

Thomson Leigh Hunt, 10 Wellington Street, Strand.

# The Leader.

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

## Contents:

### NEWS OF THE WEEK—

PAGE

John Bright's Solution of the Irish Church "Difficulty" .....	1030
More "Last Guns" of Protection .....	1030
Lord Bateman at Leominster.....	1031
Lord Waterford on "Landlord and Tenant" .....	1031
Whom Major Beresford would like to Emigrate .....	1031
Church Matters.....	1031
Letters from Paris .....	1032
Continental Notes .....	1033
Cuba Insulting the Stars and Stripes .....	1033

Ehe Egham Duel .....	1033
A Glimpse of Pittcairn's Island .....	1034
A "Ghost" at Hull .....	1034
A Vision of the Virgin Mary .....	1034
The City Charities .....	1034
Miscellaneous .....	1035
Health of London during the Week .....	1036
Births, Marriages, and Deaths.....	1036

### POSTSCRIPT .....

### PUBLIC AFFAIRS—

Belgium, Cuba, and Turkey .....	1037
---------------------------------	------

Influence of the "Leader" in America .....	1038
What is Meant by "Weakening" the Establishment.....	1038
Is Louis Napoleon a Stupid Man? .....	1039
Hints to New M.P.'s. ....	1040
Taxation Reduced to Unity and Simplicity .....	1041
The Sinigaglia Executions .....	1043

### OPEN COUNCIL—

The Poor Man versus the Parish Doctor .....	1043
The Trials at Cologne .....	1043

### LITERATURE—

Butler's Analogy versus Modern Unbelief .....	1044
Village Life in Egypt .....	1046

### PORTFOLIO—

Letters of a Vagabond .....	1047
-----------------------------	------

### THE ARTS—

The Dramatist's First Night .....	1049
Anne Blake.....	1050
Sarah Blangi .....	1050

### COMMERCIAL AFFAIRS—

Markets, Advertisements, &c. 1050—1052
--

VOL. III. No. 136.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1852.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.]

## News of the Week.

**E**VEN of greater importance than the Turkish or the Belgian intelligence, is the latest assurance from the United States, that the success of Franklin Pierce is ascertained. Before another number of our paper is out he will have been elected President; and the intelligence of that event will probably arrive not much more than a week later. Ohio, Pennsylvania, Indiana, and Maryland, have elected democratic state officers by enormous majorities; General Scott's canvassing and promise-making tour in the west notwithstanding.

It is an appendix to this important fact, that the conduct of the Spanish Government has had its anticipated result. The seizure of passengers and mails in the *barque Cornelia*, and still more the peremptory refusal to admit the mail steamer *Crescent City*, under command of a Captain in the United States Navy, had raised a flame of indignation in New York; numbers who before abstained from the movement against Cuba, now united with the national indignation against Spain; and the general resolution was, that Cuba should be seized.

The "Turkish question" that has suddenly burst upon astonished Europe is the first illustration of the new declaration, "*L'Empire, c'est la paix.*" The Bank of Constantinople, a kind of sub-treasury department, for getting instead of keeping money, contracts a loan under sanction of the Sultan; the sanction is withdrawn; the bank declares that it cannot borrow the money; the lenders of Paris and London are as angry as a lady fair who has accepted advances only to meet a retraction; the French ambassador who had advised the loan threatens to withdraw, and France has the opportunity of feeling insulted if she pleases. As Protector of the Holy Places the Emperor elect can defend the ill-used bank; and he can shake Turkey until—she falls into the protecting arms of Russia.

Belgium, according to the report of a contemporary which has heretofore distinguished itself by supporting Lord Palmerston rather than Lord Malmesbury, has been ordered by the Allied Powers to force its Ministry into a compression of the press; the Derby Government taking a part in enforcing that requisition on King Leopold. The triumph of the Radical party in the

election of a President to the Chambers implies that the nation will not at once acquiesce in any such demand, nor is King Leopold's acquiescence to be presumed.

In France herself commerce marches as it is expected to do under the shadow of "order;" great public works keep the working classes employed, and material prosperity is perfect—for the day. The "little bill," indeed, is accumulating; but of course Louis Napoleon expects that some imperial windfall will turn up before the creditor shall lose his patience. But observers note a very marked reservation in the demeanour of the people; they are content to take what they have, but they maintain a close self-possession. "War" is still the talk. The reduction of the army, which will delight our Peace-mongers in a few weeks, is a show of peace, a preparative for war. It is to be a reduction of the ineffective forces—a *weeding* of the army, leaving it in more efficient working condition. England is still the popular object of attack. Louis Napoleon imitates his uncle with emendations. The Boulogne expedition served as a feint to cloak the attack on Russia; the modern converse will be to make an expedition against Russia, Thibet, or some other remote spot, the feint for an attack on England.

In general Englishmen stick to "practical" politics very assiduously. At Loughborough, Lord Granby announces to a delighted country that he has no notion what his brother the Commissioner of Woods and Forests or any other of the Ministers means to do; at Leominster, Lord Bateman, —well known from George Cruikshank's epic—announces his absolute confidence in Lord Derby, although in not taking his stand upon Protection, Lord Derby had proved wiser than he was; and at Saffron Walden, Mr. William Beresford, who denounced the vile rabble at Braintree, denounces the emigration which conveys "the bone and sinew of the country" to a distance where the farmer cannot use it. Crushed bones for manure, unground bones to utilize the manure—these are the farmers' rights, and Mr. Beresford objects to their being withdrawn. But Mr. Packe is the sturdiest of the Protectionist party. He does not see why, because potatoes fail in Ireland, Protection should be declared dead, or Protectionists should cry *sauve qui peut*. And he is right. The readiness of the Protectionists to run away in defeat is not conviction, but simply cowardice. Defeat does not refute a doctrine; and if the

Protectionists were men of the old English stamp, they would uphold their doctrine in the teeth of defeat, at least for the remainder of a generation. Perhaps they hope to betray Free-trade into an ambush, by running away and living to fight another day; but an ambush in a panic never does its work.

Mr. Beresford, however, is the *enfant terrible* of the home government, and there has been a talk of removing him. The *Globe* announced his translation to Jamaica, as Governor; and as Jamaica is "only a colony," the idea was not a bad one—for himself and friends. Irritated at the withdrawal of Protection, Jamaica has already talked of "cutting the painter" of connexion with England, and of drifting to annexation with the United States; and to send out a member of the renegade Protectionist Government as chief officer would naturally conciliate the Jamaicans. A man of Mr. Beresford's discretion would be able to conduct the future negotiations with so much tact! And when Cuba had been annexed, he could conduct the negotiations for Jamaica from shore to shore! Certainly he was the man to choose; so much so, that the choice transcends what we might have expected even from Lord Derby's Government. Therefore we might have disbelieved the report, if it had not been contradicted by the *Morning Herald*.

Among the original suggestions of the week, one of the most striking comes from Mr. John Bright, who possesses at least one of the qualities of statesmanship rarest in our day—a courageous disposition to treat affairs in a broad and vigorous manner. He proposes a plan for settling the Church question in Ireland: it is to appropriate the property of the Established Church for a proportionable division amongst the several chief denominations in Ireland—the Episcopalian, Roman Catholic, and Presbyterian. It may be objected against Mr. Bright's plan, that it does not profit by the experience of the past, since it endeavours to fix a machinery for that which is fluctuating if not progressive—religious opinion. He proposes to dismantle one establishment, and out of the materials to construct three establishments. His plan advances in the direction of a correspondent of our own, and without any very great stretching of his terms, it could be made to include the advantages of that proposition, by vesting Church property in each local body, and leaving the selection of the local minister to the

[COUNTRY EDITION.]



prosperity and the prosperity itself. (Cheers.) Now, he unhesitatingly affirmed, that as far as he was able to form an opinion, it was the superiority of the Divine wisdom that baffled the folly of men. (Cheers.) It was the produce of the Australian and Californian gold mines that was reaping the Bank Charter Act of Sir R. Peel. (Loud cheers.) It was the instinct of our countrymen to fly from the land that spurned them, and the soil that would not protect them, to a country that would protect their labour, and offered to receive them. (Cheers.) These were, to his thinking, the two causes why the harshness and asperity of the Free-trade measures were not at the present moment felt so deeply as they had been, and as he feared they would again be felt. He maintained that it was not in consequence of, but in spite of, Free-trade, that the country was in part prosperous. (Cheers.) But when people talked of the prosperity and progress of this country, he denied that that prosperity was at all equal to what it ought to be, and to what it would be if it had not been for the mischievous legislation of Free-traders. (Cheers.) He denied that it was equal to what it was prior to that time. (Cheers.) He affirmed that if we had just and wise laws, our progress would be infinitely greater than it now was; that, as compared with what it ought to be, it was absolutely retrograding; that, with respect to what it was, it was now standing still; and that, when they looked at America, it was very insignificant indeed." (Cheers.)

He referred to the future the mitigation of the evils of Free-trade. But there was one subject which Government must soon decide—the Income-tax. How a Protectionist would deal with this tax we hereby see. This difficult subject must be considered and must be decided upon in a very short time, and he entertained great hopes that it would be got rid of altogether, and that the country would return to a sounder system of legislation—similar to that adopted by America—and make foreigners pay a great portion of the taxes of the country. Let them call it what they liked, he was quite convinced that that was the only system of taxation tolerable in this country. (Cheers.)

Mr. Farnham, M.P., appears to be a gentleman with little logic and a lively faith. He had great confidence in the Government, "particularly as Mr. Disraeli had said 'there was something looming in the distance.'"

Mr. Bennet, one of the "judges" acknowledged the complimentary toast:—

"Tenant-farmers were the great paymasters—the middlemen between poverty and wealth, between capital and labour. It was this that had made them fare the worst, for whatever the amount of their produce might be, they had to pay all above them and all below. (Loud cheers.) Mr. Packe had described himself as a large occupier, but he was not a tenant-farmer; and Mr. Packe the occupier could easily arrange matters with Mr. Packe the proprietor. (Loud cheers and laughter.) However, he thought that they had now passed the worst; but in any case his advice to the tenant-farmers was not to look back. Bad farming could do no good, it would injure the labourer and the land, but at the same time it would not benefit themselves. (Cheers.)"

Several other toasts were then proposed, and the meeting separated.

#### LORD BATEMAN AT LEOMINSTER.

LORD BATEMAN is a noble lord, not was, as the old ballad hath it; and he harangueth at Protection meetings and supporteth Lord Derby. The other day he was at Hereford, and now he appears at Leominster. His topic was whether or not Lord Derby was still a Protectionist and a friend of the farmer, and he settled the matter to his own satisfaction in the following way. After admitting that the country was prosperous—that prosperity did not arise from Free-trade—but from confidence in Lord Derby—he proceeded:—

"During the latter part of the last session of Parliament much was said about Lord Derby having given up this, that, and the other. It was asserted that he was no Protectionist, no friend to the farmer, a second Sir Robert Peel, and so on. He (Lord Bateman) maintained that these assertions were unfounded. At the time that his (Lord Bateman's) brother (Mr. Hambury) became a candidate for Herefordshire, he (Lord Bateman) waited upon Lord Derby, and he would make no secret of what transpired, because it would throw no blame on any one. Having obtained an interview, he informed his Lordship of the currency of the report that he had given up Protection—that he considered the farmers were idiots to clamour for Protection—and that he did not entertain the same opinions upon the subject as formerly; in fact, that he had for the last six years advocated a principle, and had been the first when in office to abandon that principle. He (Lord Bateman) also told him that he had left his party—or rather that his party had gone far beyond him—upon that very question, and that he had requested his brother to come forward and contest the county of Hereford upon the principles his Lordship had advocated, and he wished to know before his brother proceeded with his canvass whether he was earnest in the ideas he had entertained on the subject. Lord Derby's answer was to the effect that, till the elections were over, it was impossible for him to say what his exact measures would be, but he added: 'Suffice it to say, I pledge my word if I have returned to Parliament a sufficient number to carry out a scheme for the benefit of the agricultural classes, those classes shall have my very best and most earnest attention.'"

Such is the revelation given by Lord Bateman.

Our readers will wonder at the simplicity of the agricultural mind.

Lord Bateman said, he had last year recommended them not to cry out for Protection, as it seemed impossible to reverse the Free-trade system.

"At the same time," he innocently remarked, "when Lord Derby took office, he certainly thought he would have gone to the country on that policy, but his lordship was a wiser man than himself, and had not done so. It did not, however, follow that Lord Derby was no friend to the farmers."

And then he gave us a glimpse of the Bateman notions respecting the duty of a statesman.

"It was the bounden duty of the man who stood at the head of the Government solely by their assistance, to look after the interests of his party, just as much as it was Lord John Russell's duty to look after the interests of those on the opposite side who placed him at the head of affairs."

Sufficiently explicit and sufficiently narrow. And he very logically concluded, that "farmers would place confidence in the man who was the mainstay and the only hope of the agricultural interests. No other possible Government that he knew of could grant to them the same measure of justice, the same help, and the same attention as the present, Lord Derby's Government was composed of new men certainly, but men of well-known integrity, honesty, and honourable motives—men who, they might depend upon it, would never deceive the farmers. If their opinions changed he was convinced they would immediately resign office."

However simple minded, it is clear from the theory of ethics expressed in the last sentence, that Lord Bateman is a noble lord.

#### LORD WATERFORD ON "LANDLORD AND TENANT."

THE Marquis of Waterford presided at the annual dinner of the Portland Agricultural Society, last week. In proposing the health of Lord Doneraile, he called him "one of those landlords who possess sufficient common sense to recognise a community of interest between landlord and tenant; and who feel, that in promoting the comfort, prosperity, and happiness of the tenant he takes the most effectual means to promote his own welfare." He advocated the culture of flax, and the growth of beet for sugar. He urged them to keep pace with the march of intellect [? science]. "This was not the time to persist in adhering to obsolete practices. (Cheers.) They should study to adapt new inventions and new ideas to every day life, and to employ them in the promotion of civilization and social prosperity. (Loud and long cheering.)" Adverting again to the character of Lord Doneraile, he made some sensible remarks:—

"If the landlord did his duty by his tenant there was little fear of the latter 'bolting' with the crop—(laughter)—a practice of which too many instances had occurred within the last few years. (Hear, hear.) Mutual confidence between landlord and tenant was the great secret of the prosperity of both. (Loud cheers.) He (Lord Waterford) did not believe that any respectable tenant would disgrace his character for the sake of a half-year's rent, and leave his hereditary holding whereon his father, and his father's father had lived happily and respectably for centuries, if he had confidence in his landlord. (Repeated cheers.) For his part, he was willing and ever eager to allow any tenant of his for the capital which he expended in improving his farm. (Great cheering.) He would be sorry to require any of his tenants to lay out his money on his (Lord Waterford's) land without giving him the full value for any improvements he might make. (Loud cries of 'Hear, hear,' and cheers.) But he trusted that the justice of the landlord would induce the tenant to be punctual in the payment of his rent. (Cheers, and cries of 'To be sure it would.') He repeated, that he was willing to give every man fair play. Any tenant that had improved his farm, and who could furnish him with evidence of such improvement, would receive its full value. (Loud cheers.) If the times had gone against the tenant, so that he was not able to meet his rent, he (Lord Waterford) was inclined to afford him every reasonable indulgence. (Cheers.) But if he met a man without principle, a man who could sacrifice his character for the sake of a half-year's rent, he would show him no mercy. He would visit him with the utmost severity of the law—(hear, hear)—but he would not hold those who may be connected with him accountable for his delinquencies. (Cheers.) He was aware that a dishonest man had honest brothers, cousins, and other relatives, whom it would be cruel and unjust to punish for his misconduct."

This is new doctrine in the mouth of an Irish landlord.

#### WHOM MAJOR BERESFORD WOULD LIKE TO EMIGRATE.

THIS gentleman attended a meeting of the Saffron Walden Agricultural Society, on Friday week; and spoke to the toast of "the county members." He promised to be non-political; but as he never opens his mouth without committing himself, he alighted upon the topic of emigration, and uttered strange oracles thereon:—

"Emigration, if carried to a fair extent and looked to carefully, might be conducive of great advantage to the public, if they could restrain it so as to send those persons

out of the country they exactly wished—those who were the least advantageous to us. (Cries of 'Cobden.') If Mr. Webb could restrain his best shepherd from going to Australia to try his fortune at the gold diggings, he would be pleased. If the people of Saffron Walden could keep at home those who made the best bread and were the best cooks, they would be pleased. But we could not do this; and they must admit that a large proportion of those who did emigrate were certainly the sinew and bone of the country. The very regulations of the Emigration Commissioners, which he had carefully looked through, held out inducements to the best class of the poor and of the labourers to go out. They would take out an able-bodied man, with a wife and children, at a lower price than they would another when he was past 50—they made the latter pay more, and they would take another man under 40 still cheaper. Consequently, it was to those who were the strength, and pith, and marrow of the country to whom they held out inducements to go and seek their fortunes elsewhere. Now he had seen it stated in a public journal that the only panacea for agricultural distress was a large amount of emigration. They were to have poor rates cut down by it. But if they looked to what had been the effect, they would not see much diminution of paupers in the union houses of Essex, at all events, to what there were this time two years. In the last official return of the Poor-law Commissioners to January, he found the total diminution in Essex to be extremely small, though there had been a diminution; consequently that showed to him that in Essex this result had not taken place. Yet Essex might be liable to one of the vast evils that emigration might introduce. For instance, at the late harvest it had been acknowledged that in some parts of the country the prices given for reaping corn and carrying it in were excessive. He knew that in Surrey, where he happened to be at the end of August and beginning of September, in the parish where he was staying, 18s. was commonly paid for reaping an acre of wheat—that was, he thought they would agree, pretty nearly double what it ought to be. Then they said—the philosophers would say this to them, 'As in Essex you have got this large amount of poor who will reap for you, you, by the excess of labour, will have reaping cheap.' But that was not according to their system of philosophy, for the supply of men fell over the whole surface, and if in a country so near as Surrey 18s. was paid for reaping an acre of wheat, did they suppose that the able-bodied unmarried man would stay here to receive 8s. or 10s., when by a day's journey he could receive 18s.? Another year they would go off to those counties, and they would be left in Essex deficient of labour, and obliged to raise the amount they paid for it. (Hear, hear.) Therefore he did not think, looking calmly at the case, that emigration was a very great boon to the agriculturists, unless accompanied by that power—the choice of whom they should send out. (Cheers.)"

Do our readers need any neater revelation of the thoughts of the War Secretary of the Derby Government, respecting what is the Protectionist idea of the rate of wages for an able-bodied man?

#### CHURCH MATTERS.

THE following resolution, we understand, was passed at a meeting of the South Church Union, holden at Brighton on Tuesday:—

"1. That this committee tenders its most grateful thanks to the Lord Bishop of Exeter for the firmness he has displayed in maintaining the doctrine and practice of the Church of England as regards the use of confession; and desires, at the same time, to express its abhorrence of the false witness and shameful subornation employed to bring public odium on one whose only crime was the faithful performance of his duty."

"2. That, considering the state of abeyance in which the synodical action of the Church of England has so long lain, together with the important questions which are being opened out from day to day, materially affecting its doctrine and discipline, it is the opinion of this meeting that the most strenuous efforts should continue to be made to induce the Crown to allow Convocation to meet for despatch of business, and especially for the purpose of reforming itself to meet the altered circumstances of the Church in the present day."

"3. That this meeting, being of opinion that a Church deprived of a proper court of ultimate appeal in doctrinal matters, cannot but be liable to great danger as regards the faith, and understanding that a measure is likely to be brought forward for the reformation of the present court of appeal, in which the bench of bishops are not even to be judges of doctrine, but simple assessors to a lay tribunal, resolved, that not only ought no such measure to be acquiesced in by Churchmen, but that *none* thus affecting the best interests of the Church can be satisfactory to them which shall not have received the sanction of Convocation."

A meeting of the Birmingham clergy was held on Monday last, in reference to the agitated question of the revival of convocation, the Rev. John C. Miller in the chair. An address to her Majesty against the proposed revival was adopted by a large majority, and is to be presented to Earl Derby through the rural dean.

A memorial, signed by the churchwardens, overseers, and sixty inhabitants of St. Dionis Backchurch parish, has been presented to the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury, setting forth that the late Dean of Norwich was incumbent of the parish for twenty-four years, during the whole of which time he was non-resident, and praying that a clergyman may be appointed to the rectory who, by residing in or near the parish, may be able to fulfil in person the various duties of his high charge.

The Rev. J. H. Pollen, Fellow of Merton College, and late Senior Proctor of the University of Oxford, has been received into the Roman Catholic Church by the Archbishop of Rouen.

It is our very painful duty to announce that Lord Charles Thynne, uncle of the present Marquis of Bath, and son-in-law of the Bishop of Bath and Wells, a canon of Canterbury, and rector of Lonbridge Deveril, near Warminster, has seceded to the Roman communion.—*Kentish Gazette*.

The *Plymouth Journal*, the organ of the opponents of the Bishop of Exeter, reports the proceedings at the confirmation held at St. Peter's, Eldad. According to this authority, the Bishop, on being driven up to the church, was received with "three tremendous groans, which startled the people inside." He, however, merely turned round and "fixed a steadfast eye" on his assailants, when, of course, the groans were repeated.

#### LETTERS FROM PARIS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

##### LETTER XLIV.

Paris, October 26, 1852.

THE last preparations for the Empire are pressed on with great activity. A number of questions remain to be solved, and these are the subject of daily Ministerial deliberations. The title of NAPOLEON III. is definitively adopted. The most specious reasons were advanced in favour of this decision. Napoleon II. never reigned. Certain ministers objected that, in taking the title of Napoleon III., Louis Bonaparte would fall into the ridiculous error of Louis XVIII., who took the title of Louis XVIII., when there had been no "Seventeenth." Besides, they added, it would be an ostentatious avowal of pretensions to a Napoleonic Legitimacy, when it was clearly proved that France held all legitimist pretensions in equal contempt. To bring these recalcitrant Ministers to their senses, it was necessary to exhume the *Moniteur* of June 24, 1815, in which the recognition of Napoleon II. by the Chamber of Deputies and the Chamber of Peers of that period, is found recorded at length. Consequently, it has been decided that Louis Bonaparte shall assume the title of NAPOLEON III. Napoleon II. reigned only on paper; we shall see on what this man will reign. In expectation of their official reassembling, the senators have been very busily discussing in private conference, the *Senatus-Consulte* of November 4. The majority are disposed to give the State paper the following form:—

"The French Empire shall be hereditary in the direct line in the family of Louis Napoleon. In case Louis Napoleon shall have no issue male, he shall have the right to designate his successor. Louis Napoleon will introduce into the Constitution whatever modifications he may deem proper to place the new powers of the State in harmony with the new régime." All this, you see, means a pure and simple return to the dictatorship of the Second of December. We shall have an Autocrat, a Czar. It seems, the want of such a blessing is felt more and more. What induces the senators to adopt the above-mentioned formula is, that it dispenses them from pronouncing an opinion on the great question as to the successor of Louis Bonaparte. The Senate is formally obliged to regulate this order of succession, since the pretended "monarchical stability" is at stake. Now, as they are not acquainted with the feelings of Louis Bonaparte on the subject, they prefer to leave to him the choice. Besides, the senators are divided into two camps. One section is disposed towards the son of Lucien Bonaparte: the other for Napoleon, the son of Jérôme, the man who has always worn the mask of republicanism, and who has even shown himself the personal enemy of Louis Bonaparte. The vast majority leans to the son of Lucien, whose candidature is quite insignificant as compared to that of Napoleon Jérôme. If the latter were to succeed, an entire change of system is apprehended, and consequently a terrible retribution on all the servile crew. On the other hand, old Jérôme is enforcing his claims. He is in possession of the family secrets, as I told you long ago, and he is quite in a position, and quite disposed, to make himself feared.

The Imperial coinage is already struck. Copper pieces of ten centimes are beginning to be sold on the Boulevards, bearing on one side the effigy of Louis Bonaparte, with the inscription round the effigy of "Napoleon III. Emperor." On the reverse side is an eagle, with these words, "Empire Français." The gold and silver pieces have this device encircled by a crown of oak, without the eagle.

The preparations for the coronation are actively pursued. I told you, some weeks since, that Colonel Fleury had been sent into England for the Imperial carriages and horses. Now, it is the costume that engages attention. Louis Bonaparte, who is decidedly

fifty years in arrears, is determined to figure on the occasion in the costume that was worn by Napoleon the Great for his coronation. Now, that Napoleon should have conceived the idea of dressing up like a Roman Emperor, after the model supplied by the tragedian, Talma, was ridiculous and stupid enough; but the absurdity was comparatively pardonable in a man of the South, nursed in ideas of decoration and theatrical display? But on the part of Louis Bonaparte the absurdity exceeds all bounds. This heavy Hollander, figged out as a Roman Emperor! The ass disguised in the lion's skin would be reasonable in comparison.

The Court of the new Monarchy is being organized. All the grand dignitaries, all the high functionaries: the Grand Chancellor, the Grand Chamberlain, the Grand Equerry, the Grand Marshal of the Palace, the Grand Master of the Hounds, the Grand Master of the Ceremonies, the Grand Master of the Wardrobe,—all these parasites of Royalty are already nominated, and one may almost say entered upon their functions. A Grand Almoner was wanting; he has been found: it is Mgr. Donnet, Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux, one of those fawning courtier priests who caress every régime, to betray all in turn.

Louis Bonaparte has just decided that his Civil List—the Civil List of the Empire—shall be twenty-five millions of francs: (1,000,000*l.*) Jacques Bonhomme is allowed to pay for his glory: that is the only right he has left! By all means, then, I approve of the twenty-five millions.

On his accession, the Emperor Napoleon created Princes, Dukes, Counts: he made his own Generals, Princes, Dukes, and Marshals. The monkey "apes" the man. He, too, is going to make his Princes, Dukes, and Marshals. The butchers of December are to be created Marshals, with the title of Duke. MM. St. Arnaud, Magnan, St. Jean d'Angély, Castellane, Géméau, and the rest, are to be the twelve Peers of this new Charlemagne! I know not if I dream: but it seems to me these creatures must be madmen not to understand that the whole fabric is but a castle of cards, which a single breath will blow down. A single bullet would scatter all these valiant knights of the new round-table, and send them to rejoin the knights of the old: a single shot would despatch these merry-Andrews to the company of the ancient heroes of ballad and legend. De Morny, the bastard, half-brother to the bastard Louis Bonaparte, is talked of for the dignity of Prince, as well as the apothecary, Fialin (*hodie* de Persigny). Fould, the Jew, and Baroche, the Republican, are to be made Counts, the first under the name of Comte de Regnancourt, the second by that of Comte de Meulan. Olivier le Daim, Olivier le mauvais, Olivier le diable, the famous barber-minister of Louis XI., he, too, was Comte de Meulan, and his end was the gallows! If I were in the place of Master Baroche, I should not quite relish the omen!

Pius IX. was announced to be coming to consecrate the new Emperor. General Regnault de St. Jean d'Angély had been sent to Rome to negotiate the affair. For my own part, I had refused, to the very last moment, to give credence to the report that even these official lacqueys would carry their insanity to such an excess as to send to ask the Pope to come and consecrate that ridiculous and ugly crime,—which men call "Bonaparte." Therefore, I had not mentioned to you the report of this mission,\* at a time when it was in full circulation at Paris. At present it appears only too true that negotiations to this effect have been opened. Pius IX. has refused. Bonaparte and his *entourage* have incurred all the ridicule of the application, and all the shame of the rebuff. In their vexation, these gentlemen have despatched orders to all the clergy throughout France to take the initiative of a petition addressed to Pius IX., to solicit him to visit France. This petition is now in course of signature by all the Bonapartists, and by the Church-mice in every village. It is true that these two classes of the nation are identical in number and in worth.

Bonaparte is resolved, we hear, to inaugurate his reign by grand measures, political and financial. A general amnesty is spoken of, to comprise all the political exiles, all the proscribed, all the victims of December condemned to Algeria and Cayenne. A certain number of representatives of the people only, such as Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc,† and a few others, are to be exempted from the pardon. A reduction of the army, to the extent of 75,000 men, is also mentioned. You may remember that the legislative corps, in its short session of the month of May, demanded that reduc-

\* Our readers will remember that we gave prominence, now many weeks since, to this rumour, which we had derived from another source of information. *Ed. of Leader.*

† It would be strange indeed if Louis Bonaparte were to pardon the man through whose generous eloquence he recovered the rights of French citizenship: the proscribed

tion as absolutely indispensable to restore the equilibrium of the Finances, but that Bonaparte and his ministers loudly insisted on the rejection of all such proposals by the Council of state. Now we find the same man, seeking popularity, about to do himself what he would not suffer the legislative corps to do last May. The decree for the reduction of the army is said to be drawn up, and ready for the *Moniteur*. The object is to obtain votes for the re-establishment of the Empire. Paris must be won at any price; not Paris of the middle classes, but Paris of the Faubourgs (*non pas le Paris bourgeois, mais le Paris ouvrier*), for the *ateliers* are still far more hostile than the shops. To this end, the town dues (*droits d'octroi*) on wine are to be abolished; but as a set-off, the *octroi* will be thrown back to the fortifications, which will bring an increase of 150,000 inhabitants into Paris. By this increase of population the *octroi* would recover, and with usury, all it had lost on the wine duty. A gigantic loan of 500 millions (of francs) for the city of Paris, of which fifty millions will be devoted annually to public works for the embellishment of the capital, is to be enforced. The conversion of the Four per Cents. into Three per Cents. is seriously discussed. M. Billault, the syndic of the Stock Exchange, has been sent for to St. Cloud, and sounded on this subject. By the same stroke the sinking fund would be re-established. In this last measure, a project of personal speculation is involved. All the public funds being brought down to Three per Cents., as in England, and the current price of the Three per Cents. being 80 francs instead of 100 francs, which is par, Bonaparte and the lynxes who are going to share the benefit of these operations with him, propose to employ the funds of the State in the purchase of stock. They will "bear" the market at the right moment, as it suits their purpose. The day before the "bearing" process they will purchase stock at a low quotation, and the next day, by means of the Sinking Fund, they will operate for a rise. Eighty millions worth of transactions are effected daily at the Bourse of Paris. Imagine the profits of these gentlemen! When these vultures have consumed our livers, we shall begin to feel them! Perhaps, then, there is nothing better to do than to let them have their feast. I need scarcely add that a distinguished Jew financier resident in Paris is chiefly concerned in the manipulation of the finances of a nation. He throws 200 millions of francs into the affair to play at "bull" and "bear" with on the Bourse. He has offered Bonaparte twenty millions of francs in cash for another project: nothing less than the fusion of all the railways into one sole company—the Company R——d.

A new batch of senators, at 30,000 francs per annum a-piece, is another measure shortly to appear. A list of forty personages rallied to Bonaparte is on the eve of publication. As money is the mainspring of the executive with all these Bonapartes, great and little, the mouth of the legislative corps must be stopped with a salary. This salary is to be 12,000 francs a head. Loud were the outcries against the twenty-five francs a day of the republican representatives: not a word about the 133 francs a day for the creatures of Bonaparte!

In the meantime, the Comte de Chambord has just protested against the re-establishment of the Empire. He has addressed his protest to the Courts of the Northern Powers. It is said to be couched in very clear and very categorical terms. Really these kings are curiosities! They are regular men-merchants, dealers in human kind, who compete severely with each other for the disposal of their merchandise. Here we find the representative of Legitimacy—that principle which treats a nation like a herd of beasts, to be bought and sold, as property to be ceded and to be bequeathed; we find the representative of that principle invoking in his protest the *national liberties*!

The grandfather was driven out of Paris by the paving-stones for having laid a sacrilegious hand on liberty; and lo! the grandson protests against Bonaparte in the name of civil and political liberty. The grandson of the man who, in 1830, broke up the printing presses, accuses Bonaparte of governing by the censorship: the grandson of the man who suppressed the electoral right of 100,000 electors out of the 150,000 then enfranchised, charges Bonaparte with the crime "of confiscating civil liberty, and of obtaining by means of compulsion, the constrained votes of a falsified universal suffrage."

M. de Montalembert has just published another protest of the same nature. In the form of a work entitled, "The interests of the Catholic Church in the Nineteenth Century" (*Des Intérêts Catholiques au*), to whom the present "Emperor," then himself a liberated exile, declared that it would be his greatest happiness to restore a country. But there is one thing more improbable even than gratitude or good faith in the man of December: it is that Louis Blanc should deign to accept an amnesty from Louis Bonaparte.—*Ed. of Leader.*

19<sup>me</sup> Siècle), he has written a pompous eulogy of representative government, and of freedom of discussion. Ware Hawk! we may well cry now. When the Legitimists babble of liberty, they mean, no doubt, the re-organization of their party upon a new basis. Undeniably it is a skilful manœuvre, since it rallies three classes at one stroke—the noblesse, the bourgeoisie, and the working people, to the common programme, Liberty! If this were realized, we should be destined to assist at a singular spectacle. Bonaparte would be forced by sheer competition to demolish with his own hands, stone by stone, the edifice of despotism he has laboriously reared. In this competition to the death of the traffickers in human cattle, Henry V., retaining the advantage of having taken the initiative, would gain ground daily, more and more; and Bonaparte, for very rage and fear at seeing his rival near the throne, would himself commit it to the flames, by recalling the people to the exercise of their sovereignty, and by restoring the nation to its rights, won and lost again in 1848. All this is possible. It is said that the Comte de Chambord is decidedly rallied to the programme of Liberty. I have even heard the name of the writer who was summoned to Frohsdorff, to draw up the Protest, and to make it the manifesto of the universal opposition that is to come. So the Empire will be nothing better than one more episode in the terrible struggle of kings and peoples!

Arrests, expulsions, and transportations continue. Twenty-five democrats have been arrested at Marseilles; nine citizens of the *Loire Inférieure* have been expelled from their department. M. Biotière, of the *Allier*, confined (*interné*) in the *Puy de Dôme*, and M. Bouguenay in the *Haute Saône*, have been banished from the French territory.

On the other hand, I have the pleasure to announce the escape from Cayenne of twelve of our unhappy brethren. They escaped by sea, in a boat; and after 104 hours at sea, under the burning sun of the tropics, gained the shores of Dutch Guyana, and found a most generous welcome. S.

#### CONTINENTAL NOTES.

LOUIS BONAPARTE paid a State visit to the Théâtre Français, on Friday, the 22nd inst. The play was *Cinna ou la Clémence d'Auguste*, the usual dramatic dish set before an "Emperor" on these occasions. Mdle. Rachel, dressed as the Muse of History, recited an Ode, entitled, "The Empire is Peace," and composed for the occasion by the director of the theatre, M. Arsène Houssaye. The lines do more credit to the parasite than to the poet. The audience chiefly packed, as may be supposed, with functionaries, officials, and Bonapartist adherents, was profuse in enthusiasm; but the composition of the playbill could not fail to stimulate the mocking propensities of any French audience. It was, *Cinna ou la Clémence d'Auguste*; *L'Empire c'est la Paix*; followed by the proverb, *Il ne faut jurer de rien*. A fatal, though certainly unintentional, allusion to the past, and possibly to the future career of the hero of the night.

A State visit to the Grand Opera is fixed for Thursday night next.

A military conspiracy is reported to have been discovered in a regiment quartered at Fontainebleau.

A few days ago, when General Lamoricière passed through Kehl, several officers of a regiment of pontoons, stationed at Strasburg, paid him a visit, for which they are likely to suffer.

M. de Montalembert has gone to the right source for a motto to his new work on Parliamentary Government, alluded to by our Paris Correspondent. The words are from Tacitus—"Liecat inter abruptum contumaciam et deformem obsequium pergere iter periculis vacuum." Certainly, the "contumacy" of M. de Montalembert is as abrupt as his obsequiousness was degrading.

The Ex-Queen of the French, the Prince de Joinville, and the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg Schwerin, mother of the Duchess of Orleans, arrived at Frankfort on the 23rd, from Switzerland. The Duchess of Orleans and her two sons have left Basle for Baden.

The treaty of Customs union between Austria and the Duchies of Parma and Modena has just been published at Vienna. The Duchies accept the Austrian Customs tariff, the stamp duty, that on sugar, and all the system of indirect taxes established in Austria. The treaty, which is concluded for four years and nine months, will come into force on the 1st February, 1853.

A letter from Vienna, of the 22nd, states that the Count Adam Potocki, who was arrested last year at Cracow, and removed to Vienna, has been set at liberty.

On the 18th inst. (the anniversary of the battle of Leipsic), funeral honours were paid to the late Duke of Wellington by the garrisons of Venice, and Buda, Pesth; and on the 19th, at Milan. At Pesth, the "Wellington" regiment was placed in the front of the columns.

Sir Henry Bulwer still lingers at Rome. Cabinet messengers arrive in hot haste. The upshot of all this diplomatic pother is, that our officious Envoy is outwitted by cardinals, whose weapons are seeming acquiescence and soft words, concealing implacable animosities. With respect to the destiny of Edward Murray, Sir Henry has been able to obtain an assurance that his life will be spared, and the capital punishment commuted into perpetual imprisonment, with a further probability of subsequent diminution of this long term. No exertions have availed to procure a sight of the documents relating to the trial, which have been resolutely withheld by the Cardinal Secretary of State.

The Belgian Chambers met on Tuesday, and M. Del-fosse, the Radical candidate, was elected President of the Belgian Chamber of Deputies, by 54 votes, to 49 given to M. Delahaye. The defeated clerical and French parties are in a fury; threaten a rupture with France, and all sorts of political and commercial difficulties. It is said that M. de Brouckere has again been sent for by the King.

The Turkish loan has been definitively refused. The rumours from Constantinople to the effect, that the French Minister had threatened to strike his flag within a week if the decision of the Turkish Government be not reconsidered; and that an insurrection had broken out in the city, are contradicted. The responsibility of the loan falls wholly (so far as the subscribing capitalists are concerned) on the Turkish Minister at Paris, Prince Callimachi, and the Bank of Constantinople: its rejection is due to the new ascendancy of the old fanatical Turkish party, aided and abetted by Russian diplomacy, which has more than one "bone to pick" with France just now in the East: notably as to the "Protectorate of the Sanctuaries," to which France presses an exclusive claim inconsistent with the vested rights of the Greek Church, under the tutelage of Russia. It is said, however, that the Turkish Government has, from private sources, placed at the disposal of the Bank ample funds to cover all liabilities in Europe. So far as the premium on the loan is concerned, it is thought that the Turkish Government will give an indemnity. Prince Callimachi is recalled.

The Abbé Gioberti, who was so closely concerned in the affairs of Italy in 1848, has just expired in Paris of an attack of apoplexy, at the age of 45. He was President of the Council in the Cabinet of King Charles Albert, and after the battle of Novara, in March, 1849, was sent to Paris as Minister Plenipotentiary.

News has also reached of the death of Count d'Appony, who was so long Austrian Ambassador in Paris.

Four steam frigates arrived at Marseilles from Toulon on the 24th, to take on board two regiments of infantry, and convey them to Civita Vecchia.

#### CUBA INSULTING THE STARS AND STRIPES.

CAPTAIN PORTER, of the *Crescent City*, arrived at New Orleans on the 6th of October from Cuba. He says, that as the *Crescent City* approached Havana, she was met by the boarding officers at the mouth of the harbour, who motioned that she should not enter, which Captain Porter disregarded, and proceeded to the anchorage. The boarding officers then came on board the steamer, and finding the name of Mr. Smith, the purser, on the ship's articles, handed Captain Porter an order from the Captain-General that he should leave the port immediately. Captain Porter refused to obey the order before landing his passengers and the mails, and sent a protest to the Captain-General, but he refused to receive any communication except through the United States Consul. This gentleman, however, was absent, and, in the meantime, the order to leave the port was repeated. To the officer who brought the order Captain Porter said, "Then you refuse to receive either the mails or the passengers?" The boarding officer replied, "No communication of any kind can be allowed." The steamer then put to sea at seven o'clock in the evening.

The people of New Orleans and New York have held indignation meetings, and demanded satisfaction. The Government were urged to act, and they instantly ordered the sloop-of-war *Cyane*, G. N. Hollins, commander, to leave New York for Havana on Sunday. It is said that the steam-frigate *Mississippi* has been ordered to follow the *Cyane* as quickly as possible. The treatment to which American vessels are now systematically subjected is the cause of this movement. A strong United States naval force is deemed necessary for their protection. The United States Government regards the attempt of the Captain-General of Cuba to induce the commander of the *Crescent City* to dismiss one of her officers as altogether unwarrantable. The exclusion of an American vessel from a Cuban port is regarded as almost an act of hostility.

#### THE EGHAM DUEL.

##### FUNERAL OF COUNÉT.

M. COUNÉT, the man who was shot in the duel at Egham, was buried on Sunday in Egham Churchyard. The body was borne to the grave and followed by a large body of refugees, among whom were Ledru Rollin, Schœlcher, Felix Pyat, Martin Bernard, Delescluze Ribeyrolles, Cabaigne, Pardigan and Naquet. Borne at the head of the procession was the banner of the Red-Republican party, covered with crape, and inscribed "*République Démocratique et Sociale*." The distance traversed was nearly two miles; and crowds of sightseers lined the road. The French burial ceremony was performed by M. Delescluze, who spoke the *éloge* of the deceased. A translation has been published:—

"Citizens!—In the presence of justice, this day arrested, in the presence of a legal process this day commenced, every one will understand the sentiment of high delicacy which obliges us to be silent before this grave, round which so many regrets and sympathies are crowded. This feeling must be very imperative which compels us to be silent. What, however, would be the use of breaking it, to speak of the cruel loss which Democracy has just sustained? Was not every true Republican conscience acquainted with Cournét? this great heart so proudly sympathetic, this

daring so heroic in danger, which at the age of 19 illustrated one of the most brilliant careers in the French navy? What truly Republican conscience does not know the eminent service which Frederic Cournét has rendered to Democracy, and that which he would have rendered her still? Yes, Cournét was a great and courageous citizen, and the name which he leaves to his son as his only fortune is one of those which will remain as the symbol of political honesty and of unlimited devotion to the cause of the people. On his deathbed one thought alone occupied Cournét—"the Republic and the Revolution." Let us give him then, the only farewell which is worthy of him in repeating the last words which fell from his lips—"Vive la République Démocratique et Sociale!"

"At the termination of this speech, which was listened to with the most profound attention (says the *Times*' reporter), the deceased's compatriots exclaimed in most enthusiastic terms, '*Vive la République*?' The whole proceeding was conducted with the greatest decorum, and among the immense concourse of people that followed the corpse to the grave we observed many well-dressed women who appeared greatly affected." The procession returned to its starting point in the same order. The following letter has appeared in the *Times*:—

"SIR,—In reference to the recent duel at Egham a communication has appeared in the *Times*, in which I have been very much surprised to find my name mentioned.

"It is true that some of the persons are personal friends of mine, but this has nothing to do with the melancholy occurrence alluded to; and I leave to the English public to judge for what purpose my name has been implicated by your correspondent in an affair to the motives and fatal result of which I am an utter stranger.

"I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

"LOUIS BLANC."

"Saturday Evening."

#### THE INQUEST.

The inquest was held at the "Barley Mow," near the scene of the *rencontre*. All the accused were brought up from Horsemonger-lane Gaol, and Barthélemy was generally pointed out as the principal. Evidence was tendered to the effect that the pistols had been hired at the shooting-gallery, Leicester-square, and the man to whom they were returned, on examining one of them, found that a piece of rag had got between the nipple and the powder in the barrel, so that, in fact, one of the principals did not fire his pistol at all. This discovery created immense excitement; the explanation will be found below. In the possession of Alain was found a printed bill similar to those used by the master of the shooting-gallery to advertise his establishment. Evidence was also taken to show that Barthélemy and Cournét were known to be about to fight a duel. One of the witnesses—M. Soulié—an advocate, gave accidentally some interesting particulars relative to French duelling:—

"Among gentlemen, the privileged weapons are pistols and swords. It is seldom that both kinds of weapons are used—when they are, it is a duel to death. It is a general rule that the man offended has the choice of arms. It is difficult sometimes to know who is the man offended—then they act according to the law of equity—that is to say, if one of the parties is a good shot, the seconds place them farther off, so as to bring them to an equality. In a fair duel with pistols, the parties are placed forty yards apart—they walk up to a certain distance, and fire when they think proper. Another mode is to draw lots who is to fire first. The seconds are charged with the loading of the pistols—they show the powder to the other seconds, and also hold up the ball. The general rule is, that the second loads the pistol of his own principal in the presence of the others. It is always the custom to examine the pistols, and see if they are clean—then they draw lots for the pistols. Generally the pistols are not unscrewed when they are examined—that is seldom done. The witness here begged to add, that in a case where one party received the fire of his adversary, and had nothing further to fear, he might, unless it were expressed otherwise in the arrangements, walk up to his opponent, and shoot him through the head—that is, he would have the right to do so, but it would be infamy."

The coroner summed up the evidence, and told the jury that all persons engaged in a duel were guilty in the eye of the law. The jury deliberated about twenty minutes, and found all the prisoners, Mornay, Barthélemy, Baronet, and Alain, guilty of "wilful murder."

#### COMMITTAL OF THE PRISONERS.

The magistrates at Chertsey examined witnesses and committed the prisoners on Wednesday. It was then stated by M. Pardigan, who was present when the pistols were hired by Alain and Baronet, that they were cleaned, not with tow, as is usual, but with linen rag; that both parties blew through the pistols; that when cleaned they were sealed—the pistols being taken by Baronet, the seal by Alain. Now, it is conjectured that the rag was the remnant of the linen used to clean the pistols; and the keeper of the shooting gallery stated that he thought it must have been designedly placed there. It is more charitable to suppose that it

was left in the barrel, and when the charge was rammed home, it blocked up the passage to the nipple. When the parties met on the ground, it was agreed that each party should fire two shots. Cournét fired first, and missed. Barthélemy then attempted to fire, but the pistol would not go off. A second attempt was then made to fire, but with the same result. Barthélemy then wished to take to the swords, but Cournét would not do so, and actually gave up his pistol for Barthélemy to fire, but at first he refused, on the ground that his opponent had no weapon. Cournét insisted on his doing so, as it was his right to do. Again Barthélemy wished to continue with swords, but again Cournét refused, and insisted on his firing, which he at length did, and the result is already known. It is therefore clear, beyond all doubt, that, so far from Cournét having been unfavourably dealt by, it is positive that Barthélemy had the pistol which was not discharged. It is also beyond all doubt, that although Barthélemy's pistol would not go off, he did not for one moment suppose that anything improper took place with reference to it. After the statement made at the inquest, with reference to the pistol being so plugged up with the rag, the countenance of Barthélemy, when this part of the evidence was given on Wednesday, was watched with the most intense interest, as it was fully expected there would be a great change in his countenance; but so far from such being the case, he smiled, and appeared more at ease than at any other part of the inquiry.

The Chertsey magistrates, having heard the evidence, committed the prisoners, who were assisted by counsel, to take their trial, and refused to take bail.

#### A GLIMPSE OF PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

PITCAIRN'S island is a rock in the Pacific. Some sixty years ago the crew of the *Bounty* mutinied, and eight seamen, taking up three Tahitian women, sought refuge in this desert place. The inhabitants of the island number 86 females and 88 males, who are nearly all descended of the *Bounty* mutineers and three Tahitian women. They are still remarkable for their moral and religious character, chiefly through the teaching and example of Adams, the chief mutineer. A President of the community is elected every year, but he has little to do. There is no penal code, for the whole community live as one family, and having no money, and prohibiting strong drinks, there is no temptation or inducement to crime. All the land is held in common, and no one is allowed to trade for himself. The coin in the island amounts to about eighteen dollars value. If every waste spot were cultivated, Pitcairn, which is about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles in circumference, would maintain about 500 persons. The climate is good. The thermometer never rises to above 86 degrees, nor falls below 55. The men and boys all bear arms, and they could defend the approaches to the island against a thousand fighting men. No ship can approach without a pilot. The inhabitants are not so robust as the English, nor do they live so long. They subsist chiefly on yams, potatoes, and cocoa nuts. Once a week they taste fish or flesh, which they obtain by fishing and killing the goats on the island. They chew and smoke tobacco, which they obtain from American whalers which visit them for supplies of fresh water, yams, and potatoes. The island would grow Indian corn and tobacco, but neither of these is cultivated because it would impoverish the ground. Tobacco grows wild, but it is rooted up as a weed. There are no springs, and the water obtained is rain water, which is caught in reservoirs. An English ship of war calls at the island about once a year. A number of American whalers visit it, and through them the inhabitants get supplies to satisfy their simple wants and learn the news of the world. They seldom suffer any stranger to live on their island. If any are shipwrecked there they are taken care of until the next vessel calls, when they are sent away.

By the *Orinoco*, which arrived at Southampton on Saturday, came an ambassador from these people to the British government, bearing despatches from Admiral Maresby, who commands the Pacific squadron. He is not a native; but was allowed to remain on the island, where he has been for some five-and-twenty years. He has a wife and eleven children, and his name is Nobbs.

Admiral Maresby, who was there in August, while he does justice to the people, draws a melancholy picture of their prospects:—

"It is impossible to do justice to the spirit of order and decency that animates the whole community, whose number amounts to 170, strictly brought up in the Protestant faith, according to the Established Church of England, by Mr. Nobbs, their pastor and surgeon, who has for 24 years zealously and successfully, by precept and example, raised them to a state of the highest moral conduct and feeling."

"Of fruits and edible roots they have at present abundance, which they exchange with the whalers for clothing, oil, medicine, and other necessities; but the crops on the tillage ground begin to deteriorate, landslips occur with each succeeding storm, and the declivities of the hills, when

denuded, are laid bare by the periodical rains. Their diet consists of yams, sweet potatoes, and bread-fruit; a small quantity of fish is occasionally caught; their pigs supply annually upon an average about 50lb. of meat to each individual; and they have a few goats and fowls. Their want of clothing and other absolute necessities is very pressing, and I am satisfied that the time has arrived when preparation, at least, must be made for the future, seven or eight years being the utmost that can be looked forward to for a continuance of their present means of support. The summary of the year 1851 gives—births, 12; deaths, 2; marriages, 3. On their return from Tahiti they numbered about 60, of whom there were married 13 couple; the rest from the age of 16 to infancy."

The people are Christians after the pattern of the Church of England; they are sadly in want of a minister we are told, and the main business of Mr. Nobbs here is to get himself ordained.

#### A "GHOST" AT HULL.

WE find in the *Hull Packet* of Saturday one of those stories which Mrs. Crowe would delight in. It is the account of a knocking ghost, who has afflicted a house at Hull with his presence, which must be anything but agreeable to the inmates:—

"A marvellous sensation has been created in our town within the last few days, by the discovery that a ghost has taken up his quarters, evidently for the winter season, in a secluded dwelling on the Anlaby-road, where it is likely to obtain as great a notoriety as the celebrated Cock-lane ghost. Some little distance beyond the end of Walker-street and Great Thornton-street, on the lefthand side of the Anlaby-road, is a quiet, lonely lane, known by the name of Wellington-lane, at the bottom of which stands the 'haunted house,' a respectable-looking tenement, occupied by an elderly bedridden dame, her son-in-law, and daughter, and a female domestic. It seems that about a month ago the inmates were startled in the stillness of night by a sharp, sudden knocking on the walls of the room from some invisible hand. At first no notice was taken of this, but, to their great dismay, at irregular intervals, the same strange noise was repeated, a distinct knocking upon the wall being heard in the very apartment where they sat, and when no visible hand was raised to strike. For four successive weeks the noise was repeated, until the inmates grew seriously apprehensive that some supernatural agency was at work. Their fears were soon communicated to the neighbours, and speedily reached the public ear. The love of the marvellous is the most powerful and easily raised passion of the mind, and on Wednesday not fewer than 1000 persons visited the spot, lingering in the neighbourhood and straining their ears to catch the sound of the modest ghost, who now and then indulges them with a solitary and muffled rap, tap, tap. For our own part, we are really apprehensive for his ghostship's knuckles, which must suffer materially from such constant exercise. Yesterday night, although it was dull, drizzly, and cold, crowd upon crowd besieged the spot, standing, in spite of cold and wet, 100 yards from the haunted house, anxiously discussing the nature and object of the ghost's visit, and patiently waiting to learn from the police, or those who were fortunate enough to get near the house, 'when it had knocked last.' One or two policemen have been stationed in the house, with the view of detecting the cause; and, although it is seriously affirmed that the strange noise is still heard at intervals, it baffles all ingenuity, even on the part of the vigilant detectives, to discover whence it proceeds. A portion of the roof, we understand, has been removed, but without affording any clue. The noise is not confined to any one place, but alternately pervades different parts of the house. Sometimes it is a dull, heavy sound, and sometimes like a sort of scratch. Yesterday, 2000 or 3000 persons visited the spot, many of whom lingered until nearly midnight, a detachment of police being present to preserve order. It is impossible to describe the sensation which has been created by the discovery of this affair, and credulity could hardly be carried further. The police declare that many would actually remain by the door of the house the whole of the night if they would only permit them."

This rivals Miss Squirrel!

#### A VISION OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

THE age of miracles has not ceased—that is, if we may credit the good folks of France, who so frequently furnish us with visions and supernatural appearances. Last Sunday an old story was brought again into the light of public opinion by the Reverend Mr. Northcote, formerly of the Church of England, now of the Church of Rome. He delivered a discourse, in which he declared his belief in a story, of which the following is an accurate abstract:—

In the month of September, 1846, a little peasant boy, about 11 years of age, and a little girl about 15, who had been engaged in keeping cows on a spur of

the Alps, near Grenoble, came home and informed their master that they had had a wonderful vision of the Virgin Mary in the course of the day. The children had fallen asleep, and on awaking perceived that their cows had strayed. They soon found them, but, on turning their eyes in the direction in which they were, were dazzled by an extraordinary light. The occurrence took place at noon, or thereabouts, for only an hour had elapsed since the children had finished their humble dinner. The light they saw "was more glorified than the sun, of a different colour; something more red about it than was to be seen about the sun at noonday." The light must have been somewhat powerful to have produced such an effect at such a time, and must, we should have supposed—miracles excepted—have been perceived by some one other than themselves, even in that lonely region. There is no such confirmatory testimony; but no matter. The children were terrified, and the girl dropped the stick which she held in her hand; whereupon the boy—the Paladin of 11 years old—said, "Pick up your stick again, for if it offers to do you any harm, I will give it a good blow." That is, the boy was to give the "light" a good blow; a famous Chasseur de Vincennes he will make one of these days. "By this time the brightness was no longer so indistinct"—it had just been described as more glorified than the sun at noonday—and the children perceived in the midst of it a lady sitting on some stones at the head of a fountain, then dry. The very same spot had been described a few lines before as one which contained a stream of water where the cows had been made to drink; but no matter. The lady now came forward and stood, one child in one hand, and one in the other, and informed them that she had an important communication to make to them. The wrath of her Son was heavy against France for three reasons in especial, and she could not much longer hope to stay his vengeful arm. The first of these reasons was the desecration of the Sabbath—no very uncommon occurrence in Roman Catholic countries for the last 1000 years, nor at the present day, as all travellers on the Continent can testify. The second reason that had caused this majestic lady to descend from her regions of celestial glory was that the French wagoners and ploughboys were sadly given to cursing and swearing. The third little matter which required amendment was that the days of fasting and abstinence were not observed as they should be. *Inde ira*—for these reasons the Virgin Mary had descended to Grenoble to give the little cowherd and his mate the benefit of a timely hint. The consequences, if this warning were neglected, would be dreadful,—first, the *pommes-de-terre* were to fall a sacrifice—then the corn—finally, the grapes and walnuts. Then there was to be a pestilence, which would be especially fatal to little children.

The material consequence of this vision was the building of a church on the mountain, and of a house for the accommodation of priests, besides the collection of a good deal of money, and the augmentation of priestly influence among the poor.

#### CITY CHARITIES.

UNDER a recent act of Parliament, the Lord Mayor and the Chief Baron, Sir Frederick Pollock, have been looking into the charities which have, from time to time, been left for the relief of poor prisoners. A sitting was held early in September, and the accounts of the Armourers' and Braziers' Company, the Cutlers' Company, the Drapers' Company, and the Salters' Company; also from many of the parishes, and from King's College, were deemed satisfactory.

On Tuesday, the inquiry was resumed by the Lord Mayor elect, Alderman Challis (who presided), the Lord Chief Baron, and three aldermen. Mr. Wyatt, barrister, attended on behalf of the Crown; and Mr. Secondary Potter and Mr. Pearson, the City Solicitor, on behalf of the Corporation. The first case gone into was that of the *Leathersellers' Company*. Mr. Vine, the clerk of that company, stated that the company administered the affairs of a charity, called Robert Rogers's Charity. The charity amounted to 200*l.*, and the interest, 4*l.*, were to go to poor prisoners in the City prisons. Since 1825, no payments had been made to such prisoners, except on special application. The charity was in Chancery. The company also administered a charity, called George Humble's Charity, the interest of which was 8*l.* a year. This charity was also in the Court of Chancery. Since 1835, no part of the interest arising from the charity had been paid to poor prisoners (the objects of the charity), except in 1842, when 3*l.* was paid to a freeman who had made a special application. He had not been able to examine the state of the accounts as between the company and the charity, nor had they been made up since 1835. Monies had been paid to the keepers of the prisons and particular applicants, but he could not say how much. He had not the books of the company with him.

The Lord Mayor elect thought the books ought to have been in court, and if that were so, another sitting might probably be saved. Mr. Vine said, the company was ready to pay up any arrears that might be due to the charity. There was a charity administered by the company called Garner's Charity; that charity was also in Chancery. By a scheme made by the Master, one-third of the annual

proceeds was to go to poor prisoners, but that had not been done. The recipients of the third were widows, but he could not give their names. The third was to be given away by the company, or given to the Lord Mayor for distribution. The Lord Chief Baron understood the construction to be put on the scheme to be, that the third should be given by the company to poor prisoners, or to the Lord Mayor for distribution. Mr. Vine: The scheme of the Court of Chancery was made in 1845. It did not appear from the books that the money was up to that time paid to poor prisoners.

The accounts of the Mercers' Company were examined and passed. The Lord Mayor elect said, nothing could be more clear or satisfactory than the accounts which had been given in by the Mercers' Company, but he could not say so of the statement of Mr. Vine for the Leather-sellers' Company. The Court then adjourned.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

The Queen still remains at Windsor Castle.

We hear that the address will be moved in the House of Lords by the Marquis of Bath, and will be seconded by the Earl of Donoughmore. — *Morning Herald*.

Our readers will be glad to hear that the Friends of Italy will hold a meeting in the Store-street Rooms on the 10th of November, to discuss the Condition of Europe; and that Signor Mazzini and M. Kossuth will attend.

M. Jullien's annual promenade concerts commence Monday, November 8. Great choral and orchestral attractions are announced by rumour; and Madlle. Anna Zerr is to be the vocal star. We hope we shall hear some of the *morceaux d'ensemble* of *Pietro il Grande*, performed under the baton of the composer. The re-appearance of the great Julium Sidus in our dense November firmament, is always an event of public interest and, we may add, of public rejoicing. That profaned temple of the defunct drama—which, for eleven months out of twelve, is known as "Dreary Lane"—will be once more restored to life and splendour—for one month only! Let it be remembered that this is M. Jullien's farewell season. He goes to America next August.

M. Jullien's *Pietro il Grande* is in preparation at the Grand Opera of Milan for the season of the Carnival. All the magnificent resources of La Scala are to be employed in its representation.

We think we may state that the member for North Essex, [Major Beresford, otherwise "W. B."] who holds a high military appointment under the present Government, will be selected for the important office of Governor of Jamaica. — *Globe* of Tuesday. On Thursday the *Herald* denied this report on "authority."

We understand that ten line-of-battle ships, being built, or ordered to be built, in the royal dockyards, are ordered to be fitted with screw machinery. — *Morning Herald*.

Despatches in anticipation of the overland mail from India have arrived. A brigade, under Brigadier Reynolds, C.B., consisting of her Majesty's 18th Royal Irish, her Majesty's 80th Regiment, and the 35th Native Infantry, with a proportionate force of artillery, left Rangoon on the 18th of September in steamers for Prome, accompanied by General Godwin. The steamers were to return immediately for the second brigade. The Burmese troops had destroyed Prome, and had posted themselves in masses on a height ten miles off the town. They were said to be only 7,000 strong, with a few guns.

The *Morning Herald* of Tuesday contained an article entitled "Our Naval Defence." It began by stating that the admiralty authorities had visited Portsmouth on Monday to inspect the *Duke of Wellington*, (late *Windsor Castle*) the screw three decker; and followed this up by wishing that we had half a dozen such ships afloat. The drift of the paper was to show that our navy is inferior to the French navy; and to applaud the Duke of Northumberland for his energetic administration of the naval department.

A correspondent inquires, with reference to the scarcity of silver coin, "What are the Mint authorities doing?" And he urges us to "arouse them from their lethargy, and set them to work." We are authorized to state that, besides a much larger amount of gold coin, more than three million pieces of silver coin, to the value of upwards of 160,000*l.*, have been issued from the Mint to the public, through the Bank, since the commencement of July, and that the most energetic measures are being adopted at the Mint to increase the supply. — *Times*.

A submarine telegraph is to be conveyed under Southampton Water to the marine residence of her Majesty at Osborne, Isle of Wight.

The Admiralty have just issued an order relating to seamen's wages, whereby in future only one month's pay will be reserved in hand for casualties, instead of six months, as heretofore.

We understand that application will be made in the ensuing session of Parliament for power to construct docks in this neighbourhood. They are to be called the Albert Docks, and the proposed site is on the Greenwich marshes, immediately opposite Blackwall, having entrances at Bugsby Hole, or Reach, on the east, and Greenwich Reach on the west. — *Kentish Mercury*.

The military and artillery force at the garrison in Jersey is to be considerably augmented. The militia force at Jersey is now 20,000 strong.

Three vessels have been wrecked off Sunderland harbour, and twelve lives lost.

Southampton has been officially made an emigration port.

The Duke of Terceira has arrived from Portugal, to take part in the funeral of the Duke of Wellington.

The subscriptions for the memorial to the Duke of Wellington, to be erected at Manchester, amount to nearly 7,000*l.*

It was resolved at a public meeting held at Liverpool last week, to erect a column in honour of the late Duke of Wellington, and place a statue of him on the capital. The meeting was attended by the Earl of Sefton, Mr. Little-dale, Mayor of Liverpool, Mr. Turner, M.P., Mr. W. Brown, M.P., and others.

At a court of directors held in the East India House on Wednesday, it was resolved,—"That as a testimonial of the gratitude with which the East India Company must ever remember that the glorious career of the Duke of Wellington commenced in India, and that the consolidation of the British power there was greatly promoted by his brilliant achievements, a marble statue of that illustrious commander be placed in the general court room."

Dr. Benedict Chapman, Master of Caius College, Cambridge, died last week. He was 84 years old.

The people of Rochester have presented a splendid silver testimonial to their late member, Mr. Ralph Bernal.

Dr. Dixon, of Maynooth, is announced as the successor of Paul Cullen in the diocese of Armagh and the Primacy.

Dr. Cullen was formally invested with the "pallium" on Sunday, as Archbishop of Dublin, by Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of Pittsburg in the United States, sent by the Pope for that purpose.

Lord Fielding's church, at Pantasa, North Wales, originally built for Protestants, has been duly opened with imposing ceremonies, as a Catholic church, by Dr. Brown, Bishop of Shrewsbury.

The will of the late Mr. J. C. Neild, of Chelsea, has been proved by Colonel Phipps, the keeper of her Majesty's Privy purse, and the property sworn under 250,000*l.*

Mr. Roberts, the coloured President of the Republic of Liberia, who has been on a visit to this country, is about to return to his Government. He will embark in a few days in her Majesty's steam-vessel *Dee*, and will proceed to Monrovia, on the Coast of Africa. — *Globe*.

The Lord Mayor, with the sheriffs of London and Middlesex (Mr. Alderman Carter and Mr. Croll) left London on Friday morning on a visit to his native town, Bury St. Edmunds, and was present at a banquet given on that day in the Guildhall of that ancient borough.

We learn by a letter from Mr. Macaulay to the chairman of his committee, dated London, Thursday, that he will visit Edinburgh after all. The letter says,—"I am so much better that I think that I may, with some management, venture to make my appearance at Edinburgh, before Parliament meets. I think that Monday the 1st, or Tuesday the 2nd of November, would be the best day. I would start for the north on Friday the 29th, and divide the journey into two days, reaching Edinburgh on Saturday, stopping over the Monday and Tuesday, and leaving on Wednesday, so as to be in the House of Commons on Thursday afternoon. My kind friends must not expect from me more than one address, and that, I hope, I shall be able to get through pretty well. I am better, certainly, than in August I expected ever again to be."

The Leeds Chamber of Commerce has memorialised the Government on the propriety of obtaining a reform in the tariff of Portugal, which is now almost prohibitory. The plan of a reciprocal reduction is suggested.

An important meeting of deputations from the boards of guardians of several Unions in the north, was held at Manchester on Monday for the purpose of obtaining the repeal of an order lately issued by the Poor Law Board, restricting the giving of out-door relief, except under certain "vexatious" and "cruel" conditions.

A preliminary meeting was held in the house of Mr. B. Oliveira, M.P., on Monday, for the purpose of establishing a "free library" in Marylebone. Arrangements were made, and a committee named to carry out the project.

Mr. Andrews, Mayor of Southampton, has established regular working hours for his men. Some of the other coachmakers concur with Mr. Andrews, some dissent. The liberated men cheered the masters favourable to regular hours, and booed those who are unfavourable. The mayor's men held a meeting on Saturday, and voted their thanks to him.

An important step in the Early Closing Movement has been taken by the Great Northern, London and North Western, Midland, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Leeds Northern, Railway Companies. They have resolved to cease collecting or receiving goods for the goods' trains, at 7 o'clock every evening, at Leeds, Bradford, Wakefield, Dewsbury, Huddersfield, and Halifax, so as to "curtail within reasonable limits the hours of attendance of the employed in the merchandise department on railways;" at the same time it will ensure a punctual despatch of the trains. They trust to the energies of the employed to meet this concession by increased exertion in the daytime.

The *Evening Post* mentions the following as the reported measures contemplated by Lord Derby for Ireland:—"A commission to inquire into the state of Maynooth; a bill to modify the Board of Education, so as to render it more palatable to the parsons; a bill regulating the relations of landlord and tenant in Ireland; and the extension of the income tax to this country."

How the Derby Government follows out the "family compact" entered into with Louis Napoleon is visible in many ways. It is said that the "gentlemen who concoct the 'comic scenes' for these merry annuals have been greatly perplexed this year, as the 'examiner of plays' at the Lord Chamberlain's-office has cut out many of their

best jokes, and refused to license many capital scenes on account of political or personal allusion. Amongst other objects of ridicule, Napoleon the Little and his deeds came in for more than an ordinary share. The censor, has, however, destroyed all disagreeable allusions to the future Emperor of France."

Next year, we are informed, an "Ocean Penny Postage Bazaar" will be held in London; contributions are to be sent to Mr. E. Fry, League of Brotherhood, 35, Broad-street-buildings, London.

The clergy of the archdeaconry of London met at Sion College on Thursday, and denounced the opening of the Crystal Palace on Sunday as a "desecration."

It is probable, we believe, that early in November a public meeting will be held, in one of our principal halls, for the purpose of making a public protest against the alleged intention of opening the new Exhibition at Sydenham on the Sunday afternoons. — *Record*.

Lord Eglinton performed the ceremony of raising the first pillar of the new Exhibition building, at Dublin, on Monday. When the ceremony was over, a workman called for cheers for "the Lady Lieutenant," which of course were given. A dinner afterwards took place. M. Bonaparte has promised Mr. Roney that he will send specimens of Sévres and Gobelins manufacture free of expense to Dublin.

Mr. Grove, the secretary of the Crystal Palace Company, states that the difficulties thrown in the way of Mr. Wyatt and Mr. Owen Jones, in their efforts to obtain casts at Naples, are in course of removal, through the intervention of Lord Palmerston and Lord Malmesbury; that it is probable they will be allowed to take a cast of the statue of Marcus Aurelius, in the capital, through the influence of Cardinal Wiseman; and that steps have been taken to permit them to take copies of the treasures in the galleries of Munich and Berlin.

As there was a proposition to run the railway which shall connect the New Crystal Palace and the west-end, across Clapham-common, the saints of that locality, and the owners of house property, held a meeting on Tuesday to oppose the scheme. They professed to be shocked at three things—the depreciation of their property which would ensue, the horrible nuisance of having working men digging and delving in those classic regions, and—the desecration of the sabbath by the projected opening of the Palace on the sabbath. And they carried their point. Mr. Sidney, a resident, whom the gentlemen affected not to know, as he is only a literary man, said that the railway would not cross the common; and Mr. Fuller, a director of the railway, pledged his word on behalf of the directors, to the same effect.

There was a singular meeting at Islington on Monday. The vicar presided; the audience were estimated at about a thousand, of whom one half were ladies; and the clerical speakers were in the same proportion to the lay. The object of their hostility was the projected opening of the Crystal Palace on Sunday. One resolution stated, "that the proposed opening of the Crystal Palace, at Sydenham, in the afternoon and evening of the Lord's-day, for purposes of pleasurable recreation to its visitors, and of profitable gains to its promoters, would be utterly at variance with the spirit and letter of the divine commandment, also with the statute law of this Christian country, and likewise with the best interests of society." An amendment, in a contrary sense, was offered, but the chairman would not put it, on the ground that the meeting was for those who "disapprove" of the opening of the Palace; so the original motion was carried.

"James Lord, Chairman" of the Protestant Association, has addressed the following categorical inquiries to Lord Derby:—"1. Whether Sir Henry Bulwer has been accredited as Ambassador or Minister to the Court of Rome, or to act there in any diplomatic relation on behalf of the British Government? 2. If any communication, official or otherwise, has been made by him or others to her Majesty's Government of any such interview as is above referred to?" Lord Derby, through "W. P. Talbot," has replied as follows:—"I have, in reply to your first question, to acquaint you that Sir Henry Bulwer has not been in any way accredited to the Court of Rome; and with respect to your second question, that it does not consist with Lord Derby's duty to answer any inquiries as to private and unofficial communications which may have passed in conversation between Sir Henry and Cardinal Antonelli, or any other person at Rome."

The *Chrysolite*, a clipper ship, built at Aberdeen, to compete with the American clippers in the tea-trade. The *Chrysolite* brought the first cargo of the new crop of teas. She started from Whampoa on the 9th of July, and made the passage in 104 days. Her rivals, the *Racehorse* and the *Surprise*, started some days later.

The clipper, *Stormway*, which set out with the *Chrysolite*, with teas from Whampoa, arrived in the Downs on Tuesday morning, having made the passage in 107 days.

The *Bengal*, leviathan iron steamship—the largest ever built at Glasgow—will be launched from the building-yard of Messrs. Tod and McGregor, at the confluence of the Kelvin with the Clyde, on the 28th inst., at about two o'clock. The *Bengal* belongs to the Peninsular and Oriental Company, and from her enormous dimensions, being, we believe, longer than the *Great Britain*, the launch will, no doubt, be a grand sight. — *North British Daily Mail*.

At the annual meeting of the Nottingham School of Design, held on Friday week, a vast number of superior designs, executed by the pupils, were exhibited, some of them displaying degrees of excellence truly astonishing. This is a source of much satisfaction to the manufacturers and operatives of the town. At the annual meeting of governors of the Nottingham General Hospital, held on Thursday week, more than 1000*l.* were contributed to the funds of that excellent institution; and at a bazaar held during the last three days in this town, between 2,000*l.* and 3,000*l.* have been realized towards the establishment here of a Midland Institution for the Blind. These are splendid

results following the abrogation of special patrician privileges, which has stimulated our commercial prosperity, and led the wealthy, both of town and country, to co-operate with a cordiality never before witnessed in the promotion of objects calculated to perpetuate the general prosperity, and to alleviate the sufferings of the unfortunate among us.—*Times*.

At the instigation of Mr. Elliot, a return has been laid before the Court of Sewers of the number of cows kept in various sheds in the city. The result is somewhat astounding, and, indeed, alarming, seeing that in a densely crowded mass of houses and people the emanations of animals, especially so large as cows, make a serious addition to the many other agents which poison the atmosphere. Even if the animals and sheds be kept clean (a matter of great doubt), they are in all respects out of place in the heart of London. In the east district, including Aldgate and Bishopsgate, there are 65; in the west, including Bartholomew-close and Shoe-lane, 77; in the north middle, as Fore-street, Moor-lane, and Milton-street, 63; in the south middle, as Lambeth-hill and Old Change, 27; making a total of milk-manufacturing cows of 232.

John Nash and John Done, two porters of the Oxford, Worcester, and Wolverhampton Company, placed two trucks on the main line near the Worcester station, left them, and went home to supper. A mail train came down and ran into them; fortunately no one was hurt. The men have been fined.

An accident has happened in the yard of the Camden-town station of the London and North Western Railway. The points, opening the main line with the sidings, were wedged open by the pointsman, and left by him in charge of another man, who in turn left them to do something else. The driver of an unattached engine thinking the down mail train had passed, as the points were open, attempted to cross. Just at this moment down came the mail, and the engine ran into it as it was passing, breaking the mail engine, grazing the passing carriages, knocking two off their wheels and overturning one. Happily no one was killed, but many had "nervous shocks." The Marchioness of Anglesea, the Bishop of Lichfield, and Lady Blayney were in the mail.

Samuel Howth has been finally committed for attempting to murder Mary Ann Proudfoot, on the sands, near Yarmouth, with a pitch plaster.

Wheeler, the madman who was confined in Bedlam for cutting off his mother's head, has so severely injured the keeper, that his life is in danger. The keeper was saved by other patients.

Mrs. Kirwan was found drowned on the beach of Ireland's Eye, a small island off Dublin. Mr. Kirwan, her husband, has been charged with having murdered her; and the charge yet hangs over him, although he is extremely anxious to be brought to trial.

Eliza Boucher, a servant at Barnstaple, is said to have murdered her illegitimate child by putting it in the wash-house furnace. She says it was dead; and that she only burnt the body.

Two daughters of Maggs, the burglar, who was supposed to be implicated in the Frome murder, have been committed for an attempt to rob a farmhouse at Woodlands, near Frome. They were only nine and fourteen years old respectively.

Cannon, the sweep, was tried at the Surrey Quarter Sessions on Tuesday. The charge against him for assaulting Dwyer, the policeman, has been withdrawn from that court; and a charge was preferred against him for assaulting Thorne, the other constable, who assisted in apprehending Cannon. He pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to two years imprisonment with hard labour. It is intended to try him for attempting to murder Dwyer. Cannon has been punished no less than seventeen times for assault, and other offences, since 1842. He was tried on Wednesday accordingly, and found guilty; he had nothing to say for himself. Sentence of "death" has been recorded.

Bearing the romantic name of Blackband, an old couple lived in a lone house at Moss Pitt, near Stafford. Blackband was supposed to be a miser, and was known to carry a large sum about with him. The Blackbands lived apart, in rooms far away from each other. Early on Monday some one entered the house: killed the watch-dog; first ascended to one room, and killed Blackband, and then meeting his wife on the stairs, knocked her down and murdered her. The assassin then carried the body of the wife, placed it on the bed of the husband, set fire to the room, and escaped with the plunder. Alarm of fire was given; the house was entered, and the bodies found half-burned, but the marks of violence fatally visible.

Aristocratic highwaymen have not been common since the days of the Barons of the Rhine. But one appeared last week, near Penrith, in the shape of a youth calling himself the "son of the honourable Mr. C——" [had he been the son of Tom Jones, the papers would have given up his name.] He rode a pony; and stopped a carriage, containing a lady, in a lonely spot; and presenting a pistol, ordered her, on penalty of death, to surrender her money. She foolishly complied. The "son of the honourable Mr. C——" has been traced about the north country; and it is supposed that he was out of pocket money, and took this "honourable" method of recruiting his privy purse. Why is he not arrested?

A man and woman have been arrested at Dublin, suspected of being parties to the robbery of Mr. Jones's shop in the Strand. A large quantity of valuable jewelry has been found.

A man was thrown from a cart in Pall Mall, on Wednesday, and killed.

Another soldier of the ill-fated 31st has been found dead—this time drowned in the Blackwater.

Two bodies have been found and recognised as part of the crew who perished in the life-boat accident at Lytham, one of them being William Swan, the captain.

A veteran of the old school has just died in the Portsmouth workhouse. The deceased's name was William

Farker, and his age 76. He entered the naval service in 1795, having been "sent" from the old poorhouse, Portsmouth, on board her Majesty's ship, *Veteran*, Captain Newman, and served in her three years on the West India station; he subsequently served in the *Venerable*, 74, Captain Fairfax; *London*, 98, Captain Otway; *Havannah*, 74, Captain Rutherford; in the *Captain*, 74, Commodore Nelson; in Earl St. Vincent's action; in the *Vanguard*, 74, Rear-Admiral Sir Horatio Nelson, at the battle of the Nile; and in the *Victory*, 104, Vice-Admiral Viscount Nelson, at the battle of Trafalgar. In the last named action he was one of the quartermasters at the weather-wheel when his immortal chief received his death-wound. The spoke of the wheel was broken by a shot, which killed the man at the lee side of it, and wounded two others, Farker escaping with a slight wound in the arm. From the *Victory* he was draughted into the *Ocean*, 98, Captain Thomas, and from her to the *Milford*, 74, Captain Bayntur, from which ship he "ran" in consequence of being treated, to use his own language, "more like a wild beast than a man," and went into the American service, where he remained until worn out; when he returned to his native town, and sought an asylum in the union-house for the remainder of his days.

#### HEALTH OF LONDON DURING THE WEEK.

In the week that ended last Saturday 1072 deaths were registered in London, being nearly the same number as in the previous week. In the ten corresponding weeks of the years 1842-51 the average number was 947, which, if a correction is made for increase of population for the purpose of comparing it with the present Return, will become 1042. The deaths of last week therefore do not much exceed the ordinary rate of mortality at this season of the year.

The tables of the last two weeks show a close coincidence as regards the numbers who died in several periods of life; the children who died in the two weeks were respectively 536 and 535; adults between 15 and 60 years were 355 and 348, and persons who had attained the age of 60 years and upwards were 188 and 189.

Fever has become more fatal in London, for the cases referred to the head of "typhus" rose from 54 in the preceding week to 62 in the last, and scarlatina from 73 to 92. The latter complaint has now reached a higher point than in any previous part of this year, and the amount of mortality is greater than in any corresponding week, except that of 1848, when the number was 182. Epidemic diseases in the aggregate are not, however, more than usually fatal, for only 5 deaths are assigned to small-pox and only 4 to measles. Diarrhoea also continues to decline, but an increase is visible in hooping-cough, which rose from 22 to 34, and in bronchitis, which has also increased in the last two weeks from 76 to 92.

Last week the births of 796 boys and 771 girls, in all 1567 children, were registered in London. The average number in seven corresponding weeks of the years 1845-51 was 1376.

At the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, the mean daily reading of the barometer was above 30 in. on the first four days of the week, and the mean reading of the week was 29.945 in. The mean temperature of the week was 49.9 deg., which is 2 deg. above the average. The mean daily temperature rose to 55.9 deg. on Friday, which is 8.6 deg. above the average. The wind blew from the north at the beginning of the week, it then changed to south-west, and except on Friday, when it was in the south-east, blew in this direction during the rest of the week.

#### BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

##### BIRTHS.

On the 20th of October, at Kingston-vale, Robin Hood, Surrey, the wife of Alfred Solu, Esq., of 1A, Wigmore-street: a daughter.

On the 20th, at Richmond, Surrey, the wife of J. B. Bull, Esq., House of Commons-offices: a son.

On the 22nd, in Chester-street, Belgrave-square, the Hon. Mrs. Maude: a son and heir.

On the 22nd, at 14, Tavistock-square, the wife of Graham Willmore, Esq., Q.C.: a son.

On the 23rd, at 3, Halkin-street West, Belgrave-square, Lady Payne Gallwey: a daughter.

On the 24th, at the Deanery, Southampton, the wife of Archdeacon Wigram: a son.

##### MARRIAGES.

On the 19th of October, at the British Embassy, Paris, by the Rev. Thomas Hale, D.D., chaplain, Thomas Broadwood, Esq., of Highbush, Crawley, Sussex, to Mary Alethea, widow of Eames Downe, Esq., late of Westbourne-terrace, Hyde-park.

On the 20th, at Weston-under-Lizard, Staffordshire, Robert Clive, Esq., M.P., to the Lady Mary Bridgeman, youngest daughter of the Earl of Bradford.

On the 23rd, at Walcot Church, Bath, the Rev. Charles Carus Wilson, M.A., second son of the Rev. William Carus Wilson, of Casterton-hall, Westmoreland, to Mary Jervis, youngest daughter of the late Rev. John Primatt Maud, of Swainswick, Somersetshire.

##### DEATHS.

On the 16th of August, at Cape Town, on his return from service in the Kaffir war, in consequence of ill-health, Captain Borton, of the Seventy-fourth Highlanders, only son of John Henry Borton, Esq., of Bury St. Edmund's, in the thirtieth year of his age.

On the 1st of September, at Lima, in the forty-eighth year of his age, William Pitt Adams, Esq., her Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires and Consul-General to the Republic of Peru.

On the 14th of October, at St. Helier's, Jersey, aged seventy-six, Alexander Cockburn, Esq., son of Sir James Cockburn, of Langton, Bart., formerly H.M. Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Wirttemberg, and afterwards to the Republic of Columbia.

On the 20th, at Oaklands, Victoria-park, Manchester, Ellen, fourth daughter of James Kershaw, Esq., M.P., in her twenty-second year.

On the 22nd, Henry McCulloch, Esq., of her Majesty's Stationery-office.

On the 24th, in the Precincts, Canterbury, the Rev. Francis Dawson, canon of Canterbury, and vicar of East Peckham, Kent, aged sixty-four.

On the 25th, at Braintree, in the county of Essex, in the eighty-ninth year of his age, the Rev. Perryman Wakeham, M.A., of Caius College, Cambridge, rector of Little Saxham, in the county of Suffolk, and youngest son of the late Very Rev. Nicholas Wakeham, D.D., Dean and Rector of Bocking.

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

## Postscript.

SATURDAY, October 23.

THE Convocation of the clergy of the province of Canterbury was yesterday duly prorogued by the Vicar-General of the Archbishop of Canterbury until Friday, November 5, pursuant to the Royal writ.

Upon this the *Times* remarks, that in conformity with her Majesty's mandate this will be the last prorogation prior to the actual meeting of Convocation, which will take place on Friday, the 5th of November, "for the despatch of divers urgent business;" on which occasion application is to be made to her Majesty for her royal license that the assembling of Convocation may no longer be a matter of mere form, as it has been during the last century and a half, but that the proctors recently elected at the various archidiaconal meetings, and those officially eligible to sit, may consider such matters and transact such business as in their opinion are necessary to the welfare of the Church. It may be stated, that in order to enable Convocation to sit, the permission of the Crown, Premier, and Archbishop of the province must be obtained. It is pretty generally understood that the Earl of Derby is personally favourable to the claims of the "Revivalists," but that the Archbishop of Canterbury is decidedly hostile to the resuscitation of those powers of which Convocation has been for so long a time past practically deprived. At the same time a rumour prevails in well informed circles that her Majesty's views upon the matter are in accordance with the views of the Archbishop. In this case it will be impossible for either house of Convocation, on its meeting, to proceed with anything beyond the consideration of those formal matters to which its attention has hitherto been confined.

After quoting the contradiction of the rumour from the *Morning Herald*, the *Times* says:—

"We leave our contemporary's explanation of the rumour to the discrimination of our readers. If all intention of enacting what it justly describes as 'the absurdity' has been abandoned, it has only been in consequence of the remonstrances it has called forth."

Mr. Dawson has published the following letter:—

SIR,—In the course of a recent tour on the continent I went to Dresden. On the morning after my arrival I sent my passport to the police—it was sent back to the hotel *visé* for Prague. In two hours time a police agent fetched it again. I was out all day, and, on my return to the hotel at night, I found a person waiting for me; he introduced himself, calling me by name, and asking if I did not come from Birmingham? I answered, "Yes." He then said that I should not be allowed to go to Prague, for I was a friend of M. Mazzini's, and a subscriber to funds "directed against the continent." After some talk, in the course of which I told him I should require a formal refusal to allow me to visit Prague, he left.

The next morning, before I was up, two men entered my bedroom, demanding to search my baggage, and saying that if I declined to allow them I must get up and go with them. Preferring the easier alternative, I lay in bed and watched the hunt amidst shirts and boots—one letter was deemed dangerous, and borne off to the police office. In the afternoon I received a note, requesting my attendance at the police office. I went, was shown into a room, requested politely to take a seat, and the drawing up of a "protocol" commenced. The questions asked me appeared to be dictated by some papers, written and printed, which lay before the writer of the protocol. Some of these questions were absurd enough, such as—Are your father and mother living? Where do they live?—The little English town I mentioned was quite beyond my questioner's geography, so I had to help him by writing it myself. I was asked if I knew M. Mazzini, who introduced him to me, &c. To some of these queries I declined to reply. When the protocol was finished, I signed it, and was then shown to another office to have the "signature" made out. I was minutely described and measured, and an inspection of my boot heels duly made. The officer asked me if I had any warts, moles, or other particular marks on my body, and on my replying that I had no such beauty spots, I signed the paper, and was bowed out. I next went to another place for my passport, which, at my request, was *visé* for Berlin, and across it was written, "To leave Dresden immediately." I then returned to my hotel, and in the afternoon of the next day, having seen all I wished to see in Dresden, I left for Berlin. On reaching Berlin I sent my passport to the police, and received it some days afterwards without any remark, having in the mean time suffered no annoyance. Since my return to England, I have seen the account

of Mr. Paget's annoyances, and I find that my affair happened a few days before his.—I am, &c.,  
Oct. 20. GEORGE DAWSON.

Very large policies of insurance are, we hear, being effected in the City on the life of the President of the French Republic. Whether a clause is inserted providing for an increase in the premiums on revival of the Empire is not stated; but the proposals for these insurances, even at a liberal rate, have been refused in more than one quarter.—*Daily News.*

Steps, it appears, have been taken to obtain at least a site for a new National Gallery.

"The Royal Commissioners, who were constituted a permanent body by a charter granted by Her Majesty immediately on the closing of the Great Exhibition, have recently completed some very large purchases of land, which it is understood are to be applied to the above object, in combination with museums such as that now at Marlborough-house, or generally for the promotion of arts, manufactures, and commerce. The charter referred to gave power to appropriate the surplus derived from the Great Exhibition to such purposes, but the extent even of the land purchases must have already exhausted that surplus, and the nation will have to supply the requisite funds for all that is to follow.

"The site chosen for the realization of all this is at Kensington-gore. Behind Gore house and the line of houses which stretches almost uninterruptedly from the new houses of Hyde Park-terrace up to Kensington turnpike is an extensive tract of land, now principally occupied as market-gardens, except that part of it which abuts westward on the road called Gloucester-road, in which Mr. Canning's house and grounds, called Gloucester-lodge, were situated. Most of this land belonged to the Baron de Villars and Lord Harrington, though a portion of some extent on the north side, near the Kensington-road, was the property of the parish of St. Margaret, Westminster. The whole site is very beautifully disposed, gradually sloping to the south from the high ground of Hyde Park down to the Old Brompton-road. The lower part of the land is familiarly termed "Brompton-grove," and is ornamented with some really fine timber in the gardens and grounds still remaining on the southern part of the estate. The first tract of land obtained by the Commissioners was from the trustees of the parish of St. Margaret, Westminster, from whom it is understood about twenty acres were obtained, at a cost of 60,000*l.*, or thereabouts; but the principal purchase (a very recent one) is from the Baron de Villars, who has sold forty-eight acres of land to the Commissioners for the large sum of 150,000*l.* For some smaller purchases to complete the boundary as much as 4,000*l.* per acre has been asked, and, we believe, given.

"The general scheme we understand to be this,—About 200 yards on this side of the turnpike at Kensington a road is to be cut, 100 feet wide, from Kensington-gore to Brompton, coming out at the back of Onslow-square. This road will furnish an enormous frontage for the new galleries to the west, and the façade will return at the south end to any depth required. The quantity of land secured will also allow of ornamental grounds around the building to a considerable extent.

"The price paid for this land is certainly very great, and perhaps greater than has ever been realized before under similar circumstances; but still, notwithstanding the extravagant, not to say extortionate, demands of the owners for land which, to a considerable extent, is now only growing cabbages and onions for the London market, we are glad the land is secured for national objects, even at a national price."

It is understood that the funeral procession of the late Duke will be marshalled on the Parade-ground at the back of the Horse Guards, and thence pass along the Mall in St. James's-park, up Constitution-hill, and along Piccadilly, St. James's-street, Pall-mall, and the Strand, to St. Paul's. This alteration has been made out of deference to the expressed desire of the householders along the line of route.

The ceremony of "lying in state" will, it is understood, be carried out upon a scale of magnificence never before attempted in this country, or perhaps even in Europe. Chelsea College consists chiefly of a central apartment of octagonal form, opening on the one side into the great hall, and on the other into the chapel of the college. The whole of this range will be fitted up in an appropriate manner, the walls and every portion of the building being draped and festooned with black cloth and other appropriate funeral emblems. The great hall, where the "lying in state" will take place, is an apartment of noble dimensions, 150 feet long by nearly 50 broad and 40 high. The Marquis of Exeter, as her Majesty's Lord Chamberlain, has the direction of this portion of the ceremonial. His lordship, naturally anxious that so important a feature in the national tribute to the memory of the great Duke should be at once worthy of the country and the man, wisely placed the matter in the hands of one of the first architects and artists of the day,

Professor Cockerell, R.A., who in the kindest manner consented to act, and at once prepared a series of elaborate and very beautiful sketches. These designs have already received the warm approval of her Majesty and Prince Albert, and the progress of the works is only delayed by the care necessary in the removal of those time-honoured relics—in the shape of captured flags—with which the walls of the old hall are hung. Many of these flags were taken in the Duke of Wellington's own battles, and it is intended that all these shall be introduced in the decoration of the chamber after the walls have been dressed. The catafalque on which the coffin will rest is to be placed at one end of the hall, opposite to the door through which the public will be admitted. The windows will be all dark, and the only light obtained will be from colossal wax candles contained in silvered candelabra, fourteen feet high, of which there are nearly one hundred, placed at stated intervals along the hall, which will be lined with men of the Grenadier Guards (the Duke's regiment) with their arms reversed. The period that has elapsed since the Duke's death has been occupied to very great advantage by the Earl Marshal and his assistants in the College of Arms. The heraldic and armorial decorations have been arranged with the greatest possible accuracy, and it is believed the effect of this portion of the ceremonial will far exceed anything of the kind witnessed of late years. Sir Charles Young, Garter King-at-Arms, is devoting himself to the completion of all the important matters coming within his department.

The men arrested for being implicated in the duel at Egham were on Thursday remanded, and have been sent to Horse-monger-lane Gaol.

The jury have returned the following verdict in the case of the keeper who was killed by the cobra:—"That Edward Horatio Girling died from the effects of wounds inflicted by a venomous serpent, known as the 'cobra de capello,' and that the injuries were the results of his own rashness, whilst in a state of intoxication."

A copy of the following circular has been addressed to the chairman of every board of guardians in the United Kingdom:—

"SIR,—I am instructed to inform you that it has been resolved to hold, in the Town Hall, Manchester, on Wednesday, the 3rd of November next, a Conference of Members of Parliament, Guardians of the Poor, Ministers of Religion, and others favourable to the principle of substituting, in Poor-Law Unions, productive employment for mere relief, either in total idleness, or accompanied by degrading and useless taskwork.

"Viscount Goderich will take the chair at eleven o'clock in the forenoon.

"In order to avoid loss of time in unnecessary discussion, it has been decided that the objects of the Conference shall be confined to the two following, viz.:—

"1st. To collect and bring under consideration the various methods in use, in English or Irish Unions, for usefully employing the Poor receiving In or Out Door 'Relief,' with the pecuniary and other results, beneficial or not, arising from their adoption.

"2nd. To consider and adopt means for promoting the general enforcement of productive and healthful labour, and otherwise furthering the benevolent purposes of the Poor-Law Association.

"In the event of your concurrence in measures which are increasingly felt to be not only more just and humane to the Poor, but calculated to diminish the burthen of pauperism, correct the indolent habits often predisposing to it, and reduce the number of those who recruit the ranks of crime, I have the honour very respectfully to invite yourself, and any of your colleagues to be present on the occasion; and I beg to express an earnest hope that your Board will take into serious consideration, and concur in remedying, evils equally deplorable upon humane, economical, or Christian grounds.

"It is conceived that the present condition of the country is peculiarly favourable to the gathering together of gentlemen qualified, by prolonged observation and experience, to offer suggestions for the practical adoption of improvements in Poor-Law administration, which have already proved successful in some places, and if generally enforced, would not only produce immediate benefit to the Ratepayers, and the Poor, but prepare the country to encounter, without risk or inconvenience, those periodical commercial crises, which the records of the past prove to be inevitable. History has too fatally shown that measures taken hastily, and under immediate pressure, are totally inadequate to the evils to be met, and involve—as they did recently in Ireland—enormous waste of the national resources. The comparatively slight pressure of those evils at present only renders the time more propitious for introducing the proposed improvements.

"I would also especially remind you that the recent 'Order' of the Poor-Law Board renders an inquiry into the best means of 'settling the Poor to work' urgently important, both to the Guardians and to the Ratepayers. The actual experience of very many Unions, particularly in Ireland, seems to demonstrate that the difficulties of complying with the requirements of the Law in this respect, are more imaginary than real.

"If it be the purpose of yourself, or any of your brother Guardians, to attend the Conference, an intimation to that effect from you, upon an early day after the receipt of this, will be highly esteemed.

"I am also desirous to state that, in the event of your non-attendance, any practical suggestions, from Members of your Board, calculated to assist the Conference in carrying out their objects, will be acceptable, and the requisite steps taken to bring them under the consideration of the Public and the Legislature.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your very obedient servant,

"ARCHIBALD G. STARK,

"General Secretary of the Poor-Law Association."

"7, Norfolk-street, Manchester, October 20th, 1852."

# The Leader

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 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.

### BELGIUM, CUBA, AND TURKEY.

In three quarters of the world, all of them important as turning points of action for the future, the British Government is understood to have taken up a position; and, as usual with our present Administration, that position is precisely the one which should not be taken.

For Cuba, as we might have expected, the report is, that the English Government has actually given assurance to Spain that she will be supported. This report has been put in circulation before, but it is now accompanied by the further intimation, that Spain herself would view a war without dissatisfaction. On what ground she could be prepared for so expensive a sport, we cannot at first understand; but it may be supposed that by any general commotion—and almost any commotion in Europe, just now, must be general—Spain may hope to obtain guarantees for the maintenance of her present system, which she is unable to obtain by any power of her own. That England should be on the side of old, decayed Spain, and against the United States, would be a calamity; and if the report should have in it any shadow of truth, the public ought, as soon as possible, to repudiate both the position and the Cabinet that has occasioned it. Every fresh difficulty in the United States only concentrates and strengthens the purpose which has been moving the people of that Republic; and in the last accounts, we notice that shrewd politicians who have hitherto been undecided, like the *New York Herald*, the *Times* of America, are now obliged to fall in with the sentiment of the day—"Cuba must be ours, and at once." It is not to be expected that the United States will stop in the course thus declared. The Government at Washington cannot prevent it; diplomatic objections will be brushed away like straw; and if England should attempt to interfere, the sole residuum for us will be the worst hostility that can befall us.

Nearer home, there is another quarter on which the politics of Europe turn,—Belgium. When Belgium was made into an independent kingdom, her neutrality was guaranteed by the principal powers of Europe. That neutrality is now invaded by a coercive "recommendation" from those powers,—so says the *Morning Post*, "to make it a *sine-quâ-non* in the formation of a new Government, that it shall present to the Chambers a Bill to impose some restraint upon the licentiousness of the Belgium press in its expression of opinion with reference to foreign and friendly states." In other words, King Leopold is coerced into imposing a condition upon any new Cabinet, Liberal or otherwise, that it shall restrain criticism on French or Austrian politics; and the same authority which we have already quoted, announces that the British Government has taken part in this recommendation! Lord Malmesbury and his "intimate friend" are in a compact alliance, therefore, with the despotic powers. It is promotion, perhaps, for Louis Napoleon to attain that position; but that England should help him to it, and place herself by his side, is a degradation to the country.

The third pivot of politics, which is just now sensible of great agitation, is Turkey. The Bank, which maintained a kind of semi-official alliance with the State, had received the royal authority to contract a loan of 50,000,000 piastres, which, reduced to English denominations, would be about half a million. The guarantee, indeed, was due to the credit of the Bank, the Government having used that establishment as a rough mode of supplies for an exchequer bankrupt under the most lavish expenditure. But this loan was to be obtained in the markets of Paris and London, and was negotiated at the instance

of the French ambassador. The old Turkish party and Russia took alarm: the Khorân was invoked; the Ulemas raised something like an insurrection in Constantinople; the Turkish ambassador threatened; the Sultan gave way; the Cabinet broke down; the loan is repudiated, and the French ambassador threatens to withdraw. To France and Russia, perhaps, the affair, whatever lengths it may attain, is of no great importance; each may expect to get something out of any general disturbance: but to Turkey, peace or commotion means existence or destruction. Broken up as she is in every portion of her frame-work, Turkey cannot outlast a disturbance very long. If she opposes Russia she will be destroyed. If France threatens her, Russia will "protect" her, never to give her up. The *status quo* in that quarter is not so vitally important to England as it is to Turkey; but it is important to several English interests, more valuable than the Ionian islands: we need only allude to the highway to India. The disturbance, however, would transfer the rule from our old ally to one or other power less friendly to us. What, then, is England doing in this new affair—where she might interfere, and might lend her voice and influence with great advantage to herself, to her ally, to the peace of Europe, and to the right distribution of power? Unlike her own example in Cuba and in Belgium—so says the *Post*—in Constantinople she is maintaining a strict neutrality!

#### INFLUENCE OF THE "LEADER" IN AMERICA.

As we know that fanaticism will drive men to excesses of facetiousness unknown to any other species of mania, we might think the deception put upon the *New York Herald* had been intended as a hoax. The hoax would be peculiar indeed, because the authors of it seem to have subjected themselves to a loss, and to be, as it were, the victims of their own practical joke; which is not the usual course with hoaxes. But your fanatical agitator is very apt to be the victim of his own artifice; designing to take in all the world, he takes in none but himself; and the present is a capital instance. A letter, signed "Williams and Lockhart," has been transmitted to the Editor of the *New York Herald*, proposing to bribe that journal for the purpose of combating the election of General Wallbridge. Who Messrs. Williams and Lockhart are, we do not know; and until we have published the present statement we do not care to know or to inquire. There is a practical reason why we do suppose them to have deceived the usually acute *New York Herald*—for some hallucination evidently there is. The statement in this letter is, that General Wallbridge is an adventurer, dabbling in Californian shares; and that he was present at the July banquet of Mr. George Peabody, where, notwithstanding the presence of "hundreds of ladies," he became "beastly intoxicated," and "insulted nearly every English gentleman present, by declaring that the Government of the United States intended to add Ireland to the number of the United States, and that if he was President he would be d—d if England should not fight or declare herself independent of the other allied powers of Europe." Now this statement in itself is a complicated problem. In the first place it appears, from very credible testimony, that General Wallbridge is *not* in the habit of indulging in intoxication, but so much the reverse that he is peculiarly temperate, addicted rather to water than to any other species of excess. Secondly, we should like to have some insight into that peculiarly discriminating style which describes "nearly every English gentleman" as having been insulted. Who were the exceptions? What "English gentleman" was there who would be the reverse of insulted by this species of declaration? Possibly there might be English gentlemen of the Peace party, who were not amenable to the sensation of insult.

But the narrative contains more. We are told that General Wallbridge "obtained an introduction to our Premier, Lord Derby, through the Honourable Mr. Walker, formerly Chancellor of your Exchequer, and that he negotiated with his Lordship thousands of mining shares, which Mr. Walker felt himself called upon to redeem for the credit and honour of the American nation." A most extraordinary transaction; and we call upon Mr. Walker to explain how, and

from what funds he redeemed those thousands of mining shares? Indeed, we have some right to claim the testimony of Lord Derby, and to ask him how it happened that, on the first interview with General Wallbridge, he concluded a negotiation for "thousands of mining shares"? If Messrs. Williams and Lockhart were themselves under the influence of anything stronger than water when they wrote, they give a real account of this introduction, we must suppose that Lord Derby had not only dined, but that he had undergone several dinners, before he could be wrought to that pitch of mining enthusiasm and share-holding avidity.

However, having a very strong idea that this General Wallbridge is a very dangerous person, from the manner in which he distributed shares in England, seduced the Premier, and otherwise perverted British influence to his purposes, Messrs. Williams and Lockhart propose to deal with the *New York Herald* on a plan which they understand to be common. "We address you," they say, "as public journalists, having understood your paper to be similar to the *Examiner*, not taking sides in politics, but one that is used very much in the United States to influence public opinion, and, like the *Examiner* and *Leader* in this city, very successful in popular elections." Why our success, whether in America or England, should subject us to insinuations of this sort, we do not understand; but we find ourselves in tolerable good company. Setting aside General Wallbridge, of whom we have slight knowledge, we find ourselves associated in joint co-operation with Mr. Walker, Lord Derby, and our contemporary, the *Examiner*. The thing that surprises us, indeed, is, that the *New York Herald* should have treated this hallucination as a grave affair; but since our contemporary has done so, we must inform him that the *Examiner* is by no means to be purchased in the manner supposed; and that its abstinence from taking sides in politics is also, to say the truth, a delusion of mania; since our contemporary is distinguished amongst the Liberal journals especially devoted to the late Government,—not on any corrupt grounds at all, but simply, we believe, from political sympathy. Indeed, the practice of purchasing journals, if ever it existed, has fallen into general disuse in this country; and for ourselves, we can only repeat what we said last week,—that no journal stands more unpledged to any party or person than our own.

There is, indeed, a substantial reason why the *New York Herald* should have put some kind of faith in this communication. When men ballast their averments with precious metal, they generally have at least some kind of honest intention in what they say—some kind of purpose; and this flighty letter from Messrs. Williams and Lockhart, with a 50*l.* note. Now one is apt to believe a document enclosing a 50*l.* note. There is a sort of *bona fides* in that gage altogether overwhelming. We pardon, therefore, our New York contemporary for submitting his judgment for the moment to a hallucination thus substantially booked; the more so, since the editor of the New York paper was authorized to draw on Messrs. Williams and Lockhart for 200*l.* more!

That we may honourably influence elections in the United States we do not question, nor are we surprised that a London antagonist should proceed to strike us, in this boomerang fashion, by a kind of circumbendibus across the Atlantic. If we are surprised at all, it is at the discovery that Messrs. Williams and Lockhart profess to be acting in concert with Mr. George Thompson, "our late Member for the Tower Hamlets, who would visit the United States, and counsel his friends against supporting any measure which would place this General Wallbridge in nomination." It seems, then, that while we are on the side of General Wallbridge, the *Examiner*, Mr. Walker, Lord Derby, and some other interest that we do not very well understand, we have for our enemies, Mr. George Thompson, the Abolitionists in general, and Messrs. Williams and Lockhart; and that the result of the contest between ourselves, with the allies aforesaid, and our enemies, Messrs. Williams and Lockhart, the Abolitionists, and Mr. George Thompson, is to have a considerable effect on the New York elections. It may be so. We neither disclaim our position, nor our influence, nor our allies; although we were unconscious of a common interest with Lord Derby. We only protest against

the bribe. We have never had the chance. The only reward which we seek in the discussion of American politics is the approbation of our friends in the Union, with whose political principles we feel a deep sympathy, and whose championship of our common principles we regard as of the most powerful augury for the future destinies of the world.

#### WHAT IS MEANT BY "WEAKENING" THE ESTABLISHMENT?

Of all the arguments used against the revival of Convocation during the past week, the most pitiful was, that it would "weaken" the establishment. It is a sign of that moral cowardice, too common nowadays, which shows itself when public action of any moment has to be taken. Our moralists do not ask whether a course be right or wrong, but whether it be pleasant or painful. There is a fatal disposition to shirk consequences, as if they could be shirked with impunity; and an insane attempt to reach a desired goal by setting out in a direction opposite to that marked on the finger-posts of principle. All this may be very trite, but it is very true and very much to the point; and that such remarks should be both trite and true of the Church of England, is sad enough; and we are filled with a feeling akin to terror when we remember the part it assumes to play in the national education; when we reflect on the influence it must exercise directly on its adherents, and indirectly on its opponents; when we realize its tremendous grasp of society, and the results of its intervention on all sides. That the institution which, above all others, should be honest to the core, is not so, but just the reverse; that that which should be real is a juggle and a sham,—these are signs which indicate rottenness at the heart of England. We tolerate it, we uphold it, we pay for it, we share in it, we are in every sense accessories to the fraud, and participators in the seeming profits. And when we are told that a consultation of the clergy, with a view to restore soundness—a consultation, mark, of those selected and appointed and alleged to be ordained of God to watch over the rest—when we are gravely told that this course would weaken the establishment, we are amazed at the blindness and folly of these self-appointed counsellors of the Church. We are compelled to ask—are they true members of the Church of England? We are compelled to say that such advisers are less the true friends of the Church than we who do not accept her doctrines, and who reject her arrogant claims, but who espouse the cause of the honest minority of her children, because we are anxious that Englishmen should know what they do believe, and act up to the convictions they profess to entertain.

We have always endeavoured to write up to the highest level of the Church's claims. We have defined and described her apart from her secular characteristics. We have not dwelt on her great wealth, or the enormous patronage of her lay members, and the shameful practice of disposing of the cure of souls in the interests of families, or by the hammer of the auctioneer. We have uniformly treated all the different sections of the Church as honest and sincere. But this outcry raised by the rumoured revival of Convocation, has altered our views. We are now convinced that the majority of those who profit by the institution called the Church of England, are, consciously or unconsciously, insincere; and that the correct definition of the Church of England, is a corporate body of Dissenters, the several members of which agree to sign Thirty-Nine Articles as an indispensable condition to enjoying the property of the corporation; and that any measure which would make these Dissenters not virtually violators of the Act of Uniformity, is held to be a measure which would weaken the establishment. In plain terms, that the Church of England reposes on the loaves and fishes—not of Christ, but of Mammon. After all we have written, we admit that the views taken by the *Globe*, the *Times*, the *Daily News*, and Lord Derby, are correct—that the Church is an engine of political influence, and nothing else; in short, a compromise, or cross, between Peter and Magus. The process of making it otherwise is sagely termed "weakening the establishment;" evidently a more precious thing in the eyes of the majority than religion itself.

Weaken—why the Church would not so much be weakened by the holding of ten noisy convocations as it was last week by the scenes at St. Peter's, Eldad, where Protestant Episcopalians mobbed their bishop, and a member of the congregation of respectables so far forgot where he was as to cry out in the church, at the conclusion of a solemn prayer, "Encore!" But the timid, the interested, and the stupid, all prefer a pleasing sham to a painful real conformity; and they revel on the crust of the solid-looking abyss which will presently swallow them up.

After all, then, the laity of the Church of England do not believe in her sufficiently to permit her to be honest and free. Their prophet, Archdeacon Law, was, it seems, wiser than he knew, when he certified that the great patient of the day, the Church of England, required "repose." The venerable old gentleman who spoke at one of the meetings for the election of proctors, and uttered the magical words, *Quieta non movere*, might be supposed to have had a prophetic insight into the mind of the Archdeacon: for the recommendations of both are radically the same. But they are only an unconscious paraphrase of the whine of Dr. Watts' famous sluggard—

"You have waked me too soon—  
I must slumber again."

It is the peevish cry of sickness, not of health—of indolence, not of activity. It may be the watchword of the Church of England, it is not the spirit of the teaching of Christ. It did not inspire the Apostles,—it did not urge on the Fathers; the Martyrs were not dragged to the stake by acting upon it; in the palmist days of the Catholic Church, idleness and "*laissez faire*" were not its principles. No Church, claiming a Divine mission, and believing its claim, ever proposed before to do its work by a "masterly inactivity."

But so it is now; and what is meant by "weakening" the Establishment, is disturbing the famous Whig compromise, which provides that the Church which professes to be the servant of God shall be the slave of man. Truly such a Church, were it not for the magnitude of the national interests at stake, should call forth our pity rather than provoke our scorn.

#### IS LOUIS NAPOLEON A STUPID MAN?

THIS is, in some respects, the question of the age. You can go nowhere, you cannot sit down to supper with a party of friends, without hearing it discussed. The capabilities of the question are such that we earnestly recommend it to all the debating societies for the winter, as far more likely to promote a lively evening than any of the old questions, "Was Mahomet an impostor?" "Was Brutus justifiable in killing Cæsar?" and the like. For ourselves, we can but state the question, and throw a stray remark or two into the discussion of it.

Louis Napoleon, say some, is a supremely stupid man,—perhaps, as far as a guess can go, the most stupid man connected with the politics of Europe. The proofs they adduce are various. In the first place, they say, the face of the man is the very ideal of a stupid face,—heavy, lumpish, pig-eyed, Dutch. Then, again, all who have had any dealings with him in the way of talk agree in declaring that they never met a man whose stupidity was more impressive. Lawyers and lawyers' clerks who had occasion to see him while he was a refugee amongst ourselves, have been heard to say, that the only thing they marked in him was an extraordinary thick-headedness, which made it impossible either to explain anything to him, or to get a word out of him related, by any approach to clearness, to the business on hand. In France, too, the general opinion of those who came most into contact with him before the 2nd of December was *C'est un idiot*. Then, his books, in the opinion at least of all those who know a thought when they see it, are about as stupid specimens of authorship as ever passed through the hands of a printer, the most famous of them—the *Idées Napoléoniennes*—being a mere jumble of opaque rubbish, the perusal of which in Hades must have driven his uncle mad. In fact, they say, by any test by which the intellect of a man can be revealed in ordinary unaided intercourse with his fellows, and the conclusion must be, not only that Louis Napoleon is a very stupid man, but that positively you describe him best when you sum up his whole character in the one word—*stupidity*.

All very well, say others; but what do you

make of the 2nd of December and a few other such facts? Is it only in books or in talk with lawyers' clerks and literary gentlemen that a man can show ability; and does a deep astute brain never lodge behind pig's eyes and a lumpish visage? Can that be a stupid man who planned the *coup-d'état*, outwitted France and her ablest generals, seated himself in the dictator's chair, and is now, after occupying it steadily for nearly a year, about to have himself declared Emperor? Louis Napoleon may not be what is called a bright or brilliant intellect; he could not keep a table in a roar by his humour, nor electrify a public audience by his eloquence, nor solve a biquadratic equation, nor write an article in the *Times*, nor experiment on the Cobra de Capello, nor enlighten you and me and a select company of other clever fellows with original and wise sayings on those profound subjects which men agitate when they smoke cigars. At the play of genius and intellectual repartee, Douglas Jerrold would double him up in two minutes, or use him from the first as a permanent butt; and in talk with Herbert Spencer, on the philosophy of society, he would seem a most deplorable blockhead. All this is very true, but doing what he has done, and being where he is by such means as have brought him there, can he be a stupid man? Give him his own way of showing talent, and would he not show it? If, starting from one position in society, where he should seem but a blockhead beside such men as Douglas Jerrold and Herbert Spencer, he could in a few years, by his own scheming and perseverance, arrive at another position in society where he might take his revenge by having Douglas Jerrold shot and Herbert Spencer incarcerated by course of recognised law, must there not have been an expenditure of intellect—call it low cunning, or what you will—in the process by which he had thus pushed or wriggled himself along from the one position to the other? In short, must not Louis Napoleon be regarded, not as a stupid man, but as one of those mysterious, silent, blockhead-looking men, who are very far from being blockheads, and who, peeping out upon the world with small heavy eyes, and quite incapable of putting brain into their words, contrive, on fitting occasion, to put a good deal of brain into their deeds? General Monk was a man who, when any one asked him a question, did not make a highly intellectual reply, but only turned the quid over in his mouth, mumbled a word or two as he looked at his questioner, and then ended the colloquy with a squirt of tobacco-juice. Yet Monk was an able man. May not Louis Napoleon be such another? May not his life anterior to 1848 have been but something analogous to the idiocy of Brutus, while that subsequently-respected Roman was known only as a hanger-on about the stables of Tarquinius Superbus, with his hair uncombed, his hands listless in his toga-pockets, and a piece of straw in his idiotic mouth?

M. Victor Hugo, who is certainly no friend to Louis Napoleon, rather inclines to the second supposition. He does not, indeed, rate Louis Napoleon as a very able man; but he thinks it is not by any means accurate to call him a stupid man. "His brain is a muddled one," he says; "it is a brain with gaps in it; but here and there thoughts tolerably connected may be discovered in it. It is a book with some of the leaves torn out. Louis Napoleon has a fixed idea; but a fixed idea is not idiocy. He knows what he wants, and he goes at it;—athwart justice, athwart law, athwart reason, athwart honour, athwart humanity—all true; still, he goes at it. He is no fool. He is a man of a different time from ours. He appears absurd and stupid because he is not seen along with persons of a like species." This is Victor Hugo's estimate of the man whom he hates, and of whom he has had opportunities to know something.

What Victor Hugo says is very good, but for our present purpose it is not satisfactory. Is Louis Napoleon a stupid man or not? For our part, as far as our present evidence goes, we are inclined to say that he is. We say so provisionally, and till we have better evidence to the contrary. For, in the first place, we have no faith in that current distinction between speech and action, which would make it out that a man may act like an angel, and talk like poor Poll. A man who acts ably cannot speak like a blockhead; and a man who speaks really well, in the deepest sense of the word *well*, has the faculty for acting well

precisely in the same proportion. Get any how you can a collection of a celebrated man's sayings, spoken or written: they may be few and far between, so that they may be held in a duodecimo, or multitudinous and dense so as to fill five folios; but many or few, dense or rare, good grammar or bad grammar, they are precisely equal to, and representative of the entire stuff and material that was in the man. Cromwell's speeches are as good as his actions; Wellington's despatches and speeches fall precisely as far short of Napoleon's proclamations, conversations, and dictations, as Wellington on the whole fell short of Napoleon on the whole; and what Monk mumbled was exactly as clever, if you only heard it, as what he intrigued and did. If, then, Louis Napoleon has ability, it is to be discovered, not only in his *coup d'état* and the like, but also in whatever can be authentically certified to have proceeded from his mouth or his pen. As to what has proceeded from his mouth, we can judge but at second-hand, but we consider the lawyers' and the lawyers' clerks' to be not bad evidence; and this evidence certainly goes to prove that, had he offered himself for any situation on the strength of nothing more than his immediate intellectual recommendations, he would have been dismissed as incompetent. Of his writings, or what are reputed to be his writings, we can judge more directly. We read them pretty well through about the time of his election to the Presidency: and then at least we agreed very decidedly with the opinion that they were poor rubbish. Still, we are open to conviction. If any one authentic speech of Louis Napoleon's, or any one saying in any such speech, is presented to us, exhibiting the least approach to intellectual insight, we will *pro tanto* admit his talent. If, for example, the saying reported to have been used by him on a recent occasion, "The history of humanity is the history of armies," be really his, we will admit that, muddled though his brain may be, yet, as Victor Hugo says, there are points of lucidity in it. Until that or something equivalent is proved, however, Louis Napoleon, President of France, and author of the *coup d'état* as he is, nay, even should he be Emperor of France, and have Michel Chevalier and a hundred other intellectual notoriety to kiss his boot, will be nothing more to us than the writer of the *Idées Napoléoniennes*; and that is, a man with a most hazy, most stupid, most impervious, most muzzy, most uneducated head.

We do not fear the difficulty in which such an opinion will lead us. If hitherto our notion has been that worldly success, the achievement of a prominent historical position, is only possible with intellectual superiority, then, if we do not find more reason than we yet have to call Louis Napoleon an intellectually superior man, we must just improve our philosophy of human nature by striking that notion out of our creed. In that case, the right conclusion will be, not that Louis Napoleon is a man of intellect after all, but only that we have not yet sufficiently appreciated the social function of stupidity working under certain conditions.

Louis Napoleon's reputation for political ability rests on two things—his retaining his place so firmly prior to the *coup d'état*, and the *coup d'état* itself. The one was a kind of negative feat, the ability displayed in which consisted, if in anything, in the ability *not to be turned out*; the other was a positive feat, consisting in the instantaneous and successful creation of a new set of circumstances in Paris, by arrests, sabres, money, and musket-shots. Now, in either case, it appears to us, it is too much to suppose that the result was brought about by the intellectual vigour of the man most conspicuously interested—that man being one of whom we had no reason otherwise to think that he possessed intellectual vigour. What do we know about that complexity of causes which kept Louis Napoleon nailed to the President's chair till December, 1851? and how can we assign their due proportions in this effect to the causes which we do recognise as independent of the man himself—the recollection of the vote of the people, the fatigue and reaction of the *bourgeoisie*, the activity of the politicians who found reason to support him, and the mutual antipathies of the politicians who wished to turn him out? And so with the *coup d'état*. What do we know of the multiplicity of the things and forces that converged in that act, in that curious moment? How take that compound thing, the *coup d'état*, in our hands, and tear it into its ori-

ginal pieces, puffing away the smoke of cannon, the fumes of brandy, and the intellectual co-operation of a thousand dexterous myrmidons, so as to see how much of the success of the whole thing depended on the sheer brain of the dogged brute who sat alone during the massacre, receiving reports through the half-open door, and stirring the fire with the poker which the mob, had it burst in, would have put to another use? True, in both cases, the success was his; and this, at least, we are bound therefore to say, that, whatever was his own share in determining the conditions, he and the conditions suited each other. The *suitability* of the man for the conditions of the case, this is what, from the evidence afforded, we are certainly constrained to assert. But what if part of this very suitability consisted, not in intellectual ability, but actually and positively in the reverse—stupidity?

The social potency of intense stupidity, we repeat, is a thing yet to be investigated. Take a simple case. Have our readers any personal acquaintance with a *very* stupid man? We do not mean a silly butterfly kind of imbecile, a creature with small brain of any sort; but a downright, solid, heavy blockhead, a man with a large quantity of extremely bad brain. If they have, they must know by experience that stupidity is a real power. Just as a very disagreeable man sometimes makes such an impression in society as to become more considerable, more largely an object of thought, than persons equally clever and better-conditioned; so a very stupid man is often a more important personage in the circle of those who know him than a man of mediocre talent. You cannot help thinking about a very stupid man; his presence is a dull kind of galvanism; and when he is out of sight, your recollections go breaking against the perpetual image of him, like waves against a rock. Next to the head-boys in a class, their schoolfellows retain the most vivid recollection of the dunces; and the next most powerful thing to a very able man in society is a man surpassingly stupid.

But make the case a little more complex. Suppose a case not of ordinary stupidity, or stupidity affecting you passively, but of stupidity with a craze or fanaticism, stupidity with an element of friskiness in it, aggressive stupidity, stupidity that butts at you, and bothers you, and deranges you and others in your daily procedure. Suppose, for example, that the most stupid man of your acquaintance were to take it into his confused head, that he was to be the founder of a new religion, and were to go every day to Smithfield to preach his botch of a creed. He would, of course, be laughed at; he would become a nuisance; he would be taken over and over again to the police-office; but if, when he got out, he regularly went back to his post among the butchers, he would in the end gain adherents, well-to-do-people would drop in among his disciples, and logic itself, in the shape of some clear-headed individual, would come to his rescue. This is the history of Mormonism in America. Joe Smith, so far as we can gather, was a really stupid man; his doctrines, at any rate, which form the speculative basis of Mormonism, are, even if we set fraud aside, about as stupid a jumble of downright nonsense as the world ever saw; and yet round this centre of mere intellectual idiocy have clustered not only elements of social success, but even elements of social respectability, pith, and virtue.

Now, positively, the likeliest thing that we know of in recent times to the success of Joe Smith, the Mormon prophet, is the success of Louis Napoleon, the newest Emperor of France. Both, so far as we see ground for an opinion, are to be set down as essentially stupid men; and in both the power of innate stupidity is to be regarded as qualified by fanaticism. Nay, of the two, Louis Napoleon has had the easier part to perform. Joe Smith made his own fanaticism, and diffused it through society from its first speck onwards; Louis Napoleon's fanaticism is a fanaticism of tradition, a fanaticism related to a smouldering sentiment deep and vast in the mind of Europe. The most stupid of all the Napoleons, this nephew, or reputed nephew of the Emperor, seems to have inherited in a greater degree than any other of them, that sense and theory of his own relation to the rest of the world, which a career like that of the elder Napoleon was fitted to infuse into the veins of his descendants. That he was to perform a great part; that he walked over the world with a label

on his breast—a citizen of no country properly, but with a hereditary claim on France; that he was exempt from all law and rule, save that of force, to obtain what he wanted—these are feelings with which Louis Napoleon was born. This Napoleonic fanaticism is visible throughout his whole career. And consider to what a feeling in the heart of France this fanaticism of Napoleon's nephew corresponded and kept time. Put the two things adequately together—the Napoleonic fanaticism of the man, and the Napoleonic enthusiasm of the nation, and it will not seem necessary to allow much intellect as required for any step in the career of Louis Napoleon. It is no disparagement, we should suppose, to the talent of the present Duke of Wellington, to say that he is not nearly so able a man as his father. Yet, were this son of the Duke inspired with the fanatical conviction that he was to be a great general, and were he to go about and make known this fanaticism, and scheme and labour in its behalf, who can predict the extent of the commotion he might make in English aristocratic circles, or the oddity of the social combinations to which his inveterate Wellingtonianism might in the end lead? And after all, this, imaginary as it is, is but a faint shadow of the reality in the case of Louis Napoleon. He did not fight his way by intellect and endeavour to his position in France; he was caught at his first fall on the lap of five millions of votes; and he lies there still. What end he serves by lying there is quite a different question from that which we have been discussing.

#### HINTS TO NEW M.P.'S.

##### THE MANCHESTER BANQUET.

GENTLEMEN.—A few supplementary hints may serve to point usefully the anticipatory moral of the Manchester Banquet, which all of you of the Free-trade side have promised to attend next week.

Manchester Amphitryons manage those occasions with great cleverness. They do everything well in that town; and their political gastronomy has been cultivated to seductive perfection. There is nothing incongruous in seeing a Radical a gourmet; for did not "*pièces de résistance*" come in with the Reign of Terror? A public dinner at Manchester is as superior to a public dinner in London as a Parisian restaurant to an Old Bailey boiled-beef house; and though a feed of 2500 "Manchester men" does not present any idea of that quiet refinement which should characterize a symposium, you gentlemen who will be sitting at the champagne table—you lions, to see whom feed will be the object of that intellectual assembly—will experience none of the steamy horrors of the masticatory scuffle below the salt; with you there will be no

"—lingering bottle,

Leaving all claretless the unmoistened throttle,  
Which is objectionable with politics on hand;"

and at a Manchester dinner, suffering from the animal magnetism of 2500 Manchester men, stern with patriotism and port, there is no knowing what the contemplated *argumentum ad gulam*, on such an occasion, in favour of cheap bread, may effect, or to what cheers you may commit yourselves. Political debutants were wont to be warned of the pledge given by their presence at Holland or Lansdowne House; and a Lord Gulocton, who once catches his prey at his table, is supposed to own him for ever. And are you to imagine that a party at Manchester does not mean the Manchester party? Surely you know that you are going to a cabinet dinner, given by the president of the council, Mr. George Wilson; and that Mr. Bright, sure of his accustomed chorus, will speak for all of you? First boy of the first form of the "school," what can you "fags" say in opposition to him? And is your ditto to Mr. Burke a matter of course?

Before you set out for Lancashire—that great county, which deserves its pre-eminence, since it is to England what England is to the world—it would be well to inquire what you are going to do; and I doubt if there is a man among you who could answer with any distinctness. You are not going to make a demonstration in favour of Free-trade, since, as there is no danger to that system, it would be a proceeding akin in valour to the dauntlessness of *Box*, who, when he clearly ascertains that *Cox* never fights, pronounces his immortal "come on, then!" You are not going intentionally to offer your adhesion to the "Man-

chester school," since there is a Cobden as well as a Bright in that school, and since unconditional "peace" is supposed in that atmosphere to be the inevitable corollary of "free commerce." And you are not going to organize a "movement" or frame a policy, since these things are not improved even by suggestive Mr. Cobden, in unreserved Free-trade Hall. Then what is the object of this grand feast of British Radicalism? You cannot intimidate a Minister who never meant to face you; and you cannot purpose to reassure a country which is in no degree alarmed. The object in Manchester is clear enough. There they want to anticipate the debate on the address, and you are needed to make a house, and to keep Speaker Wilson in countenance; while Mr. Bright, for the amusement of Mr. Disraeli, sets up the imaginary paragraphs, and moves the supererogatory amendments.

Yet it is clear that the new members, who are seeking baptism at Manchester as the radical preliminary to confirmation in Westminster, could make this banquet an Olympiad for the party to date from if they would avail themselves of the opportunity to ask their sponsors for an exposition of the creed supposed to be embraced. Manchester has never yet in Manchester been asked, "What do you mean?" and if there is any one among you gentlemen desirous, at the right time, of making a great maiden speech in that ante-room of the Senate—the Free-trade Hall—I would advise you, after Mr. Bright has delivered his impetuous formula of things to be done, to rise and put that very proper question of the day—"How, Sir, do you propose to work out this programme in the House of Commons?" Of that, be assured, Mr. Bright does not think it incumbent on him to have the least idea, and the ripest scholar of the accomplished school would fail to perceive the absurdity of having a great political banquet the day before Parliament meets, while not one measure has been taken by the guests for converting the well-arranged pressure from without into a Parliamentary organization. Manchester proposes; and Westminster disposes. Manchester goes to Parliament as a curious spectator—*en philosophe*; and never conceives that it is part of Parliament. Nay, Mr. Bright will think it, in a week or two, an excellent joke to sneer at the compact organization of the Ministerial phalanx, and will be excessively humorous on their clever management at the elections. As if, whatever the villany of the system, it were not insufferably insane to neglect to make the most of that system.

Attend the banquet by all means, gentlemen: but attend it with a thorough comprehension of what this Manchester party amounts to, and what this new demonstration can tend to. There will be one hundred or more M.P.'s seated at the upper table; and that will be an imposing sight; for that will be the "people's party" of England, and Scotland, and Ireland: and at a political dinner, hope comes in with the bad walnuts. What may not one hundred members do? A new M.P. would answer "everything;" Mr. Hume would say "much." And seeing that the people need a party, would it not be a great idea if some rash and fresh M.P. were, in virtue of his greenness, to break through the irregular routine of guerilla radicalism and suggest the expediency of an enrolment? Many Manchester banquets and Manchester conferences have been held in that Free-trade Hall since 1847: numberless great speeches have been made, and magnificent resolutions have been passed; but what has been the result? A regular Parliamentary party for specific aims has never yet been organized; and in consequence, Manchester orators have been unconcernedly eloquent altogether in the abstract. The estimates of '35, Peace, Household Suffrage, the Ballot, Abolition of the Irish State Church, Abolition of the Knowledge Taxes—where have these questions been after the gas had been turned off, and the unadorned ones had booked for Euston-square? The celebrated echo of the Hall would answer with her usual emphasis.

The Manchester party in Parliament has always been a melancholy spectacle of promise and inefficiency. Its motions, the results of individual, unconsulting impulse, and its divisions, good and bad, matters of accident. The Manchester programme includes a *chevaux-de-frise* of "points" of equally warranted charters, and Manchester presents itself to every Minister with the bullying demand—everything or nothing. In that programme are at least a certain number of

questions, on which, were a party organized, Manchester could make its own terms with any Ministry,—perhaps could form a Ministry of its own. There is, in fact, the embarrassment of wealth in making the choice, and it is now said that the leaders having come to the conclusion warranted by the moral of the fable of the boy and the figs, are considering where to begin. Mr. Gibson inclines to devotion to an attack on the Taxes on Knowledge; Mr. Cobden, who commences each session with a new hobby, pins his freshest faith on the Ballot; and Mr. Bright, his abstract prejudices intensified by contact with practical Belfast, counts the Irish Liberal members, and hints darkly at the Church in Ireland. Each has his crotchet, and each is likely to stick to his own, with the ordinary consequences when these knights-errant ride separately at the compact mass of Toryism, which is not cursed with cleverness, and so, having selected its leader, places itself at his disposal. At the Banquet on the 2nd of November, every hobby will be trotted out, and the 2500 will be delighted with the stud—inconsiderate of the query whether there is one winning horse in the Manchester lot?

The great want of this country is one question at a time, and it would be well if the Radicals were to trust to a lottery among themselves for the selection of one particular crotchet upon which, by pre-arrangement, there would be unanimity for one single session—just by way of an experiment in organization. The Manchester Banquet presents the opportunity for that suggestion. And another point which might be debated with good effect is, whether Radicalism in Parliament is to confine its functions, as hitherto, to playing the game of the Whigs against the Tories. For the first time in his career, Mr. Hume, the Wellington of his party, and whose consistent policy has been, as he himself has phrased it, to vote black's white to keep out the Tories, has utterly denounced Whiggism, and forbidden the bans asked by Lord John at Perth, between aristocracy and democracy. Will Manchester take up that note, and so crush for ever the pretensions of the ex-Premier to lead by deluding the popular party? We are placed in a new and strange position in politics. There are four parties, and among them is not one policy. Whigs and Peelites alike forbear comment until the actual text of Mr. Disraeli is before them; and so absolute is the party faith in Mr. Disraeli that no one of his followers—not even trusted Lord Granby—pretends to guess what he is going to do. And is Radicalism, mustered at Manchester, to play the same imbecile game—to restrict its career, in the approaching session, to opposing whatever Mr. Disraeli may propose? The country would take a leader, and snatch at a policy, if it could get one; and Manchester has the *pas* for speaking out, not abstractions, but some distinct great policy which it will go to Parliament to effect—to the aid of which it will summon Whigs and Peelites, and propose, irrespective of both of them—for which it will create an organization, complete in officers and men; and on behalf of which, individual ambition being put on one side, some reliable leader will be elected. Rational men must be sick of waiting on Providence and Lord John Russell; and Manchester must understand that it will never be practically potent, under the existing electoral system, which will last some time yet, until it has advanced in enterprising self-respect, and resolved to hold its cabinets, not noisily in the Free-trade Hall, but effectually in Downing-street. "Nobody sent for me," said Mr. Hume, in the last Ministerial crisis; and Mr. Hume will say the same thing in the next crisis, unless by that time it has become apparent that sending for Mr. Hume would be sending for two or three hundred gentlemen who exist and speak as a united body, or as a body representing some one or two perceptible principles—for the time to the exclusion of those pleasant theoretical discussions which amuse the country, and at present make Radicalism ridiculous.

At the Manchester banquet will be Irish as well as English Liberal members; and there is no obvious reason why the Moores, and Scullys, and Duffys, should not come to an understanding, for common purposes, with the Humes, and Brights, and Gibsons. There are English Liberals—Roebucks, and Molesworths, and Osbornes, who will not be present at this dinner, for they hesitate, more suspicious than the new M.P.'s, to

confound themselves with the Manchester party. But it is clear that English (Parliamentary) Radicalism does mean the Manchester party, for the present; and Mr. Bright may be assured that if he can construct a Parliamentary scheme, he will, in its name, receive adhesions sufficiently powerful to change the whole aspect of political affairs in this country. To a certain point, the Molesworths, Walmsleys, and Cobdens, as well as the Keoghs and Lucases, go together; and after that, why not the deluge?

Gentlemen, you will excuse the hint.

I am, your obedient servant,

A STRANGER.

## TAXATION REDUCED TO UNITY AND SIMPLICITY.\*

### VI.

#### PRINCIPLES OF ASSESSMENT.

THE objections to direct taxation most commonly made, are the difficulty of assessment, and the inquisitorial character of the measures required by that assessment. Moreover, a chapter on assessment is a necessary part of any treatise on taxation.

Assessment and collection being taken together as one system of realization, the difficulty attending them is not to be attributed exclusively to direct taxation, if indeed at all to the plan we propose. But we fail to see even great enormities if only we have been long enough accustomed to them. Indirect taxation has placed the marks of its subtleties, complications, and barbarities all over the world. At home we have our Court of Exchequer, a special tribunal such as they have required in many countries, set up at first exclusively for the trial of revenue causes. We have had piles of law, and we have regiments of custom-house officers, excise-officers, and preventive men. *Fraudeurs* by land and water have been able to maintain in nearly every country a legal, an evasive, and sometimes even a material warfare, in which the dignity of the Crown or the Executive, has suffered as much as the morality of its opponents. Nor has the Crown always had an equally blameable adversary to cover its own dishonour, as witness, even in England, the late proceedings in respect of the Dock Companies of London. It would be easy to advert to the smuggler-bands of every frontier where high duties exist, as well as to other equally cogent evidences of the difficulties of indirect taxation; but we need not aggravate a picture the outlines of which every reader can too truly and easily fill up for himself.

That part of our English taxation which is direct, is not less chargeable with complexity and embarrassment. The Income-tax, originally imposed in 1798, was an entire failure in its first year, from its having been based in fact on expenditure, not income. Re-constructed with some success in the following year, it still required several Acts of Parliament to provide for unforeseen difficulties of administration and occasions of exemption. It was finally reformed in principle in 1803, when all incomes were taxed at their first source, instead of, as formerly, in the hands of their ultimate possessors; but again more Acts were required to make it work. As regulated by those Acts it expired in 1816. The Act which regulates the existing tax is founded on the experience formerly acquired; the "rules for charging" occupy twenty pages of the printed Act, to say nothing of the sections more immediately establishing the machinery of assessment and collection. After all, the tax is much evaded, the regulations are complained of, and amendments of all kinds are proposed by the officers in charge of the business.

If, then, some disadvantages of the same kind should attend a tax on visible and tangible property, they would justly claim to be judged of by comparison; but we believe that the tax we propose will be found to avoid for the most part, or entirely, the objections of this nature which may be urged against other taxes. To see how this happens we must briefly review the principles of assessment.

In different ages and countries two principal systems of assessment have been employed: the first we may call the absolute or positive system; the second, the proportionate or repartitive. The first, which prevails with us to the exclusion of the other, places an impost of fixed amount on each article liable to it, the State taking the risk of the total amount which the impost will raise: thus we have tax of so much per pound on tea, so much per gallon on brandy, so much on a horse or a carriage, &c. The second, assuming or ascertaining that a certain amount is to be raised, and that there are so many persons or objects to contribute to it, divides the sum amongst them and taxes each accordingly.

The first or positive system is necessarily adopted

where the taxation is indirect, and applies by different rates to many different articles. The second—the proportionate or repartitive system—is fitted for a great, simple and uniform tax, like that we propose.

The results of the application of the last mentioned system in some other countries, will suggest the conditions essential to its success—conditions which England can amply fulfil.

In India, under some native systems of revenue management, each town is assessed, for the year or a term of years, at a sum supposed to be proportioned to its resources, and the inhabitants are left to apportion the requisite tax amongst themselves. This system is approved also by some British administrators of Indian revenue affairs. The plan has however in India the disadvantage of having no fixed rule for the gross assessment on the town, nor for the subsequent repartition on individuals; and while the power of the patel or hereditary head man of an Indian village, and of other persons socially or officially above their neighbours, is commonly great enough to make individuals submit to very considerable injustice, there is neither effectual appeal to superior and disinterested authorities, nor opportunity of unbiassed discussion, nor public spirit, nor integrity sufficient to check the strong inducements to abuse which the circumstances supply. Hence many European revenue-officers object to the system, as did some of their native predecessors. It has not been extensively adopted under our government, but probably the existing systems, judged by their results, are not much better than it would be under the same circumstances.

In France, under the *ancien regime*, *la taille* was a tax of repartition. A certain sum was laid on the whole kingdom, or rather on certain parts of it: this was divided amongst the "generalities," subdivided amongst the "elections," and eventually assessed on individuals. But here were the same evils as in India. The proportion in which the gross sum was to be divided amongst the "generalities" was defined by no standard, but was varied from year to year, according to the official reports of the crops, or to representations respecting other means of income, or vague indications of ability to pay; the same uncertain rule directed the subsequent division to the "elections;" and individuals experienced neither uniformity of assessment nor security from wrong. Some persons had friends who procured for them a light assessment, but often only to exact an equally burdensome acknowledgment in some other form; a landlord defended his tenants for the sake of an increased rent. They who had no friends, or, still worse, had incurred official or aristocratic enmity, felt all the severity of the impost. Vauban, in the latter end of the seventeenth century, says that it was common to see a farm worth 3000 or 4000 *livres* per annum pay forty or fifty *livres de taille*, while another worth no more than 400 or 500 paid 100 *livres*, and often more.

Here, as in India, three defects present themselves, the causes of the enormous oppressions of the *taille*.

1st. The absence of an authoritative and definite rule of assessment.

2nd. The absence of official publicity in the proceedings.

3rd. The absence of legal and social security in resisting injustice and exposing corruption.

The fault was not in the principle of repartition, but mainly in the legal and social state of the community.

We now turn to New York. Our authority is the evidence before the committee on the Income-tax, given by the Hon. D. Selden and Col. Johnson, who have been engaged in the affairs of that state and in the management of its taxation. The plan, evidently the result of practical consideration, unfettered by usage and precedent, is as follows:—The legislature of the state fixes the sum to be raised for the year, and communicates its resolution to the comptroller. Here ends the direct action of the legislature; the rest is effected by the working of a separate system, established indeed by law, but not interfered with by the legislature in its action. In every town three assessors are chosen, who determine the value at which the real and personal property of each inhabitant is to be entered; their list of valuations is open to public and private scrutiny and comment; and before it is passed it may be corrected, on due representation, as they may see fit. The assessors of the towns meet before the board of supervisors for the county, who compare the assessments of the towns with each other, and redress any unfairness which may appear amongst them. When this list is completed and passed, it is forwarded to the comptroller, who, on receipt of like lists from every county, imposes on each county its quota of the gross sum which has meanwhile been authorized by the legislature to be raised. The allotment to each county is reported to the towns, according to the total property of each in the county list, and then the assessment is made on

\* See *Leader*, Nos. 108, 111, 115, 134, 135.

each individual in proportion to his property in the town list.

Here are all needful securities for fairness in the repartition:—

Choice of the valuers by the persons to be assessed.

A definite rule of assessment.

Publicity of proceedings.

Full social and legal security in opposing inaccuracy or wrong.

The practical defects of the New York system are probably less than those of any other in known operation; and they are nearly all to be traced to what we deem errors relative to the objects of taxation—none of them to the principle of repartition.

With these guarantees the system of repartition evidently tends, as is found in America, to equality and fairness; for since every county, town, and person knows that a given sum is to be raised, everybody knows, as a consequence, that an unfairly small assessment in one place produces an unfairly great one in some other. The mutual pressure of equal interests under equal circumstances, promotes justice in the result; and if there be reason for dissatisfaction, the facts duly proved by each for his own case afford a basis for right to all the rest. The system requires not absolute correctness, but uniformity of treatment; and while the true and far most expedient rule of valuation would be in general the selling value of the property, it would not affect the issue if the whole were taken at half or double of its real worth, provided all were valued by the same rule. This equality of treatment nothing could promote more powerfully than the publicity, comparison, and freedom of discussion, which in England could not be separated from the system.

The following arrangements, suggested as suitable to our own circumstances, borrow some of their chief features from the system of New York. The only use of such a suggestion here is to show, by an example, that it could not be difficult to devise and carry into effect a working system on this basis, and not at all to say that the details here proposed are essential to the due working of the principle.

As in the American plan, Parliament would determine by a given day the sum to be raised for the year: it might also, at a further stage of the proceedings, ratify by its authorization the rate per cent. of the year's tax.

The system for effecting the valuation for assessment would consist of two parts, acting with each other concurrently: one of them, emanating from the tax-payers, would be charged with the active duties of the valuation; the other, appointed by the Crown, would have the general oversight, together with a right of interference in case of gross inequality, injustice, or evasion.

The assessors, or rather valuers (for the assessment follows some time after the valuation), would be chosen on a certain day all over the kingdom, so fixed as to allow the valuation to be completed by the time that the gross sum to be raised was determined by Parliament. Three valuers would be chosen by each town of perhaps 3000 inhabitants or less, and in larger parishes three more for each additional 3000 persons. Two serve in their own parish, and the third, by lot, in some other parish in the district. To these valuers—two being resident and one a stranger—would be committed the formation of the lists of values; and these lists, when completed, would be exposed to public examination at fixed places, and for a specified time. When finally adjusted they would be transmitted to the Crown officer of the district; any person feeling himself aggrieved forwarding a complaint and proofs at the same time.

The Crown officer of the district would form and publish a list of the separate totals of the parish lists, which a meeting of all the valuers of the district and of the Crown officer would examine. If no inequality appeared, the list would be confirmed: if correction were needed it would be made by vote of the whole, under the check of a veto by the Crown officer suspending a surcharge during investigation by independent parties. A surcharge on a parish from which no well-supported complaint of internal inequality had been received would take effect rateably on all values within the parish.

A meeting in London of the chief revenue officers of the Crown, and of the chairmen of districts, would in like manner revise and pass the general list for the United Kingdom. A surcharge, if rendered needful in any case by proved inequality, as compared with the rest of the kingdom, would pass to the district, to the parishes, and, eventually, to each separate value.

On certification to the Treasury of the taxable value for the year, the assessment would everywhere take place in the ratio to the individual values, which the sum to be raised might bear to the total value of the property to be taxed.

The officers of the Crown, instead of being, as now,

the actual exactors, would usually fulfil the duties of impartial witnesses. It would be their duty to participate in all proceedings, and if fairness did not prevail in the ordinary course of the business, it would be for them to secure it by the responsible exercise of their veto.

All records and lists would be easily accessible to parties interested; more especially the proposed lists for the year would be open for fixed periods in every parish and district. Any person deeming himself aggrieved, whether by too heavy a valuation on himself, or by one too light on any other, would be entitled to complain, with offer of proofs, to the assessor, or to the local officer of the Crown.

The rule of valuation should be, as in New York, the value which would be allowed for the property in payment of a *bond fide* debt—that is, the fair market value at the time. The valuation being chiefly in the hands of residents, would have the aid of local knowledge, while the presence of a person from another parish would promote not only impartiality as between individuals, but uniformity of valuation as between parishes. Possibly, in some cases, a parish might prefer being valued by a Crown officer; a request to which there could be no objection. Facility of valuation could not but follow from the objects of taxation being commonly of certain existence, and of a definite character. Neither abstract rights, whether present or deferred, nor the fluctuating products of skill and industry, nor the doubtful results of complex and ever-varying transactions, nor the suspected profit of some surmised advantages, would form any part of the matters to be examined. The simple question would be, the present value of some object or group of objects which can be exactly specified and marked out; and for much the greater part of the total national value, these must be of such a nature that sufficient judges of their worth would not be wanting. The means of valuation would be augmented by the deeds, contracts, invoices, or other documents produced by the individual, or required if needful by the valuers. A voluntary statement by the individual, if satisfactory to the valuers, would save further proceedings, especially if it were accompanied by sufficient proofs.

Two cases present themselves as perhaps the most difficult to be dealt with. The first is the class of objects not readily susceptible of an ordinary appraisal for sale, as, for instance, a mansion extraordinarily sumptuous in its character, a country residence in a situation valuable only from the associations of the owner, works of art of the first class, or unusual machinery. But even in the most extreme of these cases there are commonly recent transactions relating to like objects which will furnish a sufficient guide. Nor could any probable amount of error in regard to this small section of the whole property of the nation, produce any serious effect on the general distribution of the public burthens.

The second class of objects more difficult than others to be valued, consists of fluctuating stocks. These would require to be taken at an average. Tradesmen in general can tell, and ought always to be able to tell, within the necessary limits of accuracy, both the value of their stocks and the ordinary variations of their amount. A few cases of actual sale, or valuation of stocks, such as are commonly taking place, would test sufficiently the returns made by individuals. Those remarks apply very much also to fluctuating stocks in the hands of Dock Companies and Carriers.

The Assessors and other officers engaged in the management of the Income Tax, attribute much force in favour of the revenue to the various motives which lead many persons to put the best appearance on their circumstances; this consideration, whatever may be its real weight, applies at least as much to the proposed tax as to that on income.

The motive to misrepresentation as to value is much diminished by the plan now proposed. The evasion of a tax of one per cent. (and in time, probably, of less) offers little chance of gain. Twenty per cent., more or less, in the value of a house or a tradesman's stock, would in most cases involve a difference in the tax too small to weigh materially with the tax-payer; often, indeed, he would prefer a valuation which, at so small a sacrifice, might tend to sustain his position in the eyes of his neighbours and connexions.

In respect of the greater part of the property to be taxed, other relations exist with their consequent obligations, the transactions connected with which may often supply indubitable, or at least highly probable, evidence of value. Assessments to poor-rates, insurances, wills, mortgages, in short, any fact or transaction which is not of a nature to be secret, or which is already published, whether voluntarily or by operation of law, may serve the purposes of all reasonable correctness. M. Emile de Girardin proposes to carry this principle so far in France as to make the Government the great Insurance Office of the country, and to combine the

premium for insurance with the tax; he hopes thus to bring into operation a strong motive to the making of fair returns. We think this device altogether superfluous in England, and objectionable moreover on principle, points we must discuss in our notice of the very valuable work in which the suggestion is found.

Failing all, however, whether from neglect or recalcancy, the ultimate step would be an actual valuation, without appeal, by authority of the Crown officer; and of this measure none could complain, since they would have ample means of avoiding it.

Even, however, in these less easy applications of our principle, which affect but a small part of the entire taxation, the difficulty is not so great as in the main staple of affairs in any existing system. Assessment is not always easy in indirect taxation; but even if it were so, collection is proportionately difficult, as witness our army of custom-house officers and excisemen: and with respect to direct taxation as at present managed, it is evident that the Income Tax in England and the Personal Property Tax in New York both rely mainly for assessment on the statements of the individuals assessed (statements just as available for this system, and more likely to be correct); and where it is desired to go beyond that, the valuation is of matters in respect of which it is infinitely less susceptible of accuracy than in the worst of the cases we have suggested, or which we suppose can occur under the proposed system. Here the worst that can come is an actual and conclusive valuation.

But further; to facilitate comparison with the values of other parishes or districts, the values in each would be distributed under several heads, as, for instance, land, dwelling houses, buildings, household furniture, farming stock, stock in trade, machinery. These, together with the standing elements of area and population, would soon lead to detection of any considerable wrong, and in a few years the corrections suggested by these comparisons would establish a list correct to all practical purposes as between different parishes or districts, and requiring readjustment only as new elements of wealth became notorious. If a district were thus made to stand fair with the kingdom in general, each of its constituent parishes must bear on the average its share of the burden, and in a short time most probably its true share; and if a parish had its true share, no individual could long shuffle off much of his rightful quota.

A system like this, if proposed in reference to income, or even to what a man is worth, would be justly and generally opposed. The inquisitorial character of our income tax is much complained of; and it is said now, as it was said under the former income tax, that private affairs are sometimes revealed from official quarters. Much greater, we suppose, would be the dissatisfaction if all the circumstances relating to a man's income were to be scrutinized by his near neighbours. The tax on personal property, in New York, is open to the same objection; for it is founded not on property actually in possession, but on what each man is worth, the whole of his affairs, however private, being taken into account. The proposed tax avoids this difficulty, and so admits of the stringency, where needful, of an assessment founded on exact knowledge of the facts. Dealing only with visible and tangible objects, it asks, Whose is this? What is it worth? And there its inquisition ends. The affairs of every man, in their totality and effect, are as much his own secret as ever. Such inquiries relating exclusively to objects of which, from their nature, many persons must have knowledge besides their owners, are surely the least inquisitorial of any measures which have been proposed for the purposes of national taxation.

Our remarks have been confined to assessment, for that part of the subject required full consideration; collection, if assessment be once well done, so much resembles, in the case of taxes, what takes place in many other cases, that it cannot be necessary to discuss it here.

The cost of assessment and collection could scarcely be greater for this than for the present income tax; for while a much greater number of small sums would come into account, those already entering into the income tax would in every case be much increased, and so cost proportionably less in management. The cost of assessing and collecting the income tax is about 2l. 5s. 9d. per cent. (*Report of Income Tax Committee, Pressly, 345*); that of assessing and collecting the chief items of our present revenue is as follows:—

	Amount.	Cost per cent.
Customs . . . . .	£22,197,075	£5 10 2½
Excise . . . . .	15,400,420	5 10 3½
Stamps . . . . .	6,529,049	2 4 6½
Taxes—land, assessed, and income . . . . .	9,230,333	3 6 10½
Total and average . . .	£53,356,877	£4 17 2½

The total cost of collection of the above, is 2,593,564l.

If the same sum could be collected under the proposed system at the present cost of the income tax, its expense would be only 1,220,536*l.*; the saving would be 1,72,928*l.*, more than half the present cost of collection. It is worth remarking that the customs and excise, the branches of the revenue the most remote from direct taxation, are much the most expensive in their collection, besides being much more burdensome in their ultimate effect.

The two systems of assessment we have described differ greatly in their character and results. The positive or absolute system tends to the perpetuation of usages, and the aggravation of erroneous usages into wrongs of long standing and difficult eradication: the repartitive system, the only one susceptible of popular administration, induces constant revision, and is always tending towards accuracy and justice. The absolute system leans on bureaucracy, and requires large establishments of persons, dependent on the maintenance and extension of office; the repartitive system may be worked in the main by the nominees of the people themselves. One places the Crown in invidious opposition to each individual of the tax-paying people; the other gives the Crown its just and graceful position of an arbiter, when needed, amongst them. One entrusts the power of defining and enforcing the claims of the State to the hands of men who, however able, honest, or well-disposed, have the peculiar disadvantage of office, that of seclusion from common influences; the other commits that power (except in extreme cases, of rare occurrence, and easy to be avoided) to those who have the knowledge and feelings of the tax-payers themselves. One tends to a contraction of interest in public affairs, and to an official despotism in individual cases under a constitutional form for the whole; the other tends to an active, though regulated, participation in public affairs, and to the setting up for individuals the defence of public opinion,—those true advantages of democracy which are realizable in spirit under many forms.

If the Crown has not now the same firm, unfailing, and universal respect in regard to taxation which it has in regard to the administration of justice, it may not be difficult to show that the cause lies in errors whose effectual remedy would be found in the change of system now proposed, and perhaps in that alone.

In our next article, we purpose to consider the bearing and application of the system on particular classes, and in special cases.

#### THE SINIGAGLIA EXECUTIONS.

THE *Globe* has honourably distinguished itself by being the first British newspaper to invoke indignation upon the horrible act of judicial cruelty recently perpetrated by the government of the Pope, in the execution of twenty-four political prisoners at Sinigaglia. We hope the British press generally will take up the indignant protest, and swell it into such a tone of remonstrance as will, at least, teach the Pope that, by such conduct, he has a fair chance of being more execrated in England, as a man of blood, than the King of Naples himself.

What are the facts? Twenty-four men, between the ages of twenty and forty-six, who had been imprisoned since 1849 for political offences, that is, for partaking, with more or less notoriety, in the Roman national movement of 1848-9, are taken from the dungeons in which they had been confined, and, weak and haggard as they are, are led out into a public square in Sinigaglia—eight the first day; six, the second; and ten, the third—and are there shot by Swiss soldiers in the pay of the Pope. They go to their death bravely and calmly, shouting for Mazzini, and singing the *Marseillaise*. To the last it was not believed that they would be executed. Most of them were working men—poor warm hearted men who had gone heart and soul into the movement for the liberty of their country, and some of whom had, perhaps, in their enthusiasm, done things that were not approved of by all the Republicans themselves, though none of them were accused of any crime other than what might be resolved into patriotism. One of them, Simoncelli, belonging to a higher position in life than the others, is described as a truly noble, excellent, and amiable man; and for him great influence was used with the Government, but all in vain. They were taken, all twenty-four, from their prisons—one moment they marched through the streets, shouting for Mazzini; the next, their brains splattered the paving-stones. Think of that—and think also that the Swiss soldiers who shot these men are under orders to proceed to other towns, and shoot other tens, and twenties, and thirties, for the same crime, and under the same circumstances. Ancona is to be the next place visited.

And who has done this? The Pope, the Vicar on Earth, forsooth, of the "Lord Jesus Christ," the good, quiet, mild man, whom every one used to speak well of, the man who refused to act against the Austrian invaders of Italy, "because they were Christians." Yes, it has been reserved

for the domain of the Pope to show itself to be most emphatically the "habitation of horrid cruelty." King Bomba himself has never done such an act. There is no Government on earth, besides the government of the Pope and Cardinals, that would have executed twenty-four men at once, for political offences, or for any offence whatever, after three years and a half had elapsed from the date of their alleged crime.

And we, in England, who are roused, and justly, by a single outrage, such as that on the Madiai, because it touches our Protestant sentiments, let such things happen and say nothing about them. It is not yet too late. Other victims are in waiting to be laid out; and a word from England, a word from Lord Derby, may save them. If not, then, by all that is just and great in the anger of one nation at horrors transacted out of its own boundaries, it is time that we should have done with speaking embassies to the Vatican, and betake ourselves to war-steamers, and the hearty tramp of British soldiers on the Papal soil.



### 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 POOR MAN *versus* THE PARISH DOCTOR.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—As we are again ominously threatened with a visitation of that insidious and inscrutable disease, the Cholera, and being convinced by the able and energetic manner in which you have at different times investigated and denounced palpable evils,—as the uncompromising champion of the poor man's rights,—I hope you will allow me briefly to delineate the utter negligence of some parochial authorities to provide for the poor man even such medical assistance as the extremity of the case demands.

A poor man, with his wife and family, occupied a room in a court situated in the parish of St. Clement Danes. In consequence of his having been confined to his room, incapacitated by a severe attack of erysipelas from following his employment, which was at all times very precarious, he was reduced to utter destitution. While suffering from this complaint, one of his children, a baby, was attacked with diarrhoea. Unable to procure medical advice, for which she would be obliged to make pecuniary compensation, the poor wife applied for an order to secure the services of the parish doctor. After considerable trouble, this order was obtained; but this public functionary came, I am informed by the mother herself, but once to see the child, and then compelled her to bring the dying infant down to his inspection at the street-door, generously remarking that it was impossible for him to go up "all those stairs" (second floor). The child died about a week afterwards.

About this time, the husband was prostrated with cholera in its most virulent form, purging and vomiting unremittingly, together with the most poignant abdominal pains. In this extremity, the distracted wife was obliged to appeal again to the gratuitous assistance of this autocratic functionary, at about two o'clock in the morning. Having reached his residence, her inter-rogations and entreaties for aid were answered by a female replying out of the window that no one was at home! The excited wife explained the precarious condition of her husband, and that unless medical aid speedily arrived, her husband would not live the night out; but all to no purpose. She then proceeded to King's College Hospital, imagining, of course, that there at least she would be sure of obtaining assistance. Not so, for she was complacently informed, that as she possessed no regular letter, they had no one they could send! Truly humane individuals these for administering comfort to the poor man labouring under the combined attacks of disease and poverty! Why should these men, handsomely remunerated for their

services, be allowed to contemplate their patients with such ostentatious indifference? Why, but that it is imagined that they are comparatively too ignorant—that they have no practical medium through which they can make their grievance public? Hence this shocking and systematic neglect of duty on the part of inhuman parochial officers, which plunges an unfortunate and oppressed class of our fellow-creatures into utter abandonment and obscurity!

Now, Sir, what are we naturally to expect will be the results of the gradually approaching ravages of the cholera, if these public functionaries are allowed to contemplate their duty with so hard and cold an indifference? I will leave all thinking men to judge.

Hoping that in conformity with that spirit of justice which characterizes your journal, you will give this case publicity,

I remain, Sir, your humble servant,

A TOWN READER.

Carey-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields.

#### THE TRIALS AT COLOGNE.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—The undersigned call your attention to the attitude of the Prussian press, including even the most reactionary papers, such as the *Neue Preussische Zeitung*, during the pending trial of the Republicans at Cologne, and to the honourable discretion they observe, at a moment when scarcely a third part of the witnesses have been examined, where none of the produced documents have been verified, and not a word has fallen yet from the defence. While those papers, at the worst, represent the Cologne prisoners, and the undersigned, their London friends, in accordance with the public accuser, as "dangerous conspirators, who alone are responsible for the whole history of Europe for the latter four years, and for all the revolutionary commotions of 1848 and 1849"—there are in London two public organs which have not hesitated to represent the Cologne prisoners and the undersigned as a "gang of sturdy beggars," swindlers, &c. The undersigned address to the English public the same demand which the defenders of the accused have addressed to the public in Germany—to suspend their judgment, and to wait for the end of the trial. Were they to give further explanations at the present time, the Prussian Government might obtain the means of baffling a revelation of police-tricks, perjury, forgery of documents, falsification of dates, thefts, &c., unprecedented even in the records of Prussian political justice. When that revelation shall have been made, in the course of the present proceedings, public opinion in England will know how to qualify the writers who constitute themselves the advocates and mouth-pieces of the most infamous and subaltern government spies.

We are, Sir, your obedient servants,

F. ENGELS.

F. FREILIGRATH.

K. ALARD.

W. WOLFF.

London, October 28th, 1852.

#### ERRATA IN "PASSAGES FROM A BOY'S EPIC."

VII.—THE DEATH OF URANIA. (No. 121.)

For "So spake she, but her words were *pent* by Death,"  
Read "So spake she, but her words were *lent* by Death."

XI.—HESPERIA. (No. 133.)

For "I said that love  
And all large passion felt by dying men  
Might yearn or *ring* upon melodious strings;"  
Read "Might yearn or *sob* upon melodious strings."

XII.—ARIADNE AND PHAEDRA. (No. 135.)

For "Veiled in silver breathings of the *Moon*;"  
Read "Veiled in silver breathings of the *Morn*."

For "And *when* I moved;"

Read "And *where* I moved."

For "I *wasted* no delight

Read "That lovers have;"

For "Now leave the maiden," &c.

Read "But leave the maiden."

#### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The "Report of the Society for Promoting Working Men's Associations and of the Co-operative Conference" the "War of Ideas," by Ion—and several Letters to the Open Council, unavoidably omitted this week.

BARNUM AND JENNY LIND.—A correspondent of the *New York Musical World* writes to that journal—"Not long since Mr. Barnum exhibited to me the account current between himself and Jenny Lind, and a truly marvellous document it is. He ought to publish it entire, for the astonishment and edification of the world generally, and singers particularly. According to the footings up and balances, the parties received the following handsome dividends after all expenses were paid:—Jenny Lind, 302,000 dollars; P. T. Barnum, 308,000 dollars; total, 610,000 dollars. I give the even thousands, not remembering the units, tens, and hundreds. They are of little consequence."

## 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*.

TRULY was it said that Time spares nothing produced without his aid,—*Le temps n'épargne pas ce qu'on fait sans lui*, and all voluminous Authors pass through the inexorable sieve of time, leaving behind a heap of rubbish. How little of the little that remains is good for anything! Take up the "Selections from Dryden," just published, by PARKER and SON, in a pleasant pocket volume, and make a selection from those selections, retaining only that which has not been better said before or since, and see into what small compass DRYDEN, great writer and great name, may be honestly compressed.

This is one of those reflections which would discourage poets, were they of a race to be discouraged; but a second reflection comes in aid, and shows us how Nature, lusty prodigal, delights in repeating herself, and in producing, with exquisite pains, the evanescent creatures of an hour. In fact, the inward impulse to create, by the Greeks called a "gad-fly,"—*οιστρος*, will find outward activity; and so the poet, like all other creators, flings forth good, bad, indifferent, with impartial productivity. It is only by this affluence of creation that the higher forms are reached. The man who waits till he can produce perfection, will finally produce a monster. DRYDEN is right in saying,—

Poets, like lovers, should be bold and dare,  
They spoil their business with an over-care.  
And he who servilely creeps after sense  
Is safe, but ne'er will reach an excellence.

(Let us add, by the way, that this is, in all probability, the passage meant to be ridiculed in the *Rehearsal*, where Johnson says that Bayes (DRYDEN) is too proud a man to creep servilely after sense.)

Then, again, the difficulty of saying anything that has not been "said before!"—as well object to Nature for re-producing flowers, so that Sir Critic walking through a garden and meeting with a rose might say, "I have met with that remark before." The question is not priority, but truth; not chronology, but growth; and herein lies the whole question of plagiarism, which is only plagiarism when not assimilation. Or we may take PIRON's witty advice: if the ancients have forestalled us, let us do as they did, and forestall our descendants!

Ils ont dit, il est vrai, presque tout ce qu'on pense,  
Leurs écrits sont des vols qu'ils nous ont faits d'avance;  
Mais le remède est simple, il faut faire comme eux  
Ils nous ont dérobés; dérobons nos neveux  
Et tarissant la source où puise un beau délire,  
A tous nos successeurs ne laissons rien à dire.  
Un démon triomphant m'élève à cet emploi:  
Malheur aux écrivains qui viendront après moi!

DRYDEN assuredly was prodigal enough, producing heaps of worthless formless poetry, and many splendid forms that will endure. Turning over the volume of *Selections* before us, seems like looking at DRYDEN as he lives in an affectionate memory, the beauties prominent, the faults retiring. "Remember DRYDEN and be blind to all his faults," was GRAY's advice. Here in this volume you have such a remembrance of him. The sweep of his harmonious and full-sailed verse has never yet been rivalled; and although the poetic feeling and pictorial imagery are not those of our day, they have frequently a sort of antique grandeur, and sometimes a SHAKSPEARIAN accent which falls delightfully upon the ear. Thus when he says—

Fortune came smiling to my youth and woo'd it,  
And purple greatness met my ripened ears.

there is a magic of sound and sense intermingled, which no one can withstand. Again, how fine is this:—

So now I am at rest—  
I feel death rising higher still, and higher,  
Within my bosom; every breath I fetch  
Shuts up my life within a shorter compass:  
And like the vanishing sound of bells, grows less  
And less each pulse, till it be lost in air.

It is the dearth of "news" that makes us linger over the pages of this old poet. Why should we not "gossip" about the old now and then, as well as about the fugitive topics of to-day? Who does not love to hear about our "old poets"—old, and yet still ever young? Moreover the young poets are so scarce!

Apropos of young poets, our mood being to quote beauty as a splendid substitute for news, let us borrow a passage of two from ALEXANDER SMITH's last instalment of *A Life Drama*, wherein, amidst a prodigality of images, the true poet is unmistakable, e.g.:—

Alas! the youth  
Earnest as flame, could not so tame his heart,  
As to live quiet days. When th' heart-sick earth  
Turns her broad back upon the gaudy Sun  
And stoops her weary forehead to the night  
To struggle with her sorrow all alone,  
The Moon, that patient sufferer, pale with pain  
Presses her cold lips on her sister's brow  
Till she is calm. But in his sorrows' night  
He found no comforter.

In quite a different style this is as fine—we give the emphasis of italics to that concrete image of a grave, so characteristic of his style:—

Lady! he was a fool, a pitiful fool.  
She said she loved him, would be dead in spring—  
She asked him but to stand beside her grave—  
She said she would be daisies—and she thought  
"Twould give her joy to feel that he was near.  
She died like music; and, would you believe 't,  
He kept her foolish words within his heart  
As ceremonious as a chapel keeps  
A relic of a saint. And in the spring  
The doting idiot went!

VIOLET.

What found he there?

WALTER.

Laugh till your sides ache! O, he went, poor fool!  
But he found nothing save red trampled clay,  
And a dull sobbing rain. Do you not laugh?  
Amid the comfortless rain he stood and wept,  
Bareheaded in the mocking, pelting rain.  
He might have known 'twas ever so on earth.

His power of word-painting surpasses that of any modern poet; the images are vividly present to his mind, and he reproduces them "in words that burn." Here is a stanza which is in poetry what *Jane Eyre's* descriptions are in prose:—

"I see a wretched isle, that ghost-like stands,  
Wrapt in its mist-shroud in the wintry main;  
And now a cheerless gleam of red-ploughed lands  
O'er which a crow flies heavy in the rain."

What colour in those phrases, "mist-shroud in the wintry main," "red-ploughed lands," and the crow "heavy in the rain!"

Turning from poetry to bitter prose, we regret to hear that the venerable naturalist, NEES VON EISENBECK, whose dismissal from the professorial chair, on political grounds, we noticed some weeks ago, is now starving in Breslau. In his seventy-sixth year this unfortunate man lives over a cow-stall, without even a sufficiency of food, his library having been sold to pay his debts, and his large collection of plants finding no purchaser. That German naturalists can suffer such a thing is strange.

The other day we mentioned the existence of a French *Athenæum*. After the experience of three months, we cannot greatly recommend it, neither as a useful "taster of books," nor as a journal with sufficient talent to be interesting on its own account. The subjects treated of are not sufficiently new and varied; the style indifferent. A German periodical, under the title of *Deutsches Athenäum*, is advertised to appear on the 1st of January. If this notice should reach the eye of its editor, let it suggest to him that the readers of such a journal want to be informed about books, and are supremely indifferent to the contributors. Good analyses, with ample extracts, are wanted: but where is the German to do this?

## BUTLER'S ANALOGY v. MODERN UNBELIEF.

*The Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and the Course of Nature; to which are added, Two brief Dissertations on Personal Identity and on the Nature of Virtue; and Fifteen Sermons.* By Joseph Butler. With a Preface, by Samuel Halifax, D.D. New edition, with Analytical Introduction, Notes, and Index. (Bohn's Standard Library.) H. G. Bohn.

I.

It is a very grave reflection on the state of Religious Philosophy in England, and a serious reproach to our two great Universities, that although disbelief in Christianity has not only extended with amazing rapidity through all classes, but has also found new voices and a new form of opposition, nothing is produced on the side of orthodoxy to stem this advancing current of disbelief; nothing done to overthrow this new antagonist, more terrible because more earnest, more effective, because discarding the old polemical tactics, it speaks in the name of Religion against false religion. When we say "nothing," we are not simply pronouncing, *ex cathedra*, on the various "answers" published in the form of book, article, and pamphlet; we have in our eye the extremely significant fact that Butler's *Analogy* is incessantly referred to as the bulwark of orthodoxy. It not only enters into university education, but is regarded as having once and for ever disposed of all the solid objections to be brought against Christianity.

As the organ of modern unbelief—as the opponent in the name of Religion against Christianity, considered as a theology, and the Church as an institution—we deem it imperative on us to devote unusual space to the examination of this work, especially with reference to these two questions: What bearing has the work on the great struggle between the Old and the New Theologies? How does it remove the doubts of the sceptic?—Modern Unbelief being so constantly referred to Butler for an answer, it behoves us to inquire what the nature of that answer is. If any champion of orthodoxy is dissatisfied with our selection of Butler, let him name some better and more valiant chief, and we will enter the arena

"Confident as is the falcon's flight,"

confident in the truth of our cause being superior to the finest weapons—confident that, as Bacon pithily says, "a tortoise on the right path will outstrip a racer on the wrong."

We open Butler, and at the outset we are somewhat discouraged by what seems a very frank admission, but which really has the effect of extreme adroitness. The object of the *Analogy* is not to prove the truth of Revelation, but to confirm it, by showing that there is no greater difficulty in the way of believing the religion of Revelation than in believing the religion of Nature. Here at the outset the truth of Revelation—i.e., the

very point to be proved—is assumed. And what we find at the outset we find continued through the work—an incessant and unjustifiable assumption of all that is undertaken to be proved. Let any one quietly assume that the Koran is what it professes to be, a Revelation, and all Butler's analogical reasoning will "confirm" it, as it "confirms" Christianity. What we desire to know is not whether a Divine Truth can be confirmed by the analogy of ordinary truths, but whether this particular scheme really is the Divine Truth it pretends to be.

Butler, in his introduction, says:—

"Hence, namely from analogical reasoning, Origen has with singular sagacity observed, that *he who believes the Scripture to have proceeded from him who is the Author of Nature, may well expect to find the same sort of difficulties in it as are found in the constitution of Nature.* And in a like way of reflection it may be added, that he who denies the Scripture to have been from God, upon account of these difficulties, may, for the very same reason, deny the world to have been formed by him. On the other hand, if there be an analogy or likeness between that system of things and dispensation of Providence, which Revelation informs us of, and that system of things and dispensation of Providence which Experience, together with reason, informs us of,—i. e., the known course of Nature; this is a presumption that they have both the same author and cause; at least so far as to answer objections against the former's being from God, drawn from anything which is analogical or similar to what is in the latter, which is acknowledged to be from Him; for an Author of Nature is here supposed."

The gist of the *Analogy* lies in that passage. To it we reply—

1. *He who believes the Scripture to have proceeded from God, is already convinced, and cannot therefore need convincing.* The only man who needs an argument is he who does *not* already believe it, and does not believe *because* of the "difficulties."

2. The "difficulties" we find in Nature arise from our being unable to trace the train of causation through all its stages. We do not doubt the facts; our difficulties are not external to Nature. But with regard to Revelation, the main difficulties *are* external to the Bible—i. e., arise from our being unable to believe that God *did* write such a book for such a purpose. We are in a similar position to the Bible as the Christian is to the Koran; both are assured that the books are revelations, and both find the *fact* asserted to be a "difficulty" they cannot get over.

Therefore at the outset we might say that, as regards the antagonism between the Old and New Theologies, this book is totally ineffective—it eludes the main difficulty, assumes the point in dispute. If for no other reason, then, we might call upon Orthodoxy, as it values its existence, to produce some better champion. We will, however, descend with Butler into details, and see if, failing in the general, he may not yet succeed in the particular.

"If there is an analogy between Natural and Revealed Religion, there is a strong presumption that they have the same author." Take away from this, Butler's fundamental position, the assumption quietly intruded under the word "revealed," (and we have a right to insist on this removal,) as begging the question altogether, then we say Butler's argument will be found to amount exactly to our own. Thus—

Natural Religion is that interpretation of the various phenomena of Nature which has grown up in the minds of men: its author, therefore, is man.

Revealed Religion is a systematizing of the scattered interpretations into a distinct code, with the assertion—to carry conviction with it—that the work was "inspired," or even actually written by God. Its author, however, still remains man, unless we *believe* the assertion; and that belief we are not entitled to assume here, at this point of the argument.

But it is Butler's method, as we said, to assume the truth and to "confirm" it by analogies. He reasons, moreover, as if analogy were not, as it generally is, a most fallacious method. We shall see into what fallacies it leads him.

The first chapter is devoted to the arguments in favour of Immortality. We do not think those arguments very forcible; nor, indeed, can we lay much stress on any *logical* proofs of a *transcendental* question. We believe in Immortality, though not on the precise grounds here suggested. It is enough, however, for our present purpose, to say, that as we believe in a future state of existence, we may consider this chapter as proven for the nonce. The result is, that Natural and Revealed Religion both agree in the belief of a future state. It does not carry far, as Butler himself admits:—

"The immortality of a soul, and its existence in a future life, as a stated and fixed law of God's providence, must then be admitted on the evidence of reason."

"But we must observe, that no proof of a future life, not even if amounting to demonstration, would be in itself a proof of the truth of Religion; for the notion that we are to live on hereafter is as compatible with Atheism as the fact that we are now alive. But as the Christian Religion implies a future state, any argument adduced against a future state is in fact an argument against Religion. These observations, therefore, by removing such presumptions, prove to a high degree of probability one fundamental doctrine of Religion."

(We quote from the *Analysis* given in the edition before us.) Before this said result can have any considerable weight, it must have attached to it the belief that God governs this world by rewards and punishments, and therefore, "reasoning by analogy," the next world is also to be so governed. Unless Immortality be the gate opening to Paradise or to Hell, analogy can make nothing of it.

"It is consonant with, and analogous to, our present state, to believe that we shall hereafter be punished or rewarded for our actions here. The present government of God is conducted, as to some extent we can see, upon a law of rewards and punishments; and if so, there is an *a priori* probability that the same will be the case with the future one. We infer that the system under which we now live is one of rewards and punishments, because we see that vice and intemperance usually lead to misery—virtue and sobriety to happiness. And it is a plain matter of fact, rather than a deduction of reason, that we are as much under God's government here, as we are under the civil magistrate. For example, the pain which we feel at touching fire is as evident a sign of God's actual government as if a voice from Heaven addressed us. The true notion of the Author of Nature is that of a

governor who rules by rewards and punishments, and leaves us, his intelligent creatures, to foresee the consequences of our own actions upon ourselves."

We shall now be able to grapple with Analogy. God is considered as a Governor ruling by rewards and punishments. What he does in this world, it is inferred he will do in the next, viz., punish or reward according to the lives we have led. At a first glance this seems a satisfactory inference; but look deeper, ask yourself earnestly and boldly, How is it possible for the creature to *sin* against the Creator—to irritate and anger him? Imagine the supposed sinner to be perverse, brutal, unenlightened, subject to his passions, and still we ask how can the mind, having any exalted idea of the Deity, believe that such a creature can excite the wrath of his Creator? Do we incriminate the vase which cracks in a too-heated furnace, or the marble which is rebel to our plastic hands. In attempting to fashion anything, and knowing the material has a defect which will most probably cause the failure of our attempt, when it fails do we wreak vengeance on that material? The child does, and the savage; the enlightened man, whether he foresaw the failure, or whether he hoped to overcome the defect, would equally blush if a flash of anger made him destroy the thing. And shall we say of God, that He who made us what we are, who saw the very extent of our defects, and foresaw that they would cause us to fail, will condemn us to everlasting torture because we did fail?

For let it be distinctly understood,—unless you deny the Author of Nature to be the Author of Nature, the Creator of *all* that is,—unless you bring into the field an equipollent Evil as the antagonist of the great principle of Good—a power every way equal, unshunnable by God, acting in his own way, intersecting the paths of goodness,—unless you take up some such position, the very notion of sin becomes, when deeply considered, a blasphemy. Sin against man, sin against humanity, sin against one's own ideal nature, there may be, but sin against God is impossible.

It will be said that in the old Hebrew myth of Satan there is a power of Evil, not equipollent, indeed, with that of good, but immensely active for evil, whose activity God *permits*, in order that man's virtue may be tried. We have within us a Light and a Strength which will enable us to defy Satan; if we neglect to use them, we fall, and are punished for the neglect.

But unless we are created in cruel sport, this *permission* of Satan, who might be obliterated at once, is little less than diabolical. What! shall God permit a Power second only to his own to tempt men to their fall, and give them no better safeguards than those which daily experience tells us do *not* avail, and which he must have foreseen from the beginning *could not* avail! The idea is preposterous; yet if you look steadily at the doctrine, it comes to that. The dilemma, therefore, into which you are thrown is this: the Author of Nature, if he is benevolent, either cannot be omnipotent, otherwise he would *prevent* Satan; or he cannot be omniscient, otherwise he would see that men, constituted as they are, must and would sin. Choose your horn?

If God made us, he made us with the passions which are sins in their indulgence. He made the passions; He also made the objects which are temptations. If He did not—if he is only the Author of one *part* of us, who is the author of the other?

The attempt to escape from this dilemma by means of Free Will is futile. Beside the passions which lead to vice, it is said there are the restraining principles of Virtue; our Reason and our Moral Sense speak plain warnings, and our Wills are free to choose between the Right and the Wrong. The argument is pitiable. Freedom of the will means freedom to will what we will, and *what* we will is determined by the strength of the *motive*, and the force of the motive depends on the constitution of the God-given mind; for, as Butler says:—

"Temptations from without, and temptations from within, mutually imply each other. For when we talk of external temptations, we imply that *we have within us some inward susceptibility of temptation*; and when we talk of being misled by passions, we imply external temptations and objects of gratification."

Now, until you can assign any other author of this "inward susceptibility" than the "Author of our Being," until you can say that in point of fact God did not make us, but that we (or another) made ourselves,—that God only gave us the material, and that *we* fashioned the material as its inherent defects allowed us,—you cannot escape the dilemma; you must still continue that shocking passage in the otherwise beautiful Lord's Prayer, wherein the creature implores his Creator not to *lead* him into temptation, but to deliver him from evil!

The New Theology thus distinctly separates from the Old in its repudiation of the notion of sin against God. But as we have here to deal with Butler, who enforces that notion, let us, by way of argument, grant that man can sin against God by criminal treatment of his fellow creatures, or ("for He is a jealous God") by not believing in his edicts, the question then arises,—How does the Analogy of Natural punishments confirm the doctrine of Divine eternal punishments?

Analogy shall be our guide. Would any *human* governor condemn a Chartist to eternal torments for open revolt against the "sacred institutions of the country?" Would even Louis Napoleon, with all his cold-hearted recklessness, condemn those who fought at the barricades to an eternity of suffering? And if he did, what would be thought of him? Philosophers publish systems which are to dispel error for ever; they send forth the Truth, and call upon men to accept it; they are angry when bad logic, perverse views, or natural stupidity, prevent their readers from accepting the Truth, but would they for that refusal inflict the pangs of everlasting damnation? The philosopher, if really one, would say, "My friends, you are wrong to reject the light of truth, and as all wrong brings its punishment, you will suffer; *but the punishment will be one in kind with the wrong*; you will be without the advantages of truth,—you will be crippled by error."

In some such sense can we understand Divine Punishment to be one of kind and proportion, so that the men who live brutal and ignoble lives here on earth may live less nobly in the life to come. If it is a higher privilege to live a human life than to live that of a dog, it is a higher privilege to lead a noble human life, and to lose that privilege is the

punishment of not having deserved it. *That* punishment awaits us all, even here. Even here we may have a foretaste of immortality in the expansion and elevation of our own natures. "Heaven," according to one of the old divines, "is first a *temper*, then a *place*!"

Here, then, we make a pause. The first broad analogy chosen by Butler has been shown to be untenable, because the Punishments are so cruelly *disproportionate* to the offence. Eye for eye and tooth for tooth has been thought barbarous, but what are we to say to damnation for disbelief? The argument here treated is a type of all the arguments in Butler. He first undertakes to find some remote analogy, sufficiently *general* in its expression to prevent distrust, and he then quietly fills up that general outline with what particulars he pleases. Thus he gains assent to the general analogy of rewards and punishments taking place in a future state as in the present; and having captured assent to this vague and general statement, he insists that he has *proved* the *particular* system of punishments taught in the Bible. In future articles we shall see further illustration of this sophistical method.

#### VILLAGE LIFE IN EGYPT.

[SECOND ARTICLE.]

*Village Life in Egypt, with Sketches of the Saïd.* By Bayle St. John. 2 vols. Chapman and Hall.

WE return to these agreeable volumes for further glimpses at Eastern life, in which they abound; and first let us, by Mr. St. John's aid, correct a very general impression on the subject of

#### BACKSHEESH.

"Many travellers complain, very pathetically, that from one end of Egypt to the other they were assailed with one continual cry for 'backsheesh.' There must be a good deal of exaggeration in this. It reminds me of the Frenchmen who constantly hear us English saying, 'Yes, yes, very good,' because these are the only words of our language they know. Travellers arrive generally with this one scrap of Arabic already in their possession, and fancy it is used on every possible occasion. As I have already said, it is appropriate in the mouth of every man who has performed a personal service, and observes that you forget to remunerate him in the accustomed way. In some few districts, the women squatting by the roadside, or men working in the fields, having noticed instances of indiscriminate generosity on the part of Franks, try it on, if I may use that expression; but their hope of success is so vague, that should you stop as it were to comply, their first impulse is to run away. Professional beggars, of course, persevere; but the cry generally proceeds from impudent children, who do not pronounce the word in a supplicating tone at all, but as if they had noticed that it exasperates some touchy persons. Thus at Esneh, a dozen brats, black and brown, dogged us as we strolled round the walls, barking out, '*Backsheesh, ya Khawagah! backsheesh, ya Khawagah!*'—as if they thought they were uttering a direful insult. One little fellow, especially, worked himself up into perfect fury—he might have been calling us dogs or Jews from his manner—and when we turned round, made a bolt away in such haste that he threw his head into the eye of one of his companions, and both rolled upon the ground. After a small turn-to with the injured one, he returned to the charge; but when we held out some few fuddah pieces, he could not be induced to approach near enough to take them. The sweeping calumny to which I allude has its origin, no doubt, in the irritable virtue of the Political Economist school, which will thankfully receive a pension, but consider it a damnable sin to give a penny."

It is well now and then to console ourselves for that misfortune which we Britons somehow do not care to alleviate—the misfortune, namely, of not enjoying the "blessings of paternal government"—by reflecting that however great the misery of Liberty, there are still some trifling advantages in it. "To fight for one's country," for instance, is one thing, but to be enrolled in the army as Egyptians are is another:—

"In the good old times of Mohammed Ali, a levy of troops much resembled a slave-hunt. Men were seized without any warning, wherever they could be found; and the operation was performed so rapidly that, although an immense amount of misery was created, it was accompanied by comparatively little disturbance. The conscripts were cast, bound hand and foot, into the boats, and thus transported to head-quarters, where, by a liberal application of the koorbash, they were soon converted into slipshod heroes. Their wives generally followed them on foot, and such as did not perish by the way contributed to increase the pauper population of Cairo and Alexandria."

"As is well known, the Egyptian mothers prefer maiming their children to allowing them to be taken away for military service. Thus, some extract their teeth, whilst others put out one of their eyes, either by means of sharp needles or the milky juice of the silk-tree. I have seen a lad whose foot had been held over a fire when he was young, in order to lame him, that he might be preserved to his parents. Young men also maim themselves, when their mothers have omitted the tender care, either by some of the above-mentioned means or by cutting off one or two of their fingers. Mohammed Ali's one-eyed regiment has often been mentioned."

"It seems to have occurred to the advisers of Abbas Pasha that the method pursued by his grandfather was highly barbarous and uncivilized. He resolved, therefore, to proceed on an entirely new plan—to organize a conscription in regular French style, and to take so many men from each district according to its population. At first sight, if we admit the necessity of an army, this seems a reasonable mode of proceeding enough; but in practice it caused more protracted suffering, and introduced more disturbance into the country, than the brutal proceedings of the great Pasha."

"I have often heard persons, in whose minds the immoral idea that one man may rightly be governed and disposed of by another is ineradicably fixed, whilst deploring, as in duty bound, individual cases of misery, speak with admiration of any vigorous proceeding by which 'big, idle fellows,' as they are pleased to call the Egyptian peasantry, are made to work, whether as soldiers or otherwise. But the truth is, that the fellâhs, as I often take occasion to repeat, are not more idle than other men; and besides, if they were so, the proper means are not taken to reform them. They object, very properly, to being industrious or patriotic, 'on compulsion.' Hold out inducements suited to their character and capacity, and they will be ready to become soldiers, or navigators, or whatever you please. Pay them well, and with regularity above all; do not allow them to starve under their uniform, and complain, as I have heard them, that even their belts, however tightened,

cannot repress the pangs of hunger; enable them to live without begging or knitting stockings, or trafficking ignobly on the beauty of their wives. This would be the way to destroy the prejudice against military life, and to prevent Egypt from becoming a region of maimed, toothless blinkers. As to any other method, more or less civilized, of robbing people of their right to dispose of their own time or labour in their own way, small is the credit of whomsoever may advise or introduce it. Indeed, if violence is to be the order of the day, the rapid summary practice of Mohammed Ali was far preferable to the hypocritical device adopted under his grandson."

"On the present occasion, the duty of carrying out the conscription, instead of devolving on the Nizam, or regular troops, was entrusted entirely to the Sheikhs of the villages, with power to call in the assistance, when necessary, of that estimable rural police, the Arnaut cavalry. Perhaps these officials were never engaged in an operation at once so invidious and so profitable. The Sheikh of Luxor, for example, had to provide twelve 'active young men'—such was the tenour of his order—but he was given *carte blanche* in the selection. What an opportunity for indulging any private hate, for straining a point in favour of a friend, or of a father who was willing to purchase indemnity for his son! The fortunes of the whole country population (Cairo and Alexandria found favour and exemption) were placed for a time at the mercy of a class of men, already so well disposed to be tyrants."

"No sooner did news of the intentions of Government circulate, than the whole country was thrown into a state of perturbation. Almost all work was suspended. Boys, young men, every one who supposed himself liable to seizure, fled away to the mountains, or hid in the places of refuge prepared for such an emergency by the people of old times. Every valley, every glen, every cave, quarry, and tomb, considered to be out of reach—not those, for example, visited ordinarily by travellers—were at once filled with fugitives. Wherever we went thenceforward, our movements were watched by files of men, squatting on the spurs of the hills, or moving in parallel lines with us along the giddy summits of precipices, which we could not venture to climb. Of course it was impossible for all these poor wretches to provide themselves either with sufficient food or with water. Their friends brought them the former, but they generally had to come down at night, along with the hyenas or the wolves, to drink at the pools or canals nearest their retreats."

But we turn from these painful pictures to the more humorous side of things, and quote for the reader's amusement the following story, worthy of a place in all collections. Hak Hak is a hunchback child, who has been adopted by a Fellâha woman. After an account of his boyhood, the story thus proceeds:—

"A little time after this, Hak Hak, who thought himself endowed by nature with the capacity of a merchant, resolved to go to Cairo and seek his fortune. He took two dozen fowls in a kafass, went down to the river, begged a passage on board a boat, and reached the great city in safety."

"When Hak Hak got into the first street, he began by running against a camel-load of wood, and nearly blinding himself; then he tumbled into a shop; and afterwards he got beaten for entangling himself with a harim. On these three occasions he was called a pig, a dog, and a Jew; but the people who abused him soon found that they were not his match in this respect, for he swore with more elegance and point than any Ulema."

"At length, when his body was black and blue, and his throat hoarse, he thought it time to begin selling, especially as his fowls were half dead with hunger and thirst. So he sat himself down at a large gateway, and said—

"'Thus my wisdom suggesteth. This is a large house, and in a large house much is eaten. The cook will presently go forth to market. I will offer my fowls, and she will buy them; and the first stone of my fortune will be laid.'

"Presently a woman came forth; and he addressed her, stating his case eloquently, and explaining all his anticipations; for he thought to charm her by the volubility of his tongue and the beauty of his language."

"When Hak Hak had stated his case, the woman said to him—

"'O excellent and vigorous young man, I will buy thy fowls, which will save me the trouble of going to market. Let me take them in, and I will bring thee the money, for I have not enough with me.'

"She immediately took up the kafass, and disappeared, leaving Hak Hak delighted with his dexterity. But the truth was, he had mistaken the gate of a quarter for the gate of a house; and the woman was a cunning thief, who had understood him to be open to deception. She went home to her den, and related the trick she had played to a companion, who said—

"'Not to be outdone by thee, I will go and rob this fool of his clothes.'

"Thereupon she went round by another way, and came to the place where Hak Hak was waiting for his money, and was beginning to be very impatient. It happened that there was a well close by; and as she pretended to be very old and feeble, she leaned upon the edge as she crawled along. Suddenly she cried out—

"'O Muslim! O good people, help! I have dropped my ring into this well!'

"Hak Hak was the only person near; so he went up to her briskly, and said—

"'What wilt thou give me if I dive and bring up the ring?'

"'O my son,' replied she, 'I will give thee a piece of gold.'

"'It is a munificent reward,' said he; and forthwith stripped and got down into the well, and began to dive. The first time he came up to the surface, blowing very hard—puff! puff!—and crying—

"'Oh, old mother, I find only a stone.'

"'Try again,' cried she, as she gathered together his clothes."

"He obeyed, and came up blowing puff, puff, puff, and gasping, 'I have found an old shoe.' But she had gone; whilst he, thinking she was still waiting, dived a third time, and brought up a piece of broken glass."

"He continued in this wise until he was quite tired, when he climbed up and found that the old woman had fled, leaving him naked and dirty as a worm. He was ashamed to go out into the streets in that plight, and began to roar aloud for help. But every time that the people came out of their houses to see what was the matter, he popped in his head, being too modest to show himself."

"At length a man spied him from a window, and coming forth, dragged him from his hiding place, and took him into his house, and washed him and his hump, and clothed him and fed him, and listened to his story, at which he laughed heartily. When it was concluded he said,—

"'O Hak Hak, a person of thy talent and beauty is misplaced in Cairo. Thou hadst better return to thy village and trade there. I have heard that the people of Kafr Hemmir think that all wisdom consists in a long beard, and that they have not been blessed with many hairs. I will give thee a case of a cosmetic, which

will make their beards grow as long as that of the Prophet. This will be a better means of making a fortune than selling fowls and diving into wells."

"Hak Hak thanked his benefactor, and departing with the case returned to his village, where he announced what he had for sale before the whole assembled population. To his surprise they all burst out laughing, and made fun of him. He returned desponding to his adopted mother's house, and the world was black before his face; but presently the Sheikh sent privately to buy a small packet; and then the barber; and then the tobacco-seller; and then the coffee-house keeper;—all in private. In fact, before the evening, the whole of his merchandise was sold, and every man in Kafr Hemmir went to bed with his chin steeped in the cosmetic, each believing that both his beard and his wisdom would have doubled in length next morning.

"I wish I could reproduce the pantomime by which the morning-scene was described; the snorings, the grunts, the yawns, the impatience for the dawn: for it appears all the patients had been ordered to keep their jaws carefully wrapped up until day-light. At length, the wished-for moment arrived.

"Then they all up-rose, and hastily taking off the cloths, which had nearly stifled them, found that their beards came off likewise! They clapped their hands to their chins, and felt them to be as smooth as their knees; they jogged their wives, and were greeted by screams of laughter; they ran out into the streets, and learned the truth, that the whole population had been rendered beardless by the ointment which the Caireen wag had given to Hak Hak. As all were equally unfortunate all laughed; but they resolved to punish the unlucky hunchback. He was called before the Sheikh, where the elders of the village were assembled; and when he saw the circle of smooth faces, could not help giggling.

"He laugheth because he hath defiled our beards," exclaimed the conclave. "It is necessary to put him to death. We are all friends here; let us thrust him into a bag, carry him to the river, and throw him in, so that no more may be heard of him."

"This idea was unanimously accepted, and Hak Hak, in spite of his struggles, was carried away in a sack, across an ass's back, towards the river. About noon his guards stopped to rest, and lying down, fell asleep, leaving the hunchback still in his sack. Now it happened that an old man, bent nearly two-double, came driving by an immense flock of sheep; and seeing these people asleep, and a sack standing up in the middle, was moved by curiosity to draw near it.

"Hak Hak had managed to open it a little, and to look out with one eye; which observing, the old shepherd marvelled, saying—"A bag with an eye did I never see before."

"He demanded, in a low voice, what was the meaning of this. The eye became a mouth, and replied—

"I am the unfortunate Hak Hak, whom these people are taking by force to marry the Sultan's daughter."

"What," said the old man, who had married thirty-three wives in the course of his life, "and dost thou repine at such good fortune?"

"So much, that I would give all I possess to find a substitute."

"Would not I do perfectly well?" quoth the shepherd. "I am not very old; I have two teeth left, and one of my eyes is good enough: but they would not take me in exchange."

"Oh yes, wallah, they would; if you call yourself Hak Hak: it appeareth that the name is fortunate, and I have been chosen only on this account. Untie the bag, and let me out."

"The shepherd, whose hands trembled from age and excitement, liberated Hak Hak, made him a present of his flock, and bade him tie the bag very tightly, lest the change should be discovered. The hunchback did as he was desired, and hastened to retire with his sheep. Meanwhile, the villagers waking up, threw their prisoner again upon the ass, and proceeding on their journey, plunged the poor old man into the river, just as he was dreaming with delight of his first interview with the Sultan's daughter, how he would smile and look pleasant, and how she would bid him be of good cheer.

"This was thought a particularly amusing incident. There is little respect for human life in the East; and the hunchback was considered to have done a very clever thing. The great point of the joke was, that just as the poor old shepherd opened his mouth to address his imaginary bride it was filled with cold water; and the Tantawi represented with horrible contortions, deemed highly comic, the somewhat tardy disenchantment of the drowning man.

"Next morning, Hak Hak quietly returned to his village with his flock of sheep, to the great surprise and fear of the beardless people. They thought he must have made a complaint against them, and went up to ask his pardon and congratulate him on his escape.

"Ah, villains! ah, dogs! ah, pigs!" he exclaimed: "why did you not throw me into the river where the camels were grazing, or the horses, or the buffaloes? I should then have been a rich man."

"This hint was sufficient; the beardless held a consultation, and it was resolved that every family should put one of its members into a sack, and throw him in, that he might bring up as much wealth as Hak Hak. They started off that very day, and drowned all the fine young men of the village; but waited a whole week without seeing them come back. So they began to be much alarmed, and went to the hunchback to ask his advice.

"My good friends," said he, "you must have thrown them in among the camels, and they want cords to tie them."

"Upon this they spent all their money in buying cords, and cast them into the river, but another week and a month passed, and at last they understood that they had been tricked. So they rose against Hak Hak, determining to put him to death; but he escaped from their hands, and set out a second time for Cairo.

"It came to pass that there reigned at this epoch in Egypt a king named Mohammed, whose life wore on in such happiness that he became tired of it, and felt every hour weigh heavily on his hands. One day, in his gloom, he said to his Wezeer:—

"O Wezeer, I desire to hear an empty saying (*kilmet farrak*); find me a man who will say an empty saying to me to-morrow, or I will cut off thy head."

"The Wezeer endeavoured to expostulate, but it was to no purpose; and he went home, wondering what folly had seized the king. He passed all that day in his house; and getting up next morning, rode forth on his mule to ponder on what he should do to save his life. Now it happened that on that very morning the hunchback, Hak Hak, arrived in Cairo, and was seen by the Wezeer reposing by the wayside. He was a droll-looking fellow, whom nobody could pass by unnoticed; so the Wezeer thought to himself, "perhaps this deformity may be of service to me." Then he cried aloud—

"O traveller, wilt thou gain a hundred pieces of gold?"

"Hak Hak replied,—

"The woman who stole my clothes offered one piece of gold: it is evident, O Greybeard, that thou desirest to steal my skin." But the Wezeer explained to him, and he was satisfied.

"They went together to the audience-chamber; and the Wezeer going in, found the king sitting sullenly looking on the ground. He dared not speak, but waited patiently for the decree of fate. Meanwhile Hak Hak hid himself behind the door, and showing himself now and then, began beckoning to the king; and when he had attracted his attention, made signs that he wanted to speak to him in private. The king was amused by his droll gestures and grimaces, but did not move; upon which Hak Hak threatened him with his fist, and again began beckoning. At last the King Mohammed rose from his divan, and went out, followed by the Wezeer. Hak Hak did not wait, but walked before, still making signs with his hand, shaking his head, and rolling his eyes, and walking with his long strides on tiptoe, and wagging his hump from side to side. Thus they proceeded, until they came to the centre of the Kara Meydan, when Hak Hak stopped, and beckoned to King Mohammed to stoop down, that he might whisper in his ear. The king at first was afraid lest he might bite him; but at last complied, whereupon the hunchback said, in a husky voice,—

"O king, hast thou ever been to Damascus?"

"No," was the reply.

"No more have I, O king," quoth Hak Hak.

"For a moment the royal one looked puzzled, and then exclaimed,—

"Seize this insolent monster, and put him to death."

"But the Wezeer interfered, and explained that this was the empty saying he had wished to hear; whereupon the king laughed till they were obliged to support him lest he should fall in the dust, and he ordered Hak Hak to relate his history; and when he had heard it, he first caused him to be scourged, and then appointed him Sheikh of Kafr Hemmir. So the hunchback returned to his village, and tormented his enemies; but at last he became a mild man, and was beloved instead of being hated.

## Portfolio.

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

## LETTERS OF A VAGABOND.

X.

January 28, 1852.

**E**LENA mia,—I have passed so strange a day and night, that my head still feels dizzy with its unaccustomed haunts. Verily commerce has its romance as well as the craggiest vale of Switzerland. I write to you because it is necessary for me to turn my thought as much as possible to objects which are real, and not distorted, which are generous and beautiful, and not mortally depraved.

I was about to set out yesterday morning for Werneth, to fulfil my promise to poor Fanny Chetham; Margaret had come down stairs to breakfast for the first time—"to fill her eyes with me," she said, "before my desolating absence of five days;" Yselt was making breakfast, the children helping her to tend on the fair cripple; Edwardes was in admirable humour, explaining to us the latest views as to the reparative process in fractures, and dashing through his exposition in his own clear, concise, masterly way; with an eye to my time, when in came Sarah Selby, as if by accident, but with a restless eye, that soon led me after her out of the room. With an urgency of entreaty that admitted of no refusal, she desired me to put off my journey, and to follow her to Johnson's, where she would explain to me all. Johnson was ruined—openly bankrupt; and she feared "the worst." The English tradesman who has come to the end of his ledger, often agrees with Brutus in thinking that there is only one dignified retreat from discomfiture. What I could do I did not see; but the more I protested against any capacity for help in the particular kind of trouble, the more she insisted; as if I were to be the natural saviour of men in a condition of insolvency. At last I yielded, merely because she asked; since it is the man's place, if a woman asks that which is not impossible, to grant it.

While I went, she returned to the breakfast-room, "to prevent their noticing my absence," she said. I afterwards discovered, however, that the anxiety to be secret terminated in its natural result, the full discovery of the whole thing to be concealed.

Arriving at Johnson's, I found a chaotic state of affairs, which revealed the downfall of the ruling power. The shop, indeed, was open as usual, and business was going forward; but there was I know not what air of indisciplinability in the men, which indicated the absence of the master mind. Proceeding to the private part of the house, I met one of the servants, who wore a distracted air, regardless of the quiet decorum hitherto domesticated behind the scene of business. Every door almost seemed to stand open, as if already despair had thrown aside the attempt to keep up appearances. In the drawing-room was Mrs. Johnson, still at her duty, and still busy in some domestic employment, ever resigned to what might happen; too much crushed already, many times over, to be more crushed, and upheld by the unextinguishable pride of utter humility. She received me with her own quiet manner, and almost an ostentation of equanimity; and led me at once, as if she knew for what I had come, through the back drawing-room into a third room behind all.

Johnson was sitting before the fire, his whole attitude denoting that he had come to the end of his ideas. No balance standing in his ledger, he had forfeited his right to be in the world; he had no status, as the Scotch

say, in the Universe, and was not prepared to give an account of himself to any one who should challenge him. Unlike his wife, he received me quietly indeed, but with a manner that amounted to a confession of all that could be said against him. His burly form had collapsed into a slack heap of incompetency; his ruddy cheeks hung in dead-coloured festoons upon his face. I have often seen uglier men, very often men whose crimes stood apparent on their countenance, but never saw a man so fallen beneath the level of every sympathy except that of pity. I attempted to converse with him, and to cheer him up; but he scarcely answered, and what little he did say it made me feel that the attempt to console only rendered him the more conscious that no consolation availed him. Hoping to profit in some degree from the stimulus of my presence, his wife urged him to fall back upon his Bible; but he looked at her with the heavy abstracted eye of suffering that remonstrates against disturbance. Casting up a glance at Heaven outraged by his want of resignation, she left him to his fate, and to me.

I never had such a mass of helplessness on my hands, and never knew so little what to do with it. As I looked at his heavy countenance, from which all ideas had been abstracted by the commercial defalcation, I could not divine to myself any means by which I could approach the lurking spark of mind to revive it. I walked up and down the room; but he seemed almost unconscious of my presence, while I remained as it were watching the dead body of my unhappy friend against the intrusion of evil spirits, or any greater extremity. One of his clerks looked in, and told him, with a manner of ostentatious insolence, that Rogers wanted to speak to him. The impertinence of the man seemed for a moment to rouse the courage of the downfallen potentate, and with a voice of much dignity he sent word that Rogers should come in the evening "with the rest." He waved his hand; and the clerk looked at him for a moment; the vulgar sense of the man was striving to conceive the idea of misfortune in its full meaning; and after gazing with a countenance in which impertinence gradually subsided to a sort of contemptuous indifferentism, as though it were "all up with the governor," he closed the door. He evidently thought that Rogers and "the rest" might be too late, and wished himself out of that disagreeable day. Your Englishmen of every class detest a coroner's inquest above all things. It is an uncomfortable ceremony—disagreeable; violating the distinctions of society, and dragging the respectable person before a public-house tribunal.

Not long afterwards another of the clerks looked in. It was Sophy's friend; something perhaps of an indirect thought of consanguinity had touched the sympathies of the young man. He looked at his master with an air of concern, and came on tip-toe towards me to tell me that another person was there whose name I did not know, as if I were already the authority to settle the commercial affairs of Mr. Johnson. As quietly as I could, I asked him if it would not be better to recommend the intruder to come "with the rest"; to which he assented.

I remained there all that morning, people occasionally coming in. The very respectable matron occasionally entering to administer comfort to her helpmate, who received it with an air of resigned despondency sufficient to suggest the most desperate courses. Even the proposal of "something to eat" fell flat upon his ear. After long endurance of tedious despondency, suddenly the door of the room opened and, unexpected as a ghost, in rushed Margaret—her arm out of its sling—her cheeks flushed—her countenance excited rather than desponding. She threw herself into her father's arms, and covered his face all over with kisses. The storm of comfort seized the man; bursting out in a cry like that of a child, he clasped his arms around that of his daughter, hid his face in her bosom, and fairly wept aloud. The first sign of self-possession in the man was shown in his solicitude lest the girl had hurt her broken arm. But no harm had been done. With her other arm round his shapeless form, Margaret sustained her father, called in her mother and sister, and ordered dinner to be brought; and they all submitted in willing obedience. They were glad of a compulsion which restored them from calamity to the comfortable trivialities of life. Existence again went on; and by the help of a little wine, I induced Johnson to confront his fate. It was evidently the meeting in the evening that he dreaded; but somehow, without any great expenditure of intellectual devices, we managed to get over the day till that evening, and I undertook to stand by him in his adversity.

I shall not attempt to describe that meeting to you, nor the anomalous position which I filled there. The meeting was held in his own counting-house; some fifteen or twenty men present—all his principal creditors. Some few looked more stricken down than he was; one or two perhaps because his calamity pressed still more heavily upon themselves. When any man falls in English trade, he carries more with him, and often those who are poorer than himself. The others were of a craven sort, to whom any adversity was a terror and a scourge. Some came in rubbing their hands, pleased with activity in any "matter of business;" one or two were elaborately considerate; some others bluntly impertinent. They sat round the table, lounged in chairs, made themselves quite at home and proceeded to anatomise, not only his books, not only his private circumstances, or his personal expenditure, but his character, his moral motives; the conduct of his household, the wardrobe of his daughters, and every petty detail that could be made to assume a pecuniary significance. With some it was the sport of open amusement; others were seized by the spirit of hunting, and grew heated in the process of ferreting out "improper" charges; others

greedily searched through the figures in the hope of finding a few more pence for themselves. One or two were evidently actuated by sheer malignity, with a desire to damn the man who had disappointed them of some profit. Johnson himself cut a better figure than he had during the day. He was great at figures, and felt his confidence. If he had failed, others had done so before, and he knew the precedents; which he cited with aplomb. He admitted that his expenditure had been unguarded in trade; but it was only in trade. His domestic expenditure had not been unreasonable. The assembly admitted that; but the recent fitting-up of his shop—what warrant had he for so much under *that* head? "Competition in trade," he said. "His neighbours," and he looked with peculiar bitterness at Rogers, "had been making a great show; and he was obliged to do the same to keep his customers." The argument was held to be good. Brass bars, gilt letters, and handsome glass bottles, do attract people who come for half ounces of tea and pennyworths of ginger, or the tradesmen suppose that they do so. Still Rogers insisted that the expenditure was excessive. "It is not more than yours," replied Johnson. "But I have not called my creditors yet, Mr. Johnson," was the answer. The retort silenced the discomfited tradesman; and the company felt that he was, as it were, commercially executed. No more was said. Glances indeed were occasionally cast to a tall young man who stood apart, with his long legs outstretched before the fire; and at last when the arrangements were made for putting the Bankrupt's affairs into formal training, those glances were repeated in search of a higher sanction. The young man did little more than nod, as if it were not worth while to take much trouble; and the company broke up, leaving him behind.

He was a silent man, very tall and comely; with a most self-possessed aspect, and a peculiar grave smile that looked like mockery. What part he had in the affair I did not at first understand, still less why he remained, and sat talking with the Johnsons in their own room after the rest had gone away. But they cultivated his good will with the utmost assiduity, seemed much relieved by the affability of his silent presence; and when he went, Johnson, who had quite recovered his circulation and looked once more himself, asked me "to follow Mr. Markham, and say a few words for him."

The tall man waited for me as he was going out. Margaret, I noticed, had already gone; so without hesitation I took leave of the family and followed my new acquaintance.

We walked together for some little way with a very fragmentary conversation on various topics, chiefly the state of Europe at large; in which I found my new friend to be well versed. But I observed that all the opinions came from my side: his share of the conversation was analysis and scepticism. I suffered him to lead the way, and we stopped before a house of goodly size; the door of which was opened by a footman. We walked through a hall well lighted and well appointed, into a room that looked like the play room of a bachelor's house. Cloaks and hats lay about, or hung from the walls; a pair of foils had been left carelessly upon the table, with the gloves and one mask, the other on a chair; single-sticks were reposing in the corner; a handsome side-saddle lay on another table.

"Now you'll suppose me a married man," said Markham, "and expect to find things in graceful order; but that is a freak of mine."

"I do not know," I answered, "that a side-saddle would be evidence of matrimony in a court of law."

"Married, or *worse* then? But I have no women about me; at least—You will find the house without an empress."

"Do you use *that* yourself then?"

"Not exactly. I got it for a race to which a girl has challenged me. But no woman can equal a man at riding—unless she sits across. Nor even then. But come up stairs."

I entered a handsome room, well lighted, with a magnificent fire, and a handsome array of books all round the walls. Markham did not at once follow me; and I had time to scan a really well chosen collection of books in every language that we usually see in print West of the Red Sea; with plenty about more Eastern lands. I was stopped in my survey by the entrance of the owner, who dashed into new topics; this time the politics of America, which he had traversed in all directions. I soon found, indeed, that his travels had embraced the greater part of the globe, extending from Cincinnati and Lima to St. Petersburg and to Hong Kong.

It all the more puzzled me to divine what had made him evidently the chief in that council at Johnson's. However, he had "taken to me"; and I resolved to lose no opportunity of serving Margaret's father.

The door being opened by a servant, with a pleasant ring of glasses and plates, Markham said to me carelessly,—"You don't mind having something to eat in here—it will be warmer than the dining room."

"I do not care," I said, "what is my table, what my seat, so that the food be good."

Half the library table was covered by the expanded petticoat of the tray. The bearer of the tray was attended by another, a woman, who directed the evolutions. This second was worth notice: tall, handsome, and, to a certain extent, refined in bearing, self-possessed, conscious of her meritorious aspect, she courted, rather than avoided observation; and told her master that the supper was ready, with a tone, irreproachably respectful, but tinged, I thought, with a certain familiarity, which implied an assertion of herself to me as well as to him. Woman's pride *never* dies while her beauty lasts. My eyes critically followed, as she withdrew, the most complete article of furniture in the bachelor's house.

We approached the table. I found a medley of tea, coffee, two or three wines, some Moldavian beef, and a dish of pickled ortolans. Markham did not sit, but drank his coffee standing, then a glass or two of wine; occasionally dangling an ortolan into his upraised mouth. He ate, as he talked, with an air of mockery; as if he were not in earnest in anything that he did, but knew something better worth while to do if he cared to take the trouble. All I said he received frankly, like an old friend; he entered into each object with a powerful and cultivated intellect; but smiled at my most earnest remarks with a manner, at once of doubt, and of amusement at any sign of belief or earnestness.

"What a strange set I found you amongst!" he cried, suddenly, turning from the gaieties of Florence: "How the devil did you come there?"

I told him freely; and, in response to his own manner, I challenged him to use his evident influence in favour of Johnson.

"You are not a commercial man?" he asked.

"You know I am not; but I am a man, and so are you."

"No, I did not know. But what makes you take a brief from Johnson? Are you going to marry his daughter?"

"No; why do you ask? I plead because he suffers."

"It is a waste of time, my dear fellow. He has met his fate, and he deserves it. He is a rascal; and, what is worse, he is a fool; and we are exterminating the fools as fast as we can; though it is up-hill work. That girl *was* his daughter, was she not?"

"Which?"

"The tall dark young girl. But I remember, she called him her father. Though that proves little; and, as the mother shows no signs of being the substantive originator of that lovely devil, I should rather suspect that the registrar has been cheated. Well, Johnson would only deserve that as well as the rest."

"I think I can vouch—" but I stopped short, a sudden doubt coming over me, that Markham's theory was probable, and that the perusal of *Mason on Self Knowledge* looked as much like the pride of penitence as anything else. It was difficult to imagine that poor Mrs. Johnson had ever been capable of any collateral sally; and yet where could Margaret have obtained that countenance?

Markham laughed out loud at my abrupt silence; and continued—"It is useless, my dear fellow; it is not worth the trouble to set Johnson on his legs. He has shown that he cannot stand, and he is as great a rascal as any of us. Do you know what he really has done amongst his countrymen?"

I looked the request to be enlightened on that point.

"Well, then, he has done his best to ruin everybody all round, and the stone has only fallen on his own head. I do not speak for Rogers—I might be prejudiced for him; but I speak of everybody. No, I must except his landlord. Why, sir, the fellow was trying to draw away custom from his schoolfellow, Fillmore, round the corner; he was doing his best to out-do and backbite every man of his own trade within cart-range. But that is not all: no sooner was a new shop set up in the neighbourhood, with goods at "only" so much, than he sent his miserable women—by heaven, I beg that Olympian girl's pardon!—to deal with the interloper, meaning to bring down all prices where he was a purchaser. He tried to beat down his rent; he *did* beat down his wages. You know that one of his daughters lately—had an accident: well, he frightened the father that is to be—a softhearted young fellow, without brains enough, I should have thought, to convince any one, even a girl, only their own frailty does it, poor devils!—Johnson frightened that father of his own grandchild into taking less wages, by threatening "a disclosure," which Johnson himself dreaded more than any man, lest it should "hurt him in business." And he did that, *knowing* that the poor wretch had a wife of his own, living away from him because he was too poor to keep her! Yes, he kept about his house the seducer of his child, because the rascal was made cheaper by his damaged character; and he was an accomplice with the fellow in defrauding the wife. Is that a man worth saving?"

I had no answer that needed to be pressed at the moment.

"No, sir; Johnson has the intellect of a nincompoop, and the heart of a — tradesman. For we are all alike in *that*—even Mark Markham is so. But in Lancashire we are depraved to the very core. We must go through with it. However, that is not all. How did Johnson treat those whom he loved best in the world—his customers? You have seen the portrait of Lucrezia Borgia: Johnson is not quite so lovely; but he is not less criminal. He poisons those he loves. Well, it is poisoning—literally. The *Lancet* is quite right. We do sell poison. Johnson may have had some fumbling kind of salvo in his own mind, based on "necessity," on the universal practice, or his own ignorance. The fellow doesn't know poison from food. I really believe he would eat his own anchovies! You need not look at the tray—you will never see Johnsonian anchovies at *my* table."

"But you say that all do it: then why blame him?"

"Yes, we all do it. Look here." He took a green clear bottle that I had not noticed on a shelf of his library. "Read that."

"Best girkins—Genuine."

"It looks 'genuine,' does it not; green as the cucumber in its native bed, when its youth first courts the sun? You admire that greenness—it makes you wish to buy. It is the smile of the syren; it is poison—copper. I could supply you with those 'best' at a very low figure, and yet they will fetch the best price over the counter. But they deserve it, sir; the customers are as bad as the tradesman. Offer them the 'genuine article'

and they do not value it. *Real* girkins verdure is never so brilliant as that. Ask them the true price of the real article and they will go to the next shop, where a fellow is underselling you with a vile fabrication. Look here"—he showed a bottle—"this is chocolate, such as I would give you. We sell of it—pshaw, I forget the figure. No matter, it is not worth remembering. *This* again"—holding up another bottle—"is 'genuine' chocolate, which you *might* have at as many pence a pound as the other costs shillings, and we ask 'only one shilling and threepence.' Your customer will always prefer to store up in his inmost pocket the raw materials of his coffin. He tries to cheat the dealer, and the dealer cheats him."

"But if you all do so, I say, why press so hard on Johnson?"

"He failed."

There was no answer to that, so I tried to learn more. "But you," I said, "are not under the dominion of these base influences. For all you have said, surely *you* are no grocer?"

"More so than any man you ever saw—the grocerest of human beings. Let us take a survey." He unrolled upon the table a map of London, and looked at it for a moment in silence. "You know, I suppose, how the brewers manage to possess their business-domain? Each great Lord of the Vat supplies a number of vassals, the publicans, with the means or opportunity of opening a house; and really the independent-looking palaces of gin and beer are but fiefs held under the great Lords. This is bringing capital and the wholesale principle to bear upon retail trade. The millers do the same for the baking trade. A Scotch genius has done the same for the linendrapers and haberdashers—all now driven out of the field by the great capitals. Many a man who used to be an independent shopkeeper, is glad to be servant to a great linendraper. But one of these great men will supply a whole district—more than one district I suspect—having houses under separate names, but really connected, in various quarters. At all events that is what a Lancashire genius," he said, with a smile that gave a particular application—"contemplates doing for the grocery business. I am not a grocer, to ordinary eyes: there is all my stock," pointing to a part of his bookcase, containing, I imagine, samples, and to a few account and cheque books; "and here," laying his finger again on the map, "is my shop. You know Rogers, the rival whom Johnson vainly tried to drive out of the field: well, that Rogers is only my man. I have another place here," pointing to the map again, "and here, and here, and here; and I am planning to extend in this direction, and in this. Yes," he continued, looking contemplatively on the field, "it is a great scheme: I have only begun, as yet; but everything falls before my advance. This you see," he continued, rolling up the map with a jerk, and turning from the table,—"this is the course before us all—this the choice of fate, to be a Johnson, or a—Markham, if you like, or a Markham's man. To be destroyed, or to destroy; to be the ruins of the past, or the foundation of the future."

"Markham," I cried, "you astonish me, who almost lived down, or travelled down astonishment. If you were really a grocer, or nothing but a grocer, I could understand. But you cannot pretend any such debasement. You are a gentleman, a scholar, a traveller; a man, with a knowledge of the world, of man's life, of the universe in which he is a wanderer, and you *cannot* be the criminal, the dull instrument of a stupid mechanical tyranny that you pretend to be."

"Shall I retort the charge of dulness and folly?" he answered. "My dear fellow, we must take the world as we find it. This is the commercial age; capital is the power of the day; intellect itself must be content to be no more than the handmaid of money. We must pass *through* that stage, and not be diverted in our course by that silly, antiquated mistake, philanthropy. What does not *pay*, cannot, and *ought* not to exist. Johnson does not pay, and he must be expunged. I have marched him down. It is idle to kick against fate, it only hurts our corns."

He walked up and down the room in silence. I broke in upon him, however, with arguments to show that he ought to temper this supreme destroying power with a clemency befitting its absolute character. Although an utilitarian and a predestinarian, he was not closed against appeals to his nobler qualities and more refined attainments; and he softened as I warmed in my accusations of his not being equal to himself. Suddenly he stopped in his strides along the book-walled room, and cried, "I tell you what I will consent to: I will make Johnson one of my men; and, by Jove, I will marry his daughter!"

I laughed to myself at hearing him thus dispose of Margaret; but having brought him to the mood I wished, while I had no authority either to promise or decline his matrimonial munificences, I hastily took leave. "But, by Jove, we must see more of each other," he said, as he shook hands—"I like you."

## The Arts.

### THE DRAMATIST'S FIRST NIGHT.

If any ingenious man would write a "Physiology of the British Drama," he would have at least fifty pages to give to the First Night, considered under its various aspects, as regards the public, the actors, the manager, and the poet himself.

Let us for a moment consider only the poet (and here I use the term in its widest acceptation—that of the maker of a new drama), as the imago intrudes upon us, *à propos* of Westland Marston, who this night

(Thursday) has once more undergone the first night experiences. Here is a happy poet, who has seen many first nights, all more or less successful,—not one a failure! He is not, perhaps, the best type I could select, for he—at least to-night—knows nothing of the tortures through which less fortunate poets have to pass.

Strange situation for a man of delicate susceptibility, quick self-love, ardent self-confidence, and lofty aspirations! He has written his play, let us suppose. He has worked at it in silence for several happy months. With the passionate patience of an inventor's love, he has wrought into shape the shapeless mass of tumultuous thoughts which crowded upon him; he has touched and touched, re-touched, then blotted every line out to begin anew. It has grown into shape, slowly, laboriously wrought; the labour lightened by visions of success, the plaudits ringing in anticipative ears, and cheering him when his hand grows weary! It has followed him throughout the waking day; it has threaded his dreams throughout the night; it has lived in his life, the passion and the sustenance of his soul.

The play is done. He believes it is a master-piece. Now begins the real difficulty, the unalloyed pain. He has first to get a manager to read it; he has then to get a manager to accept it. All this seemed so easy to his innocence! He could foresee so little of the obstacles to such a result! He could not suppose that his master-piece would not be recognised as such—would not be “doable”—would “not draw a penny to the house.” He foresees, on the contrary, that it will make the manager's fortune and his own!

After, perhaps, some years of baffled hopes and fruitless application, he finds a manager willing to “risk it.” (Poor self-love! thy master-piece is “risked!”) Let me suppose—it is immensely improbable!—that our poet has been happy enough not only to find his manager, but that he has found one who does not insist upon his so twisting and turning the master-piece with “alterations,” that, to bring it into conventional shape, all its organic life has been destroyed. Let me further, since I am on the line of improbabilities, suppose the “leading actors” satisfied with their parts, and requiring no alterations. The play is rehearsed. The first night arrives.

The first night! What a drama is acted on the unseen theatre of the poet's soul as the play proceeds! The quick and eager risings of hope—the fluttering agitations of suspense—the keen sensitiveness to what goes wrong—and the feverish, uneasy, unhappy happiness, as the house-shaking plaudits tell him of a victory!

Not so fast, little Sir,—not so fast! The victory is not gained yet: a brawling turbulence of friends, a generous enthusiasm of a public, following the lead of friends, may or may not be an ovation; the first night is not a victory: it is the twentieth night you are a victor! If you could only step into the lobby, just after bowing from your box, and overhear old playgoers and critics as they interchange their rapid comments, the applause of the audience will have another meaning:—

What flock of critics hover here to-day  
As vultures wait on armies for their prey,  
All gaping for the carcase of a play!

Ah! those critics! They are terribly “used up” with regard to pieces like your masterpiece, and see “nothing in it.” They know every one of your situations—they can name the prototypes of all your characters—they are wearied with the “familiar faces” of your images; what seemed new to you—because indistinctly remembered—is old to them who have seen it so often. Then these *vieux routiers* know all the secrets of the *métier* you have missed. One of them has views on “construction,” according to which he judges your piece; another wants the drama to be a picture of modern life, and your antiquity wearies him. And after all this, you wonder that we, the critics, are not so enthusiastic about your play as friends are; and you call us “enemies” if we say so, and perhaps write a preface on the “envy of critics!” That is one of your tortures. The victory is a glorious victory; but it is not to be purchased without hard blows. The shouts that bewilder you, the praises that make you uncomfortably happy, the guerdons of success, in whatever shape they come, had need be ample to repay all you endured to win them.

REFORMATION OF THE CLERGY.—A modern bishop, not long ago, congratulated his clergy on the general improvement in their order, when compared with the pictures preserved by Fielding out of the last century. It was a congratulation for which there was serious reason. From the restoration of the Stuarts to the French revolution, the upper classes of this country, the aristocracy, the country gentlemen, and the clergy, exhibited all the symptoms of a rapid moral consumption. The first were vicious, the second brutal, the third ignorant and vulgar; and, if they had been left to themselves, they would have followed the course on which they had so long been travelling to its natural and only termination. Happily for them and for all of us, another destiny was in store for the English nation. Side by side with them, forms of thought and action and life had been springing into being alien to them, if not antagonistic, yet beyond their influence, and to which the portents of the American and the French revolution imparted a fearful significance. Although the industrial temper in the modern English representatives of this movement made it less immediately threatening than it had been under its earlier form of Puritanism, yet there was so much moral resoluteness about it, so much of the old English character, which was lost by those who once possessed it, had taken refuge there, that the so-called upper classes were roused by danger, and by the stern eye which now they felt upon them, and, conscious that their existence depended upon it, they were driven into a reformation, the progress of which is now before us. Too late, indeed, to save the

exclusive predominance of their order, yet in time to save their own souls, which is, happily, never too late, the clergy have at least endeavoured no longer to be a disgrace to the name, and the noblemen and country gentlemen have felt the necessity of a real education.—“*The Oxford Commission*,” *Westminster Review*.

HOW THE STATUTES ARE KEPT.—They are to say daily masses for the souls of the founders. The echo of the old service is to be heard in the Latin thanksgiving grace which precedes the hall dinner, the form and sound of which are contrived to bear the nearest permissible resemblance to the enjoined supplication; but masses themselves are forbidden by the law of the land. They are to reside in the university, in most cases under penalty of forfeiture. Two-thirds of them never come near the place, except to receive their dividends; and their absence is pronounced better than their presence; their idleness at a distance from the university less injurious to it than their idleness within its walls. They are to study; “yet nothing,” it is said, “can be more absurd than to call them students,” except, perhaps, the endeavour to make them such. Last of all, the worst, most grievous sin, the most seducing, and therefore most enveloped in anathemas, the dividing the surplus revenues; this is universal. Is it possible to conceive anything bearing smaller resemblance to what was contemplated in the wishes of the founders? Yet these are the gentlemen who cry sacrilege on the attempt to interfere with the single statute which they observe—the statute which secures them in their monopolies.—“*The Oxford Commission*,” *Westminster Review*.

It is ever so in this combat we name Life. The shout of triumph is, after all, of little value, and it always comes too late. It is the *battered* soldier, on whom falls the peerage! Were I a dramatic author, crowned by plaudits, and lauded by the press (a most improbable supposition! but I am liberal of improbabilities to-night—the gas, the excitement of the theatre having, as it were, “given the rein” to my imagination)—were I a dramatic author, I say, shall I tell you, O poet, dreaming of a first night, *what* would amply reward me for all labour, for all neglect, for all vexation, and for all the agitation of doubt? Not the bravos of an audience, not the flatteries of critics; but the quiet, deep, and yearning look of two soft loving eyes, that told me *She* was proud of my success! O poet, believe this: they may crown us in the Capitol, and make our names “famous in the newspapers,” but the only crown worth wearing is a woman's love!

This is a very long preface to what I have to say about

ANNE BLAKE;

but if you had to sit down to your desk immediately after quitting the theatre, and had to write an account of a new play, without time to sleep on your impressions, you would do as I do, and escape from the subject into any digression that offered itself. This play, which cost Marston months of thought, I am to criticise off-hand; and if I am unjust to him, what excuse is haste? and if I say nothing about him, what excuse will you allow me? If I were a dramatic poet I should not like to be so hastily judged. I should wish my critic to content himself with recording the fact that my play had moved the audience to ready tears, had moved them to long and genuine applause, had achieved what is called a “success” in all its approved forms—that whatever private opinions might exist respecting certain details, the sum total of the general impression was, that I had skilfully moved the passions, and had unequivocally amused the public! That is what I should call upon my critic to do in fairness. “Do unto poets as you would be done by.” Therefore, with your permission, *lector benevole*, I will enter into details next week; and confine myself for the present to the acting and the *mise en scene*, there being no such need of criticism *à tête reposée* there.

Of the acting, however, little need be said, except that Charles Kean (who was vilely dressed, by the way) played with that effective quietness he has recently learned from Fechter, and which makes us forget *how* he can play Shakespeare; and in the fine situation of the fourth act he only wanted a little less ungainliness of manner to have been perfect. Mrs. Kean I did not like. Mr. Addison spoiled, by buffoonery, a real bit of character; and Mrs. Winstanley was quieter, and consequently more effective than usual.

I find this a very unsatisfactory notice, but indeed I am rather chattering than criticising. Next week, after reading the play, I shall be more at my ease.

SARAH BLANGI.

From the melodrama of *Sarah la Créole*, Mr. Morris Barnet has made a five-act melodrama, which rivetted the OLYMPIC audience by its progressive story and strong situations. Of late years, in France, there has been a strong disposition to make the drama a novel in action. Instead of taking a character and developing it in action, or a passion and illustrating its various phases, the dramatists have sought, by the progressive interest of a story rising into a series of culminations (“situations”), to keep curiosity alive during a whole evening—in the case of *Monte Cristo*, during *three* whole evenings. This is done by Mr. Morris Barnet, and done with considerable skill; for although the heroine is odious, the audience are breathless in their anxiety as to whether she will succeed or fail. To tell you the story would be to spoil your enjoyment, unless you are of that class which cannot enjoy a novel until the close of the third volume be consulted as to the denouement. Go and see the drama. It is not new, it is not true, it is not witty, nor is it wise; but it will interest you, and what do you want more?

About *Henry V.*, triumphant at Sadler's Wells, next week!

VIVIAN.

## Commercial Affairs.

### MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

#### BRITISH FUNDS FOR THE PAST WEEK.

(CLOSING PRICES.)

	Satur.	Mond.	Tues.	Wedn.	Thurs.	Frid.
Bank Stock	223	223½	223½	224	224	224
3 per Cent. Red.	99½	99½	99½	99½	99½	99½
3 per Cent. Con. Ans.	101½	100½	100½	100½	100½	100½
3 per Cent. Con., Ac.	100½	100½	100½	100½	100½	100½
3½ per Cent. An.	103½	103½	103½	103½	103½	103½
New 5 per Cents.	104	104	104	104	104	104
Long Ans., 1860	6½	6½	6½	6½	6½	6½
India Stock	276	276	276	276	276	276
Ditto Bonds, £1000	85	85	85	85	85	85
Ditto, under £1000	85	85	85	85	85	85
Ex. Bills, £1000	76 p	76 p	76 p	76 p	76 p	76 p
Ditto, £500	76 p	76 p	76 p	76 p	76 p	76 p
Ditto, Small	78 p	78 p	78 p	78 p	78 p	78 p

#### FOREIGN FUNDS.

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

Buenos Ayres Bonds	81	Spanish 3 p. Cts. New Def.	25
Chilian 3 per Cents.	78	Spanish 3 p. Cts. New Def.	25½
Danish 3 per Cents., 1825	82½	Acct., November 16	100
Dutch 2½ per Cents.	64½	Spanish Com. Certif. of	3½
Reunion	5	Coupon not funded	14 dis.
Peruvian Deferred	62	Swedish Loan	100
Portuguese 4 per Cents.	38½	Turkish Loan, 6 per Cent.	6 pm.
Russian 4½ per Cents.	105½	1862	100
Sardinian 5 per Cents.	97½		

**WATCHES! WATCHES! WATCHES!**

Save 50 per Cent. by purchasing your Watches direct from the Manufacturer, at the Wholesale Trade Price.

Warranted Gold Watches, extra jewelled, with all the recent improvements .....	£3 15 0
The same Movements in Silver Cases .....	2 0 0
Handsome Morocco Cases for same .....	0 2 0

Every other description of Watch in the same proportion.

Sent Free to any part of the Kingdom upon receipt of One Shilling Extra.

Duplex and other Watches practically Repaired and put in order, at the Trade Prices, at

**DANIEL ELLIOTT HEDGER'S WHOLESALE WATCH MANUFACTORY,**

**27, CITY ROAD, near Finsbury Square, London.**

\* \* Merchants, Captains, and the Trade supplied in any quantities on very favourable terms.

**VINEGAR and its ADULTERATIONS.**

Some time ago, the spirited proprietors of the *Lancet* appointed a body of Analytical Sanitary Commissioners to analyze the solids and fluids consumed by all classes of society. The results of these inquiries have been published from time to time, and have astounded the people of this country by the fact that, with few exceptions, every article of food is more or less adulterated with deleterious substances. The Commissioners have just published a Report of their Analyses of Twenty-eight Samples of VINEGAR purchased from different retailers of the article, who received it from the London manufacturers, FOUR ONLY OF WHICH WERE FREE FROM POISON. The first on the list was manufactured by

**HILLS AND UNDERWOOD, OF NORWICH;**  
And 25, EASTCHEAP, LONDON.

The report goes on to prove that the Adulterations, which are of a most injurious character, are effected by the Vinegar Makers themselves and not by the Retailers. Sulphuric and other Acids are freely used, and the public health must inevitably suffer. Such conduct on the part of manufacturers cannot be too severely censured; and the public should take care to support only such firms as those of HILLS AND UNDERWOOD, who have manufactured a pure and first-rate article in competition with those who use Sulphuric Acid or Vitriol.

The analyses of the *Lancet* Commissioners furnish a singular confirmation of the decision of the judges in this particular department of the Great Exhibition, the firm of HILLS AND UNDERWOOD having had the honour of carrying off the Prize for the Best Vinegar on that occasion.

HILLS AND UNDERWOOD'S VINEGAR is supplied by the most respectable Spirit-dealers, Grocers, and Oilmen in Town and Country.

**MECHI'S DESKS, WORK-BOXES, and**

TEA-CHESTS, 4, LEADENHALL STREET, LONDON, combine all that is superb and cheap, with the most approved patterns, invented by himself, manufactured on his own premises, where may be seen some of the richest specimens in the world of Papier Maché Goods, Dressing Cases, Bagatelle Tables, Ivory Chessmen and Chessboards, rich Card Cases, Tablets, and in fact everything for the Work Table and Dressing Toilet, displayed in a style of elegance not surpassed by any in this kingdom. MECCHI is the sole and original inventor of the Castellated Tooth Brushes, Magic Strop and Paste, the peculiar Steel Razor, the Cushioned Bagatelle Tables, and various Improvements in Portable Desks and Dressing Cases combined.

**HEAL AND SON'S ILLUSTRATED**

CATALOGUE of BEDSTEADS, sent free by post, containing designs and prices of upwards of 100 different Bedsteads, and also their Priced List of Bedding. They have likewise, in addition to their usual Stock, a great variety of PARISIAN BEDSTEADS, both in wood and iron, which they have just imported.

Heal and Son, Bedstead and Bedding Manufacturers,  
196, Tottenham Court Road.

**THE BEST MATTING AND MATS OF**

COCOA-NUT FIBRE.—The Jury of Class XXVIII. Great Exhibition, awarded the Prize Medal to T. TRELOAR, at whose warehouse (42, Ludgate Hill) purchasers will find an assortment of Cocoa-Nut Fibre manufactures, unequalled for variety and excellence at the most moderate prices.

Catalogues free by post. T. Treloar, Cocoa-Nut Fibre Manufacturer, 42, Ludgate Hill, London.

**THE ROYAL EXHIBITION.—A valuable**

newly-invented, very small, powerful WAISTCOAT POCKET GLASS, the size of a walnut, to discern minute objects at a distance of from four to five miles, which is found to be invaluable to Yachters, Sportsmen, Gentlemen, and Gamekeepers. Price 30s., sent free.—TELESCOPES. A new and most important invention in Telescopes, possessing such extraordinary powers, that some, 3½ inches, with an extra eye-piece, will show distinctly Jupiter's Moons, Saturn's Ring, and the Double Stars. They supersede every other kind, and are of all sizes, for the waistcoat pocket, Shooting, Military purposes, &c. Opera and Racecourse Glasses, with wonderful powers; a minute object can be clearly seen from ten to twelve miles distant. Invaluable, newly-invented Preserving Spectacles; invisible and all kinds of Acoustic Instruments for relief of extreme Deafness.—Messrs. H. and B. SOLOMONS, Opticians and Aurists, 39, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, opposite the York Hotel.

**HAIR.—R. BECK is now manufacturing the**

most superior HEAD-DRESSES for LADIES and GENTLEMEN, upon an entirely New Construction. R. B. has for years paid the strictest regard to fitting the Head, and studying the style and figure of the wearer, requisites too often lost sight of by the ordinary Wigmakers; and without which the false head-dress is immediately detected. His Wigs have likewise the great advantage of being only feather-weight; neither shrinking nor expanding; nor will they lose colour, or change in any climate. Prices range from One Guinea.

R. BECK, Established upwards of Twenty-five Years, Removed from Cheapside to 4, OLD JEWRY.

Hair-Cutting, Curling, Shampooing; hot and cold towels, clean brushes, &c. Charge, 6d.

**THE PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY**

Book Passengers and receive Goods and Parcels for MALTA, EGYPT, INDIA, and CHINA, by their Steamers leaving Southampton on the 20th of every Month.

The Company's Steamers also start for MALTA and CONSTANTINOPLE on the 29th, and VIGO, OPORTO, LISBON, CADIZ, and GIBRALTAR, on the 7th, 17th, and 27th of the Month.

For further information apply at the Company's Offices, 122, Leadenhall Street, London; and Oriental Place, Southampton.

**PARIS CHOCOLATE COMPANY,**

Completely registered, pursuant to 7 & 8 Vic. c. 110.

In 15,000 Shares of £1 each, to be fully paid upon allotment, (with power to increase to £25,000.)

The Directors have the pleasure to announce that they have this day received the CERTIFICATE of complete REGISTRATION, and that after Monday, the 1st of November next, no further applications for Shares will be received.

Prospectuses and all particulars may be obtained from, and applications for Shares may be addressed to the Directors, at the Wholesale Depot, 35, Pudding Lane, Eastcheap, City.

**FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.**

To the Directors of the Paris Chocolate Company.

Gentlemen,—I request that you will allot me shares in the above Company, and I hereby undertake to accept the same, or any less number that you may allot me, and pay the deposit of £1 per share, when called upon so to do. Also, to execute the deed of settlement whenever required.

Dated this day of , 1852.

Usual Signature \_\_\_\_\_  
Name (in full) \_\_\_\_\_  
Residence \_\_\_\_\_  
Business or Profession \_\_\_\_\_  
Referee's Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Residence \_\_\_\_\_  
Business or Profession \_\_\_\_\_

Oct. 27, 1852.

**THE CONSUMERS' PROTECTION SOCIETY.**

It is proposed to establish a society for the protection of consumers, to comprehend all those persons who, recognising the principle, may desire to give the sanction of their names and stations to the correction of an acknowledged evil—to form an Executive Committee who would undertake to conduct the necessary correspondence through which it may be acquired, and agencies established in all parts of the kingdom—to invite the formation of local and auxiliary societies, and to assist all who may apply for special information, as a means of guiding them in their transactions. The publication generally to comprehend information regarding the production and supply of the various articles of food, building materials, medicine, clothing, furniture, implements, &c.—the elements of cost in raising, preparing, and distributing them—the adulterations, frauds and impositions practised, the means of detection, and the channels through which better supplies may be procured at fair rates.

Prospectuses may be had at the following Booksellers in London:—Messrs. Ridgway, 123, Piccadilly; E. and W. Boone, 29, New Bond Street; and Pelham Richardson, 23, Cornhill.

**SOCIETY OF THE FRIENDS OF ITALY.**

The First CONVERSAZIONE of the Season will be held in the Music Hall, Store Street, Bedford Square, on the Evening of Wednesday, November 10. The Chair will be taken, at Eight o'clock precisely, by P. A. Taylor, Esq.

JOSEPH MAZZINI and LOUIS KOSSUTH will be present.

Cards of Admission—for Members, 1s., and for strangers, 1s. 6d. each—may be obtained at the Society's Offices, 10, Southampton Street, Strand; or at the Music Hall, before and on the Evening of Meeting.

All Policies Indisputable, and payable to Holder within fourteen days after Death, and free of Policy Stamp to the Assured, An entirely new and most economical Scale of Premiums.

**HOUSEHOLDERS' AND GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.**

15 and 16, ADAM STREET, ADELPHI, LONDON.

**DIRECTORS.**

William Ashton, Esq. Richard Griffiths Welford, Esq.  
The Rev. Thomas Cantor. Edward Bascome, Esq., M.D.  
Charles Hulke, Esq. Peter Paterson, Esq.  
F. Davenport B. Webster, Esq. Peter Paterson, Esq., jun.

**DISTINCTIVE AND PECULIAR FEATURES.**

1. Every Policy is absolutely indisputable, the state of health, age, and interest, being admitted on the Policy.
2. A Lower Scale of Premiums than any other Office.
3. Policies transferable by indorsement.
4. Policies Paid within Fourteen Days after Proof of Death.
5. No charge for Policy Stamp.
6. Persons recently assured in other Offices may obtain indisputable Policies from this Company at more moderate rates of premiums.
7. Medical Referees in all cases paid by the Company.

RICHARD HODSON, Secretary.

**BANKS OF DEPOSIT AND SAVINGS BANKS.**

INVESTMENT OF CAPITAL AND SAVINGS.

**NATIONAL ASSURANCE and INVESTMENT ASSOCIATION,**

7, ST. MARTIN'S PLACE, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON,  
AND 56, PALL MALL, MANCHESTER.

Established in 1844.

**TRUSTEES.**

Lieut.-Col. the Right Honourable Lord George Paget, M.P.  
Rev. Joseph Prendergast, D.D., (Cantab.) Lewisham.  
George Stone, Esq., Banker, Lombard Street.  
Matthew Hutton Chaytor, Esq., Reigate.

The Investment of Money with this Association secures equal advantages to the Savings of the Provident, and the Capital of the Affluent, and affords to both the means of realising the highest rate of Interest yielded by first-class securities, in which alone the Funds are employed.

The constant demand for advances upon securities of that peculiar class, which are offered almost exclusively to Life Assurance Companies, such as Reversions, Life Interests, &c., enables the Board of Management to employ Capital on more advantageous terms and at higher rates of Interest than could otherwise, with equal safety, be obtained.

The present rate of Interest is five per cent. per annum, and this rate will continue to be paid so long as the Assurance department finds the same safe and profitable employment for money.

Interest payable half-yearly in January and July.

Money intended for Investment is received daily between the hours of 10 and 4 o'clock, at the Offices of the Association.

Immediate Annuities granted, and the business of Life Assurance in all its branches, transacted, on highly advantageous terms. Rates, Prospectuses, and Forms of Proposal, with every requisite information, may be obtained on application at the offices of the Association, or to the respective Agents throughout the United Kingdom.

PETER MORRISON, Managing Director.

Applications for Agencies may be made to the Managing Director.

ESTABLISHED 1837.

Incorporated by special Act of Parliament.

Intending Life Assurers and Policy Holders in other Companies are invited to examine the rates, principles, and position of the

**SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITUTION**

for MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE by MODERATE PREMIUMS.

THE SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITUTION claims superiority over other mutual offices in the following particulars:—

- 1.—Premiums at early and middle age about a fourth lower.
- 2.—A more accurate adjustment of the rates of premium to the several ages.
- 3.—A principle in the division of the surplus more safe, equitable, and favourable to good lives.
- 4.—Exemption from entry money.

All policies indisputable, unless obtained by fraud.

**SPECIMENS OF PREMIUMS.**

Annual Premiums for £100, with whole profits.							
Age 20	25	30	35	40	45	50	55
£1 15 8	1 18 0	2 1 6	2 6 10	2 14 9	3 5 9	4 17 5	5 1 11
Annual Premiums, payable for 21 years only, for £100, with whole profits.							
Age 20	25	30	35	40	45	50	
£2 7 10	2 10 8	2 14 6	2 19 8	3 6 4	3 14 9	4 7 2	

A comparison of these premiums with those of any other office will at once show the immediate advantage secured in the SCOTTISH PROVIDENT. The premiums payable for 21 years only are nearly the same as many offices require during the whole of life.

**PROGRESS.**

Since its institution in 1837, this Society has issued upwards of 5750 policies, the assurances exceeding Two Millions and a Half, a result the more satisfactory, as the Directors have firmly adhered to their rule of allowing No Commission to any other than their own recognised official agents.

Its whole affairs are in the most prosperous condition, as shown by the Annual Reports, which with prospectus, tables of annuity and assurance premium, and every information may be obtained, free, on application to the London Branch, 12, Moor-gate Street, City.

GEORGE GRANT, Resident Secretary.

Now ready in folsenp quarto, neatly bound in cloth, price 10s.

**REMINISCENCES OF A YACHTING**

CRUISE. By Mrs. N. M. CONDY. Illustrated with Four Lithographic Drawings by F. G. Dutton, Esq., from Sketches by the late N. M. CONDY, Esq.

London: Ackermann and Co., Strand.

**TO LADIES.—Just published, price 6d.,**

No. 4 of "THE NEEDLE," a Monthly Magazine of Ornamental Work, conducted by Mlle. RIEGO.

London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.; Ackermann and Co. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd, Dublin: Hodges and Smith; and all Berlin Warehousemen.

N.B.—Mlle. Riego continues to supply every requisite for the work-table, of the best quality, and at the lowest price, at her establishment, 106, New Bond Street.

**WORKS EDUCATIONAL AND SPECULATIVE.**

	s. d.
Euclid, the First Book only; an Introduction to Mathematics (with plates) .....	2 6
A Practical Grammar of the Broad Rules of Speech .....	1 6
A Handbook of Graduated Exercises .....	1 0
Rudiments of Public Speaking and Debate .....	1 6
A Logic of Facts, or Method of Reasoning by Facts .....	1 6
The People's Review (30 articles complete) .....	1 0
Literary Institutions—their Relation to Public Opinion .....	0 2
The History of Six Months' Imprisonment (For the personal of her Majesty's Attorney General and the British Clergy) .....	1 6
The Task of To-Day—Vol. I. of the Cabinet of Reason .....	1 0
Why do the Clergy Avoid Discussion and Philosophers Discountenance it?—Vol. II. of the Cabinet of Reason .....	0 6
Life, Writings, and Character of the late Richard Carlile, who endured Nine Years and Four Months' Imprisonment for the Freedom of the English Press .....	0 6
Paley's Natural Theology tried by the Doctor's Own Words .....	0 6
Rationalism (Mr. Owen's Views Individualised) .....	0 6
Roman Catholicism the Religion of Fear, with 8 plates, from Father Piamonti .....	0 3
The Philosophic Type of Christianity: an Examination of the "Soul: her Sorrows and her Aspirations," by F. W. Newman .....	0 3
The Logic of Death (Twenty-six Thousand) .....	0 1
The Reasoner: a Gazette of Secular Advocacy. Weekly .....	0 1

London:

James Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster Row.

## NEW BOOKS &amp; NEW EDITIONS.

**FRASER'S MAGAZINE** for NOVEMBER.  
Price 2s. 6d., or by Post, 3s., contains:

The Exhibition-Jury Reports.  
Hypatia; or, New Foes with  
an Old Face. By the Author  
of "Yeast." Chap. XXI.  
Some Account of Mrs. Beecher  
Stowe and her Family. By  
an Alabama Man.  
Autobiography of Captain  
Digby Grand. Chapters  
XXIII. and XXIV.  
The Northmen in Britain.

**PRINCIPLES of POLITICAL ECONOMY.**  
By JOHN STUART MILL. Third Edition, 2 Volumes,  
8vo., 30s.

The present edition has been revised throughout, and several chapters either materially added to or entirely re-cast. Among these may be mentioned that on the 'Means of abolishing Cottier Tenantry,' the suggestions contained in which had reference exclusively to Ireland, and to Ireland in a condition which has been much modified by subsequent events. An addition has been made to the theory of International Values laid down in the eighteenth chapter of the Third Book. The chapter on Property has been almost entirely re-written. The chapter on the 'Futurity of the Labouring Classes' has been enriched with the results of the experience afforded since this work was first published, by the co-operative associations in France. . . .—*Extract from Preface of Third Edition.*

**SYSTEM OF LOGIC.** By the same Author.  
Cheaper Edition. Two Vols. 8vo. 25s.

In a special chapter newly added to the work, the Author has made an attempt to set in a clearer light the mutual relations of Chemistry and Physics to Physiology and Pathology, and here he cannot refrain from acknowledging how great have been his obligations, in regard to this object, to the study of Mr. Mill's 'System of Logic.' Indeed, he feels he can claim no other merit than that of having applied to some special cases, and carried out further than they have previously been done those principles of research in natural science which have been laid down by that distinguished philosopher.—*Liebig's Preface to Animal Chemistry.*

**MANUAL OF CHEMISTRY.** By W. T. BRANDE, F.R.S. Professor of Chemistry in the Royal Institution. Sixth Edition, considerably enlarged, and embodying all recent Discoveries in the Science. 2 vols. 8vo., £2 5s.

Vol. I. contains: History of Chemical Philosophy; the Powers of Matter and the Non-Metallic Elements; Chemistry of the Metals.

Vol. II.: Organic Chemistry; Appendix of Weights and Measures; and complete Index, giving more than 11,000 references.

**LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A NATURALIST.** By W. J. BRODERIP, F.R.S. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Those who have read Mr. Broderip's 'Zoological Recreations' will be prepared here for a work of no ordinary interest, and we can assure them they will not be disappointed. Seldom has natural history found amongst its ardent cultivators one so well versed in ancient and modern learning, and in all that knowledge which renders scientific writings attractive to the general reader, as Mr. Broderip. The papers here published are devoted more particularly to observations on the higher animals, especially those which are exhibited in the Gardens of the Zoological Society. Those who are in the habit of visiting these gardens for either instruction or amusement could not have a better guide than Mr. Broderip.—*Athenæum.*

**THE EARTH AND MAN; OR, PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY IN ITS RELATION TO THE HISTORY OF MANKIND.** Slightly abridged from the work of ARNOLD GUYOT, with Corrections and Notes. A Cheap Edition, for Schools and General Readers. 2s. 6d.

Upon the whole the Editor does not hesitate to express his conviction that the following pages contain the most able and instructive sketch of the science of Geography with which he is acquainted. The Lectures were evidently the out-pouring of a mind richly furnished, and maturely disciplined by life-long study of the science in all its connexions. . . . A sense of the obligation which he owes himself to the Lectures as first published, has induced the Editor to prepare this edition. He trusts that the alterations which he has made will render the book more convenient and intelligible for future readers.

*Editor's Preface.*

**THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIVING.**  
By HERBERT MAYO, M.D. Third and Cheaper Edition. 5s.

On the Diversities of the Constitution—of Digestion—of Exercises—Physical Education of Girls—Spinal Curvature—of Sleep—of Bathing—of Clothing—of Air and Climate—Health of Mind—Self-Control—Mental Culture.

**CLASSICAL TEXTS.**  
Carefully Revised, from the best Editions.

Æschyli Eumenides. 1s.	Euripidis Bacche. 1s.
Æschyli Prometheus Vinculus. 1s.	Horatii Ars Poetica. 6d.
Cæsar de Bello Gallico. I. to IV. 1s. 6d.	Horatii Carmina. 1s. 6d.
Cicero de Amicitia. 1s.	Horatii Satire. 1s.
Cicero de Officiis. 2s.	Ovidii Fasti. 2s.
Cicero de Senectute. 1s.	Platonis Menexenus. 1s.
Ciceronis Oratio Philippica Secunda. 1s.	Platonis Phædo. 2s.
Cicero pro Milone. 1s.	Platonis Phædrus. 1s. 6d.
Cicero pro Muræna. 1s.	Plutarch's Lives of Solon, Pericles, and Philopomen. 2s.
Cicero pro Plancio. 1s.	Sophocles Œdipus Tyrannus, with English Notes. 2s. 6d.
Demosthenes in Leptineum. 1s.	Sophocles Philoctetes, with English Notes. 2s.
Demosthenes Orationes Selectæ. 1s. 6d.	Taciti Agricola. 1s.
Excerpta ex Arriano. 2s. 6d.	Taciti Germania. 1s.
Excerpta ex Luciano. 1s.	Terentii Adelphi. 1s.
Excerpta ex Taciti Annalibus. 2s. 6d.	Terentii Andria. 1s.
	Virgilli Georgicu. 1s. 6d.

LONDON: JOHN W. PARKER & SON, WEST STRAND.

At all the Libraries, 2 vols. post 8vo, cloth, 21s.

## VILLAGE LIFE IN EGYPT.

BY BAYLE ST. JOHN,

Author of "Adventures in the Libyan Desert," "Two Years' Residence in a Levantine Family."

"In former writings on Egypt, Mr. Bayle St. John had established himself as a trustworthy guide on the Nile and in the desert—in the temples of Sirval, and in the native houses of Alexandria: and the present volumes will confirm his reputation as a writer who can put his knowledge before the reader in a form at once instructive and picturesque. . . . They constitute an attractive addition to the library of Eastern travel."—*Athenæum.*

"Mr. St. John is a wary and observant traveller, with a ready pen, and he has brought all these qualities to bear upon his book."—*Daily News.*

NEW NOVEL, BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BACHELOR OF THE ALBANY."

At all the Libraries, 3 vols. post 8vo,

REUBEN MEDLICOTT;

OR, THE COMING MAN.

A Novel.

By W. M. SAVAGE, Author of "The Falcon Family," "My Uncle the Curate," &c.

"A valuable addition to our best works of contemporary fiction, among which the previous works of the same writer have already taken a most honourable place."—*Examiner.*

"Mr. Savage loves to linger over the description of a character, and loiters to point his sharp but not envenomed arrows against the foibles of the different classes of society into which he introduces his readers. . . . A light, pungent, searching, but, upon the whole, good-natured picture of town life, either in London, the provinces, or the universities."—*Spectator.*

PALISSY THE POTTER.

At all the Libraries, 2 vols. post 8vo, cloth, 18s.

THE LIFE OF BERNARD PALISSY OF SAINTES;

His Labours and Discoveries in Art and Science: with an Outline of his Philosophical Doctrines, and Illustrative Selections from his Works.

By HENRY MORLEY,

Author of "How to make Home Unhealthy," &c.

Forming the New Volumes of CHAPMAN AND HALL'S SERIES OF ORIGINAL WORKS.

"We have not been more interested by a biography for many a day. . . . Every minutest trace is given in Mr. Morley's book with an honest sincerity and affectionate warmth of sympathy that has given us the greatest pleasure."—*Examiner.*

"Those who would wish to see the struggles of genius for the achievement of excellence, moral and material, vividly presented, should read the Life of Palissy the Potter, as it is prefigured in these interesting and instructive pages."—*Observer.*

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.

New Work by the Author of "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," &c.

## Mr. Thackeray's Novel,

ENTITLED

## The History of Henry Esmond, Esq.,

A Colonel in the service of Her Majesty Q. Anne,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF,

Is Now Ready at all Libraries, in Three Volumes, crown 8vo, price £1 14s. 6d.

SMITH, ELDER, AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.

**MR. CHARLES LEVER'S NEW WORK,**  
THE DODD FAMILY ABROAD.—The Third number is published This Day, price One Shilling. With Two Illustrations, by H. K. BROWNE.

London: Chapman and Hall, 193, Piccadilly.

## Penny Maps.

Now ready, price 2s. 6d., the INDEX, TITLE-PAGE, &c., to Chapman and Hall's Series of Penny Maps. The complete Work, under the Title of "LOWRY'S TABLE ATLAS," containing 100 Maps, royal 4to, will be ready in a few days, strongly half-bound, price 15s., plain; or 21s. coloured.

London: Chapman and Hall, 193, Piccadilly.

This day is published, price One Shilling,

## Old Roads and New Roads.

Being No. I. of

READING FOR TRAVELLERS.

London: Chapman and Hall, 193, Piccadilly.

This Day, crown 8vo, Two Shillings,  
**PHÆTHON; OR, LOOSE THOUGHTS FOR LOOSE THINKERS.** By the Rev. C. KINGSLEY, Rector of Eversley, Author of "Yeast," &c.  
Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. London: George Bell.

This Day, crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.,  
**THE RESTORATION OF BELIEF.**—Part II.: On the Supernatural Origin of Christianity.  
Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. London: George Bell.

**NORTH BRITISH REVIEW, No. XXXV.**  
NOVEMBER. Contents:  
I. OXFORD AND THE ROYAL COMMISSION.  
II. THE FIRST FRENCH REVOLUTION IN CHEMISTRY—LAVOISIER.  
III. TUSCANY AND ITS GRAND DUKES.  
IV. GUIZOT ON SHAKESPEARE AND CORNEILLE—FRENCH CRITICISM.  
V. THE INFALLIBILITY OF THE BIBLE, AND RECENT THEORIES OF INSPIRATION.  
VI. THE DIAMOND—ITS HISTORY AND PROPERTIES.  
VII. AMERICAN SLAVERY AND UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.  
VIII. THE MODERN EXODUS IN ITS EFFECTS ON THE BRITISH ISLANDS.  
Edinburgh: W. P. Kennedy.  
London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. Dublin: J. M'Clashan.

## Bentley's Miscellany Enlarged.

The NOVEMBER Number, price Half-a-Crown, of

## BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY

WILL CONTAIN:

1. How we Talked about the Burmese War.
2. Alexander Dumas and his Memoirs.
3. Visit to Italy, by an Architect.
4. Outposts of England.
5. Corners of my Library—Elkanah Settle.
6. The Saddlebags; or, the Bridle Roads of Spain.
7. Port Wine and Port Wine Drinkers.
8. The Reading-Room of the British Museum.
9. Out of Town.
10. The Man of the World in the South of Europe.
11. In Memoria—Arthur, Duke of Wellington.
12. Memoirs of Count de la Marek.
13. Miss Sinclair's "Beatrice," and Mrs. Trollope's "Uncle Walter."

Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street.

This day is published, price 2s. 6d.

## THE PROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

No. XXXII. CONTENTS.

- I. Money and Morals.
- II. The Eddas.
- III. Uncle Tom's Cabin: the Present Condition and Prospects of American Slavery.
- IV. Hartley Coleridge's Lives of the Northern Worthies.
- V. Lectures on Moral Philosophy.

London: John Chapman, 142, Strand.

**THE BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.**  
No. XXXII. (Price 6s.) will be published on Monday next.

CONTENTS.

1. University Reform.
2. French Memoirs of the Age of Louis XIV.
3. China—its Civilization and Religion.
4. Mure's History of Greek Literature.
5. The Theology of the Old Testament.
6. Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy.
7. Shakspeare and Goethe.
8. The Meeting of Convocation.
9. Our Epilogue on Affairs and Books.

London: Jackson and Walford, 18, St. Paul's Churchyard; and Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., Stationers' Hall Court.

LONDON: Printed by George Hooper, (of No. 3, Portland Place, Kensington, in the County of Middlesex,) at the Office of Messrs. SAVILL and EDWARDS, No. 4, Chancery Street, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of London; and Published by THORNTON LEIGH HUNT, (of Broadway House, Hammersmith,) at THE LEADER OFFICE, No. 10, WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND, in the Precinct of the Survey, both in the same County.—SATURDAY, October 30, 1852.