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# The Leader.

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

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SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1852.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.]

## News of the Week.

EASTER breaks a session unmarked by any other achievement than that of substituting for a Ministry which professed Reform without achieving it, a Ministry which professes Protection without pursuing it. We have changed King Log for—King Log. He may look like a Stork at the distance, but go close and you find it is nothing but a stump—frightful and frantic as seen from afar, but as dead as a Whig. It is indeed something to have got rid of the Old Man of the Sea Ministry; and as Lord Derby has no such chance of settling down into his bed as a Russell had, the change is one for the better; but that is all. We are to have a dissolution before the year is out, and Parliament will probably be summoned before Christmas; but what Ministers mean to do, they will not say. No cross-questioning can extract an avowal: they will not confess what they mean to attempt in the residue of the session; they will not announce the policy which they intend to submit to the country at the election. They evidently dare not avow their own plans.

In the meanwhile they avoid discussion. Some important subjects have been before Parliament this week, but Ministers maintain a defensive and evasive attitude. The Kaffir war has been in discussion, on going into Committee of Supply; but the question was one rather with the late than the present Ministry. Without so apposite an occasion as he might have had on Mr. Adderley's motion, Sir William Molesworth expounded the merits of the case, and Mr. Frederick Peel defended Lord Grey; but the interest of the points in litigation is to a great extent superseded by the change of administration, both in Downing-Street and the Colony. The debate was chiefly notable for Mr. Gladstone's argument, in favour of leaving the colony and its defence to local self-government; a proposition ill met by Lord John Russell's argument against any sudden withdrawal of troops, which nobody proposed.

Another subject, advanced by the interpellations of Lord Beaumont, has been the treatment of English subjects abroad and of foreign refugees in this country: Lord Malmesbury's answer implied that he should not depart from the course laid down by his predecessor—moderation and practical independence: he should propose no alteration of the laws, and should introduce no change in their administration. Lord Beaumont

was addressing the House of Lords on the discourteous and arrogant despatches of Prince Schwarzenberg, when death had already sealed the lips, and palsied the hand of that Austrian statesman for ever.

On the whole, however, the principal Ministers have kept out of discussion in a marked manner, within the last few days. They are preparing for the election, and profess to despise the present "moribund Parliament," while they dread to let their real policy be detected.

Out of doors, circumstances do not favour them. Demonstrations like Mr. Cardwell's Free-trade electioneering speech at Liverpool, do not augur favourably for the opponents of Free-trade; still less the alliance with flaunting fanatics like the Reverend Hugh M'Neile.

The election of Archbishop Cullen, of Armagh, heretofore Primate of Ireland for the Roman Catholic Church, to the second, but more influential post, as Archbishop of Dublin, means mischief. Dr. Cullen is the leader of the ultramontane party, and he is substituted for the late Dr. Murray, leader of the Liberal Catholics, whom Lord John's anti-papal agitation so insanely alienated; but Dr. Cullen will prove not less troublesome to an Orange Government, like Lord Eglinton's, than he would have done to the Russell Cabinet.

And, to crown the troubles of the Derby Cabinet, the Revenue Returns for the year and quarter present a most embarrassing aspect for a Protectionist Ministry—a decrease of 700,000*l.* on the year, with the very slight increase of 100,000*l.* on the quarter; and a still more vexatious condition of the details. The Income-tax, with which they *must* deal in some way or other, is yearly declining; the Revenue must be supported; yet the chief returns are from that department of Customs which Free-trade rendered so little oppressive, though still so productive; and Excise, which includes the Malt-tax, object of agricultural hatred. The practical injunction of the Revenue-table is this—Stick to the Free-trade policy, don't abandon the Malt-tax, don't abate but improve the Income-tax. But how is Mr. Disraeli to do that and yet to retain the agricultural confidence?

At the eleventh hour, an agitation has fairly commenced to save the Crystal Palace. In spite of official frowns, a huge concourse took possession of the building on Saturday, enjoyed a promenade, and held a meeting to protest against the destruction of the edifice; a public meeting in the city has adopted the same view, by an immense

majority. Lord John Manners, who was so free to give up "arts and commerce," is obdurate on the score of the building: a few lordly residents dislike it, and, whatever Ministry may be in office, social courtesy would forbid any violation of their pleasure; so the public apathy is to be used against the public wish. There can, however, be little doubt that the Ministry which removes the most popular work of the day will effectually draw upon itself a large share of public *dislike*.

Schwarzenberg, the sworded Metternich of the counter-revolutionary period, has been struck from his seat of power by the fatal hand of disease. He was the man for his day. Poor Stadion took the troubles of 1848 to heart, tried to accommodate the institutions of Austria to the march of time, was slighted for his pains by all parties, went mad with anxiety, and died. Schwarzenberg had no such premature providence: he looked to the present only; grappling with revolution, he seized the contumacious provinces of Austria, re-bounded them to their slavery, and to the past; and restored the absolute power of his Emperor. He did it at the expense of subserviency to Russia, at an expense of bloodshed and misery incalculable; but he did it. In the Austrian sense he was a great man. He affected even the internal administration of England; he repelled Lord Westmoreland and his complimentary tea-service, until the Whig ministry had shaken off the only man that gave it strength, against whom he had conceived a sullen enmity. If that injury to a vigorous statesman like Lord Palmerston is to have any results, the offender has not lived to endure the retribution. Stadion died in a mad-house; Schwarzenberg died in undisputed power.

Louis Bonaparte leads France as a skilful husband in the honey days of illusion—dashed, it may be, with a faint prescience of future henpecking—leads the wife of his bosom, by managing to be *driven* the way he would go. He will only accept a crown if he is driven to the hard necessity: accordingly, the army, debauched by donatives and influenced by souvenirs and appeals, the legion of *coquins* who shout at his carriage-wheels for so much a day, and the innumerable functionaries of every degree, transformed for the occasion into purveyors of enthusiasm, are pumping up another free and sincere expression of the people's will in time perhaps for the 5th of May, which, as a Napoleonic anniversary, will have to be celebrated.

The reception of the magistracy, with old

Portalis, probably the most venerable official oath-breaker extant, at their head, is described as imperial and severe in tone, look, manner, gesture. The reply to the fulsome falsehoods of their mouth-piece is noticeable for a pointed allusion to the suffrage that gave the Empire to Napoleon, and the succession to his chosen heir; it was no longer simply the six millions of 1848, or the seven millions of 1851, but the four millions of 1804, on which his hereditary rights reposed. Rights to what? to the Empire, in the name of the People. Among these magistrates, the fountains of law, truth, justice, and honesty, there were more men, twice and thrice forsworn, than could probably be found in any other official class. Chiefly Orleanists by sympathy, they are naturally suspected by the dominant Faction. And law is of itself an object of suspicion to men who trample all law under foot.

Another propulsion towards the Empire comes from the legislature which, even such as it is, is fain to fall into old parliamentary habits, and really to discuss measures, when it was only invented to register decrees. Already we hear of an opposition from a knot of members, who got elected under false pretences of Napoleonism, (following out the morality they were taught) and now declare themselves "Independents." Even this corps may have to be dissolved, unless it survive to be pitched out of window. Imagine the insubordination of Members of Parliament who decline to wear the liveries handsomely provided for them by decree. O! party of order; ye who hooted down Victor Hugo from the National Tribune, behold your punishment!

As for the Senate, their servility outruns tyranny itself. They have already voted away as large a civil list as poor Louis Philippe grudgingly obtained, not to speak of the exclusive right of shooting in royal forests and plantations, which had been legally leased to private gentlemen for a term of years. All these fantastic tricks are a lesson, and a bitter lesson, to the French people. It may well be believed that, however rank and high the noxious weed of Bonapartism may threaten to grow, it is withering at the root.

The death of Schwarzenberg is not auspicious to the designs of the Dictator: for the late Prime Minister of Austria was naturally sympathetic to the man of December, and his detestation of English constitutionalism increased his disposition to coquet with French despotism.

But the wonders of the day come from the opposite hemisphere. The explorations of the Austrian gold fields prove them to be productive in an increasing ratio, like the coal fields of England. Vast sums have come over, but they are mere foretastes. As much as 70,000 pounds in weight is said to be lying in the bank at Melbourne. That town is without a working-class—all off to the gold fields. Not only do shepherds leave their flocks unshorn, herdsmen leave their cattle running wild, reapers the crops unreaped, shopmen the counter unmanned, domestic servants the beds unmade and the dinner uncooked; but the police themselves are off after the runaways, not as pursuers, but as companions; promoting themselves to be vagabonds. For in that singular region of pocketed quadrupeds on two legs and four-footed ducks, your vagrant is now the man of substance; raw material is the paramount capital; and the capitalist, superseded by the fields themselves, is left destitute by labour, and calls out for relief. Ordinary trade is at a stand for hands, while the trouble of the labourer is only to carry his wealth, and get his raw gold minted into coin.

The other event from the south is a mournful disaster. The *Birkenhead* steam-ship, which had just arrived at the Cape with five hundred troops, Point d'Anger, through the rash steering of the captain, and four hundred and fifty-four brave

tunate pedantry of short cuts which is the besetting sin of sailing masters. But it also suggests grave doubts as to iron, both as to its strength and its safety; as to strength, in resisting the sharp point of a rock, and as to safety, in disturbance of the needle. The ship was on a wrong course—but was this the master's fault altogether, or partly the magnet's?

The circumstances are peculiarly distressing, and the too frequent occurrence of these catastrophes cannot blunt the public mind to indifference, in presence of a national loss.

Four hundred and fifty-four as brave fellows as ever trod a deck or shouldered a knapsack, the very pith and sinew of England, went down to death as calmly as if they were simply obeying orders; nay, in the very act of obeying orders; in sight of the shore, too, on which they were ardent to seek distinction, perhaps a glorious death in their country's service.

Four hundred and fifty-four souls drowned! but how many widows, how many orphans, how many affections left to mourn!

The rashness of the captain was more than atoned by his heroic death; and by his side was an officer who was on his way to replace Colonel Fordyce, happier, alas! in his death at the head of his regiment.

#### HISTORY OF PARLIAMENT.

ANOTHER debate on the opinions, principles, and policy of Ministers occupied the House of Commons on Monday night, and in its results was as ineffectual as any of its predecessors in drawing forth any distinct statement of their intentions. Mr. Osborne was again challenger and aggressor: the occasion was again the motion that the House do resolve itself into a Committee of Supply.

Gravely taunting Ministers with mystification, and with giving explanations requiring to be explained, he flanked his first blow by quoting from one of those "Arcadian love-letters" which had passed between Lord Malmesbury and the Austrian ambassador, intimating that Lord Derby's government would give "a frank and honest exposition of principles" to the nations of the civilized world, and then asking if it were incumbent on a Minister to give a frank exposition to the civilized world, how much more incumbent was it to give a frank exposition to the people of this country! Why try the long range at Vienna when there was so much practice ground in this country. Then there were the indispensable measures. What were they? Heaven and the Minister only knew. And as to the main question, that which made them Ministers, the question of Protection, what had been Lord Derby's conduct with respect to that?

"In the celebrated desertion case which he (Mr. Osborne) had referred to the other night, it was said:—

"I as I may (that which I would I cannot),  
With best advantage will deceive the time,  
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms,  
But on thy side I may not be too forward."

(A laugh.) These were almost the precise terms used by Lord Derby to his Protectionist allies; and this was acting a bold and straightforward course,—this was to show the very soul of chivalry! (A laugh.) There were, however, gentlemen on the opposite benches who, in all likelihood, would be more inclined to think that it partook more of the sly practices of the cockpit than the bold defiance of the tilting-yard (laughter),—that it resembled more the peculiar practices of Newmarket than the bold chivalry of Flodden-field. (Laughter.) They had heard a great deal of factious opposition, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, notwithstanding the almost indecent haste with which the House had voted 14,000,000*l.* whenever any one opposed a bill, cried out, 'Factious opposition,' and complained that he could not carry anything. (Hear, hear.) But there might be such a thing as a factious Government. (Hear, hear.) There might be such a thing as a Government getting into office on false pretences, and, having obtained the supplies on false pretences, then turning round and making such an explanation as was made in another place on the 30th. (Hear, hear.)

He stigmatized the course of Government respecting Maynooth, and defied anybody to make anything out of the official replies made on the subject in either House; he rallied Mr. Forbes Mackenzie for the hazy cunning which he had contrived to throw over the Maynooth question in his Liverpool speech; and Lord Naas on the abandonment of the Irish millers and distillers; he made the House merry by a sarcastic allusion to the hybrid animals now going about in boroughs, called Free-trade Protectionists, while pure Protectionists canvassed the counties. Mr. George Frederick Young was presented to the House as no longer the advocate of such Utopian theories as the corn and navigation laws existing before 1846; and Mr. Christopher held up as the last of the 'farmers' friends.' "It was a melancholy fact that this Protection cry had served its turn; and it might now be called, in the phraseology of the betting-ring, the 'book-

horse.' They had heard of the fate of a great many Derby favourites,—the public backed them to a great extent—especially the poor people in the country (laughter)—but when the day of the race arrived they had frequently seen people in high position 'scratching' their horses and leaving the public in the lurch. (Hear, hear.) So was it with the cry of Protection. (Cheers and laughter.)

"Who would not praise Patricio's high desert,  
His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart!  
His comprehensive head all interests weighed,  
All Europe saved, yet Britain not betrayed?  
He heeds them not; his pride is in piquet,  
Newmarket fame, and judgment at a bet!"

(Hear, hear, and laughter.) Mr. Disraeli had talked of large and comprehensive views, but no views, however large and comprehensive, would give the country faith in the honour of a ministry whose actions were so unworthy of a great country. Look at that blank-cartridge of a reform bill—that extension of the suffrage wrapped up in a military cover, and now withdrawn. (Cheers and laughter.) He was not surprised at the withdrawal of that proposition, because, though endeavoured to be palmed off as original, it was copied from no less a person than orator Hunt, who in 1831 laid on the table of the House a motion to precisely the same effect. (Cheers and laughter.) It was not to be wondered at, therefore, that the country party should be in a ferment at this ebullition of reform zeal on the part of the Home Secretary, and should insist on his withdrawing a proposition so unhandsonely stolen. (Laughter.) If Ministers wished to have a shred of reputation about them, they must tell the House what policy they intended to pursue."

In reply to this, Lord JOHN MANNERS said that Government had nothing new to say. They stood by their declarations, all and each. If the Opposition were strong, why did they not display their strength? and then, rising in audacity, he exclaimed, What means this constant and nightly interruption of all public business?—a question met by derisive cries of "Oh! oh!" and cheers. Did the House forget the long constitutional essays delivered at previous sittings, the speeches delivered by Mr. Osborne before, and if these interruptions were to be continued, why not bring them to a head and issue at once?

Mr. ROEBUCK played his usual part; but while fighting both friends and foes, he fixed the new point raised by Lord John Manners with great distinctness. After lecturing Mr. Disraeli for having hunted down Sir Robert Peel; for having dropped into office as a Protectionist, and shirked the question when in office; he lectured his friends upon the duty of instantly taking up the insolent challenge flung down by Lord John Manners.

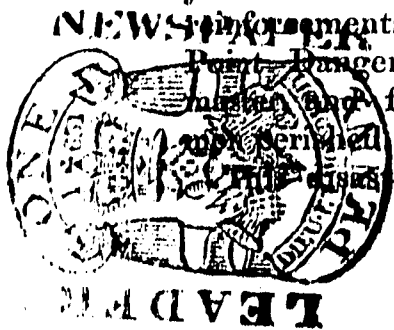
"Were he (Mr. Roebuck) the leader of any Opposition he would bring that policy to a test at once. (Hear, hear.) He acknowledged that there was mischief in these constant assailings of the right hon. gentlemen opposite (on the Ministerial benches) with mere words; but did they or not believe they were in a majority in that house? If they were, let them feel it. If they were not, let the country know its own danger. (Hear, hear.) But by the policy pursued opposite, and on that (the Opposition) side of the House, the right hon. gentlemen had all the benefit of a majority, and of a minority too ('Hear, hear, and a laugh'); they had the benefit of a minority because they did not dare to propose anything; and they had the benefit of a majority because the Opposition did not dare to propose anything (hear, hear); but, if it were so, between the two contending parties the country drifted to leeward, and all the interests of Great Britain and Ireland were forgotten through these miserable proceedings of party. (Hear, hear.) Sure he was the country would neither justify one nor the other. He appealed to the noble lord (Lord John Russell), if he were to represent the Opposition, to bring this matter to a test quickly, both for his own character as well as for the interests of the country."

Mr. ADDERLEY defended the "declarations," and admitted that the country was opposed to Protection. Mr. CHARLES VILLIERS, called up by Mr. Roebuck's lecture, defended himself from the charge of not having distinctly tested the opinion of the House, by asserting that he was satisfied Ministers had abandoned Protection, and he enlarged on the point to an extent so damaging to them, that Mr. HENLEY rose, and roundly asserting that the country was satisfied with the language of the Government, he said—

"As to the principles on which they proceeded, he would simply answer, that their principles were now what they always had been; there was no change in them. Whether any party could carry the whole of their principles did not depend on themselves, but on the country; and to the country it was the declared wish of the Government to go, as soon as the measures necessary for the prosperity and safety of the country should be carried. (Hear, hear.) They cared not how soon this should be; but it would be in full time to enable a new Parliament to assemble in the present year, and to that new Parliament the question which hon. gentlemen opposite wanted, but which they would not be allowed to make the only question, would be submitted. (Hear, hear.)"

He also reiterated the charge invented by Lord John Manners, that the Opposition interrupted and impeded the necessary business of the session.

This scandalized Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT, who rated Ministers for advancing it, and pointed to a sentence in Mr. Henley's speech, that there had not been one division against the Government during their term of office, as a proof of the groundlessness of the charge.





Beside this, he appealed to Ministers publicly to abandon Protection, and consolidate the great progressive Conservative party.

"What was this corn-law, which gentlemen opposite wanted to bring back—what was it, after all, but a system of outdoor relief to the country gentlemen? ('hear, hear,' and laughter)—different, indeed, from a Poor-law rate in this material respect, that whereas the Poor-law rate was a tax imposed on property for the sustentation of poverty, the corn-tax was an impost levied on poverty for the aggrandizement of property." (Hear, hear.)

Mr. MOORE seemed to have two articles of faith—hatred of the Whigs, and a sneaking kindness for Protection. He made the House roar with laughter by the pert arrogance with which he proclaimed to the world at large that "the Irish people had unanimously, irrevocably, and inexorably decided that Lord John Russell, at all events, should never again be at the head of the Treasury bench."

The debate languished very fast in the hands of Sir JOHN TYRELL, who thus maladroitly alluded to Disraeli's first appearance in the House—

"Hon. gentlemen opposite pretended to misunderstand what had taken place in the other House; but, as his right hon. friend the Chancellor of the Exchequer had once said, 'there shall come a time when you shall hear me,' so he (Sir J. Tyrell) would venture to say that there should come a time when they should understand his right hon. friend—if they would only continue to listen to him." (Great laughter.)

Mr. NEWDEGATE did not revive the dying interest of the discussion by saying that the opinions of his friends had not abated one jot—not one jot—on the question of Protection, and that all the Protection Societies believed in Lord Derby; and the debate died in the hands of Sir ROBERT INGLIS, who seemed hurt at the interruptions of the Opposition.

#### IONIAN ISLANDS.

Mr. Hume made a rambling speech on Monday respecting the conduct of Sir Henry Ward, in the Ionian Islands. He alleged all kinds of irregularities and tyrannical proceedings against the Lord High Commissioner, and compared his rule to that of Louis Napoleon. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON defended Sir Henry Ward, on the ground that the conduct of the Ionian people justified what had been done. They were evidently unfit for liberty, and the punishment inflicted on the ringleaders was justified by the abominable acts they had committed. Mr. F. Peel concurred, with some reservation in favour of constitutional government. Mr. Hume, who had made a motion for a commission of inquiry, withdrew it.

#### THE KAFIR WAR.

The discussion on the Ionian Islands closed with the speech of Mr. Frederick Peel, and the House went into Committee of Supply. A vote of 460,000*l.* was proposed towards defraying the expense of the Kafir war. Sir William Molesworth taking up this text, preached a long homily upon the disastrous state of the Cape Colony, the immense increase in our expenditure there, and the pernicious character of our policy. The first paragraph of his discourse contains a geographical and statistical picture of South Africa, which will interest our readers.

"He wished to call the attention of the committee to the great and increasing amount of that expenditure, as shown by returns which had been lately presented to Parliament. That expenditure had gone on steadily and rapidly increasing for the last twenty years. On the average of the three years ending 1850, it had amounted to half-a-million a year, or to about three times the average of the three years ending 1830, or to about 5*l.* a head a year for every European colonist in South Africa, or to about 20*s.* in the pound upon our exports to South Africa. Those exports rose and fell pretty much as our military expenditure increased or decreased, and were greatest immediately after a Kafir war. The reason was simple. Our exports to South Africa consisted chiefly of merchandise for our troops, with some muskets and ammunition for the Kafirs, and during or immediately after a Kafir war there was abundance of British gold in South Africa, and commerce flourished. Therefore, if we could withdraw our troops from South Africa, and as a compensation for so doing were to make the colonists a present of all our merchandise which they actually consumed, we should make a most excellent bargain. The great increase in our South African military expenditure had arisen chiefly from two causes; namely, from the great increase in the extent of our South African dominions, and from the abolition of the old and cheap system of self-protection by the colonists. In the course of the last ten years the British Empire in South Africa had been more than doubled. In 1842 it covered an area of 110,000 square miles; in the course of the next six years 120,000 square miles had been added to it, and it was extended to nearly the 27 deg. of south latitude. If a line were drawn in about that latitude right across South Africa, from the Indian to the Atlantic Ocean, it would be about 1,000 miles long, and would constitute about the northern boundary of the British dominions in South Africa. The territory lying to the south of that line might be called British South Africa, because nine-tenths of it were British dominions, the remaining tenth was the territory inhabited by our Kafir enemies, and which was now surrounded on all sides, but the seaside, by British dominions. The area of British South Africa

was 260,000 square miles, about the same as that of the Austrian empire. Its population amounted to about 700,000 persons; of these one-seventh, or about 100,000, were of European origin, the greater portion of whom were discontented; about 150,000 were Hottentots and mongrel races, generally disaffected; about 350,000 were Kafirs and kindred tribes, most of whom were our avowed enemies; and the remaining 100,000 were Toolahs, in Natal, of doubtful allegiance. In the midst of this discontented, traitorous, or hostile population, we had about 10,000 British troops, who alone and unaided were, according to Sir Harry Smith, carrying on a war over an area of twice the size of the United Kingdom, with tribes as fierce as the Circassians or the Algerines. (Hear.)

He entered at length into a history of our policy at the Cape, to show how we had extended our territory without necessity, and how all past wars, as well as the present, had been caused by our vexatious mode of dealing with the Kafirs. He condemned the civil policy of Sir H. Smith, and declined to form any opinion of his military system.

Sir William had given the tone to the debate, and it continued to flow on in an easy current, unruffled by any party breezes. Mr. GLADSTONE impressed on the House that the present vote did not represent anything like the total expense of the war. The figures of that expense were frightful and incredible, but that was not the worst part of the evil. The losses brought on by our frontier policy were fabulous. We had "gone a hunting" to the ends of the earth—"not to found colonies or to extend them with a greater effect than might have been done under a different system, but to deprive them of the opportunity of learning the lessons of freedom, of self-reliance, and of independence, which can alone train them to social union, and ensure their permanent connexion with this country." The lives and treasure were squandered for no conceivable purpose of policy, and the government in South Africa, permanently, costs more per head than the Government of Great Britain or Ireland. Then whom were we defending at this frightful cost? Five thousand five hundred was the entire population of Albert and Victoria in the district of Kaffraria.

"If you were to buy up these 5,500 souls, men, women, and children, ten times over—if you were to transport them all in carriages and four from the provinces which they inhabit to districts where they would be in a condition of security, the expenditure would not amount to one-fourth of that which you are now expending on a Kafir war."

Excepting to the instructions given to General Cathcart, and especially to that special clause in which he was ordered "to consider fully the question of our frontier policy, and to make a report on that question, which is to be submitted to the Government, and to the British Parliament," he declared that he was perfectly convinced all the debates on the different kinds of colonial policy were in the main "idle, futile, and mischievous debates;" for they "all proceeded upon the false assumption that the regulation of the relations between the European settlers and the barbarous natives of South Africa were matters to be settled by a gentleman sitting in Downing-street." The North American colonists were an instance of how they could best govern and defend themselves.

"Sir," he continued, "if I am right in my opinions, it is to the colonists themselves that we must look for the change in the frontier relations of the colony. We must not only look to them for the determination of their frontier policy, but we must leave the colonists to determine what that frontier is to be. It will not do to send gentlemen from this country to disport themselves in the wilds of Kaffraria by adding once a week or once a fortnight some space of country as large, or two or three times as large as Great Britain to the British dominions of the Cape. Whatever is done there must be done under the responsibility of the popular constitution you are about to accord to the colony. Rely upon it if you will give the boon of local liberty without stint, and having regard, of course, to imperial unity; if you will give the colony this boon of local liberty without stint and without limitation, you will find no disposition on their part to grudge the sacrifice and efforts which will be necessary for the self-defence of the colony."

By such measures the bonds of attachment connecting England and the colonies would be strengthened, and its growth and development secured.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL carped at Mr. Gladstone's speech, and mildly taunted him with not having solved the question. He denied that the case of the North Americans was a case in point, defended the ruinous course purpursed by his late colleagues, and absolved Sir H. Smith of all military sins. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON discoursed fluently about what had been said by preceding speakers, and recommended the House to wait for the next mail. Mr. RORBUCK harangued upon the maxim that it is the fate of the black to disappear before the white race, and insisted on supporting the colonists. Mr. ADDERLEY had confidence in the present Colonial Secretary. The remainder of the debate fell into the hands of Colonel Thompson, Mr. F. Peel, Mr. Henry Drummond, and Mr. Hindley, and the vote was agreed to.

When the House of Commons met on Tuesday, the Speaker had scarcely taken his seat, when Mr. Forbes Mackenzie moved that the House at its rising do adjourn until the 19th inst. This was instantly put and carried. The unseemly hurry and unusual time chosen for making the motion caused great dissatisfaction. Other business was performed of a trifling character.

Mr. G. THOMPSON moved for leave to bring in a bill for establishing a Ballast-heaver's office. The SPEAKER intimated that as the proposed measure affected the laws of trade, the House must first go into committee. The motion was altered accordingly, and complied with. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER encouraged the scheme, but Mr. HENLEY and Mr. GLADSTONE, while admitting that the condition of the ballast-heavers needed some such act as that establishing the coal-whipper's office, which had worked well, seemed jealous of further legislation of that kind. It is probable that the bill will be allowed a second reading, and then be referred to a select committee.

Finally, the House was counted out, at half-past seven, while in committee on the Sutors in Chancery Bill.

#### HOUSE OF LORDS.

The Earl of ELLENBOROUGH, in moving for papers on Monday in explanation of the grounds upon which the war with Ava had been undertaken, observed, that it might have been expected that the requisitions from the King of Ava would have provoked hostilities, and yet the Indian Government did not appear to have made any preparations for such a contingency. In that country, as in this, people seemed to cling to the belief that they could have as much or as little war as they pleased. In explanation of the error of this belief, and to show the magnitude and difficulty of the position in which we stood, it was necessary to recapitulate some of the circumstances connected with the last war with Burmah. In the operations of that war we employed no less than 40,000 men—a larger force than the French sent to Algiers in 1830—a larger force than Bonaparte took to Egypt. There were 33,000 native troops, and 7000 Europeans. Of these latter the 13th and 38th Regiments left Calcutta in April, 1824, 1800 strong, and in January, 1826, they had not 500 men fit for active service. Many other corps suffered in proportion. A large force landed at Rangoon and was surrounded by a superior force of Burmese, and detained for nine months, during the whole of which period they were compelled to subsist on salt provisions. Notwithstanding the large numbers of troops sent, the general commanding was never able to have more than 5500 men under arms; and at the conclusion of the war there were not more than 4000 fighting men under his command. It was true that we possessed some advantages now which we did not then possess, but the deadly climate remained the same. By means of steamers we could convey troops and munitions of war with greater speed than before; but as soon as the army left the banks of the river, that advantage was gone. And some circumstances of the present time were decidedly more disadvantageous than in the former war. On that occasion Rangoon was taken by surprise, and capitulated without loss to our troops. But how had the present war commenced? We had twice come into collision with the enemy, and twice our ships were forced to retire from the contest. That retirement, however judicious on the part of the officer in command, must have been a great encouragement to the Burmese. The town of Rangoon, which we occupied before, was now destroyed, and a new town built beyond the reach of our steamers, strongly fortified, and armed with a hundred guns. Another unfortunate circumstance was, that the Punjab could not be considered in a settled state, and that, therefore, there were not three regiments that could safely be withdrawn from Bengal. During the last war no less than 28,000 men had been furnished from the Madras army, chiefly owing to the great ability and personal influence of Sir Thomas Munro. But the sepoys of the Madras army had seen so much distress in the families of the native regiments which had been sent to China, that he believed that the Madras regiments would show great disinclination to proceed on foreign service to Burmah. But notwithstanding all this, he would assume, and he did not doubt it, that we should be successful. What would be the consequence? The King of Ava would probably fight to the last, and success would be dearly bought. The Governor-General of India would then be placed under the influence of great pressure from all sides as to his policy. The press of Calcutta, under the dictation of the mercantile community, would call for annexation, in order that enterprising speculators might get access to the great teak forests of Burmah, and be able to find new fields for trade by an overland communication with China. He hoped that the press of India would be treated with the disregard it deserved. Money



and money-making was their sole object. Then the officers of the army of course were anxious for a new war, and for opportunities of distinction, and promotion, and a great conquest, to be followed by the creation of numerous lucrative appointments. This ambition for distinction and reward was very natural, and no doubt led to great actions being performed. But this pressure by a large portion of the civil and military services was not to be overlooked, for it might be very difficult to withstand. He thought that the annexation of any large portion of the empire of Ava would be a decidedly false move—it would draw off in that direction a great part of the resources of the Indian Government, and materially embarrass both the civil and military services. And entertaining these deep apprehensions he hoped that such papers would be produced as would throw some light on the cause of the war. No trustworthy officer appeared to have been sent to Ava to get at the truth of the various complaints. And for the small sum of 900*l.* all the expense and danger of a war was to be incurred! Lord Ellenborough then observed, that he looked with great suspicion on some of the persons connected with trade at Rangoon, and he had little faith in their statements of grievances. There was a certain Mr. Crisp, who, as soon as he heard that a war was impending, freighted a schooner with warlike stores and arms, which he sold to the Governor of Rangoon; and when the Governor refused payment, he had the effrontery to go to the British commodore, and complain of his loss and injury, and request that his claim might be added to the bill against the Burmese government. The Governor of Rangoon, when he heard of this, offered a sum of 100*l.* for Crisp's head, "and," said the noble lord, "I confess I should not be overwhelmed with grief if he had got it for the money." Unless there were an imperative necessity it would not be wise or prudent to carry on these hostilities. Lord Ellenborough concluded with these words—

"I have been given to understand that the service of the Madras army will be required for a totally different purpose, namely, the occupation of the territory of the Nizam, unless he pays the tribute; and no operations ought to be commenced in that country without having the whole Madras army at disposal. Again, Hyderabad is in the possession of Arabs, who will defend it with great bravery; so that, unless we postpone these operations, we will be carrying on a war with a comparatively weak or divided force at the same time in places very distant from one another. I hope my noble friend will not think it inconsistent with his duty to lay upon your lordships' table such papers as will show upon what grounds the war was undertaken. (Hear, hear.)"

The EARL of DERBY complimented Lord Ellenborough on his extensive knowledge of the subject; he was sure that he had not overstated the difficulties of the war, or the various objections to a large accession of territory to our already enormous Eastern empire; but he was sure that when the papers which were asked for had been introduced, that it would be quite clear that the Governor-General had spared no exertion to avoid hostilities. There was no apprehension entertained by the Indian Government that the war would be protracted; the measures taken had been so prompt and so vigorous that these hostilities would be soon brought to a successful conclusion. The demands made upon the Government of Ava were just and moderate; they had been met with indignity and insult. After several endeavours at conciliation, the Governor-General, with the unanimous consent of the Supreme Council, thought that no time should be lost in trifling, but that a blow should at once be struck in Rangoon and Martaban as should make an effectual impression of our power in the minds of the Burmese. But even then the Governor-General did not relax his endeavours to settle matters amicably; he had sent a communication, not to the Viceroy at Rangoon, but to the King of Ava himself, stating that if the King would express regret for what had occurred, and comply with the original conditions, and the expenses of our expedition defrayed, peace should be concluded at once. But if these steps should not be successful before the commencement of the rainy season, it would then be for the Governor-General to consider what would be his duties and responsibilities in the more serious and arduous struggle which would then be forced upon him. No man was more anxious than Lord Dalhousie to avoid war, and to avoid "a still greater misfortune—the compulsory annexation of the Burmese empire."

Lord BEAUMONT brought forward the question of the foreign refugees in this country, and trusted that the Government would adopt the principles laid down by Lord GRANVILLE, and that it would refuse to play the part of an eavesdropper, dogging the heels of every foreigner who arrived in this country, and departing from that hospitality which England had ever shown towards unfortunate exiles. The noble lord also entered into the case of the missionaries recently expelled from Austria, and concluded by moving for papers relating to that expulsion.

LORD MALMESBURY replied at great and tedious length. Two passages in his speech, however, are readable. The first describes what he called a parallel instance to the arrest of an Englishman by the Austrian police, for which satisfaction had been asked and obtained.

"If your lordships think such a thing could not have taken place in any other country than Austria, I will tell you what happened to one of my own household, last year, in Scotland. The person to whom I allude may not be known directly or intimately to any of your lordships, but to some he may be known indirectly—I mean my French cook. (Laughter.) In the free town of Glasgow this man, one of the most quiet, inoffensive creatures I ever knew in my life, was forcibly seized by two policemen, and found himself in the same position as the English workman, for he could speak no English; and the policemen and he of course could not understand one another. He was dragged through the streets of the town; he experienced the *desagremens* of being taken to the station house, followed by a crowd of boys, who hissed and hooted him; he was kept two hours in confinement, and, though at last released by the orders of a magistrate, one of the policemen said it served him right, because he was such a queer-looking fellow. (Laughter.) Now, if he had been a sensitive man, and not a French philosopher, he would have complained to his ambassador (hear, hear), a long correspondence would have ensued between the French Government and our own, a great deal of trouble would have been caused to both countries, and we don't know but that there the matter might not have ended. ('Hear,' and laughter.) To be sure, there might have been a little more civility shown towards 'this queer looking man,' if he had been arrested abroad, but as to the reason of it, why, it might have happened to the noble lord or to myself any day (laughter), and the occurrence took place in a country where freedom is as much loved as possible."

In a subsequent part of the debate, Lord Granville said he could see no analogy in the two cases, as the Englishman was travelling with a passport from Sir Stratford Canning in his pocket, and the French cook neither had, nor needed any such protection, and was simply arrested as a suspicious character.

The other passage in Lord Malmesbury's reply relates to the policy of the present government respecting refugees.

"My lords, you know what our laws are on this subject; they have been over and over again explained in both Houses of Parliament, and so long as I have the happiness to be one of Her Majesty's Government, and of managing the Foreign Office, I declare to you that from no country in Europe, or in any other part of the globe, shall I consent to receive a demand that would change those laws. (Hear, hear.) I would not answer such a demand by any argumentative writing, or by any diplomatic despatch; because I do not think the province of diplomacy extends to anything further than negotiation and conciliation; but I would tell those who made such a demand, in a firm, but conciliatory manner, that it could not be complied with, and I would answer them as the first barons answered, '*Notum leges Anglice mutari.*' (Hear, hear.)"

Lord Beaumont withdrew his motion.

On Tuesday the Lords adjourned until the 19th inst.

#### MR. CARDWELL AT LIVERPOOL.

At noon, on Saturday, the Amphitheatre at Liverpool, a building which can accommodate four thousand persons, was densely crowded in every part with inhabitants of the borough, who came to hear from their representative, Mr. Cardwell, an exposition of his views on the present state of public affairs. Mr. Cardwell, accompanied by Mr. Joseph Ewart, the other Free-trade candidate, and several of his friends and supporters, was received on his appearance "on the boards" with deafening cheers, all the company rising. Mr. G. H. Lawrence occupied the chair, and briefly stated that the cause of their assembly was to debate the question whether the representatives of Liverpool in parliament had steadily persevered in maintaining the Free-trade policy matured by Sir Robert Peel, and whether that policy was to be preserved and extended. Mr. Cardwell was received, on coming forward to address the meeting, with loud cheers: he said that he was sure that in rendering an account of his stewardship he should receive the most considerate attention. It was for the electors of Liverpool to decide whether they would ratify by the result of the coming election the commercial policy, introduced under the auspices of a great Minister whose loss was universally deplored, by which the poorer classes were relieved from those burdens which pressed upon their subsistence.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Cardwell, "you have been told by the head of the present Government that, in his opinion, articles of necessary consumption for the people are the proper subjects for taxation, and that he did not understand why the food of the people—bread—should be made an exception to that rule. (Hear.) Now, gentlemen, we, the representatives of the people in parliament, entertain a different opinion; and now the appeal is made to you, and you are told in the plainest language to ratify the conduct of your representatives, and the attempt shall not be made (hear, hear); but return to parliament those who are in favour of protection, and the wishes and the opinions of the Government will be carried into effect, and the yoke of protection will be again laid on your necks." (Cries of "Never," and "Hear, hear.") The great argument of the Protectionists is, "We will encourage native

industry, and protect it from the foreigner." He would tell them who had encouraged native industry, and who had made the foreigner pay. In the year 1842, less than 50,000,000*l.* worth of manufactures were exported; in the year 1851 the exports amounted to nearly 75,000,000*l.* (Applause.) Who paid for that 50 per cent. increase of British industry? Those manufactures were not sent abroad for nothing (cheers); but the foreigner paid the English artisan for his labour in an immense increase of those articles of consumption which had made so many homes comfortable and happy. If they had reduced the price of bread, had they not left the labourer more money in his pocket to expend in tea, although it was true that they had not yet directly applied the Free-trade policy to tea. The consumption of tea had increased notwithstanding the high duty, but what might be expected to be the increase when the principle of Free-trade was carried out with regard to that important article. The Free-trade policy "blesses him who gives and him who takes." (Cheers.) "It compels the American to send his cotton to Manchester, and greatly benefits Liverpool, through which it passes; and, at the same time, it enriches them in other ways, and makes them feel to us a debt of gratitude, and fills their hearts with thoughts of peace, and makes them our honourable rivals in the warfare of commerce, instead of being our enemies in the conflict—I hope now almost forgotten—the conflict of war. (Applause.)" It had been said that the return relating to the amount of tonnage for which Mr. Cardwell had moved in the House of Commons had been "cooked" (laughter), because it did not correspond with some other return. "Now, gentlemen, I don't think this kind of imputation very refined in taste (hear, hear); but allow me to tell you this, knowing that Free-trade Ministers were accused of 'cooking' returns, I took this very precaution—I moved for my return over again after the present Government came into power (hear, hear), and the return from which I quoted is signed by the present Secretary of the Treasury (Applause); and therefore I would recommend those who speak of it being 'cooked,' to go to their own friends, and ask, 'What kind of pickle has been put into the dish?' (Laughter and cheers.) In the year 1849 the tonnage was 8,152,000 tons, and in the year 1851 it had increased to 8,535,000 tons. Mr. Cardwell then proceeded to defend himself from a charge of having deceived the committee who had managed his last election, on the subject of the navigation laws, and he proved very clearly that he had never given any pledge to oppose their repeal. He then returned to the question of Free-trade, which was for the present the most important point. Whatever objections might be made against him as a candidate for Liverpool, the real objection at the bottom was that he was resolved to preserve and extend Free-trade. "I must now allude to another great performer on these boards (laughter)—a more important person than those to whom I have lately alluded. I shall speak of him with great respect, and shall not say a word calculated to touch his private feelings; I allude to Dr. McNeile. (A storm of hisses and hootings, mingled with cheers.) It was on the 20th of January that Dr. McNeile made a speech, in which he desired the electors of Liverpool to get rid of Sir Thomas Birch and myself, and he ended his speech in these remarkable words:—'In the name of sound religion—in the name of Christian honour—in the name of the Lord we love—('Oh, oh,' and some confusion)—wash your hands by every constitutional art within your reach of this most infamous nuisance on the face of our fair country—this endowment of the church of Rome.' (Oh, oh! cheers and hisses.) Would you have believed it, that a fortnight afterwards and a few days, having in the interval received a letter from Lord John Manners, giving him just as unsatisfactory an answer upon that subject as it was possible I could give, he desired the Constitutional Association of Liverpool to sign a requisition to Lord John Manners. I say now, is it their religion, or is it protection, that is the real reason of these proceedings? (Cheers.) As regards the question of Maynooth, Lord John Manners was every bit as bad as I was. As regards other matters, the sentiments of Lord John Manners are well known; and they differ from mine on many important matters connected with the Church of England. Well, now, on these points Dr. McNeile differs from Lord John Manners; and as I am the opposite of Lord John Manners, I presume he agrees with me." (Laughter and cheers.) But Lord John Manners was an "exemplary Protectionist," and therefore Dr. McNeile allowed his protectionist principles to compensate for his Tractarianism. Was it then Protection or Protestantism? "But I have my Protestant opinions, which I shall never diminish, and I shall never attempt in any degree to explain away. I have formed my Protestant opinions within the bosom of the English Church, and I married within the bosom of the Scotch Church. I had the hand of the friendship of Dr. Chalmers, that most eloquent champion of the Protestant faith, and I tell you that before Dr. Chalmers would have told a political club to sign a requisition to a Tractarian candidate, he would have said, 'Let my right hand forget her cunning; let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth.' (Loud cheers.) Till then, gentlemen, let me return to that which I hope is the subject of paramount interest with you. (Cheers.) Will you, or will you not, surrender the blessings which Free-trade has given you?" (Loud cries of "No, no, never, never.") Let it be observed that the question now stood thus: this Free-trade policy is to be reversed, if it can. (Loud cries of "Never.") The Government only say they will get Protection if they can. But how were they to get it? By the voice of the people? Is it small constituencies that are to carry it? Lord Derby says, "No; show me that the great constituencies will support me, and then I will reverse Free-trade." Well, now, gentlemen, a great Minister was dining with his constituents, and he used this expression—he said, "The Exe will sooner flow back from the sea to the walls of Tiverton than anybody will be able to reverse Free-trade." Well, that lowly river flows in its usual course, and still goes down to the sea. Now let me ask you what the Severn does? The Severn



has risen in indignation, and washed away Protection from the city of Bristol. (Loud cheers.) What will the Thames do? I don't think the present Government can turn it. (Loud cheers.) Gentlemen, what will the Clyde do? Do you think they will return Protectionists for Glasgow? (Cries of "Never.") No. (A voice, "Yes," and reiterated cries of "No.") But there is a river which the Government believe will reverse the order of nature, and flow back to its source; and there is a population that the Government believe to have been so insensible to the blessings of Free-trade that they can be cajoled, or persuaded, or by some other cry hoodwinked, until they give their consent to reverse it. That river is the Mersey—(Cries of "Never," and immense cheering)—and that population are the people who used to return Canning, who used to return Huskisson, who used to return Lord Harrowby, and whom the humble individual who now stands here has had the honour of representing as the humble advocate of Free-trade. (Cheers.) Well, and then, gentlemen, when I try to confine the issue to Free-trade, what sort of herrings do they trail across my path? (Laughter.) I think I have disposed of them already; but I will read to you about another. I find in the Liverpool papers of to-day that Mr. Cobden, Mr. Bright, Lord John Russell, Sir James Graham, and others (my humble name is edged in), are about to dishonour the Throne and the Church. I refer you to the papers for the things which it is asserted we are about to do. (Hear, hear.) Now I say I will take very good care they don't catch me about any such nonsense as that. (Laughter.) I will confine myself to my mission. (Cheers.) If you enable me to preserve those blessings for which Sir Robert Peel encountered obloquy of every kind, and made the greatest sacrifices that man can make, in order to confer on you—if you will enable me to maintain them, I will not go about any of this ridiculous nonsense which they think proper to attribute to me. (Cheers.) Gentlemen, I say that that policy is a beneficial policy, and therefore it is a Conservative policy; and I tell you that there are two kinds of destructives—not one. There is the one destructive who rashly pulls down venerable institutions; but there is another kind of destructive who attempts to take away from a contented and grateful people blessings which they justly enjoy, and which would deprive society of that heartfelt cement of affection which unites the Throne to the people, and the people to the Throne, and makes us one loyal, thriving and industrious population." (Loud applause.) Mr. Cardwell concluded by entreating the electors of Liverpool "not to consent to reverse or to alter, or to modify, but to be resolved to secure, maintain, and extend that Free-trade policy which is the blessing of the age."

After a short address from Mr. Joseph Ewart, the following resolution was proposed by Mr. Rathbone, seconded by Mr. Nicol, and carried unanimously, with loud cheering.

"That this meeting pledges itself to use all constitutional means to secure the return to parliament of Edward Cardwell, Esq., and Joseph Christopher Ewart, Esq., as Members for this borough at the next election."

Some other resolutions with respect to details having been put and carried, the meeting separated with loud cheers for the two Free-trade candidates.

#### ELECTION MATTERS.

ON Thursday week a public meeting of the inhabitants of Gateshead was held at the Greyhound Inn, to consider the claims of the three gentlemen, Mr. Hutt, the present Whig member, Mr. Walters, and Mr. Liddell, who have offered themselves as candidates at the ensuing election. A resolution was unanimously adopted, recommending Mr. Ralph Walters "as the most fit and proper person to represent the borough." Mr. Walters is an advocate for Household suffrage, and the separation of Church and State. Mr. Liddell, a Conservative, is said to have no chance. The contest will be between Mr. Hutt and Mr. Walters.

The progress of liberal opinions may be judged of by the fact, that in the episcopal city of Wells, the sitting Tory member, who has held his seat for many years, has announced to his constituents his intention of retiring from parliament. This has brought out Mr. Serjeant Kinglake, who, in a manly and spirited address, has declared his determination to contest the seat (if necessary) on liberal and free trade principles.

The present members for Tavistock, the Hon. E. S. Russell, and Mr. J. S. Trelawny, will have to fight the next election with Mr. S. Carter, the barrister, on the Radical interest.

The canvass on behalf of Mr. Roundell Palmer, Mr. Braine, Mr. B. P. Collier, and Mr. Bickham Escott, at Plymouth, has been prosecuted with great vigour during the past week. The friends of the several candidates assert that each of them is sure of the election, and there does not appear at present any prospect of their being convinced that defeat is possible.

Mr. John Cheotham, of Stalybridge, was introduced to the electors of South Lancashire, at a meeting held at Manchester on Tuesday, as a candidate for the vacancy which will be created by the retirement of Mr. Alexander Henry. Mr. George Wilson presided. A vote of thanks to Mr. Henry for his services, and a resolution in favour of Mr. Cheotham were unanimously carried.

The Hon. Craven F. Berkeley has announced his intention of standing for Cheltenham, in accordance with

a requisition numerously signed by the Liberals of the borough. Sir Willoughby Jones is talked of by the Conservatives.

Mr. W. J. Fox was at Oldham on Monday evening, and addressed an assemblage of about 4000 persons at the Working Men's Hall. A vote of confidence in Mr. Fox was carried by an overwhelming majority.

Mr. Bernal, the invaluable chairman of Committees of the House of Commons, and Mr. Twisden Hodges, the two sitting members for Rochester, will most probably be again returned without opposition.

The Conservatives of South Shields had the temerity to try a public entry of their candidate, the Hon. H. T. Liddell into the town on Monday. As soon as he with his supporters arrived at the railway station they were received with hisses and hootings; and the carriage, band, and banners besprinkled with mud by the working men and sailors' wives who accompanied them to the Golden Lion Inn. Mr. Liddell attempted to address the people from one of the inn windows, when a similar scene ensued, the honourable gentleman being received by a volley of yells and hisses, mixed with cries of "Give us the franchise," "No Tories," "The cheap loaf," "You want to steal our bread, you rogue, &c." After making a few remarks, most of which were inaudible, in consequence of the clamour, he was obliged to retire. Mr. Mather, a Protectionist Radical (!) candidate, is in the field also; but the Free-trader, Mr. Ingham, is considered safe.

Admiral Sir Charles Napier, and Mr. Torrens McCullagh, M.P., addressed a large meeting at the Corn Exchange, Yarmouth, on Monday evening, and were well received. They both expressed themselves in favour of a large and comprehensive parliamentary reform, and the extension of Free-trade.

Mr. Hadfield has retired from the contest for Sheffield; and, from the tone of a letter received at that town, from Mr. Toulmin Smith, it seems doubtful whether he will continue to stand, as his supporters are divided. Mr. Roebuck and Mr. Parker, the present members, have, therefore, some chance of being re-elected without opposition.

The whole of the Roman-catholic press of Ireland is now joined in opposition to Sir Thomas Redington, the rival of Mr. Duffy, at New Ross. The *Tablet* denounces him in a furious article as "the slave of Pontius Pilate!"

Mr. Serjeant Shee has addressed the electors of the county of Kilkenny. His principles are those of tenant right, free trade, anti-state-church endowment, and anti-Ecclesiastical Titles Act. There is very little doubt of his success.

A meeting of the Tralee Chamber of Commerce was held on Thursday, at which Mr. Maurice O'Connell, M.P., was present. After various and prolonged "interpellations" between the Rev. Mr. Mawe and Mr. O'Connell, as to that gentleman's political stewardship, the meeting came to an unanimous determination to support him against "all comers."

#### THE LOSS OF THE BIRKENHEAD: 454 MEN DROWNED.

ABOUT noon on Tuesday, men about town, merchants, journalists, and other persons who fall in the way of exclusive news, heard with a shudder of alarm and astonishment that the *Birkenhead* had struck on a rock in Simon's bay, Cape of Good Hope, on the 27th of February, and had broken up and sunk—upwards of 400 men sharing her fate. It was a mere rumour of the clubs and newsrooms. It was only in the newspapers. No intelligence had reached the Admiralty, and the First Lord, the Duke of Northumberland, had to endure the mortification of telling Lord Montagu, and through him the whole house on the same evening, that he knew nothing about it except through the newspapers. So matters remained until Wednesday morning, when full accounts were published by the daily journals. It should be remarked that the *Birkenhead* was on her way from Simon's Bay to Algoa Bay and Buffalo Mouth, there to disembark the drafts of the different regiments sent out to reinforce Sir Harry Smith. The best account of the wreck is contained in the following report which has been addressed to the Commandant of Cape Town by Captain Wright, of the 91st regiment, one of the survivors:—

"Simon's Bay, March 1, 1852.

"Sir,—It is with feelings of the deepest regret that I have to announce to you the loss of Her Majesty's steamer *Birkenhead*, which took place on a rock about two and a half or three miles off Point Danger, at 2 a.m., 26th February.

"The sea was smooth at the time, and the vessel was steaming at the rate of eight and a half knots an hour. She struck the rock, and it penetrated through her bottom just aft of the foremast. The rush of water was so great that there is no doubt that most of the men in the lower troop deck were drowned in their

hammocks. The rest of the men and all the officers appeared on deck, when Major Seaton called all the officers about him and impressed on them the necessity of preserving order and silence among the men. He directed me to take and have executed whatever orders the commander might give me. Sixty men were immediately put on to the chain pumps on the lower after-deck, and told off in three reliefs; sixty men were put on to the tackles of the paddlebox boats, and the remainder of the men were brought on to the poop, so as to ease the fore part of the ship. She was at this time rolling heavily. The commander ordered the horses to be pitched out of the port gangway, and the cutter to be got ready for the women and children, who had all been collected under the poop awning. As soon as the horses were got over the side, the women and children were passed into the cutter, and under charge of Mr. Richards, master's assistant, the boat then stood off about 150 yards. Just after they were out of the ship the entire bow broke off at the foremast, the bowsprit going up in the air towards the fore topmast, and the funnel went over the side, carrying away the star-board paddlebox and boat. The paddlebox boat capsized when being lowered. The large boat in the centre of the ship could not be got at.

"It was about twelve or fifteen minutes after she struck that the bow broke off. The men then all went up on the poop, and in about five minutes more the vessel broke in two, crosswise, just abaft the engine-room, and the stern part immediately filled and went down. A few men jumped off just before she did so, but the greater number remained to the last, and so did every officer belonging to the troops. All the men I put on the tackles, I fear, were crushed when the funnel fell; and the men and officers below at the pumps could not, I think, have reached the deck before the vessel broke up and went down. The survivors clung, some to the rigging of the mainmast, part of which was out of the water, and others got hold of floating pieces of wood. I think there must have been about 200 on the drift wood. I was on a large piece along with five others, and we picked up nine or ten more. The swell carried the wood in the direction of Point Danger. As soon as it got to the weeds and breakers, finding that it would not support all that were on it, I jumped off and swam on shore; and when the others, and also those that were on the other pieces of wood, reached the shore, we proceeded into the country, to try to find a habitation of any sort, where we could obtain shelter. Many of the men were naked, and almost all without shoes. Owing to the country being covered with thick, thorny bushes, our progress was slow, but after walking till about 3 P.M., having reached land about twelve, we came to where a wagon was outspanned, and the driver of it directed us to a small bay, where there is a hut of a fisherman. The bay is called Stanford's Cove. We arrived there about sunset, and as the men had nothing to eat, I went on to a farm-house, about eight or nine miles from the Cove, and sent back provisions for that day. The next morning I sent another day's provisions, and the men were removed up to a farm of Captain Smales', about twelve or fourteen miles up the country. Lieutenant Girardot, of the 43rd, and Cornet Bond, of the 12th Lancers, accompanied this party, which amounted to sixty-eight men, including eighteen sailors.

"I then went down to the coast, and during Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, I examined the rocks for more than twenty miles, in the hope of finding some men who might have drifted in. I fortunately fell in with the crew of a whale boat, that is employed sealing on Dyer's Island; I got them to take the boat outside the sea-weed, while I went along the shore. The sea-weed on the coast is very thick, and of immense length, so that it would have caught most of the drift wood. Happily, the boat picked up two men, and I also found two. Although they were all much exhausted, two of them having been in the water thirty-eight hours, they were all right the next day except a few bruises. It was eighty-six hours on Sunday afternoon when I left the coast since the wreck had taken place; and as I had carefully examined every part of the rocks, and also sent the whale boat over to Dyer's Island, I can safely assert that when I left, there was not a living soul on the coast of those that had been on board the ill-fated *Birkenhead*.

"On Saturday, I met Mr. Mackay, the civil commissioner of Caledon, and also Field-cornet Villiers. The former told me that he had ordered the men who had been at Captain Smales' to be clothed by him, he having a store at his farm. Forty soldiers received clothing there. Mr. Mackay, the field-cornet, and myself, accompanied by a party of men brought down by Mr. Villiers, went along the coast as far as the point that runs out to Dyer's Island, and all the bodies that were met with were interred. There were not many, however, and I regret to say it could be easily ac-

counted for. Five of the horses got to the shore, and were caught and brought to me. One belonged to myself, one to Mr. Bond, of the 12th Lancers, and the other three to Major Seaton of the 74th, Dr. Laing, and Lieutenant Booth, of the 73rd. I handed the horses over to Mr. Mackay, and he is to send them on to me here, so that they may be sold, and that I may account for the proceeds.

"On the 28th of February, Her Majesty's ship *Rhadamanthus* was seen off Sandford's Cove; so I went down there, and found that Captain Bunce, the commander of the *Castor* frigate, had landed, and gone up to Captain Smales', to order the men down to the Cove, so as to embark in the steamer to be conveyed to Simon's Bay. On Sunday, when I was down on the coast, the field-cornet told me that at a part where he and his men had been, a few bodies were washed up and buried; also a few boxes, which were broken in pieces, and the contents strewn about the rocks. I then ceased to hope that any more were living, and came down to the Cove to join the other men. We arrived there at about 6 p.m.

"The order and regularity that prevailed on board, from the time the ship struck till she totally disappeared, far exceeded anything that I thought could be effected by the best discipline; and it is the more to be wondered at, seeing that most of the soldiers had been but a short time in the service. Every one did as he was directed, and there was not a murmur or a cry among them until the vessel made her final plunge. I could not name any individual officer who did more than another. All received their orders, and had them carried out, as if the men were embarking instead of going to the bottom. There was only this difference, that I never saw any embarkation conducted with so little noise or confusion.

"I inclose a list of those embarked, distinguishing those saved. I think it is correct, excepting one man of the 91st, whose name I cannot find out. The only means I had of ascertaining the names of the men of the different draughts, was by getting them from their comrades who are saved. You will see by the list enclosed, that the loss amounts to nine officers and 349 men, besides those of the crew; the total number embarked being fifteen officers and 476 men (one officer and eighteen men were disembarked in Simon's bay).

"I am happy to say that all the women and children were put safely on board a schooner that was about seven miles off when the steamer was wrecked. This vessel returned to the wreck at about 3 p.m., and took off forty or fifty men that were clinging to the rigging, and then proceeded to Simon's-bay. One of the ship's boats, with the assistant-surgeon of the vessel and eight men, went off, and landed about fifteen miles from the wreck. Had the boat remained about the wreck, or returned after landing the assistant-surgeon on Point Danger—about which there was no difficulty—I am quite confident that nearly every man of the 200 who were on the drift wood might have been saved, for they might have been picked up here and there, where they had got in among the weeds, and landed as soon as eight or nine were got into the boat. Where most of the drift wood stuck in the weeds, the distance to the shore was not more than 400 yards, and as, by taking a somewhat serpentine course, I managed to swim in without getting foul of the rock, or being tumbled over by a breaker, there is no doubt the boat might have done so also.

One fact I cannot omit mentioning. When the vessel was just about going down the commander called out, "All those that can swim jump overboard, and make for the boats." Lieutenant Girardot and myself were standing on the stern part of the poop. We begged the men not to do as the commander said, as the boat with the women must be swamped. Not more than three made the attempt.

"On Sunday evening, at 6 p.m., all the men who were at Captain Smales', and the four I had with myself on the coast, were embarked in boats, and taken on board the *Rhadamanthus*, and we arrived in Simon's Bay at 3 a.m. on Monday, the 1st of March; eighteen of the men are bruised and burnt by the sun, and the Commodore has ordered them into the Naval Hospital. The rest are all right, and seventy require to be clothed. I need scarcely say that everything belonging to the men was lost.

"I have, &c.,

"EDWARD W. C. WRIGHT,

"Captain, 91st Regt.

Lieutenant-Colonel Ingleby, R.A.,  
Commandant of Cape Town.

"P.S.—I must not omit to mention the extreme kindness and attention shown by Captain Smales to the men at his house; and by Captain Ramsden of the *Lioness* schooner, and his wife, to those taken on board his vessel.

"E. W. C. W."

Two other survivors have furnished accounts, cor-

roborating that of Captain Wright, and adding additional particulars, besides personal adventures. Cornet Bond, of the 12th Lancers, was on the poop when it went down, and was, with many others, drawn under water by the swirl. He rose again, however, and having on one of Mackintosh's life preservers, he filled it, and made for the shore.

The second writer is a non-commissioned officer, whose name is not published, and who tells us something about the captain. His account does not run counter to that given by Captain Wright, except in one particular. He says, that when the troops turned to get out the paddle-box boats, "the pin of the davits was found rusted in, and would not come out." Captain Wright says, one of these boats was smashed by the falling funnel, and the other capsized when lowered.

The last glimpse of Captain Salmond was seen by the above writer.

"When the vessel had parted in two, Captain Salmond gave the men orders to do the best they could to save their lives. The other cutter and the gig were then lying off, manned. Several men then jumped overboard, and swam to the boats, the captain standing on the poop, giving orders. Up to this time perfect order and discipline were observed; all the men quiet and steady, and obedient to orders. At this time the captain was standing on the poop with several others; the after part of the ship then lurched forward, and all were thrown into the water. Some swam to the boats, and some to the wreck. At this time the maintopmast and maintopsail-yard were out of the water, and all who could made for the topsail-yard. Part of the fore-castle deck was then floating at about twenty yards' distance. Captain Salmond swam for the wreck that was floating; and as he was swimming something that was washed off the poop struck him on the head, and he never rose again.

There were on board the *Birkenhead* 683 persons, and out of these only 184 have been saved.

Despatches were received by the Board of Admiralty on Wednesday from Commodore Wyvill, commanding in Simon's Bay, containing further details of the loss of the *Birkenhead*, and enclosing reports from the surviving officers of the ship, also the report of Captain Bunce of the *Rhadamanthus*, who was sent to the scene of the wreck to afford relief, and another statement by Captain Wright of the 91st. Commodore Wyvill gives the number of officers, soldiers, seamen, and boys lost, as 438, and regrets that from the muster-books and rolls having been lost, it has become impossible to furnish all their names. He sends, however, a list of the names of the survivors. As to the cause of the wreck, Commodore Wyvill gives the following opinion:—

"There is no doubt but the course of the ship was shaped to hug the land too closely; and, as it does not appear that either Mr. Salmond or the master had attended on deck from ten o'clock in the first watch until the accident occurred, it would infer much inattention and extreme neglect of duty on their parts; and when soundings were first struck, had the helm been put to port, this ill-fated ship might have escaped the danger. It is much to be lamented that not an officer has been saved who can give any satisfactory information upon these points."

And he regrets extremely that the boats should have left the scene of the wreck before daylight, as, if they had remained, they could doubtless have picked up many of those who were clinging to pieces of wreck and spars. He adds:—

"I can only attribute this fatal error to want of judgment, and to the excited state of the people in the boats under such appalling circumstances."

The first statement enclosed by Commodore Wyvill is that of Assistant-Surgeon Culhane, whose rapid departure in a boat with only eight men, and neglect of any endeavour to return to the scene of the disaster, is alluded to by Captain Wright in his letter. There is nothing worthy of remark in Dr. Culhane's statement. Mr. Thomas Ramsden, master and owner of the *Lioness* schooner, who picked up the two cutters of the *Birkenhead*, one with thirty-seven men, and the other filled with women and children, on the morning of the 26th February: after this he proceeded to the wreck, and saved thirty-five soldiers who were clinging to pieces of wood and spars, in a nearly naked state. Dr. Bowen, staff-surgeon, in his report, speaks in warm terms of the kindness and humanity of Captain Ramsden and his wife, and the crew of the *Lioness*. Dr. Culhane, in a second statement, addressed to Commodore Wyvill, asserts that "he was the last person who left the wreck;" that the "poop was then on a level with the sea," and that he did not reach the second gig in which were ten men, until he had swam a mile. He could not then see the wreck; it was quite dark, and he saw no men near. They pulled for ten hours before they reached the shore. They saw no signals made by the men in the cutter. He concludes by saying:—

"I assure you that I tried every effort to reach you, in order that you might be able to send a steamer to the wreck, and that was the object of the other eight of the boat's crew."

Captain Bunce of the *Rhadamanthus* thinks that many more might have been saved if greater judgment had been employed by the persons who took command of the boats:—

"In communicating to you this disastrous occurrence, I cannot but express my opinion that, if the boats had kept by the wreck until good day light, landed the extra hands in one of the small creeks about, and then given their attention and assistance to the poor fellows floating and struggling in the water, a great many more might have been saved, for the weather was fine, the sea quite smooth, and not a breath of wind."

Captain Wright, in his statement, addressed to Commodore Wyvill, reiterates his opinion of the unfortunate effect of the management of the boat in which Dr. Culhane escaped. He says:—

"I cannot express how much the loss of this boat was felt, as, had it returned after landing Dr. Culhane, I have no hesitation in saying that nearly every man of the 200 (about) who were on the drift wood between the wreck and the shore must have been saved, as they could have been picked off the spars and wood on which they were when they were outside the sea-weed, which prevented them from coming into shore. The boat could have made forty or fifty trips to shore between daylight and dark, and landed the persons in the boat in a cove just to the eastward of Danger Point."

#### LETTERS FROM PARIS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

##### LETTER XV.

Paris, Tuesday Evening, 6th April, 1852.

THE regular system, as it is called, has now lasted a week. The great bodies of the State have commenced their sittings. The tree already bears its fruit. The first measure of the Senate was to vote twelve millions of francs for the President's civil list (480,000*l.* sterling per annum!). The *machine* works admirably, as you see. This piece of business, however, was transacted with all the forms of a Parliament *au sérieux*. We had a motion, a report, and then the voting took place. The report was very concise; it stated, "that it was intended to define the position of the chief of a great nation, which clings to its *anciennes traditions*; that the country wished him to occupy the palace of the ancient monarchs, in order that he might exercise nobly the hospitality of France; and encourage arts, science, and literature; and be able to lend a helping hand to misfortune." In fact, it repeated the old story of every previous civil list. The Legislative Chamber has also commenced business. It began by the *vérification des pouvoirs* (ascertainment of its competency). A number of protests against the violences committed upon the electors, would have been recorded; but they were immediately stifled. One of them, from the electors of the Pas-de-Calais, contained serious charges against the Government, relative to manoeuvres employed, in order to falsify the result of the second scrutiny, at the election of M. Degouve-Denuncque. This protest was, nevertheless, over-ridden, and it now lies buried under the table of the bureaux. One protest, however, did succeed in being heard at the *tribune*. It referred to the election at Bourbon-Vendée. The Government had had recourse to all manner of schemes to secure the return of M. de Sainte Hermine. The *reporter* decided in favour of the validity of the election. M. Bouhier de l'Ecluse, in an animated speech, spoke against this decision; but he was immediately called to order. One of the many facts brought forward by M. Bouhier de l'Ecluse was, that the scrutiny of the votes had been suspended for four hours, upon some frivolous pretext, to give the government time to intimidate the electors; that the *gens d'armes* had entered the voting room under arms, had destroyed the voting tickets of the competitor of the Government candidate, and had compelled the electors *de vive force* to vote, *instantly*, with tickets on which were written the name of the Government candidate. This will give you an idea of the real value of the votes of the 20th December and 29th January.

The commencement of opposition already manifested in the heart of the legislative body, has alarmed the President. M. Bonaparte finds he has reckoned without his host; and it is rumoured that the sittings of the legislative chamber will be suspended until September. Many deputies, it appears, allowed themselves to be nominated as government candidates, to get into the chamber at all hazards, there to organize, as far as practicable, a resistance to the President. L. Bonaparte has mistaken his men if he takes them for ciphers. They *will* be accounted for something. They look upon themselves *au sérieux*, and on that point they will not flinch. The unanswerable arguments of his artillery, and the not less formidable ones of Cayenne and Algeria, of which L. Bonaparte makes use so freely, do not admit of any direct opposition to the political acts of the Government; but the deputies are resolved to exercise a decided control over matters of finance. There are about forty members forming this fraction



of the legislative body, who are ready to oppose any concessions on this point. They have already had several réunions during the last fortnight, and are called *les Indépendants*. They loudly declare their intention to defend the interest of the tax-payers (*contribuables*); and to call for a detailed account of the expenditure, which should be annexed to the budget of 1853. It is well-known that this is a very delicate question, and one on which a most serious conflict cannot fail to arise; L. Bonaparte having regulated the budget of 1852, on his own private authority, without furnishing any of the items of expenditure.

A third element of opposition, and one which, to a man of M. Bonaparte's susceptibility in affairs of etiquette, could not fail to cause him extreme annoyance, is the circumstance of the deputies persisting in presenting themselves at the soirées of the Elysée in plain clothes. He looks upon this seriously as an act of contempt against his decrees.

In the meantime, L. Bonaparte advances towards the empire; not openly though, for that has never been his method, but by tortuous and hidden manœuvres. He wishes to appear as if driven (*la main forcée*) in the matter, as I told you in my last letter. The reviews are going on, and we have still the *Vive l'Empereur* of the soldiers. The faithful legion of *Décembrillards* never fail to attend his path punctually, at time and place appointed: but now, in lieu of *Vive Napoleon*, they deafen us with formidable cries of *Vive l'Empereur*. The intimés of the Elysée tell everybody that we must have the empire. Persigny, a few days since, at the opera, met the Vicomte de l'Epine, the celebrated champion of the Empire, he that formally demanded its establishment in the *Bulletin de Paris*. "Continue," said Persigny; "the thing prospers: we will manage to be driven." This word is a complete avowal; it is the agent of police *provocateur*, accessory to the fact. Compare this with M. Bonaparte's own words: "I shall not proclaim myself Emperor, unless the factions drive me to it;" and you will see these gentlemen know what they are about. They will instruct the police to prepare an *émeute*, to be laid at the door of the factions; M. Bonaparte will have found his pretext; the factions have driven him to make himself Emperor!

More facts. Two deputies from the South had declared that they would move for the proclamation of the empire. M. Bonaparte, seeing these gentlemen afterwards at one of his soirées, asked them in a loud voice to tell him "What they considered was the wish of the people?" "That you should be emperor, prince," replied they. Louis Bonaparte thereupon shook them by the hand in a significant manner.

On the occasion of the preparation of the Civil list, several senators waited upon the President for the purpose of learning his views on that subject. "My pretensions are very modest," says Louis Bonaparte; "I desire only the plain income of President. But as, by the force of circumstances, I might become Emperor, let me have a civil list of twelve millions, as if I were already emperor; for I should not wish the people to say, that my coming to the empire, has cost them a sou." These words were uttered publicly, word for word, before six persons.

The empire, you perceive, is well decided upon in Louis Bonaparte's mind, and if it were not for Russia, it would have been proclaimed ere this. In the meantime, it virtually does exist. Arbitrary measures continue as heretofore. The censorship, though abolished by law, is still maintained. It certainly does not apply to the press, but every pamphlet, not being decidedly a book, as well as every circular, is submitted to it, in spite of the law.

As a set-off, Louis Bonaparte is reported to be contemplating an act of general clemency. He has despatched several *commissaires extraordinaires* into the provinces, to revise the decisions of the late *commissions judiciaires*. "Let me hear, when you return, of as many pardons as possible," are the words said to have been addressed by the President to M. Quentin Bauchart. After having destroyed so many of his victims, L. Bonaparte now speaks of pardoning some. Orders are moreover being given to suspend all the transportations. Letters from Marseilles and Bordeaux confirm this intelligence. It is unfortunately rather late. On the 20th of March, the *Moniteur Algérien* gives an account of 1350 *transportés* who have landed in Algiers. To-day we are informed that they amount to 2237. Louis Bonaparte, it appears to me, is desirous of stopping transportation, now that there is no one to transport.

The future emperor ever seeks to conciliate the good will of the Catholic clergy. The other day, at the ceremony of conferring the cardinal's hat on a French bishop, he availed himself of the opportunity, to insist on the necessity of an intimate union between the spiritual and temporal powers. The Protestant clergy,

however, is far from being made the aim of imperial cajoleries. A Protestant school, which had been established at St. Maurice (Yonne), has been closed by order of the Government, on the alleged ground, that there were no persons of the reformed religion living in the place. An attempt had also been made to establish a Bible Society at Estissac (Aube), but it shared the same fate as the Protestant school. I hope to succeed in drawing the attention of the English press to proceedings of this description, for they are continually occurring.

There is to be a modification of the Ministry. This change will be decisive. M. Casabianca, Minister Secretary of State, makes way for the versatile Persigny, the Egeria of our Dutch Numa. Persigny is in fact the adviser of L. Bonaparte. The place of Minister Secretary of State belongs to him, then, by right. The following arrangements will be made under the new Minister. The council of Ministers will sit under the presidency of M. Persigny. The latter will be the only member of the council to confer, and transact business with the chief of the state, and will therefore be the principal personage of the situation. In a word, Persigny governs and Bonaparte reigns.

One of the prerogatives of royalty, as you are aware, was the right of chase in the royal forests; this right has just been conferred upon L. Bonaparte, by the Senate, which, in giving him a civil list of twelve millions, gave him possession of all the regal palaces, such as Versailles, Compiègne, Meudon, St. Cloud, Rambouillet, Fontainebleau, &c., and the exclusive *droit de chasse* in the royal forests of St. Germain, Marly, Rambouillet, Compiègne, Sénart and Fontainebleau. This senatorial decree is about to produce a curious law-suit. In the month of August, 1848, the administration of the forests executed a nine years lease of the right of chase in the said forests, to a number of private individuals, at a fixed annual rental. The *concessionnaires*, who have been four years in possession, and who hold a lease in due form from the administration, will oppose the execution of this decree. The *concessionnaires* of the *droit de chasse* in the forest of Compiègne, being all of them members of the Opposition, have resolved, as a matter of principle, as well as for the pleasures of the chase, to avail themselves of every form and stage of legal proceeding to maintain their rights. The affair promises to furnish much amusement.

#### CONTINENTAL NOTES.

##### THE DEATH OF PRINCE SCHWARZENBERG.

THE sudden death of PRINCE SCHWARZENBERG, from a stroke of apoplexy, on Monday last, the news of which reached London by electric telegraph on Tuesday afternoon, has removed from the scene the most active, daring, and unscrupulous chief of the Counter-Revolution in Europe. In him the Emperor of Austria has lost one who, in a crisis of unexampled peril and difficulty, was found to be the only man able to rescue from destruction a tottering dynasty, and to reconstruct and reknit a dismembered and insurgent Empire.

"He found" (says the *Times*, in a summary of his career) "the Empire in ruins, and he leaves it entire. He found the authority of the Imperial Court at its lowest ebb—attacked in Italy, rejected in Hungary, derided in Vienna, and effaced at Frankfurt—insomuch that the Tyrol seemed the only possession which the house of Hapsburg could call its own. He left that authority absolute throughout the dominions of the Crown, and as influential as it has ever been in the councils of Europe."

Prince Schwarzenberg has died in the vigour of manhood, at the comparatively early age of fifty-two; but he had "lived" all his days in the most emphatic sense of the word. It was not until the last four years of his life that he was called to the supreme authority, which, since November, 1848, he has wielded with absolute power, and with absolute success. "His earlier years" (says the *Times*) "had been devoted to pleasure, to gallantry, and at times to military life, for he held the rank of Lieutenant Field-Marshal in the Imperial army, and served with distinction under Marshal Radetsky in Italy;" and as a diplomatist he had been Austrian Minister at Turin and at Naples; at the latter court he was surprised by the Revolution of February.

He might almost have sat for the hero of Lord Byron's Don Juan, from his versatile powers and varied triumphs. "Love, war, the court, the camp," in all he was active, and conspicuous. Like almost all men of great energy of character, and strength of brain, he found time and leisure for "successes in conflicts neither diplomatic nor military."

"Wherever either of these services summoned him (says the *Daily News*) he invariably found time and leisure to bestow on the service of Cupid. In St. Petersburg, in Naples, and in London, the diplomatist was a successful wooer; though in the two latter cities his successes were attended by unpleasant consequences. In Naples, the

lazzaroni; and in London, a court of law, revenged the injured husbands. At the time of his death, Prince Schwarzenberg was an outlaw from this country on account of unpaid damages and costs."

But we are rather concerned with the Schwarzenberg of triumphant despotism than with the "Prince Felix" of English courts of justice; who was wont, as a diplomatist, to carry into the hearts of husbands that desolation which, as a Minister, he has in latter years carried into the heart of Europe. The *Morning Chronicle* sums up what he has effected since his advent to power in the winter of 1848.

"With every province in rebellion, and with a bankrupt exchequer, he contrived—although compelled, against his will, to accept the intervention of a haughty ally—to regain for Austria its former rank both in Germany and in Italy; he humbled Prussia as none but Napoleon had ever humbled her; he took military possession of the Legations of Bologna, as well as of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany; whilst he put an end to the war in Schleswig-Holstein without drawing the sword. At one and the same moment Austrian soldiers were quartered in Florence and in Hamburg; and all these gigantic military demonstrations took place at a period when it was believed that the Imperial resources had been completely exhausted by the campaigns of Italy and Hungary, and that the whole force of the army was needed to restrain the disaffected population of the reconquered provinces. When, to all appearance, the influence of Austria in Germany was completely undermined, he succeeded in restoring the prestige of the Empire, and in securing the lead in the affairs of the Confederation. By skilful diplomacy and well-timed demonstrations, he was successful in recovering all that had been lost by the Revolution. At the present moment Austria is unquestionably more powerful in Germany than when the resources of the Empire were wielded by the hand of Metternich: and whilst the revolution is altogether crushed in the Italian provinces, the minor princes of the Peninsula are more than ever under the dominion of Vienna."

It was not to be expected that a man of his temper and antecedents would respect any engagement, or any compact, shrink at any means, however violent, or at any instruments, however cruel, in the pursuit of his ends.

"With a headstrong tenacity and courage (writes the *Times*), which seemed to take no account of the dangers before him, he at once repudiated all concession and compromise, and resolved to suffer no abatement of the Imperial power as long as he was its representative."

He called in Russia to the subjugation of Hungary, whilst he was wresting Germany from Prussian supremacy.

"The Confederation was well nigh transformed into a Prussian Empire with republican institutions; the minor princes were faintly struggling for existence; even the Kings had been swept into a league which was to supersede the Federal treaties, and Frederick William IV. seemed on the point of winning more by revolutions than Frederick II. had done by war. It was here that Prince Schwarzenberg put forth an amount of intrepidity, activity, and address which were crowned by the most triumphant results. By the treaty of Bregenz he drew closer the ties between Austria and the southern kingdoms of Bavaria and Wurtemberg; he gradually detached Saxony from the Prussian alliance, and obtained the neutrality of Hanover. Armed with this support, and relying upon the indisputable authority of the Federal treaties, he then revived the Diet of Frankfurt, and while Prussia still denied its existence, its authority was already invoked and about to be enforced on the confines of her own dominions. With equal boldness and skill immense masses of troops were moved at the approach of winter to all the commanding positions in Germany from the Vistula to the Rhine; presently Hesse was occupied, and even the war in Holstein terminated by the advance of the Imperial troops; yet not a blow was struck, and the Cabinet of Vienna obtained, by the mere display of its diplomatic influence and military strength, all the results of a victory. A few days later, peace was again restored between Northern and Southern Germany at the negotiations of Olmutz."

So much may be said by his most favourable biographer. On the other hand, it may be doubted whether many of his victories were not due to the weakness and vacillation of his opponents. At home, his policy was simply the reconstruction in its most odious and exaggerated form of the most brutal and degrading despotism. Metternich was content to lull the people by feasts and games, and to treat them as a *porc à l'engrais*; Schwarzenberg scourged them, not with whips, but with scorpions. He made waste paper of constitutions and charters, and reduced to a solitary item the conquests of the revolution. Barracks and bureaucracy, police and spies, a prying and inquisitorial terrorism, were his leading principles of Government. He ought to be gratefully remembered by the fanatics of Order: for Order was his god, and woman-floggings were among the sacrifices he was wont to pay to that divinity. By the peoples of Europe, by all who love liberty, justice, law, humanity, his name would seem to deserve to be held in execration. But the fact is, that with all his undoubted strength of will, and energy of action—with all his skill, vigour, and address—he was not a man to be remembered even for his atrocities. Execration would be too high a pedestal for a man who found a tottering empire in the dust, and rebuilt it.

on foundations of sand. What will a thousand Schwarzenbergs avail in the next deluge?

In the now official *Morning Herald* of Thursday appeared the following intimation, headed the "Austrian Government":—An express message arrived yesterday afternoon at the Austrian Embassy, requiring the immediate return of Count Buol Schauenstein to Vienna. It is understood that Count Buol will be successor of Prince Schwarzenberg as First Minister of Austria.

The following was the reply of Louis Napoleon to the magistracy on the occasion of their taking the oath of allegiance to him on Sunday last:—

Messieurs les Magistrats,—Although I receive your oath with pleasure, the obligation imposed on all the constituted bodies to take it appears to me less necessary on the part of those of whom the noble mission is to make the right dominant and respected. The more authority reposes on an incontestable base, the more it ought naturally to be defended by you. Since the day on which the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people replaced that of divine right, it may be affirmed with truth that no government has been as legitimate as mine. In 1804, four millions of votes, in proclaiming the power to be hereditary in my family, designated me as heir to the empire. In 1848, nearly six millions called me to the head of the republic. In 1851, nearly eight millions maintained me there. Consequently, in taking the oath to me, it is not merely to a man that you swear to be faithful, but to a principle—to a cause—to the national will itself.

The Minister of Justice then read the form of the oath, which is as follows:—"I swear obedience to the constitution and fidelity to the President; I swear also and promise well and faithfully to fulfil my functions, to observe religiously the secrecy of the deliberations, and to conduct myself in all as a worthy and loyal magistrate." Each having in turn taken this oath in the usual manner, the minister of finance presented the members of the Court of Accounts, to whom the Prince addressed the following speech:—

Gentlemen and Members of the Court of Accounts,—I have just received the oaths of the magistracy, which is the organ of justice. I am happy to receive at the same time the oaths of the present magistracy, who bring to the examination and control of the employment of the public fortune the same independence, the same probity, the same sentiment of duty.

The oath having been then administered the magistrates retired.

An arrangement has been entered into between the French Minister of Finance and the Bank of France, by which the accounts of the latter will be published every week.

The President gave a grand dinner at the Tuileries on Tuesday to the new Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux, and other dignitaries of the Church. Several of the Cabinet Ministers were also present.

Some disturbances have taken place at Bourges, owing to the labouring classes of the town endeavouring to prevent the exportation of corn. The local authorities promptly restored tranquillity. The public are much pleased with this determination.

The *Gazette de France* says:—"A rumour is current that the two Grand Dukes of Russia, Michael and Nicholas, are about to come to Paris on a visit to the President of the Republic."

This is, to say the least, problematical. It was only a few days since that the Grand Duke Constantine was royally entertaining the Comte de Chambord at Venice: treating him in all respects as a King, calling him *Sire*, etc.

The *Independence* of Brussels having stated that M. E. de Girardin had rallied to the cause of the President, the *Presse* replied to it as follows:—

"If I have rallied," it must be then admitted that the President of the Republic does not look towards the Empire; and if he does so it must then be admitted that I have not 'rallied' to him. It is necessary to choose between one or the other of these two affirmatives. The truth of the case is this—Called back to Paris by imperious and urgent business, I only yielded to the voice of personal convictions in perfect independence, and at the risk of opposing personal views which it is supposed and pretended are decided on, and expecting to receive a fresh order to return at my choice, either to Belgium, Germany, or England. My trunks are ready, but before starting I wished to state to democracy the result of my two months' reflections in the solitude of exile. The more I have reflected on it the more deeply convinced I feel that pessimism was the straightest, and consequently the shortest, road to arrive at legitimism. Anything rather than the European restoration of the last century. It is for this reason that, although marked with the seal of ostracism, and injured in the most serious manner in all my interests, I have never ceased to write from Brussels to Paris, 'Let there be no pessimism.' As to the suspicions which were not spared towards me before my return, and even before my departure on the 14th January, I have paid dear enough during the last year (more than 500,000*fr.*) for the right of disdaining them, and I shall make use of that right."

Wednesday was the first day of the annual Long-champs procession. The turn-out of carriages and equipages, and the display of beauty and luxury, was imperial.

The *Madrid Gazette* publishes a royal ordinance relative to modifications in the tariff of customs.

They are to be as follow:—1. Newly-invented manufactures are to be passed on paying duties similar to what are paid on articles of a similar kind, and forwarding a specimen to the Government as a guide for future duties. If they have no analogy, as aforesaid, they shall pay a duty of 15 per cent. for the first time, if under the national flag, and 18 per cent. *ad valorem* if under a foreign flag. 2. All goods sent in small quantities, and of little value, shall pay 15 per cent. *ad valorem* in Spanish, and 18 in foreign ships. 3. In order to get those goods passed the value of which is fixed by the importer, he must present to the authorities of the Customs the original invoice. If his invoice is objected to as too low, he shall be offered 10 per cent. on it, and it will then, if this is accepted, be the property of the Crown.

Letters from Florence state that a ministerial crisis is at hand, which will end in the increased influence of Austria. The present Ministers intend to retire on account of not being able to establish a demi-constitution, in which they are opposed by Austria.

The accounts received at Genoa from Cagliari state that the National Guard has been dissolved, and that the city remained tranquil.

The French Government has granted 50,000*fr.* for a monument to Marshal Ney.

A decree was published on the 5th inst. at Madrid annihilating the liberty of the press, establishing a censorship, and the Government to suspend and suppress journals at pleasure.

#### MAZZINI AND THE FRENCH SOCIALISTS.

LETTER FROM MR. MAZZINI.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

March 31, 1852.

SIR,—You have inserted in your columns a long, violent attack against me, from some leaders of socialistic French sects. I appeal to your loyalty for the full insertion of my own article, which has hitherto appeared in the *Leader* only in a mutilated form.

From you, Sir, I ask nothing but fair play, trusting, for the rest, the sound judgment of your honest liberal-minded readers. To the political attack, I shall be contented to answer with the un mutilated document; to the personal one, with contempt.

Yours obediently,

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

#### THE DUTIES OF DEMOCRACY.

WHAT should be the *mot d'ordre*, the rallying cry of parties at the present time?

The answer is very simple: it is to be found in one word, Action; action; one European, incessant, logical, daring; action everywhere and by all.

Idle talkers have ruined France; they will ruin Europe unless a holy reaction arise against them in the heart of the party. Thanks to them, we have now reached the Bas Empire. By dint of discussing the future, we have abandoned the present to the first comer. By dint of each man substituting his little sect, his little system, his little organization of humanity, to the grand religion of Democracy; to the common faith, to the combination of forces to conquer the ground, we have thrown disorganization amongst our ranks. The sacred phalanx which should have moved onwards as one man, closing up at each martyr's fall, has become an assemblage of *corps francs*, a true Wallenstein's camp, minus the genius of the commander.

At the hour of attack it has disbanded, right and left. It has been found scattered in groups, in small detachments, upon all the bye-ways of Socialism—anywhere save in the centre of the position. The enemy were one; they did not discuss—they acted; they have seized upon the position; and it is not by discussing the best means of arranging humanity by rule and line, that we shall drive them away for ever.

We have spoken the truth enough to our enemies: thanks to us, it gnaws at their hearts, like the vulture of Prometheus; it troubles them, and makes of every crime they commit, an error.

The hour has come to speak it, frankly and purely, as we conceive it, to our friends. They have done every possible evil to the most beautiful of causes. They would have destroyed it from excess of love or absence of intelligence, were it not immortal.

I do not accuse the great social Idea, which will be the glory and the mission of the epoch of which we are the precursors. I do not accuse the holy aspirations which prophesy the emancipation of the working class, the salvation of all, the CUP FOR ALL. I do not accuse the tendency to substitute, as far as possible, free association, to the unrestrained competition of individuals, credit by the state, to the credit (essentially egoistical) of the bankers, a single taxation on superfluity, to the multiple taxation which wars with the very life of the poor consumer; equal primary instruction and education for all, to the monopoly and inequality of the present day. These things have been preached for twenty years; they are comprised in the old word Republic, for which our fathers died, and which is for me sufficient.

But I accuse the Socialists, the leaders, above all, of having falsified, mutilated, narrowed the great Idea, by imprisoning it in absolute systems, usurping at once the liberty of the individual, the sovereignty of the country, and the continuity of progress, which is a law to all of us.

I accuse them of having presumed, in the name of their insignificant individualities, to extemporise solutions of the problem of human life, before that life could manifest itself in its plenitude of aspiration and capacity, under the action of those great electric currents men call revolutions.

I accuse them of having pretended to create, at a fixed hour, from their own weak or diseased brains, an organization which can only result from the concurrence of all the

human faculties in action; and of having substituted their solitary, individual Self, to the collective European Self; of having spoken in the name of Saint Simon, Fourier, Cabot, or any other, when it was a duty to immolate the revelers to the continuous revelation, and to inscribe on the front of the temple, God is God, and Humanity is his Prophet.

I accuse them of having crushed the *Man* under the *Sectarian*, free intelligence under the formula, the conception of life under a single manifestation of life: of having called themselves Communists, Communitarians, Communions, red or blue, it matters not, instead of calling themselves men, republicans, democrats of the nineteenth century: of having invented the fatal distinctions between Socialists and Republicans, Socialists and Revolutionists.

I accuse them of having in their vanity always said: *It is I*, where they ought to have said: *It is we*; of having employed all the resources of their intellects to destroy one another, to annihilate the one by the other: of having destroyed all confidence and all aim in the heart of the people; of having given birth, by a logical necessity, to the dissolving Mephistophelian genius of Proudhon, who denies them all—who denies God, Society, Government, and enthrones Irony in the void.

I accuse them of having dried up the sources of faith; of having animalized man, turned the working-class to egotism by concentrating the general attention almost exclusively upon the problem of material interests, by making that the end of the European struggle, which should be only a means, by making a principle of that physical amelioration which should be the consequence of moral amelioration.

I accuse them of having said, with Bentham and Volney, that LIFE IS THE SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS, instead of saying, with all those who have produced great transformations in the world, LIFE IS A MISSION, THE ACCOMPLISHMENT OF A DUTY.

I accuse them of having let it be thought that one can regenerate a people by fattening it; of having made of the question of humanity a question of the kitchen of humanity; of having said, TO EACH, ACCORDING TO HIS CAPACITY, TO EACH ACCORDING TO HIS WANTS; instead of crying upon the house-tops, TO EACH ACCORDING TO HIS LOVE, TO EACH ACCORDING TO HIS DEVOTION.

I accuse them of having, by I know not what vague cosmopolitanism, leading to inaction; by I know not what establishment of acephalous communes, enfeebled as far as in them lay, destroyed the national sentiments; that is to say, of having desired to move the lever by taking away its fulcrum, and humanity by suppressing its organization for action.

And I accuse them of having done all this under the cross fire of the enemy, when every man should have been a soldier, when unity and organization was a supreme law, when the peoples arose in faith, and risked death in despair; when it was a duty, before all things, to make of the revolution a European event, and not the solution of an economical problem; when they ought to have circulated, as across a fire, from mass to mass, from nation to nation, the word I have written at the beginning—Action!

For having forgotten, for having said, *The debt France owes to Europe is the solution of the problem of the organization of labour*; for having neglected the voice of those among her children, who called upon all dissentients to organize themselves upon a common ground, to front the battle. France has reached, through Rome, the shame of the 2nd of December.

She will efface it. It is not, God be thanked, in the land where Joan of Arc died; where George Sand\* and Lamennais have written, and where the great deeds of the Revolution are living recollections, that enthusiasm, faith, and the adoration of pure and great ideas, can ever be extinguished.

She will efface it. France will come forth purified from the struggle; as the vast social Idea which ferments within her will arise, bright with love and liberty, above all these Lilliputian Utopias which seek to better it, above this hideous worship of material interests, before which she has for an instant bowed her noble head.

But it is necessary that the whole of Democratic Europe should now aid her to arise, as she formerly aided Europe. It is necessary that, instead of flattering her, when led astray, Europe should speak to her the frank and severe words which are the inheritance of the strong. Above all, it is necessary that Europe should march onward, that it should march onward continually, and without her, so that she may hasten to follow in its steps. The movement of France at the present day is the result of the European movement: the movement of the Tassin and the Sicilian insurrection preceded the Republic of '48.

The European initiative belongs now to the first people, whichever it be, that shall arise, not in the name of a local interest, but of a European principle. If it be France that does this, then God and humanity bless France! If she does it not, let others do it. God recognises no people elect. Father of all, he is with all those who are ready to sacrifice themselves for good.

The seat of the initiative is in the alliance of nationalities. There is not one among them which, by throwing itself boldly into the arena, could not rouse two-thirds of Europe.

It is the duty of every democrat at the present day, unceasingly to repeat to the peoples; Liberty will never be yours, until when you have acquired the consciousness

\* With regard to this name, M. Louis Blanc has addressed the following note.—*Ed. of Leader.*

"It is strange that M. Mazzini, in his calumnious libel against the Socialists, should dare to invoke the name of George Sand, who is and has always been a Socialist, who is and has always been a Socialist in the sense of the signers of the Reply to M. Mazzini, among whom she reckons some of her dearest friends; and this, M. Mazzini knows well!"



of liberty; and this consciousness you can only acquire through action. By the law of God, you have neither people-king nor man-king. Your destinies are in yourselves.

The world awaits. The initiative is wheresoever its expectation shall be fulfilled: wheresoever a people shall arise, ready to combat, and to die if need be, for the salvation of all, inscribing on its flag: God, People, Justice, Truth, Virtue.

Arise for all, and you will be followed by all.

Every democrat should say to his brethren of France: You expiate now an immense fault, that of having deserted the European cause in '48. Do not forget it in the hour of awakening; and in the interval, purify yourselves in love, in the worship of noble ideas, in a return to the great inspirations of your Fathers. Quit the cells wherein the makers of formulae have confined you. Make yourselves men again in the free air, and under the bright light of day. Re-enter our ranks, which pride and the words of false prophets have caused you to forsake.

Combat, not the bourgeoisie, but egotism, wheresoever you find it—under the blouse, as under the broad-cloth: not authority, for which we all are seeking, but the phantoms that ape authority, the corpses which say—WE ARE THE LIFE; privilege, hereditary, monetary, or otherwise, which substitutes itself to genius and to virtue.

Do not say—LET US CARE FOR THE BODY, AND ALL WILL GO WELL. It is the soul that forms its cage, and every time you conquer a principle, you will find it result in a social organization. Care for honour, for duty, for the mission of France: every duty fulfilled will give you one of the rights you now demand, and which you are denied.

Frenchmen worthy the name, must have energy, loyalty, and love enough in their hearts, themselves to say to their brethren of other countries: "France once aided you, she has now need of your aid. It is because of the faith our fathers had in themselves, that no hostile efforts can now break our unity, or efface our nationality. Have faith in yourselves. We seek for brothers, not subjects, in Europe. Welcome be your cry of victory! We will follow it as if it were our own."

The entire party must become moral.

Every man of heart must come and rally round the standard planted on this common ground, which we have so often indicated, and which I again point out: GOD, PEOPLE, LOVE, ASSOCIATION, LIBERTY, TRUTH, EQUALITY, VIRTUE, THE GOOD OF ALL.

Let each among you pursue the study of the solution which he believes to have foreseen; let him speak, let him write according to his conscience: nothing better, it is our common right. But let him not confound the struggle with the victory; let him not make of his special flag a flag of exclusion; let him not desert the great army of the future; let him remember what I shall never cease to repeat to our brothers: "WE ARE NOT DEMOCRACY, we are but its vanguard: OUR DUTY IS TO CLEAR THE WAY, DEMOCRACY WILL DO THE REST."

At the present time every man ought to lend his arm to the struggle. If he does it not, he deserves to be dishonoured. His brethren die while he discusses.

We are, in number, in intelligence, in courage, and in truth, more powerful than our enemies. We want only unity of plan, of direction, of labour. Shame and woe to him whose intolerance or vanity shall hinder its realization.

The day in which the militant democracy shall have a Government, a tax, a common ground, a plan, a oneness of operation, it will have conquered. Until that day, let it resign itself to Monsieur de Maupas, to Schwarzenberg, to Radetzky: let it resign itself to shame, to the scourge, to transportation, to the gibbet; and find consolation, if it can, in reading the political romances which its pacific Utopists will always be ready to write; they cost but little to produce.

The position of the *Leader* in regard to this untoward dispute is, we deem it well to repeat, strictly neutral, and our only feeling one of regret.—EDITOR OF THE *Leader*.

#### THE MASTERS' STRIKE.

THE long pending dispute between the engineers and their employers now appears likely to terminate fatally for the former. The following notice has been sent from the Executive Council of the Amalgamated Society to the employers of operative engineers:—

"Gentlemen,—The Executive Council of the Amalgamated Society beg respectfully to withdraw the circular issued by them to the employers of operative engineers, dated the 24th of December, 1851, which circular stated 'that they had come to a resolution to abolish piecework and overtime after the 31st of December, 1851.' In withdrawing the above circular, which seems to have given rise to a serious contest in the trade, it is fully anticipated that such a course will have the effect of inducing the employers to withdraw the declaration which workmen are called upon to sign before resuming employment.

"I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,  
"W. ALLEN, General Secretary,  
"25, Little Aisle-street, Whitechapel, London,  
"April 5, 1852."

We confess we are mystified by this document, which has its counterpart in the letter from the Manchester secretary to the Manchester employers: and as in that case the masters refused to compromise, may we regard this as a final confession on the part of the workmen, that they can no longer carry on their opposition?

#### THE REVENUE.

No. I.—AN ABSTRACT OF THE NET PRODUCE OF THE REVENUE OF GREAT BRITAIN, IN THE YEARS AND QUARTERS ENDED APRIL 5, 1851, AND APRIL 5, 1852, SHOWING THE INCREASE OR DECREASE THEREOF.

Years ended April 5.

	1851. £	1852. £	Increase. £	Decrease. £
Customs.....	18,730,562	18,827,828	97,266	...
Excise.....	13,125,024	13,182,698	57,674	...
Stamps.....	6,105,524	5,901,526	...	203,998
Taxes.....	4,350,731	3,691,226	...	659,505
Property Tax.....	5,403,379	5,283,800	...	119,579
Post Office.....	861,000	1,051,000	190,000	...
Crown Lands.....	160,000	190,000	30,000	...
Miscellaneous.....	152,566	192,000	39,434	...
Total Ord. Rev.....	48,888,786	48,320,078	414,374	983,082
Imprest and other Moneys.....	651,453	522,086	...	129,367
Repayments of Ad- vances.....	759,126	749,643	...	9,483
Total income.....	50,299,365	49,591,807	414,374	1,121,932
Deduct Increase.....				414,374
Decrease on the Year.....				707,558

Quarters ended April 5.

	1851. £	1852. £	Increase. £	Decrease. £
Customs.....	4,548,266	4,615,025	66,759	...
Excise.....	1,980,536	2,070,064	89,528	...
Stamps.....	1,548,008	1,515,985	...	32,023
Taxes.....	167,784	295,048	127,264	...
Property Tax.....	2,089,950	2,068,827	...	21,123
Post Office.....	272,000	259,000	...	13,000
Crown Lands.....	40,000	80,000	40,000	...
Miscellaneous.....	21,974	41,733	19,759	...
Total Ord. Rev.....	10,668,518	10,945,682	343,310	66,146
Imprest and other Moneys.....	261,765	140,441	...	121,324
Repayments of Ad- vances.....	141,908	88,608	...	53,300
Total Income.....	11,072,191	11,174,731	343,310	240,770
Deduct Decrease.....				240,770
Increase on the Quarter.....				102,540

No. II.—THE INCOME AND CHARGE OF THE CONSOLIDATED FUND, IN THE QUARTERS ENDED APRIL 5, 1851 AND 1852.

Quarters ended April 5.

#### INCOME.

	1851. £	1852. £
Customs.....	4,548,266	4,633,267
Excise.....	1,988,437	2,078,171
Stamps.....	1,548,008	1,515,985
Taxes.....	167,784	295,048
Property Tax.....	2,089,950	2,068,827
Post Office.....	272,000	259,000
Crown Lands.....	40,000	80,000
Miscellaneous.....	21,974	41,733
Imprest and other Monies.....	129,614	18,631
Produce of the Sale of Old Stores.....	132,151	121,810
Repayments of Advances.....	141,908	88,608
	11,080,092	11,201,080

#### CHARGE.

	1851. £	1852. £
Permanent Debt.....	5,526,135	5,490,533
Terminable Annuities.....	1,274,435	1,279,738
Interest on Exchequer-bills, issued to meet the Charge on the Consolidated Fund.....	...	...
Sinking Fund.....	644,701	681,599
The Civil List.....	99,020	99,251
Other Charges on the Consolidated Fund.....	328,498	320,201
For Advances.....	429,684	236,576
Total Charge.....	8,300,473	8,107,898
The Surplus.....	2,779,619	3,093,182
	11,080,092	11,201,080

#### PROMENADE IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE committee for the preservation of the Crystal Palace, determined to show its capabilities to the fullest extent, for the recreation and amusement of the public, threw it open on Saturday for a grand promenade. A shilling was charged for the entrance, but the streams of pedestrians throughout the day, and the hosts of vehicles which pursued their way through Piccadilly, reminded one of the opening days of the Exhibition. It is difficult to ascertain the numbers who visited the building throughout the day, but it has been stated, on good authority, that there were not less than 80,000. Messrs. Fox and Henderson, the contractors, who are now in possession of the Crystal Palace, received the following communication, on Saturday morning, at an hour when it was impossible to stop the arrangements for the promenade:—

"Immediate.

"Palace of Westminster, April 2.

"GENTLEMEN,—We are directed by Her Majesty's Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851 to transmit to you the accompanying extract from a letter which the Commissioners have received from the Office of Works, showing that the Government disapprove of the Exhibition Building being appropriated to any purposes other than those which are specified in the Royal warrant.

"The Commissioners expect that Messrs. Fox and Henderson will strictly conform to the requirements of the Commissioners of Works as expressed in this extract.

"We have the honour to be, Gentlemen,

"Your obedient servants,

"J. SCOTT RUSSELL.

"EDGAR A. BOWRING.

"P.S. A copy of the Royal warrant is enclosed.

"Messrs. Fox, Henderson, and Co."

(COPY.)

"Extract from a letter to Her Majesty's Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851, from the Office of Works, dated March 26:—

"Lord John Manners feels it to be his duty, therefore, to take the earliest opportunity of apprising the Commissioners for the Exhibition that he cannot in any way countenance the appropriation of the building to any purposes other than those which are specified in the Royal Warrant of the 26th of September."

Had this injunction been obeyed by Messrs. Fox and Henderson, the most extraordinary results would probably have occurred. Such a disappointment at the very moment of expected fruition might have tried the patience of the British public, and they might have tried the strength of the doors. If anything could convince the Government and the Royal Commissioners of the continued attachment of the Londoners to their Crystal Palace, it would have been a burglarious entry by a well-dressed mob—casual crowbars and extempore battering-rams in hands protected by kid-gloves, and the fairest of the fair sex encouraging the felonious charivari! But this was not to be. The contractors preferred the hazard of disobeying the Woods and Forests to that of disappointing the public, and the doors were opened at the appointed time. The brightness of the day, the varied hues of the costume, and the wonderful order and good humour which prevailed throughout the dense crowd, all combined to render the promenade most attractive and exhilarating. A little before two o'clock the six bands of the Household Troops and of the Royal Artillery assembled in the centre of the transept, and playing various marches, filed off to the portions assigned to them in the building, where during the afternoon they performed various selections of music. At five o'clock the bell which in days gone by summoned the workmen to the erection of the edifice—but which we trust will never summon them to its destruction—was rung; and shortly after the bands of the Grenadier Guards and of the 1st Life Guards marched up in order from the west nave; the band of the Royal Artillery, 2nd Life Guards, and Scotch Fusiliers, from the east side; the Horse Guards advanced from the south, and the Coldstreams from the north side of the transept, followed by crowds from all parts of the building, who occupied the galleries and every place from which a view could be obtained. The several bands formed in the centre—three strokes upon the drum were given as a signal—and the united bands struck up the National Anthem, with the usual monitory accompaniment of "hats off." The anthem was concluded, encored, and from the assembled crowds rose one tremendous shout, which testified to the attachment of Englishmen to the Throne, and, among other "existing institutions," to the Crystal Palace in which they were assembled. And thousands still lingered within its crystal walls long after the echo of that shout had died away, and the sun had set.

#### THE CITY MEETING.

The members of the metropolitan and other committees for the promotion of the recent Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations, with a great number of City magnates, merchants, and other gentlemen, met at the Mansion House, on Wednesday, and passed resolutions in favour of the preservation of the Crystal Palace, and agreed that measures should be taken to promote that object by holding public meetings in the City and elsewhere. The Lord Mayor took the chair until compelled to retire to attend to his official duties, when Sir Moses Montefiore was requested to preside. Admiral Sir G. Sartorius, the Reverend Mr. Cattley, Alderman Wire, Mr. Moffatt, M.P., Mr. H. Maudslay, Mr. Oliveira, Sir C. Allan, and other gentlemen, cordially and heartily supported the resolutions. An amendment moved by Mr. Barber, and seconded by Mr. Phillips, was only responded to by eight individuals on a show of hands.

#### THE KAFIR WAR.

THE *Propontis* arrived at Plymouth on Tuesday, bringing papers from the Cape up to the 3rd of March.

On the whole, the intelligence, if not decisively good, has at any rate nothing of an opposite character. Our prospects, it will be remembered, substantially depended on the effect which might be produced by a new invasion of the Amatola district. The Kafirs, as we were credibly informed, had been materially discouraged by the capture and destruction of their property across the Kei. This blow it was intended to follow up by a general attack upon the Amatolas, where Sandilli was still intrenched, and hopes were entertained that the disposition to capitulate which had been already evinced would be confirmed into an absolute surrender by the success of the projected operations. At present, however, the reports are indecisive. The movement had taken place, and "the work of devastation," according to the language of an

official memorandum, "had been carried on since the 15th of February with great vigour and energy," but the expedition, at the date of the last advices, had not yet returned, and the actual result was consequently uncertain.

We do not observe that any chief of consideration has been dislodged from his stronghold. Sandilli appears to maintain himself in the Amatolas and on the Upper Kieskamma, notwithstanding the operations of the patrols; Stock is ensconced in the Fish River Bush, which has already proved so dangerous to our troops; and Macomo still holds the natural fortress of the Water Kloof, before which we suffered such annoyance. Sir William Molesworth's description of these retreats:—"Steep mountains capped with sandstone, resembling vast fortifications, with huge masses rising several feet from the surface of the ground, or deep, narrow, gloomy ravines, called 'kloofs,' both ravines and mountains being covered with the peculiar bush of South Africa," will convey to the general reader an impressive idea of what remains to be accomplished so long as three of these fortresses are held each by a multitude of desperate savages well provisioned.

#### SIR HENRY SMITH AND THE KAFIR CHIEFS.

##### Memorandum.

King William's Town, Jan. 30.

The messengers from Bokoo and Mapassa, who came to King William's Town with Lieutenant-Colonel Eyre's column, having been sent back with the Governor's reply to Bokoo's entreaty for peace, returned on the evening of the 27th inst., and were heard by his Excellency on the following morning. They spoke as follows:—

"Bokoo thanks for the word—he thanks very much, as he owes his life to Smith. After he had received the message he sent direct to Krel, who also thanked for the word, and was very glad Bokoo had sent in and offered submission. Bokoo's words were his, and he also tenders submission: he also is Smith's child. Krel is a child, and knows nothing; let Smith and Bokoo talk, and he will do what they say. Bokoo said to Krel, 'What is the use of your talking in this way? your people are responsible to you, and are constantly ill-treating English people in your country. How do you account for your people acting as they do? when I send in to beg for peace, they go and burn Butterworth Station. You must arrange this, and that speedily, and seek for Umgaza and the authors of this outrage!' Krel assented, and said that these were the two men who had caused all this mischief. He would seek them out, and not rest until he had found them. It was no fault of his; the houses were burnt by bad men. This is all that passed between Krel and Bokoo. We (the present messengers) took the message."

The Governor: Krel does not think I send my message to him?

Messengers: No, Bokoo said it was Smith's answer to his message, and that he then sent to Krel. Bokoo thanks Smith for his word, as he is no child, and hopes that in tendering his submission he will be believed to be in earnest, for what he does is in real good faith. Bokoo hopes to receive an answer; he has been punished, and now begs for peace and Smith's answer. Bokoo sent word to Krel about the 1500 and 1000 head of cattle. Krel said he would try and collect them, but it would be difficult as so many of his people's cattle had been taken.

The Governor then said: Listen now to what I have to say. Krel! Who is Krel, who dares to send messages to me except by some of his own great men? I will treat him as Chaka did his enemies. Has he no great men to send? Are they all killed in the colony, or with Krel, when he fought at the Umvuni, or in the late passage of the Kye? Or are they all thrown over the krantz on the Bashee by the Colonial Fingoes?

##### Terms Granted to Bokoo.

Now, hear my word to Krel, sent through Bokoo:—

With Bokoo and Mapassa I make peace, and their enemies shall be my enemies, and Bokoo and Mapassa shall do all I order them. They must seize and send to me any cattle of the Gaikas which may be driven into their country for protection; their people may sit and reap their fields. Bokoo shall send to Krel to say I demand—

1. Five hundred head of cattle for the destruction of Butterworth.

2. One thousand head for the insults and injuries done to the traders.

3. That he drive out of his country every Hottentot, and that he "eats them up."

4. That he expels from his councils that old enemy of Government, Klabla Klabla, and eats him up.

5. That he forfeits all claim to any authority on this side of the Kei, and that he sends no message to any chief on this side of it.

6. These things duly agreed upon between me and four of Krel's councillors, I will make peace with him when his councillors arrive, which must be in a few days, or I will move the troops again over the Kei, sweep off the rest of his cattle, and destroy his crops, while Faku, Nonesi, Ludidi, Joi, and others, shall fall upon his once rich fields, covered with herds and goats, and richly cultivated—they shall be a desert and he an outcast. What had Krel to complain of, when he did all he could, as he called it, "to drive the English into the sea?"

Now, Krel must hear why I went to war:—

When the Gaikas went to war, Krel saw that their cause was an unjust one, and he sent me a dun ox as an emblem of peace, and in token of his amity. After this I placed confidence in him, and I would not believe the reports made me—that he was encouraging the Gaikas, and that many of his people had joined in the war, and that others had robbed and assaulted the traders over the Kei.

I called upon him to account for this. He saw Mr. Conway; he promised fairly; sent messengers with Conway, promising to satisfy all just demands as soon as the war was over. I again believed him; he then ordered the missionary and traders to withdraw from Butterworth, and directed Unzuboo to see them out of the country, who refused, and said, the duty was too great for him, only a chief under Krel, that he (Krel) must come and do it himself.

The bold and firm conduct of the Rev. Mr. Gladwin alone saved himself and the British.

Krel sent two messengers to Umhala and Pato, desiring them to "join to drive the English into the sea." Umhala listened, but his people as a body did not. Many, very many, of his young men and the minor chief, Umfandisi, and all his people, joined the Gaikas. I have fined Umhala one thousand head of cattle. Pato assembled his people to hear the message, that Krel might know their feeling. The answer was, "We are all English—you, Krel, must send us no more messages." Pato added, "If the English are driven into the sea I will go with them." Krel next personally leads his people with the Tambookies against the Boer commando, which had moved against the Tambookies to the Umvuni, but had not crossed into Krel's country. The Kafirs were beaten; many slain. Krel's people fled on horseback; Krel, in order to stop them, jumped off his horse, calling them to do so, but they fled.

The traders were again robbed; a Kafir escort of Umhala's, with some waggons from the Kei fired on, two of them wounded, their guns taken, traders' cattle seized; redress was sought in vain. Krel laughed at the application, and declared he was at war. When he sent me the ox of peace I desired him not to allow the Gaika cattle to cross the Kei; he promised, but he sheltered them. Where now is Krel's great ox, Gugumba? Taken by my people, and Krel degraded.

These are the causes why I invaded Krel, and made Faku, Nonesi, and others fall upon him. Faku had not forgotten Krel's treatment of his daughter.

Krel has lost 30,000 head of cattle, 14,000 goats, and many horses taken by the troops and allies; hundreds of men slain. 7,000 Fingoes, whom he held in bondage as slaves, who, having thrown themselves under the protection of the troops, brought with them 30,000 more cattle, have joined the English and sought shelter in the colony. Krel now wants peace; he would never have been at war had he listened to the advice of Bokoo, and Mapassa, and Umguboo, all of whom behaved well, until Krel ordered them to fight. How dare Krel say I went to war alone to redress the injuries of the traders. That was cause sufficient, and for this I would have made war; but his object was "to drive the English into the sea." Let him look at his own country now, and that of the Gaikas; their cattle swept off—their people slain—their country, like his own, a desert—thousands of Gaikas have fallen, excited to war by Krel! He had nothing to complain of; he had a missionary—traders who dealt honestly with his people—a resident to hear his wishes; he and his people had everything they required, and were independent. Let him look at the T'Slamibies, and observe the difference between war and peace—rich in cattle, and happy—respecting their own chiefs—their chiefs attending to their oath to obey the great Queen of England and her Majesty's authorities. Krel shall never be recognised as a great chief; he is a chief only between the Kei and Bashee; and unless he enter into the terms I offer, I will, with Faku and others, make war on him till I eat him up.

Bokoo's messengers again spoke. They thanked for the word the Governor had just spoken, and said they did not think Bokoo was so much to blame as others, as he took care of the traders as long as he could.

The Governor replied that that was true, and it was for that reason he was willing to make a separate peace with Bokoo, and had sent a sealed message to him before the troops crossed the Kei, to the effect that if his people continued quiet and peaceable they would not be molested.

The messengers then departed, orders being despatched by them (through Krel) to Mr. Shaw, the British resident at Morley, to suspend hostilities beyond the Kei.

On the morning of the 27th inst., the following message was despatched by Mr. W. Fynn, the late resident with Krel, to the Chief Umhala:—

"Chief Umhala—Your conduct from the commencement of the rebellion has been shuffling and evasive; some orders of your commissioner you have obeyed, others you have disregarded. You listened to two of Krel's messengers, and sent them to Pato, urging war. My 'word' is, that you seize all the Gaika cattle in your country secreted in the kraals of your people; that you 'eat up' Kasani or Umfandisi who went to war, although he swore on my 'stick' to command his people under me—and that you eat up all his people; and you will eat up every man of your tribe who has been out in the war," and every head of colonial cattle, and every horse among your people, I also demand. I will not receive less than 1000 head of cattle in all—good cattle, not such old trash as you formerly sent me. This duly complied with, you and your people, their cattle and crops, will be respected. (Signed) "H. G. SMITH."

#### OUT-DOOR RELIEF IN AUSTRALIA.

THE last accounts from the gold regions of Australia are of great interest. Both in New South Wales and Victoria the general success of the miners seems to have been uninterrupted; but it is in the latter colony that the most striking results have been realized. In the week ending the 12th of December the amount of gold brought to Melbourne under escort was 23,000 ounces,

\* The following are the principal men who have been engaged in the war, although there are others:—Quiko, Maxuma, Hala, Goba, Uduka, Umxuma, Untshikela, Manabene, Tschanechu, Ugani, Unxela, Tyta (especially this man

and, coupled with what was also brought by private hands, the total value was supposed to have been equivalent to little short of 100,000*l*. New deposits of great richness had been discovered, and it was found almost impossible to retain any one at an ordinary occupation. A recommendation from the Lieutenant-Governor for a large increase in the pay of all the inferior Government employes had been carried by a vote of 17 to 12. Instances of disappointment, it is alleged, were hardly known. The daily influx of new-comers, however, promised to put the permanent nature of the yield to a strong test. Under the circumstances the Government had resolved to double the charge for license fees, and it was now therefore raised to 3*l*. It was also to be enforced from all persons in profitable employment at the mines, such as tent-keepers, cooks, &c., irrespective of their not being engaged in the search for gold. Some doubt was entertained whether these alterations would be submitted to, and it is obvious that even if such should be the case for the moment there will be ultimately great risk in carrying attempts of this kind too far. The Australian papers teem with news from the gold districts; accounts of new diggings and rich yields, of large quantities of gold brought up by the traders or found by gold-seekers, and, withal, accounts of depopulation of less favoured localities, of crime at the diggings, of ineffectiveness of the police force, and of Lynch law. It is California all over again, but, it would appear, California on a larger scale.

There is enough in the accounts to show that emigrants have not only some good fortune to hope for, but that there are also dangers and temptations. "The present system of indiscriminate digging is calculated to produce the habit of gambling." "We are sorry to learn that many of the diggers spend their Sundays at Braidwood in drunkenness and riot." Such like remarks are tacked to the fag end of every letter from the gold districts. Crime, too, is rife among the miners. "Robberies," says one paper, "are becoming fashionable in the Victoria gold fields. One poor fellow had 62oz. stolen from him on Saturday last; another 30*l*. in notes; another man had his tent cut open, but the robbers missed the purse. As for horse-stealing, it has become so common, that it is thought little of, except by the sufferers." The *Melbourne Daily News* states that "a number of diggers have come to the town for the purpose of buying fire-arms. They have no protection on which they can depend, and they intend to keep in small bodies for their own protection. The diggings on an evening present a most extraordinary scene, much resembling a party who apprehended a surprise. Most of the diggers are armed to the teeth, and volley upon volley is fired, it being a rule to discharge and reload after 6 o'clock every evening."

At the Ballarat diggings crime is fearfully on the increase. The diggers there are surrounded by a gang of vagabonds. They are altogether unprotected. The police are awed by the amount of crime, and not one of the officers dare lead his men into a mob to apprehend a murderer. Prize-fighting, gambling, and other indecencies prevail on Sundays. "On Sunday week," says the *Melbourne Herald*, "several prize-fights came off at Ballarat at the very time when the different ministers of the gospel were performing divine service." There is a general outery of indignation against the Government for permitting these practices. The *Argus* says, "Lynch law with all its worst terrors is forced upon us by the imbecility of our Government." And the *Melbourne Herald* protests that "the Government must act with energy, and without loss of time, or else a second California in Lynch law and riot lies before us in all its hideous nakedness of crime." The accounts of the state of public morals at Turon and Ophir are more favourable. It appears that the newest diggings in particular are the hotbeds of licentiousness and crime. Old convicts, too, are obtaining an untenable notoriety in the New World. A letter from Sofalo mentions an active rogue, called Peter Rooney, who made his appearance at the diggings. In his case, however, the magistrates appear to have acted with energy, for Peter Rooney was fined and ordered to leave the county.

Some of the most rich and productive gold-diggings are within two days' walk of Melbourne, and letters dated December the 17th state, that the town now presents the anomaly of a place without any labouring population. "Every labouring man, sailor, shepherd, &c., has started off." The accounts of the immense quantities of gold found at Bathurst and Port Phillip have been rather understated hitherto than exaggerated. The Government weekly escort from Bathurst, which arrived at Melbourne on the 26th of November, brought 13,169oz.; the one of the following week, 16,669oz.; and on the week following, the immense amount of 26,656oz. There are now 20,000 people at Mount Alexander, where the gold is found about six inches below the surface, and a great deal also on the



surface of the ground. Another letter from Melbourne says:—

"You may imagine, with such an extraordinary gold field so near to Melbourne, what a state the city must be in. Many of the large establishments, where many hands are required to carry on the work, are closed. The ships in harbour are all but deserted, and the prices of the necessities of life are very high, the butchers and bakers having either started to the diggings themselves, or been left without journeymen.

"I am afraid we shall have a great deal of drunkenness and debauchery about Christmas and the new year, and, unfortunately, there will be no police to keep them in order, as the whole police force of the city, with the exception of six, have sent in their resignations, and they will be entitled to their discharges on the 1st of January. The Government will be also, I am afraid, placed in an awkward predicament, as numbers of their officers and clerks have also sent in their resignations, and it will be very difficult to fill their places. How the public service is to be carried on is now a difficult question."

The *Melbourne Argus* of December the 20th, gives a general summary, founded partly on ascertained facts, and partly on "careful conjecture," of the amount of gold "dug up and ready for market," estimating the value at 3*l.* an ounce.

In the banks in Melbourne and Geelong, on the 19th November, 42,000 ounces	£125,000
In private hands in Melbourne and Geelong, at the same date, 8,000 ounces	24,000
Amount by escort, on the 19th of November, 10,138 ounces	30,414
Ditto, 26th of November, 12,106 ounces	36,318
Ditto, 3rd of December, 16,669 ounces	50,007
Ditto, 10th of December, 26,656 ounces	79,968
Ditto, 17th of December, 19,492 ounces	58,476
Amount estimated to have been brought in by private conveyance, 28,353 ounces	85,059
Amount estimated in the hands of diggers, on the gold field, 80,000 ounces	240,000

Total, 243,414 ounces, or 20,282 10-12lb., or 202 cwt. 82lb. 10 ounces, or 10 tons 2 cwt. 82lb. 10 ounces . . . . . £730,242

These astonishing results have all been arrived at in less than three short months. On the 29th of September the announcement of the first large yield in Victoria was made known.

The same paper thus points the moral of this golden tale:—

"To the good people of Great Britain we commit the consideration of these statements. We beg to remind them that even before this discovery burst upon us, this was one of the finest and most prosperous of British colonies. Let the gold fields cease their yield to-morrow, and we still retain all the elements of national wealth and national greatness. Those who venture to share our wealth may venture boldly, for boundless plenty smiles side by side with countless wealth. Our splendid harvests are now whitening for the sickle, with no men to reap them. The same land which is thus pouring forth its mineral treasures, is still feeding the finest sheep and cattle that ever were fattened upon natural grasses. Their fate has hitherto been that shameful waste, the melting-pot. It is a land literally flowing with milk and honey. It wants but population to give it a degree of progress unequalled in the history of the world. Let the overcrowded of the mother country come freely and fearlessly. We can make room for them by thousands or tens of thousands."

Why should English labourers be allowed to starve in Dorsetshire, while food, shelter, clothing, and gold, are literally waiting for them in another hemisphere?

#### OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE.

On Saturday afternoon the great annual contest between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge was decided by an eight-oar race over the usual course from Putney-bridge to the well-known Ship Tavern at Mortlake—a distance of somewhat more than four miles. It is very nearly two years and a half since "Father Thames" was enlivened by a similar match, on which occasion the Oxonians were victorious through a foul on the part of their adversaries. Long before the time appointed, the whole course of the river to Putney was alive with bustle and excitement. Twelve steamers were chartered to accompany the race, but a vast number of persons were disappointed in obtaining places. About twenty minutes after one o'clock the Oxford crew rowed away from Searle's yard, at Putney, and were followed shortly after by the Cantabs. At a quarter to two the rival boats took their respective situations, the Oxford being on the Middlesex side, the Cantabs on the Surrey. The two crews, who were most vociferously cheered, were composed of the following gentlemen:—

OXFORD.  
1. Prescott, Brasenose.  
2. Greenhall, ditto.  
3. Nind, Christ Church.  
4. Buller, Balliol.  
5. Denne, University.  
6. Houghton, Brasenose.  
7. King, Pembroke.  
8. Chitty, Balliol (stroke)  
Cotton, Christ Church (cox.)

CAMBRIDGE.  
1. McNaughton, Trinity.  
2. Brandt, ditto.  
3. Tuckey, St. John's.  
4. Ford, Trinity.  
5. Hawley, Sidney.  
6. Longmore, ditto.  
7. Norris, Trinity.  
8. Johnstone, Trinity (stroke).  
Crosse, Caius (cox.)

Mr. C. Selwyn officiated as umpire, and Mr. E. Searle undertook to start them, which he effected at about ten minutes to two o'clock. The race may be described in a few words. Both crews started at an astonishing pace for some hundred yards, when the Oxford obtained a slight advantage, which they gradually improved upon. At this point the Cantabs, under the guidance of Robert Coombes, the champion, kept to the Surrey side, whilst the Oxonians steered up the middle of the river. On nearing Hammersmith-bridge, the Cambridge, putting on a spurt, appeared to lessen the distance between, and their partisans asserted that they would come out level from their plan of steering. At Chiswick Eyot, however, the Oxford had increased their lead, in despite of the most strenuous exertions of their opponents. All efforts after this were fruitless, for the Oxford coxswain, taking off his cap, cheered on his crew and steered them on to victory, which they gained by about six boats' lengths amidst the deafening cheers of thousands. The boats were both built by Messrs. Searle for the occasion; the Oxford one being sixty-three feet in length, the Cambridge sixty-two. Several boats were upset by the swell from the steamers, and amongst others the *Leander*. The parties, however, fortunately met with no accident beyond the ducking. The Oxford and Cambridge crews dined together as usual after the race, at the Albion, Aldersgate-street.

#### THE CASE OF MR. WHISTON.

THE Reverend Robert Whiston, M.A., has pleaded his own cause this week, on an appeal made by him, in the Court of the Bishop of Rochester, against his removal as Master of the Rochester Grammar School. For convenience the Court was held in the Court of Arches; and Dr. Lushington and Baron Parke assisted the Bishop. The Dean and Chapter of Rochester, who dismissed Mr. Whiston, were represented by Dr. Addams and Mr. Cowling. Dr. Griffith, the senior canon, was present.

Mr. Whiston began pleading on Monday, and continued on Tuesday and Wednesday, when he concluded.

The ostensible ground of his dismissal was for the publication of a pamphlet on Cathedral Trusts, which it was alleged contained false and scandalous libels against the Dean and Chapter and the Bishop of Rochester. Mr. Whiston, insisted that the libels were not false or scandalous, and alleged a series of facts to prove the truth of the said libels. The leading facts of the case, stated in his own words, were as follow:—

"In November, 1842, I was elected to the head mastership of the Cathedral Grammar School at Rochester. At that time there was not a single scholar in the school. The number was soon raised by myself to nearly eighty. Not long after that I fell in with a copy of the Cathedral Statutes, and I discovered that four students ought, in conformity with the directions of the founder, to be maintained at the universities, and twenty boys also at the school. And I also observed, that the allowance for that purpose had remained, from the time of Henry VIII. to the present time, unchanged—namely, 5*l.* for the students, and 2*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* for the grammar boys; while the income of the canons, which at the foundation was 20*l.*, had been increased to 680*l.* A correspondence then followed with the Chapter. In August, 1843, I applied for an augmentation of the 2*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* allowed to the grammar boys. The request which I made was not granted, and nothing was done. Subsequently I applied to the Bishop of Rochester, and it is part of the unhappiness of my position that I am compelled to say that I was kept in doubt by his lordship for four months, and then referred by him to the Court of Chancery. On the 28th of May, 1849, I was dismissed by the Dean and Chapter, by a deed poll, which states that the pamphlet published by me contained scandalous libels, and passages directed against the Dean and Chapter, and also against the Lord Bishop of the diocese, and against the members of divers other cathedral churches, particularly at page 50 and so, and then going on to specify the passages charged as being libellous. I then applied for an injunction to restrain the Chapter from carrying out this deed poll, but the injunction was refused on the ground of want of jurisdiction. On the 10th of August I was served with a notice to the effect that the Chapter had cancelled the deed poll. On the 13th I was served with a citation, reciting pretty nearly the same facts as the deed poll—namely, that 'the said pamphlet contains divers false, scandalous, and libellous passages directed against the said Dean and Chapter, and also against divers other cathedral bodies in the kingdom.' It recited also the same passages that were recited in the deed poll, by which I was dismissed unheard. Perhaps I ought to have mentioned that the notice cancelling the deed poll acknowledged me still as the master of the school. The citation summoned me to appear before the Dean and Chapter, and answer for having written the pamphlet for which in the first instance I had been dismissed without a hearing. Various proceedings followed, which were ended on the 19th ult. by a second deed of dismissal. I then appealed to the Court of Queen's Bench, where the rule was made absolute for my restoration, but subsequently discharged on the ground that the return of the visitor was held a sufficient answer, without the Court going at all into the merits."

Mr. Whiston laid down fifteen propositions, which in his long speech he endeavoured to substantiate. He alleged that the pamphlet was not false and scandalous, but substantially true, justified by facts, or antecedent

provocations, and intended for the public good; that if it were libellous, it would not furnish legal ground for his dismissal; that the publication of such a pamphlet was, if not commanded, encouraged under a special statute; that if the offence had been committed, the sentence was invalid, as having been passed without the accused being heard in defence, and the chapter judges in their own cause; that he had not proved himself unworthy, and was not, in fact, entirely unfit and unworthy to be entrusted with the instruction of the foundation boys of the school; and that the dean and chapter had not been actuated by a regard to the interest of the school in dismissing him.

Mr. Whiston, at great length, showed how he had been insultingly treated by Dr. Griffiths, the canon in residence, on account of his proceedings in relation to the cathedral trusts. He showed that the Dean and Chapter of Rochester had not applied the monies left for that purpose to the maintenance of the Grammar School boys, and in the sending of students to the Universities; while, at the same time, their own incomes had increased from 20*l.* to 680*l.* 19*s.* It was represented that the revenue in excess was paid to a mysterious entity, or non-entity, known as *domus*; but what Mr. Whiston wanted, was a sight of the accounts of the Dean and Chapter, to see what had become of the money. He stated some striking facts connected with the administration of the trusts.

"Mr. Whiston said that there was this simple undisputed fact, that whereas Henry VIII. gave to the deans and canons of Rochester only 220*l.* a year, about four times as much as to the foundation scholars, either they or *domus*, or they and *domus* together, in 1838, took 5,500 times as much. There was in that year one boy receiving 1*l.*, the original allowance being 53*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, and, according to the returns made to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, the Dean of Rochester was receiving 1,426*l.* a year, and the six canons about 4,080*l.*; so that, instead of its being 220*l.* versus 53*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, it was 5,500*l.* versus 1*l.* \* \* \* \* In 1542 the net receipts were 220*l.*; in 1834, the average for seven years was 5,511*l.*; the expenses of the grammar-school in 1542, in which he included the salaries of the masters and the stipends of four students, were 99*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.*; the average for seven years ending in 1834 was 126*l.* 13*s.* 1*d.*, which was rather mysterious, because, in 1834, there were only six boys in the school. In 1542 the portion of the whole endowment apportioned for the schools and students was one-eighth; in 1834 it was 1-233. In the passage cited he had laid down two principles; first, that it was only just to dispose of the church's lands as the founder intended; and, secondly, that it was binding on clergymen to do unto others as they would that others should do unto them. Would any one deny that the details he had given proved the truth of what he had stated? The net receipts of the dean and canons was raised from 220*l.* to 5,511*l.*, and of each canon from 20*l.* to 680*l.* 19*s.*; while, out of the 53*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* allowed for scholars, not more than 20*l.* was ever paid to them until 1842. Was there not, then, a preference for money to principles of justice?

As to the *domus*, the great money absorber, the threw some strange light upon him, her, or it.

The Bishop of Rochester said that Mr. Whiston knew that the Chapter had to pay subscriptions to a great variety of objects in the diocese out of the cathedral funds, which amounted to a large sum annually. But Mr. Whiston always spoke as if he wished to make it appear that the money went into the pockets of the Dean and Chapter. The *domus*, in fact, was expended for objects directly tending to the public good.

Mr. Whiston—Yes, my lord; but these subscriptions being paid out of *domus*, must save the pockets of the Dean and Chapter, and thus, *pro tanto*, increase their dividends.

The Bishop—That may be so.

Mr. Whiston's peroration was very eloquent, and does him great honour. One passage is stored with remarkable facts, and tells its own tale.

"As for their persecution—*dabit Deus his quoque finem*," and far rather would I have to bear even it than endure the burden of their self-reproach—for what is more heavy to bear than evil fame deserved, or who can see worse days than he who, yet living, follows at the funeral of his own reputation? As I have said elsewhere, I have been supported by the consciousness and cheered by the happiness of doing right. Already the poor bedesmen of Rochester, some of whom have fought and bled for their country, fill a place which had been empty for almost a century, and receive a stipend which *Domus* had received for nearly 86 years. The poor choristers of Canterbury no longer hand over their first half-year's pittance to the organist, while the lay clerks have 40*l.* a-year more than they used to have. The grammar boys at Worcester receive not 3*s.* 10*d.*, but 2*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*; the 16 boys at Durham have now 4*l.* a-year more than ever they had before; the 24 at Chester have had their 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* each restored; and the visitor has declared that the four exhibitors are henceforth to be maintained at the Universities. The old cathedral school at Carlisle, which dates from the seventh century, displays new buildings, and boasts of its 70 boys; and Elly itself, as if ashamed of its bad prominence, is, as it appears from the public prints, to be reformed and made, I hope, not unworthy of its dean. Whatover, then, may result to myself—come what may, I say, *Laus labor tamen extinguisse nefas*."

Again—

"Nay, my lords—in the present outcry for education, while every one professes it to be the greatest of acquired blessings and the choicest of man's gifts, and proclaims its



universal diffusion as the worthiest object of a nation's solicitude, is the calling of a teacher—laborious, anxious, ill-requited, and unhonoured as it is—to be made withal so uncertain and dependent that no man of spirit, or who can get a living in any other way, would deliberately enter upon it? Surely, my lords, you will not lend yourselves to this. In the name of substantial justice, and sitting as the representatives of a king who founded churches cathedral and collegiate, 'in order that youth might be liberally trained, old age fostered with things necessary for living, and that liberal largesses of alms to the poor in Christ, offices of piety teeming over from them, might thence flow abroad far and wide, to the glory of Almighty God and the common welfare and happiness of the subjects of the realm,' my lords, I make bold to say that my dismissal cannot be ratified unless those intentions of Henry VIII. are set at nought."

When he wound up with the words of the Minister of Henry VII., a loud cheer burst from the auditory. Mr. Whiston had spoken seventeen hours. Further hearing of the case stands over until after Easter term.

#### THE MURDER OF MR. BOYD.

THERE is no longer any doubt regarding the fate of Mr. Benjamin Boyd, late of the Stock Exchange, which has excited so much anxiety in the city. He was on a tour in his yacht, the *Wanderer*, from California to Sydney. The island of Guadalcauar is one of the Solomon group in the South Pacific, and it has been frequently asserted that the inhabitants are cannibals. All that is known regarding this horrible case will be best gathered from the extracts from the ship's log-book, which details the whole circumstances, and is attested by the master and crew of the *Wanderer*:—"Tuesday, Oct. 14.—This day, at three o'clock p.m., we came to an anchor in a small bay on the south-west of the Island of Guadalcauar, being in south latitude 9.40, east longitude 119.50.15. A number of canoes were alongside, but without any article of trade, and at sundown all went on shore. The night passed in perfect quietness.—Wednesday, 15th.—This morning, at an early hour, many canoes were alongside, without any trade or warlike weapons. At about half-past six Mr. Boyd arose in usual good spirits, and taking the small boat, with one native of Ocean Island, went ashore to shoot game. The boat was seen to enter a small creek, and was immediately out of sight of the ship. Mr. Boyd fired one shot soon after. Many natives were seen standing near the entrance to the creek. About seven o'clock another shot was heard, but nothing transpired to excite suspicion." The details of an attempt by the natives to obtain possession of the ship, in which they were beaten off with great loss, are then given. "We now manned the boat and went to seek Mr. Boyd, but all the traces we found were the place of struggle and the marks where he had fired two shots. From the marks ashore, and the situation of the wadding of Mr. Boyd's gun, it would seem as if he was attacked as soon as the boat got out of sight of the ship, and was killed after a struggle in the water, as was also his companion, but what became of the bodies God only knows. That the natives should have attacked us in the face of so many large guns may seem strange to many, but, by their motions, they evidently thought that the fire was the only thing that could hurt them; for when a musket was levelled at one, he then put up a wicker shield and came boldly forward; and, in fact, one canoe came up, receiving a two pound charge of grape. That we should have beaten them, unprepared as we were, was more than we expected. If they had come up in a body, the tale would never have been told, for what could be expected of four men to two hundred well armed savages. As it was, it was a hard fight." The document concludes with an account of some other futile attempts which were made to recover Mr. Boyd's remains.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

On Monday Prince Albert and Prince Leopold of Saxo Coburg Kohary, accompanied by Lord Hardinge, the Master-General, and attended by Colonel Hugh Seymour, visited the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich, the engineering and gun-boring department, the gun-carriage manufactory and the laboratory. After a prolonged inspection of every object of interest the princes entered the royal carriage and drove to the east end of the Arsenal, where the officers and non-commissioned officers, under command of Major Brownrigg, of the Coldstream Guards, were practising with the Minié rifle. At the conclusion of the firing they returned to Buckingham Palace.

Sir John Dodson, Dean of the Arches and Judge of the Prerogative Court, was sworn of the Privy Council on Monday, and took his seat at the Board.

Captain Sir Charles Hotham, K.C.B., has been appointed the British Envoy to the Brazilian Court, to act in conjunction with the French Envoy in settling the River Plate affairs.

Mr. Brande has retired from the post of professor of chemistry at the Royal Institution, which he first assumed in the year 1812, under the auspices of Davy and Wollaston. To Mr. Brande the chemical world is indebted for the introduction of Michael Faraday to the scene of his triumphs in electrical science.

Captain Erasmus Ommannoy and Colonel Fremont, with Mrs. Fremont, from the United States, visited Woolwich Dockyard yesterday. Colonel Fremont is well known in all quarters of the world, his name being so often mentioned in connexion with the "diggings" in California.

The Grand Dukes Michael and Nicholas arrived at Munich on the 29th ult.

The Duchess Ida of Saxo Weimar, sister of the late Queen Adelaide, died at Weimar on Saturday last. The Duchess was the mother of Prince Edward of Saxo Weimar, an officer in the Grenadier Guards, and who lately married Lady Augusta Gordon Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond.

Lord John Manners has prepared and brought in a bill to empower the Commissioners of Works and Public Buildings to inclose and lay out Kennington Common as pleasure ground for the recreation of the public.

A proclamation was ordered to be issued at the Privy Council on Monday, for giving currency to a new coinage of florins. The new coin has for the obverse her Majesty's effigy crowned with the inscription, "Victoria D.G.: Brit.: Reg. F.D.:" and the date of the year; and for the reverse the ensigns armorial of the United Kingdom contained in four shields crosswise, each shield surmounted by the royal crown, with the rose in the centre, and in the compartments between the shields the national emblems of the rose, thistle, and shamrock, surrounded with the words, "One Florin one-tenth of a pound," and with a milled graining round the edge.

The *Indiana*, screw steamer, 1800 tons, was launched from the establishment of Messrs. Mare and Co., Blackwall, on Wednesday. This is one of a fleet, now being embodied by the Screw Steam Navigation Company, for the carrying on of a rapid postal communication between England, the Cape, the Mauritius, and our Oriental possessions. The "baptismal ceremony" was performed by Miss Ellis, daughter of the chairman of the company.

A meeting of the members and promoters of the Home Counties and Metropolitan Freehold Land Society took place at Anderton's Hotel, Fleet-street, on Tuesday; Mr. H. B. Horton in the chair. Resolutions were passed in furtherance of the movement, and an address was delivered by Mr. Beal, pointing out the objects of this and similar societies. The number of these societies in England alone was 170, and the number of enrolled members 200,000, while the amount of subscriptions invested was 300,000*l.* per annum.

On Tuesday the annual meeting of the subscribers to the City of London Ragged Schools was held at the London Tavern, the Lord Mayor in the chair. The report stated that, the average daily attendance at the boys' evening school was 47, at the girls' evening school 35. The average attendance at the day-school for infants was 88. In the Sunday school for females the average attendance in the afternoon was 60, in the evening 107; and the Sunday school for males in the afternoon 29, in the evening 57. There were also industrial classes for boys and girls; and a benevolent lady had established a sick fund, by which soup and other necessities had been given to 1054 destitute families. During the year three boys had been enrolled in the Shoe Black Society, and three employed as "Broomers." Several girls had gone into service. The expenditure of the schools had exceeded the receipts by 74*l.*, and more subscriptions were urgently required.

The differences which for some weeks have existed between the master gunmakers and operative stockers and finishers of Birmingham, have at length been satisfactorily arranged, and the Government contracts for a supply of 23,9000 Minié rifles will be immediately commenced, and speedily executed.

The proposed embodiment of the militia appears, by the accounts which reach us from various parts of the country, to be less liked as it becomes better understood. Meetings to oppose, and petition against, the bill have lately been held in Cowper-street school-room, Finsbury; in the Beaumont Institution, Tower Hamlets; in the Town Hall, Southampton; at Worcester, the Mayor in the chair; in the Brighton Town Hall; at Scarborough; at Hereford; Skipton, Clitheroe, Neath Abbey, Hull, and Merthyr Tydvil.

The Sheffield Polish and Hungarian Relief Committee announce, that the whole of the refugees resident in the town, more than fifty in number, are now in a self-supporting position, and that, therefore the Committee may now be dissolved. A committee, consisting of Messrs. Groves, Harvey, Ironside, Hemingway, and Graves, is appointed to wind up and audit the accounts, and to present them to a public soirée, to be held in commemoration of the arrival of the refugees in Sheffield. A small balance remains in the treasurer's hands, which will be applied to assisting any of the refugees who may happen to be in bad health, or short of employment. Many of the exiles, working at various handicrafts, are gentlemen of good family and education.

On Saturday last the churchwardens of the parish of St. Thomas, Winchester, distrained the goods of the Rev. Ignatius Collingridge, Roman Catholic priest, for the non-payment of two church rates, amounting to 25*s.* The articles distrained were removed to the police station, and were sold by public auction, and realized 3*l.* 5*d.* The goods were purchased by a gentleman of Mr. Collingridge's congregation, and were by him presented to his reverence.

On Sunday Thomas H. Blundell, Esq., of Ince Blundell, the Catholic High Sheriff of the county of Lancashire, attended high mass at Copperas Hill Chapel, and came in full state in his carriage, attended by the Sub-Sheriff, Allen Key, Esq., another Catholic. The Sheriff had been on attendance on Mr. Baron Alderson, who opened the Spring Commission late on Saturday evening. On Sunday morning at 10, he with his officers, and the Mayor, and several members of the Town Council, escorted Baron Alderson to George's Church, and then proceeded in state in his carriage to Copperas Hill, preceded by his javelin men, the trumpeter going before him sounding the trumpet. The Sheriff, on arriving at the chapel with his chaplain, the Rev. Peter Whitfield, was conducted to the pew of Mr. Key, the javelin men in livery, with their javelins, kneeling before the altar. High mass was then celebrated, and after the "sacrifice" had concluded, the High Sheriff returned to his hotel in the same manner as he came. An immense crowd of persons followed the carriage.

A wolf recently escaped from Wombwell's menagerie, while exhibiting at Monmouth, and committed serious injuries amongst several flocks of sheep in the neighbour-

hood of St. Fagan's, Glamorganshire. It was observed by a labourer, who saw it feasting on the remains of three fine lambs which it had just killed. The alarm was given, and a chase commenced, but the beast was not killed until it had reached Canton Common, where it fell, after having been pierced with eight bullets.

On Friday week, the Roman Catholic Metropolitan Church at Dublin was arranged for the ceremony of the selection, by the suffragan bishops, canons, and parish priests of the Archdiocese, of three names, to be transmitted to Rome, from which the Pope is to appoint a successor to the late Archbishop Murray. The solemn paraphernalia of mourning in which the cathedral had been enveloped, since the death of the venerable Archbishop, had disappeared during the preceding night, and the altar was arranged for a solemn high mass. At the conclusion of the mass the laity, and such of the clergy as were not entitled to vote, were required to leave the church, and accordingly retired, when the doors were closed, and the election proceeded. The total number of electors in the Archdiocese is 54, and of these three were absent. The votes were as follows:

Archbishop Cullen (Dignissimus) . . . . .	23
Very Rev. Dean Meyler (Dignior) . . . . .	9
Rev. L. Dunne, P.P. (Dignus) . . . . .	8

Three other candidates, the Rev. Dr. Miley, of the Irish College, Paris; the Reverend Dr. O'Hanlon, of Maynooth; the Reverend Dr. Russell, of Maynooth; and the Reverend William Meagher, were also put in nomination, but the three who obtain the highest number of votes, to which the epithets of *dignus*, *dignior*, and *dignissimus*, are applied, are the only ones which will be forwarded to Rome; and with so overwhelming a majority in favour of Primate Cullen, even if there had not been any understanding on the subject before, it is supposed to be quite certain that the Pope will present him to the vacant see. The result of this election is a significant fact. No more marked evidence of the feelings which predominate at present in the great body of the Catholic clergy of Ireland, could have been given,—feelings of total obedience to the wishes of Rome, and indifference to the wishes of the English Government, and the moderate party in their own church. Many people have been at a loss to understand why Dr. Cullen should have been elected to a see which reduces him to a lower grade in the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland. The fact is, that although the Archbishop of Armagh is the "Primate of all Ireland," the occupant of the Archdiocese of Dublin is placed in a much more influential and conspicuous position. Besides this, it is rumoured that Dr. Cullen is likely to be invested with the privileges of "papal delegate," or legate, if not with the full-blown honours of the cardinalate, dignities which would ride over all minor questions of local rank and precedence.

Sir John Harvey, Lieutenant Governor of Nova Scotia since 1848, expired at the Government House in Halifax at half-past eleven o'clock on Monday, the 22nd ult.

The number of persons killed in the United States by railroad accidents, last year, in proportion to the number who travelled upon railroads, was one to a hundred thousand.

Kossuth was at St. Louis on the 13th of March. His first speech in that place is said to have created a deep impression. He commented boldly and explicitly on the Society of Jesus, and its position towards the cause of liberty. He also argued that he was not opposing the freedom of the Roman-catholic religion by leaguings with Mazzini for the independence of Italy.

Theodore Parker lectured last month in New York on "The True and False Idea of a Gentleman." The *Home Journal*, edited by N. P. Willis, indulges in the following characteristic American sketch of the lecturer's personal appearance:—"His fine arched forehead swells upward, and loses itself in the bald dome where, as the phonologists assert, the organ of reverence is placed, to peal forth ceaseless anthems to the Creator's praise."

At Toronto, on Sunday, the 14th of March, Mr. Caughey, the celebrated revivalist, was preaching to a congregation of Methodists, when an alarm was given that the galleries were giving way. A rush immediately ensued, and though no lives were lost, severe injuries were sustained by some of the assembly. The preacher "improved the occasion" by attributing the panic to the immediate agency of his satanic majesty.

A physician at Prague has just died a real "martyr of science;" he had been in the habit of taking strong doses of poison, after swallowing an antidote, in order to note the effects. On the 23rd ult., he took so large a quantity of morphine that all the efforts of some medical friends present at the exhibition could not save him.

On Friday week a gentleman, a member of the South Devon Rifle corps, was practising at a mark 800 yards distant, with a new rifle which had just arrived from a gunmaker at Exeter. The target was situated half way up a steep hill, Polo-hill, on the Devon estate. A bullet struck against a piece of rock, glanced over the hill and struck a woman who was totally out of sight of the marksman, inflicting a flesh-wound in the thigh. The distance has been measured, and was found to be no less than 1380 yards, or more than three quarters of a mile.



Shrivenham House, near Faringdon, Oxfordshire, the property of Viscount Barrington, M.P., and lately occupied by the Hon. G. W. Barrington, was totally destroyed by fire on Sunday morning. The butler in charge of the house was up as early as six in the morning, and at that time no signs of fire were discovered, but as soon as the windows were opened, and a draught created, smoke was found to issue from one of the rooms, and on opening the door flames burst forth. In a very short time nothing but the blackened walls of the house were left standing. It is conjectured that the origin of the disaster was from a beam in the kitchen chimney, which must have been on fire since the previous day. Neither the house nor the furniture were insured.

On Tuesday a man named Thomas Sheen committed suicide by leaping from the third-floor of a house in Hart-street, Covent-garden, and was completely smashed by the fall. He was, however, taken up alive by the passers-by, whose lives he had seriously endangered, and conveyed to Charing-cross Hospital, where he lived but a few hours. No motive is assignable for his rash act.

Elizabeth Lewis and Thomas Crosby, the solicitor of Bristol, who, as our readers may remember, were accused of having poisoned their illegitimate child at Bath, were tried at Taunton on Monday before Mr. Justice Erle. The case excited great interest from the high position and former respectability of the parties. The evidence was by no means direct, and it was proved that great carelessness had been observed in the shop of Mr. Searle, a chemist, with regard to the sale of arsenic to some other inmates of the house in which Lewis and Crosby lived. The jury found them not guilty, after a few minutes consultation.

A coroner's inquest at Southampton, on the body of a child named Roe, terminated at midnight on Monday in a verdict of wilful murder against Roe the father of the child, and his wife, its stepmother. The most damning evidence was brought against these two persons, particularly that of the surgeon, Mr. Wiblin, who proved that the poor creature was not only tortured to death by neglect and starvation, but had also received injuries which could only have proceeded from the most horrible cruelty, and which could not have been caused by accident, as the parents alleged. Roe and his wife were committed for trial at the next Winchester assizes by the coroner, Mr. Edward Coxwell. The police were roughly handled by an infuriated crowd, in protecting the prisoners from their attacks when proceeding from the council chamber to the gaol. Public indignation was raised to the highest pitch on account of the culprits having always professed to be austere religious.

Joseph Ady, the notorious letter-writer, was discharged from the Giltspur-street Compter, on Tuesday, where he has been confined for nearly a year, for a large amount of money due for postage of unpaid letters, giving people information of "something to their advantage," and which had been refused and returned. Ady had not paid the money, but being in a very declining state of health, and of an advanced age, the Post-office authorities, on application from the City magistrates, took pity on him, and agreed to his being set at liberty.

#### HEALTH OF LONDON DURING THE WEEK.

THE total number of deaths registered in the metropolis in the week that ended last Saturday was 1,324. This number exhibits a further increase on the high rate of mortality in previous weeks, but to a considerable extent it is augmented by cases on which inquests have been held, and which are now entered in the registers in undue proportion. The following are the weekly numbers returned since the end of February, after a deduction is made of "sudden deaths," and those caused by drowning, fractures, and other violent means, which constitute nearly the whole of the cases returned by coroners:—1,093, 1,146, 1,182, 1,146, and 1,181.

In the ten corresponding weeks of the years 1842-51 the average number of deaths was 974, which, if raised in proportion to the increase of population during that period and up to the present time, becomes 1,071. The present return therefore exhibits an excess above the average of 253.

#### BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

##### BIRTHS.

On the 2nd inst., at Gloucester, the wife of Mr. J. Merrin: a daughter.

On the 3rd inst., in the Albert-road, Regent's-park, Mrs. Thomas Yallop: a son.

On the 5th inst., at 11, Blackheath-terrace, Blackheath, the wife of Lawrence Henry Winckworth, Esq.: a son.

On the 5th inst., at 10, Cambridge-square, Hyde-park, the wife of John Robert Mowbray, Esq.: a son.

On the 6th inst., at Woolwich, the wife of Lieutenant Hugh Bent, Royal Artillery: a daughter.

##### MARRIAGES.

On the 10th ult., at Boston, United States, James Lawrence, Esq., eldest son of the Hon. Abbott Lawrence, Minister at this Court, to Elizabeth, only daughter of the historian, W. H. Prescott, Esq.

On Saturday, the 3rd inst., at Clungunford Church, Shropshire, Henry James Sheldon, Esq., of Brilles-house, Warwickshire, to Alice Mary Oakeley, widow of W. Oakeley, Esq., of Oakeley, Shropshire, and daughter of the late General Sir Evan Lloyd and the Dowager Lady Trimlestown.

On the 6th inst., at All Saints' Church, Northampton, Mr. Richard Skelton, jun., of Leyton, to Sarah Jane, eldest daughter of Mr. John Weightman, Northampton.

##### DEATHS.

On the 1st inst., at the residence of her son, 8, Devonshire-street, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, Mrs. Charlotte Rumbelow, relict of the late Mr. William Rumbelow, of Ischem, Cambridgeshire, in the 77th year of her age.

On Saturday, the 3rd inst., Edward, only son of Henry, Lord Rolobey, aged 10.

On Saturday, the 3rd inst., the Rev. Joseph Irons, in the 67th year of his age, and 33 years the pastor of the Church assembling in Grove Chapel, Camberwell, by whom he is deeply and deservedly lamented.

On the 6th inst., Naborough Filmer Baker, Esq., late lieutenant-colonel of the 80th Regiment of Foot, aged 63.

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

It is impossible to acknowledge the mass of letters we receive. Their insertion is often delayed, owing to a press of matter; and when omitted it is frequently from reasons quite independent of the merits of the communication. No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. What-ever is intended for insertion must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer; not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of his good faith. We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. All letters for the Editor should be addressed to 10, Wellington-street, Strand, London. Communications should always be legibly written, and on one side of the paper only. If long, it increases the difficulty of finding space for them.

## Postscript.

SATURDAY, April 10.

MR. ROEBUCK, in company with Mr. J. Parker, met his constituents on Thursday. Both the Members addressed the meeting, and two resolutions were put, affirming that these gentlemen were fit and proper persons to represent Sheffield in Parliament. An immense majority accepted Roebuck and rejected Parker. Some opposition got up against the former on the ground of the Coppock affair, caused Mr. Roebuck to explain, which he did as follows:—

"Mr. Roebuck said—First of all let me say this: I do not understand what imputation there is, but I will tell you the facts, and then I will leave it with you. In 1832 Mr. Hume introduced me to Bath, and that constituency came to the conclusion that they would bear the expenses of their own election. At the next election they did the same thing. At the third election they did the same. At the fourth election my friends came to me and said, 'Can you get any help in the way of bearing your proper expenses from any of your friends?' I said, 'I will tell you this: I won't bear any (laughter); but if my own personal friends choose to help me, I see no reason why they should not.' On that occasion my friends said, 'We could not return two Radicals, but we might return one if the Whigs would join us.' The Whigs were then in office. Mr. Stanley, now Lord Stanley of Alderley, was the Secretary to the Treasury. I went to him and told him what had occurred. Hear, now, the fact which has startled many people. 'I am going down,' said he, 'to attend necessarily to my own election: correspond through certain persons,—one of whom (Mr. Roebuck continued) I will not name, because there is no necessity to drag names before the public—but at all events write to Coppock.' I wrote to Mr. Coppock the state of the case. Mr. Stanley applied to Lord Duncan, and Lord Duncan came down. A friend of mine who knew what had occurred about the expenses at Bath, said a few days before to me, 'We have a private fund, subscribed to by many Radicals as well as others, and we will send some of the money to bear the expenses of the Bath election.' And that friend of mine, knowing that Mr. Coppock would meet me on a certain day, said, 'Give that to Mr. Roebuck;' and I carried it down to Bath, and it formed a portion of the expenses that were necessarily incurred. Mr. Coppock's name was mentioned in the House of Commons this year, and I then said that Mr. Coppock had not interfered in any election of mine, and therefore I was not called upon to vote his expulsion from the Reform Club. I also said then, and I say now, that neither he nor any other man would have dared to interfere in my election as he had interfered in the St. Albans election. (Hear, hear.) Now I had really and entirely forgotten that I had written to Mr. Coppock, because in reality I had written to Mr. Stanley: the communication was with Government, we wanting a Whig candidate. And the fact of my having written to Mr. Coppock had dropped out of my mind. But what is the imputation in this? My expenses were paid partly by the constituency and partly by my own personal friends. But when a man says here, when I am not present (hear, hear, hear), that I am a member 'by the grace of Coppock' (hear, hear, hear, and cheers), let me ask that learned gentleman what his own case is. (Hear, hear.) I never asked anybody to bear my personal expenses. I don't blame him for having made any arrangements about his; but I do say that any man who could say, 'I refuse to come here, upon to appear as a candidate, unless my expenses are paid,' should think twice before he imputes—for imputation there was—dishonour to me because the expenses were paid by my friends. (Loud applause.) Now what is going to take place at this election? I am going to do as I always have done—I am not going to pay any portion of my expenses. (Cheers.) What occurred there will occur here. There are gentlemen here who, no doubt, think that to return me to Parliament is a matter for the public advantage (loud applause), and they say, 'We are not going to bribe Sheffield, but there are the necessary expenses.' And you will find for whomsoever you act—the gentlemen who are on this platform have found it out—that there are expenses. They must have a committee-room—they must have placards. Those things are not got for nothing. And all those are legitimate expenses. Well, 300*l.* was given by my friends to elect me—in 1847, I think it was—and that is just what this Coppock affair amounts to. I had forgotten that Mr. Coppock had any part in it. (Mr. Dunn reminded Mr. Roebuck that it occurred in 1841.) Oh, yes, in 1841. It is eleven years ago. Well, in 1847 what occurred? I stood again for Bath, and I made again the same declaration that I would not pay, and my friends paid the electioneering expenses. And my friends will pay them now. (Cheers, and a cry of 'yes, willingly!') Where is the dishonour in that? If any man had asked me I would have printed it, and put it on the statue at Charing-cross, if he had desired it, for his own private satisfaction. (Laughter.) Mr. Robinson: Will Mr. Roebuck allow those letters

mentioned by Mr. Coppock as marked 'private,' to be produced here?

Mr. Roebuck: I don't know what they may be, but if you will write to Mr. Coppock he has my perfect liberty to give them up. (Hear, hear.) But I don't care a single farthing whether you do or do not. I have not got the letters.

There are now six candidates for the representation of the Tower Hamlets, all of whom have announced their intention of going to the poll; namely, Sir W. Clay and Mr. George Thompson, the present representatives; Mr. C. S. Butler, a resident magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for the Hamlets; Mr. W. Canningham, Mr. A. S. Ayrton, and Mr. W. Newton, who has been brought forward to represent the rights of labour. Sir W. Clay and Mr. Butler belong to the Whig school of politicians; the other gentlemen are Liberals in the full acceptance of the word. Mr. Canningham has not yet addressed the electors; but the other candidates have attended meetings in different parts of the borough, and are carrying on an active canvass. It is rumoured that, taking advantage of this division among the Liberal party, a Protectionist candidate will be brought forward.

Mr. Pusey, M.P. for Berkshire, has published an address to his constituents, which contains the following paragraph:—"This year a Protectionist Government has been formed, and Lord Derby has wisely declared that, without a decided majority in the House of Commons, as well as a very general concurrence of opinion throughout the country, he will not reimpose even a low duty on corn. We see, on the other hand, Protectionist members for boroughs acquainting their constituents that the time for any such duty is past. It is scarcely worth our while, therefore, to discuss what the former friends of Protection, on their accession to power, find themselves compelled to maintain so faintly, or abandon so easily. If such a national concurrence as the Prime Minister speaks of should come to pass, it would not be for me to withhold my assent. Still, I earnestly hope that no elector will give me his vote under an expectation which every day renders less probable."

Mr. Benjamin Oliveira has published a circular containing a rough estimate of the sources of revenue for the maintenance of the Crystal Palace "as a place of refined recreation, amusement, and intellectual culture for all classes." He estimates that 800 subscribers at one guinea might be obtained, who would have the privilege of riding in an outer ring; 10,000 subscribers at one guinea, having admission every day, Sunday included; 5000 on Mondays and Tuesdays at 3*l.*; 5000 on Wednesdays and Thursdays at 6*l.*; 5000 on Friday at 1*l.*; and 5000 on Saturday at 2*s.* 6*d.* This would give a revenue of 76,340*l.*; and upwards of three thousand, he thinks, might be added from other sources.

Mr. Oliveira would provide musical entertainments on Saturday for the upper classes, who, by the bye, can hear music in abundance elsewhere; and he does not provide for any musical or other entertainment on Mondays and Tuesdays. This is a great defect. Music would be an immense attraction to the working-classes—and, be it remembered, they have no Harmonic or Philharmonic Societies, no Costa or Ella—nothing but the street singer, the penny concert, and the free and easy.

It appears, from a return to the House of Commons just published, that the value of exports from the British colonies in North America to all parts of the world were, in 1845, 4,254,522*l.*; in 1846, 3,943,104*l.*; in 1847, 4,130,903*l.*; in 1848, 3,225,932*l.*; and in 1849, 3,263,427*l.*; of which the imports into the United Kingdom were respectively, 3,303,176*l.*, 3,098,405*l.*, 3,061,765*l.*, 2,239,326*l.*, and 2,093,844*l.*

A man and his two sons were found dead yesterday in a deep piece of water near Putney, which runs up close to the residence of the late Vice-Chancellor Shadwell. The boys were locked in each other's arms. The man, it is supposed, had first drowned them, and afterwards himself. The limbs of the boys, and also of the man, were bound with string and withes. His name at present is unknown.

Dr. Hunter Lane, of Brook-street, was riding yesterday on horseback, in Rotten-row, when a dog flew at the heels of the horse upon which his companion, a young lady, was riding. The horse took fright, and the lady was thrown off. The doctor jumped from his horse, although both were cantering rather quickly at the time, and so, by timely assistance, rescued the lady from her perilous condition. The horses leaped over the rails, and were with difficulty stopped near Grosvenor-gate, without having done any mischief.

Lieutenant-General Sir John Harvey, K.C.B., who died at Nova Scotia, while in the discharge of his duties as governor of that colony, was born in 1778. He took part in the campaigns of Holland, the Peninsula, France, the Cape, Ceylon, and Egypt: at Bhurtpore he served under the gallant Lord Combermere. In June, 1812, he was appointed Deputy Adjutant-General in Upper Canada, and he served through the campaign of 1813 and 1814. In August, 1814, he was wounded before Fort Erie. In 1837 he attained the rank of major-general; and in 1840 that of lieutenant-general. For services rendered during the American war Sir John received a medal. For some years previous to 1841 he filled the post of Governor of New Brunswick. In the latter year he became Governor and Commander-in-Chief at Newfoundland. His next appointment was that of Governor of Nova Scotia. In 1844 he received the colonelcy of the 50th Foot, now at the disposal of the Commander-in-Chief.

The traditional belief that Friday is a day of ill-luck or calamity, has received further confirmation in the fact, according to the *Globe*, of the two ships, *Amazon* and *Birkenhead*, having sailed on that day. [Is it unusual for ships to sail on a Friday? and why should not Friday have its proportion of accidents as well as any other day?]



# The Leader

SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 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.

### HOW PASSION WEEK IS KEPT.

TURKS are amazed at us because we do our dancing for ourselves, and do not leave it to our domestic Laïses; but that semi-barbarian race has not made so great an advance as we have in doing our religious observances by proxy, as we do our charity in the same way. An Englishman, conscious of his rights, will not surrender the polka, but inscribes autograph graces on the ball-room floor; whereas, he feels the convenience of consolidating his charity, and giving it in the lump to the Lying-in, the Deaf and Dumb, or Royal Free, by the instrumentality of a paid staff; and his mortifications he leaves to those who have mortification more handy to their elbow than he has. It is a division of employments.

For example, as an eminent wit, whose brilliant pen is still occasionally traced in the pages of an elder contemporary, the *Examiner*, said, years ago, of a fast, your rich man undergoes it by adding salt fish and egg-sauce to his ordinary dinner; and he may well do so according to the moral of statistics, since, in society at large, there is always an abundant supply of fasting on hand to make up a very good average of penance.

Passion week is observed on the same principle. If there is any one observance in the forms of the Church which ought to affect the Christian profoundly, it is that which reminds him of the suffering endured for his sake. That it was so endured is his belief. Nay, even the most platonized Christian can hardly fail to acknowledge the influence of that passage in the history of superhuman endurance, whereof the physical agony was but small part. But how does your orthodox Christian, who abominates scepticism, or latitudinarianism—how does he keep that most solemn and most touching memorial? He obliges the people of the theatres, her Majesty's servants, as some are called, whom the law counts, or lately counted, with vagrants, to keep it strictly. Against them the theatres are closed, but not against the orthodox Christian; to him the doors are open with some "Lenten entertainment." In the metropolis alone two thousand persons are thus thrown out of work, *pro salute anime*, they being, in great part, of a class whose own souls, according to official classification, are already lost. But their mortification serves for keeping his own in repair, or rather, for burnishing it anew. They fast, while he varies his theatrical entertainments with a monologue, a concert, or an evening party, adds hot cross buns to his ordinary breakfast, goes through the fatigue of an additional church, and the mortification of converting a work-day into a Sabbath, and thus, by the proxy of play-actor and parson, issues forth into good society, and smiles redeemed.

We are a moral people, and we know it; we are a religious people, and we know it; we are a judicious people, and we know it; we are not a superstitious nor a fanatical people, and we know it. Above all, we are a "respectable" people. Yes! respectability is the real established religion of your sound-minded Englishman, who keeps the most solemn and most hopeful anniversary of his Christian year by roast beef and plum-pudding on Christmas-day, salt fish and egg-sauce additional, on Ash Wednesday, and hot cross-buns on Good Friday. No matter whether fast or festival, penitence or rejoicing, it is always represented to the constitutional Englishman by fish, flesh, or flour, additional. The *pièce de résistance* is constitutionally the same; the spiritual idea is typified in the trimmings. Of course we have a proper Protestant contempt for the "mummeries" of a Church which at least acts

out its belief; of course your Lion-and-Unicorn minister has not words uncharitable and insulting enough to express his sense of the treachery of a few of the more learned, devout, and sincere men, who would also carry out the solemn and pathetic ordinances in which their faith is embodied; and their church enshrined. For is not a *middle way* the very soul of our social, political, and religious institutions,—a middle way between sincere faith and sincere unbelief, a middle way between conviction and dissent, a middle way between orthodoxy consistently developed, and heterodoxy openly declared. Is it not more befitting our sober, serious, business-like and practical countrymen not to rush into extremes—even of religious belief and of religious practice. Worship moderately, keep reserves towards Heaven, and in your communings with the supernal, "*pas d'enthousiasme*." And so it happens that the delight and pride of respectable people is not so much to go to church, as to have been to church on Sunday,—not so much to pray, as to hear "a beautiful discourse."

Not to believe, but to "make believe," not to worship but to conform, is the motto of your safe constitutional Christian; and the high pew and the hassock are the emblems of his Kingdom of Heaven.

If any more laborious observances are due, some poor curate or play actor can get it done for you; for social distinctions are ordained by Providence, and your "respectable" gentleman presumes his right of precedence in entering the kingdom of Heaven, any Low Church text notwithstanding. He can afford egg-sauce for his fasting: men of lower social standing, who do not keep a cook, must put up with the plain fasting itself, as a substitute for the egg-sauce.

### THE NEXT ELECTION BUT ONE.

INDIVIDUALS at present are in advance of parties. The fact, which observation can easily detect without any very "extensive views," is consolatory; for it enables us to discern that we have still some of the stuff of political manhood, if we could but get quit of the political rubbish—the leavings of old factions and old questions, which beset men of the better stamp.

The next election will in great part be devoted to the resettlement of a settled question. Free-traders are to fight their battle over again, are to re-slay slain Protection, and to double-lock the door of the tomb upon that last economic phase of Toryism. But in other respects, it is to be apprehended that practical questions will occupy the second place only, and that the rubbish will stand foremost. "Reform," in its most conventional sense—meaning the official existence of a Whig party which is always ardent for Reform except when it possesses the power to satisfy its ardour—will occupy a prominent place; also "Protestantism," meaning a sectarian bitterness against certain of our fellow-subjects; and also financial retrenchment, which is not to be achieved. All these are names of fair seeming, if they did but represent realities. But, in the name of Reform, we shall be invited to set up again that great impediment of Reform, the Whig party; the "education" hinted by the Liberals is a thing unattainable, until they agree to separate it from dogmatic points about which they never can agree; and "Protestantism" is a counter-irritant that has positively increased the force and virtual dimensions of the ultra-Catholic party. Half the Roman Catholic party had practically entered the boundary that divides Protestantism from Catholicism, were dwelling in peace with their Protestant fellow-subjects, and were adopting Protestant habits in the important matters of independent thought, scientific inquiry, and free intercourse; until they were sent back with insult and violence by the outburst of technical Protestantism; and that virulence is to be converted into electioneering capital.

The next election, therefore, will be devoted to the double fastening of the Free-trade policy, the discussion of questions idle, because hardly mature for the electoral field, and of that mischievous schism which discussion will widen.

The really urgent questions that are practically pressing upon the people will be proportionably kept in the back ground. Familiarity with the Labour question, which must be handled at no very distant date, is positively a disqualification at the next election in most quarters. The dissensions and distractions by which not only the

national church, but all churches, are torn, is a subject beyond the grasp of the men who will be busy in creating and becoming lawmakers. The defenceless state of the country, in the face of Absolutist Europe, is a question, which the cleverest of all parties at electioneering will try to stifle. Foreign policy, again, will not be so much as alluded to in a passing asseveration of sympathy for freedom. Italy, for example, free Italy, that might be once more the foremost champion of true Protestantism, will be allowed to sleep in the embrace of the triple tiara. For English Protestantism means anything rather than free religion. It means that most gold-hearted sort of intolerance, understood official indifference, and state-paid orthodoxy. In education, it means the "dog in the manger." As to the rest of Europe, is it not "in order?" The next Parliament will be elected on the strength of questions that are virtually out of date, that are superficial and transitory; and it follows almost necessarily that the next Parliament cannot last.

But the next election will in a great degree be a preparative for the one after it; and this is the fact which we desire that both candidates and electors should keep in mind. Some candidates who become members will outlive this inferior trial, and will have to take their stand at the subsequent election on higher grounds. Others will now irrevocably mark themselves as belonging to this lower and transitory stage of electoral existence, and will proclaim themselves unworthy of choice by the broader light of a happier day. Candidates cannot now be elected on the strength of these larger and more enduring questions, but to no small extent they can be tested as to their fitness for active service at the future time; and the remark applies equally to the elected and to the rejected. On the other hand, be it remembered, that this is the last occasion, before that more important after-coming election, when the whole body of the electors will be called forth to hear more important subjects discussed, and more vital interests probed to the quick.

That there are men in advance of their several parties even this miserable session has sufficed to prove. Mr. Disraeli has more than ever shown what he might do as a scientific politician if the exigencies of his abnormal position and the fears of his party, half his master, half his slave, would let him. Mr. Walpole has ostensibly evinced a faculty for appreciating national feeling, the opportunities of Parliamentary contest, and the influence to be gained by a more elevated tone than has become common amongst our statesmen; but his party, or rather all parties in the present House, dare not perceive the force of a just reasoning, which would endow with the franchise every man charged with the supreme trust of defending his country; and Spencer Walpole must sink to the safe level of his party and of the House. Palmerston was restless or too vigorous for colleagues superannuated even more in policy than in years. Sir James Graham can grasp a knowledge of national necessities, but he is fain to "act with the noble lord," the *rococo* head of a *rococo* clique.

There are individuals also behind their party. Lord John Russell, for example, is not up to the mark of his own chosen supporters. At his conference in Chesham-place, 167 Members of Parliament were present by his invitation. Of that number, 75 voted for Mr. Berkeley's ballot motion, 18 only against it; and of the 18 that voted with Lord John, only three had been in office with him. Amongst the absent were all Lord John's cabinet colleagues, except Lord Seymour. On Mr. Hume's motion of March the 25th, only 19 of the Chesham-place councillors voted with Lord John, while 50 went with Mr. Hume, and 98 did not think it worth while to attend at all.

Out of doors we see men prepared to accept Parliamentary duties, and to discuss in Parliament the merits of the great Labour question; and these are most of them men belonging, not like Mr. William Newton, to the working class itself, but to the "high" ranks of society. They are inevitably Members of the next Parliament but one; some of them will probably be found even in the transition Parliament. Men of this stamp will not altogether abate their language to the low dialect and electioneering slang of the day; they will remember that the picked men of the present contest may be the leaders and exemplars in the higher and more emphatic contest beyond.



## THE BIRKENHEAD.

THE harder the blow, the finer the ring of the true metal. Seldom does a calamity befall any considerable number of Englishmen, but that we see the old spirit rise to meet the occasion, so nobly that calamity itself takes the aspect of opportunity, and sorrow is exchanged for joy at the great result.

The loss of the *Amazon* exasperated the country with the sacrifice made by the niggard trading spirit to paltry savings; but those meaner recollections were merged in admiration at the noble fortitude with which the many met their fate—with which the few conquered danger—men, youths, women—all of the same stuff of humanity. At home, this spirit is shelved in the back shop of trade, as there is no immediate demand for it: the cheap and showy fashions make the shoddy cloths of patriotism, the mosaic gold of honour, the chalked milk of human-kindness, go off better. But the true stuff still exists, warehoused as it may be; and we might almost hail a national calamity which should restore England to herself, as her sons are made to know their own true blood in the presence of destruction.

In great qualities, the incidents of the destruction of the *Birkenhead* almost excel those of the *Amazon*. The calamity is so brilliant a lesson in the capacities of the English character, that statesmen and politicians of all classes may well study it.

The cause of the disaster is plain and obvious: the temerity of the commander made him hug the shore too closely, in hopes of saving time by a short cut. That many recent examples had illustrated the folly of such conduct, that so many lives were risked as well as his own, lends a character of wickedness to such excess of hardihood; but, unlike many of the vices which just now most widely and destructively beset society, there is no quality of baseness or meanness in the fault, which was nobly expiated by the courage and self-devotion at the close. Assuredly, there was not one of that doomed company who would have withheld a cordial forgiveness to the erring commander.

The ship had struck, two or three miles off Point Danger. The sea was smooth, but with the water running hard. The damage was so severe, that in twelve or fifteen minutes the ship parted, while numbers had been drowned in their hammocks, by the sudden rush of water through the first breach into the troop-deck.

There were 630 souls on board, nearly 500 of them soldiers—men drawn, you know, from "the dregs of society." "Order and silence" were commanded: the men were at once orderly and silent. Some of them were told off in reliefs, to assist: the assistance was given, staunchly and steadily. The bow broke off, and then the ship parted: "a few men jumped off just before she did so, but the greater number remained to the last; and so did every officer belonging to the troops." When the vessel was going down, the commander called out that all who could swim should make for the boats: Captain Wright and Lieutenant Girardot begged them *not* to do so, as the boat with the women must be swamped: "not more than three made the attempt." Not a cry, not a murmur; the discipline astonished even the officers. Officers and men were as one in their heroic fortitude: "all received their orders, and had them carried out, as if the men were embarking, instead of going to the bottom."

Nothing could be more sublime than the spectacle of that number of men meeting their fate, face to face, devotion to great principles binding them to their duty. Discipline, it is said, makes machines of men; but to maintain discipline at a time when death itself is present and unloosens the bonds of compulsion, demands the genuine concurrent will of each man. Machines have not a will, nor a conscience, nor a soul. Politicians might learn from the story, how minds of superior mould and training can obtain such influence over the "common" mind, that death itself, the strongest of all coercives on more self-interests, shall be confronted in obedience to the higher command. Society has, or ought to have, its officers as well as the army; and need we fear for "order," when the aristocracy of that community could thus hold it to its faith and order at such a time? No; a genuine aristocratic rule was there maintained, at that terrible hour, by universal suffrage itself. And how soon, under well studied influences, is the "common" mind brought to

discipline: most of these men had been but a short time in the service.

What was it that they died for, with this active and daring patience? Partly, no doubt, from the habit of discipline. Partly, for the better chance of being saved; a chance which is not refuted by the fatal result; since, in spite of that result, no doubt the chance was improved. But most chiefly, we believe, did these men die thus in order to stand by their principles, their faith in that behalf, their duty. Englishmen are to be found in plenty, who would ridicule such devotion without warrant of self-interest as tested by "pounds, shillings, and pence:" to die on behalf of principle, to waste a chance for the individual, violates the great utilitarian rule. Yet, we doubt, that country is the stronger and the happier which is peopled by souls that can face death and not be corrupted. This great example will sustain many a man in the face of danger, and the devotion of the glorious six hundred will be the means of saving multitudes through that same virtue of discipline to which these men have testified by their resignation. It is in trials of action, in familiarity with danger, that these qualities come out. Calamity is truly the opportunity which tests the stuff of our kind.

And it fails not. In towns, amid shifty doctrines and one-sided æconomics, we have grown selfish, corrupt, and crotchety: our rulers cannot face a frown, and flinch at the bare idea of offending a throned ruffian; our leading politicians teach self-interest as the superior substitute for patriotism; but in the far regions of action and peril, ranging in the wide fields of colonial enterprise, pursuing science in the icy deserts of the North, or lost helpless amid the waters of the ocean, the metal of our race is tried, and its temper is found true. The four hundred who perished thus, in dignity undaunted and unconquerable, proclaim to the world, and to us at home—who are all too doubtful amid the intrigues and corruptions, amid the shallow pedantries and selfish timidities of our cities—that the staple of our race is still unspoiled, that calamity can but arouse our slumbering strength, and that despair itself cannot master the Englishman. Thanks, then, deep and solemn, but strong and hopeful, to that glorious six hundred—both to those that perished in their steadfast chivalry, and to those that, mastering destruction, have borne us the tale.

## THE CHURCH IN A FALSE POSITION.

No great public institution was ever in a more false position than the Church of England. Not to speak of the irreconcilable schisms which convert her ordained ministers into furious and hostile factions; setting on one side her relation to Dissent, and to Roman Catholicism; disregarding her subservient connexion, or snarling alliance with the State, according as it may be viewed from the Low Church or High Church point of view; but looking on her as she stands with regard to the public, and more especially as respects her administration of property, we repeat that her position, in this respect, is not only false but disgraceful: false, because it prevents the operation of much that there may be of good within her; disgraceful, on account of her pretensions as minister and interpreter of Divine law.

Property, placed in trust for charitable uses—to be employed either in relieving the indigent in body or mind—should be held sacred, especially by ministers of religion. Old age, forgotten by a selfish world, and youth with friends yet to seek—these fall naturally under the care of the pastors of the Church. Broad lands, now yielding enormous rents, have been devoted to this purpose, but how have they been applied? Where, throughout England, have the stipends of prebends, and canons, and deans, and bishops remained, like the allowances to old men and young children, at the fixed money value named in the trust deeds? Have not the prebend and canon and dean and bishop, on the contrary, grown wealthy and worldly, while the poor almsman and ignorant child have lacked bodily and mental sustenance? Has the Church fairly and honestly administered the property intrusted to her, or has she applied it to her own aggrandizement and the fattening of her sons?

And Churchmen have no right to complain of those accusations so long as Chapters and Colleges are close corporations, in the same position as trustees who will not furnish an account or submit the will under which they act, to inspec-

tion; nor so long as men, like Mr. Whiston of Rochester, are treated as enemies. In this case, even the letter of the statutes had not been obeyed. Enormous wrong-doing had gone on for years—and when the Dean and Chapter are charged, by a pious man, with a dereliction of duty, with an eating up of widows and orphans, they retort with insults and avenge with injuries. They do more: they defend themselves on the plea that they have been restoring their cathedral—in other words, whitening the sepulchre and making clean the outside of the platter—wearing phylacteries, and for a pretence making long prayers.

We are at a loss to imagine a more damaging position—especially for a Church whose charities once stood in the stead of Poor Laws.

Speaking in the interest of the Church, we say there is only one course left open. Whether these accusations against Rochester, and so many other Chapters, be true or not, makes no difference. The clear duty, and the still clearer interest of the Church, is to refute or admit, and in admitting, nullify them. If they be false, publish a balance-sheet of income and expenditure, of the net receipts, and what becomes of them. Until that is done, the public will believe in all but universal malversation; and every day less and less faith will be placed in the Church. If they be true, still publish the accounts, if you intend to be honest; if not, you must suffer the penalty which one day or another overtakes all fraudulent corporations. It is monstrous to believe in malappropriation by the gross on the part of men holding a sacred office—but what can we do? There is more than enough of evidence to warrant suspicion, not quite enough to furnish proof. But suspicion in such a case is as bad in its effects as positive certainty. And when accusations are met by persecution, men will instinctively presume that they cannot be met in any other way.

What remains to be written we write in all seriousness. Had we the wish and the power to destroy the Church of England, we should say to her members:—continue to abuse the Trusts reposed in you; continue to repel inquiry; continue to act in the dark; to vilify opponents, to go on in your old ways; and when a Whiston rises among you, simple, direct, honest, a conservative by instinct, and a Christian by conviction, a believer in his mission, and a lover of good works, persecute him, hunt him down, insult and outrage him; for the consequence of such conduct will be, not only your own disgrace, but the downfall of your established religion.

## THE LABOURER'S GOLDEN DREAM COME TRUE.

MELBOURNE without a working class—think of that, you who manage the workhouse of our great towns, or the "union" of our rural districts! Think of that, too, you who hang about the "house of call" for your trade—a thriving town without a working class! Such is the aspect of Melbourne, capital of Victoria, in Australia—because the working classes are all off to the gold beds. The middle class of Melbourne, and *a fortiori*, the aristocracy thereof, would give "any money" for labour, especially for domestic servants. Would not you, O! "surplus" of the labour market here, like to accept "any money" for a fair day's work?

There are funds to convey you thither. Victoria owns considerable sums in the hands of Government for that purpose; so does New South Wales, where also there are gold beds. Only Lord Grey had an idea that you, working men, might be demoralized if you got so near to a plethora of wealth. It is dangerous, you know, for starving men to be placed too near to an abundance of food. So thought the late Colonial Secretary; and Sir John Pakington has not yet had time to make up Lord Grey's arrears.

Meanwhile the Colonists are starving, as it were, for labour; their business stands still; their harvest wastes without gathering; their flocks run wild, and their shearers are gold gathering—the local equivalent for wool gathering; which is, in Australia, a very respectable process.

For our part, we would willingly see a little risk run in the way of placing the working man near to the mint of Nature. Imagine the treasures of the Bank spread out on Hampstead Heath: would it not be pleasant to send forth our overworked artisans, our seven shilling agri-

cultural labourers, our unemployed "navvies," for a picnic on that ground of gold? To bring together that native treasury, that thriving town without a working class, and our "surplus" population, would be a blessed act of human providence. If mischief is to be apprehended from the gold fever in Australia, it is to be abated by diluting the flood of gold with an abundant infusion of population. Pour in people; fill up the valuable space, as soon as possible, with a settled population, and you will swamp the greedy vagabonds who are dreaded.

But the same process that would refill Melbourne with a working class, and would fill the pockets of our working people with gold, would materially contribute to render that great spread of native wealth available for this country. The new settlers would help to develop the resources of the colony, would relieve the labour market at home, would convert the condemned "surplus" population which burdens us, into so many respected consumers for our manufactures—in all these things, the process of migration would fulfil the usual benefits: but in the special case, beyond those benefits, it would have the further effect of expediting the interfusion of gold and people, first in the colony, and ultimately, through the colonists, their trade and shipment of emigrants, in this country also.

#### SIXTY YEARS LOST.

YOUR plodding old Tory will not give us anything—"no, not never"—your dashing young Chartist will make us have all he deems desirable *at once*. No matter that you do not want it. *He* does. No matter that the country is not prepared for it. *He* is. In the obstructive respect, the Tory and the ultra-Democrat are the same: *both* will have their own way. If you remind the Conservative that, as the majority of the people have strong convictions opposed to his, and he ought fairly to concede something to the judgment of others, he repels you as an "anarchist." On the other hand, if you suggest to the Democrat that a considerable body of eminent men in the nation, including scholars, statesmen, merchants, patriots, and gentlemen, do not see their way clear to calling into legislative influence the entire multitude, residential and nomad, outside—and therefore to insist upon their unconditional acquiescence in such an act, would be a tyranny no less offensive than that which is charged upon the present order of things—if you suggest this to the Democrat of the ultra school, he stigmatizes you as a "traitor." This treatment by the two extremes of political advocacy, has the effect of holding all reform in suspense, and of making any progress impossible.

The Parliamentary Reformers, of whom Mr. Hume is the exponent, strike out a practical mean for the public to follow. But, it is objected, that if you stop at the Hume-Suffrage point, it is a mere expedient, and you are equally bound to accept the meagre measure of the Russell-Suffrage. The reasoning on which this objection is founded, is, however, the same as to deny that any circumstance ought to sway political action—it is to deny, that respect to the convictions of others should have weight in determining political claims—it is to deny, that good sense and good feeling ought to regulate political choice. In fine, it amounts to this:—Because the country is politically hungry, not having had a franchise repast since 1832, the Chartist prescribes six courses for its next dinner. Mr. Hume suggests that four courses would perhaps be found safer for the health and digestion of the body politic. "No, no," exclaim the ultra Suffragist—"If you cannot take *six* courses, I do not see why you should not dine off *one* dish at the Russell-ordinary." The country, however, begs to submit that it ought to be allowed the common right of the humblest man, of determining whether it will be fed, like Oliver Twist, by the Downing Street Bumble—suddenly stuffed by ultra cooks—or make a moderate, a wholesome, yet a *substantial* meal, at Mr. Hume's table. If the public does not take it into its head to choose for itself, instead of its long promised meal of six courses, it will find itself condemned some twenty years hence to another scanty bowl of Whig gruel.

Let us see what ultraism has done for us. More than sixty years ago, Sir Charles Turner, who was Member of Parliament for York about 1782, addressed the following speech to the electors in Westminster Hall. I quote it verbatim as it has come down to us:—

"I feel," said Sir Charles, "a satisfaction in addressing so numerous and respectable a body of my countrymen, that cannot animate a slavish mind. I have opposed the torrent of corruption and the inroad of arbitrary power; and, although I have been unsuccessful, yet, with your assistance, I will fight and conquer. Corruption and tyranny can never stand against the virtuous efforts of a free people. Be firm, be zealous, be unanimous. Assert your birthright—annual parliaments, and an equal representation—a privilege inherent in the constitution; but if you do not think yourselves supported in claiming that object, you have a right to insist upon what government you please. Laws were made for the governed, not for the governor; and all governments originate with the people. If you choose to be slaves, you may submit to an unlimited monarchy or an oppressive aristocracy. If you wish to be free, you have a right to insist upon a *Democracy*, or you have a right to form a *Republic*. Do not tell me of the power of Parliament or the power of the Crown. All power originates with yourselves; and if the Crown or Parliament abuse that power you have invested them with, you have a right to *reassume* it. You are the lords of the creation, not the slaves of power. You are your own masters, and we are only your servants, delegated and employed by you to do your business; and till you pay your servants, as was formerly the case, they will never act to your advantage. If you do not pay them, the Crown will, and then they become the servants of the Crown, and no longer the servants of the people. An honest man can have no interest but that of his country in coming to Parliament; and if he sacrifice his ease and retirement to the duty of a senator, his expenses, at least, ought to be reimbursed by his country. You now pay your members with a vengeance for enslaving you and picking your pockets, but if you once pay them yourselves, you would no longer complain of oppression. But with spirit and resolution insist upon your privileges, and I will meet you at Runnymede. I love the poor, I have divided my fortune with the poor, and I will die with them. The poor man's labour is the rich man's wealth; and without your toil the kingdom is worth nothing. While I am free, you never shall be slaves."

What chance would any man have for York now who should address such language as that to the electors? Mr. Vincent, who is of the palest sky-blue tint of political liberality, compared with that, has little prospect there. Where will you find a Knight now, unless Sir Joshua Walmsley should have the boldness, who would not expect to risk his seat by such a declaration? At the period when Sir Charles Turner made that speech, there were *noblemen* who put their names to political documents of equal breadth. The race of those noblemen is now extinct. It has been extirpated by imprudences. Is it not worth while inquiring how it is that, after sixty years, we are not even where we were. Between reactionaries and ultras, moderate and practical progress has been crucified.

It would seem, to use a figure of Pearl Andrews, that Democracy at the time of the first French Revolution rushed with the explosive force of escapement from centuries of compression, point-blank to the bull's-eye of its final destination, from which it recoiled with such force, that it prostrated and paralyzed itself. There is undoubtedly much to be dreaded from Arbitrary Rulers, and scarcely less from Arbitrary Reformers.

#### THE GREAT PAINTED WINDOW QUESTION AT HAMPSTEAD.

An ecclesiastical "tempest in a teapot" has been raging for weeks past at the pleasant suburban village of Hampstead. It is perhaps fortunate on other than mere sanitary accounts for the denizens south of Tottenham-court-road, that so high a hill should divide them from that Sunday refuge of the cockney cit. At all events, Hampstead, though, according to popular notions, nearer Heaven than London, is certainly not nearer to the presumed peace and charity of Heaven. Here again a lamentable burlesque of the unity of the Church is being enacted by men professing to live in the bond of peace, assisted by those lay ladies whom St. Paul rebukes.

The scandal, or rock of offence, is, if we are correctly informed, a certain Painted Window, which has been very generously presented to a new church recently consecrated, by a gentleman connected with the parish. For the giver, it was not so much a desire to lend to the edifice that "dim religious light" which Milton approved, and modern Puritanism abhors, as to consecrate to the memory of benevolent a votive offering of affection consoled by religion. The window consisted of "The Saviour and the Four Evangelists,"—a subject, we should have imagined, not

inappropriate nor idolatrous. Great was the wrath of the Low Church worshippers who had "taken pews:" fanned into a flame was their wrath by the minister, who, assisted by a sort of Lady-Committee of Vigilance, proceeded to agitate the parish by Tracts, Homilies, Petitions, and other inflammatory appeals.

A petition to have the window removed was sent round for signatures. At length a compromise, or, at least, a truce, between the Painted Window-ites and the High-Pew-and-Hassock-ites, has been effected; but not until ladies had been heard to say that they would not sit within view of the window, and that in taking the Sacrament they should look steadily *away from* the window: not until much bitterness had been expended, and much forgetfulness of Christian kindness exposed in the struggle. And what is the compromise? The Saviour is taken out, and the Four Evangelists are left,—the very last arrangement one might have anticipated from either of the disputant parties.

Is the vacant space, peradventure, to be occupied by the shining portrait of "Our Minister?"—an idolatry to which even Low Church *dévotés* are apt to confess. Surely we need not point the moral of this edifying window-battle, and its still more edifying compromise. For, will not the Window, painted, or simply glazed, cast a queer light upon the Unity of the Church of England?

#### THE POOR THAT ARE ALWAYS AT US.

PROTECTION, says Sidney Herbert, is the outdoor relief of the landlords, and they are always making a disturbance in the Union, because they do not get it freely enough. They put up Derby as their sturdy beggar, *ex officio*; and *ex officio* he was sturdy enough: but in office his courage evaporates. The landlords want a rate in aid of their own wages—a corn-rate in aid of rents; but when he sets about it, Derby finds that there will be a difficulty in persuading the working classes to pay a rate in aid of rents out of their scanty wages.

They might indeed do so, if the landlords behaved pretty. There would be a poetical adjustment in a plan which made the farmers depend upon the landlords, the labourers upon the landlords, and the landlords upon the labourers; only in such case, as the farmers go cap in hand to the gentlemen, and the labourers to the yeomen, so the landlords ought to go scraping a bow into the presence of the yokels from whom they ask an allowance out of the family loaf. The poor old feudals waiting to attend before a labouring board of "guardians of the landlords" would be an instructive sight.



#### 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 TRUE PEACE.

TO THORNTON HUNT, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR,—Accept my warmest thanks for the admirable spirit in which, in *The Leader* of the 20th March, you reply to my letter which appeared in the previous number, under the editorially-conferred title, "Vindication of the Peace Policy." In this rejoinder I shall endeavour to illustrate my views on both the general and subordinate questions at issue between us, with kindred equanimity and precision. I shall follow, as far as convenient, the order of your remarks, and avoid no difficulty that you have presented, so far as I can see it.

First: Of the legitimate function of that instinct which you variously designate, "the instinct that impels to war," and "the instinct which craves the victory over physical danger."

If war, meaning thereby human slaughter, were the normal exercise of this instinct, it were a mere truism to say, with you, that the victories of peace are not those



which satisfy it; and there would be a very notable "kind of shifting of the ground in a shifting of the phrase, when we are called upon to accept the victories of peace as a valid substitute" for those of war. But your assumption of this premiss begs the entire question. Human slaughter is not, in my view, the true object—it is an *abuse* of this instinct, whose generic function is more correctly indicated by your second phrase, "the instinct which craves the victory over physical danger."

Not to waste time in splitting metaphysic hairs, let us accept this definition as sufficiently accurate, and surely it cannot justly be said that nature has not provided ample means for the gratification of this instinct, without the necessary violation of that "idea of humanity," which affirms the sacredness of human life? What is the experience of the seaman but a continuous victory over physical danger? What of the miner—the builder—the founder—the engineer? What is all hard-handed labour, indeed, but an overcoming of physical difficulties and dangers, ranging through all degrees of the scale, and often pushed to the extreme of peril, demanding heroic courage no less than herculean strength? Are not all healthy sports, which tax both muscular and mental energies, the same? As to the necessity of physical exercise, there is no difference between us. I never imagined, nor implied, that the instinct which craves this could be "satisfied with a controversial victory," though you must in justice admit that the mental faculty which acts in combination with the physical instinct, and which indeed adds the zest to the physical victory, is the very same which likewise enjoys the controversial conquest. The fact is, that the instinct for physical exercise takes no cognizance of the object at all. It is concerned only in finding resistance sufficient to elicit muscular power, and may be combined in any way, either with malevolence or benevolence, so that the basis of action is physical. The mental impulse to overcome, on the other hand, may be gratified in either relation, physical or mental. But the need of physical exertion, pushed, as you say, even to extreme, for the sake of both body and mind, remains nevertheless; and in all that you say with reference thereto I heartily concur—except (and this is the pith and marrow of our difference) in your implication that the "real object, such as interests the instinctive faculties," should be the "preparation for war." The "victories of peace" are, in my notion, quite sufficient for this purpose; the victories, namely, of the forge, the plough, the loom, the locomotive, the ship, of the thousand forms of physical exertion in which the energies of nature are constrained of their virtues, and made the servants of humanity; the victories, also, of all bracing sports, of cricket, quoits, bowling, foot-ball, rowing, skating, curling, leaping, racing, and all kinds of gymnastics—each having its special "real object," and all glorified with the universal object, no less "real," of a loving service of God and humanity, which transforms the hardest labour itself into a pastime. In such victories as these, so undertaken and carried through, "ample room and verge enough" are surely afforded for the faithful and efficient exercise of all the physical instincts and animal energies, not only without their degenerating, but with a positive guarantee against their degenerating, into the "gross, fantastical, tame, and sickly," indulgences, which, according to you, characterize the present stage of our civilization, and are attributable to peace, but which, as I have said, have no necessary connexion with peace at all, to whatever extent they characterize the present age.

Thus, it is an error to say that I would "divert natural instincts" from their true and direct functions;—I would simply restrain them from running into abuse; and, as to "suppressing them," the thing is wholly absurd, and never could enter my imagination. On the contrary, I hold that this suppression never can be attempted, not to say "done," except, as you say, "to the injury of the entire man;" and it is precisely that war is a misdirection of these instincts, a diversion of them from their legitimate functions, and by consequence an injury to the entire man, that I oppose your policy.

I admit, and lament, the prevalence of many vices and errors, such as you obviously hint, rather than broadly state; but do not believe they are so general, or almost universal, as you seem to imply; and I altogether deny the relevancy, in its direct object and result, of your proposed cure. Collaterally, no doubt, something would be gained by your "preparation for war;" but, in my opinion, all that, and more, could be gained by more rational and appropriate means, and the vices and crimes peculiar to war avoided at the same time. Why not attack the vices of the present social state directly? Why introduce a cure which has only an indirect relation to the disease, and which is itself, on your own admission, as bad as the disease?

Contrary to your expectation, perhaps, I go further in agreement with you, in point of principle, and profess the same unbelief in the "perfectibility of the human race"—except, indeed, in a sense in which I believe you will agree with me, namely, that the race is now, ever has been, and ever will be perfect, as the human race. It is not necessary to my argument to maintain the visionary perfectibility implied in the quotation. It is sufficient to admit "the progressive development of the natural type of our species to its fullest proportions,"—a development the limits of which no one can set. And that this involves the gradual subversion of war; and the regulation of the faculties now mis-directed into that channel, so that they shall act in the line of the nobler endowments of the human soul, and man shall acknowledge the legitimacy of no acts not in harmony with reason, justice, and humanity, I profoundly believe. That the voluntary destruction of human life is one of those acts, the universal conscience of the species affirms. The advocates of war themselves maintain the same principle, and, in the ultimate, their entire position is, that this destruction is necessary on the

\* "Life not fully exercised," say you, "feeds upon itself, and peace proves as fatal as war;" ergo, war is fatal. Cannot we escape the errors and evils of both?

one side only to avoid the same destruction on the other, or to avoid the loss of what is held more dear and sacred. The best that can be said for them is, that of two evils they would choose the least, or what appears to them such. I simply deny the issue which they put, and maintain that their alternative is not necessary; and that, on the contrary, it is irrational, founded on an imperfect generalization of the nature of man—illustrative of a lack of faith in his nobler instincts—more often allied to craven fear and selfishness, in which indeed it has its roots, than to that magnanimous and chivalrous spirit which its advocates are so prone to monopolize—in speech. Let the whole duties of brotherhood and humanity be even approximately fulfilled, and this alternative never would—I had almost said, never could—arise. To the partisans of war on opposite sides I would say, Concede to each other the high principle you severally claim for yourselves,—subdue selfish preferences, and find in the love of neighbour equal enjoyment with the love of self; pursue this principle into all its ramifications, and you will find that war is rendered next to impossible. Active, aggressive love—the organizer, not destroyer—which sees equally in the tyrant and the slave only fellow-men, to be converted to nobler faiths; this is a principle which affords a sphere of operation for every human faculty—comprehending even the "being angry and sinning not,"—a principle which he has not yet mastered who imagines it to be allied to anything effeminate or maudlin in sentiment,—which implies, on the contrary, the possession of positive qualities in the highest degree vigorous and manly—a trust calm and serene, high courage, and glorious self-control; a principle which I take to be, centrally, the guiding one of both the *Leader* itself and its contributor whom I now especially address, notwithstanding their present—let me hope and say, temporary—speculative inconsistency therewith.

But you reply, that, "within the scope of history," you see, not only no instance of a people having achieved such an attitude as this, but no evidence of the possibility of such an achievement; and you add, that to make out my case I must show you "a people that had retained its freedom, its material welfare, and its greatness, after it had ceased to bear arms."

With all deference I submit, that such an illustration is not necessary to make out my case; and I am rather surprised that the author of the now celebrated and admirable canon in economics, "Concert in the division of employments," should demand such evidence of the practicability of any hitherto undeveloped, or only partially developed, principle. If the practice is to be an advance on past experience, is there not something of pleasant absurdity in asking historical illustrations of it? Does not your own theory of development imply the future realization of a state which has never previously existed? When and where has any people yet realized in all its fulness your economical principle? Yet, can you doubt that it will be realized? Can you refrain from enforcing it with all your might, and from exposing the weakness and disastrous consequences that spring from its neglect, and from acting on inferior maxims? Do you not believe that this principle could be realized even now, if only a sufficient number of persons could be got to bend their minds vigorously to it?

But, though I dispute the relevancy of the historical argument as you put it, I do not hesitate to appeal to history after another fashion. I do not pretend to bring forward what Vivian would call "the crucial instance," but I do submit, that if there be one thing which history more conclusively demonstrates than another, it is the tendency of the human species to a life from which personal physical warfare will be excluded. Is it not a fact, that with the advance of civilization the differences between men got adjusted by other and less irrational means? Do we not find that the category of things about which it is deemed necessary to fight, grows narrower and narrower age by age, even generation by generation? One may imagine a partisan of war in the good old feudal times avowing his disbelief of the day ever arriving when rival chieftains, adjacent villages, or neighbouring clans, could adjust their differences without "the arbitration of the sword." One can fancy him calling for historical proof of its possibility, and with complacent incredulity smiling at the amiable weakness of the peace-man of his day for maintaining a more catholic doctrine. Yet the stigmatized dream of that day is the long realized fact of this; and I do not think that the people of this country will readily forsake the altogether superior methods which they now have of settling their disputes, and "follow their *Leader*" back to the practices of those "good old times," when "ilka man's hand had to haud his ain head," and right, "in the sense of *jus* not justice," was the order of the day.

I would fain continue, but the necessarily limited space which can be afforded in the "Open Council" for such a discussion, obliges me to defer the remainder of this letter until next week. Believe me, in the meantime, to remain, my dear sir, yours very truly,

A. L.  
Liverpool, 8th March, 1852.

#### PROVIDENCE IN HISTORY.

(To the Editor of the *Leader*.)

SIR,—*Apropos* of the notice in the *Leader* of Sir James Stephen's *Philosophy of History*, I would call your attention to the following "curiosity."

In Niebuhr's *Lectures on Roman History*, edited by Dr. Schmitz, the seventh lecture begins with the declaration that—

"History is, of all other kinds of knowledge, the one which most decidedly leads to the belief in a Divine providence. . . . For example, if the Gauls had invaded Italy during the first Punic war, the Romans would have been utterly unable to make their efforts in Sicily. Again, had Alexander, the son of Pyrrhus, tried to avenge the misfortunes of his father, in Italy—had

he formed connexions in Italy at the time when Regulus was defeated, the Romans would not have been able to offer any resistance. But Alexander's eyes were directed towards petty conquests, the Gauls were quiet, and the Carthaginians had no good generals, except at the close of the war; in short, it was providential that all things combined to make the Romans victorious."

Well, be it so. Let us now turn to the tenth lecture, where an account is given of the battle between Hannibal and the Consul Flaminius, at the lake of Trasimenus. While the Romans were passing between the lake and the hills by which it is surrounded—

"Hannibal ascended the hills from behind, in column, took his station upon them, and placed his light armed troops where the space between the hills and the lake was narrowest, and formed a very long defile. Here we see again the finger of Providence, for the day was foggy, and the Romans broke up very early, before sunrise, to continue their march, in very thick columns, which were unable to manœuvre."

Concealed by this "providential" fog, Hannibal was enabled to outflank the Romans, and fairly catch them in a trap.

"They were driven into the lake, and not more than six thousand forced their way through the enemy. The greater part perished in the lake, and Flaminius was among the slain."

Providence, then, has forgot its design of making the Romans victorious, and has changed sides! It is as fickle as fortune. When "philosophy" like this comes across us in a professed theological writer, or in an historian of the ordinary stamp, it excites no surprise, we take it as a matter of course. But we are not prepared for it in the sagacious, wary Niebuhr. When we see a man of his keen eye and steady step floundering, what must we think of the soundness of the ground on which he is treading?

A. Q.

#### THE "TRIALVILLE" EXPERIMENT.

SIR,—I have read with much interest the account given in the *Leader* of the "Equitable Village" system being tried in America, and hope we shall be favoured with more particulars. An experiment like this must necessarily disclose new facts, which may not be without use in the present state of social science.

Individualism is brought prominently forward as the basis of Mr. Warren's theory, but unlike the common practical individualism of the present day, it admits and maintains the principles of justice. Now, without denying the possibility of establishing a system of "equitable commerce" in the manner proposed by Mr. Warren, I think such a result could only be obtained in his way with an enormous sacrifice of wealth. Individualism, at the best, only offers a choice of evils. Either you may have great national wealth, in the aggregate coupled with injustice; or justice in connexion with universal poverty. To combine the benefits of justice and wealth we must have recourse to the proper principles of socialism.

The reaction towards individualism, indicated by this experiment, and the works of an eminent French writer, seems to have resulted from an almost universal fault in socialist systems tending to suppress the freedom of individual action. The nature of freedom is not very distinctly understood by those who resort to such methods as that under consideration, in order to attain it. Freedom is only complete when knowledge forms one of its principal ingredients. Of what use is it that a man is free to do what he pleases when he knows not what is best to be done? It may indeed be pleasanter to err by mistake than by compulsion; to do wrong, that is to say, by one's own mistake, rather than be obliged to yield to the mistaken dictates of others; but we require more than this; we would have light to guide as well as liberty to follow good guidance.

The very fact of a man's living in society makes his path too intricate and difficult for him to find by his own unaided powers. To society, therefore, which occasions the difficulty, he must look for help to overcome it; but how society is to accomplish this task and become an infallible guide to all its members, is still a problem for socialists to solve. There is no solution of it to be found in individualism; for it is not by isolating ourselves, and carefully excluding the influence of our fellowmen, that we can hope to obtain true liberty.

Bolton.

ARTHUR BROMLEY.

We are much obliged to "T." for his kind offer; but adopting the brief reply he proposes, we have to say, "Nay."

F. Hine will find an opportunity afforded him of working in the practical way he properly prefers.

W. Stevens' letter should appear, if at all, as an advertisement.

## 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*.

THE sarcasm of HOBBS, that men would dispute the axioms of geometry if their interests were involved, will help to explain the obstruction of truth on the part of those who most prominently undertake to teach it. In Science there are many ideas rejected because they do not fall in with the orthodox system of opinions; and this is peculiarly the case with Geology. The granite Book, which no one can doubt to be divinely inspired, is perpetually shown to contradict the written Book, also said to be inspired! But the interests involved in orthodoxy will not quietly suffer the intrusion of adverse opinions, and Geology has to fight its battle and gain ground inch by inch.

A little while ago pœans of triumph were shouted in geologic assemblies over the discovery of *reptilian footprints* in sandstone slabs taken from the Silurian epoch. Here was a blow to the OWENS, MURCHISONS, SEDGWICKS, who hold the doctrine of a progressive development of life upon our globe; and, above all, what a blow to the "Vestiges!" It is true, then, that fishes did *not* exist before reptiles! The bugbear of Development (so contrary to Moses!) is crushed for ever; no sensible man must ever allude to it, except in contempt! Let us hear no more of an epoch when vertebrate animals had not existence; let us hear no more of the Silurian chronicle of the first dawns of life upon our globe. Life never dawned—it was always day!

This was the song of triumph, loud and lusty. Now mark that this triumph—which in some cases went to extravagant and frantic exhibitions—was all founded upon one "conjectural fact!" No reptile had been discovered—only what "seemed to be" the footprints of a reptile! Against the accumulated mass of evidence, all irresistibly pointing one way—against a thousand illustrations, positive and negative—one conjecture is allowed to turn the scale, because orthodoxy passionately wishes its system to be true! The commonest of common sense should have suggested the propriety of establishing the "fact" beyond a doubt, before employing it to overturn the facts of zoology and geology; and when the fact itself was proven, it would have been time to see if it really affected the development hypothesis, which *we* deny. But orthodoxy hates development, and the footprints were accepted as evidence.

Alas! for the jubilants—the conjectural fact is now flung aside, even as a conjecture. Professor OWEN, who last year pronounced that the footprints were most probably those of a *chelonian* animal (turtle), not of a land species—a pronouncement which has a prominent place in the last edition of Sir CHARLES LYELL'S *Manual*—read a paper on the 24th of last month before the Geological Society, in which he reversed his former position, and professed his conviction that the footprints were those of animals possessing more than four feet—some eight or ten—consequently that they indicated *invertebrate* animals, most probably crustacean! We extract from the report in the *Athenæum*:—

"The Professor proceeded to observe, that, from their peculiar arrangements, neither to a quadrupedal creature nor a fish-like animal could these imprints be assigned; and yet, with respect to the hypothesis that each imprint was made by its independent limb, I confess to much difficulty in conceiving how seven or eight pairs of jointed limbs could be aggregated in so short a space of the sides of the animal; so that I incline to adopt as the most probable hypothesis, that the creatures which have left these tracts and impressions on the most ancient of known sea-shores belonged to an articulate, and probably crustaceous, genus. With reference to the conjectures that might be formed respecting the creatures that have left these tracts, the Professor observed, that the imagination is baffled in the attempt to realize the extent of time passed since the period when these creatures were in being that moved upon the sandy shores of the Silurian sea, and we know that, with the exception of the most microscopic forms, all the actual species of living beings disappear at a period geologically very recent in comparison with the Silurian epoch. The forms of animals present modifications more and more strange and diverse from actual exemplars as we descend into the depths of time past. Of this the Plesiosaur and the Ichthyosaur are instances in the reptilian class, and the Pterichthys, Coccoosteus, and Cephalaspis in the class of fishes. *If then the vertebrate type has undergone such inconceivable modifications during the secondary and Devonian periods, what may not have been the modifications of the articulate type during a period probably more remote from the secondary period than this is from the present time?*"

In the *Dublin University Magazine* for January, there is an article containing curious evidence of the hastiness with which geologists have declared for "facts" seeming to tell against the developmental hypothesis, and to that article we particularly refer our readers.

Apropos of Magazines, we must content ourselves with a summary indication of those we have seen this month, for they are almost old by this time. *Fraser* is very entertaining—when is it not? No one will turn over its pages without reading the "Naturalist in Jamaica," and let no one miss the paper on "Preserved Meats," as curious as it is lively; we suppose there *are* persons to be found who will read the "Hære Dramaticæ" with interest, though what ideas they must have of the Greek drama if they owe them to such articles! "Digby Grand" continues his revelations, and "Hypatia" (with a fine translation from Homer) is still the failure of a remarkable writer. *Tait* comes out under a new editor, and promises to be liberal in a more than parliamentary sense. The noticeable feature of this Magazine under its new management is to be maintenance of social

and religious liberty in addition to those of civil and political freedom. The "Prison Scene during the Reign of Terror" is remarkable for anonymously contradicting many well ascertained facts of Thomas Paine's life while in the Palais du Luxembourg. In the *Journal of Psychological Medicine* one hundred and eighty closely printed pages are devoted to a complete report of the celebrated case of Mrs. CUMMING, lately filling our newspaper columns; there is consequently little space set apart for contributions—and that little not well filled. The "Psychology of Epochs" is one of those ambitious failures which sonorous titles seduce men into who fancy themselves profound when they are vague. The *British Journal* continues to improve: there is both vivacity and variety in this number, the only objection to which is its resemblance to other Magazines. The *Biographical Magazine* gives us memoirs of Hartley Coleridge, Harriet Martineau, Margaret Fuller, Armand Marrast, and Pye Smith. The *Illustrated Exhibitor* is profuse in wood-cuts—a marvel of cheapness.

Now that *The Corsican Brothers* has become a topic of conversation, it may interest our readers to know the origin of it. The story is founded on the mysterious sympathy of two brothers, who, even when separated by hundreds of miles, are simultaneously affected by great occurrences; if one is ill, the other is ill; if one is stabbed, the other feels a pang. This Corsican superstition was singularly illustrated in the persons of LOUIS BLANC and his brother. LOUIS BLANC (who, it will be remembered, is Corsican,) was one night stabbed as he entered his lodgings in Paris. "At precisely the same hour," so runs the narrative we had from LOUIS BLANC himself, "my brother, then in Rhodéz, felt a sudden pang, which alarmed him on my account; he insisted on setting off at once for Paris, and was with difficulty persuaded to send a letter instead. The letter came, and the answer told him his fears had been too well grounded." This story was naturally enough the talk of all Paris, and DUMAS, like a "whipper-up of unconsidered trifles," turned it into a novel, and thence into a drama.

The battle of the booksellers is extending. The article in the *Westminster Review*, on "The Commerce of Literature" (written, we believe, by Mr. Chapman), opened the campaign, and gave encouragement to the rebels who clamour for free-trade. As we hinted last week, our sympathies are with them. Their arguments seem to us unanswerable. The *Times*, too, is helping them, and the *Athenæum* is about to pronounce in their favour. The protectionist chiefs, weakened some time since by the desertion of Mr. Bentley, and this week by that of Mr. John W. Parker, appeal to authors for aid, and rely, we have heard, upon a conference to be held next Wednesday, between themselves and Lord Granville, Lord Campbell, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Mr. Grote, and Dr. Milman. They have also resuscitated Dr. Johnson for the occasion, and use his defence of the book-selling system in 1776, as a shield against the attacks of to-day. Being unable to adduce reasons for maintaining the high prices of books, they rely on authority to support them. From all this we infer that the literary protectionists are playing the losing game. Indeed we shall marvel if such men as Lord Granville, Lord Campbell, and Mr. Grote should abet their side; but even if they do, they will only prolong a struggle which ultimately can have but an issue fatal to those who stand or fall by a policy which restricts production. The whole question, as between authors, publishers, and booksellers, cannot be too searchingly ventilated.

## NEWMAN ON REGAL ROME.

*Regal Rome: an Introduction to Roman History.* By Francis W. Newman, Professor of Latin in the London University. Taylor, Walton, and Maberly.

THERE are two classes of students to whom this little volume will be especially acceptable: to those who have bewildered themselves over the vexatious pages of Niebuhr, without being able to gain any clear conception of the vast critical results attained by that great scholar but inartistic expositor; and to those who never having ventured into the labyrinth of conjectural criticism, sagacious insight, and immense erudition of the first volume of *Roman History*, do yet wish to commence their study of the subject with some definite ideas on the results of modern investigation. As a corrective of Niebuhr, or as an introduction to Niebuhr, Professor Newman's volume deserves a wide popularity, which the clearness of its exposition, the solidity of its tissue, and the smallness of its bulk, will, in all probability, secure for it. In one hundred and seventy pages the whole subject is set forth. Those, and they are many, who, like Callimachus, dislike "big books," will rejoice in the skill which here knows how to elucidate recondite inquiries without parade of learning, without erratic disquisition, and without otiose superfluities; so that they may not only expend less time in mastering the story of early Rome, but gain a far clearer conception of it in that shorter time.

Professor Newman, without concealing his differences from Niebuhr's views, such as his own investigation and the labours of modern critics have led him to entertain, does in general follow Niebuhr, and claims no more originality than that of having come with a fresh mind to old discussions. We do not always find ourselves agreeing with him, but we always find him thinking "freshly," and to the purpose. He divides his little book into three parts: the first treating of Alban Rome, the second of Sabine Rome, and the third of Etrusco-Latin Rome. The columns of a newspaper are not suited to the discussion of minute points, and after a strong recommendation of the work to all whom it may concern, we will select for that mysterious individual known to reviewers as the "general reader," a passage or two which will interest him.

Is not this passage symbolical of many creeds?—

"The Latins, like other Italian nations, were profound believers in augury. At a much later time the movements of their armies, and their acceptance of a general,



was dependent on the flight of birds, which were supposed to indicate the will of the gods. That a popular assembly, which met in the open air, should be liable to mental impressions from so striking a phenomenon as an eagle flying down in the midst of them,—or from other behaviour of powerful birds in a half-wild country, where they have little dread of man,—cannot at all astonish us. A belief in augury becomes ridiculous and monstrous, when it is methodized as in later Rome; when the domestic fowl has supplanted the eagle and vulture, and the solitary poulterer, watching his hencoop, reports how many morsels fall on the pavement from the chicken's mouth."

Here is a glance at

#### THE WAY ROME WAS PEOPLED.

"But there is perfect unanimity among the ancients, as to the principle on which the rapid rise of Romulus's colony depended. Walls having been erected sufficient for defence, free reception was given to all who chose to come and claim it. The forms under which this was done remind us of Greek customs, if indeed we may trust the tale. A lofty and steep hill lay to the north-west of the new Rome. Its back had a depression in the centre; the two heights on each side were afterwards called the Citadel and the Capitol. From the Capitol the whole hill was called Capitoline: the rock of the Citadel was abrupt, and was named the Tarpeian. In the depression between, or the descent from it, a spot was consecrated, and called by the Greek name *asylum*: whoever fled to this was received, as a claimant of hospitable protection, to whom the walls must not remain closed. Whether such formalities have been correctly reported to us, is of very little importance: that the policy herein implied was systematically followed in the whole period of kingly Rome, seems beyond reasonable doubt, and to be a clue to the whole course of events. To the same policy Thucydides ascribes the early aggrandizement of Attica. Defeated chieftains from all parts of Greece flocked thither, with their retinues, as to a safe refuge; and brought their numbers, experience and skill in the arts of war or peace. Livy, indeed, calls the principle 'familiar to the founders of cities;' and undoubtedly it conduces to material prosperity. To harbour criminals is quite a separate matter, and in our days is an odious idea, when criminals are the dregs of society. Not so political offenders. Holland and England have long gloried in protecting those whom the despots of neighbouring communities have judged to deserve punishment; and the arts and wealth of both countries have been increased by the industry and ingenuity of refugees. Hydria in Greece, though a barren rock unnoticed by antiquity, shot up into sudden greatness by giving a home and a free port to those who suffered by Turkish tyranny; and if any causes were at work to disorder the Latin or Etrurian cities, it is easy to believe that refugees may have rapidly aggrandized early Rome. In that stage of rudeness, indeed, it may be taken for granted that no distinction would be made between criminals and innocent men; the mixed multitude is not likely to have been much purer than the later Romans represented it; yet there is an undeniable superiority in such a mass of outlaws in rude over civilized times. Where all men carry arms, and each has to defend himself, personal conflicts are of daily occurrence: the perpetrators of bloodshed are often among the best men of the community; and if made outlaws, may prove very valuable citizens to the foreign town which welcomes them. Alban Rome was clearly a robber city; yet we do not know it to have been stained with blood-thirsty treachery like the Mamertines of Messene. She is rather to be compared to the petty cities of early Greece, when they practised piracy without scruple, and gloried in it.

"This stage of human society rises out of an immature morality, difficult at first to understand. We are apt to imagine, that men ready to shed blood for the gratification of their cupidity, can have no virtues at all; but this is an illusion similar to that of supposing that a man who finds his sport in slaying innocent animals is altogether savage. A line, not wholly arbitrary, is drawn between *our own* and *foreign* nations, as between men and brutes, which admits of cultivating many virtues in high perfection towards countrymen, while we disown all moral rights of the stranger. Unhappily, this immature morality propagates itself to a very late stage. Nations called Christian, and glorying in the gentleness of civilization, are often execrably cruel and unjust even towards one another, and much more towards those whom they call barbarians. In early Greece and Rome, as in early Germany, the same principles were practised and avowed without disguise. No one criticised them; all in turn were ready to act upon them; and every successful warrior was honoured by his own people, however great had been his injustice to the foreigner."

There is one point Newman has in common with Niebuhr, that, namely, of seeing the analogies between existing forms of society, and those of early Rome; and an example is given in this account of

#### THE SABINE SERFS.

"The state of society in which the oldest Sabines lived, it has been ingeniously observed, seems to have originated the Homeric conception of a Cyclops,—a fierce and arbitrary being, who dwells on the tops of hills and tends his flocks, responsible to no one, but 'giving laws to his children and to his wife.' Slavery had no general existence, but every noble family had dependents permanently attached to it, who were called its Clients. It was a system of high, but kindly aristocracy. The client, like the Russian serf, was attached to his patron or lord as to a father and a friend. The whole clan was in theory, or rather in feeling, a single large family, accustomed to yield the guidance of all external affairs to its leader, as absolutely as Arabs to their sheikh. When we have the most positive assurances that every father in Sabine Rome possessed power of life and death over his grown-up son; and that the father might sell him into slavery, and resume his rights over him twice, if twice set free; we must be prepared to believe in the high authority of the chieftain over the serf. Yet, as all the dignity of the Patron depended on the number and well-being of his Clients; as their swords and their properties were his to use on every great exigency; it is not to be looked on as poetical fiction that he zealously cared for their physical welfare, and by kindly intercourse sustained their loyal sympathies. This effect was ascribed by later writers to the influence of religious oaths which bound the parties together; but, independently of religion, a Sabine chief had little more temptation to oppress his client, than to be cruel to his son. Both of them crouched before his anger, both of them rejoiced in his greatness and pomp. To each was assigned his appropriate external comforts: custom and public opinion regulated the payments made by the cultivator; and the hardy peasant was satisfied with so little, that he must have been a cruel lord indeed who grudged that little.

"Many modern writers seem unable to conceive such a relation of lord and serf, except where it is founded on conquest by foreigners; yet there are instances to

the contrary so clear, that to impute a conquest is gratuitous. A future generation, on learning how peasants in the Scotch Highlands have been driven off the soil by the representatives of the chieftains for whom their fathers' broadswords won it, will be in danger of mistaking these free, hardy, and much-injured men for a conquered and inferior race. And in fact there is not only a very great similarity in the relations between a Chief of the Gaelic clans and his vassals, to those between a Sabine Patron and his Client, but, in so far as language is any test of blood, it would appear that the Sabines and the Gaels are of nearer kindred than Irish and Welsh. The patriarchal authority is not easily abused to griping and heartless covetousness in the rude days, when chief and clansman live in daily sight of one another, as in an Arab tribe; when men are valuable for bravery and devotedness, and not only for the rent which they pay; and when the arts of life are so little advanced, that the great use of wealth is to maintain a more gorgeous retinue. But when with the progress of art and political development, the chief covets the land for the sake of rent and not of men, and a custom has hardened into law which enables him to appear as owner of the soil, the relation of Patron to Client is liable to become one of antagonism, and frequently of bitter hostility, as in republican Rome."

We will conclude with a passage on

#### ROMAN MARRIAGE.

"There can be little doubt that the principles of marriage established in later Rome, when Latin influences had become dominant in social life, rose out of the Latin, in contrast to the Sabine customs. In the Latin practice, the wife never came 'into the hand' of her husband, but remained permanently in her father's power: in consequence of which, the father, if offended, might at any time recal his daughter, and even give her away to another: nor had the Latin father the same power over his children as in Sabine law. How the Sabines looked on so lax a union, may be in part gathered from the singular phraseology of the later Roman law, which transfers to the marriages of those who are not Quirites terms which must once have been applicable to plebeian unions. A marriage made with the sacred auspices is called *conubium*, or *nuptiæ legitime*, and the wife is a *justa uxor*; but a marriage valid in law, yet deficient in ceremonial sanctity, is designated only as *matrimonium*, and the wife is oddly called *injusta uxor* (an illegitimate wife?). The name itself of Matrimony, now so honourable, may of itself indicate that the domestic morality of the oldest Latins was less elevated and more barbarous than that of the Sabines. In the savage or infantine state of human society, no union between the sexes is ratified until children are born. Prior to this event, the woman has no claims upon the man; and if they separate without becoming parents of a common offspring, society has nothing to do with their mutual intimacy, any more than with an ordinary friendship. But on the impending birth of a child, the weakness and helplessness of woman claims the cares, attentions, and solace of her partner: the society discerns and avows that she is entitled to a *mother's support*, (*matrimonium*), stigmatizes the father as unjust, and punishes him by law if he neglects the duties contingent on his paternal character. This is indeed a close description of the present state of sexual morality among the lower orders of Wales; and the tone of grief and almost of disgust which pervades a recent Report to the English Parliament on this topic, may possibly represent to us the disdain and scorn with which the rigid Sabines viewed the matrimony of the Latin plebeians. Whether, in the time of Tarquin, the plebs of Rome were, in any true moral view, lower as to these matters than the Sabines, we have no sure means of knowledge: but it must not be left out of sight, that to the latest time of Rome a valid marriage was constituted by mere *usus* or habitual union; so that, after all, Quirites had gained the right of sacred nuptial auspices, every wife was in danger of falling 'into the hand' of her husband, unless she absented herself from his house one day in every year. This total unimportance of any marriage ceremony\* must apparently have been part of the same Latin custom. But the patricians, to the last, looked on a marriage so formed as less pleasing to the gods. No man could become a Roman priest,—no boys or girls could sing in sacred chorus on the public festivals, unless born of a marriage contracted by holy bride-cake, (*confarreatio*), with religious auspices, sanctioned by an augur and pontiff."

#### CLARET AND OLIVES.

*Claret and Olives, from the Garonne to the Rhone; or Notes, Social, Picturesque, and Legendary by the Way.* By Angus B. Reach. David Bogue

UNDER the fanciful title of *Claret and Olives*, Mr. Reach has recorded the picturesque reminiscences of his journeys in the south of France, whither he proceeded for the purpose of describing in the *Morning Chronicle* the social and agricultural condition of that country. What claret and olives are to the feast, this volume is to literature—a luxury, with no pretensions to be more; a pleasant flavour and a bright clear colour—the perfume, not the food! He thus states his purpose:—

"All sensible readers will be gratified when I state that I have not the remotest intention of describing the archaeology of Bordeaux, or any other town whatever. Whoever wants to know the height of a steeple, the length of an aisle, or the number of arches in a bridge, must betake themselves to Murray and his compeers. I will neither be picturesquely profound upon ogives, triforia, clerestories, screens, or mouldings; nor magniloquently great upon the arched, the early pointed, the florid, or the flamboyant schools. I will go into raptures neither about Virgins, nor Holy Families, nor Oriel windows, in the fine old cut-and-dry school of the traveller of taste, which means, of course, every traveller who ever packed a shirt into a carpet-bag; but, leaving the mere archaeology and carved stones alone in their glory, I will try to sketch living, and now and then historical, France—to move gossipingly along in the by-ways rather than the highways—always more prone to give a good legend of a grey old castle, than a correct measurement of the height of the towers; and always seeking to bring up, as well as I can, a varying, shifting picture, well thronged with humanity, before the reader's eye."

Of course an author has a right to choose *what* he will do; neither the subject nor the point of view can be prescribed for him by another; but while recognising Mr. Reach's right to compose his notes of whatever materials came sincerely in his way, the critic must put in a plea in favour of what has been omitted. It is very proper in him to omit profundities upon ogives, triforia, screens and mouldings, if he really had nothing to say

\* This is still the law in Scotland, and equally comes down from primitive rudeness. It is now corrected by a practical elevation of public moral feeling.

thereon; of all shams sham erudition is the most wearisome! but is that a reason for implying—as in this passage he implies—a sort of laughing superiority drawn from a negation? The “traveller of taste” may be a dull dog, and the *gay littérateur* may turn from his formalities with scornful and suspensive nose; but there is no wisdom in the violet congratulating itself upon *not* being a dahlia; and Mr. Reach's pages would have been none the less amusing if he had refrained from pluming himself upon their deficiencies.

What he has done he has done well; with a light, free, graphic hand, powerful because not straining at effect, but touching all aims with easy mastery. A sunny picture of the banks of the Garonne and the grape country—a clear and interesting description of the *vendanges*—much gusto in the talk about wines—an artistic sense of the picturesque—some information worth having about the wine manufacture—a sprinkling of legends—and a complete absence of dulness—all these you will find in the volume, together with some woodcut illustrations to help the text.

We shall dip somewhat at random for passages to extract. Here is a picturesque view of Bordeaux, *à propos* of M. de Tournay's statue:—

“Under his auspices the whole tribe of dolphins and heathen gods and goddesses were invoked to decorate the city. He reared great sweeps of pillared and porticoed buildings, and laid out broad streets and squares, on that enormous scale so characteristic of the *grand monarque*. He made Bordeaux, indeed, at once vast, prim, and massively magnificent. The mercantile town got quite a courtly air; and when the tricolor no longer floated in St. Domingo, and the commerce of the Gironde declined, so that not much was left over and above the wine trade, which, as all the world knows, is the genteel of all the traffics, Bordeaux became what it is—a sort of retire d'city, having declined business—quiet, and clean, and prim, and aristocratic. Such, at least, is the new town. With old Bordeaux, M. de Tournay meddled not; and when you plunge into its streets you leap at once from eighteenth century terraces into fourteenth century lanes and tortuous by-ways. Below you, rough, ill-paved, unclean, narrow thoroughfares; above, the hanging old houses of five ages ago, peaked gables, and long projecting eaves, and hanging balconies; quaint carvings in blackened wood and mouldering stone;—the true middle-age tenements, dreadfully rickety, but gloriously picturesque—charming to look at, but woful to live in; deep black ravines of courts plunging down into the masses of piled up, jammed together dwellings; squalid, slatternly people buzzing about like bees; bad smells permeating every street, lane, and alley; and now and then the agglomeration of darksome dwellings clustering round a great old church, with its vast Gothic portals, and, high up, its carven pinnacles and grinning *goutières*, catching the sunshine far above the highest of these high-peaked roofs. This is the Bordeaux of the English and the Gascons—the Bordeaux which has rung to the clash of armour—the Bordeaux which was governed by a seneschal—the Bordeaux through whose streets defiled,

‘With many a cross-bearer before,  
And many a spear behind,’

the christening procession of King Richard the Second.”

Here we see

#### THE MORALIST AMID THE VINES.

“If ever you want to see a homily, not read, but grown by nature, against trusting to appearances, go to Medoc and study the vines. Walk and gaze, until you come to the most shabby, stunted, weakened, scrubby, dwarfish, expanse of snobbish bushes, ignominiously bound neck and crop to the espaliers, like a man on the rack—these utterly poor, starved, and meagre-looking growths, allowing, as they do, the gravelly soil to show in bald patches of grey shingle through the straggling branches—these contemptible-looking shrubs, like paralysed and withered raspberries, it is which produce the most priceless and the most inimitably flavoured wines. Such are the vines which grow Chateau Margaux at half-a-sovereign the bottle. The grapes themselves are equally unpromising. If you saw a bunch in Covent-garden you would turn from them with the notion that the fruiterer was trying to do his customer, with over-ripe black currants. Lance's soul would take no joy in them, and no sculptor in his senses would place such meagre bunches in the hands and over the open mouths of his Nymphs, his Bacchantes, or his Fauns. Take heed, then, by the lesson, and beware of judging of the nature of either men or grapes by their looks. Meantime let us continue our survey of the country. No fences or ditches you see—the ground is too precious to be lost in such vanities—only, you observe from time to time a rudely carved stake stuck in the ground, and indicating the limits of properties. Along either side of the road the vines extend, utterly unprotected. No raspers, no ha-ha's, no fierce denunciations of trespassers, no polite notices of spring-guns and steel traps constantly in a state of high go-offism—only, when the grapes are ripening, the people lay prickly branches along the way-side to keep the dogs, foraging for partridges among the espaliers, from taking a refreshing mouthful from the clusters as they pass; for it seems to be a fact that everybody, every beast, and every bird, whatever may be his, her, or its nature in other parts of the world, when brought among grapes, eats grapes. As for the peasants, their appetite for grapes is perfectly preposterous. Unlike the surfeit-sickened grocer's boys, who, after the first week loathe figs, and turn poorly when sugar-candy is hinted at, the love of grapes appears literally to grow by what it feeds on. Every garden is full of table vines. The people eat grapes with breakfast, lunch, dinner, and supper, and between breakfast, lunch, dinner, and supper. The labourer plods along the road munching a cluster. The child in its mother's arms is tugging away with its toothless gums at a bleeding bunch; while as for the vintagers, male and female, in the less important plantations, Heaven only knows where the masses of grapes go to, which they devour, labouring incessantly at the *metier*, as they do, from dawn till sunset.”

In the bay of Arcachon he takes a sail, and gives us this lovely bit of description:—

“‘You can see how fast we're going by the bottom,’ said the boatman. I leant over the gunwale, and looked down. Oh, the marvellous brightness of that shining sea! I gazed from the boat upon the sand through the water, almost as you might through the air upon the earth from a balloon. Ghost-like fish gleamed in the depths, and their shadows followed them below upon the ribbed sea-sand. Long flowing weeds, like rich green ribbons, waved and streamed in the gently running tidal current. You could see the white pebbles and shells—here a ridge of rocks, there a dark bed of sea-weed; and now and then a great flat-fish, for all the world like a burnished pot-lid set in motion—went gleaming along the bottom.”

At Agen he went to see Jasmin of course, and found the “Last of the Troubadours,” the poet-barber, what all travellers describe him to be: one trait we will quote:—

“There is a feature, however, about these recitations, which is still more extraordinary than the uncontrollable fits of popular enthusiasm which they produce. His last entertainment before I saw him was given in one of the Pyrenean cities (I forget which), and produced 2000 francs. Every sou of this went to the public charities; Jasmin will not accept a stiver of money so earned. With a species of perhaps overstrained, but certainly exalted, chivalric feeling, he declines to appear before an audience to exhibit for money the gifts with which nature has endowed him. After, perhaps, a brilliant tour through the South of France, delighting vast audiences in every city, and flinging many thousands of francs into every poor-box which he passes, the poet contentedly returns to his humble occupation, and to the little shop where he earns his daily bread by his daily toil, as a barber and hair-dresser. It will be generally admitted, that the man capable of self-denial of so truly heroic a nature as this, is no ordinary poetaster. One would be puzzled to find a similar instance of perfect and absolute disinterestedness in the roll of minstrels, from Homer downwards; and, to tell the truth, there does seem a spice of Quixotism mingling with and tinging the pure fervour of the enthusiast. Certain it is, that the Troubadours of yore, upon whose model Jasmin professes to found his poetry, were by no means so scrupulous. ‘*Largesse*’ was a very prominent word in their vocabulary; and it really seems difficult to assign any satisfactory reason for a man refusing to live upon the exercise of the finer gifts of his intellect, and throwing himself for his bread upon the daily performance of mere mechanical drudgery.”

#### THE SCHOOL FOR FATHERS.

*The School for Fathers.* An old English Story. By T. Gwynne.

Smith, Elder and Co.

Do you want something fresh, piquant, true, and perfectly charming? something that has little or none of those wearisome circulating library accents, “vexing the dull ear of a drowsy” novel reader? something that has the aspect and the form of life? send for this single volume—the *School for Fathers*—and you will not leave a page unread. That is high praise; it is meant as such: and yet recalcitrant authors accuse us of “never admiring!” Ah! if they knew how delightful it is to admire, they would not believe that critics went out of their way to find fault. Here is a volume which we do not present to you as anything vastly profound, or as displaying more genius than many a volume we are forced to condemn; and yet, by a certain sobriety of touch, by the union of excellent qualities never strained beyond their compass; by the mere charm of vivacity, truthfulness, and the absence of phrase-spinning, it is a most readable novel. To convey our opinion of it by an encroachment upon VIVIAN's domain, we should say that as many a “robust tenor” disappoints the audience by an unwise straining after “effects” not within his reach, while perhaps his rival, who contents himself with warbling a sweet melody melodiously, succeeds, because he has no ambitious *ut de poitrine*, so in the *School for Fathers* the delighted reader is never fatigued by unsuccessful effort—there is no *ut de poitrine* in these pages!

There is freshness in the scene, freshness in the characters, freshness in the style. It is a tale of the eighteenth century. *Les talons rouges* move across the scene. The types of old English life, both town and country, are before us. A jovial fox-hunting squire brings up his nephew in all the joviality of fox-hunting animal spirits; the youth is a good youth, a brave youth, sound in heart and limb; not over bright, not at all elegant, and somewhat red-handed: a *lout*, in short, in the estimation of his foppish, town-bred father, whose ambition it is to polish him into a gentleman and a statesman. For this purpose, poor Jack is torn from the charms of fox-hunting, and, what is worse, is torn from the charms of Lydia, the sweet little daughter of the portly and pedantic vicar; but not before Jack and Lydia have engaged themselves. The education of a young cub brought up to London is ludicrously and vividly depicted; and the highest praise is due to the author for the dramatic consistency with which he preserves the integrity of his characters. We will not spoil the reader's interest by even hinting at the course of the story. Enough, if we direct attention to its qualities, which are—truthfulness and vivacity in the representation of life and character, with considerable skill in the conduct of a very simple story. The only objection we have to make is to the profuse, and not very accurate, employment of French phrases, very carelessly printed. Without interdicting the use of French in certain passages, every one must be aware of the abuse of it in novels; and we were sorry to observe so original a writer following in the track of the worst writers.

As we mean you to read the *School for Fathers*, we shall make no extract but this, which tempts us by its being easily separated from the context:—

#### THE COUNTRY DANCE AND THE POLKA.

“The country dance is a good honest old English dance, fit for this land. See how every one brisks up when a country dance is announced, and how much at home every one appears directly to be! See the same beings labouring at a polka; which most of the men have learnt from sisters or other young ladies, and which they usually dance flat-footed with bent knees! See them hug their partner so close as to crush the bouquet on her corsage; which lack of courtesy the young lady feels, and is too timid to resent or resist, but continues to hop up and down among the *cobles*, breathless, her chin over her partner's shoulder, her face flushed and terrified, and her eyes wild; whilst he takes her on, his forehead more than moist, panting, stamping, running against other barks in the agitated polka-sea, voting it “*such fun*,” and that “*the girls*” like it. Anon they stop, like over-driven postmen after a long stage. The young lady, with heaving shoulders, hides her face in her bouquet; the gentleman “*blows*,” and draws forth his handkerchief; they gasp a few words—after a space he puts his arm suddenly round her waist, utters “take another turn”—and off they go again, jerking up and down, and looking like two tumble-down waxwork figures from “*Mrs. Farley's waxwork show*,” stuck up *pro tempore* with their heads over each other's shoulders.

“Oh! young ladies, how the polka puts you at every stranger's mercy: but there are bright exceptions. See it danced abroad! No jumping mob all over the room, but a regular order preserved. See the cavalier take his dame, upright,



light, merely touching her hand and waist, her toilet not *défrachie* by him; see him conduct her the proper number of turns and stop every now and then, before either of them can look ugly or disarranged from heat and lack of breath; and then see the cavalier's polite inclination when they are about to start again! Some persons say the polka is "so ungraceful" and "such a romp." The English—with, as I before said, some bright exceptions—make it so: but then it is "great fun" and "so easy." Papas and mammas allow it, and tell their daughters they should not permit their partners to hold them so tight; and the young lady's dresses are made dingy by the young gentleman's black coat sleeve around her. Imagine a *Parisienne* allowing such a thing or a *Parisien* being guilty of it! But so it is here, and parents say not "nay," and the sport continues; and then comes a descent for ice, in which there is "more fun," and the young lady talks nonsense, and the young gentleman draws her out to a large extent: especially if he is a good match, or very good-looking; and that over, he hands her back to her mamma again!"

## BOOKS ON OUR TABLE.

- Pauperism and Poor Laws.* By R. Pashlen. Longman, Brown, Green, and Co.  
*Memoirs and Resolutions of Adam Graeme of Mossgray.* 3 vols. Colburn and Co.  
*Yankee Stories and Dashes of American Humour.* By H. H. Paul. Piper, Brothers, and Co.  
*The Reasoner.* Part LXXII. James Watson.  
*The Rambler.* Part LII. Burns and Lambert.  
*Knight's Pictorial Shakspeare—Coriolanus.* Charles Knight.  
*Curiosities of Industry and the Applied Sciences.* Part VII. Charles Knight.  
*The Companion of Shakspeare—Facts connected with the Life and Writings of Shakspeare.* Part III. William Shakspeare. Charles Knight.  
*Restoration of Belief.* Macmillan and Co.  
*Five Years' Progress of the Slave Power.* B. B. Mussey and Co.  
*Technological, Etymological, and Pronouncing Dictionary.* Vol. I. By John Craig. G. Routledge and Co.  
*Narratives from Criminal Trials in Scotland.* 2 vols. By G. H. Burton. Chapman and Hall.  
*Bohn's Scientific Library—The Chess Tournament.* By H. Staunton. H. G. Bohn.  
*Bohn's Antiquarian Library—The Works of Sir Thomas Browne.* Vol. III. By Simon Wilkin. H. G. Bohn.  
*Bohn's Classical Library—The Orations of Marcus Tullius Cicero.* Vol. III. By C. D. Yonge. H. G. Bohn.  
*Bohn's Standard Library—The Literary Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds.* 2 vols. By H. W. Beechy. H. G. Bohn.  
*Bohn's Scientific Library—The Soul in Nature.* By H. C. Oersted. H. G. Bohn.  
*Mundus Dramaticus.* A Satire. H. Lacy.  
*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.* Sutherland and Knox.  
*Grammaire Française.* Par M. A. Roche. P. Rolandi.

## Portfolio.

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

## COMTE'S POSITIVE PHILOSOPHY.

By G. H. LEWES.

## PART II.—General Considerations on the Aim and Scope of Positivism.

THERE is one very injurious, very intelligible mistake current on the subject of the Positive Philosophy. It is supposed to be a thing of dry, severe science, only interesting to scientific men—only presenting the scientific aspect of the world, and leaving untouched the great world of emotion, of art, of morality, of religion; a philosophy which may amuse the intellect of the speculative few, but can never claim the submission of the mass. The mistake is injurious, because the thinking world happens, unfortunately, to be divided into two classes—men of science destitute of a philosophy, because incompetent, for the most part, to the thorough grasp of those generalities which form a philosophy; and metaphysicians, whose tendency towards generalities causes them to disdain the creeping specialities of physical science. Thus, between Science which ignores Philosophy, and Philosophy which ignores Science, Comte is in danger of being set aside altogether. I shall endeavour to convince the reader, that the Positive Philosophy must necessarily reconcile these discrepancies, and that while rendering due recognition to the specialities of experimentalists, it gives full scope to the generalizing tendency of philosophers. Meanwhile, the moralist, the metaphysician, and the man of letters, may be assured, that if Comte's system has one capital distinction more remarkable than another, it is the absolute predominance of the moral point of view—the rigorous subordination of science to morals. Speculation, as a mere display of intellectual energy, it denounces; science, as commonly understood, it looks upon with something of the feeling which may move the moralist contemplating the routine of pin-makers. The half-repugnant feeling about science, in the minds of literary men, artists, and moralists, is a natural and proper insurgence of the emotions against the domineering tendency of the intellect: they know that the moral life is larger and more intense than the intellectual life—they know that this moral life has its needs, which no science can pretend to regulate, and they reject a philosophy which speaks to them only of the Laboratory. But in Comte Science has no such position. It is the basis upon which the social superstructure may be raised. It gives Philosophy materials and a Method: that is all.

If the Positive Philosophy be anything, it is a Doctrine capable of embracing all that can regulate Humanity; not a treatise on physical science, not a treatise on social science, but a system which absorbs all intellectual activity. "Positivism," he says, in his recent work, "is essentially composed of a Philosophy and a Polity, which are necessarily inseparable because they constitute the basis and aim of a system wherein intellect and sociability are intimately connected." And farther on, "This then is the mission of Positivism; to generalize science, and to systematize sociality." In other words, it aims at creating a Philosophy of the Sciences as a basis for a new social faith. A social doctrine is the aim of Positivism, a scientific doctrine the means; just as in man, intelligence is the minister and

interpreter of life. "En effet si le cœur doit toujours poser les questions, c'est toujours à l'esprit qu'il appartient de les résoudre."

So much for the aim. Let me now call attention to Comte's initial conceptions; and first, to the luminous conception of *all the sciences—physical and social—as branches of one Science, to be investigated on one and the same Method.*

To say that Science is one, and that the Method should be one, may, to the hasty reader, seem more like a truism than a discovery; but on inquiry he will find, that before Comte, although a general idea of the connexion of the physical sciences was prevalent, yet, as may be seen in Mrs. Somerville's work, or in Herschell's *Discourse*, it was neither very precise, nor very profound; nor had any one thought of a Social Science issuing from the Physical Sciences, and *investigated on the same method.* In fact, to talk of moral questions being reduced to a positive science will even now be generally regarded as absurd. Men use the phrase "social science," "ethical science," but they never mean thereby that ethics form one branch of the great tree, rising higher than the physical sciences, but rising from the same root. On the contrary, they interpret ethical phenomena upon metaphysical or theological methods, and believe History not to be under the governance of Laws, but under the governance of human caprice.

The second initial conception which I would ask the reader to familiarize his mind with, is that of the Fundamental Law of human development:—*There are but three phases of intellectual evolution—for the individual as for the mass—the Theological, or Supernatural, the Metaphysical, and the Positive.*

I shall hereafter illustrate this law in detail, and may content myself with a very brief indication now. In the *Supernatural* phase the mind seeks causes; it aspires to know the essences of things, and the how and why of their operation. It regards all effects as the productions of supernatural agents. Unusual phenomena are interpreted as the signs of pleasure or displeasure of some God. In the *Metaphysical* phase, a modification takes place, the supernatural agents are set aside for abstract forces or entities supposed to inhere in various substances, and capable of engendering phenomena. In the *Positive* phase the mind, convinced of the futility of all inquiry into causes and essences, restricts itself to the observation and classification of phenomena, and to the discovery of the invariable relations of succession and similitude which all things bear to each other—in a word, to the discovery of the laws of phenomena.

The third initial conception is that beautiful classification of the sciences coördinated by the luminous principle of *commencing with the study of the simplest (most general) phenomena, and proceeding successively to the most complex and particular*; thus arranging the sciences according to their dependence on each other.

The three great conceptions just stated I can expect no one to appreciate until he has applied them. But how would he appreciate any general conception—say the law of gravitation—if it were simply presented to him as a formula which he had not verified? Let an honest verification of the three formulas be made, and I have the deepest conviction that no competent mind will fail to recognise them as the grandest contributions to philosophy since Descartes and Bacon inaugurated the positive method.

And now a word on the part Positivism is to play in the coming years of struggle. That a new epoch is dawning, that a new form of social life is growing up out of the ruins of feudalism, the most superficial observer cannot fail to see; and as signs of the deep interest now agitating society, no less than as evidence of the indestructible aspiration after an Ideal which has always moved mankind, the systems of Communism so confidently promulgated, attract the attention of most thinkers. But can any system of Communism yet devised be accepted as an efficient solution of the social problem? I think not; and for this reason: Communism is simply a political solution of a problem which embraces far deeper and higher questions than politics. As an Ideal I accept Communism; but I think it the goal towards which society tends, not a path by which the goal may be reached. Neither coöperation, nor watchwords of fraternity, however sincerely translated into action, can pretend to compass the whole problem. For let us suppose the political question settled; let us imagine a parallelogram of harmonious success—a human beehive of coöperative activity,—will all be settled then? Will not the deep and urgent questions of Religion and Philosophy still demand an answer? Just where man most obviously rises above the bee, Communism leaves him to the care of Priests and Teachers, who cannot agree among themselves; and inasmuch as all polity is founded on a system of ideas believed in common, inasmuch as you cannot in social problems isolate the political from the moral, the moral from the religious system, Communism leaves society to its anarchy.

The present anarchy of politics arises from the anarchy of ideas. The ancient faiths are shaken where they are not sheltered. The new faith which must replace them is still to come. What Europe wants is a Doctrine that will embrace the whole system of our conceptions, that will satisfactorily answer the questions of Science, Life, and Religion; teaching us our relations to the World, to Duty, and to God. A mere glance at the present state of Europe will detect the want of unity, caused by the absence of any one Doctrine general enough to embrace the variety of questions, and positive enough to carry with it irresistible conviction. I make this reservation, because Catholicism has the requisite generality, but fails in convincing Protestants. The existence of sects is enough to prove, if proof were needed, that none of the Religions are competent to their mission of

binding together all men under one faith. As with religion, so with philosophy, no one doctrine is universal: there are almost as many philosophies as philosophers. The dogmas of Germany are laughed at in England and Scotland; the psychology of Scotland is scorned in Germany, and neglected in England. Besides these sectarian divisions, we see Religion and Philosophy more or less avowedly opposed to each other.

This, then, is the fact with respect to general doctrines. Religions are opposed to religions, philosophies are opposed to philosophies, while religion and philosophy are essentially opposed to each other.

In positive Science there is less dissidence, but there is a similar absence of any general doctrine. Each science rests on a broad firm basis of ascertained truth, and rapidly improves; but a Philosophy of the Sciences is nowhere to be found, except in the pages of Auguste Comte. The speciality of most scientific men, and their seeming incapacity of either producing or apprehending general ideas, has long been a matter of just complaint. As I often say, they are hodmen and fancy themselves architects. This incapacity is one of the reasons why nebulous metaphysics still waste the fine activity of noble minds, who see clearly enough that, however exact each separate science may be, these sciences do not of themselves constitute philosophy: bricks are not a house. In the early days of science general views were easily attained. As the materials became more complex, various divisions took place; one man devoted himself to one science, another to another. Even then general ideas were not absent. But, as the tide swept on, discovery, like advancing waves, succeeded by discovery, new tracks of inquiry opening vast wildernesses of undiscovered truth, it became absolutely necessary for one man to devote the labour of a life to some small fraction of a science, leaving to others the task of ranging his discoveries under their general head. The result has been that most men of science regard only their speciality, and leave to metaphysicians the task of constructing a general doctrine. Hence we find at present abundance of ideas powerless, because they are not positive; and the positive sciences powerless, because they are not general. The aim of Comte is to present a doctrine *positive*, because elaborated from positive science, and yet possessing all the desired *generality* of metaphysical schemes, without their vagueness, baselessness, and inapplicability.

I will now quote some remarks from Comte's introductory lecture.\*

"It is not, I believe, to the readers of this work that I require to prove that ideas govern the world, maintain it in order, and throw it into anarchy; or, in other words, that the whole social mechanism is based ultimately upon opinions. They well know that the present great political and moral crisis in society really depends, at bottom, on our intellectual anarchy. Our greatest evil, indeed, consists in the profound divergence existing among all minds in relation to every fundamental maxim, fixity in which is the principal condition of all social order. So long as individual minds do not adhere together from a unanimous agreement upon a certain number of general ideas, capable of forming a common social doctrine, the state of the nations will of necessity remain essentially revolutionary, in spite of all the political palliatives that can be adopted; and will not permit the establishing of any but *provisional* institutions. It is equally certain that, if this union of minds, from a community of principles, can once be obtained, institutions in harmony with it will necessarily arise, without giving room for any serious shock,—that single fact of itself clearing away the greatest disorder. It is, therefore, to this point that the attention of all those who perceive the importance of a truly normal state of things ought principally to be directed.

Now from the point of view to which the different considerations noticed in this discourse have by degrees elevated us, it is easy at once to characterize the present state of society with precision and to its inmost centre, and at the same time to deduce the means by which we can effect an essential change upon it. Founding on the all important law enounced at the beginning of this discourse, I believe I can exactly sum up all the observations made upon the present condition of society, by simply saying that the present intellectual anarchy depends, at bottom, on the simultaneous employment of three philosophies radically incompatible: the theological, metaphysical, and positive philosophies. It is in fact clear, that if any one of those three philosophies really obtained an universal and complete preponderance, there would be a determinate social order, whereas our especial evil consists in the absence of all true organization whatever. It is the co-existence of the three antagonistic philosophies that absolutely prevents a mutual understanding upon any essential question. Now, if this view is correct, we have only to ascertain which of the three philosophies can, and, from the nature of things, must prevail; every man of sense will then feel obliged to concur in its triumph, whatever his own peculiar opinions may have been before the question was thoroughly analyzed and settled. The inquiry being at once reduced to this simple footing, it plainly cannot remain for any length of time indeterminate; because it is evident, from all sorts of reasons, the principal of which I have noticed in this discourse, that the positive philosophy is alone destined to prevail, according to the ordinary course of things. It alone, for a long series of ages, has been making progress, while its antagonists have constantly been in a state of decadence; rightly or wrongly,—it matters not: the general fact is incontestable, and that is enough."

\* Two friends have most obligingly placed at my disposal their translated extracts and Analyses of the *Cours de Philosophie Positive*. I may not name them here, but I thank them here, and profit by their assistance.

Surely no one will question this fact of scientific progress, concurrent with the decadence of Religious and Metaphysical systems? If he do question it, I refer him to the ample proofs furnished by Comte; and—as regards Metaphysics—refer him to the *Biographical History of Philosophy*. This unequivocal proclamation of history must not be disregarded; that which Humanity has persisted in through the long course of centuries let no man shut his eyes to!

I cannot better conclude these general considerations than by giving Comte's views of education.

"The establishment of the Positive Philosophy will be the presiding and influencing agent in the general reconstruction of our system of education. Already, indeed, all enlightened minds unanimously recognise the necessity of discarding our European system of education, which is still essentially theological, metaphysical, and literary, and substituting for it a positive education in harmony with the spirit of the age, and suited to the wants of modern civilization. The spontaneous conviction of this necessity has been everywhere extending itself, as we see from the varied and ever increasing attempts, for a century, and particularly of late, to diffuse positive instruction, and to augment it without limit. The different governments of Europe have always zealously joined in these efforts, when they did not happen to originate them. But while we further these useful undertakings, as far as possible, we must not conceal the fact, that in the present state of our ideas, they are utterly powerless to effect their chief object,—namely, the radical regeneration of general education. For, the exclusive speciality, and too marked absence of any bond of connexion which continue to characterize our mode of regarding and cultivating the sciences, must of necessity greatly affect the manner of expounding them in our course of education. If an intelligent person at the present day studies the principal branches of natural philosophy, in order to form a general system of positive ideas, he is obliged to study each of them separately, after the same method, and in the same detail, as if his object specially were to become an astronomer, or a chemist, &c. Hence such an education is almost impossible, and necessarily imperfect, even where the intellect of the student is of the highest order, and his position, otherwise, the most favourable; and it would be altogether a chimerical proceeding, for people going through a general course of education to attempt studying the sciences in this detailed way. And yet a general education absolutely requires an *ensemble* of positive conceptions upon all the great elements of natural phenomena. It is an *ensemble* of this sort, on a scale more or less extensive, that must henceforth become, even among the popular masses, the permanent basis of all human combinations, that must, in a word, give the general tone to the minds of our posterity. In order that natural philosophy may complete the regeneration of our intellectual system, already so far in progress, it is indispensable that its different constituent sciences (exhibited to every mind as the diverse branches of a single trunk) be, in the first place, reduced to that in which their general features consist,—namely, to their principal methods, and to their most important results. It is only in this way that instruction in the sciences can become among us the basis of a new and truly rational general education. And there can evidently be no doubt, that, to this fundamental course of instruction, there will be added the different special scientific studies, answering to the different special courses of education which have to succeed the general course. But the essential consideration which I wished to point out here, lies in this, that all these specialities, the accumulation of great labour, would necessarily be insufficient for thoroughly renovating our system of education, if they did not rest on the preliminary basis of this general course of instruction, itself the direct result of the positive philosophy as defined in this discourse."

## The Arts.

### THE OPERAS.

THE voracity of the Royal Italian Opera is something incredible. One after another, it swallows up all the celebrities, vocal and instrumental, of Europe. Negrini, announced in the bills of the other house, turns out to be "exclusively secured" to Covent Garden: and so does Joanna Wagner, the Jenny Lind of Germany. On Tuesday, *Les Martyrs* of Donizetti (styled in the bills, by a singular compromise, *I Martyri*), rich in *spectacle*. The only difficulty of the Royal Italian this year is an *embarras de richesse*, for what is to be done with tenors and prima-donnas, already more than can be numbered? The "old house," for which it is impossible not to feel a certain affection, a sort of *admonitus locorum*, announces Mademoiselle d'Angri in that ever charming *L'Italiana in Algieri*. Is the *de* prefix a recent creation of M. Louis Bonaparte? Sofie Cruvelli returns fresh from the ovations of the Salle Ventadour. Guy Stephan, the *délices* of Madrid, remains Queen of the Ballet until Rosati arrives to dispute the throne. L. C. H.

### THE THEATRES IN EASTER WEEK.

THE play-bills are budding promisingly for the Easter holidays. New dramas, extravaganzas, burlesques, diableries, spring up on every side. The Princess's re-opens, after the very serious illness of Charles Kean, with the original *Corsican Brothers* (there are at least six couples of Corsicans in different localities), and a new *Fairy Extravaganza* by Tom Taylor. The Lyceum has amazed the town by the announcement of a



new drama in *Eight Acts* in which every member of the company, reinforced for the occasion, will be engaged: and which, if report speaks truly, will send home audiences laughing and weeping to their beds; for it is to contain drama, farce, ballet, spectacle, effects, situations, wit and dialogue, in equal luxuriance.

At the Haymarket, "*O! Gemini, or Brothers of Course*," suggests a burlesque on the Corsican Brothers, who certainly are fair game; and *O! Gemini* is likely to "improve the occasion."

The Olympic boldly transfers the "Brothers" from Corsica to Camberwell, and introduces a "mystic milkman"—we suppose, to chalk the face of the ghost.

The Adelphi has a new three act drama, *The Queen of the Market*, and a diablerie, bearing the somewhat familiar title of *Mephistopheles*, who ought to be Wright, with Paul Bedford as *Faust*, or vice versa.

Over the water, no doubt, the same activity reigns; but what is this astounding novelty we are taught to expect from that classic region of astounding novelties, DREARY LANE? Positively, *The Bohemian Girl*! a sure sign that the Star of Bunn is at its apogee: "about this time," as Francis Moore would say, "*The Bohemian Girl* may be expected." But undismayed by the rivalry of two Italian Operas, Bunn threatens a Dreary-Lane version of *Ernani* and *Fidelio*—to introduce a Mdle.

**THE LION'S FEAR OF MAN.**—Lichtenstein says that the African hunters avail themselves of the circumstance that the lion does not attempt to spring upon his prey till he has measured the ground, and has reached the distance of ten or twelve paces, when he lies crouching on the ground, gathering himself up for the effort. The hunters, he says, make a rule never to fire upon the lion till he lies down at this short distance, so that they can aim directly at his head with the most perfect certainty. He adds, that, if a person has the misfortune to meet a lion, his only hope of safety is to stand perfectly still, even though the animal crouches to make his spring: that spring will not be hazarded if the man has only nerve enough to remain motionless as a statue, and look steadily in the eyes of the lion. The animal hesitates, rises, slowly retreats some steps looking earnestly about him—lies down—again retreats, till having thus by degrees quite got out of what he seems to feel as the magic circle of man's influence, he takes flight in the utmost haste.—*Zoological Notes and Anecdotes.*

## Commercial Affairs.

### MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

FRIDAY, April 9.

The business done in the public securities has rather increased during the week, but there has been but little disposition to speculation. The extreme range of Consols during the week has been under  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., and the market generally free from fluctuations. Consols opened on Monday at 98 $\frac{1}{2}$ , and on Thursday closed at 99 to  $\frac{1}{2}$ . Bank Stock from 216 to 217; Exchequer Bills (June) 66s. to 69s.; (March) 68s. to 71s. premium.

In the Foreign Stock-market the bargains in the official list comprised—Brazilian, 99 $\frac{1}{2}$  and  $\frac{3}{4}$  ex. div.; Chilean Six per Cents, 102 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Ecuador, 5; Granada, Deferred, 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ , 11, 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $\frac{1}{2}$ , and  $\frac{1}{4}$ ; Mexican, for account, 34 $\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $\frac{3}{4}$ , and  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; the Three per Cents, 28 $\frac{1}{2}$ , and  $\frac{1}{2}$  ex. div.; Peruvian, for account, 106 $\frac{1}{2}$ , 107, and 108 $\frac{1}{2}$  ex. div.; the Three per Cents, Deferred, 67, 66, and 66 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Portuguese Four per Cents, for money, 37 $\frac{1}{2}$ , 38 $\frac{1}{2}$ , and 38 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; for the account, 38; Sardinian Five per Cents, for money, 94 $\frac{1}{2}$ , 95, 95 $\frac{1}{2}$ , 95, and 95 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; for the account, 95 and 95 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Spanish Three per Cents, for the account, 47 $\frac{1}{2}$ , 48 $\frac{1}{2}$ , and 48; the New Deferred, 21, 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ , and 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Spanish Committee certificate of coupon not funded, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ , 3, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ , and 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.; Venezuela, 48 and 48 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Belgian Four-and-a-Half per Cents, 98 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Dutch Two-and-a-Half per Cents, 61 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; and the Four per Cent. Certificates, 93 $\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $\frac{1}{2}$ , and  $\frac{1}{4}$ .

SATURDAY, April 10.

Yesterday being Good Friday, no business was done.

### BRITISH FUNDS FOR THE PAST WEEK.

(CLOSING PRICES.)

	Satur.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thurs.	Frid.
Bank Stock	216	217	218	219	220	221
3 per Cent. Red.	98	98	98	98	98	98
3 per Cent. Con. Ans.	98 $\frac{1}{2}$	98 $\frac{1}{2}$	99	99	99	99
3 per Cent. An. 1761	98 $\frac{1}{2}$	98 $\frac{1}{2}$	99	99	99	99
3 per Cent. Con., Aq.	98 $\frac{1}{2}$	98 $\frac{1}{2}$	99	99	99	99
New 5 per Cents	99	99	99	99	99	99
Long Ans., 1860	68	68	68	68	68	68
Ind. St. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent.	78	78	78	78	78	78
Ditto Bonds, £1000	69 p	71 p	71 p	72 p	69 p	69 p
Ex. Bills, £1000	69 p	71 p	71 p	72 p	69 p	69 p
Ditto, £500	68 p	71 p	71 p	72 p	69 p	69 p
Ditto, Small	68 p	71 p	71 p	72 p	69 p	69 p

### FOREIGN FUNDS.

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

Belgian 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cents	98 $\frac{1}{2}$	Peruvian, Deferred	68 $\frac{1}{2}$
Brazilian Bonds	99 $\frac{1}{2}$	Portuguese 4 per Cents	38 $\frac{1}{2}$
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Peruvian, Account	106 $\frac{1}{2}$	Venezuela, Acct.	48 $\frac{1}{2}$

### FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

Tuesday, April 6.

**BANKRUPTS.**—H. STIMSON, St. Neot's, Huntingdonshire, bootmaker; to surrender April 16, May 14, at the Bankrupts' Court; solicitor, Mr. Atkinson, Swan-chambers, Gresham-street; official assignee, Mr. Cannan, Aldermanbury.

H. WORMS, Blackfriars-road, bootmaker, April 16, May 14, at the Bankrupts' Court; solicitors, Messrs. Lawrance, Plews, and Boyer, Old Jewry-chambers; official assignee, Mr. Cannan, Aldermanbury.

T. BULL, now or late of Greenwich, innkeeper, April 16, May 22, at the Bankrupts' Court; solicitors, Messrs. M'Leod and Cann, Paper-buildings, Temple; and Mr. Cook, Greenwich and Farnival's-inn; official assignee, Mr. Nicholson, Basinghall-street.

S. HAYNES, London-street, Paddington, wheelwright, April 14, May 14, at the Bankrupts' Court; solicitors, Messrs. Lawrance, Plews, and Boyer, Old Jewry-chambers; official assignee, Mr. Stansfeld.

H. N. BARNES, Margaretting, Essex, milkman, April 17, May 21, at the Bankrupts' Court; solicitor, Mr. Duffield, Devonshire-street, Bishopsgate and Chelmsford; official assignee, Mr. Whitmore, Basinghall-street.

I. TIMMINS, Dudley, Worcestershire, chartermaster, April 17, May 8, at the Birmingham District Court of Bankruptcy; solicitor, Mr. Boddington, Dudley; official assignee, Mr. Valpy, Birmingham.

W. WILLIAMS, Pentwyn Golynos and Pontnewynydd, Monmouthshire, iron manufacturer, April 20, May 18, at the Bristol District Court of Bankruptcy; solicitor, Mr. Bevan, Bristol; official assignee, Mr. Hutton, Bristol.

J. MITCHELL, and E. CLARKSON, Bradford, Yorkshire, worsted spinners, April 22, May 28, at the Leeds District Court of Bankruptcy; solicitors, Mr. Northwood, Bradford; and Messrs. Courtenay and Compton, Leeds; official assignee, Mr. Young, Leeds.

G. CHADWICK, Leeds, grocer, April 20, May 10, at the Leeds District Court of Bankruptcy; solicitor, Mr. Upton, Leeds; official assignee, Mr. Hope, Leeds.

T. WOOD, Northwick, Cheshire, grocer, April 16, May 13, at the Liverpool District Court of Bankruptcy; solicitors, Messrs. Holt and Rowe, Liverpool; official assignee, Mr. Turner, Liverpool.

Friday, April 9.

**BANKRUPTS.**—C. CHAMPION, Fenchurch-street, merchant, to surrender April 16, May 13, at the Bankrupts' Court; solicitors, Messrs. Sole, Turner, and Turner, Aldermanbury; official assignee, Mr. Bell, Coleman-street-buildings, Moorgate-street.

S. THICKETT, Victoria Stone-wharf, Isle of Dogs, stone merchant, April 19, May 22, at the Bankrupts' Court; solicitor, Mr. Cox, Pinner's-hall, Old Broad-street; official assignee, Mr. Nicholson, Basinghall-street.

T. B. LAWRENCE, Parliament-street, Westminster, and York-place, Lambeth, zinc dealer, April 19, May 22, at the Bankrupts' Court; solicitors, Messrs. Stevenson and Ley, Victoria-street, Holborn-bridge; official assignee, Mr. Pennell, Guildhall-chambers, Basinghall-street.

T. COWDERY, Brighton, wine merchant, April 20, May 17, at the Bankrupts' Court; solicitors, Messrs. Linklaters, Sise-lane; official assignee, Mr. Graham.

J. and W. WILLIAMS, Golynos and Varteg, Monmouthshire, shopkeepers, April 20, May 24, at the Bristol District Court of Bankruptcy; solicitor, Mr. Bevan, Bristol; official assignee, Mr. Acraman, Bristol.

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Mr. Mitchell respectfully announces that the Theatre will be re-opened on Monday evening, April 12, 1852, on which occasion the entertainments will commence at half-past Seven o'clock precisely, with *LE CACHÉMIRE VERT*. Conrad de Francoville (capitaine de vaisseau), M. ST. MARIE; Ombre de Beaufort, Madame ROGER SOLIE. After which will be produced (for the first time in this country) the New Comedy of *MADAME ISIDORE DE LA SEIGLIERE*. Le Marquis de la Seiglierie, M. REGNIER; Des Tournelles (avocat), M. ROGER; Raoul de Vauvert, M. PAUL LABA; Bernard, M. LAFONT; Jasmin, M. TOURILLON; La Baronne de Vauvert, Mdle. DENAIN; Helenq, Mdle. MARQUET. And on Wednesday evening, Beaumarchais' Celebrated Comedy of *LE BARBIER DE SEVILLE*, OU, LA PRECAUTION INUTILE.

The engagements of Mdle. ROSE CHIERI, and Monsieur NUMA, will commence on the 1st of May.

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