith Jesus gave them leave. And the unclean spirits went out, and entered into the swine; and the herd ran violently down a steep place into the sea, (they were about two thousand;) and were choked in the sea."

Now it is indisputable that the "cohesion" here is perfect. Matthew, Mark, and Luke record the *fact* (Matthew says there were *two* men possessed with devils). The "history" has no flaw; but we ask, Can any sane man in this nineteenth century *believe* it? Can he not see that if there be any truth whatever in this history, it is that of a maniac cured (or soothed) by Jesus? The believer must believe—1^o, That there *were* devils in the man. 2^o, That the devils besought Jesus to send them into the swine—a not very intelligible preference, and one which greatly disregarded the feelings and the "property" of the swine owner. 3^o, That

all present *heard* the devils ask this, and in very good Hebrew. 4^o, That they were made spectators of the transference of these numerous devils from the man to the swine. And if he believes all this—he has a very splendid capacity for belief.

We foresee that there will be some "interpretation" resorted to. The devils will be called a "metaphorical expression" for insanity; or some such loophole will be sought. But—not to complicate the question by reference to the swine—let us remind the reader that here we have a distinct bit of miraculous "history," in which the "cohesion" is perfect; and that if once the latitude of "interpretation" be allowed, the whole history of Christianity is resolvable into a Myth.

Apropos of miracles, we cannot resist the quotation of one passage, wherein our author, always bold in his assertions, seems to us to employ an audacity that approaches irony:—

"Among these miracles there are no portents—such as are related by classic writers; there are no exhibitions of things monstrous;—*there are no contrarieties to the order of nature*; there is nothing prodigious, there is nothing grotesque. Nor among them are there any of that kind that might be called THEATRIC. There are no displays of supernatural power, made in the presence of thousands of the people, summoned to witness them. Although claiming to be sent of God into the world, with a sovereign authority, Christ did not, as Elijah had done, convene the people, and then challenge his enemies to dispute with him his mission by help of counter-attestations."

No contradictions to the "order of Nature!"—What, then, *is* a miracle? No displays of power in the presence of thousands! What was the miracle of the loaves and fishes?

Another specimen of the kind of easy, confident statement which imposes on acquiescent minds, is the following, on the first general Epistle of Peter:—

"The apostolic antiquity of this Epistle is a fact out of question—I mean among those whose readings in German have not denuded them of their English common sense. Yet even here, though very unwilling to seem to concede anything to pedantry and affectation—I should be willing, as to its bearing upon my argument, to take this Epistle as (though not genuine) so like to the genuine, as to secure for itself universal acceptance as such.

"The calm majesty, the fervour, the bright hopefulness, and the intense moral import of the Epistle, carry it home to every ingenuous mind as an embodiment of whatever is the most affecting in theology, and the most effective and salutary in ethics. With those—if there are any—who have no consciousness of these qualities in the writing before us, I should not court controversy. *In any such instance nature must have dealt in a very parsimonious manner with the mind and heart, and sophistry must have greatly overdone her part.*"

The author, having taught us suspicion, induced us by these praises to turn to the epistle in question, and we earnestly beg our readers not to content themselves with any general recollection, but *at once* to read over that Epistle, and be astounded at the audacity of such sentences as those just quoted. The first twelve verses contain a general assertion of Christ's mission: the "intense moral import" of the remainder is the exhortation to live a sober, holy life, and to love each other fervently—very excellent doctrine, assuredly, but to be met with elsewhere besides in Peter's Epistle. The author, however, has his reasons for discerning this intense moral import (which you are to see also under pain of having a bad heart), and thus he employs them:—

"But he affirms also the resurrection of Christ, in varied phrases, five times in this Epistle. These affirmations are all of them adjunctive to his proper subject, and inseparable from the context. They include not only the fact of the resurrection, but that also of Christ's assumption to the throne of celestial dominion (iii. 22). We have here in hand an instance of the COHESION of the supernatural and the historic which is of a peculiar kind.

"In any composition, if three, four, or five subjects, of different classes, are brought together, that one among them must be regarded as the one uppermost in the mind of the writer, in illustration of which the other subjects—two, three, or four—are introduced. That one is the leading subject; the others the adjunctive and subdividing.

"According to this plain rule, the drift of this Epistle is ethical. The main intention of the writer, and his ruling impulse, was so to fortify the minds of the Christian people under his care, as to secure the purity, rectitude, and religious consistency of their conduct. In going about to make good this, his main purpose, he brings in those principal facts on which the Christian profession rested, and in behoof of which Christians were liable to suffer. These facts stand *in series*, commencing with a merely historic fact—namely, the crucifixion, and the death of Christ—going on to those that were wholly remote from human cognizance, and coming to a close in the visible, yet supernatural fact, of Christ's ascent from earth to heaven.

"Now this instance of indissoluble Cohesion may be dealt with, and it has often been so dealt with, in a style of extenuation or apology, as thus:—'Can we imagine, or *ought* we to suppose, that a writer who is so careful to enforce moral principles, and who so well understands them, should himself, through life, be the propagator of what he must always have known to be a falsehood?' Reasonably we can imagine no such thing; but just now I should state the case in other terms, as thus:—

"I bring this document into Court. In doing so I protest against any pleadings that take for granted the very question which is now to be argued, and upon which the plaintiff and defendant have joined issue. That question involves the reality of a series of facts, including those that are miraculous.

"As to the genuineness of this particular document, it has already passed under revision, in the proper Court; and it has been duly countersigned there, as authentic. It stands open to no exceptions that could be available for the plaintiff, except this one—that it bears upon the verdict in a sense unfavourable to himself. But this exception, of course, stands for nothing.

"I read my document from beginning to end, and then ask—'Excluding the plaintiff's nugatory objection, which is grounded upon his apprehension of an adverse verdict, would this Epistle suggest any other idea than this, that the writer's own mind was tranquil and well-ordered; and that his intention in writing it was of that sort which is becoming to a wise and virtuous man; especially to one who is in a place of authority?'"

"The answer is manifest. This Epistle, if read apart from any reference to the

point now in debate, and if judged of *purely on the ground of its intrinsic merits*, carries home to our understandings and best feelings an irresistible impression of the goodness, wisdom, and simplicity of the writer. Search the entire compass of ethical writings, ancient and modern, we should not find even one that carries more decisively upon it the characteristics of sincerity and truthfulness.

"Why should it, or why should the writer, be otherwise thought of? For no imaginable reason, only this, that, if we allow him his due—then the plaintiff is very likely to be non-suited."

All we can say in reply is, that our amazement is ever renewed when we think that a man so gifted and so accomplished as the author of this treatise certainly is, should be able to assume an attitude of mind that can for two minutes regard such reasonings as—we will not say conclusive reasonings—but even tenable paradoxes.

REUBEN MEDLICOTT.

Reuben Medlicott; or, the "Coming Man." By M. W. Savage, Esq., author of the "Falcon Family," &c. 3 vols. Chapman and Hall.

EVERY one remembers the bright, laughing vivacity of the *Falcon Family* and *The Bachelor of the Albany*. With them Mr. Savage made a name. They had the fault, perhaps, of a too incessant smartness—a fault not to be charged upon *Reuben Medlicott*, in which there is but a very moderate amount of fun. The satire, such as there is, will be recognised as healthy, though not particularly mirthful.

If not a comic novel, *Reuben Medlicott* is an amusing novel, belonging rather to the style of a bygone day. It steadily pursues the main theme, which is that of showing how ludicrously a man may fail in life, if he has not something more substantial than "splendid abilities." This theme is developed with success—not, indeed, without exaggeration, but with no more than the *genre* permits, to carry home its "moral."

Reuben is the versatile son of a decent and horticultural vicar, and an encyclopædic mother. Mrs. Medlicott is a lady of high complexion, immense surface-learning, and blue spectacles: a polyglott of pretension. Her son inherits her manysidedness. His desultory education furnishes a natural talking capacity with the most varied material. His whole intellect, to speak horticulturally, *runs to talk*. And as talk is to the mind what a table of contents is to the book, giving immense promise not always fulfilled, so do those readers, who read as they run, credit the fine talker with gigantic capacity. Thus Reuben—like so many men known to the world—is regarded by his friends as a man certain to win the highest honours in whatever career he opens. He is the *Coming Man*—the cynosure of village and of college eyes. The only difficulty is in determining the precise thing for which he is most fitted—he seems fitted for all; *propre à tout, propre à rien*, says the wise proverb, or, as we have it, "Jack of all trades, and master of none." But Reuben is master of one trade—the trade of speech-making; in these days not the worst of trades. He has that endless flux of words which universally betokens poverty of ideas. Having nothing to express takes away the difficulty of expression; and Reuben's eloquence is never clogged with the obstructive material of thought.

Such is the mind of this "Coming Man," and if we add thereto a handsome person, a pleasant temper, an engaging manner, and quick vanity, we have Reuben Medlicott—a type of one class of men in our days. How he tries the various professions, and fails in all, must be read in these agreeable pages. We will not take away from curiosity the pleasure it will find in reading for itself; but we commend to especial attention the vivid and admirable portrait of Dean Wyndham, the strong, lusty, vehement, learned, abrupt, polemical, speculating, restless churchman—the born Bishop, and of a Church Militant, too, who *lives* in these pages, and bears testimony to the high dramatic power of the author. He is the "gem" of the book. The other characters, though pleasantly drawn, are less life-like and complete. We may add, however, that they are all distinct, and individualized.

There is no passion, no fancy, no pathos, scarcely anything to be called incident, in these volumes; so that the devout novel reader may, perhaps, be disappointed. But to men and women who have lived past the age when romance is indispensable, and who can be amused with good shrewd sense, a vivacious style, and clear dramatic presentation of character, we cordially commend *Reuben Medlicott*. And as a fair sample, though a brief one, we will conclude our notice by this extract from the Dean's conversation:

"The Dean was talking of fluency as a result and a symptom of shallowness. 'Full men,' he said, 'are seldom fluent. They are eloquent, but eloquence and fluency are different things. Young men discourse fluently in proportion to their ignorance, not to their knowledge, of a subject. There is no more worthless or more dangerous acquirement than eloquence in the vulgar sense of the word. Bruce remarked of the Abyssinians, 'that they were all orators,' 'as indeed,' he adds, 'are most barbarians.' The observation is extremely applicable to an unfortunate country not a thousand miles off, with which we are very closely connected. I have always thought the great misfortune of that country was, that when the family of the Shallows settled there, the family of Master Silence did not accompany them.'

"All laughed—Primrose was particularly amused by this fancy of the Dean's, and said he had no notion so much about Ireland was to be learned from Shakespeare.

"His plays are full of Irish characters," said the Dean. "What do you say of such swaggering poltroons as Pistol and Parolles? or that facetious, foul-mouthed blusterer, Thersites? Are they not Irish to the back-bone? Can't you fancy Pistol member for Limerick, and Thersites representing the city of Dublin?"

"But, sir," said Reuben, "speaking of Homer's Thersites, is not that a very effective speech which he makes in the first book of the *Iliad*?"

"Very effective," muttered the Dean, "but only in bringing down the staff of Ulysses upon the speaker's shoulders. Homer makes Thersites the representative of talent without worth, eloquence without character. Pope well observes, that had Ulysses made the same speech, the troops would have sailed that night for Greece. Character is to an individual what position is to a general. The world asks who a man is before it gives him an audience, or, at least, before it hears him a second time. We must not only take thought what we say, but from whence

we say it. Even in society, the prosperity of a jest depends upon the consideration of the man who makes it, often upon his place at the table. Young men ought to reflect upon this, and take more pains to make themselves respected than admired."

BOOKS ON OUR TABLE.

Sketches of English Character. By Mrs. Gore. A New Edition, revised and corrected. Bentley.

LIVELY, farcical and flippant, these sketches are *railway readable*, and deserve a place among the pleasant trifles included in *Bentley's Railroad Library*, though no one can gravely accept them as sketches of English character, otherwise than as that character manifests itself in farces and novels.

Journal of a Landscape Painter in Southern Calabria, &c. By E. Lear. Richard Bentley.
Beatrice; or, the Unknown Relatives. By Catherine Sinclair. 3 vols. Richard Bentley.
Bentley's Shilling Series—The Battle of Waterloo. By Professor Creasy. Richard Bentley.
The People's Life of the Duke of Wellington. Richard Bentley.
Bentley's Miscellany. Richard Bentley.
Blackwood's Magazine. Blackwood and Son.

Hand-Book of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy. By D. Lardner. Taylor, Walton, and Maberly.
The Parlour Library—The Cagot's Hut and the Conscript Bride. By F. C. Grattan. Simms and M'Intyre.

Home Circle. W. S. Johnson.
Palissy the Potter. By H. Morley. 2 vols. Chapman and Hall.
Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet. Chapman and Hall.
Devereux. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. Chapman and Hall.
The Law and Practice of Election Committees. By John Clerk, Esq. S. Sweet.
The Reformation of the Nineteenth Century. By J. Ronge. E. Dentsch.
The History of the Battles of Ligny, Quatre Bras, and Waterloo. L. Booth.
Colburn's United Service Magazine. Colburn and Co.
Christian Examiner. Crosby, Nichols and Co.
Lawson's Merchants' Magazine. R. Hastings.
New Quarterly Review. No. IV. Hookham and Sons.
Westminster Review. New Series. No. XIV. John Chapman.
Village Life in Egypt, with Sketches of the Said. By B. St. John. 2 vols. Chapman and Hall.
Journal of Psychological Medicine and Mental Pathology. John Churchill.
The Crystal Palace and Park in 1853. What has been Done—What will be Done? W. S. Orr and Co.
Reasoner. Parts VII. and VIII. J. Watson.

Portfolia.

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

LETTERS OF A VAGABOND.

VII.

Harley-street, Jan. 13, 1852.

I ONLY write, my dear Giorgio, to enclose the letter which I find lying here from Julie, as I have no time for much more. I returned this morning with Yseult, and shall go back with her as soon as she summons me; and, in the meantime, I have so much on my mind that makes writing painful that I shall probably say no more than to tell you the disaster which befel us on Monday last, on our way with Edwardes to keep Twelfth Night at his friend's.

We came to town early; Edwardes and I went a hasty round to see divers patients, who were all very accommodating, and we set out for the railway by three o'clock. Our party was the same as before, with the exception of Conway, whose absence seemed to cause manifest chagrin to Yseult. At least, she was much more thoughtful than she had been over night and in the morning, and mentioned him several times; though, in point of fact, they had talked but little together, either on that day or on the Sunday; and in the very evident friendship between them, I had never noticed anything *more* than friendship. On the Monday, her thoughtfulness made me watchful; for the deep interest I have felt in her from the first sound of her name, makes me as watchful of her, especially when she is in pain, as a mother of her child.

The short day was already closing, and the animated conversation which Edwardes had provoked with Margaret was beginning to flag; Yseult, who sate in the corner next to me, and opposite to Margaret, appeared to be dozing, in spite of the attack and retort which had been going on across the carriage. The darkness seemed to have silenced Stanhope; and perhaps Margaret supposed that the too exclusive attention which Edwardes had extorted from her to their sport of words had displeased the artist; for I heard her answer his marked silence by saying, in the grave, soft voice of long familiar affection, "Are you not well?" The words were scarcely out of her mouth before the rapid course of the train came to a sudden pause—a sort of long, sliding obstruction, with a sound of grating and crushing; a dizziness seemed to take possession of our carriage, which cracked and groaned, and was distorted with convulsive contractions, and then, in an instant, sank into a quiet wreck. One pause of silence—then a burst of shrieks; and then a heavy moan,—a sigh of agony from the whole train. I had already turned to Yseult, who said, both to me and Edwardes, "I am quite safe; but—Margaret!"

The poor girl lay motionless. She had not shrieked—she did not moan; she made no answer to Stanhope's whispered but vehement, almost harsh, calls upon her name. We instinctively made way for Edwardes, who was also unhurt. He bent over her, and somewhat relieved us by saying, "She is faint. Wait an instant!" As he spoke, she stirred; but it was only to shrink with pain. Reviving consciousness enabled her to stifle her moans; but she was evidently in terrible pain; and as she lay huddled up amid the wrecks of the carriage, which had been struck in her corner, it was impossible to ascertain how she suffered. The wrecks of the door had already been removed by people without; I had got out to assist, and Edwardes was trying to raise the wounded girl, but he desisted

at the sign of pain, and asked her where she was hurt. Her head, her arm, and her whole shoulder and side seemed to have been wounded.

"She is bleeding rather fast," said Edwardes, in an under tone, "and she *must* be removed at once. Can you," he continued to her, "bear a few moments of pain, Margaret? We must take you out of the carriage."

"I can bear *anything*, if Walter may lift me."

Walter's arms were round her in a second, framing themselves as firmly and tenderly as possible into a secure machine; her poor, bleeding head fell upon his shoulder, and he lifted her forth into the cold, darkening air. As he laid her down upon the soft ground, he kissed her on the cheek. At the moment, I was stooping over her in the twilight, and I shall never forget the smile of happiness that came unchecked over her pale face, with its unclosed eyes and its weary pain.

Walter's lip and beard were reddened where he had touched her cheek.

A lantern came at the summons of Edwardes's peremptory voice; and after a hasty examination, he walked away to reconnoitre resources of the place; while we stayed supporting and watching our dear charge—for now the many traits by which the poor girl had won our affection were compressed by the shock into strong love. Already the bank was strewn with other people more or less hurt, and the cause of the accident was proclaimed by many angry tongues. Some men had been slow in moving a stone truck, which ought not to have been on the line at all; and the neglect of one minute had probably caused death or life-long injury. We were not far from a station, and several houses were close at hand. Presently Edwardes returned with two men, and a hastily-composed litter; though how Edwardes had found the materials for it, whatever they were, I could have not guessed even if I had tried. He helped us to lay Margaret on it, and told us to follow a respectable old lady who now showed herself; and he went off to assist elsewhere. In a few minutes Margaret was quietly lying on a side-table, converted to a bed, in the parlour of an inn. We then had to *wait*! How terrible that was! How often we looked over the silent sufferer; whose bleeding neck Yseult was holding as Edwardes had directed her.

"I can feel her press my hand," said Stanhope, his reddened lip trembling like a girl's under its dark hair. Yseult whispered to me to wipe away the stain, lest Margaret should see it.

How indignant we began to grow at Edwardes for not coming—at least I did, and I am sure Stanhope did; but Yseult's face of unchanging patience, like the face of a ministering angel, conscious only of the service, and unsubdued by the pain, showed no signs of that unjust impatience. Presently he came—sudden, silent, direct, and at once proceeded to cut off the clothes from Margaret's left shoulder and arm; Yseult and Stanhope assisting. An arm of living sculpture lay bare and helpless; then a shoulder so beautiful that its very beauty rendered pity doubly tender. I drew back: my eyes, consecrated neither by fellow-womanhood, nor love, nor science, nor necessity, had no right to see farther; and I went forth to view the field of suffering. Already I found that Edwardes, assisted by a young surgeon who was among the passengers, had distributed the sufferers into proper care; one or two local surgeons had arrived; and a silent busy scene was going on in many of the rooms of the inn. In one the moans were frightful.

It was not very long before Edwardes joined me in the passage of the inn; followed almost immediately by Yseult. Edwardes's face, already possessed by the stern fixity of active duty, became almost bitter as he saw Yseult; and approaching to hear a report of Margaret, I could not avoid overhearing the short conversation between the two.

Yseult went up to him, laid both her hands on his shoulders, and looking in his face, said, with an air of entreaty as much as questioning—"Can you save her to us?"

Edwardes folded his arms as though to harden himself in face of his wife's claim upon his feeling, and answered with a cold, sarcastic air, that astounded me—"Yes, I can save her. But of what use is my skill and labour to *me*? What reward shall I get for it?"

"Reward! Edward!" Yseult drew back, in a sort of terrified amazement I suppose, at the unaccountable display of self-feeling at such a time. I learned afterwards how it was that Edwardes had been wrought up into that paroxysm of bitter excitement and perverse self-vindication.

"Yes, reward," he answered. "The labourer is worthy of his hire. I am at least worth something—say as a surgeon only, still that is something. You know what I mean. Will *you* give me—my wages?" The question was put with a covered smile.

Yseult looked at him for an instant, standing erect, and piercing into his eyes, as if she were trying to solve a living problem before her. Without changing countenance, without saying a word, she seemed to abandon a hopeless pursuit, and replied by turning away to go back to Margaret.

"Yseult!" cried Edwardes, with a sudden change, "come here. Do not fear for Margaret. She is terribly hurt; but if I were to die for it, she should be well again as ever."

His wife threw herself into his arms, clutching him with convulsive energy, and burying her face in his breast. One instant he held her to him, and then, putting her into my hands, he said, "Take her back to Margaret and come to me."

Yseult dried her drowned eyes, resumed her steadfast self-possession, and pressing my hand in token that I might at once go with Edwardes, returned to her charge.

I shall not sicken you by describing the sort of human shambles through which we had to wade. I have seen death in various forms—by violence, by squalid decay, by convulsive disease; but I have never yet been in a field of battle, and I never yet saw such a slaughterous scene as that made by this new invention of civilization. But in the midst of all the agony, the wretchedness of that scene, it was admirable to witness the effect and influence of mastery like Edwardes's. The calm command over himself and all around—the sustainment for suffering, the prompt alleviation, the obedience enforced on the rudest—the way in which the rebel contortions of untutored agony were stayed, in which the clumsy slowness of untutored help grew ready and adroit, under his short words—were tributes to his powers which kept me in constant admiration. I felt the influence on myself. And I saw how, through all the harshness of command and self-possession, there was strong sympathy and working kindness. He must have laboured hard, with a divine gift of genius, to acquire that power. He must, for all his wayward harshness, perhaps exasperated by that severe labour, have a great heart, whose every emotion of kindness, endowed with power, is a *result* for others. My friendship for him, shocked as it had been at times, was infinitely strengthened that day. He was truly our master for the time; and the servant never forgets his apprenticeship.

I never was more exhausted, not even after that long pull with Sidney when the piratical rascals of Porto Venere were upon us, than when I lay down that night. Before we went to bed, we found that Stanhope had been cut in the head and bruised in the shoulder—an imitation of Margaret's hurt, without the breaking of the arm. He said he had forgotten it, and I believe him; although Edwardes thought that it was a mere subterfuge to avoid arresting him with other patients, or to avoid a lengthened summons away from Margaret. When I awoke in the morning, I heard that the dear girl was worse, much worse, and that Yseult had not slept for an instant; but the sufferer was better again before Edwardes went to town. Her arm was set favourably; but "shock" and fear nearly made the over-confident Edwardes fail in his word. Since that night he has almost lived on the railway; coming down twice a-day, although most of the other patients have been removed—one or two by death. As Margaret has improved in health, the watch upon her has been less severe, and we have persuaded Yseult to take her share of rest.

As the weight of anxiety was lightened, Edwardes's asperity returned; and at length we had a burst of it more painfully intelligible. It was on Friday evening. He had meant to return to town, but delayed unaccountably, until it was too late for the train; walking restlessly about the room. Yseult was half reclining on a sofa, reading; I was sitting on an easy chair, half asleep, half reading the paper. It contained a long mysterious "dis-closure" of a case in "high life," which was "soon to occupy the gentlemen of the long robe in the Ecclesiastical Courts," with an application for "restitution of conjugal rights." Edwardes must have seen by the part of the paper to which my eyes were turned, what I was reading, and he made some indifferent allusion to it. I expressed my amazement at the recurrence of such cases; and to my still greater amazement, Edwardes defended the husband. At first I thought it was a grim joke; but he gravely persisted.

"Yes," he said; "life and its duties are not a sport. When we enter upon a responsible condition, we undertake responsibilities to others which are not to be thrown off or evaded. At the altar, the husband and the wife reciprocally swear to love, and neither is free to withdraw that pledge."

"But, my dear fellow," I said, "you are now citing an abuse of the rite as a reason for an abuse of the institution. At the altar you who marry undertake, on oath, that which cannot be undertaken. Love is not a duty, but a fact. We cannot undertake to love; but we do love or do not, as may happen."

"I beg your pardon," he answered; "we can do much by trying. If we cannot *love*, as you call it, by a direct action of the will, we can encourage circumstances favourable to affection. Much of the dissension of married life arises from caprice, or from a perverse resolve to recognise no love but that which can withstand every attempt to suppress it—the love, in short, of novels."

"No; I have what you would call a practical view of the matter. But you perplex me, by taking your stand on the altar—you who profess to recognize no 'superstitious sanctions.'"

"No more I do."

"And yet it is only at the altar that you undertake to love; I believe I am right in supposing that you enter into no such undertaking to the Registrar of Births, Marriages, and Deaths."

"You talk," said Edwardes, growing warmer, "like an unmarried man, who has never known what it is to grow through the different stages of the—the passion. You cannot know what it is to feel the first enthusiasm of youthful love giving place to that soberer friendship which has, I grant, not the same illusions as the other, but is far more respectable and practically beneficial. To be a companion to her husband; to aid him in his pursuits, at least by domestic support; to comfort him in toil; to—in short, to be a *wife* to him is the duty of her who has undertaken that—that duty—who has at least undertaken to do so. Remember, that marriage is indissoluble, and that a woman has no *right* to convert a husband into a widower in her lifetime."

"But where the necessity for compulsion?"

"Where! where?" He looked round, as if he did not understand my forgetting the where; but then resumed—"We were speaking exactly of such a case—of a wife who refuses to be a wife to her husband; and whom the law," he added, with violence, "will force to return to her duty."

I was shocked and silenced. A light suddenly burst upon me: Edwardes was, incited by some degree of parallel in the newspaper, stating his own case, and I was the object through whom he was now speaking at another. This explained circumstances before unintelligible to me. I wished to drop the subject, but he would not let me. "You cannot answer that," he said,

"I suppose you state the law of your country as it is," I rejoined; "but you ascribe to it a tyranny that seems to be horrible, revolting—one against morals. I insist that to love is a spontaneous growth, not to be forced by the will: it is a fact, not a duty; and the absence of it is also a fact, not a breach of duty. But to treat indifference as love——!"

"Go on. View it practically. A woman is given to man for his companion—for the prevention of vice, says the prayer book; and she has no right, I say, to make him a widower in her lifetime."

"I do view it practically. I reply that love is a fact not a duty; that love, the mysterious power which subdues us the one to the other, is a condition not to be undergone where love meets indifference; for if it do, both are disgraced. No, I am wrong—the unwilling may be outraged, but not disgraced. Love which obtrudes itself upon indifference, desecrates itself; since it consents to undergo its divine submission before cold eyes not equally consecrated. And if *without* love—if only with what it is vile to call 'passion'—if only asserting convenient right—Oh! Edwardes, it is horrible that any creature capable of loving, especially capable as a noble and tender woman must be, should be forced to undergo the hideous mockery of love. It is abominable."

"I grant you," cried Edwardes, taking a perverse pleasure in the discussion, and in probing his own wound—

Yseult, who had been reading with resolute pertinacity, now laid down her book, rose from the sofa and left the room. After she had gone Edwardes made a long pause of silence, walking heavily up and down; and then he suddenly resumed.

"I grant you that there may be cases of cruelty, and I have known them. I do not speak as a bigot. As to the altar, I assuredly need not rely on that. But I speak practically. I grant you that there are cases in which there is much cruelty. I have known them. I have known the case of a girl, young, married in total ignorance, to whom the very first aspect of matrimony approached in such inconsiderate and brutal abruptness, that terror seized her, from which she *never* recovered. She was a patient of mine—a patient rather to my skill in reasoning and persuasion than in drugs: but I must confess that it was a horrible endurance, that life of hers. One does not wonder at repugnance in *such* cases. It may be terror. I have known another case of a rough selfish ogre wedded to a delicate fairy, who—but I will not scarify your ears with that. It is horrible to think of—midnight, and no rescue *possible*—not once, but always. No escape! 'Right' was very like crime there."

"But," I said, not unwilling to stop his morbid revel in the shocking, "are there no cases short of such,—no minor moral, or even physical brutalities? Has the drunkard, with tainted words of endearment, a *right* to invade the love of a woman who accepted him before he was corrupted?"

"It is a difficult question. Yes, I know,—there are shoals of cases. We talk of a young girl prostituted for position to some old rascal, and forget that decrepitude is not always the most revolting trait. It is frightful that any brute incubus should have a *right* to appropriate a human creature with an independent soul, and that human being probably a timid and delicate one; to be without any help of interference. It is odious. But we were not speaking of such cases. We were only saying, that, as it always happens, the first vehemence and romantic illusion of passion passes; and because a soberer feeling supervenes, a woman has no *right* to plead indifference in bar of her duty."

"Are you sure, Edwardes, that indifference always supervenes?"

"You are not a married man, or you would not ask."

"How are you so sure I should not? Is it the *marriage*, then, that is always such a certain cause of indifference?"

"The marriage? No; it is the habit. Continuance always has that effect."

"Always?"

"Always—except in novels, and in cases that one never finds in one's own experience."

"But what if I say that I do know such?"

"In *married* life?"

"In married life. But how strange that question. It presupposes that such cases of continued affection might exist *without* marriage."

"Undoubtedly: one effect of ———. But we are wandering from the point, and you are getting tired. Good night. I *will* go to town after all. Tell Yseult that I must see Halsted to-night, or very early. I will get a horse." He was leaving the room, but he came back. "I tell you what, Tristan, life is a sad reality, not a romance; and when we expect romance in real life, or refuse to accept life as we find it, we inflict misery where at least misery is not due, punishing others for our disappointment. Good night."

Soon afterwards I heard him ride off. I fear that what he says is true;

and that after the "illusion" is over, married life is but an endurance. That accounts, in part, for the sombre faces all round. Two human beings become a mutual sacrifice, under the full belief, on presumption, that it must be so. And so it must, to the feeble and the acquiescent. But to see noble natures sacrificed, and sacrificed *by* noble natures!

I saw Yseult no more that night, and next day only in Margaret's room, when I visited the patient; now out of all danger, pale as she is, with her hair cut close, and her fine rounded face sharpened. Edwardes spent yesterday with us, and to-day Yseult and I followed him up, as she had not seen the children since Margaret's accident. It is painful, and yet delightful, to see how Edwardes's love and hers still consciously meet in their children.

I forgot to tell you in my last letter, that when I attained to Giulia Sidney's lodging, she had gone, leaving for me a note, with only these words:—"I am gone into the country, not to return till you have had time to forgive me. I am more wretched than wicked. Addio." But Werneth tells me that she is to be at his father's; and I shall surprise her there. I go the more readily, as Werneth promises that I shall see something of working-class life. I am beginning to tire of England, with all its bondages.

See how much more I have written than I meant! But Yseult calls me.

PASSAGES FROM A BOY'S EPIC.

X.

HESPERIA.

FIRM anchorage finding there,
Leapt Bacchus to the shore, and leaping flung
His tresses, that like golden morning streamed,
From off his shoulders and his neck divine.
Along the pier a mighty multitude
Loud welcome shouted, and from echoing halls
Came sceptred Gods, and all the Hesperian Powers.
Some in their crowns wore wreaths of ivy green;
Some briony and blossoms of the grape,
Or rose and myrtle, that above the sun,
Bloom in the gardens of perpetual spring.
With glad acclaim they hailed the Olympian god arriving,
With Evox and Io; such all night
In folds of gray Cithæron when the train
Of Mœnad wassailers confront the dark
With flaring torches and large shadowy boughs,
A vineyard all on fire, the traveller hears,
And in some mountain hollow lurks secure.
So shouting led they Bacchus through the streets
Of the metropolis, Dionium called.
Of gold the pavement was, more pure than glass;
Throughout the streets on either hand appeared
Temple, and colonnade, and theatre,
Of amethyst and opal, pearl and gold,
With sculpture rare, and carved entablature,
And delicate embroidery wrought in stone,
Wild flower of rose and flower of lily wrought.
Through streets and arches, halls and corridors,
Like a bright stream the long procession flowed,
Continuous, till it reached an open square,
White with the wandering moonlight. Central rose
The palace of the Queen, wrought all of pearl,
That in the moonlight likeliest moonlight seemed,
Or work of radiant cloud that miracle
Had hardened into stone. Four portals lookt
Direct towards the four great winds of heaven,
Fashioned of amethyst; above them stood
Pale images of marble; God and man,
Woman and goddess, and the larger forms
Of panther, caméléopard, and lucern,
Bewildering air with beauty. But ere long,
Self-moving upon golden hinges, rolled
The amethystine portals to receive
Bacchus and all his mighty company;
Self-moving, yet once more, the jewelled gates
Closed, and the flying echoes far away
Died, as the gods advanced. Through regal bowers,
That shone as with the light of sunset clouds,
While all the painted life upon the walls
Seemed pleading for heroic memories
Of old and crowned men, whom love made gods,
Through halls and corridors, in lengthening line
That pomp resplendent past, and now attained
An ample chamber, wrought of solid pearl,
With gorgeous light from gem and jewel rare,
That suited the strong vision of the gods.
Throughout the hall, at equal distance ranged,
Twelve thrones were seen, whereof the central shone
As among stars the moon, and here the Queen
Of all Desire and of all Beauty sat.

ENGLISH SYMPATHY WITH ITALY.—It is not too much to say that, till the formation of the Society, [of the Friends of Italy] there did not exist in this country any adequate representation of the sentiments and the policy of those who are the real organs of the Italian people. Our liberal newspapers, indeed, recorded facts that could not fail to impress the public mind, and commented on these facts in the spirit natural to journals accustomed to generous views on home-questions. The popular instinct, too, of the great mass of our countrymen always, on the occasion of any very striking or splendid fact, such as the defence of Rome against the French, broke through all the impediments to a right appreciation, and seized with due precision the heroic name that was conspicuous, or the heroic thing that was transpiring; discerning, for example, the true lineaments of a Mazzini despite a thousand calumnies, and penetrating, more sagaciously than most professional politicians did, the meaning of the movement which he led. Still, there was no uniform, consistent, unflinching attention among us to the course of Italian events; no intuition into what was right and what was wrong in Italian politics; no decided and persevering preference, such as even Englishmen might justly entertain, for one Italian tendency rather than another. We looked at Italy, as it were, through a haze composed of all those prejudices against the words "Revolution," "Republic," "demagogue," and the like, which accord so intimately with English feeling, and which the enemies of Italian liberty so carefully fostered by their manner of writing and talking; and it was only when, in the midst of this haze, there was seen the flash of some indisputably glorious human action, that our hesitations, and our doubts, and our small arguings "if" and "but," gave way to a unanimous cheer of encouragement and assent. But this, surely, is not the way in which one nation should survey another undergoing the throes of a mortal agony!—*First Annual Report of the Society of the Friends of Italy.*

THE SENSE OF INTERNATIONAL DUTY.—As regards this great end of the initiation, through Parliament, of a nobler and wiser policy in respect to Italy than has yet distinguished us as a nation, we can be said to have reached only the first or preparatory stage. That stage consists in the diffusion through the people at large, and especially through the electoral body, of a sentiment almost new to our mental constitution as a nation—the sense or sentiment of International Duty. And the extent to which this international sense or sentiment has lately developed itself among us is certainly an astonishing thing, and a sign that England is awakening to do some work still in the family of nations. First of all there came Kossuth, exchanging his character as a patriot acting within the special field of Hungary, for that of a man agitating, by his intellect and his eloquence, the speculations of the whole Anglo-Saxon portion of the human race; and, under his hands, the popular sympathies which had been awakened on both sides of the Atlantic with the oppressed populations of Europe, assumed that form which thought usually assumes before it passes into action—the form of definite widely-accepted propositions. The doctrine of Non-Intervention as modified by Kossuth, whether that doctrine in itself be complete or not, and the idea of the Anglo-American alliance as expounded by him, are positive additions to the speculation of the age; and, as surely as the action of to-morrow flows in the path prescribed by the speculation of to-day, these thoughts will not perish without fruit. And, as if still further to cultivate this rising international sense among us, by bringing our national anger and pride into its service, are there not now daily occurring such insults to England in the persons of her subjects abroad, as, were England selfishly asleep, would be sure selfishly to arouse her?—*First Annual Report of the Society of the Friends of Italy.*

THE ITALIAN QUESTION AS RELATED TO THE CONTINENTAL QUESTIONS.—At this time last year, the question of Italy was more insulated and independent than it now is; the Continent as a whole not having yet relapsed into utter and general despotism, and the presence of the French troops in Rome standing as a distinct obstacle, the possible removal of which by a change in the politics of France, was a thing to be separately worked for and contemplated. The Papal policy with regard to England, too, and the publication of Mr. Gladstone's Letters respecting Naples, brought the Italian question home to us at that time with special and immediate force. Since then there has been an enormous change. To those who look clearly, the Italian question still comes home as, most emphatically of all Continental questions, a question of British value and British interest. But the possibility of insulating that question from other Continental questions exists no longer. By the Napoleonic coup d'état, and that consequent condition of things in France which may be described as a trial of the function of debauchecism

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in politics, all Europe has been laid under one continuous net-work of military despotism. If that net-work is ruptured at any one spot it will be ruptured in all; the rupture of the net-work, therefore, anywhere, is now the thing to be desired, not its rupture in this or that exclusive spot. And, who can doubt it, the rupture will come! On the banks of the Theiss it may be; on the plains of Lombardy, or in the sea-ports of Sicily; nay—for Providence works by magnificent surprises—in that strange city of Paris itself where Louis Napoleon is now the lord! Even now the finger of an Unseen Hand may be pointing on the map of Europe to the destined spot. Or again, the hour may be still a good way off, and much may yet have to intervene. But come the hour will! As sure as there is justice, as sure as there is retribution, nay, as sure as there is vicissitude, come the hour will! And, till it comes, it is for us to work—to work specially for the land we have specially undertaken to speak for; but, even for that land's sake, with an eye to the generalities that affect all nations.—*First Annual Report of the Society of the Friends of Italy.*

Commercial Affairs.

MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

BRITISH FUNDS FOR THE PAST WEEK.
(CLOSING PRICES.)

	Satur.	Mon.	Tues.	Wedn.	Thurs.	Frid.
Bank Stock	100½	100	100½	100½	100½	100½
3 per Cent. Con. Ans.	100½	100½	100½	100½	100½	100½
3 per Cent. Con., Ac.	100½	100½	100½	100½	100½	100½
3½ per Cent. An.	100½	100½	100½	100½	100½	100½
New 5 per Cents.	100½	100½	100½	100½	100½	100½
Long Ans., 1860	100½	100½	100½	100½	100½	100½
India Stock	100½	100½	100½	100½	100½	100½
Ditto Bonds, £1000	86	86	84	85	85	85
Ditto, under £1000	86	86	84	85	85	85
Ex. Bills, £1000	67 p	70 p	67 p	67 p	70 p	70 p
Ditto, £500	67 p	67 p	67 p	67 p	70 p	70 p
Ditto, Small	70 p	67 p	67 p	67 p	70 p	70 p

FOREIGN FUNDS.

(LAST OFFICIAL QUOTATION DURING THE WEEK ENDING THURSDAY EVENING.)

Belgian 4½ per Cents.	97½	Russian, 1822, (ex. div.)	118½
Danish 5 per Cents.	104½	Russian 4½ per Cents.	105
Dutch 4 per Cent. Certif.	99½	Sardinian Bonds	95½
Granada Deferred	11½	Spanish 3 p. Cents.	51
Mexican 3 per Cents.	25	Spanish 3 p. Cts. New Def.	23½
Mexican 3 per Ct. Acct.	25½	Spanish Passives, Conv.	6½
October 15	25½	Turkish Loan, 6 per Cent.	9½
Peruvian, 1849	105	1852	9½
Peruvian 3 per Cent. Def.	64½	Venezuela Deferred	16½
Portuguese 4 per Cents.	38½		

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in his Evening LECTURE ON MUSIC, in which he will be assisted by Miss Blanche Young, R.A.M.

LECTURES:

By J. H. Pepper, Esq., on TESTING GOLD, and on the AUSTRALIAN GOLD DISTRICTS.

By Dr. Bachhoffner, on the MODE OF PRESERVING FRESH PROVISIONS.

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Occupation

Date

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SECRETARY WANTED, for the LITERARY and SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION, JOHN STREET, FITZROY SQUARE.—The Office being open to competition, Candidates must send in written applications, with testimonials of character and ability, addressed to the Committee, on or before Tuesday, October 19th, 1852. Inquiries as to Salary, Duties, &c., can only be made in the Committee Room between the hours of Seven and Ten in the Evening.

EDWARD TRUELOVE, Sec. pro tem.

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The Directors of the Chiriqui Road Company have the satisfaction to state to their shareholders and the public, that, in reference to the right and title of territory through which the road is to run, and of which they never had, and never could have, the slightest doubt, a file of the Official Gazette of New Granada, extending from the 1st of January to the 3rd of August last, has come to this country by the last West Indian Mail, (these Gazettes may be seen at Lloyd's Merchants' Room,) which sets the disputed point completely at rest.

These Gazettes, throughout the period mentioned, abound with official orders and decrees, civil, military, financial, and commercial, in reference to that portion of New Granada in which the Veraguas, Chiriqui, and Bocas del Toro, are situate. In these we find returns of all descriptions, local and Customs revenues and expenditure, ordered by the Supreme Government, and furnished by the local authorities and proper officers of these provinces and districts, adverting to years that are past. Especially we find the returns from the Custom-house of Bocas del Toro (see Gazette, July 17,) for 1840-1841, the year wherein the Costa Rica advocates have told us that the New Granadian Government had no establishments or authority of any kind there.

But still more decisive are the contents of the Gazette of April 6, which, in a Supplement, gives us the official census of the population of the Republic of New Granada for 1851. It is dated Bogota, January 20, 1852. In this census, which shows the total population to be 2,243,730, we find discriminated every province, canton, district, parish, and hamlet, with the population of each, the number of electors, and the number and the names of the senators and representatives appropriated for each province, and now representing these in the Legislature assembled at, and which holds its sittings in, Bogota. From this curious and important document, the Directors place before their shareholders and the public the following account of the population, &c., of Veraguas and of the Province of Chiriqui, formerly part of Veraguas, and the western portion thereof:—

Population. Senator. Representative. Electors.
Province Chiriqui, 17,279 1 1 16
Designated and divided thus:—

CANTON OF ALONJE.				
District—David	-	-	-	4625
Alanje	-	-	-	3149
Bocachica, A.	-	-	-	104
Boqueron	-	-	-	845
Bugaba, A.	-	-	-	331
Caldera, A.	-	-	-	137
Dolega	-	-	-	1506
Gualaca	-	-	-	1351
Remedios	-	-	-	1584
San Felix	-	-	-	515
San Lorenzo	-	-	-	1777
San Pablo	-	-	-	730
				16,654
Bocas del Toro	-	-	-	547
Boca del Draco	-	-	-	78
San Miguel	-	-	-	
				625
Total	-	-	-	17,279

The name of the Senator is Antonio Valeros; the Representative, Nicolas Lopez. The number of deputies sent to the Provincial Legislature is 11.

Besides this, the Directors can state from official authority that the Vice-President of the Republic of New Granada has large estates in the Bocas del Toro; that his wife is a native of that district, and their family and connexions highly respectable. When not on duty elsewhere, the Vice-President and his family reside at David. Next let us look at the province of Veraguas:—

Population. Senator. Representative. Electors.
Veraguas 33,864 1 1 30
Designated and divided thus:—

CANTON SANTIAGO.				
Santiago	-	-	-	6121
Atalaya	-	-	-	1059
Culebra	-	-	-	2111
Canazas	-	-	-	4245
Mesa	-	-	-	2542
Mineral	-	-	-	282
Montejo	-	-	-	2009
Palmas	-	-	-	3004
Ponuga, A.	-	-	-	694
Rio de Jesus	-	-	-	1615
San Francisco	-	-	-	4885
St. Juan de Costa	-	-	-	63
Santafe, A.	-	-	-	1076
Sena	-	-	-	2652
Tole	-	-	-	1138
Tranquillas, A.	-	-	-	368
Total	-	-	-	33,864

Principal Senator, JOSE DE FABREGA.
Representative, JOSE ANTONIO CHUNEZ.

Besides these particulars they have (see Gazettes) mentioned, the enumeration of the quotas of men that these provinces are bound to furnish for the defence of the country, thus:—Chiriqui, for internal disturbances, 194; foreign invasion, 700; and Veraguas, for internal disturbances, 380; and for foreign invasion, 1520. The Gazette of January 3rd contains, moreover, an official and important decree from the Supreme Government regarding grants and privileges to emigrants settling in the province of Chiriqui and Bocas del Toro. To add one word more on the subject would be to insult common sense and the understanding of the public.

By order of the Court of Directors,
JAMES MACQUEEN, Sec.

London, Sept. 29, 1852.

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