

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, JANUARY 22, 1853.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.]

News of the Week.

THE crash and panic on the Paris Bourse (so long predicted by our Paris correspondent), and the sudden rigour in the Bank of England, are the great facts of the day. That they have some connexion, in the nature of cause and effect, is obvious, though the measures taken by the Bank of England are justified by other considerations than the mere collapse in Paris. The immense activity and extension of trade in this country has rendered capital more valuable, and not only is a rise in the price of capital a natural result, but to establish that higher price is a useful check upon wasteful misapplication. The measure taken by the Bank is felt to be sound on every consideration.

The story of the successive falls in the Parisian Bourse is also in the main sufficiently intelligible. The Government has been collectively and individually gambling in stocks—it has been needing a great amount of money—it has been dabbling in railway shares, both to engage the middle classes, and to bolster up with a factitious glut of prosperity Louis Napoleon's aggrandizing projects—it is notorious that members of the Government have personally played in the funds, and one of the high officers of the Imperial household is posted as a defaulter. A crash must have come sooner or later, and it commences rather sooner than many had expected. Speculators in stocks begin to feel uneasy; prices begin to decline; measures wildly taken to check the fall accelerate it; holders of railway property take the alarm; shares fall 15 per cent, and panic is established.

It is impossible to separate the really agitated condition of affairs in France from the extraordinary position of Narvaez. Under orders to proceed to Vienna "to study the archives and condition of the Austrian army," he stops at Bayonne, and by published letter addressed to the Queen, puts in a remonstrance against the injustice perpetrated upon him by her Ministers; the only effect of this remarkable protest being that he is ordered to go on to Vienna. Meanwhile, Lord Howden has returned to his post at Madrid; and the Spanish Government continues to show a firm front towards the exiled Narvaez. It is generally understood that Louis Napoleon is endeavouring

to persuade Queen Isabella to imitate his *coup d'état*, though his approaching marriage with a Spanish Countess of rare beauty is a startling defiance of dynastic or diplomatic seductions. This "affair of the heart," after more than one repulse from royal Houses, is at once a surprise and a humiliation to Imperialists, and a pledge of speedy deliverance to all the other parties in France that bide their time in contemptuous isolation.

A totally new turn has been given to the Cuban affair. The British war ships that were ordered to the coasts of that island have found work to do, not in defending the Spanish possession against American invaders, but in seizing the slave ships which frequented the ports under the direct patronage of the local Government. The policy which makes England act as a knight-errant in forcing a virtuous behaviour towards the Black upon certain foreign states, is more than questionable; particularly at a time when our fleet may be needed to defend interests nearer to us than those of the Negro. But in the present instance, if the quarrel puts us in the wrong, it puts us in the wrong on the right side. It is said that papers on board these ships prove the complicity of the Spanish Government. Now Spain has a right to be insincere if it pleases her so to be; and if she oppresses the Black, there appears no more reason for our intervention, and indeed much less, than there exists in the case of the Italian oppressed by Austria, or of the Pole oppressed by Russia. But if we are to quarrel on the coasts of Cuba at all, it would be a comparatively fortunate antagonism that should place us in opposition to Spain supporting the Black, rather than in opposition to the United States supporting the tyrannical, corrupt, and feeble Government of Spain, which undoubtedly has even a less claim on our consideration than the Black. Opinion to that effect is showing itself in unexpected quarters, and we note with satisfaction the newly awakened idea in the *Daily News*, that rather than the continuance of the slave trade it would be better if Cuba fell into possession of the Order of the Lone Star.

There is a difficulty in speaking about Australia, because the news is so very important, and yet so exactly like that which has preceded it in the same quarter, that the mere repetition of the words may become tedious. The facts, however, ought to possess the utmost interest, both for our commer-

cial and our working classes. In the province of Victoria five new gold fields have been discovered, and the yield was proceeding at the rate of more than £400,000 a week. The *Melbourne Argus*, indeed, asserts that the yield had begun to diminish, and we recognise both the independence and the intelligence of that journal; but we do not observe the slightest proof of such a statement. It mentions the Echunga field in South Australia, where the yield has always been meagre; but in other parts the general characteristics do not vary from the old reports. At the same time the anticipated want of labour to get in the wool has not been felt in South Australia or New South Wales; it was not redundant, and it commanded high wages, but it appeared to be nearly sufficient. In New South Wales the Legislature was discussing reforms in its Constitution, and in South Australia a committee had reported in favour of a new Constitution, to comprise an Upper Chamber of Magnates, with a qualification of £2000 in property, and eighteen years' term of service; and a Lower Chamber, with no property qualification, elected every three years, by *universal suffrage*. They are learning how to appreciate the working man in South Australia, one of the most intelligent communities within the whole range of the British dominions.

Before movements so important as those abroad, the re-elections of our own Ministers, dragging on in their third week, possess comparatively little interest. Mr. Gladstone is returned by Oxford University, after the most tedious contest ever experienced by that body, and Mr. Keogh again represents Athlone; but Mr. Sadleir has been successfully opposed in Carlow—so far a rebuff to Ministers. Upon the whole, however, the elections have marked a very decided and general support throughout the country to the new Cabinet. It is not to lose the advantage, according to a report revived and believed early in the week, of Mr. Disraeli's opposition: he is not going abroad for his health, but is ready to resume his duties in Parliament, with keener zest.

We notice considerable activity in the military administration, and amateur contributions are made to the strength of our warlike means. Lord Hardinge was at Woolwich the other day inspecting a new American rifle which economises time in an unusual degree. A new kind of mortar for use

at sea, easy to be carried, to explode in the water, and to blow up an enemy's ship with annihilating certainty, has been publicly described. The recruiting of the Ordnance goes on satisfactorily. Sir Harry Smith has been appointed to the command of the Western Militia division.

Our category of crimes, casualties, and litigation has been unusually full. George Hudson, M.P., has been again before a court of Equity to account for the possession of railway shares to the number of some thousands, including more than a thousand confessedly reserved for himself, besides others given away to land-owners whose names are kept secret. Sir John Romilly takes time to consider his judgment. Constant Derra de Moroda is again obtruding his "false imprisonment" on the Law-courts, and there is to be a new trial of the Birmingham gentlemen, whose hospitality he enjoyed in common with the "Baroness" von Beck. A new trial also has sprung up in the Court of Queen's Bench, in the case of Regina versus Newman, which was to have come on, on Monday, but was postponed in the absence of Mr. Justice Erle. On Thursday, Sir Frederick Thesiger argued that the Court ought not to put Achilli to the trouble and expense of a new trial; an edifying forensic fiction, considering that it was the common talk of Westminster Hall, and even the gossip of the students in the Inns of Court, that a rule absolute would satisfy Dr. Newman's desire for a complete vindication. The inquest on the railway accident at Oxford has terminated in a verdict of manslaughter against the guard, Kinch. As the accident is readily traced to the whole system of management on the railway, and as everybody was distinguished by habitual disregard of rules, Kinch was as amenable to retribution as the rest; and, as Kinch is only a guard, arrest in his case will not be so inconvenient as if he were a director or other respectable person. No doubt it was felt that *somebody* ought to be punished; and perhaps, when more evidence shall be collected, Kinch may turn out to be the principal delinquent. Who knows? This little contretemps to Kinch has not checked the sports of the rail; for already in one day we have a report of two interesting accidents on the Yorkshire and Lancashire Railway; where trains have been overtaking each other in the usual slashing style.

ELECTION MATTERS.

RETURN OF MR. GLADSTONE.

THE remainder of the story of the University election is brief but significant. The prolongation of the contest lessened Mr. Gladstone's majority every day by a few votes, but it has served to show that the opposition was fruitless and vexatious. The Vice-Chancellor, who presides over the voting, opened the Convocation House only for short periods during the day, when the twenty or thirty voters polled in small batches. The secret of the opposition has oozed out through the indiscreet lips of one of the heads of houses (him of Morton?). He was heard to say that it was intended "to worry Mr. Gladstone out of his seat," whether he was elected or not. Coupling this with the famous sentence in Archdeacon Denison's letter to Mr. Canon Trevor—"whatever the issue of the present contest Mr. Gladstone's seat is gone"—we have the key of the whole proceeding. A contest for ever is promised—a contest on personal grounds.

But the present contest is now over. Mr. Gladstone's majority decreased from 130 on Friday to 119 on Wednesday. By this time he had polled 1004 votes. At the close of the poll on Thursday, at three o'clock, the numbers were—

Gladstone	1022
Perceval	898

Majority 124

On the last day, therefore, Mr. Gladstone polled 18, to 3 for Mr. Perceval!

Thus terminated the most memorable of all the contested elections—sustained with unparalleled rancour on one side and indomitable energy on the other; probably the last contested election of fifteen days' duration which will be witnessed by this century. Mr. Gladstone is again member for the University of Oxford.

DEFEAT OF MR. SADLEIR.

Virulent antagonism on the part of the Tenant League and religious equality men, and the steady rush of the Orange party into the gap in the ranks of their opponents, have characterized the struggle for the Carlow seat. Last week Mr. Frederick Lucas and some Roman-catholic priests went down to Carlow, but the people would not listen to their speeches; and they precipitately retreated back upon Dublin. On Monday the nomination took place, and so great was the excitement that Mr. Sadleir and Mr. Alexander, his opponent, with difficulty obtained a hearing. Mr. Sadleir's speech, consequently, is somewhat disjointed and fragmentary; but we can gather enough from the report to state, that he scornfully repudiates the direct allegations of treachery made by his opponents. He has not given up any opinion; he will not violate any pledge. Lord John Russell had had the manliness to proffer a "political refutation" of his course on the Papal Aggression matter; and he had accepted it. Mr. Alexander, in his speech, simply appealed to the pockets of his auditory. Was not he a charitable man? Did he not treat his tenants kindly? He had always, and would always, help them with his purse and his personal services: so they had better return "the Carlow boy" than the "stranger." The show of hands went for Mr. Sadleir; but it was a close run. The next day an Orangeman stabbed a Catholic in the streets; the military were quartered in the town; and all was turmoil. The polling took place on Wednesday. The contest was decided by two o'clock, when all the voters but thirteen had polled. Mr. Alexander had then a majority of six, on a gross poll of 184. At the close the relative numbers were the same—

Alexander	97
Sadleir	91

Majority 6

This is the first defeat of the new Administration.

THE MADIAT.

It now appears that the report of the death of Francesco Madiat was incorrect; but a great deal of sympathy which has been poured out, in consequence, is not altogether wasted. A deputation from the Protestant Alliance waited on Lord John Russell, on Monday, and proposed extreme measures on behalf of religious liberty in Tuscany. Their spokesman, the Honourable Arthur Kinnaird, stated why and for what the Madiat had been arrested; and how vainly British and foreign Protestants, and the King of Prussia, had sought their liberation. Instead of that, indeed, the number of victims was on the increase; not less than thirty being now in prison, for offending against the established religion, by believing another. The Roman Catholics in this country were, he believed, quite divided in opinion upon the rights of this case, many of them being indignant that such persecution should be resorted to as a means of advancing their religion. Mr. Kinnaird expressed the earnest desire of the deputation that some distinct application should be made by the British Minister at Florence, for the immediate liberation of all these prisoners, and that this should be supported, if necessary, by an intimation to the Grand Duke, that if by his commands the rights of conscience and of humanity were thus outraged in his dominions, it would become the duty of other civilized states to withdraw from diplomatic relations with Tuscany.

Lord John Russell said that with respect to the particular case of the Madiat, his sentiments were very much in accordance with those of the deputation. The prosecution had been instituted under the law passed in 1786, which was an enlightened time. He approved of the course pursued by the late Government upon the subject, and from despatches received by the present Government, it appeared that Sir H. Bulwer was still anxiously employed in the case; but with respect to any further steps which it might be considered proper to take in communicating with an independent sovereign, his lordship begged to be allowed to reserve his opinion.

The deputation, having thanked his lordship, then withdrew.

HOW WAR IS CONDUCTED IN BURMAH.

WAR, in the hands of General Godwin, appears to be chiefly terrible to the British soldier; at all events, the enemy is safe enough. The latest news from Rangoon is singularly illustrative of this view. It is true that General Godwin, with 1200 men, captured Pegue, after a two hours' siege, on the 21st of November, with the loss of six killed and thirty-two wounded; but then, Major Cotton, with 300 men, had taken it, in May last, with no loss at all! It is true that Sir John Chape holds Prome with a strong force of 7000 men; but, then, the Burmese, whom the gallant Tarleton had driven from the river's banks, have returned, pitched

upon commanding points, established batteries, and actually fire at the small steamers plying to and fro. On one occasion, a small party, commanded by Captain Gardner, were sent in the *Enterprise*, to see that the Akoktong heights, on the Irrawaddy, were kept clear of the enemy. On the morning of the 18th he landed for the first time, and marched over the brow of the eastern part of the hill, which is separated by a creek from the western, without any molestation, and without even seeing any one, although several armed men were observed on both sides of the hill from the *Enterprise*, whom a shell or two served to disperse. On the morning of the 19th he again landed to reconnoitre the western hill. On its summit there are two pagodas encircled by a jungle, on approaching which a fire was opened on Captain Gardner's party. By this fire Captain Gardner and his havildar were struck down and six Sepoys wounded, and the remainder of the detachment were obliged to retreat to the river, being too hard pressed to bring away the body of their commander, whose head will be the first trophy of the sort that has been presented at the Court of Ava during the present war.

At the capture of Pegue, the troops and the enemy marched in parallel lines, the former along the edge of the moat which defends one side of the town; the latter on their ramparts. It was during this proceeding that the British were killed and wounded. As soon as they had dashed through the shallow ditch, the day was their own. Not the least remarkable part of the late news is, that rumours of the approach of great Burmese armies were disturbing the country people; who had actually begun to lose confidence in English protection.

Strong reports existed at Calcutta that Pegue and Prome were to be annexed. It is almost impossible to doubt the rumours this time. And it is also said, on authority quite as good, that General Godwin has been positively forbidden to make war beyond the frontier of the about to be annexed country; that is, he may clear the Pegue and Prome provinces, but make no attack on Ava! Meanwhile, the Burmese are said to be stockading everywhere; encouraged by the dilatory tactics of a superannuated Commander.

NATIONAL DEFENCE: NEW AND WONDERFUL SHELL.

MR. NASMYTH, of Patricroft, Manchester, the inventor of the steam-hammer, has informed the public through the *Times*, of a marvellous invention he has made—a "short range"—for destroying an invading naval force. He proposes to construct a large shell, which, placed in the chamber of a great brass mortar, six feet below water-line, and forming the prow of the vessel, part and parcel of the same (which would measure about 600 tons) shall explode the instant it is brought in contact with an enemy's ship. This destructive agent would only require three or four men to attend to its navigation; and the mortar being part of the vessel—the whole mass of which would come into play, thus absorbing all the recoil—they would not experience any sensible effect from the discharge of the mortar-shell.

"By reason of the peculiar barrel-like construction of the vessel, on the prow of which the great mortar is fixed, and the thickness of the timber on all sides, being from nine to ten feet, and that of poplar wood, not only would the interior, where the steam-engine and crew are placed, be perfectly inaccessible to the effect of either red-hot or cold shot, but by the form of the vessel it would present in most positions no surface favourable to shot taking effect; and as the means of propulsion would consist of a suitable compact steam-engine, of the most simple construction, and a screw propeller submerged some ten or twelve feet below water, both the crew and machinery would be quite out of harm's way."

The construction of the shell would be of the most simple character, somewhat similar to the Minie rifle ball, or in the form of a huge thimble, containing a suitable charge of powder, and having a self-exploding cap at the breech end; of course, it will go off when crushed against the side of the enemy's ship, into which it will force its way, "leaving a hole as wide as a church door." The shell would be encased in a copper water-tight case, and could lie for years under water without injury of any kind, and could be brought into action on half an hour's notice.

Brother Jonathan, prolific of destructive weapons, has invented another rifle. It is loaded at the breech, the wad of one discharge remains in the chamber, and then is projected by the next discharge, thus cleaning the barrel at the same time that the ball is fired. On a trial at Woolwich, on Wednesday, 100 balls were fired in fifteen minutes.

Manchester has not altogether adopted the pure peace doctrines. At a late meeting of the Commercial Association, the president, while complaining of the abstraction made by the Militia Act from the labour market, yet said if any were to be drawn, he hoped they all

would be drawn; "for he did not see any one in that room who was too old to carry a musket, if they were called upon to defend their hearths and homes." (Hear, hear, and laughter.)

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

LETTER LVI.

Paris, January 18, 1853.

DISCORD reigns in the Bonapartist household. The swarm of parasites are stinging themselves to death: the courtiers are at daggers drawn against one another. Fould has re-opened his quarrel with Persigny; Nieuwerkerque has had a duel with Edgar Ney; the aides-de-camp, ousted from their appointments, have declared war to the knife against the chamberlains who supplant them. To crown all, Bonaparte is on bad terms (*en froid*) with St. Arnaud, and there is a coolness between him and Drouyn de l'Huys. A writer employed by the police had written from Paris some articles against M. Fould, Minister of State. These articles were published in the German papers. M. Fould, indignant at the insult, which he suspected to proceed from Persigny, ordered, on his own authority, a domiciliary visit at the house of the employé.

Now, you should know that domiciliary visits are within the exclusive cognizance of the Ministry of Police. To order and cause to be executed a domiciliary visit without such cognizance, and contrary thereto, was a flagrant violation of all rules, and an audacious interference with the process of our despotic institutions. In consequence of this arbitrary act a rather lively scene occurred in the Council of State between MM. Fould and De Maupas.

Persigny took advantage of the occasion to vent his spite against M. Fould, and to side with Maupas, in renewed invectives against M. Fould.

The last-named personage, if I am correctly informed, was far from remaining silent, and without regard to the presence of his Majesty the Emperor, the two Ministers belaboured each other with all the delicacies of the vocabulary of the fish markets.

During this discussion his phlegmatic Majesty amused himself characteristically with making paper *cocottes*, and ranging them in a superb order of battle of his own invention.

As for Nieuwerkerque and Edgar Ney, the latter had accused the former of having almost killed him by his awkward shooting at Compiègne, and the former accused Edgar Ney of having prevented the Emperor making him a Senator. A 'meeting' was the result of these hot words, in which Edgar Ney received a second ball in his arm. Nieuwerkerque, notwithstanding the tears, the cries, the desolation of the Princess Mathilde, received an immediate order to depart into exile. Only, as in the case of General Narvaez, his exile is disguised under a scientific mission to Greece. Whether or not his inconsolable Calypso will accompany him to Attica, I can't say.

Now, a word about the aides-de-camp and their quarrel with the chamberlains. Before the 1st of January, the former had charge of the interior service of the palace, near the person of the Emperor. An immense advantage was attached to these domestic functions—among others, the favour of continual access to the person of the Emperor, and the means of entertaining him at all times with whatever might serve *their own interests*. This privilege insured them considerable influence. Accordingly, at certain hours they were besieged by eager place-hunters, who, money in hand, solicited their intervention with the Emperor in favour of private ends. The aides-de-camp had contrived to establish a perfect *cordon sanitaire* round their poor Sire, and through this rigorous and continual blockade, nothing but what they desired could penetrate to the ears of Bonaparte. But the institution of Chamberlains made short work with all these auriferous privileges; so the aides-de-camp are now driven out of their fortress, and replaced by chamberlains. Now, the first belong to the army, and bear the sword, whereas the second are only civilians, another reason for M. les Aides-de-camp to despise MM. les Chamberlains, who, if we listen to the epaulettes, are nothing but *pekings en culotte courte*. Hereupon, insults, mutual defiance, *six challenges* ensued. At this moment the Tuileries is a menagerie of cats and dogs. All the hangers-on will end by devouring one another, and some fine morning the palace will be completely empty.

A word about the dissensions between Bonaparte and certain of his ministers. First of all, the affair of St. Arnaud, Minister of War. Another scandal of the Bourse. St. Arnaud, you remember, is a desperate gambler. Before he became Minister he was over head and ears in disgraceful gambling debts. The 2nd of December paid them all off. As soon as he came into office he left off playing cards, and took to dabbling in the Funds. The steady rise of Stocks that preceded the Empire

enabled him to realize enormous profits. But by the sudden and continued fall ever since, he has lost still larger sums: in the space of two months he dropped about two millions and a half of francs (100,000*l.*) of his former winnings, and a week ago he was a loser to the extent of 1,200,000 francs (48,000*l.*) M. Dubosc, his broker, having called upon him to pay up the difference, St. Arnaud refused. M. Dubosc immediately referred the case to the syndicate of stockbrokers, who, to shield the personality of M. Dubosc in the affair, enjoined him to recover the amount by all possible means. Thereupon St. Arnaud again defaulted, and M. Dubosc, *en désespoir de cause*, as a last resort, addressed himself to the Emperor, who, anxious to avoid the scandal, paid the sum out of his private purse. But for all that, the scandal was not avoided. A whole syndicate of stockbrokers cannot call a meeting without some whisper of the cause getting abroad. The day after, the whole Bourse and all Paris knew of St. Arnaud defaulting; and two days after, the *Moniteur* had the impudence to declare all the rumours current about St. Arnaud calumnious. This note of the *Moniteur* incensed all the men on Change, and they replied to the defiance of the *Moniteur* by a fall in the Funds of two francs. You may conceive the displeasure of Bonaparte: Sustained as he is solely by the Bourse, he finds all the brokers turned against him. He has already determined to supersede the Minister of War: his successor is to be General Caurobert. It only remains to gild the pill for the hero of the 2nd of December. A good pretext is found in the expedition which is now preparing in Algeria. Orders have been sent to press these preparations with vigour. It will consist of 40,000 men. St. Arnaud will be appointed to the command of the expedition, and so got rid of. Not at all. St. Arnaud knows he is the stronger man: having the army in his hands, that power is his safety; he won't let it slip at any price. We may probably witness in the course of a few weeks the following singular spectacle—an omnipotent Emperor disobeyed by his Minister. The character of St. Arnaud suggests all sorts of suppositions, and lends colour to all kinds of possibilities. If Bonaparte rouses the temper of St. Arnaud too warmly, that Minister is capable of laying hands on the Emperor, sending him to Vincennes, and proclaiming Joinville King of the French; or Henry V., King of France; or even Napoleon IV., the son of Jérôme, Emperor. All would depend on the adventurer's caprice, or on the price each of the pretenders might be willing or able to give for his support. Such an event would little surprise me; it would be consistent with the natural course of events. Despotism is nothing but the government of the sabre, and the government of the sabre is the rule of the Prætorians. Prætorians at Rome, Janissaries at Constantinople, Strelitz at Moscow: names change, but the events, the facts are the same: it is ever the domination of the armed force over their pretended Sovereign. For a simple Yes or No, they strangle an Emperor as you would a dog. The only way Emperors have of escaping such a disagreeable entertainment is to massacre *in good time* their Janissaries or their Strelitz. Such is the fatality of Bonaparte's position. He rests on the army alone: he looks like a formidable colossus, looming large in all the formidable apparatus of despotism. But that army is resumed in one man, and that man is a condottiere, an adventurer of a passionate and violent temper. He has only to wave his hand, to snatch Bonaparte from the midst of the Palace, and pack him off to a Fort. Bonaparte, conscious of his dependence on that man, is obliged at once to coax him and to seek to get rid of him. Hence the falseness of his position; hence an infallible crisis, in which St. Arnaud or Bonaparte must go to the wall.

The difference between the Emperor and M. Drouyn de l'Huys was less grave, and of another nature. M. Drouyn de l'Huys had gone to great lengths with the Russian Ambassador in the affair of the credentials; so that Bonaparte's concession was like a disavowal, placing the Minister in a false position. He sent in his resignation, which was refused; but at this moment M. Walewski, Ambassador to London, is talked of as his successor.

I shall say but little of the ball at the Tuileries, to which only functionaries and foreigners were admitted. It can hardly interest you much. I shall content myself with informing you that Bonaparte, that great *restaurateur* of authority, has recently restored *la culotte* (knee-breeches), doubtless as an emblem of this authority.*

The prodigality of attentions heaped upon your compatriots was the object of general remark. What I admire most is the good faith, the candour, the delightful *naïveté* with which your countrymen receive all these cajoleries. They accept all these empty promises

* French proverb: *Porter la culotte*:—*être le chef du ménage*—as we say, to "wear the breeches."—Ed. Leader.

for cash payment. (*Ils prennent toute cette eau benite de cour pour de l'argent comptant.*) Decidedly the Dutchmen are 'cuter than the Englishers, after all.

The *Moniteur*, however, by way of a corrective, I suppose, has fulminated a new note against the English press. This note was very ill received at Paris, especially at the Bourse, where indeed it was greeted by a further fall. Only ten days before, the *Moniteur* contained a pompous eulogium on the new press law in Spain, just promulgated at Madrid by the quasi-liberal ministry. That eulogium, which went so far as to vaunt the blessings of the liberty of the press, had induced some people, with good-natured credulity, to imagine that a change of policy in a more liberal sense was in contemplation. On that vague hope the Funds had risen. But soon came the article against the licence of the English press to dissipate all illusions.

Nevertheless, one could not help asking why so sudden and so severe a passion for the liberty of the Press beyond the Pyrenees? Many people fancied they had found the key in the alleged recent re-opening of certain negotiations with Maria Christina to obtain the hand of one of her natural daughters. *Qui se ressemble, s'assemble* ("Birds of a feather," &c.), says the proverb. Unfortunately, Maria Christina refused for the third time. Only the day before yesterday, her final refusal arrived. Two other attempts had been made in Germany, one for the hand of a Princess, but the King of Prussia interposed to prevent the project; the other at the Court of the Emperor of Austria, to obtain nothing more nor less than an Archduchess. But at Vienna, the fate of Marie Antoinette and of Marie Louise is not yet forgotten, and there was little disposition to hazard the adventure again.

Great has been the disappointment of Bonaparte in his connubial enterprises. He can no longer escape the conviction, *le malheureux!* that no one in Europe takes him seriously. Everybody takes him for a puppet, and treats him "as such." Every sovereign of Europe tries to play him all the tricks he can. Austria broke off his engagement to the Princess Wasa; Russia enjoyed the sport of doctoring him before sending him credentials; Prussia takes pleasure in cheating him out of a Princess; and so with all the rest. It is now said that in despair of obtaining a Princess, he has made up his mind to marry a simple mortal. At a recent ball, he met a certain Spanish Countess,—Mlle. de Montijos,—and I hear he is going to marry her. *Desinit in piscem!* So ends the comedy.

In default of any real interest attaching to their hero, the police are busy in getting up a factitious interest in his Majesty. Two malefactors were lately arrested at Vaugirard. For a whole week the public was regaled with a story of two liberated convicts guilty of a horrible assassination. But as these two men defended themselves vigorously against the police agents, the police took occasion to transform them into political conspirators. For want of imaginative power, they invented the following stupid story. Two individuals, dressed as gentlemen, were in the habit of following the Emperor far and near on horseback, in all his excursions, and seemed to cling to him wherever he went. The police were put on the scent, and after some time discovered that these two men frequented an obscure wine-shop of the Vaugirard, where their arrest was effected. No doubt it was a presentiment that nobody would believe this story that induced the police to convert the accident by which Edgar Ney received a shot or two at Compiègne into a regular attempt on his life. All Paris knows that it was De Nieuwerkerque that awkwardly fired the unlucky shot; but the police is determined at all hazards to throw a halo of interest around their hero, and in default of real danger, to create some imaginary and fictitious alarm.

Otherwise, our *régime* continues unchanged. It is seriously proposed to modify the jury system. According to the principle of universal suffrage, every citizen is now qualified to be a jurymen. It is true that in reality, on the pretence of desiring to avoid inconvenience to working men, *they* are never summoned. Now we are to go back to the truth. The principle of universal suffrage is to be cut in half, and blinded of one eye. The prefects are to nominate the three hundred most *notable* persons in each arrondissement, out of which the corps of jurymen will be picked. One more hypocrisy unmasked!

As to the press, it has still a hard life of it. Printers are condemned, for a mere syllable, to fines of a hundred thousand francs and upwards. Claudestine presses are just now the special object of the rigours of the police, who find "clandestine presses" everywhere. A copying-machine (*presse à copier*) is a "clandestine press;" a washerwoman's mangle is a "clandestine press." A merchant at Marseilles was lately sentenced to a fine of 10,000 francs for having a "clandestine press." It was for copying his letters! S.

CONTINENTAL NOTES.

THE *Moniteur* of Thursday contains the following:—"The Bureau of the Senate, the Bureau of the Legislative Body, and the Members of the State Council will meet on Saturday, at noon, at the Tuileries, to receive a communication from the Emperor respecting his marriage."

The Emperor's marriage with Mdle. Montijos, and the falling of the funds, two events which the historians of the week do not attempt to disconnect, now form the uppermost topic. Mdle. Montijos, daughter of a Grandee of Spain, and Countess of Teba in her own right, is of Irish origin. Her mother's name was Fitzpatrick. We must wait confirmation of the reports that the general voice is against Louis Napoleon's selection of an Empress. He has been sufficiently unsuccessful in his aims at an alliance which might bring a friendly power to the side of France, to be allowed this indulgence of inclination. It is quite clear that no chance is lost of picking an Empress from a foreign court. Meanwhile the Countess de Teba is admitted, even by those who discountenance the marriage, to have every qualification but royal blood. Her beauty is said to be that of her mother's nation. She has light auburn hair and a fair complexion, with dark eyes; and her smile is very fascinating. She was the intended bride of an Aguado, but the match has been broken off for some time.

The *Times* correspondent gives an amusing anecdote of Napoleon Jérôme's interview with one of his former colleagues of the Mountain. The ex-representative maintained throughout an attitude of much firmness, and seemed by no means convinced by the arguments employed by his Imperial Highness for his justification. The Prince reminded him pathetically that they had once sat together on the extreme Left, but the stern republican was untouched by the *souvenir*. He then alluded to the possibility of a democratic Prince being one day the ruler of France. To this it was replied, "Sir, you will neither be the man of France, nor the man of the Republic."

M. Dupin seems to be in the same position with the Orleansists as Napoleon-Jérôme is with the Democracy. By a distinguished adherent of the House of Orleans he is told to consider himself "a stranger to its interests for ever."

The lists of decorations conferred on the 1st of January excluded the National Guard. The mistake, however, was perceived, and Tuesday's *Moniteur* gives the names of twenty-eight persons who are remembered—as having been forgotten. The clergy are to come in for a share of the honours; among them the Bishop of Rennes.

The year's delay for the sale of the Orleans property is on the point of expiration. The whole of that property is, we believe, now alienated.

The dockyards continue to present scenes of activity. Twenty ships of the line, eighteen frigates, and fifteen vessels of different classes, are now building. The greater number are to be propelled with screws.

The Palace of the Luxembourg has been knocked about with a view to render it more commodious, as the invitations issued for the ball which the Senate gives the Emperor on the 25th, number 4000. The ball at the Hotel de Ville took place on Monday.

Stag hunts are to take place twice a week in the forest of St. Germain. Two packs of hounds are ordered thither, one pack to be called "the Emperor's," the other to be named after the town. It is calculated that each hunt will only occupy an hour, so that Louis Napoleon need not leave his occupation for more than three hours at a time.

The accounts of the floods in the departments are deplorable. From the overflowing of the rivers, roads have become impassable, and villages have been destroyed. The town of Vendôme is completely flooded.

Catholic agency, in localities where the Protestant population is in excess, has attracted the notice of the Prussian Government. Wherever the Jesuits' preaching seems likely to lead to "a breach of the peace," the authorities are empowered to interfere. Further, the Government has refused permission for students of divinity to visit the Collegium Germanicum at Rome. Baron Wald-bott's motion for an address to the King, praying him to reverse the decrees against Catholics, has been numerously signed, and it seems probable that the petitioners may gain their object.

The night before the King of Bavaria left Florence, a concert was given him. Rossini himself directed; and the Prince and Princess Poniatowski and Countess Orsini entered the lists with the artists Bazzini and Yvanhoff. The King, who was accompanied as far as Siena by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, arrived at Rome on the 4th of January. It is said that he intends visiting Spain.

Haynau is still at Florence, caressed by the aristocracy—among them by several old Italian families.

A despatch, dated Vienna, the 17th, announces the death of the Archduke Regnier, ex-Viceroy of Lombardy.

The death of Madiui turns out a false report. The accounts state that he is in bad health, but not in absolute danger.

The Milan correspondent of the *Augsburg Gazette* writes on the 9th, that twenty persons have been arrested as members of a democratic club. Among them are hunded proprietors, merchants, artists, artisans, and two or three Austrian officials. The arrests were followed by domiciliary visits and seizures of papers.

The parish priests of Genoa have read from the pulpit a new pastoral letter, anathematizing the civil marriage bill, the press, &c.

The collection of busts of eminent Italians, ordered by the Republican Government, being now complete, with the few exceptions arising from the squeamishness of taste of his Holiness's Government, the busts have been placed, by order of the Minister of Public Works, on the Pincian-hill, where they greatly add to the interest of the promenade, and where the design will be completed by the erection of a temple to the imaginary divinity of Rome.

A clergyman, one of the eight persons against whom the Imperial and Royal Council of War, sitting at Udine, lately pronounced judgment—was sentenced to imprisonment for having omitted to sing the Ambrosian Hymn on

the Emperor's birthday, and with having celebrated on that day an office for the dead—an act somehow held to be disrespectful to Austria!

The Pope has conferred on the Bishop of Cahors the title of Attendant on the Pontifical Throne, and has created him a Roman Count.

The letter which General Narvaez writes from Bayonne, to the Queen of Spain, puts in pretty plain terms the particulars of his "mission" to Vienna—"a mission so little in accordance with the rank of one of your captains-general; a mission which a mere colonel could discharge just as well as he"—"this illusory mission"—"a disguised banishment." Narvaez, who received orders, late at night, to quit Madrid in twenty-four hours, on a pretended commission to examine the state and progress of the Austrian army at Vienna, reminds the Queen of his services to her from her infancy, and demands to be released from the position "in which an act of flagrant injustice has placed him." This undeniable injustice of the Bravo Murillo Government is but retribution after all. Who so regardless of law or justice, in his despotic decrees, as Narvaez?

The *Diario Espanol*, *Clamor Publico*, and *Epoca* have been again seized for inserting articles against the Government.

Georges Petrovitch Nigösch, vice-president of the senate of Montenegro, and cousin of the reigning Prince, has arrived at Trieste, on his road to Vienna and St. Petersburg, charged with a special mission. Different Austrian battalions in Italy have received orders to march to Dalmatia to strengthen the Austrian army there. The Turkish general, Omer Pacha, is at Scutari, at the head of a large body of troops, and has proposed commencing the campaign at once, without waiting for spring. The Montenegrins are determined on resistance. Prince Daniel has gone to Grahovo, to concert measures with the Voivode of Wojatich, an independent prince, who has declared for Montenegro. Both these princes wear Russian orders.

THE DIGGERS IN COUNCIL.

THERE have been hitherto two concurrent facts regularly reported by the Australian papers—the enormous yields of gold, and the frightful immorality of society generally. But the news brought by the overland mail has added a third. One of the great complaints from the cities of the gold colonies, and the migratory population of the gold fields, is the inefficiency of the police; and a letter we quoted last week hinted at the establishment of a Vigilance Committee. At present, however, the diggers have not been sufficiently exasperated to adopt that summary course; but they have taken the first step. We have before us the report of a meeting held at Moonlight Flat, near Forest Creek, and about the central spot in the mining region of Mount Alexander. Four thousand diggers were assembled. As a specimen of the literary and rhetorical powers of the gold hunters, we subjoin a part of the proceedings as given in the *Adelaide Observer*.

A Mr. Wells moved the adoption of the following memorial to the Lieutenant-Governor of Victoria, which, seconded by a Mr. Perkins Wood, was unanimously voted:—

"The humble Memorial of the Miners, in public meeting assembled, at Moonlight Flat, Forest Creek, Oct. 23, 1852, respectfully sheweth—

"That your memorialists are exposed, by day and night, to great peril of life and property, from the numerous hordes of ruffians at present congregated on the gold-fields, owing to the absence of any real police protection.

"That the present police are numerically inadequate, their organization miserably defective, and their officers, for the most part, apparently unacquainted with their duties.

"That the present system of sharing a moiety of fines among the constabulary, has had the demoralizing effect of confining their attention exclusively to the apprehension of unlicensed diggers, and persons committing breaches of the Licensed Victuallers' Act, to the total neglect of the suppression and detection of crime; while, in many cases, it has led to the commission of perjury on the part of the constabulary.

"That the duty of patrolling is entirely neglected, while the men, instead of being spread about the diggings, are concentrated at the various commissioners' camps, while many of them are employed as servants, these stations being generally some miles distant from the most thickly populated neighbourhoods.

"As one proof of the culpable negligence of the police authorities, your memorialists would instance that, on the 19th instant, a tent was robbed on Moonlight Flat, and valuable property stolen. The same afternoon information was given to the police authorities, together with the description and place of abode of the thieves, who were well known bad characters; none of the police, however, made their appearance until the following evening, twenty-four hours after the robbery had been reported, by which time, of course, no trace could be found of the offenders.

"Your memorialists would, therefore, urgently pray that measures should immediately be taken towards establishing an efficient body of police, that may be distributed among the diggers, and who should patrol by night as well as by day.

"And your memorialists would further desire to impress upon your Excellency, that, owing to the present excited state of the honest and well-conducted diggers, the delay of even a few days in checking the present lawless state of the gold fields may be productive of the most deplorable results.

"And your memorialists, as in duty bound, will ever pray."

In seconding the adoption of this, Mr. Perkins Wood said he would not have done it, had he yielded to his own desire to avoid anything approaching to public

display; but that urgent occasion, combined with his firm conviction that something must be done by the diggers themselves, as the Government would continue to do nothing, compelled him to put aside all diffidence, and claim the attention of his brother miners for a few moments. (Hear, hear.)

"He was anxious to impress upon his hearers that great good must result from that meeting, if the memorial just read be adopted, and a temperate but firm expression of their opinions placed on record, which could be done through the medium of the press, as he was happy to observe many of its representatives present. (Cheers.) He might be thought too sanguine, but it struck him, looking at that vast collection of stalwart frames and intelligent faces, that the anniversary of their meeting would hereafter be regarded as a red-letter day in the colonial calendar—a bright page in the history of young Australia—a day that they would hail with pride, and their descendants regard with grateful reverence. (Cheers.) He had heard within the last few moments that his excellency the Governor was likely to pass that way during the meeting. What a singular coincidence! (A laugh.) He hoped, if such were the case, that his Excellency would be respectfully invited to remain and witness their proceedings—A Voice: We'll put him in the chair. (Laughter and cheers.)—Mr. P. Wood: No, don't do that; he has to arbitrate between many interests, but should not be identified with any particular one. (Cheers.) Treat him with the respect due to his station, and give him credit for acting up to the information he receives from his subordinates. He was satisfied that many of their complaints never reached the Governor's ear. He hoped, with regard to the memorial recommended for adoption, that the meeting would be unanimous in approving of it. When crime was in the ascendant, it was in vain to look for the peaceful enjoyment of their earnings, and still more to hope for social improvements. Without a feeling of security there was no enjoyment even of wealth, and permanent prosperity was incompatible with the frequent occurrence of robberies and outrages such as they were subjected to. That was a new country, and its population contained contributions from nearly every nation in the globe; like a young fellow who had outgrown his boots, its corns would require to be cut occasionally. (A laugh.) They were met to call for the performance of such an operation, and the memorial suggested the most efficient mode of performing it. If the Governor complied with their request, he would have no need of troops from England. He could command the services of a grateful people, and rest assured that 50,000 diggers would, when necessary, become his body-guard—his special constables. (Cheers.)"

Next came a Mr. Taylor, a moderate gentleman, at least as regards form.

"He understood that a letter to the Governor had not been forwarded by the commissioner, because it was not couched in language sufficiently obsequious to be sent to head-quarters. The same fate might attend the memorial; and he would move the addition of a respectfully-worded clause, intimating the intention of the diggers to withhold the licence-fees until the 15th of next month, and if their just demands were not then in course of being complied with, to refuse payment of the fees altogether. If they stopped the supplies, a police would soon be established. It was indeed said that police were coming out from Ireland; but in the meantime was the present state of things to continue? Were men to be beaten and robbed when they had money, and shot by the bushrangers when they had no money? Let the diggers show his Excellency that they meant what they said, and were resolved to have protection. Look at the frightful atrocity committed recently at Friar's Creek, where four monsters in human form violated a helpless female. Was it for permitting such things that the Governor should be lauded or his memory respected? (Cheers.) If he was powerless to prevent such things, why should he waste so much of their money with the mockery of protection? There was a scheme in preparation by which probably security could be attained, but that would now perhaps be set aside to wait for the arrival of the Irish police, and in the meantime robbery and violence would run rampant through the land. He moved the addition of a clause to the memorial such as he described."

Mr. Bryce Ross, in reply to the last speaker, referred to the convocation of rats, and the memorable decree for "belling the cat." He then continued, How many of you will refuse to pay the licence fee?

Many Voices: All of us.

Mr. Ross: Be very clear on this; better suppose one to be arrested?

A Voice: We must stick to support each other. (Cheers.)

Another Voice: We must open lists, and subscribe for mutual support and protection.

Then came a characteristic performance. A Captain Harrison, who styled himself the representative of 20,000 diggers, took the chair, and spoke in still stronger language than Mr. Taylor. Before addressing the assembly, Captain Harrison unfurled a flag, which a digger hoisted on a tree.

"That flag," said Captain Harrison, "was the destiny of Victoria. Every man must see that Victoria will soon have a flag of her own, and the sooner she unfurled her flag the sooner she would go ahead as she ought. (Cheers.) The cuckoo sang (God save the Queen merely because she was Queen; but our Queen deserved and enjoyed the love and respect of her subjects of every rank at home, although her beneficence could not be felt in this colony. They were under a complete autocracy—they were the very serfs of Downing-street despotism." The disarming of the people was talked of in the council.

A Voice: Let them try that on. (Cheers.)

Captain Harrison: They well knew that their fire-arms were their only protection, and there he would express his regret at the manner in which the diggers were in the habit of throwing away their gunpowder. (Hear, hear.) It should be a rule on the diggings that no man should discharge his firearms after nightfall, unless his tent or person were assailed, and then the report would be an understood signal for his neighbours to rush to his assistance. They should even be careful of their lead—it might be wanted, and there was no use in wasting it; at present, the practice of firing at night was so common, that if a man discharged a gun in self-defence it would attract no attention or help, although plenty of friends might be within hearing of the report.

This was sensible advice. Other speeches followed; and ultimately a petition to the Legislative Council of Victoria was agreed to, praying, in the most orthodox fashion of the petitions of Old England, that the proposed duty on exports of gold should not be imposed. Diggers, they say, earn on an average an ounce a week, [?] "which is not higher than the remuneration of any other labour. They pay 18*l.* a-year for a gold licence, and should the export tax be imposed, that will raise the tax on the digger to 24*l.* 10*s.* per annum. If the bill passes the diggers will "receive a heavy blow;" and "the further development of the mineral wealth of the colony will be materially checked."

Such was the memorable meeting of the diggers on the 23rd of October, 1852.

AMERICAN NOTES.

THE latest news from the United States is limited to a few briefly told but striking facts.

The *Vestal*, a British man-of-war, at Havannah, has captured four slavers, equipped for the outward voyage. Having seized one, the Captain got scent of another, waiting at Cardenas for her equipment. He found *two*. Subsequently, a brig left the port of Havannah in the night. The *Vestal* made all sail after her, overtook her, and found that she had everything necessary for an African voyage. Her captain had false papers—papers obtained directly from the Spanish Government. Proofs of the complicity of the Cuban authorities abounded in all the vessels; and Cañedo was greatly incensed against the British blue jackets. Of course, the Americans are delighted at the capture of these ships; and they speculate as to what course England will pursue with regard to the Spanish Government. It cannot be doubted but that the Cuban authorities habitually violate the treaty for the suppression of the slave-trade; and the question is, shall that treaty be a mere form?

President Fillmore has requested the Nicaraguan Government to recal M. Macoleta, its Minister, and appoint a new one. The request had once been refused.

Count Raousset Boulbon has had a short-lived reign in Sonora. He and his Frenchmen had been reduced to a state of starvation; and had surrendered. There seems to be no reason why we should doubt this; and, if it be true, the *first* French attempt to "check the progress of democracy" in America, has not been so successful as the late attempts in Europe.

We must state that the latest news from St. Domingo do not mention the alleged occupation of Samana by the French.

Horatio Greenough, the American sculptor, died at Boston on the 18th of December. He was born in 1805.

General Pierce (President elect) had a narrow escape while travelling on the 6th between Boston and Concord. The carriage in which the General, with his wife and one son, travelled, became detached from the train, and fell over an embankment 12 or 15 feet in depth. Both the General and his lady escaped with a few slight injuries, but their son, aged 11 years, was killed by a piece of rock which penetrated through the carriage window.

In the Senate, on the 4th, Mr. Cass introduced the following resolution, which was ordered to be printed:

"Be it resolved, that the United States do hereby declare that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintained, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European Power; and, while existing rights should be respected and will be by the United States, they owe it to their own safety and interests to announce, as they now do, that no future European colony or dominion shall, with their consent, be planted or established on any part of the American continent; and should the attempt be made, they thus deliberately declare that it will be viewed as an act originating in motives regardless of their interests and their safety, and which will leave them free to adopt such measures as an independent nation may justly adopt in defence of its rights and its power."

"And be it further resolved, that while the United States disclaim any designs upon the Island of Cuba inconsistent with the laws of nations and with their duties to Spain, they consider it due to the vast importance of the subject to make known in this solemn manner that they should view all efforts on the part of any other Power to procure possession, whether peaceably or forcibly, of that island, which, as a naval or military position, must,

under circumstances easily to be foreseen, become dangerous to their southern coast, to the Gulf of Mexico, and to the mouth of the Mississippi, as unfriendly acts directed against them, and to be resisted by all the means in their power."

Documents relative to the projected tripartite treaty, and to the Clayton and Bulwer treaty regarding the neutrality of Central America, are published in the journals; and some explanations regarding them had been made in the Senate. The Clayton and Bulwer treaty excluded Great Britain and the United States respectively from making acquisitions of territory in Central America. At the time ratifications were exchanged, Mr. Clayton and Sir Henry Bulwer distinctly recorded the fact, that British Honduras was not to be included in the treaty. Mr. Cass now says that he would not have voted for it had he known or understood that.

RESTITUTIONS AT ROCHESTER.

MR. WHISTON, the persecuted Master of the Rochester Grammar School, has published a letter, in which he states that something has been done in the way of restitution by the Chapter:—

"To the many memorabilia of 1852 may be added the fact that the Chapter of Rochester have signalized its close, by augmenting stipends which, barring the diminution of one to three-eighths of its amount, and the discontinuance of another for three-fifths of a century, had remained unaltered since 1543. The details are these:—The four students are to have 30*l.* 10*s.* each, instead of 5*l.*; the twenty scholars 16*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, instead of 2*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*; the six bedesmen 14*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, instead of 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*; and the precentor and sacrist 10*l.* and 6*l.* respectively, instead of 2*l.* each, making a total increase of 442*l.* a year. Excepting the four students (and perhaps to two of them) the augmentations were actually paid last Christmas; the bedesmen further receiving the repayment of 15*s.* each, previously deducted on account of their cloaks. To appreciate all this, it must be remembered that for sixty years 40*l.* a year was paid to the cathedral Domus, instead of the bedesmen, although, indeed, Dr. Lushington suggested that the Chapter would not have benefited thereby if it had not been 40*l.*, but 4000*l.* a year. Moreover, the average income of each canon for seven years before 1849 has been proved to have been not 680*l.*, but about 1000*l.* a year."

Is not this a plain confession that the Chapter were in the wrong, and the Bishop also, when they prosecuted and persecuted Mr. Whiston, keeping him out of his salary and denying him official possession of his office for more than two years?

PROGRESS OF ASSOCIATION.

BLOCK PRINTERS.

MERTON, Surrey, is the centre of an important district of the block-printers trade. A meeting of block-printers, and of others interested in the subject of association, was recently held at Victory Hall, in that town, for the purpose of hearing the report of the committee appointed at a former meeting. The report, which in a slightly abridged form we subjoin, was adopted. Mr. Walter Cooper, of the Working Tailors' Association, London, was introduced by the chairman, and delivered an address on the topic of the evening, for which he received a vote of thanks. The meeting was remarkable as a complete and unanimous adhesion of the whole industry of a district to the associative principle.

Report of the Committee appointed at a Meeting of Block-printers on September 16th, 1852, to inquire into the subject of Association.

Your committee having met weekly since their appointment, and to the best of their ability investigated the subject for which they were appointed, now beg leave to lay before you a short report of their proceedings.

Your committee experienced much difficulty at the outset, from the want of information, all the associations which have been formed being in existence before the passing of the "Industrial and Provident Society's Act, 1852." We know not how far their rules and regulations agreed with its requirements. Through the kindness of Mr. Cooper, of the Tailors' Association, we obtained several copies of the Act, which having carefully read and discussed as well as we could, we circulated among the body of the trade in Surrey. The Act is so framed that it is of use only to working men.

To capitalists and bubble schemers it offers no inducements. Its aim appears solely to be an effort to induce the worker to invest his savings, so that from the legitimate profits of his self-employed labour, provision may be made for sickness, old age, and death, for personal comfort, education, and general improvement. The capital of a society enrolled under this act is to be raised by voluntary subscriptions; and no society can take advantage of the act whose rules will allow members to have a greater interest in its funds than 100*l.*, or, by way of annuity, 30*l.* No more than five per cent. dividend can be paid, which must be paid from profits; but a division of profits to the extent of one-third may be made on account of labour done by the members or others employed on their behalf. The interest of any member cannot be transferred, but a member wishing to leave, and giving the proper notice which the rules may provide, must receive whatever balance may be due to him. The act gives the power to borrow money to the extent of four times the capital paid up, at a rate of interest not exceeding six per cent. Trustees are to be appointed in whom the members have confidence, in whose names all monies are to be invested.

The trustees are only responsible for what passes into their hands. The manager or other officers of the society have the same responsibility. Any officer or other person appropriating to their own use any money or other property of the society, can be sued at law with the same facility as if they had been in the service of a private firm. In short, every security is given to members for their business being properly conducted. Some ideas entertained, we find, must be abandoned; but, on the other hand, many important privileges are conceded, which render the act a great and beneficial step in the right direction, and which, no doubt, through time, will be improved on.

It is the conviction of your committee, that to secure confidence and success, it is necessary that any association which may be formed should be strictly legal. In the attempts which have been made, and of which many have succeeded, the failures may be attributed to the insecurity and want of confidence engendered by the want of legality; but if it was possible for any to succeed in the face of the law, and under every disadvantage, how much more certain the success when everything favours the project. It may be objected that ours is a trade differing from others, and requiring a greater amount of capital. Now, we know that some have commenced in our business with but little capital, and they have succeeded. But let us see what difficulties other trades labour under in this respect.

The working pianoforte-makers numbered fourteen, and amongst themselves subscribed 303*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*, and were obliged to borrow 1068*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.* Now, it is certain that a much smaller sum than 1372*l.* would suffice to start fourteen printers.

The working type-printers numbered two, and commenced with about 300*l.* mostly borrowed; they now number six, and have about 800*l.* worth of plant, and are still deficient in some particulars. Mr. William Newton states that sometimes a tool will cost 300*l.*, which a single man will work, and yet there is no want of association among the engineers. We might multiply examples; but, in fact, there are no difficulties to contend against in our trade which have not to be contended against in others, and in some to a greater extent.

Your committee have received a copy of a report from the Rent Committee, appointed to report on the same subject. The principal points in their proposal are as follows: "That a fund of 1000*l.* be raised in 1*l.* shares; no person to take more than three shares." "That the trade as a body take a certain number, to be paid out of the trade fund, entering the quarters as a separate account, and invested otherwise." "That each shop take a number in addition to those taken by the members; and any person coming from any other part, having a fair card, must, as a condition of getting work, take one or more shares." "The shares are ultimately to become wholly trade property; when the trade is in a condition to buy, members are to be compelled to sell."

Your committee are anxious that the whole trade should associate themselves; but they cannot compel those to enter who are unwilling, nor do they consider that the Rent proposal has been drawn in accordance with the act.

Your committee, desirous that it should be open to all to associate themselves to whom it may appear desirable, have issued the proposal which has been put into your hands; and it now rests with yourselves to say, whether you will lend your aid to the effort about to be made. The movement now awaits your adhesion and assistance. That financial difficulties may not deter any, your committee propose, that when the Society is formed, a monthly meeting, or otherwise, as shall be agreed on, shall be regularly held for the purpose of deciding, from the state of trade at the time, what sum per week shall be paid by each member until the next monthly or other meeting.

Trusting that you will accept our little past exertions as an evidence of our desire to benefit, so far as in us lies, the common cause, we remain your obedient servants,

THE COMMITTEE.

(Signed) G. BROCKWELL, *Chairman*.
J. SIMMONS, *Secretary*.

The above report adopted at a meeting held on Thursday, November 4th, 1852.

(Signed) THOMAS JOHN WATSON, *Chairman*.

It is an encouraging sign, and deserving the attention of such members of Parliament as have devoted their efforts to the interests of the working-men, to note the prompt intelligence with which new legislative reforms in their favour are turned to practical use. The next movement should be in the direction of an amendment of the law of partnership, and in the terms of "limited liability." It is to be hoped that the mantle of Mr. Stanley has fallen on some one or more of the members of the new House who will not give up to party what was meant for mankind.

WORKING MEN'S CONFERENCES.

The "Conferences with Working-Men," presided over by the Rev. Professor Maurice (which have been suspended during the erection of the Society's Hall), are now resumed in the hall at the above address.

The conferences are to be held at the above hour every alternate Wednesday evening, and are open free to the public and the press.

M. LOUIS BLANC'S RECENT LECTURE ON SOCIALISM.

We promised our readers a brief abstract of M. Louis Blanc's recent lecture in vindication of Socialistic principles. This brilliant Apology was remarkable as the first appearance of the speaker on an English platform, addressing an audience in the English language. Those who were present were surprised at the ease and grace with which the difficulties of a foreign language were

mastered. M. Louis Blanc was not simply capable of making himself understood in English; he succeeded in making himself *admired*. The manner was unforced and unconstrained; the language terse, idiomatic, and well-arranged; and, as will be judged from his peroration, the historian of the Revolution and the orator of the Constituent has learned to trust the wings of his ambitious eloquence to our strong and searching English air. We think men of all opinions will be glad to hail so distinguished a man of letters to the communion of our literature and language. Nothing but good can result from such a fellowship. French impetuosity, abusing perhaps occasionally both logic and declamation, will become sobered and chastened by contact with steady and practical common sense; while moderation will learn not to disdain spirit and vivacity. After a lucid exposition of the true principles of the French Socialists, M. Louis Blanc concluded as follows:—

Those are the principles which have kindled such great animosities; which have been represented as the sinister theory of pillage and murder; and for preaching or adoption of which so many honest men have been driven from their country, torn from their families and their friends, deprived of their property, and consigned to the hatred of mankind!

Perhaps it will seem strange that such a triumph of calumny should have been possible. But let us remember that it was the result of the most formidable propagation of falsehood ever organized. You know for what end the famous league, called in France *la Rue de Poitiers*, was established. This league opened a subscription, by means of which it succeeded in collecting nearly a million francs, a sum equivalent to forty thousand pounds of your money; and this immense sum was entirely spent in calumniating Socialism by an astonishing inundation of libels, which were distributed in profusion, and given away in every town, in every village, even to the remotest hamlets. What was the consequence?

Wonderful indeed, and worth to find a record in the annals of calumny! It so happened that the enemies of socialists, the leaders of the majority in the National Assembly, were pierced by the very sword imprudently forged by themselves; for it was their implacable selfishness which invested Louis Napoleon with the power that he employed at last to oppress them.

In hatred of Socialism, they had assisted Louis Napoleon in disarming the citizens; in hatred of Socialism, they had allowed Louis Napoleon to assemble around Paris more than a hundred thousand soldiers, instructed through our infamous Algerian war to act as wild beasts; in hatred of Socialism, they had robbed the nation of universal suffrage, and thus placed Louis Napoleon in a condition to draw over the people by restoring what had been stolen: stupid and fatal victories! When they thought they had put Socialism down, and they could get the mastery, they found an enemy where they looked for a tool. Louis Napoleon seized on Paris by dint of falsehoods and assassinations; and as it is enough, for enslaving France, to enslave Paris, they were crushed by the very tyranny of which they had so blindly collected the materials.

Now, it remains to be seen whether, in that fearful struggle which is not at an end, you may depend on it, the struggle of truth against error, of light against darkness, of right against might, Louis Napoleon will succeed better than those of whom he was first an accomplice, then the conqueror. But what! It is not true that France has accepted the yoke of that man. No, this is not true, in spite of all reports made by papers bought or terrified.

If he had really been considered by the whole of France as her necessary saviour, would he have been obliged, in order to obtain the supreme power on the 2nd of December, to imprison the representatives of the people, to massacre so many peaceful citizens, to fill every street in Paris with drunken soldiers, to tinge every paving-stone with innocent blood, to proscribe virtue, eloquence, and genius?

Had he really been elected by seven millions of votes, representing seven millions of families,—that is the whole of France,—would he be obliged now, on pain of being immediately hurled down, to maintain an army of five hundred thousand hired killers, to stab the liberty of the Press, to count, by his thousands of spies, the beatings of the heart of France, and to awe around himself every one into silence, so that no breath could be heard but his own?

Such a situation is too violent to last. I think I know my country. Consequently, I know that she is enamoured of grandeur. If, invested as he is with an unexampled power, Louis Napoleon proves incapable of accomplishing great things, he will not escape universal contempt, and to fling him down, nothing more is required.

Now, will he attempt to realize Socialism, the true task of our century? No, because Socialism is essentially inconsistent with the dominion of a single man, and cannot possibly exist where liberty and dignity of human nature are not.

Will Louis Napoleon aspire to the bloody glory of war? But as soon as he had war before himself, he would have revolution at his back,—and, on the other hand, how could he succeed where the most extraordinary genius, after a prodigious series of triumphs, so miserably failed? The time of conquests is decidedly passed. One day, two men met. One said to the other,—"You shall have European Turkey, and all the conquests which your armies shall make in Asia. As to me, I shall make myself master of Spain and Portugal; I shall re-unite Rome and her dependencies to the kingdom of Italy; I shall possess Malta; I shall invade Egypt; the Mediterranean shall know only your ships and my own. That is well understood. You take the East, and leave the West to me." Since that, the Emperor Alexander went and sank with languor in a wild region, where he was often heard exclaiming, "I shall fall by the corner of some wood, and no one will think

of it." How the other died, and where he died . . . who knows not?

What, then! will Louis Napoleon limit himself to imitate his uncle in having an enormous civil list, in making himself called *your Majesty*, in occupying a palace, in creating lords, chamberlains, and pages? In that way, imitation is too ridiculous not to be dangerous. It is said, in a very interesting French fable, that a ship having been wrecked, a dolphin—you know that dolphins are reputed to be very fond of human species—took on his back one of the passengers, who was on the point of being drowned; but, after going a little way, the dolphin wishing to converse with his *protégé*, he perceived that he had mistaken a monkey for a man, and indignantly sunk the monkey in the sea. So will France do, as soon as she comes to say, the new Empire is despotism, without glory; ridiculous lords and their embroideries, without heroes and their scars; courtiers over our heads, without the world at our feet; it is a great name, without a great man; it is the Empire, without the Emperor.

HOMES FOR UNMARRIED LABOURERS.

THIS is the title of a small pamphlet on a subject of great importance (socially and politically) to every agricultural district in the three kingdoms; nor can it be a matter of indifference to our townships, great and small, when it is remembered that "the unmarried labourers" are the stuff out of which, for the most part, the soldiers, sailors—the moveable and excitable masses—the neck-or-nothing folks, and the criminal classes of England, are made. They have not yet "given hostages to Fortune," and being not too old to learn, may be taught successfully the best way of winning that lady's favour, and retaining their own esteem into the bargain. The pamphlet in question is composed of three letters, by Mr. Arthur Hallam Elton, addressed to the *Bristol Mercury*; the first bearing date Oct. 13th, 1852.

In this first letter Mr. Elton states with force and brevity the discomforts and temptations which beset the daily life of young unmarried men in villages:—

"Nature, even in the roughest organizations, peremptorily demands some sort of diversion and refreshment. There is little recreation for a village youth, except such as is mischievous and sinful. Consider him of a winter's evening; his work over, sauntering down the street, tired and chilly. Home has no great attractions for him; the cottage is small, and the children troublesome; the fire is diminutive; the solitary candle is lighted late, and extinguished early. He finds himself in the way at home; he treads on the children, amidst an explosion of screams; is perpetually taking his father's chair by the chimney-corner; is constantly leaving dirty thumb-marks on the fine linen his mother is getting up for the squire's lady. If he goes to bed early, his elder brother, who sleeps with him, awakes him an hour after with a kick; if late, he is scolded by his mother for disturbing the four children, who sleep in the next bed to his own. He saunters down the village street, and sees the red light of a blazing fire through the windows of the beer-shop. He hears jovial voices, and possibly the sound of a fiddle. He stops, hesitates, turns in, and is soon seated by the fire with a pot of bad beer before him. But it is not so much the beer as the warmth, and light, and companionship which he seeks. Sottish habits may spring up, but at first it would seem to be chiefly a natural craving for ordinary comfort that draws him to one of the only places where he finds a friendly greeting; where he hears voices more cheering than the austere master's shout, or the whine of children, and can forget the toils of the past day. Thus his only consolations are such as are derived from bad companions and dangerous habits. It is natural he should acquire low and brutal tastes, whilst he loses the better feelings of his earlier years. He begins to look at those whom he once regarded as his benefactors not merely with indifference, but with sour discontent. He is at first ashamed to meet his clergyman, but shame wears off and he becomes reckless; and, finally, often hardens into a state of stupid apathy, or surly hostility to every one who is better off than himself."

He then discusses the difficulty of the clergyman in gaining and exercising authority over young agricultural labourers, especially in large parishes; and he ends the letter by mentioning some laudable attempts made by the Rev. E. Ommamey, of Chew Magna, and the Rev. Henry Thompson, of Wrington, to draw the attention of their brother clergymen and of landed proprietors to the practicability of establishing lodging or boarding houses for young agricultural labourers. A particular plan for this purpose, submitted to the Chew Decanal Chapter, then follows, which for various reasons Mr. Elton does not approve thoroughly. In the second letter he states the grounds of his disapproval. In our eyes they are good and sufficient. There should be nothing of charity, or of patronage and dependence, in any such establishment. To work well, it must be self-supporting, and free from the interference and formal coercion of any religious body, whether orthodox or dissenting. Mr. Elton's own plan has the advantage of simplicity, facility of trial, and provision for that "glorious privilege of being independent," which every British heart yearns for, whether it beat beneath fustian or superfine broadcloth. We give the general outline of this plan:—

"Let a house be built or rented capable of containing, by way of commencement, some twelve or eighteen lodgers, each of whom should have a separate bedroom, however

small, to himself. A good-sized hall or living room, a kitchen, and other offices would occupy the ground-floor, whilst the bedrooms would be above. A couple of rooms would be allotted to a steady man and his wife, who should have the charge of the whole establishment. The inmates would simply pay for their lodging and washing. They would provide their own food. Iron bedsteads, with straw mattresses, would be fixed in each bedroom, and there would be a certain quantity of strong plain furniture required for the hall, besides kitchen utensils, &c. The regulations of the house (for some regulations there must be) should be few and simple. The whole establishment would be conducted ostensibly on a business principle. A young man would be able to get a clean, comfortable bedroom at as cheap a rate as he would have to pay elsewhere for one noisy and dirty. In the hall the lodgers would take their meals, which would be cooked by the woman of the house at a trifling charge. They might, if they pleased, contract for board with her, paying weekly what was agreed upon, or they might cater for themselves. Those in regular work would probably have their victuals together according to the same scale; but their meals would be in correspondence with their earnings, and they would, as it were, cut their coat according to their cloth. We will suppose the establishment to be set on foot by the influential residents in the parish; these would form a committee for the primary organization and general management of the concern."

The rest of this letter, and the whole of the one which follows it, show how carefully and how broadly Mr. Elton has considered the evils to be avoided in the ordinary condition of the young labourer, and how they may be avoided, and in part destroyed, by the establishment of judicious homes, provided with the means of recreation and instruction as well as with comfortable bed and board. We sincerely hope that this gentleman's benevolent exertions may lead to the improvements he so much desires.

ELEMENTARY DRAWING A BRANCH OF NATIONAL EDUCATION.

A CIRCULAR has recently been issued from the Committee of Council on Education to the authorities of the several training schools under inspection, calling their attention to the steps which have been taken towards organizing local means of instruction in drawing, as part of elementary education. The circular proceeds to state that—

"It has, however, occurred to my Lords of the Education Committee, and to their Lordships of the Board of Trade, that the various training schools for masters and mistresses, which are under inspection, are the points at which the most effectual impetus can be given to the promotion of the object in view. My Lords have felt sure that the authorities of the institutions in question appreciate the importance of this object, and will not have been slow to avail themselves of the means already at their disposal, for obtaining supplies of apparatus, and the services of competent instructors."

And an intention is announced of causing an inspection to take place into the system of drawing which may be pursued in the training schools.

"My Lords would contemplate it as one of the results to follow in time from this step, that evidence of a certain proficiency in drawing should be afforded by each student on account of whose examination the training school receives a grant, and their Lordships would expect each training school, desirous of receiving Queen's scholars, to make adequate provision for imparting this branch of instruction."

"In like manner my Lords might, sooner or later, regard it as improper to sanction the apprenticeship of pupil teachers to masters or mistresses who had neglected to profit by the means now about to be made generally available for acquiring a practical knowledge of elementary drawing."

"You will observe that elementary drawing is mentioned both in the minutes of 1846 and in the earliest document explanatory of them, as one of the subjects in which an apprentice ought to be instructed, and as one of the attainments to be expected in a certificated teacher."

"My Lords would, however, be most careful not to enforce any requirements of this nature until ample time had been allowed for making the necessary provision to meet them. They desire, however, emphatically to record their opinion that the power of accurately delineating the forms of objects ought no longer to be regarded as an accomplishment only, or the result of some rare natural aptitude, but as an essential part of education."

This circular was issued before the late change of Ministry, but there can be no doubt that the intention will be fully carried out under the present Government.

ACHILLI versus NEWMAN.

LORD CAMPBELL heard arguments in this case this week. Sir Frederick Thesiger and Sir Fitzroy Kelly appeared, and showed cause why a new trial should not be granted. At great length Sir Frederick Thesiger entered minutely into the evidence taken on the trial, pointing out the individual cases, and declaring them unsustained. He argued that, from 1826 to 1834, Dr. Achilli occupied high and important posts in the Catholic Church, and therefore it was improbable that he should have been guilty of the crimes imputed to him at Viterbo; or led an immoral life, and at the same time enjoyed the esteem and confidence of his superiors. He dismissed the charge of debauching the young

woman at Naples, by urging that proof, if obtainable at all, could easily have been obtained from the police records; yet this had not been done. He contended that the document put in from the Inquisition only proved that Dr. Achilli had been suspended on account of his religion. He disposed of the charges that Dr. Achilli lived with the wife of Coriboni, and seduced the wife of Garamoni, by saying that Dr. Achilli's contradiction of them on oath was more to be relied on than their affirmation on oath by the witnesses. He denied that immoral conduct had led to the dismissal of Dr. Achilli from the college at Malta. And as to the English charges, Sir Frederick made a clean sweep of them by endeavouring to show that the witnesses were unworthy of credence. He justified the refusal of Dr. Achilli to answer certain questions touching his continence in general, on the ground that he was bound only to reply to specific charges. Sir Fitzroy Kelly took up the same line of argument. The case was only part heard on Thursday, and was ordered to be continued on Friday.

OXFORD CATASTROPHE: COMMITTAL OF KINCH THE GUARD.

THE monster inquest, at Oxford, on the late "accident" terminated on Monday.

The evidence taken on that day was to the effect that trains are usually started by the whistle of the guard; but in this case no one heard Kinch sound his whistle. Mr. Johnson, the station-master at Bletchley, said that Kinch told him he did not know how the train came to start, but he thought that Tarry had mistaken the ballast engine for the coal train. William Beston, an engine-driver, stated that it was the business of the guard to start the train by his whistle. After the coroner had summed up, the jury returned the following remarkable verdict:—

"That the deceased persons came to their deaths from a collision that occurred between a passenger train and a coal train on the Bucks branch of the London and North-Western Railway. That the collision took place in consequence of the passenger train being started without orders from the station-master, and they find a verdict of manslaughter against Kinch, the guard of the said passenger train, on whom the responsibility of starting the train devolved, and they think the engine-driver worthy of blame for proceeding at a much faster rate than is usual at first leaving the station. It appears from the evidence that in consequence of repairs now going on at the Wolvercot tunnel the whole of the traffic between Oxford and Islip is now carried on upon a single line; and the jury beg to express their opinion that in all such cases a pilot-engine should be employed, in order to lessen the probability of collision. They consider also that a policeman or signalman should be stationed between the swing-bridge and Wolvercot tunnel, as that part of the line appears to be at present quite unprotected, and as it includes a level crossing. It appears also that part of the line on which the accident occurred is in such close proximity to the Oxford and Rugby line that it is very difficult to distinguish on which an approaching train is travelling until it is close at hand; and they think that some distinctive mark should be adopted by their respective companies, so that their engines should be immediately recognised both by day and night. And the jury beg especially to call the attention of the railway directors and the legislature to the paramount importance of some means of communication being established between the guard and the engine-driver."

The Coroner immediately ordered Kinch to be taken into custody.

CRIMINAL RECORD.

BARBOUR, the murderer of Robinson, the hawker, was executed at York, on Saturday. On Thursday he was visited at his own request by Mr. Harcus, an Independent minister, whose chapel he had been in the habit of attending. Mr. Harcus, in a letter to the papers, relates the result of his interview. He told Barbour that there was no doubt of his guilt, everybody believed it, and urged him to make McCormack the reparation of a public confession of his guilt. This he indignantly resented, as indeed he did whenever the question of a confession was pressed upon him. He said, "My religion is to confess to God—not to man; to confess to man is the Roman Catholic religion." I told him that in his case both were required. He said, "I have confessed all my sins, both great and small, to God, and I will do no more, and I am quite prepared to die." I said, you must know that you would not only be acting wickedly but foolishly, in going to God with a lie in your right hand. This he admitted. I then referred to his parents, and told him how they must feel his unhappy fate. He said he hoped his mother would soon follow him. I asked him if he would like me to send any message to his parents? He said, "Tell them I am prepared to meet my fate, and that I am an innocent man." At ten o'clock on the morning of the execution the chaplain could not make any impression on the murderer. At the last hour, however, he sent for the chaplain. The reverend gentleman immediately obeyed the summons; and on entering the room where the culprit was, he (Barbour) said, "Do you think there is any hope for me in this world?" Mr. Sutton replied, "I believe none." Barbour then said, "I believe that you are my friend;" and Mr. Sutton answered, "I believe there is nobody now in this world who can be of any service to you but myself." Barbour then told the reverend gentleman that he felt very much distressed on account of his parents. He said,

"They will feel my death very much." The chaplain replied, "Yes, no doubt they will; but it would be a great satisfaction to them provided they knew that you died truly penitent, and had confessed your sins." Barbour said, "Will you write to my parents?" The Chaplain answered in the affirmative, and Barbour then said, "Well, then, sir, I am guilty; and nobody had anything to do with the murder but myself!" The condemned prisoner then intimated that he felt very much relieved in his mind, and expressed a wish to receive the sacrament, which was administered to him by the chaplain, and from that time forward, up to the moment before he was launched into eternity, he continued to pray constantly, and apparently with great fervour and sincerity.

Margaret Bell, convicted at Glasgow of murdering her infant, has been reprieved in consideration of the circumstances attending her conviction.

At Liverpool, on Friday, an "Irish Yankee" sailor was robbed in an improper house. He swore a great oath that he would murder all the girls in the town; and as one chanced to pass he immediately stabbed her about the head and face in six places. Milligan, the sailor, was instantly arrested.

Mr. Nicholay, junior, of Oxford-street, rescued a poor beggar boy from the brutal treatment of mendicancy constable Fryer; arrested Fryer and kept him in his shop until a policeman came. Fryer then gave Mr. Nicholay into custody. Fryer had been nearly strangling the boy, and bumping his head against the pavement. Scores of people saw it; yet Fryer made Mr. Nicholay the defendant; it was proved before Mr. Bingham that Mr. Nicholay did right in restraining the constable; yet the charge was dismissed simply, and Fryer came off scot free!

Colonel Tovey, sitting at his dinner, was told by his servant that there was a man in the passage who would not leave. The colonel went down in no amiable mood as was natural. He found a fellow, dressed like a labourer, a sturdy beggar, who insisted upon being relieved. The colonel told him to be off; whereupon he was told to go himself to — Hades! Seizing a club Colonel Tovey went to look for the police; who, of course, were not to be found. Returning, the beggar struck the colonel, who returned the compliment with his club, and was repaid by a black eye, and several other blows. Shortly after the police came and arrested the colonel on the charge of assaulting John Welsh, labourer. But as John Welsh was not unknown to the police, and as the evidence went against him, he was committed to prison for two months.

William Watts, a kind of theatrical brigand of private life, was discovered, in Godfrey-street, Chelsea, on Sunday evening, ostentatiously armed with four pistols, two stuck in a "belt," and one in each of his jacket pockets, and a knife. People looked at him curiously, and went their way; but he soon found means of attracting attention. First he fired at John Soper, a gardener, who fetched policeman Carter. "Well," said Carter, "how are you?" "Oh, pretty well; how are you?" was the reply. After this courteous and diplomatic salutation, the two powers parleyed further. "What have you got there?" said the policeman. "Mind how you use them things." "All right," rejoined Watts; and he familiarly offered to stand treat. But policeman Carter, wise in his generation, and desirous, as he avers, of getting nearer to the station-house, declined to take beer at that spot, and proposed another. Watts complied—by suddenly firing a pistol at Carter, who dodged the ball, but was stunned by the report, and had one of his handsome whiskers singed. Up got the valorous Carter, and retreated, in a menacing attitude, drawing his truncheon—splendid *tableau vivant*! "But," said Carter, naively, in the police-court, on Monday, "finding, after going a few yards, that Watts had turned another way, I went after him." And in the interval, while Carter was retracing the "few" steps he had made in his advance backwards, Watts had got among a crowd, had fired off another pistol, leaped over some area railings, and there stood at bay. Here, spite of his knife, and one still loaded pistol, Isnall, a warehouseman, and two young men, leaped after and gallantly captured him—before Mr. Policeman Carter had retraced his steps. At the station-house, one of the pistols was found to be loaded. Brought before Mr. Arnold, on Monday, at Westminster, Watts said he bought the pistols to go to the "diggings," and did not intend any harm. He was committed for trial on Wednesday.

Enquiries have, for some days, been going on with respect to the conduct of Mr. Robert Ferdinand Pries, well known on the Corn Exchange, who stands charged with forgery to an immense amount, causing the firm of Collmann and Stollerfoht to suspend payment. The seven documents on which this firm had advanced Mr. Pries 9000*l.* in cash, and 41,000*l.* in acceptances, relate to 28,000 quarters of wheat. Mr. Pries was apprehended last week on the formal charge of having forged an accountable receipt for goods; and, on his second examination, Mr. Freshfield, the solicitor of Messrs. Collmann and Stollerfoht, produced forged documents of the same character to more than the amount of 50,000*l.* The proceedings, owing to the inability of the injured firm to take a prominent part, were instituted by Messrs. Montaux and Co. Their counsel, Mr. Ballantine, described the practice of shippers, who have perfect confidence in the integrity of their consignees, sending two bills of lading. This practice enables a fraudulent person, after having disposed of the one, representing the entire cargo, to make use of the other also; and it appears that Mr. Pries has either forged bills of lading, or has parted with second bills to persons unacquainted with the first transaction. Bills of lading, unlike bills of exchange, do not run first, second, and third, but are all similar documents; and in dishonestly employing the second, third, or fourth bill (as many being sometimes sent), a forged endorsement only is necessary. Several witnesses proved that the names of firms to which they belonged, written across bills of lading, on which Mr. Pries had raised money, were not written by them or by their partners. A letter from the prisoner to his wife

came out in evidence. He calls himself an impostor, swindler, and forger, and entreats her to bring up their child in ignorance of his disgrace. The end of these extraordinary revelations has not yet come. Pries is again remanded for a week.

"Captain" Johnson was again examined on Tuesday. Mr. R. W. Grey, Lord Palmerston's private secretary, proved that Johnson was no relation to Lord Palmerston. He had "heard" that Johnson was the son of Mr. Johnson, consul at Antwerp, a friend of Lord Palmerston. The evidence of Johnson's Bedford frauds was more complete. It appears his father had lived there for some time. Believing his son to be a gentleman, the tradesmen were very pressing in their solicitations to Johnson that he should deal with them. He not only had clothes of Dawson, his tailor there, but rode and drove the tailor's horses; until at last Johnson "borrowed" a valuable mare, "to go to Northampton;" and never returned it. Johnson asked whether it was not Mr. Douglas who "borrowed" the mare—Mr. Douglas being one of the Johnson class; but Dawson swore to Johnson. Beside this case of horse-stealing, Johnson and Douglas between them obtained choice wine from a London house to the tune of 109*l.*; it was sent to Newport Pagnel, and re-directed to London! A cabinet maker said Johnson had "borrowed" 10*l.* of him, besides obtaining furniture for his house. As a specimen of the mode of conducting business at Bedford, the following letter was put in by Mr. Parry, Johnson's counsel:—

"Sir,—I hope you will excuse me in saying that I hope you will allow me to supply you with fenders and fireirons, because I think you will consider that it is not proper in Mr. Wells, knowing as he does that I am an equal proprietor of Victoria-terrace with Miss Green, and that we built it partly to promote our respective businesses. It is, therefore, painful thus to be supplanted, as it were, upon one's own ground. If, therefore, you will allow them to be retained, I will supply them either upon hire or otherwise, and upon the best terms. Will you allow me or my son to wait upon you to receive your orders for any articles you may require, and you will much oblige, sir, your obedient humble servant,
JOHN HOWARD."

Fancy the smile of the all-accomplished Johnson when he found how readily the simple folks of Bedford fell into the snare he had set for them! Johnson was committed for trial on the charge of defrauding Mrs. Stewart; and remanded on the charge of horse-stealing.

Pickett, landlord of the Plough Inn, Oxford, the man who drove the pony and cart from Oxford to London and back in twenty hours the other day, has been fined forty shillings and costs! The cruelty to the pony was proved beyond dispute. Evidence was tendered showing that on the return journey Pickett unmercifully flogged the beast; that it refused food; and that a leader was obliged to be attached in order to drag it along. The feat was undertaken for a wager; and Pickett, who won his wager, very readily paid the insignificant fine.

Elizabeth Baker lived at Milverton, in Somersetshire. Her mother took in children to nurse. Lately Elizabeth Baker so cruelly ill-used one of these little unfortunates that it died. Although only two years and a half old, the cruel wretch beat the baby with a stick; and on one occasion placed its little wet feet to dry against the bars of the fire-grate! The body of the child was in a horrible state. A jury found no difficulty in bringing a verdict of manslaughter. Three children entrusted to the charge of Elizabeth Baker have died.

At Arnos Vale, near Bristol, there is a convent of the Good Shepherd. Last week, Emma Forty, aged twenty-one, a penitent, was poisoned by an unfortunate mistake of Sophia Ryder, one of the sisters, who gave her a poisonous embrocation instead of a draught. It appeared that Miss Ryder was the sister who undertook the duty of dispensing drugs in the convent, and that she had placed a bottle of poison on the shelves of the dispensary without a label. The jury recommended that a medical man should be employed in future in the dispensary. The Superior concurred in the recommendation.

Two men are in custody for the Walworth-road robbery. They had been seen loitering in front of the shop about the day before the exploit. A clasp knife, which had been left in Mr. Prince's shop, proved to belong to one of the prisoners.

It appears that the city soup-kitchen and hospice is no benefit to the adjacent tradesmen. Thieves abound in the locality; the police have to work hard to repress their depredations; all sorts of vagabonds swarm for relief. No doubt many really distressed persons apply for a meal and a few hours shelter; but the proportion of bad characters is very great. Four of these loiterers have been punished by Sir Peter Laurie. Their names were William Jones, John McDoyle, William Head, and John Crockett, all of them of the ages of from 14 to 16, and they were charged with being found on the premises of Mr. Morgan, a cheese-factor, of Snow-hill, for an unlawful purpose.—Mr. Morgan complained of the intolerable nuisance of the hosts of these characters that infested the neighbourhood generally, and his premises in George-yard in particular.—Sir Peter Laurie took this opportunity of inquiring if this nuisance arose in any way from the institution of the soup-kitchen?—Mr. Morgan said he believed that the soup-kitchen was the chief cause of it, as it attracted a vast number of disreputable persons who loitered about the place both day and night, and he had been frequently robbed since the establishment of the soup-kitchen.—Sir Peter Laurie said he was of the same opinion, but he had refrained from moving in the matter, because he thought any complaint would come better from some one in the neighbourhood. He inquired of the acting inspector on duty if the above establishment entailed any extra duty upon the police of the City.—The Acting-Inspector said, since the opening of the soup-kitchen, about nine months ago, the police had had a greater number of troublesome characters to contend with in that locality than before; and, upon the whole, he did not think the institution a beneficial one, as far as the inhabitants were concerned.—Sir Peter Laurie said he should commit the prisoners to

prison for twenty-one days, and he hoped the officers on duty would take notice of any disturbance or other nuisance arising from the soup-kitchen, and make a report of it to the proper quarter.

MISCELLANEOUS.

QUEEN VICTORIA presided over a Chapter of the Garter, on Wednesday. All the Knights Companions wore their collars and mantles. The prelate of the Order, the Bishop of Winchester, and the Chancellor, the Bishop of Oxford, were present; and the Companions were the Marquis of Exeter, the Marquis of Salisbury, the Duke of Cleveland, the Marquis of Camden, the Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Clarendon, and Earl Fitzwilliam. Then, with all due ceremony, the Duke of Northumberland and the Marquess of Londonderry were severally introduced to the Queen, by Lords Clarendon and Earl Fitzwilliam, and elected Knights of the Order. The Garters were buckled on by the Queen and Prince Albert, and the broad blue Riband and George thrown over the shoulders of the new Knights by the Royal hands. The Knights, the Prelate, and the Chancellor afterwards dined with the Queen.

Prince Albert shoots considerably with the Prince of Leiningen, who is making a long stay at court.

The Duchess of Kent makes frequent visits to her daughter. The Queen takes no kind of out-door exercise—at least the Court Newsman records neither walk nor drive.

The Marquis of Breadalbane is Lord Chamberlain after all. Mr. Villiers Stuart is appointed Under Secretary of Ireland.

The Duke of Wellington is said to be about to visit the scenes of his illustrious father's triumphs in Spain and Portugal. [What will her Majesty do for lack of her Master of the Horse?]

The Earl of Carlisle, Mr. Adderley, M.P., Mr. Cole, and other gentlemen, attended the sixth annual meeting of the Potteries School of Design, held at Burslem, on Tuesday.

We have authority for stating that there is no truth whatever in the report that Mr. Disraeli is about to go abroad for two years. The right hon. gentleman was never in better health, and had never less intention of absenting himself from his Parliamentary duties.—*Times*, Thursday.

It is understood that, through ill-health, Major-General Sir John Rolt has resigned the office of Commander-in-Chief of the Western District, and that he will be succeeded by Sir Harry Smith, the hero of Aliwall and Sobraon, who was expected at Devonport on Wednesday.

Professor David Masson, the newly elected successor to Professor Clough in the Chair of English Literature at the University of London, delivered a brilliant inaugural lecture on the 13th inst., before a large auditory. The lecture was an eloquent vindication of the dignity of the literary profession. The Professor was introduced by Mr. John Taylor, F.R.S., Treasurer of the University.

As considerable misapprehension appears to exist regarding Lord John Russell's position in the present Government, and as it has even been stated, in quarters usually better informed, that failing health would probably before long oblige him to give up the duties of the office which he now holds, both his private friends and political supporters will be glad to learn the true facts of the case, which we can give from authority. The permanent arrangement made on the formation of the present Government, and one made on public, not private grounds, was that Lord John Russell should lead the House of Commons, and have a seat in the Cabinet without office, and that Lord Clarendon should be the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; but, subject to this arrangement, Lord John, at the earnest solicitation of some of his colleagues, agreed to take the seals of the foreign office till the meeting of Parliament, at which time he would hand them over to Lord Clarendon. No change has since been made, and Lord John will, accordingly, in the course of a month, give up his temporary post to his successor.—*Globe*.

Mr. Walter Scott Lockhart Scott, of Abbotsford, the only son of Mr. Lockhart, and grandson of Sir Walter Scott, died unmarried, on the 10th inst., at the early age of twenty-seven. When Sir Walter died he left two sons and a grandson to perpetuate the lineage of his house; and it is difficult to conceive that even a chance thought could have crossed his mind that all three should die childless and abroad in the short space of twenty years. The only grandchild of the great novelist now alive is Mr. Lockhart's only surviving child, Mrs. Hope. It was but a month ago that we were called on to chronicle the death, at thirty-seven, of the closest link in blood to Scott's great contemporary, Byron; and here are we now recording the death, at twenty-seven, of the closest link in blood to Byron's great contemporary, Sir Walter Scott. It seems as if it were ordained that the children of the brain shall be the sole creations of great authors destined to endure.—*Athenaeum*.

Lord Campbell has made the rule for a new trial, in the case of Constant Derru de Morada against Dawson and others, absolute; so that the famous Von Beck case will again come before the public.

The York and North Midland Railway Company have brought an action against Mr. George Hudson for the recovery of certain profits upon shares sold by him, which it is alleged he illegally allotted to himself, and sold in the name of other persons, appropriating the large premiums, to the amount of several thousands of pounds. The Master of the Rolls has taken time to consider and give judgment.

There was an amusing case tried before Mr. Baron Platt, in the Court of Exchequer, on Wednesday. Some time ago, a woman, who had been living with Mr. Avis, an undertaker, as his wife, died; and her husband, a Mr. Tees, tailor, who had himself married again, demanded the personal effects and property of Mrs. Tees from the man Avis. This gave rise to the action. It appears that Tees married Dinah Wales, a great beauty, in 1836. For two years they lived in peace, and then there came a Mr. Taylor, of Bond-street, a tailor, who was frantic for Mrs. Tees; and did not long remain unhappy. Mrs. Tees went to live in Bond-street. Mr. Taylor was prodigal of valuable presents; and she was as comfortable as a woman in her situation well could be. But Mr. Taylor could not keep this redoubtable charmer of hearts. He happened to employ a Mr. Avis, who coveted Mrs. Tees, and finally abstracted her from Bond-street, and took her to his home. At this time Avis had four grown-up daughters. There was no question as to the facts. For the defence, while admitting that the action was maintainable according to the strict letter of the law, Mr. Chambers put in the plea that it was an unfair and unjust action on the part of the plaintiff who had himself broken the law. But the jury thought otherwise, and adjudged that Mr. Avis should pay 85*l.* damages.

Another fever-ship from the West Indies, the *Parana*, reached Southampton on Tuesday. Five persons on board had died. She appears to have taken the fever at St. Thomas's on her outward voyage. The latest death having occurred on the 12th of January, the *Parana* was ordered into quarantine until Saturday, the 22nd instant.

The city of Acapulco was shaken down by an earthquake on the 4th of December. A correspondent of the *Panama Star*, writing from the scene of the catastrophe, says:—"The whole population now sleep in the streets or in the courtyards; and processions, with images of the Virgin and Christ, perambulate the streets with solemn strains of music, ringing, and muffled drums, imploring God for mercy. As I write to-day, Dec. 9, at noon, I have constantly to spring from my desk, as shock after shock is repeated, for fear of falling tiles and walls. Writing under such circumstances is rather an uncomfortable business; so having given you the main facts I will close."

We have heard a report to the effect that Mr. Napier, the eminent shipbuilder of the Clyde, recently received an order to build six first-class steam frigates. Discovering on inquiry that the order had emanated from the French Government, he thought it necessary to communicate the fact to the Admiralty, leaving it to them to decide whether he should decline or accept the order. He was advised by the Admiralty not to do so, and as a *quid pro quo* for the loss of the order, received a commission to build six similar vessels to those ordered by the French Government.—*Liverpool Albion*.

The Government emigration depôt at Southampton is now completed. The first batch of emigrants was installed on Monday.

A fleet of nearly four hundred sail of merchant vessels have been for some time windbound inside the Isle of Wight, and which have weighed anchor since the springing up within the last twenty-four hours of north-easterly winds. A fleet of about fifty colliers from Wales are now also on their way, bound for Southampton.—*Shipping Gazette*.

The Lords of the Treasury have, on the application of the Secretary to the Department of Practical Art, sanctioned the delivery unopened at Marlborough-house, of casts, and other fragile examples of ornamental art from the continent, and imported for the use of the schools under the superintendence of the Department of Practical Art, Marlborough-house.

A poll has been taken in the parish of St. Mary, Islington, on the proposal made in the vestry last Thursday for adopting the Baths and Wash-houses Act in the parish. At the close of the poll last evening, the numbers were—For the motion, 566; against it, 452. As the act requires a majority of two to one, in order to give effect to its provisions, the motion is lost.

A Parliamentary paper has just been printed respecting the Tewkesbury Union. The board of guardians carried resolutions to reduce the salaries of the several officers, on account of the "cheapness of provisions." The officers appealed to the Poor Law Board, and the reasons were required from the guardians that induced them to pass the resolutions. They urged that the value of agricultural produce had been diminished at least 30 per cent., that the rates had decreased, and that food was cheap. The Poor Law Board replied, that they had "never recognised the principle that the price of the articles and of the produce referred to are to be the criterion by which the amount of salaries ought to be estimated and regulated, or that such salaries should be liable to vary as the price of food fluctuates." The Poor Law Board thought that no sufficient reason had been assigned for the reduction, declaring that the fixed salaries of the medical officers remunerated them only for their ordinary duties, and the board did not see that sufficient grounds had been adduced for diminishing the salaries of either of the officers referred to in the resolutions of the guardians.

Two "accidents," resulting from negligence, have occurred near Chorley, on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway. A signal was not turned on, and a coal train ran into a goods train standing at the station. An express, the same afternoon, overtook and dashed into a cattle train. The latter had not sufficient steam power to get up a steep gradient. Some of the cattle were killed. None of the first-class passengers were injured, but a second-class passenger was beaten about the head.

Essendine is on the Great Northern Railway. The late rains have greatly damaged the embankment there; but no one seems to have taken a note of it. Of course an

"accident" registered the fact. On Monday a goods train passing by, the earth under the rails gave way and left the rails without support. Soon after a heavy engine running along at a quick pace over the spot, drove the rails out of the line, and after running a short distance further sank in the space between the lines of rails. Fortunately the driver and stoker were comparatively uninjured.

Dr. Rice, Head Master of Christ's Hospital, hung himself to the rail of his bed on Thursday morning. The body was discovered and cut down by Mrs. Rice. For some time past Dr. Rice has been low-spirited; and caution had been given to Mrs. Rice to remove dangerous instruments out of his way. She left him asleep on Thursday morning; and shortly after found him a corpse. The jury had no difficulty in arriving at a verdict of mental derangement.

Templeton, a young soldier of the 2nd Dragoon Guards, shot himself at Birmingham on Tuesday week. He was disappointed in love.

A large mass of cliff overhanging a part of Dover has fallen. Fortunately the house-dwellers in the neighbourhood had full notice. No life has been lost; but a great deal of property is destroyed.

The daughter of the late Mr. H. Hall, of Bridge Bottle-works, Sunderland, has recently waited upon her father's creditors, and paid them 20*s.* in the pound, twenty-five years having elapsed since the bankruptcy.—*Sheffield Independent*.

We understand that, in consequence of the disclosures before the committee of the House of Commons, that Mr. Frail was in receipt of a salary of 300*l.* a year from "W. B." the surveyor of taxes for the Shrewsbury district has surcharged Frail for income-tax which he has never paid before. Frail's friend and patron the Major has thus unearthed a wary fox, which has been bagged by the lynx-eyed surveyor of taxes.—*Derby and Chesterfield Reporter*.

The following is rather a singular confirmation of the superstition of sailors respecting Friday. A cousin of mine is an officer in the Royal Mail Steamer *Melbourne*, with whose unfortunate disasters the public are fully acquainted. He writes me from Lisbon, saying,—"I joined the ship on Friday; I procured my register ticket on Friday; I received my appointment on Friday; the ship left London on Friday, and she eventually sailed from Plymouth on Friday." It is singular also, that on leaving Plymouth he should mention his apprehension at again starting on this apparently ill-omened day, and that his fears should be so soon realized.—*Notes and Queries*.

The *Englishman* (December 4) publishes the following amusing episode in the Burmese war:—"The setting sun was gilding the broad waters of the Irrawaddy as the steamer *Mozuffer*, with the Calcutta mail, cast her anchor below the Hastings shoal, dreading, at that late hour, to attempt its dangerous passage. But a little time had she lain there when the *Mahanuddy*, feeling her way, cautiously, yet closely approached her, and a staff-officer from the last-named vessel, hailing the *Mozuffer*, eagerly asked for the latest news. 'The news!—the news!' exclaimed he and about fifty persons, officers and privates, clustered round, anxiously awaiting the desired information. 'News,' responded a gruff voice from the *Mozuffer*,—'ay, there is news, and good news too for you military. That old woman, Godwin, has been superseded, and General Cheape has been appointed to the command in his room.' General Godwin was himself the officer who was asking the news; those around him were his staff, or the troops proceeding to the capture of Pegue! We will not attempt to describe the scene; it sufficeth to say that the principal actor in it was furious, immediately stopped the *Mahanuddy*, and ordered the officer commanding the *Mozuffer* to send him his despatches. Those present tell us that it was difficult to say which was most amusing, the rage of the general, or the consternation on board the *Mozuffer*, when they learnt the name and rank of the officer to whom they had imparted the interesting intelligence."

HEALTH OF LONDON DURING THE WEEK.

A THOUSAND AND ONE DEATHS were registered in London in the week that ended last Saturday. In the ten corresponding weeks of the years 1843-52 the average number was 1138, which, if raised in proportion to the increase of population during these years, gives a mortality of 1252 for the present time. The comparison, which shows a reduction in last week of 251 below the estimated amount, proves the continuance of that favourable state of the public health that has for some time been remarked.

The present Return, as compared with that of the former week, exhibits a trifling increase in epidemics, arising chiefly from measles and fever; the former disease has risen from 11 to 20 fatal cases, the latter from 43 to 52. Small-pox numbered last week 6 deaths, scarlatina 63, hooping-cough 39. There were only 13 from diarrhoea; and none have been registered from cholera in the last two weeks. Amongst diseases that affect the respiratory organs, bronchitis has declined in the last two weeks from 93 to 67; pneumonia shows little fluctuation, having been fatal in 52 and 58 cases; while phthisis rose in the same period from 104 to 125.

Last week the births of 755 boys and 841 girls, in all 1596 children, were registered in London. The average number in eight corresponding weeks of the years 1845-52 was 1432.

At the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, the mean height of the barometer in the week was 29.443 in. The mean temperature of the week was 45 deg., which is 0.6 deg. above the average of the same week in thirty-eight years. The mean daily temperature was much above the average on every day of the week; and on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, when it was highest, the excess above the average was 11.9 deg., 10.3 deg., and 14.4 deg. The wind blew on six days from the south-west. The mean dew point temperature was 38 deg.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

On the 4th of December, at Malabar-hill, Bombay, the wife of Dr. John Hall, Deputy Inspector-General of Hospitals: a daughter.

On the 9th of January, at No. 4, College-terrace, the wife of William Scott, Esq., M.A., Professor of Mathematics in the Royal Military College: a daughter.

On the 9th, at Strathallan Castle, Perthshire, the Viscountess Strathallan: a son, stillborn.

On the 12th, at Brixton, the wife of Major James Tennant, of the Hon. East India Company's Service: a son, stillborn.

On the 12th, at Brighton, the wife of Alexander Donovan, Esq., of Framfield, Sussex: a daughter.

On the 14th, at Chester-street, the Lady Charlotte Locker: a daughter, stillborn.

MARRIAGES.

On the 11th of January, at the British Embassy, Paris, the Honourable C. S. Cowper, brother of Earl Cowper, to the Lady Harriet Ann, Countess d'Orsay, daughter of the late Earl of Blessington.

On the 11th, at the district church of Penwerris, Falmouth, George T. S. Winthrop, Esq., Lieutenant R.N., youngest son of the late Vice-Admiral Winthrop, to Charlotte, second daughter of his Excellency Lieutenant-General Wood, C.B., K.H., Commander of the Forces in the Windward and Leeward Islands.

On the 11th, at Surrey Chapel, the Rev. George Rose, of Bermondsey, Surrey, to Maria Murray, third surviving daughter of the late David Smith, Esq., of Rotherhithe, Surrey, and granddaughter of the late Rev. John Townsend, founder of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum.

On the 13th, by the Lord Bishop of Oxford, at Christ Church, St. Pancras, the Rev. H. W. Burrows, incumbent, to Maria, fourth daughter of the late T. B. Oldfield, Esq., of Champion-hill, Surrey.

On the 13th, at St. James's Church, Piccadilly, Peché Hart Dyke, Esq., Commander Royal Navy, son of the late Sir Percival Hart Dyke, Bart., of Lullingstone Castle, Kent, to Annette Augusta, youngest daughter of the late Frederick Richard Coore, Esq., of Devonshire-place.

On the 15th, at St. James's Church, Westbourne-terrace, Captain Louis Symonds Tindal, R.N., eldest son of the late Right Hon. Sir Nicholas Conyngham Tindal, to Henrietta Maria, O'Donel Whyte, ward of John Bishop-Culpeper, Esq., late Captain Fourteenth Light Dragoons.

On the 18th, at St. Nicholas Church, Great Yarmouth, Stephen Remnant Chapman, Lieutenant in H.M. Twentieth Regiment, Esq., to Elizabeth Mary, eldest daughter of the late John Bampton, Esq., and widow of the late Henry Cobbold, Esq., of Ipswich.

On the 18th, at the Cathedral, Manchester, by the Very Rev. the Dean of Manchester, Francis Jeffrey Bell, Esq., of Calcutta, son of the late George Joseph Bell, Esq., professor of the law of Scotland in the University of Edinburgh, to Barbara Ann, eldest daughter of the late William Dalrymple Shaw, Esq., of Calcutta.

On the 18th, at the Church of St. Mary, Islington, the Rev. Conyngham Ellis, M.A., second son of the late Thomas Ellis, of Abbotstown, in the county of Dublin, Esq., M.P., to Sophia Isabella, second daughter of the late Matthew Babington, of Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, Esq.

DEATHS.

On the 29th of November, 1852, at Shahjehanpore, Bengal, drowned while fording a river, Charles Marjoribanks Morrison, Eighth Regiment N.I., youngest son of the late Rev. Robert Morrison, D.D., of China, aged nineteen.

On the 15th of December, at Medford, near Boston, United States, Lucy Prescott, relict of the Hon. Timothy Bigelow, and daughter of the late Hon. Oliver Prescott.

On the 31st, at Boston, United States, Amos Lawrence, Esq., and elder brother of the Hon. Abbott Lawrence, late the Minister to this Court (St. James's).

On the 9th of January, at Vevay, in Switzerland, after a short illness, Lady Augusta Baring, daughter of the late Earl of Cardigan.

On the 10th, Walter Scott Lockhart Scott, of Abbotsford, Roxburghshire, in his twenty-seventh year.

On the 10th, at Oxenford Castle, the Right Hon. General John Earl of Stair, K.T., in the eighty-second year of his age.

On the 15th, in her eighty-third year, Mrs. Protheroe, wife of Edward Protheroe, Esq., of Eccleston-square, and mother of the late member for Halifax.

On the 17th, aged sixteen years, Charles Arthur, second son of John Cheetham, Esq., M.P., Eastwood, Staleybridge.

On the 20th, Florence Ann, infant daughter of the Rev. W. B. Flower, Incumbent of Kingskerswell, Devon.

HUNTING THE OSTRICH.—The speed of the ostrich is proverbial, and it is considered a great feat to ride one down. A Boer once gave me the following account of a chase of this kind, for the truth of which, however, I do not pretend to be answerable. Having determined to lose no chance of effecting his object, he lay in wait near the spot where the bird was accustomed to drink, which they do but once a-day, and then in such quantities as materially to affect their speed, or at all events their power of endurance in a long run. As soon as the ostrich had drunk his fill the Boer gave chase, mounted on his best steed. He had previously observed the course which the bird usually took on leaving the water, and had sent on two horses to act as relays in case of necessity. Nor was the precaution superfluous, for it was not till the third horse was ridden to a stand-still that he was able to come alongside of the object of his pursuit, and to give the halloo of victory. His triumph was dearly bought, for of the three horses he had ridden two lay dead upon the plain, and the third never completely recovered the effects of this terrible burst. Swift as he is, however, the employment of a simple stratagem renders the ostrich an easy victim to his pursuers. A stern chase is always a long chase, and, well aware of this truth, the hunters, three or four in number, separate themselves, and try to head and surround the bird, till, harassed and beset on all sides, it loses the power to escape, and, standing helpless and motionless, suffers itself to be captured without a struggle.—*BARTER'S Dory and Veld.*

Postscript.

SATURDAY, January 22.

MR. SADLEIR, it seems will be returned for some other place. It is said that two members who had heretofore occupied prominent positions in the "Irish party" are not at all satisfied with the opposition given to the re-election of the gentlemen who have accepted place under the Ministry of Lord Aberdeen; and as the best practical method of evincing their hostility, each of those members has made an offer to accept the Chiltern Hundreds as soon as the House meets in February, in order to afford Mr. Sadleir an opportunity of proffering his services to another constituency. The *Free-man's Journal* points to Mr. Dunne, one of the representatives for the Queen's county, as being a party to this negotiation, but hesitates to believe that he would be guilty of such flagrant treason to the sacred cause of obstruction. Nevertheless people do believe that the organ is not very wide of the mark, especially as the state of Mr. Dunne's health but ill suits him for the fatigues of Parliamentary life. The other gentleman mentioned is Mr. T. Devereux, the member for the borough of Wexford, and who, the other day, turned his back on the Tenant League rather than be an accomplice in a resolution embodying a wholesale condemnation of men not present to defend themselves. The *Evening Post*, a strenuous supporter of Mr. Sadleir, attributes Mr. Alexander's success, not to the exertions of the League and Equality-mongers, but to the practice of the "most profligate and audacious bribery on the part of the Tories, to an extent totally unprecedented in this country." The *Post* further alleges, that on the day of election the sum of 1,000*l.* was offered to an elector for his vote, or 500*l.* if he remained away.

Mr. Ingersoll, the American Minister, was entertained at dinner, at Dee's Hotel, by about 150 of the leading merchants and traders of Birmingham last night. Mr. Muntz was in the chair. In returning thanks for his health, Mr. Ingersoll expressed his high gratification at the compliment paid to his country through him, and hoped the two nations would ever be united in peace and harmony, and in the promotion of liberty and civilization. He rejoiced that the tribute of respect had been paid to him at a moment when this country enjoyed so much prosperity, and trusted that the business relations between England and the United States would always go on increasing.

A great number of toasts were drunk, and the party separated at eleven o'clock.

"The news of the downfall of the Derby and Disraeli Ministry," says the New York correspondent of the *Times*, "has been received in this country with exultation by all the friends of freedom of commerce. We have none of us been able to understand the reasons why the Derby Ministry could expect to retain power. There was nothing positive about it. The Ministers seemed to have gone to their constituents with no earnestness of creed, with no well-established principles of financial policy. In one shire they preached Protection, in another half-and-half tariffs, and in others still Free-trade, if people demanded it. Such Governments cannot live in this positive age. And since there is a prospect that the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord John Russell, and Mr. Gladstone are to go into the new Ministry, it seems likely that these names will inspire a greater degree of confidence, both in our Government and among our people, than any other Ministry that has existed for any considerable time in Great Britain."

There was yesterday an improved feeling on the Bourse, as compared with Wednesday last. It seems to be now considered that the Emperor's marriage having been assented to by the Corps Diplomatique, the event will consolidate the domestic policy of France with the peace of the rest of Europe; hence the public securities nearly regained the position from which they fell on Wednesday, the Three per Cents. closing at 79*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.*, and the Four-and-a-half per cents. at 105*l.* The closing quotation of Bank Stock, however, was 2800*l.*, being the same as on the two days previous, after the serious decline in all kinds of securities. A trifling advance was observable in the rates of railway shares, but the improvement is scarcely quotable.

A singular trial took place yesterday in the Court of Exchequer. A Frenchman named Debacker had designs on the wife, or mistress, of another Frenchman, named Bellevue. He ultimately succeeded in seducing Madame Bellevue, by making her presents and then arresting M. Bellevue for the cost of them. Debacker brought an action for £23, for goods supplied and money lent. Bellevue's story was told in evidence through an interpreter.

"He had known the plaintiff since June last. He had

been introduced to that person by a friend of the name of Maubert, of Paris. He was himself a literary man, and was a member of the Society of Dramatic Authors. He had been living with a certain young lady for the last six years, during which period she had borne him two charming children. Maubert at one time had lodged in the plaintiff's house, and, therefore, saw his lady there. He recollected the 14th of November last, and upon that day the plaintiff brought down a Talma from his "Magasin," remarking that here was a new cloak which his workmen had spoiled by putting the back in the front, and the front in the back. The plaintiff then put the cloak, the Talma, on the lady, at which act he felt much astonishment. The plaintiff said that if the lady would accept it, it would make him very happy indeed. The lady said 'Oh! no, sir.' The plaintiff then put the Talma on the back of a chair. About a week after this he again went to the plaintiff's, when that person said that he had got the Talma settled, and that he was still anxious to present it to the lady. Upon this the witness turned round to the lady, and said, 'My dear, you seem to be pleased with this Talma; I will take it for you, and pay for it when I have the money.' The plaintiff appeared to be satisfied and pleased with this arrangement. Nothing, however, was said about the price at the time. He remembered something about a hat. 'This is the hat (holding forth, in a most excited manner, an old and shabby hat); and the man of whom I bought a new one six weeks subsequently allowed me sixpence only.' The witness held it out towards the jury, exclaiming, 'Sixpence, sixpence!' His own hat had been crushed as he was getting out of one of the penny steamboats. When he reached the plaintiff's he said it was unpleasant that his hat should be in such a state, as he had no money to purchase another with. The plaintiff, upon this, remarked that he had two hats upstairs, and then brought two old hats down, one of which he told him to take, and he had worn it for six weeks, when, having received some money from France, he bought a new one, and the latter allowed him only 'sixpence' for the old one which he had received from the plaintiff. The plaintiff was accustomed to use pomade to his hair, and therefore the old hat was very greasy inside and discoloured in the lining. He well remembered the plaintiff bringing a dozen pocket-handkerchiefs to 'ma femme, who excelled in embroidery work. Oh! she embroidered like an angel.' (Loud laughter, caused as much by the gesticulation of the witness as the expression itself.) The plaintiff said that she embroidered so exquisitely that he should feel greatly indebted to her if she would embroider half of the number of handkerchiefs with his initials, about an inch in length, and hem the remaining half. When these handkerchiefs had been finished the plaintiff called, and he said to the lady, 'I cannot offer you money, but I pray you to accept the six unembroidered handkerchiefs for your trouble.' The witness said he saw no particular objection to his lady accepting these handkerchiefs under the circumstances, and therefore he made no objection to it. In the course of October he received a bill from his agent in Paris for 15*l.* 9*s.* 7*d.*, payable in London at three days' sight—namely, on the 1st of November, at the house of Messrs. Monteaux and Co., foreign bankers in London. It was on the 12th of October that he had received this bill, and on the 18th of the same month he gave it to the plaintiff, having previously endorsed his own name upon the back of it, remarking that, as that gentleman so frequently went into the city, he could leave it for him for acceptance, and afterwards present it for payment. That was the reason he had given the bill to the plaintiff. On the day that the bill became due he saw the plaintiff, who told him he had received the money for it, but said that he would make him advances on the bill. He had, however, afterwards found out that the bill was duly honoured on its arrival at maturity on the 1st of November. The money was advanced to him by the plaintiff in small sums, upon various occasions, and the advances eventually exceeded the amount of the bill by 3*l.* 14*s.* That was the whole of the money the plaintiff had advanced him. He had never mentioned to a M. Pelez that he was indebted to the plaintiff as much as 12*l.* or 13*l.* He was arrested by the plaintiff on the 18th of December, at 37, Rathbone-place, about 7 o'clock in the evening. This was on Saturday, and much violence was used towards him before he was carried off to prison, on the prompting of the plaintiff. He remained in prison until the following Friday evening, and when he reached his home he found his lady and children gone, and the door of his room sealed up. He had never been guilty of any violence to his lady, although, since their acquaintance with the plaintiff, they had had scenes of jealousy on his account. It was utterly impossible that he could use violence towards her, because he adored her as a saint, and his children —" [The defendant was here overcome by his feelings, and wept.]

Cross examined, he showed that he had been separated from his wife in 1846, and then lived with the young lady who went off with Debacker. Mr. Baron Platt summed up favourably for Bellevue, and the jury found a verdict for him.

The Achilli case was yesterday continued by the Attorney-General. Nothing of any novelty occurred. The counsel for Dr. Newman urged that the witnesses, generally, were more worthy of credit than Achilli; and insisted on a new trial being granted.

We have heard on good authority that the Reverend Mr. Hotham, curate of Woodnesborough, near Sandwich, told his congregation the other day that they might make up their minds to the fact that, in fourteen years, the world will come to an end; giving as a reason, that all the prophecies but this have been fulfilled—"Ye shall not know summer from winter, or winter from summer." He does not wish these sad tidings to be spread abroad, which is not charitable. What shall we say of a clergyman of the church who talks this kind of rubbish? But the church is a refuge for a good many whose intellects are none of the soundest.

The Leader

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1853.

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.

THE CLOUD OVER THE "CITY."

Not only is "honesty the best policy," even in trade, but frankness also is, in the long run, essential to a sound policy. If secrecy is necessary for any operation, it must be for the purpose, either of obtaining an unfair advantage, or of counteracting unfairness; and it is to be confessed that there is so much unfairness going forward, that the honest man is often obliged to resort to secrecy. Nevertheless, genuine trade,—that is to say, a trade which deals with real things, and only wishes to make such honest advantage as each side would agree to on seeing the whole transaction—must find its enduring interest in promoting the largest possible amount of frankness. We need not seek for an illustration any further than the actual state of commerce, which is rather remarkable. Within these last few days, the Bank of England has been making successive enhancements in the rate which it exacts for discount. On Thursday last week the rate was raised from 2 per cent. to 2½ per cent., an enhancement which has been followed by the discount houses to the rate of 2 per cent.; and throughout the earlier part of the week, there was an expectation of a further rise in the Bank to 3 per cent., which took place on Thursday.

At first these enhancements caused some astonishment, if not annoyance, inasmuch as the money market was generally felt to be easy. There had, indeed, been considerable demands upon the Bank, and these have been followed by a general pressure upon the money market, which commercial men found to be not altogether anticipated, nor intelligible. The difficulty was at once referred to the unsound condition of commerce in France, where the extravagant railway speculations under Government patronage have been by no means the worst form of fictitious commerce. The "Credit Foncier" and the "Credit Mobilier" banking projects have probably acquired, by forced support, some shadow of hold on the ordinary commercial body by means of investments on the one side, and of loans on the other. The Bank of France has been for some time in a steadily sinking condition, its bullion having decreased progressively, by the amount of 4,200,000*l.* since the month of September, and its bills discounted increased within the same period by at least 4,700,000*l.* The uneasiness became excessive; and the report that Cabinet ministers of the highest rank had been gambling, was thought to be confirmed by the denials of the Government. The effect was a great fall in the course of last week, and a species of panic still continues. Our own City men are so far involved, either by direct advances, or by speculations of their own, or by ordinary trading operations, that they feel the necessity of making themselves safe; and the Bank contraction was at once referred to the state of France as the principal cause.

Now it is quite certain that in France there is no small amount of substantial industry. There are certain things to be done profitably by capital, and certain things not to be done profitably; and the misfortune is, that these two classes of operations are entirely mixed up. They are not only kept secret as far as possible, but are subject to a species of disguise, in the fraudulent appearances of things, deliberately kept up by the Government and its commercial tools. All is concealment and mystification; and the capitalist who ventures his means in that field is throwing his stake on the table of a Bank, some of whose proprietors are insolvent, all of whom are disingenuous, and whose chief is irresponsible, save to the lord and master of the Tuileries. There is no doubt that the honest trader could do more

if he could see his way clear: that he would reap profits from which he is at present deterred by fear, and that the individual Frenchman, in the humble capacity of consumer, would be benefited by a contribution of English capital and industry. That benefit is restricted in the greatest degree by the prevalent incertitude, through dishonesty and concealment.

We may contrast with this the actual state of affairs in Australia, which are as clear to the eye in every part as the whole surface of an English farm. We know almost to a man how many labourers there are at work; we know what they produce; we know exactly the relations of Government to the trade of the country; we know to a T what the Banks are at; we see bullion increasing in their strong boxes; we know exactly the amount of goods imported and consumed; and, in short, anything more absolutely above-board than the Australian trade it would be impossible to conceive. It has taught us exactly where capital can be invested wholesale—in the business of shipping, for example, or of trading in goods; and where it cannot be so invested, as in the business of digging, or in that of speculative land-purchase. Mistakes even are kept down to a minimum, and corrected almost as soon as they are made. In spite of the newness of the trade, but little waste has occurred, or is likely to occur at present; and the consequence is, that on each side there is the largest possible gain from the reciprocation of industry. The Australians get out of this country as much in the shape of living labour, active capital, ministering commerce, and general assistance, as this country can possibly collect and send to their shores. On the other hand, we have upon the whole as large an amount of gold, of wool, and of relief for our superabundant resources, as, under the circumstances, Australia can furnish. Nay, we are able to make a daily increase in the use of Australia, by the expansion of practical experience.

There are two things which materially contribute to preserve the continent as a contrast to this honest, substantial, open, above-board state of commerce with Australia; and the distinction does not depend upon our peculiar relation with the Australias as colonies. Those two things are, the secrecy of the Governments, and the secrecy of our relations with those Governments under the name of diplomacy. We have the vaguest conception of what the Government of France is really doing; and as the Government of France exercises so jealous a control over trade as to order the men on the Stock Exchange what to say or not to say, and to place them under the surveillance of the police, we know that there must be much arbitrary meddling. Again, while diplomacy is secret, it is impossible for us to tell what our own Government is doing in relation to any foreign Government, or how the political influences of this country may be operating, injuriously or not, upon commercial rights. The absence of the same degree of secrecy in our relations with America makes our commerce with the States almost as intelligible as that with our own Australian colonies, subject, perhaps, to some occasionally mystifying operations of 'cuteness. Still the diplomatist cannot meddle much, or mar much. Whereas, in our relations with the continent, we keep up a great ambassadorial staff, as if for the purpose of preventing ourselves from knowing what we are doing. At a great expense we plant a machinery of concealment, in order to reap a harvest of loss.

THE PRESS AND THE ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE.

"INTERMEDDLING with justice,"—"Justices," for example, may be a very bad practice, but certainly is not a very novel idea.

It was attempted, not unsuccessfully, some years since, by divers gentlemen whom nobody called unscrupulous, and whom nobody even suspected of having any knowledge of criminals, or any sympathy with crime. A journal, then, perhaps, the boldest of its day, won a reputation by its fearless vindication of the right, no matter in whose person it was endangered; and men in the position even of Laman Blanchard—for we must not speak of the living—were not ashamed to confess themselves the contributors to that paper of articles which called magistrates and judges to account, and absolutely "intermeddled" with juries when they let prejudice get the better of

duty, or hanged a man though they had only the wish, and not the evidence, to find him guilty.

A troublesome memory, apprising us of these facts, has somewhat diminished the enjoyment with which otherwise we might have read a very indignant article that has just appeared in the contemporary to which we allude, and which condenses into a space of very little more than five columns quite a new view of the Kirwan case, and various original as well as important remarks upon the infallibility of juries, the "outrages" of the press, and the sanctity of an unrighteous verdict. Possibly, however, some of our readers may not remember the *Examiners* of the period to which we refer, and probably they do not see those which now appear, so we may be excused for drawing their attention to both, and asking, of course by the way, whether they do not deem it at least an absurdity that the sin of "intermeddling" should meet its great rebuke from the Satan who first taught erring men to "intermeddle."

Of course, in this case as in others, it is very natural, indeed very necessary, to our contemporary to act up to the "short hint" which makes its motto, and "proclaim war with mankind" whilst professedly only aspersing individuals, with, be it remembered, the praiseworthy object of upholding law. We feel no surprise at seeing triumph, and not truth, its object, and observe, with little more than a smile, that the executive, the journalists, the barristers, in fact all, who have recognised the propriety of the verdict which the coroner's jury returned on the Kirwan case, are alike denounced for their misrepresentations and misconduct in reference to the results of that second investigation, which was held when Irish imagination had had three months' play, when vulgar malice had had three months' preparation, and when Kirwan had had three months to make good his escape, if he preferred trusting to his heels to confiding in his innocence. But let us quote by way of illustration:—

"In our time we have witnessed many an outrage on the administration of criminal justice, but we remember nothing to compare with the scandal of this Kirwan case. For weeks the papers have teemed with such garbled misrepresentations of imperfectly-reported evidence as are here described by the Irish Crowu Solicitor,—and on the faith of them, a solemn legal investigation has been discredited, its results set aside, and men of whom it exacted the most painful duties put upon their defence for having conscientiously discharged them. Such impartial witnesses as the accoucheur employed by Mr. Kirwan in his mistress's confinements, have been heard against the upright and learned magistrates who sat in judgment on his crime. The Crown Solicitor employed in the case has been obliged to appeal to the press against charges he could answer in no other way. The Jury who did their duty according to their oaths, have been driven to the same expedient of defence against imputations the most shameless. The Executive has not had the courage to support any of those whose services it had engaged in the discharge of the most important of its offices, against a miscarriage of justice of the very worst example."

For something "to compare with the scandal of this Kirwan case," let the inquirer turn to almost any copy of the *Examiner*, at the period to which we have alluded. As regards the "imperfectly-reported evidence," let him look back at the *Times*, and note what was the obvious impression of the reporter, where he has omitted anything he thought material, and whether he gave the speech for the prosecution, or that for the defence, at the greater length. Passing, then, to the sneer at the "impartiality" of the accoucheur, who spoke out at Anderton's in Kirwan's favour, we must consider what interested motive that gentleman could have, and how a ruined man, even if liberated, is to compensate him for that deviation from truth of which, since he dares to follow the *Examiner's* example, and "intermeddle with justice," where he conscientiously believes that injustice has been done, this fearless writer ventures so coolly, not to say so audaciously, to accuse him. We must mark, too, the total omission of the fact that the subject of this delicate irony has been backed in his assertion, that the statement for the prosecution was false on the point to which he alludes, by Mrs. Bentley, a solicitor's wife; and we must not forget the expression that "such impartial witnesses" have been *heard against* upright and learned magistrates—the said upright and learned magistrates knowing nothing whatever about the matter except what they heard from "such impartial

witnesses" as Pat Nangle, who, it is sworn, had threatened to "pinch" Kirwan, and Mrs. Campbell, whose morality teaches her to lie whenever she does not "kiss the book."

We pass on to another quotation: Our contemporary is engaged in vindicating the jury. Let it be observed that the vindication leaves us rather in doubt as to the "impartiality" of the judge.

"Nothing has been so freely remarked upon, we may add so foully misstated, as the fact of the last question put to the judge, and the answer elicited. That answer, represented as highly favourable to the accused, has been with great *éclat* put in contrast with the verdict handed in immediately after, and with the hopelessness of any agreement expressed immediately before. But the truth was that the question had exclusive reference to what had been sworn by one of the prisoner's medical witnesses, and that the judge in his reply took care to add this very significant and emphatic remark—'This testimony, gentlemen, you will observe, *altogether excludes the other circumstances of the case, and you will remember too that neither of these gentlemen had seen the body.*'"

True, the question had "exclusive reference" to the medical testimony; but how came it that "the upright and learned magistrate's" reply had not an equally exclusive reference to that point? To our minds there is a difficulty in reconciling the notion of Mr. Justice Crampton's impartiality with this, his very uncalled-for and very improper, but, we admit, "very significant and emphatic remark."

It may well be said that the witnesses in Kirwan's favour have been heard *against* the judges who tried him; but we must be permitted to regret that one of the judges in question had not lost his taste for mere advocacy before he rose to the Bench, and that they did not both see that the danger to society from wresting the law, or from undue judicial "intermeddling" with juries, is greater than that arising even from adultery, or from the existence among a moral community of a notoriously vicious man. It surely should be patent to all civilized people by this time that the course of justice must be regulated by some sort of principles, and that, however apparently convenient to deviate *this once* from established rules, it is always wrong in the abstract, and a mistake in the long run, to discard, even under the most tempting circumstances, the principles which we reflectingly adopted, and by which, up to the moment of heat and trial, we were perfectly willing to be restrained. In this case, for instance, most men are perfectly ready to admit that there are few persons who could be better spared by society than the convict Kirwan: exactly on that account those who are wisest say that this is the time to assert the value of the law of evidence, and to declare that no one, be their liking or disliking for his antecedents what it may, shall ever, if their protest can hinder it, be convicted in this country on the mere proof of circumstances, not incompatible with his guilt, but perfectly compatible with his innocence. The question in the public mind has not been whether Kirwan was a Catholic or a Protestant—whether he was a good husband or a bad one—but whether the facts proved against him were conclusive that he committed a particular crime. The evidence, taken at its utmost worth, has been found to establish the possibility, not the fact; and that "portion of the press" and of the public which has not "proclaimed war with mankind," very properly puts a charitable construction on the matter, gives the accused the benefit of the doubt, and prefers the presumption, in a case where we can have nothing beyond presumptions—of his innocence, to that of his guilt.

"A new trial has been granted"—from what motive?—"to this man by the press;" it has been "blatant," "loud-mouthed," and "unscrupulous," says our soft-spoken, mealy-mouthed, and scrupulous critic, as he approvingly quotes the jurymen's accusations of "malignity and falsehood," and tells us that we are damaging the administration of the law by insisting that it be the administration of *justice*. Well, well, it was hard that a paper which earned its chief fame by "intermeddling" should have been robbed of its specialty at last. It is but fair to our contemporary to say, that we believe if it had not been anticipated, it would have been by this time on our side, and that from no quarter would Mr. Justice Crampton and his model jury have had harder blows than from that where they now find their defender.

THE FRENCH CRISIS AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

ONE chapter of Louis Napoleon's history is about to close. Proofs are crowding upon us, that two at least in his series of projects are drawing to an adverse end; but we may be sure that the finish of one chapter must only preface the opening of another by a man who can write the history of his life in blood, upon the tablet of his native land. The refusal of Russia to recognise him as a full Emperor is more than a mere insult: it shows not only that Russia does not consider him to have established himself amongst Emperors, but also that Russia does not desire that he should remain permanently where he is, and reserves to herself the right of displacing him on opportunity. He exists on sufferance, only while he can maintain his ground by craft or force. Of course, such a position forces upon him the necessity of strengthening himself by collecting influence of any available kind, or by making his strength felt. His matrimonial projects have broken down before the face of the world, and he has been unable to ally himself even with the very minor families of royalty; another proof that his position is thought to be insecure. His attempt, therefore, to rivet himself into the Royal system of Europe has so far failed.

The condition of the Government stocks on the Paris Bourse, and of Railway shares, is an indirect proof that another section of his schemes is coming to a disastrous close. Amongst Louis Napoleon's objects has been a quadruple financial project. First, a machinery for giving employment to the working classes. Secondly, supplies of cash to keep up his State, and furnish the means of his intrigues; the magnificence of his State being in itself a political engine, and his intrigues being of that kind which we know to be enormously expensive. Thirdly, a plan to keep up the appearance of prosperity in the country, by maintaining the price of stocks and commercial credit generally, as a corroboration of the advantage and prosperity derived from the Imperial rule. And, fourthly, the foundation of a fund as a personal reserve, in case of accidents; for your political adventurers are also careful to lay up stores where they can. Louis Philippe had such reserves both in England and America. Queen Christina is said to have been well prepared against casualties when her residence in Madrid was threatened. And it is understood in the City that Louis Napoleon already has used our capital as a savings'-bank, doubly safe to him; for when he again visits London, which he may not improbably do, it may be either to seize his deposit with other booty, or to draw it out in the usual way as a quiet resident in our peaceful metropolis. Perhaps this portion of his quadruple scheme has made the most progress towards success. The grand operations to keep up the price of stocks, and the show of prosperity, have begun to break down; and although the present decline on the Bourse may be checked, it can only be at the expense of efforts ultimately more ruinous. Funds will therefore begin to fail both for State and for patronage. The posting of a minister and courtier as a defaulter on the Bourse is but the harbinger of the crash which is said already to have set the courtiers wrangling in the palace.

But on many previous occasions Louis Napoleon's position has appeared more desperate than it can be on the worst construction of the present signs. When he was arrested at Strasbourg; when he was imprisoned for his ridiculous sally on Boulogne; even when he was risking the desperate scheme of the 2nd of December, the chances of failure must have been far more appalling. At the worst construction of present signs he remains in possession of the capital of France, its capital, its garrisons, and a very large amount of good will amongst its people; and he still has many schemes which might be suicidal in their very nature, and might yet advance his own personal fortunes in the most direct manner, even if they did not leave him Emperor of France, or Emperor of Europe, as his Uncle would fain have been. It is evident that he has some great external scheme on foot. He is making his power felt in too many quarters not to have a purpose in it.

The pamphlet and the speech which have pointed to the frontiers of the Rhine, following his own theatrical show of crossing that river, have prepared the public mind for fear and hope of an expedition in that quarter. He has established in the heart of Turkey a feeling that he

might aid the Sultan with money and support, while his pensioner, Abd-el-Kader, posted in the very centre of orthodox Asiatic Turkey, might be a formidable pretender to elevate as the leader of Islam, ally of his most Christian Majesty. In this country unquestionably there is enough of fear, as there is enough of threat amongst Louis Napoleon's own retainers; and the balance of preparations is already on his side, though arrears have somewhat been made up on ours. Our forces are recruiting; though we are convinced that no military authority would pronounce the reinforcements to be sufficient, and we might boldly challenge any denial of what we say. The appointment of men like General Sir Charles Napier and General Sir Harry Smith, both of whom have been emphatic in declaring their sympathy and trust in the citizen soldier, to districts like that of Kent and Devonshire, facing the continent, shows that vigilance has been awakened, and that there is sufficient zeal to select the proper men. But the papers this week contain a list of twenty line-of-battle ships, most of which are now building in France, and the others have recently been launched; and besides this there are eighteen frigates of the first class and fifteen other vessels, in all fifty-three; all of which are to be propelled by screw. Moreover, Cherbourg has just been appointed a port for the departure of a new line of steamers, connecting France with the West Indies and central America.

This last project has in it the germs of something greater than a mere transatlantic line of steamers. Monsieur Granier de Cassagnac likens it to those expeditions of the eleventh century, "when gentlemen of high birth and great courage went to make conquests of principalities in Italy, Sicily, Syria, and Greece." He connects it with the Bank recently established in Guadeloupe, Martinique, and Bourbon, to support agriculture with an emigration of coolies into Martinique and Guadeloupe, and with a convict colonization of French Guiana to pioneer more extensive settlements. The banks, alone, would stamp this enterprise with the autograph of Louis Napoleon. It is to be remembered that the writer of this paper in the *Constitutionnel*, was the writer of the article that preceded the coercion of Belgium, as the price of renewing the coal and iron tariff with that country, and that his articles, on that occasion, were confessedly traced to the Emperor himself, then Prince President. Belgium has been coerced. Louis Napoleon's surprises have always had their premonitory signs, which evidently form part of his plan of action, and we may connect this West Indian expedition with the offer ascribed to him for a European guarantee of English territory in America as a means of uniting England to European absolutism, and of combating republicanism in its American stronghold.

But there is another interpretation of Louis Napoleon's premonitory signs. He has hitherto favoured the world with what may be called surprise in a direct course: the *coup d'état* was prepared by signs indicating a permanent presidency and a seizure of consolidated power at headquarters. The Empire was prepared by the writings and the pageantries of Louis Napoleon and his creatures; the coercion of Belgium was prepared by articles directly insisting upon the necessity of her submission under pain of losing the coal trade, if not of invasion. At the present moment it will be observed that Louis Napoleon's signs point in many directions. We have not yet mentioned Spain, already the subject of tentative invasion on the frontier, and offering to his use so opportunely the unjustly exiled General statesman, Narvaez. We have not mentioned Italy and the rumours of a Vice-royalty. Should Austria and Russia force Louis Napoleon into the arms of European Revolution, his premonitory signs therefore now point their poisoned arrows at the East; at Italy; at Spain; at Belgium, already wounded; at the Rhine, and at America. Of course he cannot mean to strike in all directions at once. He cannot mean to cast France with centripetal force against all quarters of the political globe, but fate seems to be hastening his career to a new crisis, and it will be necessary for him to make a new selection. There may be a reduplication of surprise upon surprise: as his previous surprises have been in a direct course, his next surprise may be a double, and deceive those who are foolish enough to calculate his actions.

The "gentlemen of high birth and great cou-

rage who went forth to conquer principalities" in the eleventh century, did not limit themselves to Italy, Sicily, Syria, or Greece; but one of them, with a bar sinister indeed over his escutcheon, yet attended by a large retinue of high-born soldiers, sought to establish a principality in another country, England. Louis Napoleon has said before the French peers, that he represents "a name, a principle, and a defeat"—the name Napoleon, the principle the Sovereignty of the people, the defeat Waterloo. Waterloo stands before Frenchmen, on the declaration of Louis Napoleon, as the defeat to be redressed: the conquest of William the Norman would be a congenial example.

At all events, we are approaching the close of one of the Napoleonic chapters, and we await the opening of the next.

CHURCH POLITY *versus* CHURCH POLITICS.

MR. GLADSTONE is again one of the sitting Members for the University of Oxford. He has polled sixteen more votes than he polled in July, and he has defeated the tool of the unnatural alliance, whose main object was, and is, "to worry Mr. Gladstone out of his seat," by the respectable majority of one hundred and twenty-four. Personal hatred, shabby trickery, honest intolerance, and shameless desertions, have failed to deprive the University of her ablest representative since the days of Robert Peel. The dreary purblind Convocation House is closed; the last special train, the last lingering omnibus, has set down the last reluctant voter. There is quiet in Broad-street, and peace in Magdalen Hall. The weary, the disappointed, the exasperated, the successful champions on either side have gone home. Mr. Archdeacon Denison has retired to his parochial duties at East Brent, not, however, without inditing another letter. William Beresford and "C. Lempriere" can sit in the shades of the Carlton and the Temple, and strive to drown the memory of defeat, or plan new wiles and stratagems to trouble honest men over the bottle. The glistening Isis rolls along, unmindful of the moodiness of College Dons conning the lesson of failure on its banks; and the most interesting city in the kingdom is again ostensibly devoted to the education of the select of Young England.

And this fierce combat in the halls of Oxford has not been in vain. Day by day the great fact was becoming clearer to the eyes of the far-sighted observer, that discord and disunion prevailed in the so-called church of England; but few were prepared for the coalition of antagonisms which this election has thrown into high relief. The line of demarcation between Church Politics and Church Polity has been drawn, however faintly; and although we have not seen the last of the former, we have seen the beginning of the latter. Church politics expelled Robert Peel in 1829; but the same power has not yet been able to expel Mr. Gladstone in 1853. This is a testimony to the spread of liberal views which we must not undervalue, and it carries us some way out of the old entanglement, which knotted up together the State religion and the Tory party. The Nineteenth Century has invaded and conquered even Oxford; and henceforth she enters on a new phase. If it were only the revolution in the tutorial body which it has disclosed, the strong desire to purify, extend, and strengthen the great English seminary, the contest would have for us an incalculable value. But it has torn a still wider rent in the curtain which veils the future, and given us a glimpse of vast eventualities yet to be worked out.

The Church of England is not now what it once was, when dissent was penal in all its forms—when it had no legal political existence, and free discussion was sedulously repressed. The Church of England is not now the National church, whatever it may have been when bolstered up by penal codes and disabilities. The Church is now a sect supported by state countenance, shackled with state fetters, amenable to State control. When Convocation was stifled, the Church became a mere spiritual police establishment, as far as the State was concerned; and what Henry the Second began, and Henry the Eighth so much advanced, George the First completed. And what ruined her? Politics. She grasped at political pre-eminence, not content with spiritual supremacy; her abbots were Lords of Parliament; her bishops became Peers

of Parliament; her clergy Jacobite leaders. She abandoned the strong ground of faith—the sword of the spirit—and clutched at the sword of the flesh. She failed, and deservedly. Her error was the error of Rome. Disobeying the precept of her founder, she tried to serve God and Mammon—the spiritual and the temporal; she aspired to rule in Church and State, to enforce conviction at the point of the sword. She failed, and always will fail. And the result was that famous Compromise which Lord Derby and Mr. Denison so harmoniously approves.

But Compromise, in a matter so awful and so vital, is a disease which is fatal to its advocates. Cromwell crushed it; Charles II. and William III. patched up the fragments; George I. hammered it together with no gentle hand; and it sheltered the parsons of the eighteenth century well enough. But the Church? Oh, she had become "the cloth," a "liberal profession," a tavern toast; a convenient lodgment for cadets; a "vested interest." In a negative way this made up a National Church, because dissent was fenced off with penalties, and the mother Catholic faith was placed on the level of felony. But those external conditions, lapped in which the Church quietly slumbered, broke down in 1825 and 1829. Dissent was recognised—was legal. To a certain extent the State ceased to acknowledge the Church of the Compromise as the sole Church, at least in secular matters. The State agreed to ignore religious opinions in some of its constituent members; Catholics and Quakers were admitted to civic and parliamentary offices; and from that time the Compromise became an impossibility to honest conscientious men. The disease broke out with virulence. Tractarianism arose, to which the Compromise was of necessity unendurable; and following in its train came the great sections of Evangelicals, Puseyites, Gorhamites, Seceders, Rationalists, Via Media men, all kinds of professions. The iniquity of all these parties taking pay for ostensibly professing one faith was felt by all honest men. The common sense of the nation revolted; and all the vices, and abuses, and crimes of the Church were raked up and gibbeted with "tremendous cheers." It was not only seen by Radicals and no-churchmen, but by the masses, rough or cultured, that the Establishment was, in the main, a political machine; that her members were more politicians than priests; and that they guarded their own secular emoluments and the political privileges of their patrons, while they trenched on the spiritual and temporal liberties of the people. As a political body, the last act of the clergy was to hoist the Conservative party into power, in 1841,—for what? to preserve the Corn-laws! And as if this deliberate Mammon-worship, and its inevitable effects, were not a lesson sufficiently fatal, a portion of the clergy madly plunged into the political contest just brought to a close.

Are we then to suppose that political parsoncraft is inevitable? It would seem so. Indeed, it is a question whether political churchmanship be not an inseparable accident from a political church. The oracle of East Brent, in his latest letter which we have seen, confirms this view. Although Mr. George Anthony Denison concurred a fortnight back in the maxim that a "Churchman should have no politics," he now reverses his belief. Replying to a clerical friend, anxious for the Archdeacon's reputation, Mr. Denison deliberately asserts that "in a country which has an Established Church, and where 'liberal' politics are more or less identified with dissent, *Churchmen must always have politics.*" These emphatic italics are his own. How then can he consistently assert in the same epistle that "I made my move against Mr. Gladstone upon considerations apart from, and superior to, considerations of personal adherence or party politics?" How can he who so ostentatiously supported the Derbyite candidates in July, deny that he is, and was a political agitator, who has "confidence in Lord Derby?" The fact is that Mr. Denison has deliberately adopted Church politics, and abandoned Church polity; that is, he clings to politics and submission to the State, in preference to no politics and the *chance* of independence. The correspondent who drew from him the Erastian avowal, that he adheres to the State and Toryism, because liberal politics are identified with dissent (an assertion by the by which is untrue) has formed a juster estimate of the impending crisis in church matters. The Reverend E. A.

Ommaney, of Chew Magna, expresses his views in preferring this request to the political arch-deacon:—

"In behalf of many who, like myself, have been for years associated with you in the great struggle for the liberties of the Church of this land, I write to ask whether it be not desirable to give some public assurance that questions of merely secular policy have not influenced our discussions or proceedings, that we have cautiously avoided identifying ourselves with any party in the State, and that in endeavouring to maintain Church principles we have looked for success to the justice and sacredness of our cause rather than to the support of this or that cabinet?"

Mr. Denison's answer is that which we have quoted above. In our opinion Mr. Ommaney has shown a true appreciation of the position of the Church. He embraces what we call Church polity in preference to Church politics. He seems disposed to rely on "the justice and sacredness" of his cause; and we believe that reliance on that alone affords a "chance" of escape for the Church from her false position.

It is not for us to decide. The Establishment must "gang its ain gait." One thing is clear; matters will not be allowed to remain as they are. The time is coming when no "vested interest" will be tolerated; when the legal State will be less purely Church of England even than it now is; when Church abuses, least of all, will be able to resist destruction; when political parsons will find their influence gone; and when the growing question, as to whether the connexion between the Church and the State shall be maintained, will press for decision. We leave those to answer who are interested; but whether would it be better that the Church should base her future existence on a purely Church polity, totally abandoning politics; or that she should abide by the maxim that a "churchman must always have politics," and act on that principle in the spirit of a partisan? If the former course be adopted, independence and security may follow; but if the latter be acted on, servile submission, at least, is inevitable—destruction may be.

Let no one underrate the importance of the Church's future. Her present false position is a national evil. Public safety demands the application of powerful remedies either from within or from without. It is impossible to calculate the immoral effect upon the community at large of the present state of forced dishonesty in which churchmen exist. Simony, preferments from political motives, nepotism, abuse of charities, the awful amount of doctrinal antagonism professedly in one and the same Church—all these things tell on the national character to an unimaginable extent. If Church politics be maintained these must be maintained; if a wise and generous polity, purely ecclesiastical, be adopted, these things must vanish. But that polity must be concurrent with religious equality, the fullest freedom of discussion, and the unquestioned right of all men and all serious opinions to an unrestricted development.

There is a promise of this in the result of the University election; and that promise, much more than the return of a Minister, or the defeat of a political faction, forms its value in our eyes.

IRISH POLITICS.

It is in a Dublin edition of Mr. Joseph Miller's work, that the story occurs of the sailor rebuffing the ostler, who had suggested that a horse must not be mounted right leg first, by the inquiry, "How do you know that I wasn't going to ride with my face to the tail?" Only six weeks ago we were complimenting the Irish party on their improved tone and bettered tactics; but our congratulations were premature. We did not know that the Irish party could ride with its face to the tail. All was then order, compactness, hope. Now all is confusion, despair. Let us endeavour to point the melancholy moral.

The "Irish party," as it appeared in the short session preceding Christmas, was a noble confederation. It was sent to Parliament by the Irish people, at enormous individual and general sacrifices, in the face of unparalleled landlord intimidation, and despite the most reckless effort at corruption on the part of the then Government and the Orange faction, to forward two grand principles—Tenant Right and Religious Equality. The death of O'Connell, the failure of the Young Irelanders, had, together, destroyed the popular parties in the country; and concurrently arrived

two successive years' famines, followed continuously by the flight of the people to America, to call the attention away from politics altogether; at all events, from those routine "agitation" politics in which Ireland had travelled from 1830. The gaze was fixed upon the social revolution in progress; how to arrest it was the only question of the day. A leader appeared, and said, "It is the land-law which is the cause of this misery of the people, of this flight, of this extinction; let us get rid of the law under which such things can be." Hence the Tenant Right agitation—the Tenant League—the Tenant Right party in Parliament. Whence the second principle—Religious Equality? Lord John Russell wrote the Durham Letter, and proposed the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. The Tenant Right party was almost wholly a Roman Catholic party, for it was the protector of a Roman Catholic people against a class of Protestant landlords. The new grievance was a new strength. The thirty or forty men known in the last Parliament as the "Brigade," grew into the sixty or seventy men known before Christmas as the "Irish party." It was strong in numbers, in the enthusiasm with which the people regarded it, and in Parliamentary capabilities. And, as we said, it was a party which might create hopes in English Liberals; for all the pledges which English Radicals had taken at the hustings, it had volunteered. It was essentially a Liberal party, thoroughly honourable to Ireland; and that was a fact which was not to be lost sight of because an individual member of it here and there—such as ultramontane Mr. Lucas—talked isolated bigotry about the Madiai, in which he was not backed by his party generally, and certainly not by the people of Ireland, who are good Catholics, but better Liberals.

This party was to be "independent." The vice of Irish members hitherto, had been miserable dependence on the English Treasury; and to remedy that, vows were not only made at the hustings, but resolutions were come to in solemn conclave, that there should be no more place-hunting—that Irish members should act for Irish interests, and not lose themselves in English parties—that they should act together, have caucuses before divisions,—be, in fact, a club, keeping together and voting together. The great point was that the "Irish party" would support no Ministry which declined to pass Crawford's Tenant Right Bill and repeal the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. This being attended to, the Irish party promised itself that, in the even contests of the English sections of the House of Commons, it would hold the balance; and that, consequently, the Government of the day would have no option but to bend to it. In point of fact, the Irish party, which voted together in that division, took the credit, and got it, in Ireland, of having thrown out Lord Derby.

The Aberdeen Government being in course of formation, Mr. Keogh and Mr. Sadleir—chiefs in the party, the one from his Parliamentary aptitude and personal popularity, the other from his tact as a manager of men—were offered and accepted subordinate offices. Whereupon the other chiefs declare "treason;" summon vast meetings which, under the influence of their eloquence, condemn the traitors; and the party is directed to do, and does, its utmost to prevent Messrs. Sadleir and Keogh returning to Parliament. The union of the people's friends, so conspicuous, so national, at the general election, and up to Christmas, is no longer visible. Patriot is against patriot—priest against priest; and chaos is come again. And, as usual, the Tories take advantage of chaos—and get in.

Which of the combatants in the contest may be right, English politicians are very indisposed to stop to inquire. A general belief, indeed, on this side of the Channel, is that both are wrong; and clearly that must have been a hollow, fallacious organization, which was so soon undone. But it is worth while for those who can regret the disappearance of a confederation capable, as it stood, of so much benefit both to Ireland and England, to consider what is the exact meaning of those who have so vehemently denounced the seceders. Mr. Moore and Mr. Duffy, the abiding chiefs of the party, mean, in condemning their friends, something which may be regarded in England as very practical, though unassuming, rebellion. They mean that all they have said of the opportunities of their party is to be taken literally, that "independence" is "isolation,"

and that there should be in the Imperial House of Commons, a body of gentlemen strong enough, in the balance of politics, to turn the scale for or against Aberdeen, for or against Derby, who will put in a minority every Government not acceding to their principles. Now, obviously, Messrs. Moore and Duffy are talking nonsense if their premiss that they do hold the balance in the House of Commons, be not true. And if it be true that they do hold the balance, and that they do mean to render every Government impossible not adopting the complete Tenant-right Bill, and not repealing the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, then it is sufficient answer to them to say that they happen to be far in advance not only of English Parliamentary parties, but of the English people—that no party—not even the extreme Radical party—would sanction the principle of Sharman Crawford's Bill; assuredly that no party would now undertake to disturb a dead letter, by repealing the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill: and that, therefore, if the Irish party should in the approaching session put Lord Aberdeen in a minority on any good measure—say a good Budget—because Lord Aberdeen would not do what the Irish party chose to demand, they would raise such a storm in this country as might lead to something on the Statute-book far worse than an inoperative insult. Clearly, then, isolation—opposition to every English Government not submitting to them—is an impracticable policy, and that it is so, is the defence of Messrs. Keogh and Sadleir (supposing they had not hampered themselves with silly pledges against place) in joining an English Government, headed by a man who opposed the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, and which promises a liberal and generous policy to Ireland. The Irish party can only hope to attain its objects, or a portion of its objects, by junction with English parties disposed, for the sake of its aid in numbers and in cleverness, to make terms with it; and if a combination with one English party be a reasonable course, why not a combination with an English Government? Very evidently Messrs. Moore and Duffy should have rejoiced at getting two of their own party in a Government which without that ingredient might have been less liberal—certainly less considerate to Roman-Catholic Ireland. There was no reason why the Irish party should cease to be because two of the Irish party went into office under a Liberal Government, just as there was no reason why there should be no more Radicals, because Mr. Osborne and Sir William Molesworth took office under Lord Aberdeen. The Radicals did not denounce Sir William or Mr. Osborne, and the result is, that those gentlemen now belong more to the Radicals than they belong to the Government. Whereas, by denouncing Messrs. Keogh and Sadleir, the Irish party loses Keogh and Sadleir. Fatal error: and all because Irish politicians will not study that House of Commons, without which they can do nothing.

But English politicians are concerned and interested in the result; for the loss of this Irish party is a loss to the Liberal party generally. We may be told that the Irish party is only minus two. Even if it were so, it must live its own recantation of the principle on which it has condemned the two; it cannot continue isolated; it must combine with English parties: and may not find any better party than the Government party to combine with. And in facing Parliament again, it will have this to consider, that it has lost half its power in losing all its prestige, in the exhibition it has effected of Irish disunion and personal discontent: and that now, instead of being regarded as a party, it would be suspected as a faction. But in truth there is no longer the Irish party; it was nothing, if not representative of unanimity among the people. Perhaps the danger was provoked by the secession; but seeing the danger, it should not have been increased by the denunciation. The party had its strength, not from its demand for the repeal of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, but from its demand for a Tenant Right Bill, and because in the latter demand it was supported by "the North," by Ulster agitators, in the press and the pulpit, and by Ulster M.P.'s. Already a leader of the northern contingent has attempted to make peace, and having failed, is more likely to side with those in whose favour he intervened than with those who would not listen to his good offices. And Mr. Moore is not the man the northern M.P.'s will be inclined to follow; still less is Mr. Duffy, who, as they know, means so

much more than they mean. An opportunity for a schism is not wanting, and very many will take advantage of it. Mr. Keogh is one of those statesmen who have a personal following, and the followers will not be wanting in excuses for "treachery," more particularly as we have a "strong Government," and there will be no general election for some time to come. So vanishes, therefore, the compact Irish party; what *débris* of it remains is not half so vicious as it flatters itself.

The moral, however, is not wholly melancholy. English journalists and politicians may be willing to see in what has taken place some evidence of the great error into which they fall in the stock conclusion that the Irish people are governed by the Irish priests. In thinking and talking about Ireland, we too often take for granted that there is an ecclesiastical, unvarying, consistent system in that country, and that the priests always act together. Again and again has this blunder been made palpable. The flourishing condition of the Irish colleges is proof positive that the synod of Thurles, so fearfully inveighed against here, was utterly inoperative; and the complete subsidence of Dr. Cullen and his ultramontanism suggests that the priests themselves are now the same liberals which they were when they returned O'Connell's enormous party in 1830—their first electioneering—to carry the Reform Bill. In this instance, we have one set of priests, in Dr. Cullen's arch-diocese, backing Republican Mr. Duffy against Lord Aberdeen's Government; while the diocesan bishops and their set of clergy are sustaining Messrs Sadleir and Keogh in Carlow and Athlone. The fact is—and if we recognise it, we shall avoid a great many other mistakes—the priests are only powerful when they take care to agree with the people around them.

A VOICE FROM INDIA.

THE Indian population is coming forward in other places besides Bombay and Poonah, and coming forward in a manner which shows how independently the several races are acting. It will be impossible, after the movement which is now proceeding in all the three presidencies, to make a show of collecting evidence on the East India Company's Charter, and to collect it only from the servants of the Company or Government. The people of India itself must be heard.

We have already described the Bombay petition: we might almost repeat that description as applying to the one from the native inhabitants of Calcutta, which urges the principal claims put forth by the men of Bombay, especially a revision of the supreme government; open legislation; more education; a return of the land revenue for local improvements; a larger share in the administration for natives; and in short, a more thoroughly informed and efficient staff of Government. There is also a general demand for enquiry into the actual condition of India, and one or two suggestions are put forth for an enquiry within the country itself. The people of Madras suggest that the existing Charter should be renewed only for one year, merely to give time for deliberation. For our own part, we should strongly favour such a settlement of the Charter as would leave the improvement of the administration of India open to gradual revision in one branch after another.

For example, the present method of collecting the revenue is undergoing a revision within India itself, and it occasions some dissatisfaction. That it would be very inexpedient to deal roughly with the native tenure of land must be evident to any one who has the most superficial acquaintance with the subject. Already jealousies are excited so painful, that the very survey has provoked riots in the Candeish province of Bombay, which was in military occupation. The inquiry in the Madras Presidency has drawn forth replies so unfavourable to the prospects of the revenue, as to suggest a more than suspicion that the occupiers are systematically underrating their own condition in order to avoid some anticipated exaction; and the Cutchee Mehmons, a class of Mahomedans claiming to inherit under a Hindoo law, are petitioning Parliament that respect may be shown to their traditional rights. It will be a great advantage for India when more simplicity and uniformity, with an English degree of certainty, shall be introduced into the administration of the law on such subjects; but it would be a grievous mistake to introduce confusion by hastily unsettling native tenures, or to substitute for tenures in many places theoretically better

than our own, the antiquated nonsense of our corrupted feudality. Now matters of this kind cannot be settled on *à priori* reasoning, nor without local knowledge, nor without consulting the experience and even the wishes of the natives themselves. If it was possible to do so some few years ago, the much more enlightened condition of the influential classes amongst the natives themselves would render it more difficult and infinitely more impolitic now.

Nor are the natives unsupported by British countenance. Already we see that certain British and Christian inhabitants of Calcutta are petitioning Parliament much in the sense of the Bombay Native Association, only insisting more strongly upon practical and extensive law reforms. The committee of the British India Association perseveres in its labours to improve the local administration of the country, and it attests the progress which has been made in its own presidency and in those of Madras and Bombay.

"It will be satisfactory to the members of the Association," says the report, "to observe that there is a similar concurrence of opinion in their petition and in that about to be forwarded from this presidency on the part of its British and other Christian inhabitants. This circumstance cannot but induce a serious consideration by Parliament of the necessity of obtaining information as to the working of the present arrangements from others than those who are concerned in directing them. That point gained, the results cannot but be favourable to the general interests of all connected with this country."

We learn from the *Bombay Gazette* that the mercantile community of Bombay—meaning, we suppose, of British origin—"were about to do something with a view to indicate their feelings to the Parliament and people of Great Britain on this momentous occasion," the revision of the Charter. Thus we have every independent class in the country—the British mercantile community of Bombay, the British residents of Calcutta who are not essentially pledged to Government views, the British inhabitants of Madras, the native gentlemen in all the presidencies, the Sirdars of Mahratta, the native working classes of Bombay, the Zemindars, the Parsees, the Europeanized Brahmins, with a large contingent of half-caste population in all the presidencies, concurring in the same claims for better administration, and, at all events, for a hearing on the subject of their own government, when next the imperial Parliament shall have the whole question under consideration.

THE LAUNDRY AND THE LAZARETTO.

"HEALTH of body, peace of mind, a clean shirt, and a shilling," is one of those toasts which, in the fulness of spirits flowing through a convivial assembly, one good fellow in old English fashion wishes another. It is not the most dignified combination of words, perhaps; it is one, however, the items of which we prize separately and collectively; but all of which, it appears from recent information, are not so easy to obtain as we imagined. The means adopted to get the first boon, go far towards realizing the second; and though the number is happily decreasing who are without the fourth, we are left in a state of uncertainty as to the third. Neither the occupations nor the inclinations of many of us are compatible with the waiting upon ourselves to ensure the luxury of a clean undergarment; but really it is almost enough to induce a trial, when we are told by "S. T.," in a letter to the *Times*, on Saturday last, that in one tub, in one water, at one time, the linen of the healthy and the sick, the living and the dead, are bundled together for washing. Garments of "those who have died of typhus fever, scarlet fever, small pox," and of other ills that flesh is heir to, are indiscriminately mixed; and, says S. T., "hundreds can testify my statement is not in the least overdrawn or exaggerated." All laundries are not thus conducted, but too many are. S. T. thinks that "fastidious ladies and gentlemen would be greatly horrified to see their linen occasionally hanging on the rails of a tent bed, with two, and sometimes even three, children, with the measles or whooping cough, lying underneath, gasping and breathing an atmosphere loaded with impure steam, and, by way of aggravation, a large fire in the small room close to the bed, and the children's pulse at 120 degrees;" for those whose business is in a small way, have but one room wherein to "eat, live, and sleep, earning their miserable existence

by standing over a steaming wash tub for eight, ten, and occasionally twelve hours a-day."

People are not so slow to perceive as to adopt. Citizen John still drinks a strange-looking fluid, to quench his thirst, which he calls water; and he will, also, for a time, we presume, continue to wear his throat-cutting collar, and expose his snowy front, without seriously troubling himself if there lie between those threads so virgin-white, the elements of epidemic and the seeds of death.

But, there is a class of man and womankind springing up in our midst, who are prepared "to do the dirty work of society," to undergo the brain toil of routing out its corrupt parts, and purifying them; and, to such missionaries, let us invoke attention for the poor washerwoman, vainly struggling to create cleanliness in the midst of foulness. Cleanliness is next to godliness, when that cleanliness is genuine purity, in fact, as well as appearance. The dens of the 50,000 thieves and vagrants of this metropolis are in process of a most effectual ransacking, and the lowest of the low are forced to recognise the better from the worse. These are unwilling converts; the washerwoman means to be the very minister of cleanliness, and she devotes to the work all she has—her little capital (her tub and soap) and her toil, till the very skin is wrung from her fingers. But society, that uses her, does not supply her with water, or with a place to work in. A beginning, indeed, has been made, where really pious men prevail in parish councils, as in St. Martin's-in-the-fields; but elsewhere we see the duty is repudiated. In Islington, it seems, they prefer to have shirts white-washed amid suffering and disease—a whited tomb-stone on the breast.

TAXATION REDUCED TO UNITY AND SIMPLICITY.

THE ULTIMATE INCIDENCE OF TAXATION.

THE general name of taxation is applied to payments which, in different countries and ages, are really of diverse and, not unfrequently, even of opposite characters. In some cases, a tax is merely an exaction of the strong hand, the profits of *king-wealth*; in others, it is a contribution, by each, to the expense of some or other objects accomplished for the benefit of all,—the incidental cost to each person of his share in the *common-wealth*. In the progress of society, these characters of taxation become mingled; that which comes of the principle of *king-wealth*—a consequence of the decaying ascendancy of wrong, gradually diminishes, and eventually disappears, with the opposing growth of healthy and intelligent social forces; that which comes of the principle of *common-wealth* remains, and is gradually purified,—a permanent necessity of every social system. During the slow and imperceptible change, the two principles and their consequences dwell confusedly together.

In England, we have advanced so far, that no pretence now remains of the principle of *king-wealth*, whether in favour of a monarch or of a class,—or, to speak more accurately, of a class through a monarch, or of a class without one. Taxation, for the profit of royalty, irrespective of public advantage, has long disappeared; taxation for the profit of a class, another stem from the same evil root, is at length given up, in principle, with the late final surrender of Protection. No tax is now defended, but on the plea of its being necessary to the raising of the funds required by the common cost. So far, in our own case, the ground is well cleared.

The great question which remains, and which has not yet received attention proportionate to its importance, is the distribution of this common cost amongst the members of the community. It is true that much has been said about the taxes borne by different classes, but nothing is decided, or, as yet, even clearly seen, by the public mind, as to the principle on which the distribution ought to take place. There are allegations of injustice, but no proofs of it, although the allegations themselves necessarily imply some standard of right. There are assertions of hardship, but no tracing of the hardship to the original error. Evidently, however, there is a vague and almost unconscious assumption of some general principle, which is yet but obscurely apprehended. We need not, just now, insist on any particular specification of this principle, whether our own or other. Our present object is sufficiently answered, by the irrevocable admission brought about by time, that the common cost ought to be raised from each individual in proportion to an advantage of some kind which he receives from the State. The necessary accompaniment of this principle is, that so much as the State takes of any individual which is not in proportion to that advantage is taken in wrong.

If this be admitted, then what is called indirect

taxation must be defended, if at all, on the ground that it eventually reaches each member of the community in the same proportion as the advantage which it is agreed he receives from the State. If it cannot be shown that it does and *must* reach the individual in this due proportion, the defence of indirect taxation on the ground of equity fails. It is not enough that on this plan the tax *may* possibly reach the tax-payer in this just proportion: it ought to be shown that it *must* do so.

Now, nothing was more conspicuous in the recent financial debates, or is more observable in all such discussions, than extreme uncertainty and difference of opinion as to the party on whom any particular tax ultimately falls. This uncertainty is almost as fatal to any defence of indirect taxation on equitable grounds, as it would be to prove positively that that taxation certainly fell on the wrong parties. We purpose to show that this uncertainty cannot be removed; that it is an uncertainty not merely in our conceptions, but inherent in the case; that the operation of indirect taxation is at no two periods alike; and, for anything we know, we may at any given time be ruining some classes by crushing taxation, the accumulated incidence of many taxes on one point, and pampering others by complete immunity.

An indirect tax is an impost on an article to be afterwards transferred to another possessor before it is consumed or enjoyed. The tax is presumed to be added to the natural price, and thus drawn from a second party by him who paid it in the first instance. The second is supposed to obtain repayment from a third, and so on, until either because the article is consumed, or for some other reason, the original tax can no longer be drawn from a subsequent possessor of the article taxed.

Now, we admit that, on the whole and on the average, indirect taxes are paid by the consumer; for if not, the trade to which they relate could not long exist; just as, on the whole, every other part of the cost of an article must be repaid to the dealer by the consumer, or transactions in that article would cease.

But this general effect is not enough to justify indirect taxes, or to account for their operation. It is perfectly consistent with this average result that we should find, at the same time, cases of extreme impolicy, injustice, and oppression. The contribution to common expenses may reach consumers on the average of years and cases (which is all that the continuance of the trade requires), and yet burden individuals always, and whole classes at times, beyond all tolerance or reason.

The necessity for distinguishing between averages and cases on this subject is very great. For, if our former deductions are near the truth, we are dealing with a question which involves one-sixth of the income of our whole people. And if it be one-sixth of the whole—that is, one sixth on the average—it may easily be made to fall in particular cases, or classes of cases, with the weight of one-third or one-half. Moreover, as indirect taxation falls most commonly with greatest severity on the poorer classes, this accumulation of taxes, to the amount of half their income, is much more likely to happen to them than to their wealthy neighbours, who could far better sustain it.

The tax on an article to be sold becomes part of the price. Whether the price will be realized again at all, and if realized, with how much or how little profit it will be accompanied, are matters affected with an uncertainty of which the ordinary contingencies of trade sufficiently assure us.

Let us trace the operation of an indirect tax in the case of a pound of currants. If this fruit be cheap, and the working population in good circumstances, the consumer will pay the tax; for the impost will be handed on to the successive purchasers of the currants as part of the price, and the working-man, out of his comfortable means, will not refuse the purchase for the sake of the advance which the tax occasions in the (supposed) moderate price of the article. But if currants be dear, and the working population be in distressed circumstances, the working-man will go without the currants, and others will pay the tax. The effect of the tax is to deprive the consumer of the pleasure or advantage of the consumption, and this is one form, and often a grievous one, of the burden of taxation, although it figures for little or nothing in some discussions on the subject. The tax the consumer would have paid had he remained a consumer, is paid by others in this way: the grocer, if he is to keep up the consumption of currants, must lower his profit on them, and then he, not the consumer, pays the tax. A lower profit, or none, forces him back on the merchant, who, in his turn, suffers either in diminution of price or in losses from failures of retailers. If the grocer relinquish the attempt to keep up the consumption of currants, he loses the profit of the sale, and so bears along with the consumer, but not at all to his relief, the bur-

den of indirect taxation in the form of deprivation; if he succeed in keeping up his income by placing on other articles the profits he would have had from currants, then the purchasers of those other articles pay the tax, although, in fact, the currants are not consumed.

In order to avoid so much of those consequences as consists in deprivation of use, accompanied, of course, with diminution of revenue, it has sometimes been attempted to place the tax on articles so necessary that none shall evade the use of them. But it is impossible to know to what degree an article is necessary; and if this be not known, it is equally impossible to judge how far consumption will be shortened under the weight of a tax. If a tax were now laid on gas, young men might think that multitudes could not escape its pressure; but those of us who happen to be old enough to remember the days of tallow candles, know with how little artificial light the world will jog on. We complain of our present supply of water to London, averaging one hundred and sixty-four gallons per house per day, and we might think water such a necessity, that no tax could diminish the use of it: but, down to the reign of James I., London had not one-fourth of the water in proportion to the population, artificially delivered, which it has at present. We know not how many people are now compelled to walk every day in London, by the absurd taxes on street conveyances.

Two taxes deserve, in this view, especial notice. First, our own tax on corn,—a case which is not invalidated, for our argument, by the protectionist object of its imposition. Recent facts have shown that five millions of quarters of wheat may be imported annually as an additional consumption, without any addition to the population,—that is, since a quarter of wheat suffices for a year's consumption of one person, the tax on corn deprived the poorest part of our people of the consumption of as much bread every year as would have maintained five millions of persons during the same time. Since this deprivation fell on only part of our twenty-seven millions of people, probably not on nearly so much as half of them, the facts afford a most impressive lesson on the extent to which the consumption, even of an apparent necessary of life, may be forcibly contracted by a tax.

The other illustrative case is that of the salt-tax of India. This tax was long defended on the express ground that salt being a prime necessary of life, especially in India, the operation of the tax on it could not be escaped, and that no man would use more salt, if it were untaxed, for it is not a luxury. The facts, however, which come out on investigation, all go to an opposite conclusion. The tax is not uniform in India. It is comparatively light in Bombay; it is very heavy in Calcutta; it is an excise in the former, a monopoly in the latter presidency. Wages, too, are lower in Calcutta, where the salt-tax is higher. Instead, however, of the consumption being uniform under the presumed pressure of necessity on the one hand, and absence of mere luxurious inducement on the other, it is found that in Bengal the consumption varies from 4lbs. to more than 40lbs. per head per annum, according to the income of different classes of consumers; and that in Bombay, the poorest classes use 12, 16, or 18lbs. per head per annum, the consumption of others rising to more than 30lbs. The compressibility of consumption by a heavy tax, no matter how important the article taxed, cannot be doubted after so striking an exhibition of it in the case of this indispensable condiment.

Indirect taxation is necessarily subject to this dilemma;—either, for the sake of stringency of application, it fixes on what is presumed to be an article of urgent necessity, and then it causes cruel suffering to the multitudes of the poor; or, to avoid that suffering, it fixes on luxuries, and so affords ample opportunity for evasion by relinquishment of consumption. But in any case, one of its consequences is, either always, as with some taxes, or very frequently, as with others, to limit the consumption. This limitation is variable, differing from time to time with seasons, commercial movements, and all the other causes which affect the relation between the average of wages and the cost of living. Under one degree of limitation one set of parties pays the tax, or bears its consequences; and under another degree, another is burdened with it. But it is altogether impossible to foresee, from year to year, who will pay it, for it is impossible to foresee the facts on which the question depends; it is, therefore, equally impossible, for this reason if for no other, to see whether any indirect tax, or any set of indirect taxes, will lay on any given class its fair share of the public expense.

If this be true in respect of deprivation of consumption, and its commercial consequences, it is equally so in respect of the proportion of tax falling on each person through whose hands the article passes, sup-

posing it still to be consumed in undiminished quantities. As a component part of the price, the tax is subject to all the commercial vicissitudes of price. Everything which affects profits affects tax also; and the uncertainty of commercial profit (not, indeed, on the whole, but as to particular times and persons) applies just as much to indirect taxation. The party which is commercially the weakest at the moment pays the tax, either in money or deprivation; but which that party may be in any given future year, or in any remaining part of the present year, nobody can tell.

It aggravates the difficulty to remark, that if it is uncertain who will pay the tax at any given time, or in what proportion it will be shared, it is equally uncertain whether the tax will or will not reach the consumer with a large accompanying profit. For tax having become part of price, is liable to just the same augmentation as any other component part of first cost, if circumstances favourable to the seller permit such an augmentation to be realized.

This uncertainty of operation we hold to be fatal to any scheme of indirect taxation. Whatever may be the advantage of government of which any individual may have to pay in his due proportion of its costs, it is utterly impossible to say that any particular impost will reach him in that proportion; and if we cannot say that of any one impost, it is obviously impossible to say it of any number of them, and therefore equally impossible to say that one of them compensates another and the result is correct on the whole. Moreover, if a set of indirect imposts could be so adjusted this year as to give, by its complex operation, a true fiscal result, the same set of imposts must fail of the same result next year, from the ever-varying influence of commercial circumstances, foreign to its nature and objects, to which taxation is most needlessly subjected.

If, then, taxation is not to be the exaction of the strong hand, but a just proportionate contribution to common purposes, indirect taxation is wholly inadmissible, as a device whose uncertainty of effect is incompatible with the conservation of that fundamental principle.

We can conceive but two modes in which it can be proposed that indirect taxation should be adjusted in conformity with the principle of just proportionate distribution. The first of these is, that the tax be placed where it will naturally find its way to each person in due proportion. This indispensable effect we have discussed above, and we see that its realization is impossible. The second, assuming that every direct tax would have some indirect operation, would lay the actual tax, not where the work of government is really done and where the payment for it has properly become due, but where that payment would ultimately place itself by the natural forces of society. That is—a man who has paid a tax endeavours to repay himself by means of his labour, his business, or his source of income of any kind; and it may be proposed to take the tax where he would take it, and not from the man himself. But here, again, we are met with the fluctuating uncertainties of the times. In no two cases does the ultimate incidence fall alike; in scarcely any case is it possible to tell where it really does fall. The principle utterly fails in application.

Many errors on this subject arise from supposing that there is something peculiar in this one source of expense—taxation. Hence complications and abstrusities which are never thought of in other matters exactly similar in nature and effect. To gain some idea of the extent to which this mode of treating the subject misleads us, let us suppose any other source of constant expense, as rent or insurance, to be assessed or paid indirectly. Suppose insurance on a house to be paid by a charge on the coals consumed in it, and we should have a case at least as fair as that of any part of our existing taxation; for the quantity of coals consumed in a house is quite as true an indication of the value of the house as either tea, soap, or even rent, is of income, or as income is of property. The first question would be—Why not go to the property to be insured at once?—why take this circuitous and unsafe method of using an artificial ratio for the value of that property, when you may have the value itself? The next would be—Who really pays this tax?—the consumer of the coals, the dealer, or the original coal-owner? and in no two years could the same answer be given to the question.

Another considerable source of error is the putting of averages in the place of facts. It may be perfectly true that on the average the consumer pays the tax; but it is quite consistent with that average that many dealers are ruined by its extreme occasional pressure on them. It may be true that consumers pay the tax, but it may at the same time be true that some consumers pay through it much more than they ought, and others much less. In truth, the use of averages in this argument requires it to be proved that the average of the

consumption, and consequently of the payment of the tax, *always* (not merely commonly) coincides with the average of the payments justly due from the individual to the state. We believe not only that such a concurrence of the averages cannot be shown to exist, but that it scarcely ever does exist.

The only justification attempted when we come to this view of the subject is, that we have not the administrative means of carrying out any other system. But here the difficulty is created by failing to ask, first of all, what is the matter for which the tax is to pay? The moment a clear sight is obtained of the true relations of the parties, the administrative difficulty vanishes just as in all other cases, (but for reasons we cannot now stay to discuss) the working out of a true principle always leads to simplicity of detail and facility of execution, while the original assumption of a false principle involves complexity and obscurity, even where the end can be accomplished at all. There is no practical difficulty (save the difficulty which is assumed without showing it) when once a fair definition is established of the object for which taxation is instituted.

Lord Aberdeen, in stating the policy of the Government just installed, said, "I am not going to enter into a discussion of the respective merits of direct and indirect taxation; it is obvious that in a revenue such as ours the union of both is indispensable; and it is to the application of that principle that we look for the prosperity of the country."

To us the direct contrary of this opinion is obvious; and if the foregoing remarks have any truth in them, they show that indirect taxation is altogether wrong, and not merely a mode of taxation which is open to preference or rejection, or which may or may not be associated with other modes. It radically contravenes the principle on which all justice in taxation rests, and it only needs that its nature be fairly exposed to ensure it that universal condemnation which has already fallen on political and economical principles, which in their day had as much of plausibility and even of a certain sort of logic in their favour, and as much of the support of Cabinets and Parliaments to guarantee their acceptance. Gradually, but surely, we believe that the principles we have been advocating will find their way to the convictions of honest men in office, and, still more important, to the plain apprehensions of the unpledged multitude. The consequent change in our financial policy we trust will be gradual and cautious, but at the same time firm, ever advancing, and ultimately complete.

TRIAL BY JURY.

SOME dozen gentlemen having favoured us with letters this week, which all happened to be on the same subject and that not a very new one, we must exercise an impartial severity, and, to avoid offence to any, shut out, as courteously as may be, all these correspondents together. We will, however, take the subject into our own hands, and say half-a-dozen words upon it, more especially as some of our readers seem to have arrived at the conclusion that because we did not agree with the jury that tried Kirwan, and thought Mr. Dennis, the foreman thereof, had, to use Ralph Osborne's phrase, "the pen of a ready but ungrammatical writer," we had objections to the institution altogether, and were inclined to think it might advantageously be dispensed with. Now, the fact is, that what excites our indignation or ridicule in the conduct of jurymen when they do wrong, is precisely the consciousness that such absurdities as they are committing are calculated to bring discredit and disdain down upon what we value as, and Mr. Dennis calls, a "sacred institution." We know that no sooner have twelve men resigned themselves into the hands of a judge, or given a verdict according to prejudice and not according to evidence, than they, if told that they are guilty of folly or knavery in so doing, raise a shout that we are damaging the character of trial by jury, and endangering a "sacred institution," and we cannot but perceive that unless there is a proper exposure of this practice, as often as may be required, the repeated offences of individuals, always willing to confound themselves with, and cloak themselves under, the institution, will at last really damage its character, and so perhaps deprive us of what, next perhaps to the press, is the greatest and most firmly established safeguard of our liberties. An esteemed correspondent's words will admirably express our opinion. Mr. Isaac Ironside, of Sheffield, writes thus: "I know and regret that the institution has not the pristine vigour, and efficiency about it which it formerly had, but that does not arise from the institution itself. For years it has been the fashion of centralizers to sneer at it and write it down. Judges too have habitually overstepped their jurisdiction, and have directed juries what to do. When men have a proper sense of the deep responsibilities of a jurymen, they will effectually put down this innovation, and declare what their opinion is without dictation or direction from any one."



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.

PROPERTY TAX.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—I hope yet to see the *Leader* first in at the death of the income-tax principle. Most of our journals are on a wrong track on this subject. None of our public writers, for the last fifty years, seem to have mastered the subject of taxation. Strong, perhaps the strongest, interests in the country are against the adoption of fair measures for raising the taxes. If Free-trade, however, has one meaning of undoubted, unquestioned, and unquestionable fairness, it is that all interests should get equal favour at the hands of Government, that no one should be taxed more than another, and that capital invested in land or Government stock should not have a less per centage taken from it in the shape of taxes, than capital invested in commerce or manufactures. The yearly rate of profits should have nothing to do with the question, except, perhaps, in determining the value of the good-will of a business; and there, even, it is hardly a fair test, and other means of judging are practicable, and easily available.

The effect of a property-tax is almost immediate in reducing incomes not derived from property, and it is thus only that such incomes are legitimately taxed. Employers have it in their power to pay those whom they employ smaller wages, or not to raise them so soon as they otherwise would. This is leaving the income-tax in the hands of those who can best adjust it.

With regard to unproductive capital, it is not generally a subject for much commiseration. The nobleman's parish of a park is not the grievance a philanthropist will feel most pity for. But in some cases there might be appeal, and if property were so sunk as to be lost, it would, of course, cease to pay tax.

What can have so long prevented property from being a subject for a peace tax, one can hardly imagine, unless it is the strength of its holders. Now that the question is fairly opened, we may expect to see it not shut up again, without some explanation. If Mr. Gladstone won't do it, somebody else will.

Your obedient servant, COMMERCE.

SCOTCH SABBATOLATRY.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

Edinburgh, 19th Jan. 1853.

SIR,—I have for some time been in hopes of seeing the "Sabbath" question taken up in the *Leader* on a broader basis than that adopted by your late correspondents "A." and "J." No doubt the truthfulness of "A.'s" picture of the dreariness and unhappy consequences of the Scotch Sabbath are undeniable, and his demolition of "J.'s" self-sufficient fallacies is complete. But what is it that "A." hopes for from his amiable remonstrance? To induce a rational application of a false and irrational theological dogma? Truly, he is preaching to the deaf adder. Even within these few days, advertisements and handbills have been extensively issued by an association of the Presbyterian preachers of this city, for the purpose of getting up a great demonstration against the Sunday-opening of the Crystal Palace. This hopeful crusade against the liberty of conscience of their fellow-subjects in London will of course be hotly supported by that enlightened class of Scotsmen on whom "J." lavishes his encomiums, and whom he fondly denominates "the cream of the country." They are (as I am aware) in the habit of considering themselves such, and do not scruple, upon occasion, to indicate plainly their consciousness of their exalted position. Do they not hold the sound of a pianoforte on Sunday to be a sin as abhorrent to the Beneficent Spirit of the Universe as is the bellowed imprecation of the Sabbath-made drunkard?

Every beautiful and civilizing art—the cultivation of every soul-refining faculty with which God has blessed mankind, is condemned and discountenanced as "sinful" by these "creamy" gentlemen. Utterly ignorant of most of the details of their own creed, and believing only in a "non-natural sense" what they *do* know of it, their active religion consists mainly in pharisaically cumbering themselves about their neighbours' "Sabbath" observance, and joining in anti-papery demonstrations at the call of the preachers whose ministrations they attend. Their mode of working out their own salvation is by constant and unscrupulous aggression on the Christian liberty of their more numerous fellow-subjects who decline to swallow their nostrums.

The only way to rescue the rational portion of the public from the machinations of our modern Pharisees, and to preserve to the working man the liberty of employing his day of rest in the healthful recreation of his body, and the improvement of his mind, is to lay the axe to the root of the "Sabbath" dogma itself, by enlightening the public respecting the ground on which the "Sabbath" delusion rests. How this could best be effected, it is not easy to say. Few people are inclined of themselves to investigate the truth of any theological dogma to which they have been accustomed; still fewer have sufficient logical training to detect a fallacy, however mischievous, on such subjects, or nerve to kick it at once out of their minds, as they would a detected impostor out of their doors. The errors of any long-familiar delusion must be laid broad and bare, and the exposition reiterated and reinforced, before the intellects of those who have been crammed with "catechism" by way of education are able to realize and acknowledge them; unless, indeed, some immediate and temporal interest quicken their apprehension. Good service in this respect was done by various writers during the Post-office closing struggle; and any one desirous of really understanding the "Sabbath" question will find it amply treated of in two separate works, entitled *The Sabbath* and *The Mosaic Sabbath*, by a Layman, published by Chapman and Hall, and of which a new edition was recently advertised. For such as have neither means to procure nor leisure to read those treatises, a spirited summary of the question, published in Edinburgh, under the title of *The Whole Doctrine of the Sabbath*, by J. W., may suffice.*

I am no enemy, but a sincere friend, to the weekly day of rest. I would even gladly see it changed, not to every *tenth* day, as Luther and Calvin actually meditated doing, but to every *fourth* day, instead of every seventh. But I would (as St. Paul enjoins) allow no man to judge another in respect of it. I would leave every man equally free to determine for himself whether he should spend it in listening to Presbyterian preachment, or dedicate it to religious service, or to the recreation of his health, or the cultivation of the faculties his Maker has endowed him with, or in any other way that might be most congenial to his feelings and wants. There would be little drunkenness were this free choice allowed. I am, &c., ALIQUIS.

WHAT IS THE TRUE POLICY OF THE "IRISH" PARTY?

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—There are, generally speaking, two classes of individuals to be found among the advocates of any particular measure, the practicable and the impracticable. The first seek by lucid arguments and temperate statements to convince and conciliate their opponents, embracing every opportunity of obtaining an instalment of their demands; the second, by abuse and vituperation, generally contrive to make personal enemies of their opponents, and thus place the realization of the object they have in view farther off than before.

This appears to be the case with the Irish party. The greater part of these gentlemen heap denunciation and malediction on the heads of their adversaries; but what are they gaining by it? Nothing. Yes, there is one thing they do gain, they confirm opponents in opposition, and disgust the public mind instead of enlisting it on their side.

A political crisis arrives. Certain of the more able and prominent members of the party have situations of great trust and responsibility offered them by the head of the new government; they, taking this to be a fair opportunity of obtaining a good instalment of their claims, accept office. What is the result? The "large-

* In a passage which we have omitted from this letter, our correspondent suggests our treatment of this subject in a series of articles. He is probably not aware that the question has been discussed in the *Leader* with some minuteness. We refer him to an article that appeared in our Portfolio, under the title of "A Plea for Sunday Reform," in September, 1851, and to articles on the subject of the opening of the Crystal Palace on the Sabbath, which appeared in the *Leader* during the autumn of the past year.

hearted" men raise a tremendous howl against these gentlemen, accuse them of selling themselves to the government; of bartering their country's cause for place and its emoluments, and denounce them as traitors to their religion and their principles.

Now, sir, let them ponder two or three things. The Conservatives claim about 300 members of the House of Commons; the Irish party cannot reckon on more than fifty or sixty; the remainder, consisting of Peelites and Liberals of various shades, which, by a fair measure of Parliamentary reform, may all be rallied round the government. Now, if it be true, as is reported, and I am inclined to think, not without foundation, that some thirty or forty of those who have hitherto been supporters of Lord Derby are prepared to transfer their allegiance to Lord Aberdeen, it will obviously render the government independent of the Irish party altogether, and the result may be that, instead of getting a good instalment of justice, they will get nothing.

I would earnestly recommend these gentlemen to give a careful perusal to your excellent letters to anti-slavery agitators, as conveying a most wholesome moral, especially suited to them at the present time.

Yours, &c.

AN ENGLISH OPERATIVE
WHO WISHES WELL TO IRELAND.

Manchester, Jan. 10, 1853.

MIRACLES: SACRED AND PROFANE.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—I have been, creditably, allowed insertion in the *Reasoner*, which goes farther than you would be disposed to do; therefore I am emboldened to ask of you insertion for some brief observations.

You compare (p. 66, 67) the "Miracles" of *Rose Tamisier* with those of the Old and New Testaments. In remarking on which I beg you to believe that I speak of "Christianity" in the widest possible sense, binding myself by no human creed.

Two things plainly arrange themselves for consideration; and I think that I have put the right first in this instance—"Motive" and "Fact."

1st. Motive. *Rose Tamisier's* operations were to support an established priesthood, which we Protestants consider an erring and corrupt one, and one which proves itself to need such aids; or how happens it that English churchmen and dissenters do not essay similar ones? What interested motive had the first preachers of Christianity? Granting that every priesthood or ministry were as legitimate fruit, could they tell that their descendants would feast on the "flesh-pots of Egypt?" If, sir, you were a low-principled person, would you work fictitious miracles, and give up your life in proof of consistency, in order that your children, or those of your associates, might obtain lucrative situations? The usual *amour propre* of humanity, when there is not the chivalry of noble conscience—seems opposed to this.

2nd. Fact. *Rose Tamisier* did work a "miracle"—i.e., a "wonderful" thing, beyond ordinary experience, which is the primary meaning of the word. She caused exudation of blood from a painting, where could have been no blood but for some extraneous contrivance of her own. And the solution of her "miracle" has been found out in medico-natural science. Apply the same solution to the miracles of the New Testament. Could any scientific trick, if all modern appliances had been at hand, have raised the dead, restored the long-palsied or withered limb, or opened the long-closed eye?—or, more wonderful still, created food in a desert? Granting that the *thing* was done, as in the case of *Rose Tamisier*—how was it done? I am, sir, your obedient servant,

J. D. PARRY, M.A.,

St. Peter's College, Cambridge.

London, Jan. 18, 1853.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WILLIAM JORDAN.—The sex of mouse is known; there are males and females—consequently masculine and feminine genders. Lindley Murray's assertion that "when an animal's sex is not obvious or known it is neuter," is simply absurd. In answer to the question, What is the gender of mouse? one may reply, masculine and feminine; a *he* mouse is masculine, and a *she* mouse feminine: a mouse that is neither one nor the other does not exist.

J. M. T.'s letter is excluded only for want of space, but we may remind him that "Sister Ryder" has probably been made very unhappy by what has occurred at the Vale of Arncliffe, and that, though the results of her negligence may very fairly point a moral, and be a warning to others, it would certainly have been worse than inhuman to have visited a lady with any punishment for an act which, though utterly unintentional, will, we fear, be to her a never-failing source of regret.

Mr. Hennessy's confused letter leaves the matter in dispute precisely where it stood.

We are fully aware, and are glad to find C. L. and his friends equally so, of the discrepancies in the foreign correspondence of the two journals he alludes to. We should much regret, for the worth of our correspondence, if these discrepancies were less decided; and we beg to draw the attention of C. L. to the want of harmony between the foreign correspondence, and the tone and temper of the leading articles of the eminent daily journal he cites. This disagreement consists in the fact of the former being a mere abridgment of the Bonapartist prints, and the latter, no doubt, based on more reliable and confidential information.

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*.

SHOULD newspapers ignore Religion? This somewhat startling question is forced from us by a courteously reproachful correspondent, who complains that we have "recently taken to the discussion of religion, and such discussions appear unfitted to a newspaper." Our correspondent is in error in supposing that we have "recently" taken up this office. Our first number began it, and we have continued it on all suitable occasions. We resolved upon taking the part we have taken, in the most serious conviction of the duty of doing so. Its perils we foresaw; indeed, we greatly exaggerated them, as the event has proved, for there is in England so true a feeling in favour of Liberty, that sincerity everywhere forces respect. We have not equivocated, we have not abated the expression of our convictions, and as in uttering our own we have studiously respected the convictions of others, claiming for them the same right we claimed for ourselves, we have met with the approbation and support of men of all creeds. What we have done we shall continue to do.

The question, however, Should a newspaper ignore Religion, and write as if there were no such thing? is forced upon us by those who object. For it is quite clear that if we were orthodox, like the *Standard*, or the *Guardian*, or the *Nonconformist*, or if we tacitly assented like so many others we could name, there would be no objection, such as that raised by our correspondent. If Religion may be discussed by these papers, why may it not be discussed by others? We hold opinions very emphatically opposed to those expressed in other journals,—are we to withhold them because they are not orthodox? It is asking too much to ask it! Religion cannot be ignored by any serious man. It pervades our life. We meet it everywhere, in Politics, in Morals, in Art, in Literature; and everywhere according to its sincerity and truth, it is either an impulse or an obstacle; and we are told that a newspaper is not the place to discuss it in! Where then? What is the Press but an arena for the debate of principles? What are Men of Letters but a Priesthood? If people are afraid to hear any opinions adverse to their own, they will, of course, only take papers which express their opinions; and if the Church, with all its learning, with all its multiplied machinery, with all its prestige (and with Truth into the bargain!), cannot afford to let its adherents witness the occasional skirmishing of the *Leader*, it must rest on very insecure foundations.

IN the *Lancet* of the 15th inst., Dr. FORBES WINSLOW prints his lecture on *Medico-Legal Evidence in Cases of Insanity*, a lecture all lawyers and medical men will do well to read attentively, for there can be no doubt that the subject is in a pitiable state of confusion. On the one hand, the evidence of insanity wants thorough systematization. On the other, lawyers want a general comprehension of the nature of such evidence, and the value of medical testimony. Considering how often insanity is pleaded, both in criminal and civil cases, the importance of something like clear views on its evidence cannot easily be exaggerated. There is a vulgar prejudice respecting "mad doctors" which an advocate may always turn to account. Yet, although a "mad doctor" is not necessarily a competent person, he is presumptively more competent than another, whose special studies have lain elsewhere. In cases of poisoning, a chemist is listened to; no one exclaims "Oh, he is a chemist," as if that were against him; but, let any one who has attempted, by study and practice, to qualify himself as a judge of mental diseases, be brought into the witness-box, to speak on the sanity of a criminal, and the sarcastic accusation "mad doctor" seems sufficient to discredit him!

It is true our psychology is in a hopeless condition. We cannot settle what insanity specifically is. We know a raving madman, and we know a sane citizen. But, when we descend to the niceties of the subject, we find it as impossible to accurately "draw the line," as we find it is to demarcate the animal from the vegetable, in the lower forms, however obvious the distinction between a cabbage and a cat. Delusion is no test. Sense of right and wrong is no test. Absence of motive is no test. Absence of power of self-control is no test—for, in anger, (which HORACE tells us is "brief madness,") self-control is lost, when the anger has passed a certain limit. There is no test hitherto proposed which some cases will not elude. Is this wonderful? We have not yet a science of mind in its healthy condition—how, then, can we expect a science of insanity?

A new volume, the sixth, of SAINTE BEUVE'S charming *Causeries du Lundi* will be very welcome to our readers, and we hasten to announce its publication. ARMAND CARREL—SOPHIE GAY—PAUL LOUIS COURIER—BEAUMARCHAIS—DUCIS—BERNARDIN DE SAINT PIERRE—ROLLIN—MARSHAL MARMONT—BOILEAU—ETIENNE—and L'ABBÉ GERBET, are among the topics of these *causeries*. We never liked SAINTE BEUVE so well as now. He has found his vein. The ripe experience of age has mellowed both style and thoughts. He was always, to use the phrase of TACITUS, a mind of charming amenity well adapted to the spirit of his age—*ingenium amatum, et temporis ejus oculis accommodatum*—and he has altered with the alterations of his time. No longer in fealty to the Romantic School, he is now the critic, *par excellence*; a little severe perhaps

upon his ancient idols, a severity, however, which is nearer the mark than his former sweetness. On the whole we can name no such collection of Literary Portraits as these *Causeries du Lundi*.

Another, and a very different work, *Les Tables de Proscription de Louis Bonaparte et de ses complices*, by the republican exile PASCAL DUPRAT, will have more interest some years hence than it has now, for it will be a curious *mémoire pour servir* to those who may be inquiring into the history of the *coup d'état*. It gives the names and professions of the various exiles, with chapters of historical declamation intercalated. Frenchmen may be curious about it; few Englishmen will care to read two volumes of such details.

Whatever may be the political vicissitudes of Continental Europe, the "nation of shopkeepers" knows how to make its game. We print Victor Hugo's burning invective against the *coup d'état* and its author; and before his ink is dry, we are negotiating with the responsible editor of the *Journal de l'Empire* for a quasi-official reply to Victor Hugo, an "eloquent" exculpation of the *coup d'état*, and a "glowing" eulogium of the hero of the Second of December. Meanwhile, we have already arranged with Victor Hugo for the publication of his indignant rejoinder. His adjectives are ready boiling, only awaiting a few facts and dates. Thus trade works justice. Let us not be supposed to blame this impartial activity of our publishers. We only note the tranquil march of English industry. Birmingham sells muskets to the Kafirs, and supplies friend and foe indifferently with the instruments of deadly warfare; in our shipyards, foreign, if not hostile, navies are replenished; why should we hesitate, then, to turn an honest penny by the discords of French patriotism? M. de la Guéronnière's apology for Napoleon III. will scarcely make readers forget *Napoléon le Petit*. It is one of the feeblest and trashiest compilations; a mere stringy *réchauffé* of stale articles of *Le Pays*, of Louis Napoleon's own speeches and proclamations, with a reprint of the author's pen and ink sketch of Louis Napoleon—(of which it was wittily said, *Il ne lui manque que le nez*, "it only wants the nose to be perfect")—and the official reports of the *coup d'état*. As a reply or a defence, this book is ludicrously inadmissible. It merely re-affirms, on the faith of people whom nobody believes, what has been refuted a thousand times by evidence the most incontestable. It has, however, one rare merit—that of compendiously setting side by side the Constitution and the *Coup d'état*; the oath and the perjury; the warlike declaration before the Peers, in 1840, by the prisoner of Boulogne, and the pacific discourse of the Emperor, at Bordeaux, in 1852. There are many pungent "formulas," too, in M. de la Guéronnière's Apology. For instance, in one place he emphatically pronounces France to be a democracy; while in another he affirms that the outrage upon the representatives of the people on the second of December avenged the humiliation of Louis XVI. in the Hall of the *Jeu de Paume*! Why has not Louis Napoleon employed Granier de Cassagnac to write his Apology? That reckless *condottiere* would have done the work far better than a rose-pink enthusiast, destitute even of the courage of mendacity, whose slipshod verbiage and emasculate phrases do not even succeed in provoking our indignation.

RUTH.

Ruth. A novel. By the author of "*Mary Barton*." 3 vols. Chapman and Hall.

THE author of "*Mary Barton*" has wisely done what very few authors see the wisdom of doing—opened a new mine, instead of working the old one. Her previous success in the regions of Manchester life and manufacturing "evils," would have seduced a less sagacious mind into a repetition of the old work under new names. She has quitted the inky atmosphere of Manchester and its many miseries. Her story is not of the struggle between employers and employed; it is the old and ever-renewing struggle between Truth and Truth-seeming, virtue and convention, good deeds and bad names,—the trials and sorrows of a beautiful soul, trying to adjust its life to the necessary imperfections which surround it in our semi-civilized condition. *Ruth* is not a "social" novel, but a moral problem worked out in fiction. A book so full of pathos, of love, and kindness; of clarity in its highest and broadest meanings; of deep religious feeling, and of fine observation, you will not often meet with. It cannot be read with unwet eyes, nor with hearts uninfluenced. The lessons are suggested, not preached; they are not formally "inculcated," but are carried straight to the soul by the simple vehicle of the story.

A contemporary critic has, indeed, raised a protest against the story and its teachings, lecturing the author, in his accustomed style of priggish pretension, on the "want of art" displayed in one of the leading incidents; so that in *his* case we are forced to confess the story has not carried its meaning home. We doubt, however, whether director minds will feel any such misgiving. At all events the point is worthy a brief discussion. This is the case:—

Ruth, while yet a child—at least, in innocence, and scarcely more in years—is seduced by a young man, and by him subsequently abandoned. In her grief she would have committed suicide, but for the interference of a Dissenting minister, with whom she has previously formed a slight acquaintance. This minister, Mr. Benson, has all his active sympathy excited for her. He calls his sister to aid him in the task of saving the young creature, not only from suicide, but from the world. They agree to take her home with them. The sister, womanlike, perceives the "consequences" of such an act, and her perception is intensified when she learns that Ruth is about to be a mother. To do an act of charity, and to shield both Ruth and themselves from the harsh and mistaken judgments of conventional morality, she suggests that on going home, Ruth should be passed off as a widow. This is done, though not without very

natural reluctance on the part of the minister; but he is over-ruled, and consents to allow the fiction.

Here, according to the critic, lies the fundamental error of the tale. That a Dissenting minister should tell a "white lie" is a "fault in art" which damages the whole. Now, this sensitive moralist and purblind critic must be answered that he has made a ludicrous mistake. In the first place, it is really no *improbability* that even a virtuous Dissenting minister should tell a "white lie;" we fear the very best of men may be found to have done so, and Mr. Benson, although a noble and religious man, is not held up to us as a "faultless monster." In the second place, the Artist has to deal with human nature, not with ideal abstractions—has to show how much divine goodness is operative among even imperfect elements, and not to eliminate those imperfections; so that the "fault in art" would have been the reverse of what is here done. In the third place, as a treatment of a great moral question, the highest ideal is more emphatically brought out, not didactically but artistically, by this very untruth at which Benson connives. It is to show this that we have noticed the alleged "fault in art."

The dilemma in which the Bensons are placed is a delicate one. They are convinced of the purity and goodness of this betrayed girl; but "what will the world say?" Is not the world notoriously and maliciously unjust in its harshness towards mothers who are not wives? Will any one employ the unhappy girl, or suffer her to work out in peace the life before her? If she be *called* a widow, no one will be "contaminated" by her. The fiction wrongs no one. The untruth is forced by the untruth of convention. The untruth is told, not without misgiving, not without a clear sense of its being an untruth, but with a strong (though wrong) conviction that it is doing a little wrong to ward off a greater. It is a question for casuistry, whether a lie may be told under any circumstances; and our consciences clearly answer that there *are* some in which the lie would be imperative. Take the following case: a man is hiding from his pursuers, who will murder him; a helpless woman knows where the fugitive is hidden; she is asked, Is he there? and she says, No. The lie is deliberate, yet who will say that it is wrong?

Such cases are rare. Indeed, a large experience of life will show that very rare are the cases wherein Truth, did we but know it, would not be the wisest and the directest course. It would in this case of Ruth. Had the Bensons confronted conventionalism, they would have awed and conquered it. Their own high characters would have been a coat of mail against which the sarcasms, the sneers, the comments, and the virtuous indignation of a small provincial town (and every one knows what they are!) would have been powerless; while Ruth's real goodness and purity, so befriended, would soon have won for her universal sympathy and respect.

This truth we see broadly and powerfully illustrated in the novel. The fiction becomes exposed. Mr. Benson has to suffer the disgrace of his error, Ruth has to bear the burst of indignant virtue, aggravated by rage at her "deceit;" and yet she lives it all down—lives to make herself loved and respected by all who spurned her; conquers, *at last*, by that very truth and uprightness which would have conquered *at first*; and the striking lesson of the book is this: Tell the truth and act the truth, then all will be well. Truth is better than contrivance. *Fais ce que dois, advienne que pourra.*

Such is the lesson conveyed, not preached, through Mr. Benson's white lie. To be sure it is a "fault in art," and delicate susceptibilities "happen to know" that it is wrong. But for ourselves, we thank Mrs. Gaskell as much for her beautiful and impressive lesson, as for the beauty and pathos of her story. It is that which redeems the commonplace incidents. They are all of a character familiar to the novel-reader; but they are raised into another sphere by the high purpose they subserve, and by their delicate treatment. Were it not for these considerations, we should object to the materials; and in spite of them we may suggest that in a future work the author will be wise to seek in her own experience for materials, rather than draw them with facile acquiescence from the library.

The characters are admirable in their truth and distinctness. Bradshaw, Faith, Benson, and Sally, are creations; the last-named one of the heartiest and pleasantest we have met in fiction for many years. Bradshaw is after an old type, but he has his individuality, and is consistent throughout. The hard, upright, pompous, narrow, "substantial" man, from whom you cannot withhold respect, though he has the unhappy tendency to make even virtues seem hateful, he carries them so ungraciously, is drawn with firm distinct strokes. What a capital touch is this:—

"Indeed, Ruth altogether found favour with Mr. Bradshaw. Her quiet manner, subdued by an internal consciousness of a deeper cause for sorrow than he was aware of, he interpreted into a very proper and becoming awe of him. He looked off from his own prayers to observe how well she attended hers at chapel; when he came to any verse in the hymn relating to immortality or a future life, *he sang it unusually loud, thinking he should thus comfort her in her sorrow for her deceased husband.*"

There is considerable exaggeration in the supposed "consequences" of the boy's illegitimacy, and we cannot reconcile his intense feeling of shame to our experience of boyhood: we doubt whether the elastic spirit of boyhood could be so cowed by an anticipation of what would be thought of his illegitimacy. Had we seen him undergoing humiliations, his broken-spiritedness would have been intelligible. Ruth herself is perfectly charming—a little too faultless, perhaps, but very winning. The gem of the book is Sally; and from her queer humour we extract two flights:—

SALLY AND HER SWEETHEARTS.

"Well, you see, I don't know as I should call them sweethearts; for excepting John Rawson, who was shut up in a mad-house the next week, I never had what you may call a downright offer of marriage but once. But I had once; and so I may say I had a sweetheart. I was beginning to be afeared though, for one likes to be axed; that's but civility; and I remember, after I had turned forty, and afore Jeremiah Dixon had spoken, I began to think John Rawson had perhaps not been so very mad, and that I'd done ill to lightly his offer, as a madman's, if it was to be the only one I was ever to have; I don't mean as I'd have had him, but I

thought, if it was to come o'er again, I'd speak respectful of him to folk, and say it were only his way to go about on-all-fours, but that he was a sensible man in most things. However, I'd had my laugh, and so had others, at my crazy lover, and it was late now to set him up as a Solomon. However, I thought it would be no bad thing to be tried again; but I little thought the trial would come when it did. You see, Saturday night is a leisure night in counting-houses and such like places, while it's the busiest of all for servants. Well! it was a Saturday night, and I'd my baize apron on, and the tails of my bed-gown pinned together behind, down on my knees, pipeclaying the kitchen, when a knock comes to the back door. 'Come in!' says I; but it knocked again, as if it were too stately to open the door for itself; so I got up, rather cross, and opened the door; and there stood Jerry Dixon, Mr. Holt's head-clerk; only he was not head clerk then. So I stood, stopping up the door, fancying he wanted to speak to master; but he kind of pushed past me, and telling me summut about the weather (as if I could not see it for myself), he took a chair, and sat down by the oven. 'Cool and easy!' thought I; meaning hisself, not his place, which I knew must be pretty hot. Well! it seemed no use standing waiting for my gentleman to go; not that he had much to say either; but he kept twirling his hat round and round, and smoothing the nap on't with the back of his hand. So at last I squatted down to my work, and thinks I, I shall be on my knees all ready if he puts up a prayer, for I knew he was a Methodee by bringing-up, and had only lately turned to master's way of thinking; and them Methodees are terrible hands at unexpected prayers when one least looks for 'em. I can't say I like their way of taking one by surprise, as it were; but then I'm a parish-clerk's daughter, and could never demean myself to dissenting fashions, always save and except Master Thurstan's, bless him. However, I'd been caught once or twice unawares, so this time I thought I'd be up to it, and I moved a dry duster wherever I went, to kneel upon in case he began when I were in a wet place. By-and-by I thought, if the man would pray it would be a blessing, for it would prevent his sending his eyes after me wherever I went; for when they takes to praying they shuts their eyes, and quivers th' lids in a queer kind o'way—them Dissenters does. I can speak pretty plain to you, for you're bred in the Church like mysel', and must find it as out o' the way as I do to be among dissenting folk. God forbid I should speak disrespectful of Master Thurstan and Miss Faith, though; I never think on them as Church or Dissenters, but just as Christians. But to come back to Jerry. First, I tried always to be cleaning at his back; but when he wheeled round, so as always to face me, I thought I'd try a different game. So, says I, 'Master Dixon, I ax your pardon, but I must pipeclay under your chair. Will you please to move?' Well, he moved; and by-and-by I was at him again with the same words; and at after that, again and again, till he were always moving about wi' his chair behind him, like a snail as carries its house on its back. And the great gaupus never seed that I were pipeclaying the same places twice over. At last I got desperate cross, he were so in my way; so I made two big crosses on the tails of his brown coat; for you see, wherever he went, up or down, he drew out the tails of his coat from under him, and stuck them through the bars of the chair; and flesh and blood could not resist pipeclaying them for him; and a pretty brushing he'd have, I reckon, to get it off again. Well! at length he clears his throat uncommon loud; so I spreads my duster, and shuts my eyes all ready; but when nought comed of it, I opened my eyes a little bit to see what he were about. My word! if there he wasn't down on his knees right facing me, staring as hard as he could. Well! I thought it would be hard work to stand that, if he made a long ado; so I shut my eyes again, and tried to think serious, as became what I fancied were coming; but, forgive me! but I thought why couldn't the fellow go in and pray wi' Master Thurstan, as had always a calm spirit ready for prayer, instead o' me, who had my dresser to scour, let alone an apron to iron. At last he says, says he, 'Sally! will you oblige me with your hand?' So I thought it were, maybe, Methodee fashion to pray hand in hand; and I'll not deny but I wished I'd washed it better after black-leading the kitchen fire. I thought I'd better tell him it were not so clean as I could wish, so says I, 'Master Dixon, you shall have it, and welcome, if I may just go and wash 'em first.' But, says he, 'My dear Sally, dirty or clean it's all the same to me, seeing I'm only speaking in a figuring way. What I'm asking on my bended knees is, that you'd please to be so kind as to be my wedded wife; week after next will suit me, if it's agreeable to you!' My word! I were up on my feet in an instant! It were odd now, weren't it? I never thought of taking the fellow, and getting married; for all, I'll not deny, I had been thinking it would be agreeable to be axed. But all at once, I couldn't abide the chap. 'Sir,' says I, trying to look shame-faced as became the occasion, but for all that, feeling a twittering round my mouth that I were afeard might end in a laugh—'Master Dixon, I'm obleeged to you for the compliment, and thank ye all the same, but I think I prefer a single life.' He looked mighty taken aback; but in a minute he cleared up, and was as sweet as ever. He still kept on his knees, and I wished he'd take himself up; but, I reckon, he thought it would give force to his words; says he, 'Think again, my dear Sally. I've a four-roomed house, and furniture conformable; and eighty pound a-year. You may never have such a chance again.' There were truth enough in that, but it was not pretty in the man to say it; and it put me up a bit. 'As for that, neither you nor I can tell, Master Dixon. You're not the first chap as I've had down on his knees afore me, axing me to marry him (you see I were thinking of John Rawson, only I thought there were no need to say he were on-all-fours—it were truth he were on his knees, you know), and maybe you'll not be the last. Anyhow, I've no wish to change my condition just now.' 'I'll wait till Christmas,' says he. 'I've a pig as will be ready for killing then, so I must get married before that.' Well now! would you believe it? the pig were a temptation. I'd a receipt for curing hams, as Miss Faith would never let me try, saying the old way were good enough. However, I resisted. Says I, very stern, because I felt I'd been wavering, 'Master Dixon, once for all, pig or no pig, I'll not marry you. And if you'll take my advice, you'll get up off your knees. The flags is but damp yet, and it would be an awkward thing to have rheumatiz just before winter.' With that he got up, stiff enough. He looked as sulky a chap as ever I clapped eyes on. And as he were so black and cross, I thought I'd done well (whatever came of the pig) to say 'No' to him. 'You may live to repent this,' says he, very red. 'But I'll not be too hard upon ye, I'll give you another chance. I'll let you have the night to think about it, and I'll just call in to hear your second thoughts, after chapel to-morrow.' Well now! did ever you hear the like? But that is the way with all of them men, thinking so much of theirselves, and that it's but ask and have. They've never had me, though; and I shall be sixty-one next Martinmas, so there's not much time left for them to try me, I reckon. Well! when Jeremiah said that, he put me up more than ever, and I says, 'My first thoughts, second thoughts, and third thoughts is all one and the same; you've but tempted me once, and that

was when you spoke of your pig. But of yourself you're nothing to boast on, and so I'll bid you good night, and I'll keep my manners, or else, if I told the truth, I should say it had been a great loss of time listening to you. But I'll be civil—so good-night."

SALLY'S CARE OF HER SOUL.

"What do I do wrong?" said Ruth; "I try to do all I can."

"Yes, in a way," said Sally, puzzled to know how to describe her meaning. "Thou dost it—but there's a right and a wrong way of setting about everything—and to my thinking, the right way is to take a thing up heartily, if it is only making a bed. Why! dear ah me, making a bed may be done after a Christian fashion, I take it, or else what's to come of such as me in heaven, who've had little enough time on earth for clapping ourselves down on our knees for set prayers? When I was a girl, and wretched enough about Master Thurstan, and the crook on his back which came of the fall I gave him, I took to praying and sighing, and giving up the world; and I thought it were wicked to care for the flesh, so I made heavy puddings, and was careless about dinner and the rooms, and thought I was doing my duty, though I did call myself a miserable sinner. But one night, the old missus (Master Thurstan's mother) came in, and sat down by me, as I was a-scolding myself, without thinking of what I was saying; and, says she, 'Sally! what are you blaming yourself about, and groaning over? We hear you in the parlour every night, and it makes my heart ache.' 'Oh, ma'am,' says I, 'I'm a miserable sinner, and I'm travelling in the new birth.' 'Was that the reason,' says she, 'why the pudding was so heavy to-day?' 'Oh, ma'am, ma'am,' said I, 'if you would not think of the things of the flesh, but trouble yourself about your immortal soul.' And I sat a-shaking my head to think about her soul. 'But,' says she, in her sweet-dropping voice, 'I do try to think of my soul every hour of the day, if by that you mean trying to do the will of God, but we'll talk now about the pudding; Master Thurstan could not eat it, and I know you'll be sorry for that.' Well! I was sorry, but I didn't choose to say so, as she seemed to expect me; so says I, 'It's a pity to see children brought up to care for things of the flesh;' and then I could have bitten my tongue out, for the missus looked so grave, and I thought of my darling little lad pining for want of his food. At last, says she, 'Sally, do you think God has put us into the world just to be selfish, and do nothing but see after our own souls? or to help one another with heart and hand, as Christ did to all who wanted help?' I was silent, for, you see, she puzzled me. So she went on, 'What is that beautiful answer in your Church catechism, Sally?' I were pleased to hear a Dissenter, as I did not think would have done it, speak so knowledgably about the catechism, and she went on: 'to do my duty in that station of life unto which it shall please God to call me;' well, your station is a servant, and it is as honourable as a king's, if you look at it right; you are to help and serve others in one way, just as a king is to help others in another. Now what way are you to help and serve, or to do your duty, in that station of life unto which it has pleased God to call you? Did it answer God's purpose, and serve Him, when the food was unfit for a child to eat, and unwholesome for any one?' Well! I would not give it up, I was so pig-headed about my soul; so says I, 'I wish folks would be content with locusts and wild honey, and leave other folks in peace to work out their salvation;' and I groaned out pretty loud to think of missus's soul. I often think since she smiled a bit at me; but she said, 'Well, Sally, to-morrow, you shall have time to work out your salvation; but as we have no locusts in England, and I don't think they'd agree with Master Thurstan if we had, I will come and make the pudding; but I shall try and do it well, not only for him to like it, but because everything may be done in a right way or a wrong; the right way is to do it as well as we can, as in God's sight; the wrong is to do it in a self-seeking spirit, which either leads us to neglect it to follow out some device of our own for our own ends, or to give up too much time and thought to it both before and after the doing.' Well! I thought of old missus's words this morning, when I saw you making the beds. You sighed so, you could not half shake the pillows; your heart was not in your work; and yet it was the duty God had set you, I reckon; I know it's not the work parsons preach about; though I don't think they go so far off the mark when they read, 'whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, that do with all thy might.' Just try for a day to think of all the odd jobs as to be done well and truly as in God's sight, not just slurred over anyhow, and you'll go through them twice as cheerfully, and have no thought to spare for sighing or crying."

Let no one leave *Ruth* unread.

RANKE'S CIVIL WARS IN FRANCE.

Civil Wars and Monarchy in France in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. A History of France during that period. By Leopold Ranke. Translated by M. A. Carvey. 2 vols. Bentley.

No work by Ranke will be unworthy of careful attention. If not a brilliant nor a deep-thinking historian, he is one whose researches are laborious and independent, and whose writing escapes the general defects of German metaphysics. He takes what may be called "sensible" views of characters and epochs. In the work before us, we trace good honest inquiry, but we cannot say that we have seen France more vividly than before. Ranke is not a suggestive writer,—assuredly not an artist. The religious wars are here narrated with a certain cold impartiality, but with no superiority of pictorial or philosophic power. He is far indeed from the fascination of a Thierry or a Macaulay, but not less so from the insight and sagacity of a Guizot. What he says in his Preface may be accepted as a description:—

"Much has been written upon the history of this epoch, but to me it appears that the appropriate conception of the times has scarcely been attained. The contemporary writings carry in their vivid colouring the impress of the moment in which each originated; they are for the most part imbued with the peculiar views of parties or of private individuals. Of the traditional history which has been formed since Mezeray's time, and the manner in which Sismondi has extended it, learned Frenchmen have long since remarked how insecure the foundation is upon which it is based. In a few instances this traditional authority has been departed from, but it has been on the whole submitted to.

"For a closer examination of the truth of facts, the original documentary matter published in France during the last ten years, as well as that which has appeared in the Netherlands and in Italy, none of which has ever before been used, I have found of the greatest value. I have, in the progress of the work, had opportunities of drawing my information from a vast number of unprinted documents:—Italian relations from the Venetian Ambassadors and the Papal Nuncios at Paris, to their

respective courts, extending over the whole period; Spanish and English correspondence relating to some of the most important years, the former having reference to the sixteenth, the latter to the seventeenth century; letters and proclamations of French kings and statesmen; rolls of the Estates, and records of the parliamentary debates; diplomatic communications, and many other original sources of information, much of which deserves to be published in its entire extent. These documents have given me valuable information at all times, and have not unfrequently decided my historical convictions. I may take another opportunity of giving a detailed account of them. They are to be found, not in the French and English libraries alone, but also in the archives of Italy, Germany, and Belgium—for all took an interest in that which affected all.

"I have not desired, even had I the ability, to produce a history arranged according to the models of the ancient and modern masters of narrative; for such a work it would require a whole life devoted to the uninterrupted study of the archives of France and neighbouring countries.

"It will be sufficient for me if, unaffected by the reciprocal complaints of the contemporary writers of the age, and avoiding the frequently limited conceptions of later authors, I may flatter myself with having, through authentic and credible information, succeeded in placing before the reader the great and true features of the events which have occurred."

The work is divided into six Books; but there are more to come. Book I. briefly and broadly sketches the earlier epochs of French history; Book II. is devoted to the politics and wars of 1450-1550, an agitated century; Book III. narrates the appearance of various efforts for ecclesiastical reform in France; Book IV. gives us more in detail the fifteen years of religious struggle, closed with the Massacre of St. Bartholomew; Book V. tells of Henry III. and the League; and Book VI. of Henry IV. and the League.

It saddens even the most hopeful mind to read these terrible records of religious animosity and intellectual tyranny,—the Gospel of Love preached with such implacable hatred! One strives to penetrate beneath sophisms into the actual workings of men's minds, and to unmask the real tyrannical feeling which gratifies itself under the pretext of serving God. That men are intolerant of differences, even in matters of taste, we all know. To refuse admiration for an artist or an amusement, is enough to make some men regard you as an enemy. To wear your hair or beard of a different length, your coat of a different cut, is to rouse bitterness that would be ludicrous were it not so sad. How, then, can it be otherwise on subjects of more fundamental importance? The great commandment is, Thou shalt not differ! How religion contrives to draw secular minutiae within its intolerance may be seen in endless directions, from the Quaker's costume to the fopperies of pro and anti-Puseyism, the wax candles that *must* stand on the altar, but may *not* be lighted, and the prohibitions of "dancing and other frivolous amusements," so alarming to Low-Church moralists. Read this of Calvin:—

"Under his guidance—for he also took part in the temporal legislation—the strongest fetters of discipline were laid upon outward conduct; the expenses of clothing and of the table were confined within certain limits; dancing was prohibited, and the reading of certain books, such as *Amadis*, forbidden; gamblers were seen in the pillory with the cards in their hands. Once a year an examination took place in every house, to ascertain whether the religious precepts were known and observed; mutual imputations of failings which the members of the Council observed in one another were permitted at their sittings. No indulgence was known for transgression: a woman was burned for having sung immodest songs; one of the most distinguished of the citizens was compelled to kneel in the great square with an inverted torch in his hand, and publicly to entreat forgiveness, because he had mocked the doctrine of salvation and personally insulted the great preacher. In accordance with a requisition of an assembly of the people, adultery was made punishable with death; and the man who suffered for it praised God, in dying for the strict laws of his native city.

"The fundamental principle of these proceedings was that vice and sin must be destroyed, because to tolerate them would draw down the vengeance of God."

A woman burned for having sung immodest songs! and this without the slightest misgiving on the part of the burners! Does it not seem monstrous? And yet for men who believed that God would punish scepticism with eternal hell-fire, no sense of disproportion between the offence and the punishment would be likely to mitigate wrath.

We have said that Ranke was by no means pictorial. Even such a subject as the St. Bartholomew massacre does not inspire him. He despatches it in three or four pages; and how he describes it you may judge:—

"The murder of the Admiral, and of those who were most closely associated with him, was undertaken by Guise, Aumale, and the Bastard of Angoulême. According to one account, which wears the appearance of truth, the Admiral was assailed in his own chamber, without any respect shown for his grey hairs; he was mortally wounded, but before life became quite extinct he was dragged to the window and flung out. It is said that he had laid hold of a column of the window with his left arm, and received repeated wounds before he relinquished it, but was at last hurled into the court-yard, where Guise and Angoulême stood by whilst he expired.

"La Rochefoucauld and his son, Téligny the Admiral's son-in-law, Briquemont, his sons, and all who were with them, were then killed, and their bodies thrown into the street, where they were stripped by the populace.

"The 'Paris Matins,' as the massacre was called—a name suggested by the remembrance of the 'Sicilian Vespers'—had meanwhile commenced in all quarters of the capital. The tocsin was sounded everywhere, and the populace stormed the houses of the Huguenots, murdering them and plundering their property, with the cry, 'The King desires and commands it.' They had come confiding in the hospitality which had been offered to them: they were surprised in their beds, and indiscriminately slaughtered; there was no distinction made between those who had borne arms and those who had not, between the illustrious and the obscure, the master and the servant. The King of Navarre's bed was sprinkled with the blood of friends, strangers as well as natives, who had come from the remotest parts of the kingdom to witness the ceremony of his marriage. The zealous reformer of the university, La Ramée, was hunted out in his hiding-place by one of his colleagues, whose ignorance he had frequently exposed, and by him

given up to a party of paid murderers. It was a combination of private vengeance and public condemnation such as the world had never seen since the days of Sulla's proscriptions. To repress the horrors arising from civil war was the final cause which had built the moral foundation of the monarchy. In this act it forgot its historical origin, and made common cause with the very party whose hatred it should have controlled; its traces were lost altogether in these orgies of blood.

"Oral orders, which were carried from town to town with the swiftness of the wind, authorized the rage of fanaticism everywhere. According to the most moderate calculations there fell two thousand persons in Paris alone, and the number massacred in France was not less than twenty thousand. From time to time the flame broke out afresh, even after orders had been issued to restrain it. The rage of the multitude lived in its own movements, longing for blood, and nourished with blood. The minds of men were filled with wild fantasies, which made them afraid of themselves, and caused the very elements to appear fraught with terror.

"Charles IX., about eight days after the massacre, caused his brother-in-law Henry to be summoned to him in the night. He found him as he had sprung from his bed, filled with dread at a wild tumult of confused voices, which prevented him from sleeping. Henry himself imagined he heard these sounds; they appeared like distant shrieks and howlings, mingled with the indistinguishable raging of a furious multitude, and with groans and curses, as on the day of the massacre. Messengers were sent into the city to ascertain whether any new tumult had broken out, but the answer returned was that all was quiet in the city, and that the commotion was in the air. Henry could never recall this incident without a horror that made his hair stand on end."

ANOTHER BATCH OF BOOKS.

WE must again deal in a summary manner with several volumes claiming notice, and worth noticing. America sends us (through Sampson, Low, and Co.) a formidable volume of British eloquence, got up with great care, and of decided value to all men training themselves in oratory. It is called *Select British Eloquence, embracing the best Speeches entire of the most eminent Orators of Great Britain*. Dr. Gooderich, the American compiler, has not limited himself to the simple selection of great speeches—he has introduced every speaker to the reader, first by narrating the main biographical points, next by an historical introduction to each of the speeches, explaining the circumstances out of which it arose, and thirdly by critical notes.

The Water Lily on the Danube (Parker and Son) is an amusing account of a novel adventure, viz., that of taking a pair-oar boat from Lambeth to Pesth, in Hungary! The book is far more amusing, and more suited to the public, than the previous little volume, *Log of the Water Lily*, because the writer has not contented himself with narrating the personal adventures of the crew, but has also sketched in brief, rapid traits, some of the characteristics of the scene through which the crew passed.

For an inexhaustible delight to all who love folk lore, for all children of all age, let us commend the rare volume of *Yule Tide Stories*, edited by Benjamin Thorpe, and published by Mr. Bohn in his *Antiquarian Library*. It is a collection of Scandinavian and Northern German tales and traditions, full of curious erudition for the erudite, full of fancy and invention for the general reader. In Mr. Bohn's *Scientific Library*, we have also the *Bridgewater Treatise*, composed by Chalmers, on the *Adaptation of External Nature to the Moral and Intellectual Constitution of Man*. A work which, like everything Chalmers wrote, contains food for thought, but which, both in plan and in details, would call forth much opposition from us were we to enter upon it. That, however, is unnecessary. Every one knows the character of the book. To the *Classical Library* Mr. Bohn adds a translation of *Lucan's Pharsalia*, by Mr. Riley, and the very serviceable volume of *Notes on Herodotus*, by Dawson Turner. This book the student should possess. With a plain text of Herodotus, and this commentary by his side, he will have all that is necessary for general purposes. The notes are grammatical and explanatory, now touching on a point of geography or history, now on a verbal difficulty. But the volume of *Bacon's Moral and Historical Works*, added to the *Standard Library*, surpasses all of them in attraction, for it contains an *Introductory Essay* on Bacon, the well-known *Essays*, with translations of the quotations, and the *Apophthegms*, the less known *Elegant Sentences*, and the *Short Notes for Civil Conversation*; then follow the quaint, fanciful essays on the *Wisdom of the Ancients*, amusing as proofs of how a myth may be interpreted; the celebrated *New Atlantis*, and the *Historical Works*, among which the noble *Life of Henry the Seventh*, so dear to all readers of Bacon and all lovers of style, takes a prominent place. There is but one thing wanting in this treasury of wisdom, this volume among volumes, namely, an index; and the omission is the more remarkable, because Mr. Bohn has distinguished himself among publishers by the liberality with which he has bestowed indexes. We are promised a companion volume, containing the *Novum Organum* and the *De Augmentis*; let us hope that an index will accompany it.

Among the cheap libraries, let a place be reserved for the one issued by Messrs. Ingram, Cooke, and Co., under the title of *Universal Library*. Its shilling volumes may be accepted as separate works, or as parts of a whole. It is divided into six sections, and specimens of five sections lie before us. In *Biography* we have a volume containing Isaak Walton's well-known lives of Donne, Wotton, &c. In *Fiction* we have the *Vicar of Wakefield* and *Picciola*; in *Voyages*, we have *Anson's Voyages*; in *Poetry*, Scott's *Lady of the Lake* and *Lay of the Last Minstrel*; in *Miscellaneous*, we have *Alison's Essays on Taste*. Old works these, and favourites. The attraction of these editions is cheapness and uniformity.

Lamartine's *Histoire de la Restauration* (Dulau and Co.) is now completed by the publication of the eighth volume, which, opening with the ascent of Charles X. to the throne of France, ends with the ignominious descent of obstinacy, and its flight before the roused spirit of 1830. It is a graphic and interesting volume; rendered peculiarly so by Lamartine's personal relations with many of the actors in this drama. These relations have naturally given a bias to his pen. Charles X., for example, is more leniently treated than he could be by an historian of Lamartine's party, who had never been honoured and flattered by the King. The bias, if bias there be, is, however, an amiable weakness, and the reader is duly warned.

BOOKS ON OUR TABLE.

- Bohn's Standard Library—Foster's Life and Correspondence.*
The Portrait Gallery.
Who's Who in 1853.
The Youthful Thinker.
The Spiritual Library—The Key to the Mystery.
A Historical Memoir of Fra Dolcino and his Times. By L. Mariotti.
 Longman, Brown, Green and Co.
An Outline of the Necessary Laws of Thought. By W. Thomson.
Essays on Political and Social Science. By W. R. Greg. 2 vols.
 Longman, Brown, Green and Co.
On Lessons in Proverbs. By R. C. Trench.
Alice Montrose. By Maria J. McIntosh. 3 vols.
The Priest and the Curate; or, the Two Diaries. By C. Sinclair.
Autobiography of an English Soldier in the United States Army. 2 vols.
Life of Sir Walter Scott. By Donald Macleod.
Remarks on the Production of the Precious Metals, and on the Depreciation of Gold. By Mons. Michel Chevalier.
Claverston. A Tale. By Charles Mitchell Charles.
The Purgatory of Suicides. By T. Cooper.
The Poetical and Dramatic Works of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.
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Portfolia.

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

The Works of the Old Painters:

THEIR RUIN AND RENOVATION.

BY HENRY MERRITT.

"Who, in contemplating one of Raphael's finest pictures, fresh from the master's hand, ever bestowed a thought on the wretched little worm which works its destruction?"
 MARIA EDGEWORTH.

CHAPTER III.

ANTIPATHY TO REPAIRING AND CLEANING OLD PAINTINGS.

THE writer being on a visit to an enthusiastic collector of pictures, and observing many valuable specimens of the old schools in a very dilapidated condition, took occasion to elicit his opinion with respect to the restoration of damaged pictures, and of the persons usually employed to repair them. It was at once evident that the very mention of "Restoration" was sufficient to disconcert the ardent lover of the picture art.

"Sir," said he, "I am happy to say there is not a picture in my collection which has been cleaned and repaired; all are pure and genuine as they left the easels of their painters."

For the first part of this reply there was no want of proof; but the assertion that they were in the pure state in which they left the easel of the master, was a delusion. Some of the early Italian pictures were chipped, and large pieces loosened by heat or damp had dropped from the panels in which worms, the growth of a warmer clime, had been busied for centuries. Our collector, being asked if he considered restoring old pictures advisable under extreme circumstances, prescribed extreme penalties for any one who should have the temerity to entertain the idea.

"Could anything be more absurd," he insisted, "than for a modern dauber to scrub, plaster up, and repaint an old picture?"

"Certainly not."

"Very well, then," continued he, "would you have some image-maker commence operations on the Elgin marbles, wash and scrub them, plaster up the chinks, replace the absent limbs, remodel the obliterated features, and, in a word, restore them? What would you think of such a proceeding? How great would be your indignation! How would you mourn the loss of Phidias, and curse the miscreant who could so abuse the sublime productions of that Athenian chisel. Thus should I feel if some officious hand, some Restorer, should attempt to practice his remorseless craft upon yonder noble specimen—the gem of my collection, a Leonardo da Vinci."

As respects fragments of ancient sculpture, the views of our enthusiast possess some show of reason, but are at the same time full of exaggeration, while the comparison between old pictures and ancient sculptures is far from being happy. If the lost member of a mutilated Apollo could be found, there could be no difference of opinion as to the propriety of its resuming its original position. If a Venus stood complete in every limb, in good preservation throughout, with the exception that some unfortunate blow had struck out one eye, in consequence of which one blemish the whole statue was affected, and its influence half destroyed, what objection would there be, could some modeller replace the absent member so cleverly that all traces of the injury should disappear, and the figure again possess its full and complete effect? Surely no one could object to such a course being taken? But because the eye could be replaced (the other remaining to test its accuracy), it by no means follows that if the nose were lost that feature could be replaced with equal felicity, for although men of taste might venture a shrewd guess as to the kind of nose the face once possessed, and sculptors might realize their conception, yet for all that there would be wanting the proof by comparison present in the case of the eye; and where doubt commences interference with the original work should cease, in deference to the original artist. However well founded a conjecture might seem, it were far better to rest with the mutilated form than to risk an absolutely supposititious addition to the fragment. As a matter of speculation, the restoration of a broken figure may be accomplished without risk to the original remnant, simply by making a mould of it and add-

ing the missing portions to the east. Here lies the difference between pictures and statues in respect to their restoration. Pictures cannot be cast, nor the masterpieces accurately copied, therefore any restoration required must be performed on the original work.

We will explain this by taking a parallel case of injury in an old painting. We have before us an elaborate picture of Saint George and the Dragon, by Roger of Bruges. Those who have seen the best pictures of this master must have been struck by their singular lustre. The present work has all the luminous appearance of ancient glass windows found in Gothic churches. These beautiful qualities in our example are disfigured by certain absolute blemishes, the most prominent of which arise from four squares of the tessellated pavement, on which St. George is standing, having fallen out, leaving the oak panel visible in the place; another portion of the work has likewise disappeared, separating the long handle of the spear which the Saint thrusts into the jaws of the infuriated monster. The moment the eye is directed to the picture the whole attention is rivetted on these two blemishes. It is in vain that you attempt to realize the picture as a whole, such as it appeared in its perfect state. The first thing that enters the mind of the spectator is how may those blemishes be remedied? The answer is ready, for the remedy is simple. Some able artist must restore the lost portions of the tessellated floor and the spear. This is not a difficult task, while it is a perfectly safe operation, not involving a particle of the original remains. The restorer proceeds by filling with cement the large holes whence the pieces have dropped; after this the cement is scraped level with the surface of the picture, and then the artist proceeds to sketch and colour the parts to match those adjoining in form and in colour, accomplishing this so accurately in tint and texture that the keenest eye may never after discover where the injuries have been. No one will deny the practicability of making restorations of this nature, and surely they are such as not even the original painter would be disposed to reject. To restore the composition of a picture in the manner described is perfectly legitimate: nay, a service is thereby rendered to the world, the fame of the master being perpetuated. Wherefore then should the connoisseur object?

Having shown how large repairs may be accomplished without perverting the intention of the master, we will see what can be done for the removal of numerous lesser defects. Suppose the picture of St. George and the Dragon to be differently disfigured. A small worm (common to old timber) has hollowed out the panel and perforated the picture, regardless alike of the Saint or the Dragon. Thus in the scarlet robe of the hero there are not less than twenty small round holes, six in the face and many more in the various parts of the representation, making in all about a hundred. If it were practicable to fill up a cavity of the size of four squares of the tessellated floor, it might seem an easy matter to fill up tiny holes no larger in circumference than small shot. Insignificant, however, as these small worm holes may appear singly, a hundred of them dispersed over a surface of 24 inches by 16 are sufficient to have a very damaging influence. Yet these holes may be filled and tinted by the fine point of a sable pencil, so as to mingle the specks with the neighbouring colours, thus restoring the painting to its original completeness. It will be borne in mind that the whole of the processes described and recommended are performed not on the work of the master, but over cavities occasioned by ordinary decay. What has been advanced respecting these small openings made by worms, and their repair, holds good also of other injuries to which pictures are liable. Cracks, rents, and fissures may all be remedied by the same ingenious process. There are scarcely any old paintings which have not received from time to time attentions of this kind. One would think that such services rendered to art would need no justification. Nor indeed would any defence have been necessary, had it not happened that unskilful and impatient hands have often been employed to make these essential reparations; who, instead of confining themselves within bounds to the particles of damage, to save time, or to hide their inability to match the colours, have painted over the whole work, and thus obliterated the original picture for ever. Proceedings of this unscrupulous nature have been frequent, and have come to throw discredit on the art of Restoration, and the able, conscientious Restorer suffers in the general censure.

So much for repairs which may be carried out on a picture, whether it is clean or not. Cleaning pictures is altogether a more complicated and serious matter. It is a subject to be approached with caution. The operations necessary cannot be so well defined as can those relating to artistic repairs.

Is it possible to clean old *dirty* pictures with beneficial results and without injury to the original tints and touches? "No," exclaims "A Tory in Art,"* "it is as idle to talk of restoring a picture to what it was, as to try and push back the iron hand of time. We must make up our minds to put up with a certain amount of dirt, and study the works of departed genius through the warm haze of time." There is one good quality in your thorough-going Conservative. He always expresses himself so as to be understood.

"A Tory in Art" evidently labours under the impression that it is not possible to revive the pictures of the old Masters, and that we must be content to study them as they are, and profit by the contemplation of delicate beauties—as they appear through a dark crust of dirt! We may venture the assertion that the old Masters would be the first to object to the present dingy condition of their productions. The questions here to be asked are,

"Did the old painters calculate that their pictures would come to need cleaning?" and "did they make any provision to that end?" Certainly they did. When oil painting first came into use, one of its useful virtues, as noted by the painters of the time, was, that it would *wash*. Long before Italian pictures were remarkable for correct drawing or harmonious colouring, painters had manifested anxiety for the future preservation of their works. Antonio da Messina, about the year 1494, seeing an oil picture of John Van Eyck's at Naples, and perceiving that "it might be washed with water without suffering any injury," the Italian was so satisfied of the advantages of oil painting over the old method of water colours, that he immediately set out for Bruges, and there by presents and services, succeeded in prevailing on John Van Eyck to divulge his precious secret. It is recorded that the art of painting in oil thus found its way into Italy. Anyhow, there is no want of evidence that the early Italian painters were desirous that their pictures should be so painted that they might afterwards be kept clean and sightly. We find the venerable Leonardo da Vinci speculating on a method of painting a picture "that will last for ever." This durability was to be ensured by a layer of glass placed over the picture, so to preserve it from the action of the air. We find varnishes in repute as far back as the year 1410, after which time they came into general use, and have continued so to the present day.

When we wish to preserve a print with its white margin from dust, we place a glass over it, and there is no doubt that painters, ever since the invention of oil painting, have been accustomed to varnish their pictures with the view to the preservation of the colours. The pictures in the National Gallery have all been varnished many times. There can be no question of the long and general use of varnishes, or of the one sole reason for their use.

Had varnishes always kept as hard, clear, and durable as glass, the preservation of the works of the old painters had been an easy matter; but, unfortunately, the colours of the majority of the finest pictures are rendered almost invisible by the discolouration and cracking of the varnishes themselves; and as we have shown, colours are commonly found "as fresh and beautiful as they left the palette," after having been corroded over for centuries. The simple removal of these injurious incrustations is the work of the modern picture cleaner, and the desirability of picture cleaning the point to be decided.

We shall be able to show that whatever tends to injure the pictures, and obscure them, ought, if practicable, to be removed; more, we shall be enabled to show the practicability of doing this in most cases. It must be borne in mind that varnish has always been considered in the light of temporary transparent covering for the protection of the colours, to be removed when it becomes opaque and worthless; and that it ought to possess such chemical properties as may be removed, without injuring the picture under the operation of removal.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

II.

When the corn-fields and meadows
Are pearl'd with the dew,
With the first sunny shadow
Walks little Boy Blue.

O the Nymphs and the Graces
Still gleam on his eyes,
And the kind fairy faces
Look down from the skies;

And a secret revealing
Of life within life,
When feeling meets feeling
In musical strife;

A winding and weaving
In flowers and in trees,
A floating and heaving
In sunlight and breeze;

And a striving and soaring,
A gladness and grace,
Make him kneel half adoring
The God in the place.

Then amid the live shadows
Of lambs at their play,
Where the kine scent the meadows
With breath like the May,

He stands in the splendour
That waits on the morn,
And a music more tender
Distils from his horn:

And he weeps, he rejoices,
He prays, nor in vain,
For soft loving voices
Will answer again.

And the Nymphs and the Graces
Still gleam through the dew,
And kind fairy faces
Watch little Boy Blue.

The Arts.

LILIAN GERVAIS.

WELL, for a good wholesome bit of morality commend me to a Frenchman! He knows the very trick of it. He has the healthiest sympathies with what is upright, noble, strong; and he has no misgivings. *Marie Simon*, the drame which delighted Paris last autumn, (translated by Mr. Morris Barnet, and produced at the OLYMPIC, under the title of *Lilian Gervais*), is truly a "dainty dish to set before the moralist;" it cannot have the pretension of being "set before the critic"—he would make sad havoc with it.

Lend me your moral ears awhile, and I will recount the *motivi* of this drame. Lilian is as pretty and virtuous as a dramatic peasant is obliged to be, and, of course, her father is on the eve of ruin. If there were no intolerable bores of fathers always on the eve of ruin, what would dramatists do? You at once divine that there is a young gentleman ready enough to step forward, and save the said father. And, although this young gentleman wears the uniform of a common soldier, you never for an instant doubt that he is a nobleman in disguise. *Latet anguis!* Lilian and Adolphe love each other. But it soon appears that the gay young Adolphe's intentions are "strictly dishonourable," and a moralizing lawyer, M. Bomard, after upbraiding him, threatens, unless he consent to give up his infamous design, to inform the girl's father. Bomard rides the high horse with considerable powers of moral equitation, until Adolphe asks him if he never felt the passion of love; whereat the lawyer is, according to a stage direction, "embarrassed;" and, although Adolphe only knows that Bomard loves somebody, yet this moral Bomard descends from his high horse, and consents to be silent, to "save the honour of a lady." It no longer seems necessary to save the honour of poor Lilian!

Lilian, however, has overheard enough of their conversation to understand Adolphe's intentions, and she flies to the Château de Renneville, (pertinaciously pronounced *Shat-tò de Ranville*), where she is taken into the Marquis's service; the late Marchioness was her godmother. Adolphe soon appears there; he is the son of the Marquis. And here occurs a love-scene, not by any means unprecedented on the stage, but totally unlike anything I ever heard of in real life. By the way, how is it that love-scenes are always so monstrously unlike life? How is it that the accomplished *roué*, whom "no woman can resist," according to his own and other persons testimony, *always* endeavours to capture a heart by means that would ensure a box on the ears, or a loud shout for "police!" Why do young gentlemen of an engaging turn of mind always lock the doors, and raise their voices, as if they were going to take by violence the heart they are endeavouring to persuade? Is violence the coquetry of passion? I never found it so. It is true Maria threw the Milk Jug at my fond head, (as I once narrated,) but I always interpreted that amenity as temper, not love. It is true, also, that your Australian

autocthonous ("not to put too fine a point on it,") begin courtship by stunning the objects of their affection. That plan, however, is scarcely admissible within the regions of sentiment. And I have still to learn why stage lovers are so Australian. But let that pass. Adolphe locks the doors, and Lilian, of course, throws herself on her knees; finding that dramatic position ineffective, she draws from her pocket a book—it was his mother's,—and the sight of it cools the fiery torment of his brain at once, condensing all his steam to ice! He becomes sentimental, repentant, virtuous. "My mother!"

How fond the French are of those bits of sentiment! Precisely because a Frenchman is the last man in the world to be stopped in his profligacy by any such talisman, the dramatist employs it, certain of its success. *Ma mère!* At the thought of "her who taught his infant steps to walk," cambric is in immediate requisition!

Lilian escapes this peril only to fall into another. The old Marquis has married again, and his young wife loves "clandestinely" the moral lawyer whom we made acquaintance with in the first act. They are both extremely virtuous people, but they nevertheless plan an elopement. The Marquis discovers it. You imagine, perhaps, that he storms, shoots Bomard, or turns Madame out of doors. Not at all. The Marquis *spit vivre*, in other words, he determines to die. To "save his wife's name from infamy," this excellent old gentleman quietly poisons himself in the garden. *C'est d'un bon mari!* Only a "model husband" could have such consideration for the feelings of his wife. I think I could name a few families where that example, if followed, would meet with decided approbation. But, in general, husbands have "so little feeling"—they prefer living; *c'est on ne peut plus bourgeois, mais enfin c'est comme ça!*

The guilty pair stumble over the corpse, and Lilian is accused of the murder; accused, moreover, with the harshest violence by Adolphe, who vows he will bring her to justice: one might demur to the lover's want of belief in, or, at least, sorrow for Lilian, but a young gentleman so devoted to the memory of his mother, cannot be expected to take the murder of his father quietly. How Lilian is tried, condemned, and finally acquitted, I leave you to learn at the theatre, if you are curious. For, absurd and inartistic as *Lilian Gervais* is, there is a certain dramatic progression, and a few strong situations, which carried the piece triumphantly through, amid loud applause. Much of this was due to the acting of the young *débütante*, Miss Anderton, who, though still very young, is a "decided acquisition to the London boards," (I believe that is the correct phrase.) Miss Anderton has some defects which time and study will remove,—defects especially of pronunciation, which, at times, is stagey, and at times provincial; but she has three primary requisites,—intelligence, feeling, and naturalness. In the passages of emotion she was quite successful; in the earlier and in the quieter scenes, she was less mistress of her means, although something of this was doubtless attributable to nervousness. Compton raised abundant mirth, but it was by burlesque, not by acting. It is true he had the meagrest of "low comedy" jokes to utter. The wittiest passage was—his letting the crockery fall; not a novel joke, but always a safe one!

VIVIAN.

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18	0 0 9	0 1 1	0 1 5	0 1 9
20	0 0 9	0 1 1	0 1 6	0 1 10
22	0 0 10	0 1 2	0 1 7	0 1 11
25	0 0 10	0 1 3	0 1 8	0 2 1
28	0 0 10	0 1 4	0 1 9	0 2 2
30	0 0 11	0 1 4	0 1 10	0 2 3
32	0 1 0	0 1 5	0 1 11	0 2 5
35	0 1 0	0 1 6	0 2 0	0 2 6
37	0 1 1	0 1 8	0 2 2	0 2 9
40	0 1 2	0 1 9	0 2 4	0 2 11
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48	0 1 6	0 2 3	0 2 11	0 3 8
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