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The Leader.

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

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News of the Week.

ONLY a few years ago the admission of anything resembling a Papal Bull into this country was an offence gravely punishable at law. Since the establishment of perfect free trade, however, the Benevolent Pope Pius the Ninth, as Madame Tussaud calls him, has vouchsafed a document partitioning England into twelve goodly Bishoprics, with a Cardinal Archbishop at the head. Spiritually, the Bull converts England into a province of Rome, to be governed by a Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, and the Bishops of Southwark, Haggelstone, Beverley, Liverpool, Salford, Salop, Merioneth, and Newport, Clifton, Plymouth, Nottingham, Birmingham, and Northampton. The Bull includes a long preamble, reciting how the spiritual authority of the Pope was administered in England, in 1688, by four Vicars Apostolic. In 1840 it was deemed advisable to encrease the number of Vicarages to eight. Ten years later we have the twelve Bishops and their Archbishop. The arrival of this Bull has, of course, excited very loud hostility. Some papers are fierce with sincere bigotry; others put on against a minority politically feeble an affectation of Protestant bigotry, which is supposed to catch both the established Protestants and Dissenters. It is not often that both those birds are to be killed with one stone; and the astute journalists accordingly seize the opportunity with an unction that attests their delight. "Impudence" is the term most generally applied to this spiritual invasion of England, and the Catholics are accused of very black ingratitude for thus behaving under emancipation. Some accredited writers of their persuasion, however, have shown that the Bull is not practically the usurpation of authority. It deals only with spirituals, and does not profess to interfere with the operation of the law in England. Those who are in subjection to it must be thoroughly volunteers; and in all respects it claims no more authority before the laws of England than the regulations of any considerable body of Protestant Dissenters, the Wesleyans for example. While much of the indignation expressed is to be regarded as cant, some of the genuine alarm is unfounded. People forget that, in England, the Bull is wholly unarmed by those temporal powers which have lent real terrors to the Papal power. In fact, the largest proportion of indignation and alarm has been created by the verbal part of the measure. It is the calling of the officers "Bishops," and the allotment of bishoprics with territorial titles that exasperates and frightens. Call the bishoprics "districts," let them be numbered, and let the Bishops be called Vicars Apostolic, and by far the greater part of the anger would be disarmed—of the fear allayed. But the difference in words can make no real difference in practical results—the Pope is not really more formidable because his officers in this country are called Bishops than he

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was before. If there is any access of social danger, it must be found in that constant encrease of the Roman Catholic Church by conversions which has invited this official invasion, and that encrease we should ascribe in some degree to the reaction against religious indifferentism, and still more to the excessively unreasonable and unsatisfactory condition of the English Church in regard to discipline. The Bull has not done half as much harm to the Church of England, its prestige, influence, and authority, as the decision of the Privy Council in the Gorham case, the quibbling decision of a civil body on a spiritual matter. Indeed more real harm is done to the Church which professes freedom by such scandals as that of the minister at Warrington, who has virtually excommunicated a man for marrying his wife's sister, than any extraneous influence could inflict. The worst dangers of the Church have long lain within. It is indeed a confession of weakness when the English Church, in the middle of the nineteenth century, confesses alarm at the resurrection of her elder rival; and we are obliged to confess that if there were any danger to the progress of intellect or social freedom in this resurrection of the Romish Church, we should look for a rescue, not to the orthodox establishment, but to the great movements which that establishment affects to ignore.

We are convinced, indeed, that injury to Protestantism as well as to the influence of England abroad will be inflicted, if Lord Palmerston persists with his petty intervention on behalf of Dr. Kalley. Dr. Kalley's history presents religious freedom in the shape of a reductio ad absurdum. In virtue of appealing to higher powers, the Bible included, he presumes to set himself above municipal law. Dr. Kalley was a physician practising in Madeira. By what means we know not, he effected the conversion of a native woman. She underwent some persecution, such as is natural in an ignorant and bigoted country, and Dr. Kalley sustained some injury from an indignant mob. He now claims compensation for these injuries, and Lord Palmerston justifies spiritual brawling so far as to back the claim for compensation. To the inhabitants of Madeira and Portugal, therefore, the disorderly zealot is accredited by the British Government as the representative of Protestant England, and British influence is brought to the standard of his influence. As Portugal is under obligations to this country, and is not strong, Lord Palmerston may extort reparation: it will form an appropriate addition to the list of his vexatious victories.

A victory not quite similar, but equally damaging to this country, is that of which Lieutenant John Bailey boasts in a letter to his brother. A few weeks ago we learnt that the English residents at Rio de Janeiro were subjected to violent indignities on account of attacks by English cruisers against Brazilian slavers: we now find Mr. Bailey boasting of the most rapid accumulation of prizes, and the

exasperation which he was inflicting on the Brazilians. His exploits, which are indeed brilliant, and justly claim the approbation of Government, present the Slave-Trade suppression policy in the strongest light as a policy of aggression on a country which ought entirely to be our ally. Brazil might have been persuaded into abolition of slavery, but is now persuaded into nothing except abolition of the English alliance and hatred of English proselytism.

The election of Dr. Lang to represent Sydney in the Council of New South Wales is another sign of the suicidal tendency of the Ministerial policy. New South Wales asked a variety of reforms; and the grudging policy of the Colonial-office sent back Dr. Lang, in the temper of the second Franklin, as he avowed in a long letter to Lord Grey on his departure. Lord Grey conceded a tinkering reform, which somewhat enlarged the Council of New South Wales. Among the first of the representatives elected by the capital is the Franklin of the East.

The Marquis of Granby has consummated that shelving of Protection which Lord Stanley began, and the journals which remain faithful to the cause are obliged to enter upon the difficult and delicate course of covertly writing down the young nobleman. But these defections from the ranks of active Protectionists are not to be repaired; and, if we hold the *Standard* by its declaration of last Friday, that there is no medium between Protection and Communism, we may soon expect to see that accomplished and Conservative Journal join our ranks in agitating for the principle of Association. The *Standard* was very right in its declaration, even more right than it supposed itself to be; and as Protection is suspended for a time, if not virtually defunct, we would seriously invite the editor to study the principles of Communism with a little less unscientific alarm than he betrays in his allusion.

Practically, indeed, the principle is making way. It is the principle of association which is stimulating the enquiries into minute husbandry; for it is only by recognizing the Communistic concert in labour that you can fully appreciate the advantages of minute husbandry: more free trade in agriculture tending to large farms, minimizing the number of hands, and alienating the body of the People from the soil. The successful experiment, imperfect as it is, in the application of industrial employment to the management of the Kilkenny union-house, is valuable; not only as showing the extension of the opinion which leads to these experiments, but also as improving the moral effect of truly beneficial and productive labour in stimulating the exertions and the more hopeful feelings of the labourers. We learn that an industrial farm has been established by the Thanet union with good promise, and we shall watch its progress with interest. Scarcely a week passes without some addition to the list of these intelligent experiments. Certainly the parish officers are before both press and Parliament in these practical enquiries.

THE PAPAL BULL.

Considerable excitement has been produced by the publication of an apostolic letter which Pope Pius the Ninth has issued, establishing an Episcopal Hierarchy in England. The document, which is of considerable length, is dated "St. Peter's, at Rome, under the seal of the fisherman, the 24th of September, 1850," and countersigned by Cardinal Lambruschini. After alluding to the first introduction of Christianity in this country, and the mission of Augustine under Gregory the Great, he points to the great solicitude of the Roman Pontiffs for the Catholic Church in England ever since the commencement of the schism, as exemplified by the apostolic letters of Gregory XV. (March 23, 1623), Urban VII. (Feb. 4, 1625), Innocent XI. (Jan. 30, 1688), the rules laid down for the guidance of Romish bishops in England by Benedict XIV., and the new ecclesiastical division prescribed by Gregory XVI. in 1840. He then proceeds to state that, encouraged by the example of his predecessors, he has, ever since the commencement of his pontificate, harboured in his mind the desire of favouring by every means in his power the development of the Catholic religion among the people of Great Britain; that it is no longer necessary to govern the Catholics in that country by apostolical vicars, but that the ordinary form of Episcopal Government may henceforward be established:—

"He, therefore, commencing by the district of London, establishes an archiepiscopal see at Westminster, comprising the counties of Middlesex, Essex, and Hertford. The see of Southwark, which is suffragan to that of Westminster, comprises the counties of Berks, Southampton, Surrey, Sussex, and Kent, with the Isles of Wight, Jersey, Guernsey, and the adjacent isles. In the north there is to be but one see, named after the town of Haggelstown. Next follows the see of the district of York, to be established at Beverley. There are to be two sees in the district of Lancaster: that of Liverpool, comprising the Isle of Man, Lonsdale, Amounderness, and West Derby; and that of Salford, including Blackburn and Leyland. Wales shall comprise the dioceses of Shropshire, including Anglesea, Caernarvon, Denbighshire, Flintshire, Merionethshire, Montgomeryshire and Cheshire; and that of Newport, comprising Brecknockshire, Glamorganshire, Caermarthenshire, Pembrokeshire, Radnorshire, Monmouthshire, and Herefordshire. The west is divided into two bishoprics; that of Clifton, including the shires of Gloucester, Somerset, and Wilts, and that of Plymouth, extending over those of Devon, Dorset, and Cornwall. In the central district, the see of Nottingham shall comprise the shires of Nottingham, Derby, Leicester, Lincoln, and Rutland; that of Birmingham shall include the counties of Staffordshire, Warwickshire, Buckinghamshire, and Oxfordshire. The eastern district shall form one see, under the name of Northampton. Hence England shall form a single ecclesiastical province, composed of one archbishop and twelve bishops, who are to correspond with the congregation *De Propaganda Fide*. All particular constitutions, privileges, and customs of the Romish Church in England are abolished, whatever be their antiquity, and the new bishops are consequently invested with their full episcopal powers. The letter concludes by recommending the Roman Catholics of England to contribute so far as is in their power, by pecuniary means, to the dignity of their prelates, and the splendour of the Roman Catholic worship.

PRIESTLY TYRANNY.

The walls of Warrington have been freely covered by placards, during the last few days, resembling those usually issued for the apprehension of a runaway thief, and having at the top the word "Caution," in large capitals; the name of the Reverend Richard Greenall, the clergyman of the neighbouring village of Stretton, appearing in full length at the foot of the document. The affair which has led to the issuing of these placards is thus given by the *Liverpool Albion*:—

"Some time ago, a poor man, of the name of John Cooper, a farm-labourer of Appleton, one of Mr. Greenall's parishioners, had the misfortune to lose his wife, who left behind her an infant family of three children. On her death-bed, this poor woman made a request that, if her husband should ever marry again, he would marry her sister. Ever since Mrs. Cooper's death, the sister referred to conducted the widower's humble establishment, and acted as a mother to the orphans, until the commencement of the present month, when Cooper and his deceased wife's sister, in compliance with the dying request already stated, went over to the parish church at Warrington, and were there married. Almost immediately afterwards, the reverend gentleman, the clergyman of Stretton, became cognizant of the fact of the marriage; whereupon he issued and caused to be circulated a placard commencing thus:—

"Caution:—Whereas John Cooper, of Appleton, by false representation of his place of residence, has entered into marriage at the parish church of Warrington, with the sister of his late wife, which marriage is by the laws of the land null and void, any offspring arising therefrom will be base-born and illegitimate."

"The placard then proceeds to give 'warning' that two persons can be married out of their own parish; and that persons making false representations as to their place of abode will subject themselves to the penalties of perjury, &c."

"On the above production, stigmatizing ignominiously, as it affects to do, two humble, honest, well-behaved persons (as we understand these two people unquestionably are), because they have entered into a solemn contract enjoined by a dying woman, and not contrary

to the laws of nature, or of nature's God, we see no necessity to offer any comment of our own. Those who read the simple statement of facts will form their own judgment and make their own comments. But we may as well take this opportunity of mentioning, that, so far from marriages of this description being unknown occurrences in the Reverend Mr. Greenall's neighbourhood, we have just learned that Mr. Sleigh, the barrister, whose name has been so long before the public as the untiring advocate of the legalization of marriages with a deceased wife's sister, has recently been to Warrington, where he ascertained the present or recent existence of upwards of twenty-five cases of marriage with wives' sisters in Warrington and the immediate neighbourhood. We are further told that Mr. Sleigh, who is at present making a rapid tour through England for the purpose of obtaining statistical information on this important subject, has discovered during the last three weeks about two hundred cases of actual marriage with wives' sisters in the county of Lancaster and West Riding of Yorkshire, many of which have taken place within the last year; and that gentleman declares it to be his belief that they exist to an extent little imagined, more particularly among the poorer classes of society."

AUSTRIA AND PRUSSIA.

The diplomatic comedy of a quarrel between the two powers still continues to be performed, and is even becoming more animated. An interchange of diplomatic missiles, as notes, declarations, and protests, is carried on between the two cabinets to a frightful extent, and to the greatest delight of those German patriots who believe in the earnestness of that quarrel. None but the performers themselves know when the opportune time for dropping the curtain will come, to show the world that it was really but a play, but a sham dispute, in order to throw dust in the eyes of the honest "Deutsche Michel" (the German John Bull).

A telegraphic despatch, dated Vienna, October 21, announces that the Government has forbidden all publication in the journals of the military movements now in progress in Austria.

The *Times* of Thursday, in a leading article on the present shuffle of "the great powers" says:—

"The Cabinet, which would not otherwise have assembled till the 6th of next month, met yesterday, at a very short notice, on a question of considerable urgency. The disgraceful conduct of Prussia in helping to protract the Schleswig-Holstein war, not only in spite of a treaty of peace with Denmark, but actually under cover of the treaty, and by means of it, has led to a very natural—we might almost say legitimate—consequence. The Governments of Russia and of France have jointly proposed to the Government of this country, that the three Powers shall peremptorily require Prussia to fulfil her recent engagement with Denmark, and withdraw the support she still continues to give to the Schleswig-Holstein army. In the event of Prussia hesitating to comply with this reasonable demand Russia and France are prepared to back it, not by an unprofitable march to the territory under dispute, but in a way more congenial to their tastes,—by an invasion of the Silesian provinces of Prussia on the one side, and the Rhenish on the other. In the first instance, however, they require the coöperation of England in the remonstrance with Prussia, without which they are not prepared to move at present. The answer of the British Government may, perhaps, be anticipated. It declines to join with Russia and France in such a note as we have described, but proposes that all three Powers shall separately remonstrate with Prussia on her present breach of faith with the Danish Government. Whether their triple remonstrances will be of more avail than all the rest of the diplomacy that has been lavished on this affair, is a question on which we will not venture to give an opinion."

HESSE-CASSEL.

We stated last week that the Elector, influenced by the Duke of Nassau, was about changing his policy; and indeed it would appear that he has already shown some symptoms of this change. Thus, it is affirmed, that he had expressed his dissatisfaction of Hassenpflug; the fact is, that he has written to the King of Prussia, putting into his hands the settlement of the affair. He was even inclined to form a new Cabinet, and for that purpose had summoned Mr. Elwers (a Constitutional list) to Wilhelmsbad; but the machinations of Austria, promising the Elector armed help, were so effectual that he rejected both Mr. Elwers' list of a new Ministry and his programme of a thorough change in the system of Government. The King of Prussia has despatched his premier, Count Brandenburg, to the Emperor of Russia, now in Warsaw, to procure, if possible, his entire neutrality, in case the dispute concerning Hesse-Cassel should become more serious than a mere exchange of insulting despatches.

DENMARK AND SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

There is again a pause in the hostilities, but the hostile parties are each effectively preparing for striking the next blow: the Danes in rendering all the positions their troops now occupy actual strongholds, and the Holsteiners in increasing their armed forces. Since the lieutenantancy of the duchies resolved to encrease the army, the rallying of men around the Holstein banner is immense. During the last three weeks the daily arrival of volunteers has far exceeded any previous reinforcement; and what

is still more important, the majority of those volunteers wear the Prussian uniform. On the 19th instant the Holstein army was already 6500 men stronger than it was at the battle of Idstedt. The infantry alone amounts to 33,000 men; and it is the Government's intention to encrease its number to 37,000. Their field artillery amounts to 88 pieces of ordnance. Contributions from Germany and other countries, in support of the Holstein cause, continue to arrive and to be announced. Eight hundred marks banco have been received from Caraccas, and £1600 from Manchester, of which the house of Souchay contributed £1200.

THE NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS.

In the absence of anything very exciting in the political world, the Parisians have lately been amusing themselves, after their wonted manner, with startling novelties. The most absurd exhibition during this week has been that of M. Poitevin, on Sunday afternoon. To the great delight of the public, he ascended in a car guiding an enormous balloon. To the car were attached at a considerable distance from it, by means of invisible irons, what he calls "spirits of the air," namely three half-clad ballet girls, glad to gain their bread by ascending, on a cold afternoon, into the higher regions of the air, at the imminent peril of their lives. M. Poitevin gives the following account of the affair:—

"We left the Hippodrome at half-past five o'clock, and soon found ourselves above the Champ de Mars, about 2000 yards in height. The cold became very sharp, and our three intrepid *filles de l'air*, whose courage did not fail a single instant, began to discover that their costumes, very pretty, but rather too aerial, were not precisely travelling dresses for such high regions, and they felt a strong desire to abdicate their divine *role*, and return to the car to change their dresses of lace and muslin for clothing much warmer—although *filles de l'air*, their teeth began to chatter. We put the mechanism, which is as simple as it is solid, in movement, and the travellers returned to the car, where they quickly exchanged their clothes. Our balloon had twice been in cold clouds, and we lost sight of the earth; but the wind brought us over Paris, and we passed over the Panthéon, the Jardin des Plantes, and the Fort of Villejuif. By this time the ladies had completed their *toilette*—a strange operation at such a height. The night having begun to approach, I effected my descent without the slightest shock."

Another favourite exhibition in Paris is the performance of a man called "*L'homme en caoutchouc*," or the Indian rubber man, who amuses mankind by proving that the human frame is capable of contortions which the monkey-kind would find it difficult to execute. This creature bends his back into such a perfect curve that, standing firm on his feet, he actually, by curving it, brings his face between his legs, whence for some time he quietly regards his gaping beholders.

MISS MARTINEAU'S GARDEN FARM.

We lately published a letter from Miss Martineau to the governor of the Guiltcross Workhouse, in which she gave a most interesting narrative of the result of a small attempt at farming, undertaken partly for economy, and partly with a view to show how a certain amount of labour waiting for employment can be best made available. This letter, and a second on the same subject, have just been published in a pamphlet form, under the title of "Two Letters on Cowkeeping." In a brief preface Miss Martineau says, "the attention excited by the appearance of the first of these letters in a newspaper has compelled its publication in a separate form, and the continuation of the subject in a second letter. At a time when events are directing many minds to the consideration of the value and proper uses of land, the experience of the humblest cultivator may be of service; and I am, therefore, not ashamed of putting into print the results of as small an experiment as can well be made." The letter, which we give entire, is full of valuable information to any one who wishes to try a similar experiment, or, indeed, to any person who has a small piece of land, and is anxious to make the most of it:—

AMBLESIDE, Oct. 5, 1850.

My dear Sir,—I promised to report progress when we had had experience of another season of our farming plan. I came home yesterday, after an absence of nearly three months; and I think I cannot do better than tell you precisely the state in which I find my farming affairs.

I related to you, last January, that we had in great measure maintained two cows, and supplied ourselves with vegetables for the table (except winter potatoes), from less than an acre and a quarter of ground. Of this ground, three quarters of an acre were grass; and grass and hay are such expensive food for cows, that I should not devote any ground for their growth, but for other considerations—such as the view from the windows. We ascertained, finally, that we maintained a cow and a half on our ground, and that the purchase of what was needful for the other half maintenance of one cow was made well worth while by her milk and manure, and by our having stall-room for her, and a pair of hands to wait

upon her. Still we felt that we should like to feed our two cows wholly at home; and Robert again and again hinted that he should like to take in half an acre from the next field. The good fellow said nothing, and, I am convinced, thought nothing about an increase of wages for this additional work; but I need not tell you that I thought of it. He is to have his cottage rent-free henceforth, in addition to his 12s. per week, for the year round.

We considered that another half-acre would set us at ease completely, and raise us above our close dependence on good seasons, and other accidents. The owner of the land could not sell it; but he has given me a ten years' lease of it; and there it is now, before my eyes, with six tons of cow food upon it, besides a goodly asparagus bed, some grass, and a portion where we mean to try a growth of lucerne.

The land was in bad condition—overgrown with obstinate weeds. A great slice of it is injured by the growth of a row of five ash trees; and it is impossible to drain it effectually, from there being no sufficient outlet; the proprietor of another field, which lies cornerwise between mine and the river, not thinking proper to drain his own, and thereby closing up mine. In consideration of these drawbacks, I have my half acre on the low rent (as it is considered here) of £1 15s. a-year. The fencing cost me scarcely anything, as I had nearly enough of the best kind of hurdles. I had only to get a gate and two more hurdles. I hired the strongest and best spadesman I could obtain; to whom I paid £2 10s. for digging the half of the new piece. Robert dug the other half. I may observe here that the men seemed to work alike—paring off the weedy sod, burying it deep and upside down, and digging heartily. But a few weeks afterwards it seemed as if a line had been drawn across the half acre—Robert's portion being almost as clean as at first, and the other man's greenish with weeds. So much for the quality of the labour!

I laid on four tons of well-rotted stable manure, and half a bag of guano; the two costing me £1 16s. The whole expense—the fencing, digging (which is a thing done with), manuring, and rent—is already repaid by the first season's produce. There can be no doubt of the next season paying the full proportion of Robert's wages, as there will be no hired spade-work, and little or no purchase of manure. Under the ash trees we grew vetches, as the soil was not deep or good enough for roots. Where the manure had stood to rot we got some very fine cabbages. There are now Swedes of four ages, Belgian carrots, and mangold-wurzel. I have just got Robert to weigh some of our produce—not picking out the very largest. It must be remembered, too, that the cabbages will go on growing another month, and the turnips and beet two months longer. The cabbages weigh 24lb. each; the turnips (scraped of roots and soil), 11lb.; and the beets and Belgian carrots, each 2½lb. I do not mention these weights as anything wonderful, but as giving you an idea of what our produce is like.

Another year, when the ground is mellowed and loosened, we confidently expect to raise ten tons of food on the new half-acre, in spite of the ash trees. We have now, as I said, at least six. In the hay-house is above a ton and a half of hay, cut early enough to be fragrant and fine, in preference to being heavier and of inferior quality. We cut our hay a month earlier than most of our neighbours. I think it was on the 20th of June. Well, on our other plots of ground we have at least two tons. On the whole, I should say, we shall have ten tons; and our cows consume eight in the winter, from crop to crop; so I consider that, if our roots keep well, we are provided till the spring. We have potatoes for six weeks after our autumn vegetables are done, and plenty of celery, cabbages, cauliflowers, &c. It really amuses me, on going round on my return home, to see the quantity of cabbages pricked out for an early spring crop. Wherever there is room for a cabbage to grow there one puts up its head. The seed-beds seem still full; and as fast as we clear a foot of ground there goes in a cabbage. We find your Norfolk seed the best for the early crop; and the heavy Scotch cabbage for what we here call "the back end of the year." A terrible and really extraordinary flood, which occurred last February, cut off our early crop of cabbages; and some of our neighbours have no belief that we can raise them in this climate. We mean to persevere in trying, however; and, if we fail again, we have food enough for next spring, so that our minds are easy.

This was our worst disaster since we began. Let us see what our other drawbacks have been. We have partly failed in our first great potato crop. The rot destroyed a few; but a greater mischief was done by our putting them between the rows of cabbages. The cabbages grew so much larger than we expected that they half-stifled the potatoes. We shall know better another year. We have only a six weeks' stock instead of a three months'. Then, both the calves this year are bull calves, and they will not sell; and it would not answer to us to fatten them. I find that cow calves are down to 17s., so that calves are not what they were. Again, we have not managed our fowls well. I

find them now all moulting at once; and I suppose they will all begin to lay at the same time. We must see about having a succession. It is difficult to get broods here. The cats and the hawks make terrible havoc; and we actually have not a chick this year, abundant as eggs have been. We have now a stout netting over the poultry yard, and have introduced some improvements, so that we hope our specimens of the pure Minorca breed may multiply. I think our list of misfortunes ends here.

The pasture is Robert's pet, and it is, to be sure, in fine condition. "Thinking in his bed," as he says, he devised a contrivance (at the cost of 4s. 6d.) by which the liquid manure barrel is made to shed its contents like a water cart; and the grass grows thick and rich, compared with last year, though Robert expects a good deal of improvement yet. He is now going to try his hand upon a wheat crop, on a plot which has grown roots for two years. We may as well try, now we have a little more space to turn ourselves in. The bran and straw will be very useful, and we shall see what we can make of the grain. If we succeed, I suppose we shall grow nearly a quarter of an acre of grain yearly, turn and turn about. You see that, exclusive of the patch of pasture, we are now feeding our cows, and supplying our own vegetables, from less than an acre of land.

I find the cows now yielding more than their average—twenty-five quarts daily. As we are now keeping two pigs at a time, and as milk is more abundant in the neighbourhood than it was when we began, I believe we shall henceforth make a greater point of the butter, and less of the milk. We shall skim more closely, and give the milk to the pigs, instead of selling skim milk, which is as good as what I used to buy for new. I hear a good character of cocoa-nut-fibre mats for the cows to lie upon, and I think of trying it. It is difficult to manage the litter of cattle that have been brought up to roam the fells, and eat whatever they see. We have tried a variety of litter, but they ate everything—even brackens (fern)—till, last autumn, Robert bethought himself of giving them a bed of dry leaves. Those they did not eat. And now they may soon try again. As yet, however, scarcely a leaf has changed on the trees: so late are the seasons here! I find our two pigs growing fat. The meal they are having is the only article, except a few grains for the fowls, we have had to buy, since our crops began to ripen. They cost 15s. 6d. each; and will sell, when fatted, for (I suppose, in these times of cheap meat) about £2 14s. each; that is, they will weigh about twelve stone (for we do not make them excessively fat), at 4s. 6d. a stone. Not that I mean to sell the whole. Five quarters are bespoken, and I shall keep the other three for ourselves. I believe they will have really cost me nothing. Robert wishes for a quarter, as he did in the spring. His wife cures it admirably; and they can always sell the ham, and enjoy the bacon. I really wish you could see how these good people, whom you put in the way of this new life, enjoy everything. I find them now so well and merry, that it is delightful to see them. Robert has been sending money to his old father—a large sum for a working man. His wife has had abundant employment in taking in washing all the summer. When I came home to breakfast this morning, I saw something flying along behind the trees; it was Robert, with two monstrous cabbages in his great barrow, full of joy at their weight. I must tell you that, since the publication of my first letter to you (by some means unknown to me, but not at all to my regret) there have been large numbers of persons, many from distant counties, to see my ground, and the man who tills it. Early and late they have come; and they have said enough to turn a vain man's head. All this has happened since I left home. I find Robert not only unspoiled, but not at all occupied with his fame, but wholly engrossed by his pursuit. He listens as earnestly as ever to any suggestion about our shortcomings, and about any methods of improvement. He was very clever when he came; he is much cleverer now. He could not possibly be more industrious; but he is in stronger health, and in glorious spirits. His pretty porch is grown over with roses; and there are climbing plants about his walls, and balsams and geraniums in his window. You may be satisfied that all is right with them; and a great satisfaction I know it will be to you.

I think this is all I have to say at the close of our second season. Believe me, dear Sir, truly yours,
HARRIET MARTINEAU.

REPRODUCTIVE EMPLOYMENT IN WORK-HOUSES.

Notwithstanding all the opposition made to it by indolent poor-law guardians and one-ideaed political economists, this question continues to be discussed in many parts of Ireland. Those who are in favour of organized industry in opposition to anarchical, demoralizing idleness, have been furnished with a strong argument in favour of their views by what has recently taken place in the Kilkenny Union:—

"Nine or ten months ago," says the *Kilkenny Journal*, "the question of taking land was mooted in the board-room, and Mr. John Power (who was then for Kilkenny

Union the Danesfort guardian), Mr. Thomas Wright (Foulksrath), and Mr. Richard Kelly (of Ballysalla) were appointed a committee to report on the question. These gentlemen promptly set to work and made a report accordingly, recommending in the strongest terms the taking of some land for the employment of the paupers. At this time, however, nothing was done, for a difficulty was felt in obtaining land sufficiently near the workhouse and suitable in other respects, as to make it a desirable take for the guardians. Several offers were made, but the landlords demanded rents so monstrously exorbitant, that their offers were scouted at the boardroom table. No less than £3 and £4 an acre was looked for. Mr. Blanchfield, Mr. Bookey, justice of the peace, and we believe other guardians, happened to see a number of male paupers 'sunning themselves' in the middle of the day, as the gentlemen afterwards expressed themselves in a report, adding, that some of the paupers with whom they remonstrated, said they 'were not bound' to work; and the report in question revived the subject in the board-room, the issue of which was that Mr. Blanchfield gave a notice of motion, as a preparatory step to the taking of land for the purposes of employment. Mr. Blanchfield on the proper day brought forward the motion, and forcibly commented on the condition of idleness, worthlessness, and abandonment to which young male paupers were given up under the then regime; and in order to teach them how to become good farm servants and to enable them to earn their own bread at honourable employment, he said he was prepared, as a guardian, to encounter some loss in the management of such an undertaking (which however he did not anticipate), rather than see boys grow up in a lamentable state of helpless poverty. Mr. Bookey, justice of the peace, fully bore out Mr. Blanchfield, and the board willingly adopted the proposal submitted to them. The difficulty of getting land again beset them—suitable land, not land generally, of which there was abundance in the market; but contiguity to the workhouse, a fair rent, and other considerations pressed upon them. They were at last forced to accept a dear lot (of Sir W. Cuffe's), but better they could not get. It was hard, dry, overgrown, and the season was late. Time and soil were against the labours of the husbandmen, and circumstances were against the guardians. Yet, how did willing hands make light work? Mr. Blanchfield tells this at the last meeting of the guardians. His expectations were not great; he did not look for a crop this season, owing to the period at which the land was taken and its condition; yet he tells us that there is a fine crop of turnips—Swedes and Aberdeens—on it, together with that most useful dish of the dinner table, cabbages. And this is not all. Mr. Blanchfield says 'not a weed is to be seen;' and with the general mode of farming adopted, and the work executed, he—a practical judge, as Sir Wheeler Cuffe gracefully complimented him on being—is highly delighted."

A VISIT TO THE SHAKERS.

New York, August 10, 1850.

Tired of sweltering at a laborious trade amidst this immense pile of hot bricks, with the thermometer for several days in succession at 95 deg. in the shade, I made arrangements to spend a few holidays in the country. Stepping on board one of the Hudson river steamboats at six p.m. we started for Albany, a distance of 160 miles, which we reached next morning early. About eight o'clock I commenced my excursion to the Shakers, on foot. The village is in the township of Watervliet distant from Albany about six miles. For a city so large as Albany, and the capital of a large and flourishing state, there are very few country seats in the vicinity. Ere I had travelled a mile from the state-house, I was in a country settled by small farmers.

The ground is higher as we advance from the river, and I walked leisurely up hill, when a young man in a farmer's wagon overtook me, and kindly enquired if I wanted to ride. I accepted his offer, and we entered into conversation. He said the land around there was pretty good, if well taken care of; that cultivated farms were worth about 100 dollars an acre, but that plenty of land could be had for twenty and thirty dollars an acre.

Funeral ceremonies were being observed in Albany that day, in honour of the late President; and the young farmer, in adverting to the circumstances, appeared sincerely to lament the death of General Taylor. "I am a Democrat," he said, "but I did not care about differing on politics with such a man. I believe he intended to do good. He was honest, and it is just such men we want." On my enquiring what character the Shakers received in the country around them, he promptly replied, "None better—they are an upright industrious people."

About three miles and a half from Albany the farmer reached his destination, and I pursued my way on foot. I had reached the highest elevation on the Shaker road, and I had now a good view of the surrounding country. It is only partially cultivated, large tracts are not yet reclaimed. The soil is loose, light, and sandy; great quantities of scrub trees and brushwood cover the ground; no villages, that of the Shakers being hid by a strip of timber land. No signs of commerce, and the farm-houses widely separated. So near the capital of a state in New England thriving villages would be linked together, and the busy population engaged in manufacturing some Yankee notion. In Old England would be seen the country seat of the merchant, and the pleasure-grounds and substantial buildings of the landlords. In this neighbourhood there has been a drawback. A large

portion has always, since its first colonization, been owned by one proprietor, and the American people never were fond of paying rent; consequently, they moved further back on freer and richer soil. However, within these last three years, the patroon, as he is called, has departed from his usual policy of renting, and is now selling the land. Several allotments of twenty, thirty, or forty acres each have been sold along the Shaker road, and houses were in process of erection as I passed.

As I approached within a short distance of the village, the road led through a tract of wood of tall sycamores, ash, and a few stunted spruce. The scenery had a still gloomy aspect, from which I was speedily relieved by the appearance of the lively-looking buildings, green fields, and neat gardens of the Shakers.

As I emerged from the gloomy wood, and saw, on a sudden, in full view, the smiling garden—fruit trees and waving corn arrayed in all their summer beauty—a feeling of indescribable quietness came over me. I thought the visions of Cobden, Bright, Burritt, and Co. were actually realized—that peace at last swayed the councils of men. The very birds appeared to have more harmony in their tuneful voices; less shy of man, and more at home around his dwellings.

The quiet demeanour of the labourers, with their sombre but contented looks, was in strong contrast with the uneasy selfish bearing of the gold-worshippers in the city.

This is the oldest Shaker settlement in the country. There are, in fact, four separate villages or families, the buildings of each family being about a quarter of a mile or a little more apart. An elder superintends the affairs of each family, but they are all closely united, having one church and one office for the transaction of business with the world. Each family has, on an average, about one hundred members, the greatest portion of which are engaged in agriculture, although a few articles are manufactured for sale. They have become famous for their plants and seeds. They all work, men, women, and children, and likewise the elders; there are no drones in a Shaker village; they do not overstrain themselves, although the hours of labour are long, a steady constant medium appears to be the rule. They say that every one does as much as he or she is able. In talking with an old hale man of 75 years of age about some children, he remarked, "They go to school, and learn to work too, and, oh! how many there are in this world that do not know how to work."

The dwelling-houses, workshops, barns, and other buildings are separate, and at convenient distances, with a large square in the centre. This square is a smooth clean lawn, with flags or planks laid down for a pathway to each house. I crossed one of these pathways, and I knocked at the front door of one of the houses; an old man in passing bade me open it, and I entered the workshop of the shoemaker of the family. It was a large well-ventilated room. The artizan was absent, and his tools were arranged in their respective places with great neatness and convenience. Order and cleanliness were the presiding deities. A newspaper, the *New York Daily Tribune*, lay on the bench. In the course of the day I visited the schoolhouse for girls. There were fourteen scholars, varying from eight to fifteen years of age. Arithmetic, grammar, and geography were some of the branches taught. The house was pleasantly situated, the schoolroom large and comfortable, and the whole arrangement and the ability displayed in teaching superior to most common schools in the state.

It was in this village that Mother Ann Lee and her disciples settled in the same year that the united colonies declared their independence. There is an historical fact of these singular people which tourists have overlooked, but which I apprehend is of great importance. Their society was not established at first upon the principle of communism. It was experience convinced them that harmony and individualism is incompatible. The ruling idea of Ann Lee's singular fanaticism was, that in order to subdue all the evil passions of human nature, strict celibacy is necessary; but in order to do this faith is our only law. If any one choose to follow the world, let them dwell with the world. To live without sin was the aim of the society, and it was thought necessary to abjure marriage, or, if already married, not to live after the flesh. It was found that there was another source of evil, that there could be no peace, love, and harmony, as long as the motive to accumulate private property existed. To purchase at the lowest market and sell again at the highest, each one for their own individual benefit, would soon destroy all their aspirations for leading a sinless life. So they, like the Primitive Christians, threw all into a common stock, and discord, poverty, and dishonesty were rooted out. This is the reason of their success, and not, as it has been alleged, their religious dogmas. Everything commendable in their society can be traced to the influence of communism. Their unequalled cleanliness in all their arrangements, the management of their lands, the order and regularity that reigns supreme in all their efforts, is all the effects of communism. The absence of lying, theft,

drunkenness, murder, and all the crimes that men commit against property, are unknown among eight or ten thousand people, where all labour, and where all enjoy the fruits of their labour. Practical Socialism is with them not only a theory, but a fixed fact; established beyond dispute by the experience of half a century.

As I left the village next morning I could not help thinking how truth is to be found in such strange places. How few of the great men, teachers of mankind, statesmen, and preachers, have ever worked out an important social truth. Away in the wilderness a few reviled and persecuted fanatics slowly but surely, by the test of experience, solved the great question of labour, while the favoured and recognized great intellects of humanity were vainly seeking after a theory.

DUGALD FERGUSON.

THE PRESENT STATE OF THINGS IN UNHAPPY POLAND.

The following letter on the present state of affairs in Poland is from a Correspondent in that unhappy kingdom:—

Rejoice! rejoice, all of ye! the Tsar is coming! all his family are coming! Happy Warsaw, rejoice! Your houses will be rich in the acquisition of a new external coating; your streets will be benefitted by an extraordinary sweeping; your barracks will boast of a new yellow coating; your windows will be resplendent with tallow candles; a balloon will ascend to divert the grown-up children; a new ballet will be displayed to the Muscovites; all the bells of the Russian churches will be exultingly rung, and the soldiers will be drilled to death; women of questionable character and Russian ladies will be bedecked and bespangled to witness the fireworks in Lazienki,* and Muscovite officials and officers will run about the streets with the confusion of mad people. What a condescension in the Tsar to deign to visit us! What animation, what excitement, and what talk and hopes will necessarily precede his happy arrival!...

"Favours! great favours will be granted!" loudly exclaim some, whilst others only whisper, "A general amnesty for the exiles! Your brothers will return from Siberia and the Caucasus, and God knows whether he may not intend even to resuscitate those who were tortured to death! The prisoners from the citadel, from the fortresses of Modlin and Zamosi, and from goodness knows where, will all be released! Only have patience! for the jubilee of Prince Paskiewich's military service is approaching, and it is rumoured that he will have for three days unlimited power; and, moreover, the Tsar himself will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his reign. If petitions are now refused, it will be merely that they may afterwards severally receive a favourable answer."

Such are the rumours industriously spread about by the spies, and simpletons (whom experience teaches nothing) reëcho them.

We would cheerfully give credit to the above rumours, and most willingly revoke any opinion we may have given utterance to, if they would only honestly explain to us, why so many arrests and persecutions precede each visit of the tsar's? Why upon this visit fresh victims are daily brought into the citadel? Why they keep the prisoners for years without subjecting them to a trial? Why they incarcerate innocent people who know nothing of what's going on in the world? We shudder when we think of their fate, for when once the Inquisitorial Commission begins its horrid work, torturing them with diabolical questions,—distorting their replies,—reading to them forged protocols,—threatening them, not with death (for death would be a happy release from the atrocious sufferings), but with the ruin of their families, acquaintances, and friends;—preventing them from sleeping,—torturing them with starvation, or compelling them to live, day after day, for months, upon a salt (Dutch) herring, without bread, without one single drop of water to moisten their parched lips; the poor sufferers are reduced to a state of epilepsy, or driven into insanity; and being, moreover, exposed to hear by day and by night nothing but such language as, "Now, scoundrel, confess! Peter has deposed against you this, Paul that!" Verily, were they made of iron, they could not long endure such refined and continuous torture, without their whole organization being reduced to such a state that they at last confess anything their tormentors wish; and then they learn with delight their condemnation to be transported to Siberia, to the Caucasus as soldiers, to be thrown for life into the mines, or to be strangled by the fatal rope; for they then are *but* killed, not tortured, their conscience no longer tried by hunger, outrage, and flagellation. In Siberia, in the Caucasus, and the mines, they at least will find neither Leichte, Jollshyn, nor any other of the inquisitorial gang. They there die the death of a martyr, without dragging other victims after them.

* The name of a place near Warsaw, in which a royal summer palace exists, and where the Tsar will stay during his visit.

We have, by the grace of his Tsarian majesty, a citadel erected with the money of the people of Warsaw; by his grace we likewise have a road to Siberia, we have besides casemates, mines, the knout, the rope, and the scaffold. What other favours can he graciously bestow upon us? Or what more can he in his mercy deprive us of? We are as naked as Christ on his cross; they have divided our garments amongst themselves; they have scourged and crucified us; nothing is left us save the spirit and precepts of the Redeemer; and of these the Tsar cannot rob us, for they are divine, and therefore cannot belong to Cæsar. And we, are we to believe in the favours that are to be poured upon us? Trust to promises? when every day, every moment proves we cannot, we ought not.

Oh no! no! we have had enough of such favours! more than enough!

If our groanings, the sighs of our brethren in prison, exile, and banishment could fuse themselves in one single sound, in one prayer, in one sorrow, the very bowels of the earth would melt into tears. If our tears, the blood we have shed, could unite in one stream, humanity would then have an immense historical river, every drop of which would be the relic of a martyr! And if all our anguish, all our pangs, fears, disquietude, doubts, and despair could be embraced by the human mind, we should have on earth the idea of the tortures of hell.

Day after day, night after night, do policemen and gendarmes rudely penetrate into the houses of the peaceful inhabitants, and drag from the bosom of their families all that is held sacred. They seize upon quiet and pious clergymen for having promoted amongst their flocks the love of God and of their fellow-men. They carry off women for having assisted their unfortunate brethren, and all are dragged into the dark casemates of the citadel. He who unhappily falls into their hands is dead to his family, to the world! The father loses all claim to his son, the mother to her daughter, the sister to her brother. As long as he remains in prison he can be seen by no one; when they carry the poor victim to Siberia it is always by stealth in the dead of night, in order to prevent his family from providing him with the necessaries for his long journey; a journey from which he never returns; if he be tortured to death, the mother has not even the poor consolation of claiming the corpse of her child, for it might bear some traces of the hangman's inflictions, and such traces would speak to the living, and would hasten the hour of retaliation. The corpse is, therefore, safer buried in the citadel, covered over with lime.

Thus died and were buried Walter, Mikhalovski, Petlinski. The corpse of Adolphus Chrzanowski was the only one which was given up to his parents. How many others remain in their premature graves of lime the world is ignorant, and will for ever be so.

The history of the last twenty years will be the most extraordinary one;—its title should be "*The martyrology of the Polish nation*," for no other title would be so appropriate. It will be under the gallows, in the mines, in the inquisitorial protocols, and dark prisons, that the required materials for its compilation will be collected. Not one man only will contribute to it, but the whole nation, which will yield it to the succeeding generations, to deposit it in the holy ark of the allied Peoples, for the eternal glory of the martyr-nation.

We have very often had the opportunity of hearing people, who are in certain circles deemed very conscientious, uttering the following words:—"there are abuses, certainly, but there is not the least doubt that the Tsar is unaware of them; if he know all that is going on, his supreme will would put an end to the evil," and so forth. But let me ask, if it be true that he is ignorant of those abuses, why does he shut his eyes when those abuses are brought before him? Why, in the most vital questions of the country, in our agonizing pangs, he refers us to his lieutenant, and the later to Jollshyn, and Jollshyn in his turn to a subaltern spy?

Address a petition to the Tsar, soliciting the liberation of an incarcerated brother, husband, or father, he sends you to the prince lieutenant; and if you forward a petition to the latter he will direct you to Jollshyn, and that omnipotent Lord will answer you, "*That is not allowed*," and from such a decree there is no other appeal but to God himself.

When will all those trials, all those imprisonments come to an end? is a question the people anxiously ask each other. When will they dissolve the inquisitorial commission, that curse upon earth, that diabolical tribunal? And the members of that commission insolently reply:—"What should we do if the inquisitorial commission were to be dissolved? What a number of people would not such a measure deprive of support? Conspiracies, therefore, must exist, else the commission would die!" Hence, people are indiscriminately seized, and thrust into the casemates of the citadel; one for having read a forbidden book, another because he went abroad without a passport; such a one because, relying upon an amnesty given to him, he returned to his country;

another for having given a couple of florins to a poor man, and this pretended poor man was a spy; another because he was acquainted with an individual who was acquainted with a prisoner in the citadel. The merchant Czaban, for instance, was incarcerated, because, in his shopkeeping greediness, he sold hollow sticks to foolish youngsters playing the character of conspirators, who paid well for them; for which he still groans in the fortress of Zamosi. Such are the cases which the inquisitorial commission gathers to get up formidable conspiracies; and the said commission furthermore expertly discovers an attempt against the life of the Tsar and the whole of his family; and, what is still more absurd, against that of Paskiewich; as if such an act required conspiracy,—as if it could not be accomplished by the will of one single man.

There is in this sanguinary drama somewhat of the ridiculous: in the conviction of Paskiewich, all those who are prisoners in the citadel are incarcerated for having plotted against his life. Had that really been the case, he would have been killed long ago, whilst he continues to live undisturbedly and to commit every imaginable kind of arbitrariness.

In short, there are and will always be conspiracies; for, otherwise, the inquisitorial commission would die from inanition, and because Siberia must be peopled, and the Caucasian army provided with soldiers. And what remedy, we ask, can there be for such a dreadful state of things?

"We must submit to our fate," say some. "Such is the Divine will," add others. "It was and always will be so in this world!"

Blasphemy! Blasphemy!

The greater the suffering, the nearer the crisis; the greater the weariness, the nearer the rest; the more sanguinary the contest, the more certain the triumph! All the members equally suffer! The whole body is in agony! The present existence is approaching its end. Such a life cannot last: there is neither the strength nor the wish for its continuance,—nothing but despair remains!

OUR OPPRESSIVE PATENT LAWS.

A public meeting of the members of the Inventors' Patent Law Reform League, formed for the purpose of diminishing the expense and increasing the security of British patents, and thus enabling the inventors with greater safety to expose their productions at the great Exhibition of 1851, was held at Anderton's Hotel, Fleet-street, on Tuesday evening, in order to explain the objects of the association and adopt an address to her most gracious Majesty, for the purpose of obtaining protection for inventions.

A report from the Committee of the Patent Law Reform League was read, which stated that the present Patent laws exact the large sum of £400 before it will acknowledge an inventor's property for the United Kingdom, in his own invention, whereby all inventors who are not rich men, are debarred of their rights; and should they haply obtain them by the assistance of others, no thanks are due to the law of patents. As we are approaching a period when the inventive genius of the world will throng the metropolis, and when the British inventor must prepare to meet his brother inventor of the Continent in friendly competition, it becomes necessary to enquire into the present state of the law as regards inventions. In many instances the inventor will be prevented from using his best exertions, as he cannot pay the large sum required to secure his invention, and, without this, notwithstanding the recent Provisional Registration Designs Act, he can have no efficient protection. In nearly all cases the most important inventions have been produced by poor men who, from want of capital to obtain a patent for their inventions, have been robbed of a fair return for their labours, it being only the large capitalist who can obtain patents; and where they take up the inventions of poor men they also take the largest share of the profits.

Several speeches were made setting forth the hardships under which poor inventors labour, and the facilities for piracy under the present laws; and also that the law passed in the last session only protects designs, and not inventions. A series of resolutions were carried to the effect that the great event of the exhibition of the industry and inventive talent of all nations has prominently exposed the defects of the patent laws and the non-fulfilment, on the part of the commissioners, of the promised protection of original inventions, and renders it expedient for those who are thereby prevented from exhibiting to enforce, by all legal and available means, the institution of reasonable patent laws, which would secure a permanent industrial benefit to society at large. That the meeting viewed with great anxiety the probable inefficiency of the approaching exhibition, in consequence of the enormous amounts charged for patents in the United Kingdom, by which great numbers of real inventors will be debarred from exhibiting their productions, and therefore the exhibition will not be a fair representation of the inventive genius and manufacturing skill of this and other nations.

It was suggested that it would be highly beneficial to the British and foreign inventors, and society at

large, if international arrangements could be entered into, to assure protection to inventors in all countries for inventions approved by the authorities of the great exhibition. It was also resolved that the previous proceedings of the Inventors' Patent Law Reform League should be approved, and a petition, founded on the resolutions, presented to her Majesty through the Secretary of State for the Home Department.

PREVENTION OF MENDICANCY AND DESTITUTION.

A numerous meeting of the committee of the Leicester-square Soup Kitchen and Hospice, was held on Tuesday, the Duke of Cambridge in the chair, to consider the outlines of a plan on an enlarged scale for the prevention of destitution and mendicancy in the metropolis. The object which the committee has in view is, we understand, to afford good shelter and the means of employment to all the deserving and destitute poor in the metropolis, whose necessities during the winter months have never hitherto been adequately relieved, and whose sufferings are for the most part concealed from the notice of those whose humanity would otherwise gladly succour them. The plan proposed by the committee embraces—a soup kitchen for the supply of food, an asylum to provide shelter, a system of free registration to obtain employment, and lavatories for the promotion of cleanliness. They propose to form one hundred of these establishments in various parts of the metropolis, to which the wandering and houseless poor shall at all times have gratuitous access. The institutions are to be under the Government of the resident clergy and two committees, to be composed of persons of either sex, belonging to the various grades of society. It is hoped that, by constituting the committees in this manner, a correct knowledge may be obtained of the condition and representations of the applicants for relief. One of the principal objects of the hospice will be to grant relief to unfortunate persons discharged from prison by relieving their primary necessities, and thus preventing them from again committing crime. It is also proposed to solicit contributions of food for the supply of the kitchens, in order that the appeals to the public for pecuniary aid may be as few as possible. The outlines of this plan were discussed at considerable length, and his royal highness expressed the gratification he felt at assisting in the development of an undertaking which had long occupied his anxious consideration. The reverend gentlemen present also expressed their cordial approval of the project, and offered to advocate its claims in their respective churches. It was also resolved to apply to the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor for the use of the Egyptian Hall, at the Mansion-house, where it is intended to hold a public meeting, in order that the details of the plan may be fully explained.

OPENING OF THE BRITANNIA BRIDGE.

The permanent public opening of the new line of tubes for the down line from London to Dublin took place on Monday morning; the great structure being now in all respects made complete. On Saturday Captain Simmons, the Government inspector, went over it early in the morning, and instituted, in conjunction with the engineers, a long series of experiments. The first and principal experiment consisted in passing two locomotive engines through the tube, and resting them at intervals in the centre of the sections. At nine o'clock a train of twenty-eight wagons and two locomotives with 280 tons of coal was drawn into all four of the tubes, the deflections being carefully noted. These deflections in every case, by means of a nice apparatus for the purpose, were ascertained to be exactly three-fourths of an inch under this load, over the immense mass and area of iron. After an interesting rehearsal of these experimental ordeals, which occupied several hours, the train of 280 tons, with its two locomotives, was taken out about a mile distant from the tube, and then suddenly shot through it with the greatest attainable rapidity, and the result was very interesting as determining a much discussed question, it being found that the deflection at this immense velocity of load was sensibly less in the way of undulation or collapse than when the load was allowed to remain at rest in the tube. Messrs. E. and L. Clark, the resident engineers, who have watched minutely, from day to day, all the developed peculiarities of the novel undertaking, state that the heaviest gales through the straits do not produce so much motion over the extent of either tube as the pressure against the side of the tubes of ten men, and that the pressure of ten men, keeping time with the vibrations, produces an oscillation of 1½ inch, the tube itself making sixty-seven double vibrations per minute. The strongest gusts of wind that have swept up the Channel during the late stormy weather do not cause a vibration of more than a quarter of an inch. The broadside of a storm causes an oscillation of less than an inch; but, when the two tubes are braced together by frames, which is now being done, these motions will be almost annihilated, and all apprehension from wind or weather, from their being siamesed together, will cease. They

calculate that a violent storm exerts a force of about twenty pounds on every square foot of tube exposed to its direct action; and, taking the side surface of the tube at about 13,400 square feet, the greatest strain caused would be about half a ton per square inch, or hardly worth notice.

BURGLARIES AND ROBBERIES OF THE WEEK.

Notwithstanding the successful resistance made by the inmates of Mr. Holford's house, in Regent's-park, last week, which ought to have caused a salutary fear among burglars generally, we have an unusual number of burglarious attempts to record this week, some of which have been of a very daring nature. The most successful one was that which took place in the Strand on Monday night:—

The house in which the robbery was committed is on the left side of the Craven Hotel, Strand, directly facing the Golden Cross coach-yard; and the shop from which the valuable property has been abstracted belongs to Messrs. Clapham and Williams, silversmiths and jewellers, one of the oldest established houses in the Strand. The hour at which the robbers must have entered is supposed to be about three o'clock, but how an entry was effected there is not the slightest circumstance to show. The property stolen is said to be worth from £2000 to £3000, and consisted of diamonds of great value and other precious stones, which were not set; also a great number of rings and watches. There is not the shadow of a doubt but that plate was the object which the burglars had in view, as Messrs. Williams and Clapham are celebrated for their massive plate services; but fortunately in this they were doomed to be disappointed, as the greatest portion has been removed from the front shop into an inner shop, and there safely encased in a plate chest. As far as the robberies are known it is stated that the whole of the plunder might be placed in a man's pocket. The robbery was first discovered on Tuesday morning, about seven o'clock, when the shopman came as usual. To his astonishment the right door was ajar, slightly fixed, and, on pushing it open, he discovered that the carpet and chairs had evidently been moved from the position in which he had left them the previous evening, about ten o'clock. He immediately raised an alarm, and, calling for the constable on the beat, they instituted a search, but the robbers had of course fled before daylight appeared. Information was at once given at Whitehall, and also at Bow-street, and from the latter place Inspector Dodd immediately hastened to the spot. He made all the necessary enquiries, and then despatched Sergeants Thompson and West to take charge of the affair. Inspectors Lund and Shaw, the two detective officers, also made an examination of the premises, and already have they attached suspicion to two parties.

Several of the watches have been discovered under circumstances of a most extraordinary nature, which at present it would be unwise to make public. Since the robbery, the Commissioners of Police have issued a number of handbills, guarding housekeepers against leaving their street doors open, and also to be on their guard when strangers are waiting in their passages. Extra iron-bound shutters are being fixed at many of the silversmiths' in the Strand.

William Dyson, one of the burglars who made an attempt upon the house of Mr. Holford, last week, was brought up for examination at Marylebone on Monday. When placed at the bar he seemed very low-spirited, and much more dejected than he did upon the first examination. Inspector Lanpreys remarked that, from certain circumstances which had already transpired, arising out of the activity and judicious management of the officers employed in the case, the Commissioners of Police were desirous of having a remand. They had no doubt that others connected with the party would be in custody in a few days. One of them had been severely wounded, and he must have obtained the assistance of a medical man. The magistrates had some conversation with Mr. Paul and Lockerby in an under tone, and from what transpired it was deemed necessary for the ends of justice, without going any more into the matter at present, to remand the prisoner till Monday next. Dyson was then removed from the bar, and, on the arrival of the Government van, he was conveyed therein to the House of Detention. It has been ascertained that for some time he kept a low lodging-house, the resort of thieves and the lowest description of women; and that he was also connected with a gang tried about two years ago for the murder of Mr. Bellchambers in Westminster.

An attempt was made on Monday afternoon, towards dusk, to seize the cash-box of a member of the Stock Exchange, as his clerk was conveying it, after the business of the day was over, from his office in Broad-street to his bankers in Lombard-street. Fortunately for the owner, this desperate outrage was less successful in its object than have been some others of a like description that have before occurred, the clerk having been sufficiently on his guard to retain his hold of the cash-box and prevent the intended robbery from taking effect.

Application was made in chambers on Monday before the Lord Chief Justice Jervis, to admit Serrill to bail. Mr. Bodkin, instructed by Mr. C. Lewis, said that he had bail present in the persons of four highly-respectable inhabitants of the city of London, and urged his lordship to take bail. The Lord Chief Justice said that he would take bail; the prisoner to enter into his own recognizances of £2000, and four sureties of £1000 each, but the prisoner must be brought up and notice given to the prosecutors, to afford them an opportunity of objecting.

An unsuccessful attempt at housebreaking was made on Saturday, and repeated on Sunday night, upon a grocer's shop in Nook-street, Workington.—Early on Wednesday morning last an attempt at robbery was perpetrated upon the shop of Mr. Walker, jeweller, Bridge-street, the most

public thoroughfare of the town of Workington. The party engaged in this attempt had effected an opening through one of the shutters by means of an auger, which had been worked in various places until the entire width was removed, the sheet iron with which the shutter was strengthened wrenched, and two squares of glass broken, whereby a sufficient gap was cleared for him to enter and make a selection from Mr. Walker's valuable stock. This must have occupied considerable time, and, during the stillness of night, have occasioned no little noise. Nothing, however, was missing, from which it is conjectured that the robber had been alarmed and had abandoned his object.

A daring burglary was effected on Monday night, at the rectory house at Pertenhall, near Kimbolton, occupied by the Reverend W. Mudge, which was accomplished by breaking a pane of glass in the larder window, by which they obtained an entrance. The tool-house in the garden had previously been searched for implements to be made use of in the house, and a hammer and an iron peg were brought in and left there, as well as some matches and a piece of stout rope. The thieves appear to have accomplished their object undisturbed, and succeeded in carrying away a considerable quantity of plate, a box containing contributions to the Church Missionary Society, and full of silver and pence. They also took a loaf of bread, a quantity of cold meat, and four or five bottles of wine, with which to refresh themselves after the fatigue they had undergone. One of the rascals also purloined the gardener's coat, which was valued at £2.

An extensive robbery took place last Sunday night at the premises of Mr. Travell, pawnbroker and silversmith, Long-row, Nottingham. The thieves effected an entrance through the back of the premises; the pavement leading to the back-yard was taken up, so as to admit the body of a man; and after the robbers had arrived in the back yard, with the use of "jemmies" and crowbars, the door leading to the shop was forced open. The value of the stolen property amounts to several hundred pounds.

The house of Miss Dumbleton, a lady of fortune, residing at Northampton, was burglariously entered at two o'clock on Sunday morning last. Access was obtained through the kitchen window, at the back of the premises. After ransacking the lower rooms, the burglar, disguising himself by putting on a coat and hat which he found in the hall, proceeded up stairs, and entered the bedroom of Mr. William Davis, a young gentleman, who, with his sister was staying in the house. Mr. Davis, suddenly aroused from sleep, and observing a fellow at his bedside, demanded what business he had there, at the same time endeavouring to free himself from the clothes. On perceiving this, the villain held up a currier's knife, and swore if he did not lie still he would soon quiet him. In a moment Mr. Davis sprang from the bed, rushed upon the scoundrel, and by a sudden effort succeeded in getting hold of the knife. A desperate struggle ensued, when Mr. Davis threw the fellow on the floor, and fell heavily upon him. The noise alarmed the ladies, who opened the windows and called for the police. In a short time several came to the spot, but could not be let into the house, as the fellow had put all the keys in his pocket. Eventually they entered by the window forced by the burglar, and took him into custody, Mr. Davis having pinned him to the ground until their arrival.

Marshall and Heeley, two of the men apprehended on the charge of having been concerned in the burglary and attempt to murder at Birmingham, have been committed to take their trial at the next assizes.

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES IN AMERICA.

By the steam-ship Atlantic, which arrived at Liverpool, on Thursday, we have intelligence from New York to the 12th instant. Great excitement continues to prevail relative to the operation of the Fugitive Slave Bill. The papers are filled with notices of crimes and accidents:—

At Detroit, a reclaimed and fugitive slave was guarded from rescue by the military. At New Bedford a large meeting of citizens was held in opposition to the slave law, which, it was decided "as it suspended the Habeas Corpus, is unconstitutional." Hundreds have left Boston, New York, and Albany—and letters from Canada notice the arrival of hundreds of fugitives at Toronto, Montreal, and other cities. At Lawrenceville, South Carolina, Mrs. Miram was murdered by one of her negro women, and much disaffection is said to exist among the coloured population of the most northern of the slave states. The condition of things in the lower part of Philadelphia is truly dreadful. There were eight cases of incendiarism within a week. In one instance seventeen houses were burned; in another twelve were partially destroyed; and several ruffians who had robbed the house of a widow that was in flames were seen openly dividing their spoil in the streets, by the light of the conflagration! In one riot a man named Sipple was murdered; in another, Sunday morning was desecrated by a battle between two gangs of rowdies, in which pistols and muskets were used, and seven or eight men wounded, two, it is believed, mortally. On Saturday evening, in a crowded street, Mr. Ringold was stopped by four desperadoes, and a pistol put to his head, while he was robbed of a gold watch and chain. Soon after there was a second highway robbery. At one of the fights between two gangs of rioters there were 5000 people looking on at a distance, but not a man interfered to prevent bloodshed! Indeed arson, robbery, and murder are now so common in the suburb called Moyamensing and its vicinity, that these crimes have long ceased to attract attention or to excite horror.

The Manchester Bank, Fremont, was entered lately, and robbed of 5000 dollars in gold. At Samson, North Carolina, Mr. W. G. Alford was shot by an assassin from behind a hedge. Murderer unknown. At Yorkville last week, Mr. Ayens was tared and feathered, and

ridden out of town on a rail, because he was suspected of being an abolitionist!—a pretty specimen this of liberty in South Carolina. A scaffold, with four men on it, fell from a third story to the ground, at Burrilville, on Monday. A man named M'Cabe, from Ireland, was killed, and the three others were dangerously wounded. A horse was also killed. The Eastern and Western mail trains came into collision on the railroad, near Syracuse; one man killed and seven persons injured.

EXTRAORDINARY FLIGHT OF CARRIER PIGEONS.

The *Glasgow Mail* states that "two of the carrier pigeons taken by Sir John Ross, when he left the Port of Ayr, and some of which were to be despatched home in the event of his either finding Sir John Franklin or being frozen in, arrived at Ayr on Friday week, finding their way at once to the dove-cot which they occupied previous to being taken away. The birds arrived within a short time of each other, but neither of them conveyed anything in the shape of a letter or note of any kind. One of them, indeed, which may have had some document attached, was found to be considerably mutilated—its legs having apparently been shot away. The time they were liberated by Sir John Ross is of course uncertain, but taking into consideration the well-known powers of flight possessed by the carrier pigeon, it cannot have been very long since they left our gallant countryman. The arrival of authentic news from the Arctic regions will be looked forward to with additional anxiety, from the probability which has now arisen that some tidings may have been heard of Sir John Franklin. Independent, however, of the interest which otherwise attaches to the extraordinary flight of the pigeons, it will be regarded by naturalists as a most remarkable incident. We do not recollect of any parallel to it. The distance the creatures must have traversed cannot be far short of 2000 miles, and as they travel by sight and not by scent, the fact is the more extraordinary. Sir John Ross, we believe, took five pigeons with him, which, it may be remembered, were stated, in the last accounts received of him, to have been at that time all alive, so that there are still three to be accounted for."

MURDERS AND MURDEROUS ASSAULTS.

The adjourned inquest upon the death of the Reverend Mr. Hollest, incumbent of Frimley Grove, was resumed before Mr. Woods, the coroner, on Tuesday. The evidence adduced has been, for the most part, anticipated by previous reports. The prisoners were not present during the day. The coroner, in resuming the investigation, drew the attention of the jury to the additional evidence furnished by Hiram Smith's confession; and reminded them that, in the present stage of the proceedings, that confession could only be received as proof against Smith himself. Mr. Keene, the governor of the House of Correction at Guildford, was then called, and repeated the evidence which he gave on Friday last before the magistrates. He added that, on Sunday last, while on his usual visit to Smith's cell, he said to him, "Well, Governor, how do you think I shall get on?" Witness replied, "I really can't say;" and added, "Are you quite positive in the statement you made, that Levi Harwood was the man who fired the pistol?" He replied, "Yes, I am positive of it. Moreover, on leaving the room, Levi Harwood said he hoped he had not killed Mr. Hollest." The enquiry was adjourned till Thursday next, in order to attest by every possible means, the accuracy of Hiram Smith's confession.

Another shocking homicide, at present involved in great mystery, has been discovered at Haverfordwest, South Wales. The deceased, an elderly woman, named Elizabeth Burnard, was discovered lying in a ditch near the Methodist chapel in that town. She was scarcely sensible, and in a completely helpless state, and, with the consent of the landlady of that house, was carried to the Cornwallis Arms Tavern, where she was put to bed, under the impression that she was tipsy. It was subsequently, however, discovered that her condition was the result of violence to which she had been subjected; and, notwithstanding that she received every care and attention from Mr. Morris, surgeon, by whom she was attended, she continued to grow worse, and ultimately died. From a *post mortem* examination, it appears that the cause of death was a violent blow with a blunt instrument. An inquest was held upon the body, when a verdict of wilful murder was returned against some person or persons unknown.

The funeral of Jael Denny took place on Saturday afternoon, in the churchyard of the village of Doddinghurst, distant about two miles and a half from the cottage in which the deceased's parents reside. The ceremony was conducted in the most private manner possible. About three o'clock a one-horse hearse of the commonest description received the pauper coffin in which the body had been deposited, and immediately afterwards moved off towards Doddinghurst, followed by the aged father and mother, a sister of the deceased, and two or three neighbours. The friends of the deceased, especially her sister, as well as most of the bystanders, were painfully affected, and the scene altogether was of a very melancholy character.

The Hebdon-bridge murder still remains involved in mystery. The brothers of Helliwell, the man first apprehended, and on whom suspicion was cast by some foolish remark of his wife, having been examined to see if any wounds were on their hands, have been set at liberty, there being nothing to warrant their detention. One of the brothers was in such a state of intoxication, and his answers to the magistrates were so incoherent, that nothing satisfactory could be made of him. Green also, another suspected person, after a further examination before the magistrates, has been set at liberty, and it is said by those who first examined the tollbar-keeper's bed after his murder that there was an appearance in the clothes of some one else having slept by his side, a clear ridge of the impressed bedclothes being observable

between the place where he seemed to have slept and the place where the second person had been. The Government have offered a reward of £100 to the discoverer of the murderer, in addition to the £20 offered by the trustees of the turnpike, with a free pardon to any accomplice whose hands are not stained with the actual crime.

The fellow charged with the extraordinary attack upon the Reverend Lachlan M'Intosh, at Shaw's Temperance Hotel, Kendal, was tried at the Kendal Sessions on Friday. He gave his name Charles Montgomery, but his real name is Charles Vem, from Carlisle. He stood committed for trial upon the charge of an assault with intent to rob, and of stealing a key belonging to the room where the prosecutor slept, which was found along with the bottle of chloroform in prisoner's carpet-bag. The proprietress of the Temperance Hotel, however, refused to swear to this key before the grand jury, although she had sworn to it before the committing magistrates, and the consequence was that the bill for the larceny of the key fell to the ground. The prisoner pleaded guilty to the attempt to rob, and was sentenced by the bench to eighteen months' imprisonment with hard labour, including one month's solitary confinement.

Robert Meggitt, a labourer, aged 73, whose drunken and ferocious habits had long made him the terror of Bonby, in Lincolnshire, committed a shocking murder on the 15th instant, by stabbing a young man named George Sanderson, in a fit of drunken frenzy. It appeared that he had previously threatened to kill somebody that night. He had dreamed, he said, that he must kill somebody that night or next morning. Meggitt has been committed to gaol on a charge of wilful murder.

The body of a full-grown female child was discovered near the iron railings of the enclosure in Euston-square on Monday morning, presenting all the appearances of having died from strangulation. The letters "E. P." were found marked in red cotton on one of the napkins in which the body was enveloped.

INCENDIARISM.

An alarming and most destructive fire broke out about noon, on the 18th instant, at Bloxham, and which totally destroyed the farmhouse, ricks, barns, a large quantity of wool, &c., belonging to Mr. Gulliver, an extensive farmer residing there; also a malthouse and other premises belonging to Mr. Willis; part of the homestead of Mr. Potter, a large farmer; and a few cottages. The origin of the fire is unknown, but it is supposed to be the act of an incendiary. Many of the labourers, it is stated, refused to render assistance, and stood looking on with apparent apathy, with their hands in their pockets; and when the fire was at the highest on Mr. Gulliver's premises some of them remarked, "It is of no consequence, he can well afford to lose it."

Information has been received at the various insurance offices in the City of several repetitions of the savage crime of incendiarism in Ely and its neighbourhood, by which a vast quantity of property has been consumed. The first fire reported to the offices happened late on Wednesday night or early on Thursday morning week. It originated in a long barn filled with grain, belonging to Mr. Abraham Murrill, at Stretham, near Ely. Owing to the inflammable character of the contents, the flames spread furiously, and very speedily communicated to five small dwelling-houses, which were all burned to the ground. Not the least doubt is entertained but that the fire was the work of some diabolical incendiary.

The second fire returned to the offices happened on the same day as the above, in the premises of Mr. John Wheeler, of Haddenham, in the Isle of Ely. The house in which the fire began was burned down, as well as one adjoining. Both buildings were insured, and there is strong ground for supposing that both were wilfully fired. Wheeler left his home a short time before the discovery, and whilst at the house of a neighbour the alarm was given, when he at once cried out, "Then it is at my house." The next day he got up, saying he was going to see his wife, but shortly afterwards he was found in a pond with his throat cut and dead. There is no doubt that Wheeler was apprehensive of being taken into custody for causing the fire, and which induced him to destroy his life. Another fire broke out, at a late hour on Thursday night, in the farm premises of Mr. Henry Balls, of Ely. It began in a long bean-stack, which was totally destroyed. This fire was also the work of some vile incendiary. The fourth fire returned took place on the premises of Mr. William Sharpe, shoemaker, of Wilburton, near Ely, but was extinguished without much damage. The circumstances attending this fire are, however, of a very suspicious character. The fifth fire occurred on a farm belonging to Lord Hardwicke, at Great Eversden, which destroyed the farmhouse, a great number of stacks, the farm premises, and outbuildings. This fire was also the work of an incendiary.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Queen and Prince Albert, with the younger branches of the Royal Family, are still at Osborne-house, where they will remain in comparative seclusion, with only the usual attendance of the Court, until the end of the present month. The Court will leave Osborne-house on the 1st of November for Windsor, where her Majesty will receive a succession of visitors.

Mr. Thorburn has been honoured with sittings during the week from his Royal Highness Prince Albert, for his portrait in the pictorial group of himself and his brother, the Duke of Saxe Cobourg Gotha.

The grand banquet at York to the Lord Mayor was to take place last night. Prince Albert was to leave Osborne-house at an early hour on Friday morning, and was expected to reach York about five o'clock, the invitations to dinner being for six o'clock. Prince Albert will be the guest of the Lord Mayor, and would sleep at the

Mansion-house last night, and take his departure from York at an early hour this morning.

The Duchess of Gloucester has arrived at Woburn Abbey on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Bedford.

Captain Forbes has just returned from the interior of Africa, where he was engaged in negotiating a treaty with the King of Dahomey, for the purpose of putting an end to the export of slaves from that kingdom. In the possession of his Majesty of Dahomey was an interesting child, eight years of age, of high rank, detained as a prisoner of war, and in all probability doomed to a life of misery. This child, as a mark of especial favour, the King presented to Captain Forbes. Queen Victoria, having been informed of the circumstance, has been pleased to direct Captain Forbes to bring the Princess to London, and has graciously signified her intention of taking charge of the child. The interesting if not "illustrious stranger" is now sojourning at Winkfield-place, and has several times accompanied the family in their drives to Windsor. In the course of a few days the child will be taken to Osborne, by command of her Majesty.

The Countess de Neuilly left Dover on Tuesday morning at eight o'clock by express train on the South-Eastern Railway and arrived in London at half-past ten. She was accompanied by the Duc de Nemours, the Prince de Joinville, the Duchesse du Saxe Cobourg, the Duc de Marmier, and the Baron de Montesquieu. She proceeded to Claremont immediately upon her arrival in town.

Lord Stanley, of Alderley, expired at Alderley-park, Cheshire, on Tuesday, at the advanced age of eighty-four. He was the eldest son of Sir John Thomas Stanley, sixth baronet, and was raised to the peerage in 1830. He married, in 1796, the eldest daughter of the first Earl of Sheffield, by whom he had Edward John, created Lord Eddisbury, and the Honourable William Owen, twin with the latter, and two daughters. In politics he was a Whig. The family property is situate in Cheshire and in the Isle of Anglesea. The Stanleys of Alderley claim a common progenitor with the noble house of Derby. Lord Eddisbury succeeds to the title and family property.

General Sir John Grey is appointed commander-in-chief of the Bombay presidency. The gallant officer, we believe, does not possess the use of his limbs, and it is supposed he will take the command in his arm-chair. This is the second nomination of a Grey within the last fortnight. It is really unjust to the Elliots.—*Daily News*.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed the 2nd of November for the reception of the Lord Mayor elect, in order to signify her Majesty's approbation of the choice of the Livery of London. The ceremony will take place at his lordship's residence in Eaton-square, at eleven o'clock. On the same day, at twelve o'clock (the first of Michaelmas Term), the Lord Chancellor will receive the Judges, Queen's Counsel, &c. The noble and learned lord will afterwards proceed to Westminster-hall.

We have reason to believe that, before next Hilary Term, Sir John Romilly will take his seat on the bench as Master of the Rolls; but that his able services in the cause of law reform will be demanded by the present Government, so long as they remain an administration.—*Morning Herald*.

There are now two Vice-Chancellorships vacant—one occasioned by the death of the late Sir Lancelot Shadwell, the Vice-Chancellor of England, in August last, and the other by the recent resignation of the Vice-Chancellor Wigram, on account of continued indisposition. It is understood that one Vice-Chancellor only will be appointed to supply the places of the two judges whose offices have thus become vacant. It is expected that the Master of the Rolls, together with the Vice-Chancellor Knight Bruce, and the Vice-Chancellor who is to be appointed, will be enabled to keep down the business of the court, even assuming that the Lord Chancellor will be exclusively engaged in hearing appeals.

There is a rumour current that Sir E. B. Lytton has sustained the entire loss of his hearing. For some time one of Sir Edward's ears has been defective, and it is stated that whilst recently undergoing an operation at an aurist's in town Sir Edward suddenly lost the use of both ears, and has been in a very desponding way ever since.

Mr. Monahan, the late Irish Attorney-General, was sworn in before the Lord Chancellor as Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas on Wednesday. At the same time Mr. Hatchell took the oaths as Attorney-General, and Mr. Henry George Hughes was sworn in as Solicitor-General.

The Reverend John Harries Thomas, M.A., curate of St. James's, Westminster, has been appointed one of her Majesty's chaplains in the room of the Reverend Dr. Knapp, sub-dean of St. Paul's, deceased. A similar chaplaincy has just become vacant by the death of the Reverend Dr. Thackeray.

We understand that Government have just appointed a gentleman of colour to the office of British Consul at Liberia. This is, we believe, the first instance on record in which a man of colour has received a similar appointment from our Government. On the introduction of the new British Consul, on Friday last, at the Foreign Office, his personal appearance excited no inconsiderable interest. He is a man of superior intelligence and of highly polished manners.—*Globe*.

Miss Catherine Hayes has received an invitation from Mrs. Knox, lady of the Bishop of Dromore, to make the see-house her residence during her forthcoming engagement by the Anacreontic Society of Belfast.

The Reverend T. Crybbace has been itinerating during the last few days through Devonshire, lecturing in the principal towns upon those doctrinal matters which are dividing the Church of England into Dissenters and Roman Catholics. He styles himself, in his advertisement, "The Reverend Thomas Crybbace, M.A., Christian Bishop of Exeter *pro tem*."

The President of the Republic has presented to the Museum of the Louvre, David's celebrated painting of Napoleon Buonaparte crossing the Alps.

The *Débats* announces two new works from the pen of M. Guizot, to be published at the end of this month. The first is entitled "Monk; Fall of the Republic, and Reestablishment of the Monarchy in England in 1660." The second is "Washington; Foundation of the Republic of the United States of America."

Letters from Warsaw of the 15th instant announce the arrival of the Emperor of Russia in that city, at five o'clock on the morning of the previous day, accompanied by his aide-de-camp, General Count Orloff. Count Nesselrode had preceded the Czar, and there were also at Warsaw Count de Brandebourg, representative of Prussia; and the Baron de Meyendorff, Russian Ambassador at the Court of Vienna. The *Constitutionnel* says that the object of the meeting is to deliberate upon the best means of removing the difficulties connected with the German and Danish questions.

The court mourning for the late Queen of the Belgians, which commenced last Sunday, will cease on Sunday the 10th of November.

The funeral of the Queen of the Belgians took place on Friday, and was attended by King Leopold, his mother-in-law, the royal family, the members of the household, and the chief officers of state.

It is announced that Cardinal Wiseman, the new Titular Archbishop of Westminster, who is at present in Florence, proposes to pass through Paris on his way to London. He will visit the Irish College in Paris, which is about to be considerably enlarged.

Poor General Haynau has been nothing but a butt for the jests of the wits of Vienna, since his return from England; and not even his flight to Gratz, and abandoning the gay city at the commencement of the season, has been able to save him. The last bon mot on the unlucky man of wars is that, finding his glory tarnished in Austria, he went to England, *sich wischen zu lassen*, the joke turning on the word *wischen*, which means "to brush or polish up," and is vulgarly used in the same sense as our own verb "to whack," which is, perhaps, derived from it.—*Vienna Correspondent of the Morning Post*.

John Pragay, formerly General Adjutant to Kossuth, is about to found a great colony in Texas. He has presented a petition to the Administration of the State in question, which has been well received. The proposal is, that every Hungarian who may arrive before 1862 shall receive a certain allotment of land in some appointed district at a low fixed price, which is to be paid to the State within ten years. The colony is to be named after Kossuth, who, in case of his arrival, is to be entitled to four such allotments of land on similar conditions.

In Leipsic a monument has been erected by the German agriculturists to Herr Thaer—the man who has done so much, amongst them, for that science. It consists of a marble column, nine feet high; on which stands the statue of Thaer, life size. It is surrounded by granite steps and an iron balustrade. The column bears the inscription:—"To their respected teacher, Albert Thaer—the German Agriculturists, 1850."

M. Gustave de Rothschild, son of the head of the celebrated house in Paris, is at present in Constantinople. His presence in that city has given rise to a host of reports, which the actual state of the finances is thought to justify. Projects of a loan to the Turkish Government are talked of.

The latest American accounts state that Jenny Lind was to sing in Harvard Hall, Providence (Rhode Island), after leaving Boston. The edifice will hold only 1880 persons. The first ticket fetched 650 dollars, 25 dollars higher than was paid at Boston, and 125 dollars higher than was paid for the first New York ticket.

The English lady, formerly wife of Dr. Millingen, who some time since killed one of her eunuchs, has been condemned to five months' imprisonment, and her accomplices to a more severe punishment.

A few evenings ago the political prisoners at Belle Isle mutinied. The mutiny commenced by the refusal of a great many of them to enter their chambers. The next day the director proceeded to arrest ten or twelve of the ringleaders, but met with such resistance that he had to put fifty-eight in the dungeon. The director subsequently left for Paris.

An attempt at escape, skilfully organized by the political prisoners condemned at Versailles, was made at Doullens on the 14th. A subterraneous passage, twelve yards in length, had been dug from one of their rooms situated near the yard. This, when completed, would have led out to a bank on which a scaffolding had been erected for the purpose of some repairs, and would have enabled them to have got out of the place. They had provided themselves with all the tools necessary for their work, and had concealed the earth, &c., which they dug out, in the trunks provided to carry their property to Belle Isle. The suspicion of the director of the prison had been, however, excited, the guards both within and about the citadel were doubled, and the scheme defeated.

Some of the Paris papers state that General Changarnier has taken offence at the mode in which his name has recently been brought forward by the organs of the Elysée, and especially by the *Constitutionnel*. One of them says that the general has not only refused to give any satisfactory explanation to the President of the Republic, but that he has allowed some expressions to drop which show that his opinions are opposed to the renewal of Louis Napoleon's tenure of office. Among other things he is said to have replied to a friend of Louis Napoleon's, who hinted at the propriety of giving the President some more money, and an additional lease, "*Pas un jour de plus, pas un sou de plus*."

A religious society in Paris has purchased one of the finest houses in the Rue de Grenelle, Faubourg St. Germain, for a double object—namely, the education of missionaries and the reception of converts to the Roman

Catholic Church. It is also stated by the friends of the society that the labours of the society will be particularly devoted to Great Britain.

Public opinion—that is, the opinion of newsmongers in Paris—seems to be rather puzzled than divided by the appointment of General Schramm to the War Department. Some would like to consider it a *reculade* on the part of the President of the Republic in thus separating himself from General d'Hautpoul, who was warmly attached to him. This opinion seems to prevail amongst the Legitimists; others go so far as to say that it is a sign of a still more unfriendly feeling to General Changarnier.

The *Moniteur du Soir* announces that a grand tournament is to take place in the Champ de Mars. Fifty horsemen, armed *cap-à-pied*, are to figure at this representation.

A shocking murder was committed about dusk on Monday evening, in the church of the Madeleine, in Paris. The victim is the Suisse of the church, who, when making his round previous to closing the church, discovered three or four men in the corridor trying to conceal themselves. The Suisse insisted on their quitting the church, when they refused, and fell on the unfortunate man, whom they left at the point of death. It is presumed that they were hiding in the spot with the intention, as soon as the doors were closed, of robbing the church.

A duel with swords took place a few days ago between the editor of a Toulouse paper and the editor of the *Gazette du Languedoc*, in which the latter (M. de Launay) was slightly wounded by his antagonist, M. Lucet.

At the election which recently took place near Interlacken, in the canton of Berne, there were serious disturbances, in the course of which several persons were wounded. The elections had been annulled. They were favourable to the moderate party.

The Federal Club assembled in Mannheim has made a resolution respecting the Grand Duchy of Baden; according to which, that country, and also the fortress of Rastatt, are to be evacuated by the Prussian troops within a term of three months. The Baden regiments are to be removed from Prussia, and they are to return to their own country. The Austrian army in the Vorarlberg is to be placed at the Grand Duke's disposal.

The line of electric telegraph between Vienna and Pesth is now at the disposal of the public. The tariff for the transmission of despatches has been fixed as follows:—By day, 50 words, 3 florins; from 51 to 100 words, 6 florins; from 101 to 200 words, 9 florins. By night the prices are doubled.

From an official report of the operations of the credit establishments of the Russian empire for 1849, it appears that on the 1st of January, 1850, the debt had increased to 336,219,000 silver roubles. This, however, is a moderate amount compared with the future resources of the empire. But it is not so with the floating debt, which, after deducting the value of guarantees, exceeds 163 million roubles. For a state which has no more than 500 millions annual revenue, this proportion of the floating debt to the ordinary receipts, indicates an irregular state of finance, and doubtless presages a new loan, most likely more considerable than was that effected last year in London through Messrs. Stieglitz of Petersburg, and Baring of London for £500,000.

Twelve war-steamer of the Russian fleet in the Danish waters have gradually returned to Cronstadt, and the rest are expected before the beginning of winter.

The long expected Constitution for Galicia has at length appeared. That Crown land will have three districts—Cracow, Lemberg, and Stanislawow—each with a separate administration. In Cracow the specific Polish, and in Stanislawow the Ruthennian element, is prevalent. Lemberg, the capital of Galicia, is the seat of the Provincial Government. In the Lemberg district the two branches of the same race (the Slavonic) are mixed.

The Constitution for the Bukowina has also been published. This remote Crown land is divided into six districts or captaincies, which are under the immediate control of the Stadtholder of the province, who has still to be appointed. Count Goluchowski had been sworn in as Stadtholder of Galicia.

Letters from Ravenna of the 13th, in the *Genoa Gazette*, give appalling accounts of the progress of brigandage in the Roman states. Two persons, considered as spies by the bandits, had been decapitated by them in the vicinity of the above-mentioned town, and their heads placed on poles at a cross-road. The diligence of Imola has lately been stopped and robbed of 1000 scudi (5500f.) belonging to the Pope. At Lugo, three individuals carried off 11,000f. from a bank, and passed triumphantly through the town with their booty, without any one daring to stop them.

The ship Frolic was despatched from Malta on the 11th of October, in quest of a Greek pirate, which had attacked and plundered an Austrian vessel on the coast of Barbary. The plundered vessel was found without a soul on board.

According to a correspondence from Constantinople, under date of the 5th instant, the question concerning the Hungarian refugees is not yet solved. Frequent communications on this subject have been carried on between the Porte and the Austrian ambassador, and a recent conference has been held between Sir Stratford Canning and General Aupick, the French Minister. The Divan has written on the subject of the refugees to its ambassador at Vienna, directing him to confer with the Austrian Cabinet.

An extensive conspiracy has recently been discovered at Teheran. The most influential members of the clergy were at the head of it, and its object was to overthrow the present Shah, to replace him by a descendant of Ali, and to drive all the Turks out of Persia. Numerous arrests have been made at Teheran, and in the principal towns. The greater number of those arrested belong to the body of Ulemas. |

Commercial letters from Mogadore speak of great sufferings in that part of Africa from a prevailing scarcity of food, amounting almost to a famine.

The latest advices from Sydney state that the result of the poll in the election of a representative in the Legislative Council for the city of Sydney was that the numbers were—For Dr. Lang, 970; for Mr. Holden, 945; being a majority of 25 in favour of Dr. Lang, who was, consequently, declared duly elected. At the conclusion of the Doctor's address he was dragged home in his carriage by some of the more energetic of his partisans, the horses having been removed by them for that purpose.

Lieutenant John Bailey, at present employed in the slave-trade suppression squadron, on the South American coast, in a letter to his brother, the late member for Herefordshire, says he has taken three empty slavers and one half full. He had only been on the station five days when he captured his third vessel, the last of which was from within pistol shot of a battery manned and loaded. He arrived off Rio on the 28th of June, and in sight of the harbour captured a slaver. The slave traders are terribly enraged at him. "The Brazilians are furious," he says—"they declare their only treatment of us shall be the knife and the musket, and their threats are not empty ones. The Rifleman had a volley poured into one boat's crew, which killed one man dead; and the whole party would have been murdered had it not been for their own presence of mind. The Cormorant had three men killed in the street of Rio by being thrown out of a window. We are, therefore, close prisoners, and never think of going anywhere."

In the States the working of the Fugitive Slave Bill seems to be the only topic for discussion. Several seizures of slaves had been made at various places in the Union, and many of the fugitives have escaped to the Canadas for an asylum. Meetings were being held in all the free States to denounce the bill, and it was believed that a great effort to effect its repeal would be made next session.

The joint commission of the army and navy despatched by the United States Government to explore the whole coast of the territory lying on the Pacific Ocean, have returned to San Francisco. The coast of California, north of San Francisco, including the whole of Oregon to 49 degrees, has been thoroughly explored, and much valuable information obtained. Coal was found to exist in immense quantities all around Beaver Harbour, on the north-east part of Vancouver's Island, extending to a great distance in every direction. The examinations in all respects have proved highly interesting, and the American Government is already engaged in the preparatory steps for fortifying our Pacific possessions, and availing itself of their remarkable advantages for naval establishments.

The *New York Express* states that the mechanics and brewers of the city had resolved to present a silver flagon to Messrs. Barclay and Perkins's draymen.

A controversy is going on in the Lima papers as to the pleasurable or indecency of dancing the polka in private balls. The ground taken by those who object to it is, that it shocks the modesty of the young ladies; whereas the gallants of the other sex affirm that it is the young ladies who introduced the polka and insist on dancing it.

The first meeting of the commission to enquire into the state of education in the University of Oxford took place at two o'clock on Saturday, in Lord John Russell's office in Downing-street. All the members of the commission were present, as well as the Reverend A. P. Stanley, their Secretary. The second meeting took place on Monday.

Since the new Stamp Act came into operation, on the 10th of this month, the demand for stamps has been so great as to add to, instead of diminishing, the amount of revenue derived from that source, notwithstanding the great reduction which has taken place in the tariff of prices.

In commemoration of St. Luke's day, which fell on Friday, the 18th instant, an entertainment of a novel character was given to the inmates of St. Luke's Hospital. Under the judicious management of the resident officers, acting with the sanction of the house committee, and upon the suggestion of the physicians, between sixty and seventy of the patients, men and women, were assembled at six o'clock in the evening in the great hall in the centre of the building, and music being provided, they were quickly arranged in their places for the old English country dance. This, with appropriate changes, was kept up with great spirit until nine o'clock, when all retired peaceably and cheerfully to their respective apartments.

The first of a series of six monthly meetings, in furtherance of the object of Chancery reform, was held on Tuesday evening, at the Mechanics' Institute, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. The attendance consisted for the most part of persons who, from sad experience, could testify to the necessity of Chancery proceedings being rendered greatly cheaper and more speedy. Mr. Meryweather Turner presided. The object of the association, as explained by the chairman, is the removal of Chancery abuses, and the restoration of courts of equity to their pristine state of purity. The horrors of Chancery have yet to be told. The mode of correction is a subject of too much importance to be hastily resolved upon. In due time, however, a scheme of reform will be submitted to the people of England for their adoption or refusal. The association has no intention to wage war against the legal profession, its object is to wage war against prejudice, injustice, and corruption. The chief speakers were Mr. Acland, Captain M. Turner, Sir Charles Aldis, Mr. Rainey, Mr. Alfred Richards, and Captain Saumarez. It was stated by Mr. Acland that the costs levied upon suitors annually amounted to £2,000,000.

The trustees of Owen's College, Manchester, have advertised for proposals from gentlemen qualified and

willing to undertake the following offices in the College:—Professor of Chemistry; Professor of Natural History, including Botany and Geology; Teacher of the French language; Teacher of the German language. The salary of the two professors will be £150 each, that of the teachers £50 each, with a proportion of the fees from students.

The Government authorities are deliberating as to what port shall be selected for landing and embarking the Cape of Good Hope mails, which are about to be conveyed for £30,000 a-year by a screw steam-packet company. It is said that either Plymouth or Southampton will be chosen. The former port would be preferred by the contractors, and the latter by the Government.

A meeting of clergy was held in Liverpool, last week, "to consider the propriety of adopting open air preaching as an instrument for improving the spiritual inhabitants of Liverpool and its neighbourhood." The proposition met with general approval, but it was considered that the campaign should not be commenced until the spring, when the weather will be more genial, and the out-door preachers will be more likely to attract auditors.

The *Gazettes* of last week presented altogether but five bankrupts, the usual number two years ago being twenty in each gazette, or an average of forty per week.

A number of the smiths employed on the building for the exhibition in Hyde-park struck for an advance of wages from 4s. to 5s. per day this week. Fresh hands were taken on; and there was an attempt made to intimidate them, but the police soon restored order.—*Standard*.

Within the last few days Mrs. Lingham, a married lady residing with her husband at No. 21, Lacy-terrace, Penton-place, Walworth, close to the principal entrance to the Surrey Gardens, discovered that she had been plundered of Bank of England notes to the amount of £350, and the robbery and abstraction of the property seems enveloped in the greatest possible mystery. It appears from the information conveyed to the police that in the month of April, 1849, Mr. and Mrs. Lingham sold out property in the Funds amounting to £800, and each took £400. Mrs. Lingham placed her portion in a cash-box, which she kept locked up in her bedroom. From time to time since that period she added to the stock, so that by the time the robbery was committed, the whole should have amounted to at least £600. When about to make the last deposit, Mrs. Lingham thought the bulk of notes had diminished, and this circumstance induced her to count them, when, to her great consternation, she found £350 missing.

A fire broke out in the premises belonging to the Travellers' Club, Pall Mall, on Thursday morning. The flames were observed to issue from the upper part of the house; and although the inmates were soon aroused from their beds, and engines were speedily brought into play, the work of destruction spread rapidly, and before the fire could be extinguished a great deal of damage was done to the building, and also to the costly furniture.

One of the most extensive fires that has ever occurred in Plymouth broke out in the large soap manufactory at Cosside, in that town, on Wednesday night. The whole of the windows of the building, above one hundred in number, were wholly destroyed, as was the roofing, which fell in, together with the flooring, with a tremendous crash, forcing up large showers of red sparks and volumes of thick smoke. Two coppers of soap in the boiling-house, ready for clearing, were burnt, together with several thousand pounds' worth of manufactured soap of all kinds. About midnight the whole establishment was thoroughly gutted, and within the bare walls lay a heap of burning ruins, now and then sending forth immense showers of red sparks. The extent of the damage is very large, amounting, it is said, to about £30,000. Of that sum only £2500 was insured in the Star Office; and £2700 in the County Fire office; and it also unfortunately happens that a great number of poor men will be suddenly left without employment.

A large five-story spinning factory of Messrs. Allen and Co., Butter-market-street, Warrington, was burned to the ground on Tuesday afternoon. The fire commenced just as the hands were returning from dinner. One boy, in making his escape, fell from a great height, by which he is very dangerously injured. Another, in jumping out, fell upon the spike of an iron palisade, by which he was so much hurt that he is since dead. For some months to come, about 200 persons will be thrown out of work.

A sad accident happened to a pleasure-party on Saturday. The workmen in the employment of Mr. Hughes, varnish manufacturer, Rotherhithe, had been invited to dinner by him at his private residence, in Sydenham, Kent, and were proceeding thither in a spring-van. On their way the horse ran off, the van was overturned, and thirty persons were more or less injured, one of them so severely that he died next day.

Ann Pilkington, a sempstress, twenty-two years of age, who appeared with a half-starved child in her arms, and resides at North-street, Limehouse, was charged at Thames-street Police-office, on Thursday, with pawning seven cotton shirts which had been entrusted to her to make up by Ann Mitchell. It appeared that the prisoner had handed them over to other parties, and pawned them when finished. The other persons applied to Mrs. Mitchell for payment, and it was then she was made aware of the fact. Ellen Hardy, a most miserable-looking object, said she lived with the prisoner, who was formerly on the town, but had been induced to take to her present course of life by her (Hardy). The prisoner admitted her guilt, but said she had nothing else to do but starve. Having promised to relieve the things and return them by Monday, the magistrate took her recognizances that she would appear on Monday.

The enquiry into the poisoning case at Laugharne, Carmarthenshire, has terminated in a verdict of wilful murder against Elizabeth Gibbs. This woman, it will be remembered, was cook in the house of a Mr. Severne, and poisoned his wife and Rebecca Uphill, a fellow-

servant. She had received warning to leave, and committed the crime, apparently, out of revenge.

At a recent quarter sessions, in the West of England, a girl with a child in her arms was indicted for stealing some sugar. The case was clear and plain, and the foreman of the jury returned a verdict of guilty, with a strong recommendation to mercy! The chairman, rather unadvisedly, begged to ask, "upon what grounds," as reasons are not always very satisfactory with gentlemen of the petit jury; when from the other end of the row up jumped a hero, and said, "Because, Sir, we didn't think she done it!" The poor chairman sat in amazement, and the court in a roar of laughter.

An affray with a gang of poachers took place, early on Saturday morning week, in a field belonging to Mr. T. B. Crosse, of Shaw-hill, North Lancashire. Five persons, servants to Mr. Crosse, were engaged in the affair, three of whom were seriously wounded in the mêlée, and one of them now lies in a dangerous state. The fight was desperate on both sides, but the superior numbers of the poachers gave their opponents little chance. They fought their way off the ground without any capture being made. Several persons have been taken into custody on suspicion of having been engaged in the affray.

At the annual meeting of the Bampton Farmers' Club, one of the members said he had been looking over the programme of the prizes, and his gravity had been assailed on noticing that a prize of £2 was offered "to the labourer who had brought up the longest family," it struck him that the merits of the respective competitors for the prize should have been estimated by measurement, in which case it would perhaps have been awarded to some father possessing *thirty feet of daughters*!

The *Plymouth Journal* says that the following lines have been penned for the epitaph of a young Methodist recently deceased:—

"Oh, snatched away in beauty's bloom,
On thee shall press no *Conference* tomb,
But on thy turf shall roses rear
Their leaves the earliest of the year,
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom."

Does the *Plymouth Journal* need to be informed that this is the opening verse of one of Byron's Hebrew melodies, with no other change but the word *Conference* for *ponderous*.

Mr. John Heard, of Chittlehamholt, in the parish of Chittlehampton, near Southmolton, Devon, has constructed a very curious piece of mechanism for the Exhibition of 1851, which consists of a pair of bellows. While blowing the fire the bellows play the tune of "God Save the Queen"; and, as soon as the operator ceases to blow, the music stops. It is first intended for the Exhibition, and at its close is to be presented to the Queen.

The *Dublin Evening Packet* says that intelligence has been received from Rome that the Pope has finally condemned the Queen's Colleges, and thereby placed his ban and interdict, as head of the Roman Catholic Church, on the education of Roman Catholic youths in these seminaries. Thus the remonstrance of the thirteen Catholic prelates against the condemnatory decree passed by the fourteen Catholic prelates at the Thurles Synod has been treated as nothing by the head of the Catholic Church.

At the meeting of the Repeal Association, on Monday, the hitherto desponding spirits of Mr. John O'Connell were revived by the handsome sum of £18 15s. 7d., which was announced as the week's contingent. Of this, Waterford sent £10, in a patriotic letter of great length, for which the writer had the modesty to apologize. Mr. John O'Connell, however, with great magnanimity, comforted the donor on this point, saying that £10 covered a multitude of prosiness; and that if any other gentleman wished to write a long letter he had only to send with it £10 to that hail, and it would be read and cheered, no matter how long or prosy it might be.

Mr. John O'Connell, M.P., in declining the invitation to the Limerick meeting, last week, pointedly refers to his published address to the constituency, written nearly twelve months ago, tendering his resignation, and calling on the citizens of Limerick to elect another representative in his stead.

All the seaports, great and small, in the south and south-west of Ireland, are arrayed against each other in deadly hostility in the great competition for the Transatlantic packet station. Cork affects to treat the claims of all the others with contempt, on account of its own superior commerce, and is quite indignant with the small ports of Bantry, Crookhaven, and Dunmanus, in its own county, which have the insolence to put in their claims. Limerick, after a very long silence on the subject, is again in the field, but appears to have a dangerous rival in the little village of Tarbert.

Preparations are in active progress for the reorganization of the Dublin Trades Union—a body which, some years since, possessed considerable influence in the conduct of political affairs in the Irish metropolis, and which, notwithstanding the extreme Democracy of its composition, came frequently into collision with the popular leaders of that time, including Mr. O'Connell himself, then in the full meridian of his power. The revived body contemplate, as a portion of their future labours, the disentanglement of the Repeal question, direct interference in the parliamentary representation of the city, and other matters of minor note.

A letter from Armagh announces the death of Mr. William Blacker, the eminent agriculturist, and agent of the extensive estates of the Earl of Gosford. He died on Sunday, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

The *Clonmel Chronicle* gives a long account of a foot race run by the Honourable Mr. Colborn and Mr. Baird, both officers in the Seventy-fourth Highlanders, which was won by the latter, after a severe contest, over a three-mile course of most difficult country, both by "flood and field," and which was galloped over by the winner in the short space of eighteen minutes.

European Democracy, AND ITS OFFICIAL ACTS.

This page is accorded to an authentic Exposition of the Opinions and Acts of the Democracy of Europe: as such we do not impose any restraint on the utterance of opinion, and, therefore, limit our own responsibility to the authenticity of the statement.

CIRCULAR No. 1.

ITALIAN NATIONAL LOAN.

1. The National Italian Committee, elected by sixty representatives of the people in the Roman Constituent Assembly, and by many other citizens belonging to representative assemblies or holding military or Governmental offices in any other parts of Italy during the late movement by a decree, bearing date the 4th of July, 1849, and which is contained in the manifesto which accompanies this circular, have opened a NATIONAL ITALIAN LOAN OF TEN MILLIONS OF ITALIAN LIRE.

2. The loan is divided into two hundred and fifty thousand shares—fifty thousand of one hundred lire each, and two hundred thousand of twenty-five lire each. The notes are distributed in series, and are numbered consecutively.

3. The shares are made over to the purchaser immediately upon payment of their amount. They are the property of the holder for the time being, and are transferable by simple delivery of the notes—the possession of which establishes the title to the shares, and to all interest which may become due.

4. Interest runs at the rate of six per cent. per annum from the date of the purchase of the shares until payment. The date of the purchase will be written on the notes themselves by the persons entrusted by the committee with their distribution.

5. The sums subscribed will be employed by the National Committee, according to the powers indicated in the act of the 4th of July, 1849, exclusively in the acquisition of materials of war, or of what else may directly concern the independence and liberty of Italy. No part of the fund can be withdrawn from the above purposes for personal assistance in any shape.

6. The money obtained will be deposited in London, at the banking house of Messrs. Martin, Stone, and Martin, 68, Lombard-street. The committee has the right of changing the place of deposit according to circumstances.

7. A commission of six individuals, half Italian and half foreigners, will verify periodically the general state of the debtor and creditor account of the loan. The auditors can in no way interfere with the administration of the fund.

8. This commission will be named by the representatives of the Italian people, whose signatures are appended to the above act. Until such nomination, the commission pro tem. will consist of the following Italians and Englishmen, viz.:—Colonel Antonio Ferrara, Vincenzo Cattabeni, and Frederico Petrucci; William Shaen, Esq., William Henry Ashurst, jun., Esq., and William Strudwicke, Esq.

9. All the subscribers of the above-mentioned Act have the right, when they desire it, of exercising a similar power of verification.

10. A National Government once constituted in Italy, the Italian National Committee will make over to it all the books, the registers of notes, the unsold notes, and the materials of war already acquired, and everything in their hands in any way appertaining to the loan. The commission of verification will at the same time make its report to such Government.

11. The National Italian Committee and the subscribers of the above-mentioned Act undertake to do everything in their power to procure the recognition of the loan by such National Government, and the fixing of the earliest possible period for the repayment of both capital and interest.

12. The National Committee promises absolute secrecy with respect to the names of purchasers who may desire, during existing political circumstances, to remain unknown; but it keeps a register of their names and of the sums of money paid in, so that, at a fitting time, subscribers to the loan may possess conclusive evidence before their fellow-citizens of not having despaired of the salvation of their country, and of having contributed to hasten its accomplishment.

13. The notes, formed of paper expressly manufactured for the committee, have the inscription, in water-mark, "Prestito Nazionale Italiano" (National Italian Loan), and are in tenor as follows, viz.:—

"DIO E POPOLO.—PRESTITO NAZIONALE ITALIANO. ITALIA E ROMA.

Diretto unicamente ad affretare l'Indipendenza e la Libertà d'Italia. A0001. Franchi 100.

Ricevuta di Franchi Cento di Capitale, col Mercantile Interesse di mezzo per Cento al mese, a datare da questo giorno, 1850.

*Per Comitato Nazionale,
GIUSEPPE MAZZINI, GIUSEPPE SIRTORI,
MATTIA MONTECCHI, AURELIO SAFFI,
A. SALICETI.*

La Circolare No. 1, contenente le basi e i particolari dell' Imprestito si distribuisce colle cedole.

*London Agent,
JAMES STANSFELD, 2, Sidney-place, Brompton."*

Translation.

"GOD AND THE PEOPLE.—ITALIAN NATIONAL LOAN. ITALY AND ROME.

Directed solely to the achievement of the Independence and Liberty of Italy. A0001. 100 Francs.

Received the sum of 100 Francs, to bear interest at the rate of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per month, dating from this day of 1850.

*For the National Committee,
GIUSEPPE MAZZINI, GIUSEPPE SIRTORI,
MATTIA MONTECCHI, AURELIO SAFFI,
A. SALICETI.*

The Circular No. 1, containing the basis and particulars of the Loan is distributed with the notes.

*London Agent,
JAMES STANSFELD, 2, Sidney-place, Brompton."*

On the face of the notes are two impressions in the form of seals, one bearing the arms of the Republic, the other the inscription, "Comitato Nazionale Italiano" (National Italian Committee); and on the back is the impression of a broken seal, with the signature of one of the two secretaries of the committee.

*CESARE AGOSTINI,
Secretary of the National Committee.*

DEMOCRACY IN EUROPE, ACCORDING TO THE "TIMES."

The following extract is from the Paris Correspondence of the *Times* of the 22nd instant:—

"It is now some time since I communicated information relative to the secret doings of the Red party with the object of reviving the revolutionary fever throughout Europe. The details I furnished were derived from the best possible source; and I now, though a considerable period has passed since I alluded to them, find them fully confirmed in a document, an analysis of which is given in the *Patrie* of last night. The *Patrie* guarantees the authenticity of these papers, which would show that the revolutionary party, however passive and apparently subdued at this moment, is yet darkly and mysteriously at work, and on the watch to take advantage of the first moment of weakness of the party of order. 'Socialism,' observes the *Patrie*—

"Affects to be dead. But we see from the document before us that it is not the less at work in the bas-fonds of Europe. The Communist element which, up to the present, had formed the nucleus of the secret societies and of political conspiracies, has recently selected as its permanent seats the cities of Leipsic, Königsburg, Berlin, Prague, Milan, London, Geneva, and Paris. It will be remembered that the chiefs of the anarchical party had resolved to hold a secret congress in London in the early part of June last. The document before us confirms this circumstance. It adds that twenty of them had already arrived in that city, when it was decided that the meeting should be adjourned. The order sent to the principal adherents of Socialism to repair there was countermanded on the 30th of May."

"That counter-order was, it would appear, only with the view of baffling the attention of the Governments, and a secret meeting was held in Paris on the 2nd of June, where the plan was formed of a general insurrection, amongst the adherents to which the *Patrie* says—

"Were persons whose names the public would be astonished as well as pained to learn.

"The ramifications of this vast conspiracy extend to the whole of Europe, and even to the heart of Russia, where it menaces a terrible explosion. The motto it has assumed is singularly significant; it is "*Sans pitié ni merci*." No one will be surprised, therefore, to learn that the leaders of the movement have decided that the chiefs of states shall be assassinated. The association has adopted measures to provide for the women and children of those amongst its members who may fall in this impious struggle against society. In one of the numerous, secondary and secret meetings held by the initiated under the presidency of the principal agents, the death of the Bonapartists was sworn, and would be the signal for the destruction of all the Bourbons, and of all their friends and supporters. At this same meeting one of the members of the association, raising his glass, pronounced against the august widow of the Duke of Orleans a horrible menace. The threat uttered by one of the German chiefs of the conspiracy was to the effect that "on the field of battle we shall spare no one, and we will strike down our dearest friends if they are not unconditional Communists." After indicating the dépôts of arms formed by the Communist conspirators in all the capitals where it has established seats, after enumerating the means employed to ensnare the foolish and the ambitious, after, in fact, indicating all its resources and all its plans, the document informs us that the object of the conspiracy is to arrive, by means of general confusion and a sanguinary combat, at the extermination of all those who possess a foot of land, or a coupon of rent, and that it has sworn the oath of Hannibal against all the monarchies of Europe. Plunder and assassination form the basis of the plan. The document terminates thus, "The soil of Europe is undermined, so as to render a frightful catastrophe imminent."

In the course of some hundred years of constitutional government in England we have acquired deep-rooted and universally accepted ideas and habits of respect for personal freedom, which the governing classes of other European countries have yet to learn. We are not democratic in our institutions, nor in our generally received theories of government, but we accept the consequences of a popular victory when it has once become inevitable, and our experience has led us to do so, in spite of the perennial fears of constitutional alarmists, with considerable confidence that public opinion will impose no changes in society to which it may not safely, if not with probable advantage, submit. Justified by this confidence in the framework of our own society, and influenced by

the ideas of personal liberty in which we have been educated, and by a certain independence and love of "fair play" which is said to characterize Englishmen, it has been a principle of our foreign policy, dating from times far less advanced than the present, to afford within our island a safe asylum to the political refugees of every country and of every variety of political creed. A Prime Minister may be shameless enough to lay down a different rule for the exercise of our hospitality in Malta and our foreign dependencies, but he would be a bold public man who should venture to propose the abandonment, in this country, of a practice of hospitality which has secured for us the heritage of a fair fame among the nations of Europe which no political antagonism can sully or destroy.

Nevertheless, if the "information" which our leading journal is in the habit of dealing out in its foreign correspondence to the English public could be credited as, in any respect, a faithful picture of the doings of Democracy in Europe, the time has arrived for us to abandon our old notions of individual rights, and our faith in the safety of an acquiescence with the demands of the popular voice, to lower our constitutional flag, and to abandon, at whatever cost to our good name, our time-honoured practice of national hospitality, to that stern necessity of self-preservation which knows no law. We have no alternative but to make common cause with Despotism in Europe, and hold out the hand to those Governments who promise the most vigorous and unscrupulous war to the growing spirit of Democracy throughout the world.

If the extract from the foreign correspondence of the *Times* of the 22nd instant, which precedes these remarks, contain even a germ of truth, if it can be conceived to represent, with the least approach to justice, the principles and objects of the great Democratic parties of Europe, if it be not the monstrous abortion of a diseased imagination, or the foul invention of a calumnious and hireling pen, we know of no medium course; and in defence of the very existence of society, and of the lives of thousands of innocent and virtuous men and women threatened with an indiscriminate massacre, we should be the first to urge a retaliatory and defensive war, "*sans pitié ni merci*," without scruple and without law, aimed at nothing less than the "extermination" of an organized band of assassins more atrocious and more terrible than has ever been known in history, or imagined in fable. A universal massacre of St. Bartholomew, organized in the nineteenth century, against the middle and upper classes throughout Europe! Such is the *Times*' picture of European Democracy. To condescend to refute it is too revolting a task. We declare it to be utterly and wickedly false. We blush to think of the morbid appetite for horrors, and of the blind credulity which must be presumed to exist in an English public, before whom such garbage is placed as intellectual political food. But the system of imposture is too gross; it must react against those who employ it. It is reacting to the degradation of the public press in the minds of all men who bestow the slightest attention upon foreign politics and news. Once for all, we quote a flagrant example of this "information," which is distributed periodically through the length and breadth of the land, to poison the minds and confound the judgments of the great uninformed majority amongst us. It is not the less disgraceful because it overshoots the mark of public credulity. It is our duty to expose it; but it is a task too repulsive for frequent repetition. We know of only one dignified mode of constantly counteracting the influence of incessant misrepresentation: it is the course which we have proposed to ourselves to pursue, of presenting to the English public in a continuous form the official statements of the principles and objects of the various sections of European Democracy in their own words. With this illustration of our purpose we will leave the subject, and pass on.

Revolution has been crushed in every country in Europe; and yet it is true that Democracy still conspires, and that this is no time for rest. It would seem as if we were living in exceptional times to which the ordinary rules which history furnishes do not apply. Europe has been convulsed with a simultaneous and common movement, which in one country after another has been at length suppressed. It is accepted as an axiom in the history of nations that revolutions only follow each other after a certain interval of rest; and yet it would be the greatest mistake to imagine that we were now entering upon one of those periods of repose.

In this general sense at least we believe that the rumours which our daily press convey to us are not without foundation in truth, and we will proceed to show the reasons of our conviction.

What is a revolution? It is an insurrection of a people, a party, or a class victorious in the struggle, accepted with all the consequences of complete victory, or a compromise between the different political or social elements at strife, indicative of their comparative strength, and calculated to endure until time shall have worked some essential change in the proportion of their forces. It may be the enthronement of a new transformatory spirit destined to exaggerate and exhaust itself in a given time, as in the revolution which gave us our Commonwealth; it may be, as in the Parisian revolution of 1830, a successful resistance on the part of a dominant class—in that case the bourgeoisie of France—to the encroachments of another power in the state; but in every case it possesses this characteristic, that it expresses the definite issue of a contest of moral as well as of material forces, and that it establishes in its favour a public opinion, which it must be the work of time to resolve into its elements and to recompose. Such are the conditions of permanence which every revolution, properly so-called, interposes to forbid a too speedy renewal of the struggle. Where are these elements of permanence to be found now in Europe? In France, where every party, every class, Bonapartist, Orleanist, Legitimist, Red Republican, and Socialist is meditating a revolution of its own? In Germany, where the popular movement in Baden and Saxony has been suppressed by Prussian arms, where Austria needs all

her forces to keep down the elements of insurrection within her own states, and yet is compelled to interfere in Germany to oppose the schemes of Prussia, whose armies alone preserve a temporary quiet there, whilst Prussia in her turn seems drifting, under the pressure of Russian and Austrian principles, towards a policy which must rank the whole of liberal Germany against her? Not assuredly in Italy, where the actual presence of a French army, and, what is infinitely more, the consciousness of the overpowering force of France is necessary to keep the Pope at Rome; and where in Piedmont, Lombardy, and Venice the national spirit is confessedly unquenched, though beaten for a time? In no one country in Europe has the revolution been accomplished and completed,—accepted in all its consequences, or disposed of by a compromise satisfactory to the public opinion of the time being, and enshrining a definite policy for a certain time to come. In every country it has been defeated in part by deception, by a pretended acceptance and a subsequent evading of its consequences. It has been quelled, too, by the coöperation of the different powers in Europe; by the aid of Prussia in Germany, of Russia in Austria, of France and Austria in Italy. And this alliance of the powers has taught an alliance of the Peoples, which is even now beginning to formulize itself; and it has added this new element of insecurity to every state,—that insurrection, successful for a moment in any European country, entails the immediate consequence of simultaneous movements in the rest. Revolutions in Europe are henceforth European revolutions.

If this fact gives a power and a significance to the Democratic movements of all European countries, it does so especially to those of Italy; for in no other country is the cause of revolution so deep-seated or its spirit so wide spread. There is no Italian anti-revolutionary party; Piedmont and the National and Republican party divide the field. Foreign force alone keeps Italy in check; and foreign domination is the never-failing source of an element of insurrection more universal and more indomitable than any merely political idea—the spirit of nationality, the desire of national independence. Hardly a year has elapsed since 1815 without insurrection in Italy, hopeless, isolated, provincial insurrection, crushed immediately by neighbouring foreign force. And yet this repeated failure has done nothing, absolutely nothing, to subdue the spirit which is at work. It is exhibiting itself now more potent and active than ever in its vitality, almost immediately after the long and exhausting struggle, the sacrifices, and the defeats of 1848 and 1849. The true spirit of nationality can accept no compromise, and submit to no defeat; for all enlightened politicians the independence of Italy it is but a question of time and mode.

But popular insurrection in Italy will no longer manifest itself as it has done before. It has grown bolder in its hopes; it aspires to unity where, previously to the movement of the last two years, it aimed only at independence.

In Rome the republican government still claims to exist—for it never abdicated its rights, but ceased at last an impossible defence—by virtue of the almost unanimous votes of the population; and its most active members are, in conjunction with the leaders of the popular movement in the rest of Italy, formed into a central directing body, which openly aims at the independence, liberty, and unity of Italy, and which is pledged before the country to a national war and a Constituent Assembly as the immediate object of its labours. No less than this is the purpose of the manifesto which we have been the means of bringing before the English public; and of the loan of 10,000,000 francs, which the national party in Italy is bold and determined enough and sufficiently confident in its strength to propose to raise. No other country in Europe possesses a Democratic party so united, so pledged, and so prepared for action. In no other country is insurrection so ready, or revolution so inevitable. They are facts in store for the proximate future of Italy, and of the deepest importance to Europe. Politicians may look unfavourably on them, because they endanger the general peace, or because the dreaded name of Republic may seem to be associated with them; but let them not foolishly attempt to ignore their imminent existence. It is this blindness, this studied ignorance with respect to the condition and prospects of Italy, against which on the one hand, as against the influence of calumny on the other, we would oppose a true representation of the actual doings and designs of its Democratic and National party. It is with this view that in our series of truthful pictures, so to speak, of European Democracy, the acts of the National Republican party in Italy will always find a prominent place.

We do not aim at advocacy; we wish to present a true picture of existing facts. We limit our responsibility to providing the necessary materials for individual judgment; and we propose to do so in what appears to us, in connection with existing means of popular information, to be the most desirable mode; namely, by presenting the recognized acts of all important sections of European Democracy in a succinct and continuous form, and in bold relief, unencumbered by too much comment, uncoloured by advocacy, and with only such explanation as may appear necessary for their being understood, and for the correct appreciation of their relative importance.

Even within these limits we might have much more to say concerning the manifesto and circular of the National Italian Committee, and the party from which they emanate; but we have exhausted our space, and must defer any further remarks to future opportunities, which will undoubtedly occur. Meanwhile we recommend to the careful examination of our readers the documents which we have laid before them. They will be found to contain internal evidence of the principles and objects of the parties from whom they have issued, which may be most useful in forming an accurate appreciation of their objects.

Associative Progress.

OPENING OF THE GARRATT-ROAD HALL, MANCHESTER.

The Socialists of Manchester (the name "Socialist" has, it seems, become both accredited and accepted by the public), according to an advertisement which appeared in our columns of last week, opened on Sunday last their new hall in Garratt-road. The hall is opposite the Carpenters' Hall, and accommodates 700 people. It was full morning and evening. Before each lecture by Mr. Holyoake the following address from Mr. Owen was read. We give it entire, as it is unequalled in enthusiasm by anything which Mr. Owen has written for some time. The words of this octogenarian reformer, excellently read by Mr. James Campbell, were received with loud demonstrations of pleasure by the audiences:—

"Cox's Hotel, London, Oct. 18, 1850.

"I have this morning received your letter, written at the request of the Socialist Committee of Manchester, informing me that they have obtained possession of a large hall, which they intend to open on the 20th instant, and expressing their desire that I should send them, by Mr. Holyoake, a written address for the occasion.

"It also gives me much pleasure to learn by your letter that you are all in earnest working hard to spread the principles in your town and district. I hope you will be successful, because there are no other principles that are true, respecting humanity and society. I do not find there is now much difficulty in spreading the principles or having them acknowledged to be true; the real obstacle now to associative progress arises from the professed disciples of our principles not knowing how to exhibit them in their daily and hourly intercourse with society. It is true that, surrounded by all the institutions and arrangements which have emanated from false fundamental notions respecting man and society, it is a new and a hard lesson to acquire to act in accordance with principles directly opposed to those fundamental false notions; but when the true fundamental principle is received and fully comprehended, it must create a new and enlarged spirit of charity and kindness, which gradually increases as the knowledge of the application of the principle to practice encreases, until it becomes universal, and withdraws all anger, ill-will, and unkind feelings from class, sect, country, and colour. Making full allowance for the knowledge of the causes which necessarily produce these differences in man, for whatever may appear defective in them, and these defects will only create pity for their misfortune in being so defectively formed—and the sincere desire to introduce measures that will overcome these evils, and in future prevent their occurrence, in so far as any of them may be a cause of misery to any of our fellow-men—such must be the necessary result of the introduction into general society of the national system when it shall be fully understood in principle and practice. According to my view of it, both are yet but imperfectly known, either in Great Britain, the continent of Europe, or in America; but it is most gratifying to me to perceive everywhere the spirit of enquiry on this subject which is now abroad, and from which it is evident that the world is at length approaching the confines of a national state of existence in mind and action.

"To hasten this progress—for I cannot be idle and see so much removable misery in all classes and know that it extends into all countries—I am about to commence a weekly publication at the price of one penny, that it may be extensively read and studied, to explain the national system in such manner that it cannot much longer be misunderstood or withheld from universal adoption by all nations and people, and universally adopted, because it will be to an extent not yet imagined by any one—universally beneficial, from the beggar to the sovereign.

"My health, thank you for the wishes expressed respecting it, is good, and if it should be so till next summer I hope to visit the friends of this great and now most necessary work in all the large towns from the south to the north, where I shall hope to find the pure spirit of this system in active operation among its disciples.

"Wishing you every success in your new hall, and with kind regard to the committee and yourself,

"I remain, yours faithfully,

"ROBERT OWEN.

"Mr. J. M'Kenzie, Secretary."

SIR BENJAMIN HEYWOOD'S BATHS AND WORKING TAILORS' ASSOCIATION OF MANCHESTER.

What Carlyle so admirably suggests as possible to be done by Captains of Industry in our day, Sir Benjamin Heywood, of Manchester, seems to have accomplished by his judicious munificence. Mile Plating has been indebted to him in various ways. The Mechanics' Institution is an honourable instance of his liberality. Lately he has added baths and washhouses to the district, at an expense of £2500. This establishment, fitted up with great taste, is superior to that in George-street, New-road, London, which will suggest to the metropolitan reader an idea of its style. Its management is entrusted to Mr. Winstanley, whose judicious rules, partly self-devised, produce both harmony and efficiency in the operation, which do him very great credit. Mr. Winstanley is an instance of one who carries the profitable experience of humble life into an enlarged sphere of usefulness. The utility of these baths to the populace is evidenced by the fact that they have

been used twelve thousand times in the short period of little more than three months of which they have been opened. We are glad to find that already they nearly pay expenses; and as bathing is a habit which, when once acquired, is, like eating and drinking, never likely to go out of fashion, the time must come when they will repay the capital expended on their erection.

The Working Tailors' Association, Manchester, has been about four months in operation, and has done £400 worth of work. Triple this amount might have been done had they possessed more capital. Considering the few pounds with which they commenced, it is very creditable to Mr. Lindsay, the manager, that they still continue in operation. If we had some benevolent gentleman who would do for small Associations what Mrs. Chisholm does for Emigration, lend them a small capital to trade with, very great good would be accomplished. Such loans, I am sure, would be gratefully used and honourably repaid. Mr. Lindsay informs me that they should be glad to pay seven per cent. for £100. There is no opening for the employment of capital more safe, profitable, and humane than this. Private honour, associative credit, and public opinion would promote the security of these loans. Contrary to everybody's expectation, Mrs. Chisholm finds her generous trusts repaid; and money lent at home must be far more secure than that lent for expenditure on the other side of the world. ION.

NATIONAL CHARTER AND SOCIAL UNION.—The sittings of the Conference were continued on Sunday last. Mr. George Hooper was called to the chair. An animated discussion then commenced, as to whether the Union should direct its efforts solely to obtaining the Charter, limiting its collective action to that, and leaving to its members the widest latitude as to advocacy, or whether those propositions should form a substantive part of the programme. Mr. Stallwood and Mr. O'Brien supported the former view; Mr. Stallwood, however, incidentally declared his intention of moving the addition of certain other measures to the programme, as things desirable in themselves. The comprehensive programme of the committee, slightly modified by Mr. Harney, was, however, supported by Mr. Thornton Hunt, Mr. Walter Cooper, Mr. Leblond, and Mr. Pettie, and carried by a very large majority. As a report has gone abroad that the "partnership clause" is virtually struck out in the new arrangement, we are authorized to state that it is unfounded. The Conference will sit again on Sunday next.

LABOUR CONFERENCE AT MANCHESTER.—At a meeting of the committee appointed by the Labour Conference, lately held in this town, the following resolutions were discussed and adopted:—"1. That this Committee be henceforth known as the North of England Central Committee for promoting Coöperative Associations. 2. That Messrs. Graham, Lindsay, and Mantle be respectively Chairman, Treasurer, and Secretary to this Committee. 3. That the two foregoing resolutions be inserted in the *Leader* newspaper, and that the secretary be instructed to request, through that Journal, information of the history, position, and prospects of the various Coöperative Associations in the United Kingdom." In conformity with the foregoing resolution, I beg to solicit the correspondence of all those now coöperating, or in favour of coöperation.—GEORGE JOSEPH MANTLE, 39, Henry-street, Oldham-road, Manchester.

NATIONAL REFORM LEAGUE.—At a full meeting of the council of this body held on the 21st instant, the following resolution was adopted with unanimity:—"Resolved—"That sincerely desirous of seeing established a real union of all shades of democratic and social reformers, and believing that universal suffrage with the necessary guarantees as laid down in the People's Charter, is the only practical basis of such union, this council cannot but regret the vote come to by the conference of delegates representing this and other bodies, as the John-street sittings, whereby the expediency is affirmed of mixing up with the great question of universal suffrage certain reform measures of detail, which, however good and necessary in their proper time and place, cannot be made the object of a great national movement, without causing dissension and divisions in the popular ranks, and thereby retarding the success of our common cause. This council is therefore of the opinion of our delegates, that their attendance at the aforesaid conference is useless and unnecessary.

PROGRESS OF THE REDEMPTION SOCIETY.—Great animation is beginning to be manifested in various parts of Yorkshire and Lancashire in favour of the society, and meetings have been arranged in many of the towns. The Communal Building Fund is being revived with great spirit. A gentleman who has just visited the farm in Wales, and who is delighted with it, asks if it would stimulate the subscribers to the Communal Building Fund were they told that if the sum of £200 be raised by Christmas, a gentleman or two in London would add £50 or £100 to it? It must be understood that this question is asked in a manner that amounts to a promise. We have little doubt but this will cause the £200 to be completely raised by the time stated. Dr. Lees has been at the community, and we expect that he will send his impressions to the *Leader*. We hear that he is much pleased with it. Moneys received for the week ending Oct. 21: Leeds, £4 7s. 3d.; Rothwell, Northamptonshire, J. Bull, 1s.; Sendon, Mr. Charles Paul, 5s.; Huddersfield, C. Gledhill, 15s. 6d.; Hyde, J. Bradley, 9s. 6d.; Birstal, Mr. Oddy, 11s.; Halifax, J. Chaffer, £2 13s. 7d.; Drigglington, £1 2s. Communal Building Fund:—Leeds, £1 8s. 6d.; Drigglington, 5s.; Hyde, per J. Bradley, 12s. 6d.; Huddersfield, J. Hirst, 10s.; Halifax, per Mr. Chaffer, 4s. 3d.

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

POSTSCRIPT.

SATURDAY, Oct. 19.

A telegraphic despatch arrived from Trieste yesterday afternoon, containing a summary of India and China news. The dates of the intelligence are—Bombay, September 17; Calcutta, September 7; Singapore, September 2; and Hong-Kong, August 24:—

"There was a total dearth of events of political importance, and the profoundest tranquillity reigned throughout India. The works on the Calcutta Railway had been at last commenced. Sir Charles Napier was to begin his homeward journey from Simla on the 5th of November, and the Governor-General was expected to return from Konawur to Simla at the end of September. It was then expected that his lordship would visit the Punjab. According to a report, which was considered very doubtful, Sir H. Laurence was said to have fallen, during his travels in Cashmere, into the hands of a tribe, who had detained him in captivity. A mutiny had broken out among some of the Nizam's native troops. The cholera was still prevalent in Scinde, Mooltan, and some districts of India. From Singapore we learn that Sir James Brooke had sailed from Siam on the 3rd of August. The Indian and Chinese seas are still infested with pirates. The intelligence from China is unimportant. We are glad to state that the health of the troops in Hong-Kong was improving. The difference between the Chinese and Portuguese at Macao had not been arranged. A sufficiency of rain had fallen in Bengal and the greater part of India, with the exception, however, of Bombay and Poonah."

The examination of the four prisoners arrested on suspicion of having been guilty of the murder of the Reverend George Hollest took place at Guildford yesterday. As we have elsewhere stated it was generally known that one of the accomplices has turned approver, but the magistrates conducted the proceedings in the usual formal way, so as to prevent the disclosure from being made till the close of the sitting. From the evidence it appeared pretty certain that the prisoners were the parties who had committed the burglary and murder, but the confession made by Hiram Smith, who is understood to have been the ringleader and plotter in the affair, placed the matter beyond all doubt. It appeared that on Monday Smith became anxious to know if the promise of pardon in the bill which had been issued would be acted up to if he were to "peach." He was told that he must act up to his own judgment. Whatever he said would be taken down and used in evidence against him. Smith replied that every man was bound to take care of himself, and that he would make a statement. This he then proceeded to do in the following words:—

"On the 27th of September last, being Friday night, myself with other persons now in custody, named James Jones, Levi Harwood, and Samuel Harwood, was at Frimley, and broke into Mr. Hollest's house by taking out a bar. I entered first and Levi Harwood second. With a worm Levi Harwood bored two holes in the frame of the door leading to the kitchen, and pushed back the bolt with his knife, and then myself, Jones, and Levi Harwood went in and then looked about. Levi Harwood then opened a workbox and took two shillings from it. We then all three of us went into the sitting-room, and Levi Harwood and Jones searched while I held the candle, and there found a silver hunting watch and a small old-fashioned gold one. We then went into another room, and I don't know what was taken from there. They then went down into the pantry, while I stood in the passage. It was then about half-past two o'clock. I then went out and fetched Samuel Harwood in. Three of us then went upstairs—myself, Jones, and Levi Harwood went into a bedroom, and removed three ladies' dresses, two out of the drawers, and one from the bedstead. There was no one sleeping in that bedroom. We then came downstairs, and put on the masks. Myself and Jones put on the green ones which were produced last Saturday, and Levi Harwood put on a white one, and a white Guernsey over his waistcoat. Jones put on a large cloak which was hanging up in the passage, and I put one on likewise. The cloaks belonged to the house. We then all four of us proceeded upstairs. Jones went first with a pistol in his right hand, Levi Harwood second with a pistol in his right hand, which he loaded on the road to Frimley. He loaded both pistols with marbles. Jones first, Levi Harwood second, and myself third, here entered Mr. Hollest's room, while Samuel Harwood stood at the door with a screwdriver in his hand. Levi Harwood then said, 'Lay still, my good woman, or else I will blow your brains out.' He was standing at the foot of the bed at this time. Mrs. Hollest instantly got from her bed, Jones being on her side of the bed, Levi Harwood at the foot of the bed, and myself against Mr. Hollest's side of the bed. When Mrs. Hollest got out of the bed, Jones took hold of her and thrust her up in the corner of the room on her own side of the bed. Mr. Hollest jumped out of the bed and went to take hold of Levi Harwood, when he (Levi Harwood) immediately fired the pistol at Mr. Hollest, and I took the gold watch from off the stand of the room, and we all four then ran down stairs. We were in the room for about five minutes. Jones and Samuel Harwood then started for Guildford. After we had walked together across the common about five miles Levi Harwood and myself then parted from

them, and we went to Kingston together. There I left him to go to London, he having the things with him that had been taken from Mr. Hollest's, and I returned to Guildford. We arranged on the Tuesday previous to commit the robbery. On the Friday evening Samuel Harwood and Levi Harwood went first, and myself and Jones met them on the top of the hill, about two miles from Frimley. It was then about nine o'clock, and there the pistols were loaded by Levi Harwood. We all four went on to the canal bridge and there parted. Levi Harwood and Jones went first, and myself and Samuel Harwood followed them in about five minutes, and then joined them on the green near Mr. Hollest's house."

While this important document was read by Mr. Smallpiece, the clerk to the magistrates, Smith remained with his eyes fixed on the ground. Levi Harwood swung himself to and fro occasionally, and shot looks full of the most savage anger at his approver accomplice, his hands all the time being deeply buried in his breeches pockets, as if to restrain himself from some act of violence. Jones scowled fiercely forward, and Samuel Harwood looked more and more alarmed. When the reading of the confession had terminated,

Levi Harwood exclaimed, though in a subdued tone of voice, "It is all false what he says, gentlemen, all of it."

The Chairman.—You had better not say now whether it is so or not. This is a very important piece of evidence against the prisoner Smith himself, and whether it affects anybody else is a matter for future consideration.

When the prisoners were about to be removed, Smith asked with an air of astonishment, if he was to be locked up as formerly. "Most certainly," said the chairman. "What you have said is strong evidence against yourself." Jones then, for the first time since the announcement of the confession, turned towards Smith, and, in a voice rendered hoarse by passion said, "I hope you will get shot yourself some day for what you have said." The prisoners were then remanded till next Saturday.

M. C. S. Grey, one of the private secretaries of Lord John Russell, who has served for a long period in the Treasury, has received the appointment of Paymaster of Civil Services in Ireland, lately held by Mr. Kennedy, one of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests. Sir James M'Gregor has resigned his appointment to the Medical Staff of the Army.—*Globe*.

A man named Ogle Wallis, formerly a cornet in the Twelfth Dragoons, and who came into possession of £4000 two years ago, on the death of his sister, made a most murderous attack, on Thursday, upon the landlord and land lady of the Queen-square Tavern, in Bath, where he has lately been residing. It appears that Wallis, who owed a month's rent, was about to remove his portmanteau from the tavern; upon which the landlord told him he must pay his rent first. Wallis then struck the latter with a stick, and almost immediately after pulled a razor out of his pocket, and commenced a deadly assault upon him. The landlady, hearing the noise, went to her husband's assistance, when the ruffian assaulted her also, and, after inflicting several wounds on her face and hands, made his escape from the house. He was soon afterwards apprehended, but as the landlord will not be able to attend to give evidence against him for some days, the prisoner has been remanded till Friday next.

The exportation of horses this season from Ireland to England has been unparalleled for a number of years. Mr. Dawson sold a lot of seventeen first-class hunters to Mr. Murray, of Manchester, for the enormous sum of £2300, a price for a "lot" from one dealer to another without precedent in this country.

By the Franklin, United States mail steamer, which reached Cowes yesterday, after a passage of twelve days, accounts from New York of the 5th instant have been received. Two week's later intelligence had been received from California. The Sacramento city had not been destroyed by fire, as before reported. The steamer Southerner, and the barque Isaac Mead, had come into collision, when the latter sank, and thirty-four persons were drowned. An alarming fire had broken out in Buffalo, but the extent of damage was not known.

A letter from Hamburg, dated 14th instant, states that the Ministry Stüve had resigned in a body, and that their resignations had been accepted by the King of Hanover. M. Lindemann, the chief burgomaster of Luneburg, had been entrusted with the formation of a new Cabinet, which will be favourable to the line of policy followed by Austria.

Last Sunday fortnight the Pope celebrated mass in the Basilica of the Vatican, and administered the communion to several noble persons of both sexes. The same day he admitted to a private audience a deputation of English Catholics, who were presented to him by Cardinal Wiseman. The deputation, which was composed of the members of the English College and several other Englishmen, went to thank the Pontiff for elevating to the purple their old colleague and superior Dr. Wiseman. Pius IX. received them in a very gracious manner, and on their departure gave them separately the apostolic benediction.

Six persons convicted of murders, committed during the Roman Republic, were executed on the 9th instant at Rome. The Roman troops alone kept the ground, and Roman soldiers executed the sentence of the tribunal. The French troops were *consignés*. Five of the murderers confessed their crime, and admitted the justice of the sentence.

Letters from München state that both Wurtemberg and Bavaria will henceforth again act hand in hand with Austria in the German question. The monarchs of both kingdoms are at Bregenz, conferring with the Emperor of Austria.

The Leader.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1850.

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 its eternal progress.—DR. ARNOLD.

THE NEW CATHOLIC EPISCOPACY.

If we welcome the bull from Rome, reëstablishing Catholic bishoprics throughout England, it is in the conviction that the time has gone by when such a measure could occasion any well-grounded fear: at the present day, broadly speaking, we anticipate from it nothing but good.

It is just. The Roman Catholics in England are so considerable in number, that London is reckoned to contain as many as Rome itself; and their position has been very inimical to right social or moral relations. Living in the faith that belongs to the past rather than the present history of England, those events which have become traditions for others, remain living wrongs to them. Although much social good, and, still more easily, much political good may be traced to the Reformation, towards the sincere and earnest Roman Catholic it was a flagrant wrong; and to men of any faith it was so contaminated, in England, by bad motives, that it is a source of regret as well as congratulation.

Without undervaluing the popular reform movement in the English Church of the fifteenth century, it can never be forgotten that so far as the action of Government was concerned the English Reformation was brought about to facilitate the wickedness of the English Bluebeard. A reformation in religion effected to facilitate the cruel and brutal concubinage of that blackguard on the throne could never be cited with unmixed respect, never viewed with unmixed trust. But to the sincere Catholic, while it deteriorated the national faith, and acted the office of pander to the infamous voluptuary, it worked wrong and spoliation—on the churches where he worshipped, on the monastic institutions which he venerated, on the firmly faithful whom he loved—his fellow-Catholics that stood by their faith. To the sincere Catholic it is to this day a huge national wrong, combining public revolution, private confiscation, profligate breach of religious vows, national pandering to crowned debauchery, and sacrilege. By the descendants and representatives of those who shared in the sacrilegious treason, he is held down in a state of subjection, civil and spiritual, deprived of that organization proper to his church which is not denied to the lowest and most idle order of Dissenters. The bull restores that organization, and places the Catholic Church on a footing of equality with other faiths in this country: therefore we say that it is just.

It is reasonable. In a country where every faith is permitted full expression,—where there is no national faith, but where there is a gradual and perceptible move towards a recognition of that broad and eternal faith in which special creeds are but parts,—it is only reasonable that one so illustrious in history as the faith which led Europe forth from the Dark Ages, the faith of Italy in her prime, of Northern Europe and of the crusades, should have its full and free type amongst us. As a dogmatic faith, the Roman Catholic stands on firmer ground than the Protestant; since it stands upon the hereditary rock of St. Peter, refusing to those who have not administered its mysteries by Apostolic succession the faculty of meddling in the direction of its rites. The Protestant churches have confounded the Apostles and the followers, giving to the latter as much authority as to the former, and thus permitting the Apostolic succession to abdicate. We hold with Francis Newman, that between absolute authority and absolute freedom of private judgment, there is no logical mean; and that there is, therefore, no *locus standi* between Catholicism and Spiritualism. Now, there are amongst us great numbers of both those extreme doctrines, and up to this point, both have been denied their proper organization—Spiritualism

through its infancy of development, Catholicism through the civil oppression of a conquering faith. As we are advancing in that conflict of faiths from which all hope to see a spiritual unity arise—as harmony is gradually born from the discord of an orchestra,—we hold it to be reasonable that the Roman Catholic faith should be allowed its full expression amongst us.

It is just, because perfect freedom permits absolute equality of civil action to the men of all persuasions; reasonable, because perfect freedom permits absolute equality of expression to all doctrine; beneficial to the country, because on that field of perfect equality, science, reason, and innate faith, can alone fulfil their joint office in developing religious doctrine, in purifying it, and in building up the Church of the Future. Until each creed has its say, without stint or reserve, it cannot speak freely in council, and we can never deal with it finally. Henceforth, in England, unless some cowardly dogmatism in office should obstruct this great step in religious freedom, we shall have before us all that Catholicism can say or do, by itself, and by the sole instrumentality of moral and spiritual influences. It will be in England alone, then, that it will contend, in perfect freedom and equality, with its three great antagonists—Apostolic Protestantism, Dissent, and Spiritualism; and for that reason, while we hail an act which completes the measure of justice for our Catholic fellow-countryman, we hail also a free issue which must aid the conflict of opinion, the development of freedom, and the building up of truth on a basis broader than that of any special creeds, whether Protestant or Papal. We welcome the newly completed organization of our fellow countrymen, because ungoaded by Inquisitorial Rome, unshackled by Protestant Westminster, we see them banding together and marching forth into the open day of truth, and we believe that they have thus but begun that glorious final journey which shall lead them to know their brethren, and meet together under the blue vault of the Church Universal and Eternal.

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE AND ITS OPPONENTS.

THE right of the People to the suffrage is denied at the present day only by some antiquated politicians of the bat and owl school. Scared by the light, these timid and purblind night-prowlers shrink into holes and corners to escape its bright but painful influence, and thus remain impervious to conviction, and unvisited by any knowledge of the principles for which men are combatting, or the ideas for which they live and die. These men, whether aristocrats by birth or millionaires by accident, speak of the People, when they condescend to speak of them at all, as the raw material from whence their wealth, splendour, and power are derived; or, at the very best, as the agents of their pleasures, or as slaves subservient to their will.

There are others of this class, who, applying to the progressive Present the maxims of a superstitious and barbarous Past, strive to keep down the energies of the masses by maxims of so-called morality, and of a religion which has no title whatever to the name. As if, forsooth, morality could be divorced from Progress, or religion (in the pure vital sense of the word) exist independently of freedom. They tell the many that it is their duty to submit to the One or to the Few, just as the form of oppression which they wish to support is the despotism of one man or of an oligarchy, they preach up "submission to the powers that be," and profane the name of a Faith of which equality was the original watchword, by making it the support of all that is retrograde, coercive, and unjust.

This class is, happily for itself, not a very numerous one; were it larger and more influential than it is, its numbers and influence would of themselves prove its bane; the indignation of the many would prompt them to rise and sweep it, like a noxious reptile, from the onward path of Democracy. As it is, the People can meet the scorn and dogmatism of this class with equal scorn, and, with feelings of indignation which the insignificance of the object prevents from assuming any more violent form than that of sheer contempt.

But there is another class from which the popular cause is liable to receive much more damage, your moderate liberals, your reformers of the Whig or Whig-Radical school. These are the men who can stand up on a hustings and talk glibly enough of the "Peoples' Rights;" can toast at banquets "The People, the only source of legitimate greatness;" can declaim about "Reform," "Constitutional

Freedom," "Rational Liberty," and a host of other fine and high-sounding phrases; but, when you come to ask them for a definition of the terms they have used, you find that all their declamation about advancing has for its aim the keeping things as they are, that by the "Rights of the People" they mean their own privileges and monopolies, and that not unnaturally, for by the "People" it is evident they mean themselves. When you press them on the subject of the suffrage, and exhort them to carry out their professed principles, and work for the enfranchisement of the masses by the restoration to them of their birthright, the voice of the governed in the election of the governors, you find you have applied the true touchstone to these pretenders, and they start up in their true character of monopolists and selfish oligarchs, desirous of gaining credit as champions of freedom, while they are, in fact, its most dangerous because its most insidious foes. These are the men whom the progressive party have most to fear. Your mere Tory or Conservative may be crushed by numbers or withered by contempt, but stern and complete repudiation is the only weapon to use against false friends, so fair-tongued and so deceitful as these. As Cromwell said of Sir Harry Vane, "the Lord deliver us from them!" We shall advert in future articles to the objections which they make to the possession of the suffrage by the People; it is a painful task the exposure of cant and the demolition of hollow pretences; but it is one that, like many other painful tasks, falls necessarily to the lot of advocates of the Many; and from it assuredly the Many will find we shall not for a moment shrink.

LAW FOR THE RICH.

WHEN any attempt is made to obtain Government aid for any scheme which is to improve the condition of the labouring classes, the Doctrinaires in Parliament protest in the strongest terms against any such application of the public money. "The poor," say they, "must be left to their own resources. Any attempt to assist them would destroy the noble spirit of self-dependence." But when the wealthier classes wish to borrow money out of the National Exchequer not a word is said about leaving them to their own resources. Take the case of the Drainage Bill, for example. In the year 1846 an act was passed by which the Lords of the Treasury were empowered to make advances to the landowners from the Consolidated Fund, to the extent of £2,000,000, for the purpose of enabling them to improve their estates. Out of that sum the landowners of Scotland obtained no less than £1,600,000, leaving only £400,000 to those of England, the latter having been more careless in applying for it.

Last session a similar measure was carried. The landowners of Great Britain were again asked to come forward and put their hands into the public treasury, for money to improve their estates, at the very moderate rate of three-and-a-quarter per cent. The main conditions required are merely a certificate from a Government officer that the projected improvements are likely to yield six-and-a-half per cent., and the repayment of the sums advanced by instalments of £6 10s. per cent. per annum, so that the whole of the money advanced would be repaid in twenty years. Any person can easily see that these advances of money are very advantageous to those landowners who wish to improve their estates; nor do we deny that the community derives some immediate benefit, at least, from such an application of the public money. But why should these loans be extended to the wealthier classes and not also to those in more humble circumstances? In Ireland there are thousands of small farmers who have saved a little money, and to whom a loan of money—from £50 to £300—for the purchase and improvement of a small farm would convert into comfortable substantial yeomen. Why cannot Ministers, if they care for the improvement of Ireland, and wish to be thought impartial in their treatment of rich and poor, come forward with a proposal to advance £2,000,000, on sufficient security to the small farmers of Ireland, for drainage and other improvements?

CONFUSION OF CRIME.

To few families has England been so often indebted for valuable practical suggestions in the constructive improvement of the social fabric as to the Hills. No man has thrown more light on the wants and practicabilities of prison discipline than Frederic Hill; and him also the public ought to acknowledge as the suggester of a plan for establishing a Defensive Force which would cure many

of the evils incidental to an unarmed population, a standing uncitizenized army, and an ill-drilled militia. Rowland Hill's name is a household word; but to him the public owes many things besides that which has immortalized him—the universalizing of the Post-office. And Matthew Davenport Hill is distinguished among lawyers as the promulgator of many sound doctrines, one of which assumes a peculiar practical importance just now, as it shows the true escape from the absurd practice of our law which permits noted ruffians to go at large, robbing and murdering, and setting an example of robbery and murder. At present the dogmatic rule of English law, that every man is to be deemed innocent until he be proved guilty, is absurdly exaggerated. Rightly interpreted, it means, of course, that no man is to be punished for a crime until the crime be proved; but as it is applied, it is used to tie the hands of the preventive police from restraining a noted ruffian even in the actual advances to crime, until the crime be consummated. Such human vermin as the fellows that murdered Mr. Hollest, whom the police knew, should be under some kind of restraint to bar them against committing outrages, and Matthew Hill has shown us how that is to be done.

He pointed out, some time ago, that pervading defect of our law, which subjects the criminal to a fixed term of vindictive punishment, and then turns him loose again, unreformed but exasperated, to prey upon society; and he declared that the true plan would be to detain that criminal, so long as he should exhibit the signs of being dangerous to society. He has now stated, in his place as Recorder of Birmingham, that there is a statute which authorizes the arrest of noted thieves on their haunting a particular spot, so that our law does recognize the expediency and right of arresting and detaining habitual criminals. But while indicating the existence of the statute, he shows that it is nearly useless, from the difficulty of fixing the charge that the criminal has repeated his visits to a particular spot; so that we want an improved statute to perfect what the law recognizes but does not complete.

In brief, the thing wanted is this—a law to seize upon those persons, who, by misconduct, bad training, or defective organization—are dangerous to society; to detain them in wise custody; and to employ them so as to train them into a better condition, and to diminish the cost of their maintenance. Such a law would be no more than a proper element in the regulation of society.

But, while we hold such a statute to be so essentially necessary to the right conduct of society, that not a day ought to be lost in preparing it, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that it might be very dangerous and oppressive, unless it were accompanied by other measures. While the great body of the People is without Universal Suffrage and perfect freedom of electing its own representatives in the Legislature, we must feel a jealousy of all new restrictive measures for the protection of the rich against the poorer classes.

Especially while our laws make criminals and vagabonds. Our Poor-law treats destitution as *prima facie* an offence, at the very time that the tenure of land is driving labourers off it to swell the crowded slums of our towns; and it thrusts men into hopeless places, where despair is puzzled in the choice betwixt utter want and crime, at the same time that laws put restrictions on the Association of workmen in partnership; so that the body of the People is debarred from getting at the land, or from concerting in its labour; and when the honest labourer is thrown into destitution, he is referred for relief to a law which confounds him with vagrants. The details of this system bear out its general character, and all help to make the outlaws whom Mr. Hill calls upon us to restrain.

See how the public, nay, the magistrates themselves, are perplexed in dealing with a Rosina Herbert,—how impossible it is to tell whether her repeated embezzlements were urged by want or dishonesty; how still more impossible it is to draw the line between habitual thieves and the poor wretch who is betrayed into an illegal pawning; how eager the public is to make good the laches of the law, and to offer "a premium on crime" when it recognizes the extremity of want where that passes into felony. See the habitual outrages of workhouse rioters, rebelling against laws that decree starvation, or punish want with mortification.

Not that we would delay the reform of the law indicated by Mr. Hill: it is necessary, and we ought to have it; but we foresee that if that most desirable law were completed, its operation would

expose still more harshly the miserable state of our laws regulating land and labour—which alienate industry from the soil, refuse labour protection and convert it into outlawry, and treat the want thus fostered as crime. It is for these reasons, in great part, that our laws are kept so incomplete: our law-makers dare not enforce justice, lest the injustice should become intolerable, and oppression should provoke a servile rebellion.

PUBLIC SCHOOL MORALITY.

IN our "Open Council" has arisen a discussion on a subject difficult to handle without doing harm rather than good, and yet so vitally important that, with all its difficulties, it *must* be handled frankly and effectively. We have a letter on the subject this week by a man who writes in the true spirit of courage and gravity. There are, however, three points which our correspondent has kept in the background as they are by almost all who write on the subject. He deprecates the want of explanations to youth; but the very object should be to avoid the necessity for such enlightenment. Physiological explanations to boys are as actively dangerous as the want of them may be negatively. The second point is, that all cerebral excitement is directly injurious, in spite of the current fallacy involved in the demand for "occupation to the mind." And the third is the necessity of avoiding all premature development of the instincts—a difficult task, but one which has been facilitated in various ways, under different forms of society. Healthy muscular development, such as bodily exercise promotes, tends to keep the vital forces expended in the process of strengthening and growth. At the same time, *very* strenuous bodily activity supplies the excitement which is natural to youth, and healthy in itself: and which also induces sound healthy repose. Unquestionably such training would involve, of course, an immense diminution in the amount of study; but would that be an evil? Would the boys turn out less instructed men? It seems to us that lying at the root of the evils is the over-estimate of mere intellectual training, which is not the forte of many dispositions, and is not the sole requisite for any. But even the highest instruction does not need the enormous time wasted in bad methods of study—where a ton is *taught* for every ounce *learned*.

GUTTA PERCHA.

WHEN Mr. Thomas Lobb discovered the "Percha" tree growing in the untrodden forests of Singapore, he little thought of the great benefit which that discovery would confer on mankind. The little plant had grown and blossomed, risen to maturity and decayed, among the solitary haunts of nature, known only to the natives, and but sparsely used. A botanical missionary, pursuing his adventurous studies, discovered, and a learned doctor transmitted the first sample of gutta percha to England in 1843. Since that period only seven years have elapsed, and we now find the gum of this obscure plant manufactured by European ingenuity into an incredible variety of useful articles. Gutta Percha is now employed in almost every department of science and manufactures. It envelops the wire which conveys the electric current beneath the river and the ocean, and it performs the humble function of a "clothes-line." It can accommodate itself to the slight feature of a bonnet-lining and the fringe for a mourning-coach. You may trample it under the soles of your feet, or set it upon the crown of your head. In the manufactory it appears as the Driving Band, and in the surgery you find it as a bandage; and, as it exhibits itself alike as a Nursing Apron and Coffin Lining, it may possibly accompany you from the cradle to the grave. In fact, it is a very tamed and conquered Proteus, taking upon itself all shapes, in obedience to the skill of man. In its adaptability to climates and enduring qualities, it surpasses leather for many useful purposes. In the sheet published by the Patentees, whose ingenious works would repay an inspection, the Gutta Percha Company enumerate as many as one hundred and thirty articles, in the manufacture of which gutta percha is employed. On the whole, few more useful discoveries have been made in these later days.

A HINT TO CAPITALISTS.

WITH money so very plentiful as it has lately been, we wonder why no speculative capitalist has ever hit upon the notion of getting up a Joint-stock Land Company, for the purchase of large estates in Ireland, to be sold again in small lots, at a moderate advance in price. In England such a company could not easily obtain land sufficient for its operations; but in Ireland the quantity of land brought into the market, through the operation of the Encumbered Estates Bill, presents the finest

possible opportunity. Were such a company formed, with a capital of £1,000,000 or so, it might materially assist in elevating the condition of the Irish people. We hear complaints from all quarters of the immense numbers of small farmers who are hurrying away to the United States, to escape from landlordism and pauperism. Most of these emigrants are industrious men who have saved a little money. Few of them would leave Ireland if they saw any chance of being able to buy a small farm at a moderate price. A company of capitalists who would enable a few thousands of these thrifty, hard-working peasants to become owners of a small piece of land would be doing a laudable work, while promoting their own interests.

RUINOUSLY LOW PRICES.

THE *Times* tries to persuade the farmers that they are not so badly off as they suppose, and, in proof of this, it alleges that the prices of farm produce are not lower now than they were in the three years ending in 1836. Of course the landowners will be glad to see the *Times* taking this course, as it furnishes an excuse for exacting as high rents as they received fifteen years ago. But "the leading journal" is considerably in error when it makes such a statement. During the three years to which it refers, the aggregate average price of wheat, barley, and oats was about twenty per cent. higher than it is at present; and yet, so great was the pressure upon the farmers, even with those higher prices, that a committee was appointed to enquire into the causes of agricultural distress. At that time we were importing no foreign grain at all. At present we are importing upwards of 1,000,000 quarters of grain and flour monthly. Here would be something for the Protectionists to point to as a cause of agricultural distress. But the landlords dare not ask for such a committee next session, because of the revelations regarding rent which would come out of it; and the farmers have not *pluck* enough to petition for such an enquiry unless the landlords give them leave.

SOCIAL REFORM.

EPISTOLÆ OBSCURORUM VIRORUM.

XIV.—COMMUNISM AS AN IDEAL.

TO STAVROS DILBEROGLUE.

October 22, 1850.

DEAR STAVROS,—I address this to you because I know how thoroughly you believe with me that all the restless struggles and ambitions which trouble the current of this our earthly life would be little better than the hurrying agitation of an anthill, if we did not dignify them by the grandeur of our aspirations. Mean and petty were this life, with all its ignoble cares, if it were not for the

"Yearning for something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow."

But these aspirations carry us forward out of the mere circle of daily needs and present desires, into the Future of the human race, and save us from scepticism or apathy by connecting the small items of our work with a magnificent whole. I am certain, Stavros, that you who have dignified your life by commerce with great thoughts, and saved yourself from despair by reliance on what is great and generous in our nature, must have often felt that clouding of the mind such as comes over me when I reflect on the inability of Truth to get itself translated into Act, the painful prolixity in the movement of human progress, the complexity of the hindrances, the sluggishness and apathy of men more fatal than their stupidity or their cowardice. In such moods I sympathize with Carlyle—the stern and lonely thinker—and wish for autocratic power to sweep away these hindrances, gag the fools, and establish the truth as a despotic Fact. But, falling back again into the current of calmer thoughts, I recognize the inevitability of these hindrances, the impossibility of ever accelerating the velocity of human progression by any impetus *ab extra*, and the consequent necessity of dealing with humanity as we *find* it, rather than as we would *have* it. Society is a growth, and we must look to its culture, checking unwise impatience at the slowness of the growth, and relying on the certainty of Nature's laws to produce fruit in due time—"But while the grass grows—the proverb is somewhat musty."

Ay, and *here* we feel the necessity of some consolatory faith, some reliance on an abstract conviction to sustain us while the grass grows! Such a conviction is Communism to many. They know that Communism is an ideal, the realization of which is indefinitely distant. They know that society will not rise suddenly one fine morning and proclaim itself Communistic. They know that many, very many years, perhaps even generations, must pass away ere that can be; years of trouble,

of sorrow, of hope brightening with increased conviction, of silent application familiarizing the minds of men, and insensibly throwing bridges over the chasm now dividing the old from the new, so that the change will scarcely seem a change. They know, moreover, that so long a transition-period, accompanied as it must be by such manifold and far-reaching modifications of opinion, of feeling, and of practice, will necessarily produce so profound an alteration in the condition of society, that it is as idle *now* to settle in advance the details of Communistic society as it would be to draw up a constitution for the inhabitants of the moon; and, further, if it be idle to forecast arrangements, it is worse to forecast objections to a principle deriving those objections from presumed *consequences*, not from the principle itself. To combat the principle of Association is legitimate; to combat it by fears of what it will *lead to* is irrational and vicious.

In this letter I want to express clearly, if I can, the part which I conceive Communism will play in the coming years, and in so doing urge the desirableness of all serious minds turning their serious attention to the doctrine, instead of declaiming against supposed "consequences," and wasting ingenuity in vituperative syllogisms to prove the doctrine "odious" and its believers insurgents.

Communism, I often hear, is an ideal scheme. To me that is but a mediocre objection; for, as I before hinted, I feel the imperious want of some ideal (*credible*, of course) which may dignify the politics of this our disorganized society; some vision of a reign of justice and greater happiness, to relieve the sadness which oppresses us when we see opened the hideous sewers of our boasted civilization, and contemplate with loathing the black current of misery, hopelessness, and injustice which flows under our feet. Our prosperity is a vine growing over a volcano. It is beautiful to see, but look not beneath! Now, Communism, by appealing to the indestructible desire for justice within us—that which Immanuel Kant grandly said was one of the two things which struck him dumb—has in it a powerful element of success. But besides this moral impetus, the principle, viz., "concert in division of employments," as Thornton Hunt defines it, is an intellectual formula which may be carried like a torch into all the social questions of the day, completing the doctrines of political economy, hitherto at sea without a compass.

I am also told that it is an Utopia, a Chimæra, and many other things suggestive of contempt. Utopia, in Greek, means *Nowhere* (οὐ τοπος). But Communism is *here*—it is a reality—it lives among us both as Idea and Fact, with a vitality I have not observed in chimæras. It exists as an ideal in the sense that Christianity is an ideal, and it exists as a reality in pretty nearly the same sense that Christianity is a reality, i.e.—very imperfectly developed. As Thornton indicated in his last letter, a full and perfect realization of the one is no more to be found than it is of the other. But will any one say that the discrepancy constitutes an Utopia? The doctrine is here, *believed* consciously by thousands, unconsciously by more; *applied* in so many ways, on so vast a scale, and with such success that enemies often refer to these applications as a refutation, saying: "Why, we *have* Association already operating in society!"

Not, then, as an Utopia, but as a growing fact, must we accept Communism, though ugly names may be flung at it. The terror it created is fast disappearing as men become familiar with it. The first time Montgolfier sent up a balloon the frightened peasants among whom it descended thought it was a falling moon, and on discovering their mistake wreaked their vengeance by destroying it. An edict was published by the Government to calm the fears of peasants in future, and to forbid their destroying balloons. This bugbear has now become a toy, and even children run out to see it with delight. Is not this the history of most innovations?

But let us be just even to the fears of men. The odium attached to Communism has mainly arisen from the unwise precipitation with which Communists have attempted to *legislate* for the future, constructing a framework of society before they have gained either soil or population. So decidedly do I condemn *all* such schemes, that probably most sections of the Communist party would disown me as a recusant or an enemy. Yet I accept, without the slightest reservation, the *doctrine*, while condemning as unphilosophic and immature every *system* yet proposed. And this is the case with hundreds; it is also the case with many who now strenuously oppose Communism, because they are

disgusted or alarmed at the systems and their tendencies.

The terror which thunders at Communism as "destructive of property, personality, and marriage"—considering it the inauguration of anarchy and rapine—has always seemed to me utterly irrational, to use the mildest term, and excusable only because of the excessive complexity of social questions—a complexity which baffles even the wisest. At the outset, one may say that nothing can be more irrational than quitting the discussion of a principle, and rushing into rhetoric on the "consequences" supposed to issue from it. To estimate the actual results exhibited, e.g.—the evils produced by Competition—is a legitimate use of diagnosis, yet even that requires caution; but any one can see the difference between an estimate of actual results and an estimate of results which we assume will happen, and upon that assumption to impugn a principle which must operate in a manner wholly incalculable with so complex a thing as society. I decline arguing with any man who so persists in violating all the conditions of philosophic speculation. For, observe, even granting that the presumed consequences will arrive, you cannot possibly predict the accompanying compensations. Before society could adopt the universal application of Association, it would be so profoundly modified that much now true of it would then be false. You do not know what society would be; you cannot even approximately conceive it; and your "inferences" are idle.

I have but a poor opinion of the mind whose first prevision is an objection. It was that class which predicted the evil consequences of railways, leaving out of sight the substantial benefits; and the same class resisted gaslights, because, among other evils, it was "foreseen" that the innovation would bring with it a "destruction" of our whale fishery, and a consequent weakening of our navy—the bulwark of our isle! Yet, we have gas; our ruin is not complete; and the whale fishery has declined—from deficiency of whales!

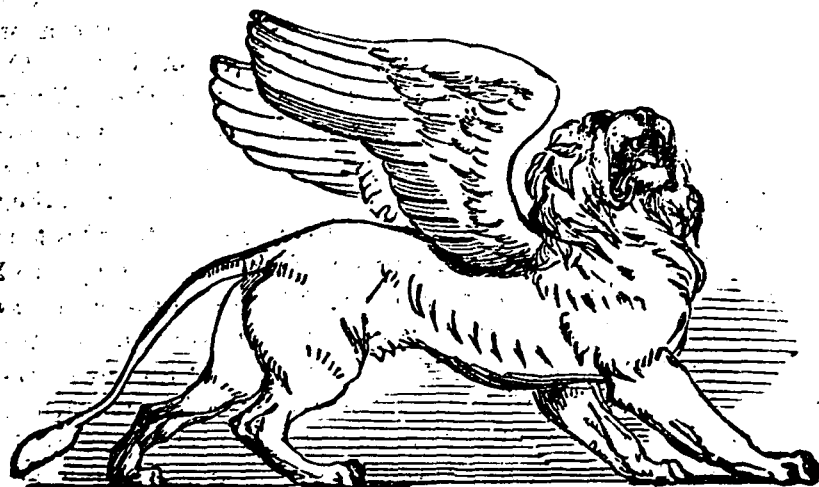
To those who foresee the destruction of property, personality, and marriage in the adoption of "Concert in the division of Employments," I would suggest these considerations. Society, if I understand it at all, is a complex result growing out of our tendencies, convictions, and habits—we have desires, thoughts to guide us towards their attainment, and customs which keep us in a certain routine order. Hence it is that truths alone, however excellent, however indisputable, do not rule society, but only enlighten it. Now, let us grant that Association will destroy property, it is clear that the nation will not forego its present strong desire for property unless a compensation be substituted which will equally content it. Let us suppose our personality destroyed (a somewhat strange fear!), it is clear that the destruction can only be effected by means of some moral development, which rendering it possible would render it desirable. Let us further suppose that marriage will be destroyed; can any one, conversant with human nature, suppose this destruction to be possible with all that marriage has of holy, all it has of vital, all it has of social—that which always has been marriage and always will be? Is it not obvious that the only destruction can be the destruction of our present laws which give a man a right over his wife, and deny her that equality as a wife, which she has in virtue of her humanity? To what, then, does this terror of "destruction" amount? Human nature will not be destroyed by the introduction of a new element into industrial production and distribution; and so long as human nature remains, so long will our tendencies, convictions, and habits reign paramount over all schemes of legislation. Those who talk about "destruction" believe—by implication—the amazing absurdity that Property, Personality, and Marriage are derived from and identified with the existing laws; whereas nothing is clearer than that they are derived from our tendencies, convictions, and habits which find expression in laws.

So long, therefore, as the tendencies, convictions, and habits of men are in favour of the present system so long will it continue; when the daily-increasing movement towards a change has acquired velocity and extension enough to be really the consensus of the whole People, then will Communism be realized. Not before! And here, my dear Stavros, note the influence of that prolixity in social movement I mentioned just now. A barricade may overturn a throne; but no social change can be effected except by social means. Educate

men's desires and enlighten their thoughts up to the point you wish, and the change is there.

This, then, seems to me the part which Communism has to play: recognized as an Ideal, it will ennoble our struggles and strengthen our faltering hearts; and at the same time serve us as a principle to be incessantly promulgated and applied, so that by teaching and the example of success we may indoctrinate the nation, and make the change from old to new both gradual and complete. It may be a bugbear to many; but—to use the noble words I am fond of quoting from Giordano Bruno—*con questa filosofia l'animo mi s'aggrandisce e mi si magnifica l'intelletto*—with this philosophy I enlarge my soul and dignify my thoughts.

G. H. LEWES.



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.

OUR SCHOOLS.

Oct. 22, 1850.

SIR,—One step towards recovering the frightful evils that Mr. Froude alludes to in your last number will be for everyone who can attest the truth of such statements to come forward and do so in the public press. Though I have never been at any of our public schools I have had many opportunities of ascertaining the system as it is in these institutions, and, having had upwards of fifteen years' experience as a tutor in private schools, I can state, without fear of contradiction, that the moral atmosphere is quite as bad in the latter as in the former.

Before entering more particularly on the evils of private establishments, I will state one fact in respect to Eton which came under my own observation.

About three years ago I had a boy under my instruction (fourteen years old) who had been sent to Eton by his parents, but, after enduring numerous indignities and persecutions, he was one day led to a public-house by some of the elder pupils, who tried to compel him to get drunk with them, and upon his refusal they threatened to beat him; but he, firm to his purpose, was not to be moved by their threats—

"Justum ac tenacem propositi," &c.

Whereupon he was so severely punished by these little tyrants that he wrote to his father, who went down to Eton and took him away at once.

I know many other similar cases, but for the present will content myself with quoting Madame de Wail's opinion from her little work on the Training of Girls, published a few years ago. In page 61 she says:—

"The time must come when the gross moral evils which by many are still upheld as necessary accompaniments—aye, even as necessary ingredients in a boy's education, will be scouted by the general voice of society, when public schools shall no longer be characterized by the amount of Latin and Greek imparted—the extent of flogging and fagging practised, and by the loathsomeness by which the child is polluted long before manhood is attained."

That the accusation implied in the last sentence is strictly true in respect to private schools, I can bear the testimony of long and sad experience. How, indeed, can it be otherwise when we consider the system in general adoption at what are termed even the best schools?

Once in bed (generally about eight p.m.) the poor creatures are left without the least inspection, elder and younger boys in the same room; and, so long as they are quiet, nobody cares what they are doing. Porson, in his *Devil's Walk*, has told us what that is. Certainly, their previous intellectual education could have been no guide to them in their conduct, for a knowledge of themselves, of their physical constitution, is the last thing ever thought of being given them; and the time which might be devoted to this most important and interesting of all studies is em-

ployed in poring over grammars and dictionaries of some dead or living language, or acquiring the art of committing words to memory, which studies deaden and pervert their minds, give them a distaste for all useful knowledge, and drive them to fly for relief from such drudgery to any excitement, in utter ignorance of the consequences moral or physical. The cause, however, has been truly stated, that there is no system of moral training, no education of character in the generality of schools; in fact, the whole system of education (where there is any) is calculated to have an immoral effect upon the character of boys; and, where there is no system, it is frightful to contemplate the evils that result. The present generation is suffering from them in a thousand ways, and what a prospect for that which is now growing up, thus poisoned at its very sources, poisoned in its parents, poisoned in itself physically and morally. Are we not suffering even now from the effects of this system, in the selfish, unbelieving mammonism of the day, in the profligacy of our youth—in the effeminacy of some—in the brutality of others, and in the prevailing contempt for all noble sentiments and aspirations? But the whole body being diseased, all partial attempts at patching and mending must be ineffectual. The whole system must be changed. Education must be viewed in an entirely different light from what it has hitherto been. If the old institutions are hedged about with every obstacle to improvement, new institutions must be established for training the human being more in accordance with its nature and constitution, and entrusted to persons who understand what that nature is, not to learned pedants, who are generally the most ignorant of men on the subject. So long, however, as parents are more anxious about the intellectual than the moral culture of their children, schoolmasters will promote the former to the neglect of the latter. But this is not the worst feature, for, in numerous instances that I could mention, parents look more to the mere present physical comfort of their children than anything else they get at school.

The fact is, the more we investigate the causes of this frightful malady, the more we are appalled at its magnitude, and convinced that nothing short of a thoroughly radical change can produce any permanent good.

Should there be space in the columns of your "Open Council" I shall be happy to give you a fuller account of the state of our middle class schools, and throw out some hints for improving the system, or rather for introducing a better. J. E. S.

CLERICAL DEFINITION OF SOCIALISM.

Oct. 20, 1850.

SIR,—If we could disabuse the mind of the clergy of the erroneous idea they entertain with regard to the identity of Socialism with what is termed religious infidelity, we should remove a formidable obstacle to the peaceful progress of coöperative principles. The position of the clergy of the Church of England gives that body a great influence over the thoughts and prejudices of a large section of the community. Thousands are entirely guided by their "spiritual pastors and masters" as to what movement they shall or shall not patronize. They take their peculiar hue of thought from the minister whom they "sit under," and many, whose serious convictions might be opposed to his doctrine, would, from various reasons, be afraid to express them. Any one who has lived in the neighbourhood of a popular parson must have witnessed the local influence of his pulpit. As an institution it is unquestionable that the Established Church has lost her hold of the affections and sympathies of the masses; but, still, her power for good or evil is not to be despised, and to weaken her antagonism, if we do not gain her cordial adherence, to certain popular measures, is a work all reformers, political and social, should take in hand. Could we succeed in convincing a few of the leading minds of the church that Socialism is neither anarchy nor "infidelity," it would soon come to be discussed in a more friendly spirit than heretofore. Anarchists and "infidels" may be Socialists, or rather may choose to call themselves so, but Socialism is no more akin to religious unbelief than astronomy or any other science.

I have been led into these observations from a passage I lately met with in a book by the Reverend John A. Baxter, perpetual curate of Christ Church, Coscely, entitled *The Church History of England*. At page 699 Mr. Baxter speaks of Socialism as "a form of infidelity" which, abandoning revelation for the phrenological system of Gall and Spurzheim, as perverted by George Combe, went to release man of his responsibility, by resolving human actions into the necessary consequences of physical organization." And this in a work ambitious of ranking as a standard authority for the clerical students of history! As a definition of Socialism it is a falsehood—but I am willing to believe a falsehood the offspring of ignorance not calumny. That we have several sincere ministers of the church who are not ashamed to acknowledge themselves Socialists, is almost a sufficient answer to Mr. Baxter's "definition." If any of these will furnish the church "historian" with a

more correct representation of Socialism for his next edition the cause of truth and progress will be advantaged. I am, yours obediently,

FRANK GRANT.

CHURCH PATRONAGE.

Oct. 22, 1850.

SIR,—Although I may not be disposed to concur entirely with your correspondent, Chrysostom, in his opinions respecting Church patronage, still there is no doubt much truth in the remark that the rulers of the church are, in many respects, its greatest enemies.

I am afraid that if the people were always to choose their own ministers, evils of a contrary nature would often arise; but there is a way in which public opinion might be made to bear upon the subject, and in which the press might prove a most efficient instrument of Church Reform.

Independently of the appointment of bishops and the higher offices of the Church, the Queen has at her disposal at least 100 livings, the Lord Chancellor 800 or 900, the Archbishop of Canterbury at least 200, the Bishop of London more than 100, and the other bishops and deans and chapters in various proportions; now all these hold, or ought to hold, their influence and patronage for the benefit of the Church; and if they do not exercise it for her benefit they are not only culpable but they ought to be held up to public censure. Now, Mr. Editor, you might, I think, with great advantage to the public interest, when any of these livings are disposed of, make enquiry into the merits of the clergyman who is appointed, and thus gradually be the means of checking unworthy appointments, whilst the conduct of the deserving would be properly acknowledged. We have a fair subject for enquiry in the Church intelligence of this week. The Bishop of London has presented his nephew, the former curate of Romford, to the living of Launton, vacated by Mr. Allies. The living of Launton is worth £700 or £800 a-year, a prize in the Church in these days. It will be worth enquiring into the merits of the Reverend J. C. Blomfield; independently of the name of Blomfield he has been curate of Romford,—some of your correspondents in that neighbourhood may perhaps enlighten us; there are many who have seen long service in the Church whose last days would have been cheered and their arduous exertions rewarded by the living of Launton, with only 600 inhabitants to watch over. It will be well to be informed of the merits of an individual which could supersede such claims. I will trouble you again when any of these public livings become vacant.

AUSTIN.

ON THE FORMATION OF HUMAN CHARACTER.

Lincoln's-inn, Oct. 13, 1850.

SIR,—I am again induced to ask for a space in your columns by the desire of qualifying an expression used in my first letter on the subject of the human will, which Mr. Bray has done me the honour to quote. I have spoken of the "well-being of man" as capable of being assured by arrangements conformable to the laws of his nature with as much certainty as the "increase of his flocks and herds, or the productiveness of his crops." I should have limited my proposition to his outward well-being. For, although I believe that his inward well-being is also no arbitrary matter, but dependant upon the degree to which the individual conforms to the true laws of his nature, yet I regard this conformity as demanding an act of his free will, and as incapable of being assured by any arrangements whatever, though it may be greatly facilitated by one set of circumstances or impeded by another.

On the subject of this "free will" I believe that my opinions differ substantially but little from those expressed by Mr. Bray. But we seem to use the term "free" in different senses. Mr. Bray appears to consider that the will cannot be called free if its action can be foreseen. On the contrary, I regard the will as then most free when its action is most certain. By "will" I mean not "desire," but "choice"—a conscious determination to act in a particular manner. To mere varying "desire" I should not allow the name of "will" at all; far less that of "free will." I look upon the individual will as free exactly in proportion to the calmness with which its choice is made, and to the firmness with which the individual adheres to that choice, notwithstanding difficulties opposed to it by the circumstances under which he has to act. And it is because I believe all men to be naturally capable of deliberately choosing and firmly pursuing certain lines of action that I assert the freedom of the will to be a characteristic of human nature; without, however, meaning to say that all men possess this power in an equal degree.

Now, as all that we call duty involves deliberate choice, the sense of duty is connected, in my mind, with the belief of the freedom of the will, a circumstance which must explain to Dr. Travis and other adherents of Mr. R. Owen's philosophy, the reason of the repugnance which I and those who may think as I do, feel to this system. From Dr. Travis's pro-

positions, in the wide sense in which he expounds them, I cannot indeed dissent. For they appear to me to amount only to the statement that no man makes himself, and therefore no man is responsible for his original character any more than he is for the rotundity of the earth. But in this sense the propositions have no practical application. They are as true of an ape or a cabbage as of a man, and therefore cannot show us what is specifically characteristic of or suited to man; and if they are narrowed so as to become practical, if, as Mr. Owen does, we proceed to deny that there is any merit or demerit in human actions, because the original nature of man is not of his own making, we assert a proposition false as a theory, inasmuch as it overlooks the controul which by his nature man is capable of exercising over himself, and fraught with mischievous consequences. Men may indeed be, as I firmly believe Mr. Owen is, much better than the logic of their theories would make them, and I have already admitted that the doctrine of the great influence which the circumstances under which men are placed has upon their character is a very important truth. But error is often the most mischievous when it appears in the shape of a half truth, taught as if it were the whole truth, and I therefore feel the more bound to protest against what I conceive to be the errors of Mr. Owen's system, because I am desirous of bringing men to act upon the truth which it contains.

I am, Sir, yours truly,

EDWARD VANSITTART NEALE.

OATHS AND OPEN SPEAKING.

Halifax, Oct. 21, 1850.

SIR,—In the *Leader*, No. 29, I find a letter under the heading "Open Speaking," written by A Reader, stating that in his opinion, oath-taking is one of the principal obstacles to that candour and open speaking we are all wishful to see practised; and the writer adduces two or three examples, whereby much injury and gross injustice might arise by the refusal of a conscientious party to take oath when well acquainted with the circumstances of the case supposed.

That there are men who stickle on a straw regardless of consequences, who, by their absurd punctiliousness in such petty observances as the one supposed, support and abet crime and wrong, I do not deny; there are too many records of the painful consequences which have arisen from the blind policy of these infatuates; but, that we are to remove one of the safeguards of justice on their account would, in my opinion, be highly injudicious. How many instances are there where adjuration alone has led the prisoner to a declaration of the truth, and when mere affirmation would have failed? Indeed, as your correspondent rightly observes, lying is not considered as wrong unless when sworn to, and hence, before you can abolish oath-taking and adopt mere affirmation, you must remove a doctrine so generally believed.

A SUBSCRIBER.

SOCIAL REFORMERS.

Oct. 22, 1850.

SIR,—The propriety or necessity of designating by some other term than "Socialists" those who seek to introduce into the condition and very structure of society reforms which will result from some further trial of competitive political economy, is urged in the *Leader* of last week. Perhaps the terms Socialism and Communism (the latter in a less degree from its affinity with the expression in Acts) are justly subject to much of the reproach which popularly attaches to them. They are words that undoubtedly permit play to the wantonness of the imagination, that stir into dangerous action the indolence of the sluggard, and open to the selfish the fallacious hope of succeeding in their schemes at least cost to themselves. It would be very marvellous, then, were all who enlist themselves under the banner of ideas that peculiarly require for their realization so much caution, forbearance, and moderation, true soldiers and fellow-workers together. Such false recruits are rather the sutlers and camp followers, who wait the day of battle only to prowl over the field after the fight and to divide the spoil. But the development of a new truth is further always attended with the temporary prevalence of much error; nor is it to be expected that the wisest and most cautious of those who "tremble at the sorrow of the time," and who seek means for its alleviation, shall at first direct their efforts rightly on a course where so few beacons have been set as a light to them, and where the needle of truth is subject to so much deflection. The shoal and quicksand will be found where deep water was looked for, and many will meet shipwreck before the port is gained. Enough, however, for these enquirers for a new world, that difficulties and perplexities have always beset the path that leads to truth—if the weaker and more timid among them need the *tu quoque* argument with their opponents, they have a sufficient reply to traduction in this, that the most oppressive nightmare or the wildest brain never suggested dreams or fancies more terrible than existing and triumphant falsehoods.

As, then, we struggle for realities not names, the

suggestion in the *Leader* appears to me, for the above reasons, worthy of consideration. Another motive is supplied in the practical character of our race. Neither term, Socialism or Communism, actually expresses coöperation—the working together—as the duty of life. Perhaps, because of the weak or vicious theories set forth by some false Socialists, it appears undeniable that the prevalent idea entertained of Communism is, that it is a state of indolent and torpid vegetation. Even a writer apparently well-informed says, in one of Chambers's Papers ("Social Utopias") :—

"Socialism has not existed for nothing: though it has failed in practice as an associative system, and we hear no more of its name, it has not failed to operate indirectly in various ways; and we owe to its agitation the establishment of coöperative stores, corn-mills, bakehouses, and coal clubs, public baths and wash-houses, &c. &c."

Surely, Socialism was not confined within the precincts of Harmony-hall and the coöperation here referred to. What is it but true Socialism hampered and fettered, indeed, by jealousies and restrictions which interfere with its universal application to society, yet developing its truths by the consentaneous action and united purposes of men working as brothers? Why, the Carlton Club alone was the inauguration of Socialism; the Socialism, however, of the Sybarite. Our name and system, therefore, should not merely imply, but express our union for work. Paul's designation of himself should be ours, "We, workers together with God"; and I owe it greatly to you, Sir, that I understand somewhat of the weighty meaning and large scope of such a term. On many accounts, I would gladly see the word "Socialist" or "Communist" superseded by that of "Coöperative." The term is naturalized in the language—a home and household word—one, too, that fuses classes; and the ridicule which attaches to foreign names often, as in proletarian, for instance, destroying our perception of its sad meaning and truthfulness, should induce us to prefer words current and understood, even though we be obliged to give them somewhat of a "second intention," calling them in, after the precept of Horace, and stamping them with a new "image and superscription." In this instance, it is unfortunate that we have no term which shall express the abstract idea. Coöperation is an act rather than a permanent state; a result rather than a faculty or power. I trust, however, that the pendant to my remarks will be supplied in the fitting term through some of your correspondents. Bad names are, unhappily, of easy invention; to find a right term for a good cause is, in this case, beyond my power. I fear, however, that the inflexible character of our language will present difficulty to the attempt. Perhaps, from the Greek, nothing better can be obtained than synergetism and synergetist. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, T.

LAMARTINE'S OPINION OF ENGLAND.

London, Oct. 14, 1850.

SIR,—As your admirably-conducted Journal (rare from the real talent it displays—but still more so from its honest impartiality) is unquestionably the most liberal and advanced of the age, I venture to solicit your insertion of a few remarks suggested by a long article containing M. de Lamartine's opinion of England, which appeared in *The Times* of Saturday the 12th instant. It is impossible that among M. de Lamartine's admirers, all composed as they are of nearly the whole of the European and Transatlantic population, he can have a more enthusiastic devotee of his genius, or respector of his private character than I am—a respect and an admiration which have only increased by my having had the honour of making his acquaintance during his last short visit to this country—his exquisite poetry having lost nothing in my estimation from his high bearing, for his appearance is that of an English peer of pure Plantagenet blood; for, as you are well aware, Sir, we have peers—and peers at *l'un pire que l'autre*! But to return to M. de Lamartine's opinions of England: widely as I differ from some of them, I am not the least surprised that a foreigner during a flying visit should be a little crude and superficial on the subject, when so few of the English themselves are aware of the causes of any of the effects they see around them, whether social, or political, and for the most part ignore both the past and present history of their country. All the praise M. de Lamartine awards to the exterior and mechanical progress of England within the last twenty years, it most fully deserves, for, being an essentially cup-and-platter people, our externals are always clean and proper; but when he speaks of the wonderful power the public mind in England possesses of balancing itself, that is, of righting itself to a just equilibrium out of popular convulsions and political crises, he overrates our national solidity, or, perhaps, what he would term philosophical acumen,—here is the real solution of the mystery. Sir Robert Peel asserted that "the protection of property was the chief end of Legislation:" the maxim is an atrocious one, but it is perfectly true as regards England; with us money is the beginning, centre, and *ultima Thule* of

all things. When the French, who don't set up for a religious people—as we do—made conquests in the East, their first step was to send out missionaries to regenerate and civilize their captives; when we made similar conquests—only on a more extensive scale—notwithstanding all our cant, our only thought was commerce,—profit first, piety after. Now, merely pitching tents of refuge is of no earthly use unless they are secured; and in order to secure them they are invariably attached to the soil; in like manner, some true statesman, about five-and-twenty years ago, foreseeing the storm that was then beginning to lower over Europe, plainly perceived that mere savings-banks, though admirable institutions for national prosperity, were no guarantee whatever to national security as long as they remained merely in the hands of individuals, and, therefore, he wisely incorporated them with the national funds; consequently, every member of the community felt that in defending his country he was defending himself, nay, his dearer self, that is, his property, of which every Government, no matter what may be its politics, has become the symbol. So that, even the gentleman who transmutes his week's earnings into gin of a Saturday night—as Cleopatra dissolved her pearl in vinegar—and then piously spends the Sabbath in murdering his wife, or thumping his children, yet, only whisper of danger threatening the throne, the Church, or the state, which are the trinity of his one God, namely, his own stake in the country, and, lo! the Sardanapalus of the gin palace feels "every inch" a patriot. M. de Lamartine must also take into consideration the difference of food. We are a beer-swilling, beef-eating people; two capital antidotes to excitement and enthusiasm: whereas the poor French artizan coquettes with his hunger upon homœopathic globules of fricandeau and whole acres of sorrel, all of which is then duly fermented, and when inflated with a few glasses of Asti blanc, all sorts of vapours of "Mourir pour la Patrie!" and "A bas tous le Monde" mount into his head—for Frenchmen, neither being addicted to gin-drinking nor beating their wives, have no domestic safety valves, like the lower orders of English, for their physical force, and are, therefore, reduced to the sole alternative of expending it all on *la chose publique*. Our prudence I shall not attempt to deny; and prudence, no doubt, is a virtue, only, unfortunately, she generally gets into bad company by locating herself next door to selfishness and suspicion. But one of the reasons why England may be justly called the flower (query, flour?) of nations is that John Bull is certainly the most grindable animal in the world; but still he is prudent even in his folly, as he always gives his flour to the rich and his chaff to the poor—and he is right; for the rich, of their superfluity, in some shape or other, will make bread of his gift, and cast it on the waters of time that it may return to him after many days. Whereas the poor, being like the chaff he gives them, always scattered before the wind, become part of that ill wind of poverty which blows nobody good: so prudent John is right to have nothing to do with them. Some persons think John is inconsistent, and that, after the Cambridge Testimonial and the young duke's £12,000 a-year, he ought to abbreviate his name from John Bull to Jack Ass. Not so. John never was more consistent than in his patient gilding of greatness, for he is a tuffhunter (as well as fox-hunter) to his very marrow; and if he only worshipped the Lord of Hosts with half as much unflagging zeal and untiring devotion as he worships the Host of Lords he bows down to, he would indeed merit that title for preëminent piety which M. de Lamartine, after a three weeks' investigation, bestows upon him. But, to return to the Duke of Cambridge's £12,000 (which his Royal Highness is by no means likely to return to the people); in that proceeding John was eminently consistent. For, as Dr. Johnson liked a good hater, so John Bull sympathetically respects a good feeder, and, surely, a better never lived than the late "good" (dinner) Duke of Cambridge.

M. de Lamartine seems now to consider England (thanks to the clean streets and the disappearance of Irish beggars) a sort of social and political rock of Gibraltar—impregnable. Yet, after all, the Abbé Lammenais may be right, and he says that "The English aristocracy is the last remnant of the feudal institutions of Europe, and England is the battle-ground on which the contest for its extinction must be fought out." At all events, I am certain that the English are not that preëminently moral people which M. de Lamartine seems to consider them. Nor never can he, as long as England contains so many men both in letters and politics who, like Epaminondas de Clerville, the hypocrite judge in Eugène Sue's admirable *comédie sociale*, entitled "Le Juge," twaddle amain about "L'homme privé, et l'homme publique," and think that any amount of private vice may be varnished over by a copious display of fine sentiments in public or on paper. With us realities are nothing—appearances everything: hence comes our religious cant (without one grain of Christian conduct—for the charitable institutions that M. de Lamartine admires so much are not charity in the wide gospel acceptance of the term);

then we have the cant of benevolence, the cant of progress, the cant of talent, the cant of respectability, and the cant of impartiality and justice,—in short cant in one shape or another is the locus criminis of England, and until this "damned spot" be rooted out, morality may continue to send her effigy under every possible form to Great Britain, but she, the living, breathing, active divinity, will never visit us in person.

With many apologies, Sir, for trespassing at such length on your valuable time and space, I have the honour to be, your obedient servant,

OMPHALE.

LETTERS ON UNITARIANISM.

LETTER III.

October 16, 1850.

SIR,—A sect owes its strength or its weakness, its success or its failure, in a large degree to the character of its founder. Indeed, unless it altogether depart from its original intention and object it remains through all the changes of its history the exactest expression, the completest embodiment of its founder's individuality. The Church of England had for founder the wife-killer, Henry the Eighth, who was neither frankly Papist nor frankly Protestant, and who was either the best of good fellows or the most brutal of ruffians, as the fit was on him. Now, the Anglican Church is always oscillating between the rankest Popery and the most rampant Protestantism, between the most generous tolerance and the most furious intolerance. It is Henry the Eighth incarnate. How faithfully, also, does Methodism correspond, both in its good and its evil to what was good and evil in John Wesley! Destitute of creative faculty, but endowed with that consummate skill to organize which is often mistaken for creative power—possessing much theological earnestness, but no spiritual breadth—a prosaic, precise, and mechanical man, with a vast fund of ambition and an eager thirst for empire,—abounding in resources, not from the spontaneousness and suggestiveness of genius, but from that energetic self-reliance and that invincible persistency which are often more fertile than genius,—not loving cant for its own sake, but never scrupling to employ it if thereby an obstacle could be conquered or a purpose achieved,—most zealous for the conversion of human souls, that is, if they would consent to be ruled in his fashion,—essentially English as far as shrewdness, sagacity, and determination are concerned, but wanting some of the noblest English qualities, chivalry, openness in speech and in action, enthusiasm for fair play and hatred of espionage,—fitted, above all others, to astonish, to win, and to dominate the commonplace, but only because he himself was the cleverest and most cunning of the commonplace,—on the whole respectable and estimable, but not loveable and admirable, and far inferior to those beautiful fecund and truly religious and seraphic natures that have brought lustre and redemption to the Church of Rome at its darkest and most degraded periods. Such was John Wesley. And at the present hour do we not see all those features in Wesleyanism? And from what we see it is easy to prophesy. A sect, whose distinguishing excellence is its perfect organization, but with no depth of devotional life or warmth of devotional aspiration, and mistaking excitement for heavenly growth and victory, is incapable of expansion, and cannot adapt itself to the varying wants and circumstances of Society. The Church of Rome, however unwilling to change in doctrine, has always saved itself from the worst of its dangers by employing a new machinery not to supplant the old, but as a supplement to the old. But when, as in Methodism, organization is the chief thing, not as in the Church of Rome, one of the chief things, the very superiority and symmetry of the organization became the germs of decay and dissolution. We believe, therefore, that Methodism is dying—dying from an overdose of what England has not enough of—good government, superlative administration.

Perhaps the Unitarian sect has been still more thoroughly and vitally the image of Priestley's mind and character than Methodism of Westley. We are not of those who would depreciate Priestley. He was a good man in something higher than the conventional sense: a pious, simple-hearted, heroic man. No one's life was ever made holy by a nobler sincerity; and, if ever equanimity deserved the name of magnanimity, it would be such as he displayed. Of his talents it is the custom to speak disparagingly, merely because he attempted too much, and could not be expected to succeed equally well in every department of study; but, if he had not genius, he had ingenuity; if he had not profound scholarship, he had numerous acquirements; if he had not the lofty vision, he had the comprehensive glance; if he did not penetrate far, he discerned quickly; if he had not crushing logic, he had dialectical acuteness; if he was never eloquent, he was frequently elegant, and he compensated for the want of force in his style by its exceeding lucidity. His whole being, his whole career, were transparent as truth itself, and his grand pursuit was truth. He had no

ambition, especially he had not that most fatal of all ambitions, the desire to rule as a self-elected pope over the souls of men. How wonderful, likewise, was his incessant and indomitable industry! If he had not worshipped his God in the most god-like fashion, by brave deeds and pertinacious conflicts with error, and untiring efforts at reform there, where reform was most needed, we should say that he had served him well by the mere amount of his labours. Take him all in all he was by far the greatest man the Unitarians have had, and, much as they are influenced by his spirit, they do not sufficiently honour his memory, preferring to him and his unembellished utterances a mean and mongrel race of phrasemongers and rhetoricians.

But there were some radical defects in Priestley, which signally unfitted him for a spiritual reformer. The two primordial characteristics of such a reformer are enthusiasm and imagination. Without enthusiasm he cannot gain adherents, without imagination he cannot make what he has to say popularly intelligible or popularly acceptable; he cannot raise men into that poetic element where they believe all which they dare or desire to be possible: he cannot make them prove to a sneering and a doubting world that the age of miracles is not past, and that it is not, as is commonly supposed, the miraculous which engenders faith, but faith which engenders the miraculous. This miracle-working faith Priestley was not the man to inspire. He had no enthusiasm—he had no imagination. Compare him with the old Hebrew prophets: compare him with Martin Luther, and what he wanted will at once be seen. He was the calmest and coldest of human beings. Indeed, he was too much a philosopher to be a prophet. And, perhaps, he was the first pure philosopher, and, probably, he will be the last, that ever attempted to be a religious reformer. The prophet and the philosopher have nothing in common; they differ as much in the objects which they seek as in the means which they employ. That which is philosophically beautiful may be prophetically blasphemous: that which is prophetically sublime may be philosophically absurd. The philosopher hunts for the essence of things and the abstractly true; scorning abstractions and despising the dwellers in the region of mere ideas as weaklings, the prophet rushes into the thick of the fight with his burning phantasies and his wrath at wrong, and the thunders of his eloquence. It is a favourite scheme of certain silly sophists in these days to reconcile faith and understanding; but they cannot be reconciled, nor is it of importance that they should be so. Each has its own promise, its own aims, its own agencies. They work best when they work apart. But behold our good Priestley attempting their reconciliation in his own person by trying to be prophet and philosopher too. The endeavour was all the more certain to fail, leading through the failure to the wildest incongruities, from the circumstance that Priestley concerned himself chiefly with physical philosophy, in which there are two features, both alike fatal to the prophetic:—the necessity of viewing things continually in their minutest details, and of searching energetically for the law or laws of particular phenomena. Whereas the prophetic places itself face to face only with masses, and is too hot in its rage against moral deviations from the divinest of all laws to sit down patiently to investigate any law by itself. In metaphysical philosophy there is more of kindredness to the prophetic. That philosophy aspires to pierce the mystery of Being, to identify itself with Infinite Being. But Being and Doing are near relations; and as it is the vocation of the prophet to stir up his brethren to do, revealings must occasionally come from the metaphysician's enquiries, which have almost a prophetic sound. In Spinoza, and in other great philosophers of the same stamp, there may now and then be found prophetic fervours which the prophet himself would not disavow. From chemistry, however, the science which Priestley so successfully cultivated, how could you extract aught of the prophetic? Of all sciences it is that which is most habitually conversant with details: that also which inspires the most superstitious reverence for the laws of Nature, which, as divorced from the God of Nature, are the convenient formulas of an atheistical creed. When you have said, therefore, that Priestley was a foremost chemist without the smallest particle of imagination and enthusiasm, you have indicated how signally unqualified he was to be a prophet, a stormer of spiritual strongholds, a bringer of light, redemption, omnipotent love to the sinful, the sorrowing, and the oppressed.

Priestley, besides, held two doctrines, which, whatever may be their philosophical truth, are the very worst weapons which a moral or spiritual reformer can wield,—the doctrine of Materialism and the doctrine of Necessity. Who knows not that the basis of all religion is spiritualism? Who knows not that, if men are to be urged effectually to repentance, to the rejection of what is bad in belief, in habit, or in institution, to the acceptance of new faith, to the performance of what is noble, they must be addressed as free and responsible agents. Teach man as a free and spiritual being, or else teach him not at all. The religious system which is the most spiritual will

always live the longest whatever its other demerits; the moral system which recognizes the most emphatically man's claims as a free agent will always be the most rapidly and radically powerful, however defective in other respects; for, as regards both spiritualism and free-will, even the exaggerations are exalting and invigorating. Priestley, therefore, was choosing deadly and unavoidable disaster for his theological principles by being so strenuous a champion for Materialism and Necessity. He could appeal to his brethren by nothing higher than that which they saw, though there was an incessant appeal to something higher in the orthodoxy that he sought to banish from the earth. He spoke to them as the slaves of an inexorable and horrible Fate, though every word of these books which they held sacred honoured while it strove to persuade them as the free sons of God, the free heirs of the Universe. The deep instincts of the human heart will eternally prevail. Men, conscious that they were free, and no less conscious that they were spiritual, turned away unconvinced and unconverted from the then Preacher.

The legacy, then, of Priestley to Unitarianism was Want of Imagination, Want of Enthusiasm, the Doctrine of Materialism, and the Doctrine of Necessity. Even if he had only bequeathed the last of the four it would have been enough to be fatal to the fortune of a sect. On the Unitarians its effect has been to make them believe that God's decrees must all ultimately prevail, and Unitarianism as a consequence thereof. They, therefore, are content to let things take their predestined course, sure that it will be all right in the end, and that it would be a work of supererogation to encounter needless risks, or to enter on missionary enterprises to accomplish that which God, if left to himself, will in his own good time achieve much better than any puny mortal can. With this curse of Turkish fatalism on it, the marvel is that the Unitarian sect has been able to prolong its existence at all. That incapable, in addition, of influencing men by imagination, by enthusiasm, by spiritualism, it has still continued to live, is a proof that it has seen, however dimly, though it may never have strongly felt certain great and holy truths, which must ere long have triumphant manifestations, though, for the moment, all around us we behold chaos, abomination, and despair. ATTICUS.

POLITICAL UNION.

56, Smith-street, Stepney.

SIR,—The proposition of Mr. Creed in last week's *Leader*, for the formation of societies for the dissemination of progressive principles among the masses, by open-air addresses, is eminently deserving attention; myself and friends have held meetings in this district during the past summer with most favourable results, and articles from the *Leader* have occasionally been read and descanted on in the presence of hundreds of working-men; now, by an union of those willing to assist, a complete staff of propagandists might be formed, and, as I have already practically adopted your correspondent's suggestion, I am prepared heartily to assist him in its extension.

Yours respectfully, JOHN P. ADAMS.

KNOWLEDGE.—Accurate knowledge is not of human but of Divine origin. If man invents notions and styles them knowledge, that does not give them the character of real knowledge. They remain human inventions or errors as much as before. But whenever man discovers a truth, either in physics or philosophy, either by accident or by design, he is certain that God is its author, and that if seen in its true relations to himself and to creation, it will be found characterized by the wisdom, power, and goodness of its divine source. Nothing can shake him in this belief. Stigmatize him as you will, his faith will remain firm and unhesitating, because he knows the attributes of God to be unchangeable and eternal. "Godless education," forsooth! It is an absolute contradiction in terms; and those who obstruct the progress of religion by such an outcry have much to answer for, and little know the evil they are doing.—*From the Life of Andrew Combe.*

THE MOSAIC SABBATH.—The fourth command of the decalogue may be rendered—

"Remember the seventh day to keep it separate."

and these terms convey its full meaning. The command is not, "Remember the seventh day to keep it with solemnity," nor remember the seventh day to devote it exclusively to sacrificial or other religious rites. The injunction is simply to keep it separate from other days, and the explanation of the distinction to be observed is given with the text. Other days were to be working days, but the seventh day was to be a rest day or holiday. We beg the reader particularly to note this fact, because all parties to the sabbath controversy appear alike to have confounded the primitive Judaical Sabbath with the Rabbinical and Pharisaical Sabbath of a later date—the Sabbath of superstition which Christ condemned, spent in fastings, and mortifications, and praying in public oratories and synagogues, of which Moses knew nothing. The Jewish lawgiver was not an ascetic; nor was asceticism the character generally of ancient worship. Moses instituted numerous festivals, but not a single fast. Fasts were all of Rabbinical origin.—*From the Westminster Review*, No. 106.

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.*

No man commits a sin with impunity. The remark is not, perhaps, strikingly novel, but occurs to us apropos of a novel—*Alton Locke*. When in our review of that bold and nobly-written work we quietly indicated the presence in it of certain sins against art, it was merely to discharge our critical conscience of a burden. The faults were obvious, and to notice them was necessary; but these faults weighed so little in the scale against the sterling excellences of the book that we never thought of insisting on them: the novel-form was so obviously used only as a vehicle for the impassioned utterance of deep-rooted convictions that to attribute great importance to the form seemed to us useless pedantry. We were wrong. We did not then suspect that the very faults we lightly touched on could be made dexterous use of to throw ridicule on the opinions. This week has opened our eyes. The *Times*, by leaving out all that in *Alton Locke* makes every simple, earnest heart beat quick, fills every manly eye with tears, rouses indignation loud and deep against the social iniquities existing by our side,—all that makes the book transcend the ordinary novel,—and by simply telling the story in a satirical manner, bringing forward its inartistic inventions as arguments against its principles, has doubtless prejudiced many a reader, and prevented his opening the book for himself. To any man who has read *Alton Locke* the wickedly sarcastic article in the *Times* will be harmless; because he will know that even were the story so absurd as it there appears, the story is an insignificant part of such a book. In the same way DE QUINCEY (alas! that we should say it) tried to write down *Wilhelm Meister*, by a satirical sketch of its contents, omitting all the real substance of the work; but his critique was forgotten in a month, and *Wilhelm Meister* is not yet crushed. In *Alton Locke*, as in *Wilhelm Meister*, no one doubts that to some extent the imperfections of the story deteriorate the work; and, henceforth, we would sternly bid those who write with a purpose to be careful that they do not leave their purpose open to attack through the avenues of an improbable story.

The Royal Exchange bears this inscription:—

"THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S, AND THE FULLNESS THEREOF;"

which inscription seems to have arrested the attention of a travelling Frenchman who came to England for the purpose of enlightening his countrymen on our social condition. With a desire for accuracy, startling in a Frenchman, he wrote over to a friend in London to know where this "formula" was to be found, wishing to cite the legal authority for it. On his letter being handed to us for inspection, imagine the chuckle with which we learned that he had understood the phrase to mean, the Earth belongs to the nobles—"la terre est aux Lords"—the Earth is the Lords'—that is, belongs to the Peers. Shall we confess the regret which seized us on reflecting that this mistake would be explained to him? What tirades it will spoil! what sarcasms on the "insolent lords"! what political *aperçus* of our "decline" are opened by that insolent formula *la terre est aux Lords*! A pity, a great pity such eloquence should be destroyed by an explanation! Yet, who knows? Perhaps he will not cancel the burning pages; but, like his countryman, who, on being told that all the facts were against his system, calmly replied—"So much the worse for the facts." *La terre est aux Lords*! Probably he imagines that the Lords and Commons mean Wandsworth and Putney Commons!

"What men like Frenchmen with such pains can err?"

It is this alacrity in error distinguishing Frenchmen which makes us relish them as travellers. A book might easily be made of their blunders; and, doubtless, to the already voluminous mass, no inconsiderable amount will be discoverable in the VICOMTE D'ARLINCOURT's new book, about to appear under the title of *L'Italie Rouge; ou, Histoire des Révolutions de Rome, Naples, Palerme, Florence, Parme, Modène, &c., depuis l'avènement du Pape Pie IX.* The announcement that the illustrious Vicomte has personally visited all the theatres on which the scenes were acted, is calculated to raise our expectation of the amount of blundering. It would have been inaccurate enough had he simply

compiled his book, but from the moment that he brings personal inspection into play, we know what to anticipate. The VICOMTE D'ARLINCOURT was once the *romancier à la mode*, his fiction formed *les délices* of susceptible Europe; but his novels having gone out of fashion with *gigot* sleeves, he has changed from romancier into tourist. Changed, did we say? The word is too strong: the titles only of his books are changed, for to him we may apply the epigram of Lessing:—

"Es hat der Schuster Franz zum Dichter sich entzuckt.
Was er als Schuster that, das thut er noch: er flickt."

which, to imitate roughly, runs thus:—

"Tomkins forsakes his awl and last
For literary squabbles,
Styles himself Poet: but his trade
Remains the same—he cobbles!"

LESSING, by an obvious transition, brings us to German Literature. The most notable of recent publications is OEHLenschLAGER's *Lebens Erinnerungen*, of which the two first volumes have appeared. The poet's early struggles give one kind of interest to this work, and his friendship with illustrious literati gives another. MADAME DE STAEL—GOETHE—SCHILLER—the SCHLEGELS—STEFFENS—HEGEL, and other representatives of German thought pass in succession through these pages, mingled with pictures of Danish life, and criticisms on the Danish drama. Like most German biographies it deals as much with mere literature as with life.

THE LOMBARD INSURRECTION.

Royalty and Republicanism in Italy; or, Notes and Documents relating to the Lombard Insurrection and to the Royal War of 1848. By Joseph Mazzini. C. Gilpin, 1850.

JOSEPH MAZZINI is the Apostle of Principle. For twenty years he has devoted his life and his genius to a great idea. For twenty years the Unity and Independence of Italy have been the pole-star of his existence. It is good in these times, when the enthusiasm of a young generation is remorselessly chilled by the incessant cry for compromise, when the promise of an age is blighted by the short-sighted policy of expediency, to read the words of this brave and steadfast Italian. He is an exile without a country, but despair never gets possession of his large heart. He is the vanquished of a hundred fights, but hope still beams brightly on his brow. He is the proscribed wanderer, the outlaw, a price is set upon his head, and around his feet lie the snares and pitfalls of a thousand foes; yet the faith which abides in him, that the Italian Nation will one day arise and expel the stranger, is too strong for discouragement, treachery, or defeat. And the source of this strength, whence comes it? From a belief that the world is ruled by God, and not by the Devil, by principle not by expediency. Is there any man, who has acted a conspicuous part during the last two years of revolutionary strife, whose conduct can compare with that of the Triumvir Mazzini, avowedly dictated by the most rigid principles, and animated by the most sublime faith? The Prophet and the Chieftain of Young Italy stands alone.

Not before it was needed has "Royalty and Republicanism in Italy" been published among us. By the lies and calumnies of enemies yet fresh in the public mind, the occult workings of a perfidious diplomacy, established in the seat of power, the misrepresentation and defamation of Italian Republicanism in our great periodical literature, the just sense of the people and its national manifestations have been distorted and baffled. We have been told of revolutionary excesses committed during the reign of the republic; and we have the word of Joseph Mazzini, who never lies, and who had the best means of knowing, that the charge is false. We have heard the Italians called cowards, yet was Rome defended for one month by 14,000 Italians against 30,000 Frenchmen. The praises of Charles Albert for magnanimity and self-devotion have rung in our ears, yet we know that he stultified the Italian war of independence, forswore himself at Milan, fought for the aggrandizement of his House and from fear of the Republic. The "Good Pius IX." has, it is true, fallen from the pedestal whereon he had been set up, but the party who at once applauded and ridiculed him, still do not scruple to support the continental faction of which he is the servile representative. The King, who died of remorse and a broken heart, may call forth our pity, but cannot win our respect. The poor Pope, restored to the semblance of power by the foes of his native land, may escape from the contempt we are too apt to feel for weak-

ness on account of his good intentions. But the great exile, grand in defeat and erect in adversity, commands our reverence and compels our love. Far happier is his destiny who was vanquished with Mazzini than his who was victorious with Oudinot.

Great efforts have been made to inspire the public with the conviction that the Italian insurrection of '48 was the criminal work of an anarchical faction; and, granting, as some have done, the holiness of a war of independence, still stronger have been the attempts of the reactionary press to calumniate the Italian republicans. The object of Signor Mazzini, in publishing the above work, being "to correct public opinion in England, which has been misled on several important points," he very properly takes up the latter question, and most convincingly shows that the republic is the natural form of government for the Italian nation. "The Republican party in Italy," he writes, "is not the offspring of a system, a governmental theory, originating in the brain of one man, or of several men; it springs from facts, it is the offspring of tradition, and the exponent of the vital conditions of Italian society." Speaking of himself he writes:—

"I am by principle a Republican, that is to say, rationally speaking, there are for me but two legitimate masters, God, in heaven, and the People—the country guided by the best among them upon earth. The system which, instead of seeking to acknowledge power where it really exists, that is to say, wherever God has given the highest amount of genius and of virtue, places it arbitrarily in aristocratic privilege or hereditary royalty, is to me but the materialism of chance substituted to an enlightened choice. But the fact that a thing be true in principle cannot give the right of suddenly enthroning it in practice. Conviction brings with it the duty of a peaceful apostolate; it does not create the right to realize in application. Humanity is not created here below, we but continue it. Truth is eternal as the stars, but man only discovers the stars in proportion as the power of his telescope is enlarged. The telescope of humanity is its progressive education. The ground must be prepared. Truth must not be the monopoly of a few, but the aspiration, the desire, the prevision of the masses. Is it, or is it not so in Italy? This is the question."

That the masses do desire the republic he proceeds to show. Italy has no aristocracy, like ours, for instance; an aristocracy which has a powerful influence, "because it has a history; well or ill, it has organized society; it has created a power, snatched from royalty, by conquering guarantees for the rights of the subject; it has founded in part the wealth and influence of England abroad." France, too, has her strong monarchical element, now rapidly decaying. But Italy has no great monarchical or aristocratic elements or traditions. Her monarchies spring from the dismemberment, her aristocracies are bound up with the servitude of Italy. She has sovereigns who are compliant viceroys; and nobles who are ignoble courtiers. It is not so with the democracy.

"In Italy the initiative of progress has always belonged to the people, to the democratic element. It is through her communes that she has acquired all she has ever had of liberty: through her workmen in wool or silk, through her merchants of Genoa, Florence, Venice, and Pisa, that she has acquired her wealth; through her artists, plebeian and republican, from Giotto to Michael Angelo, that she has acquired her renown; through her navigators—plebeian—that she has given a world to humanity; through her Popes—sons of the people even they—that until the twelfth century she aided in the emancipation of the weak, and sent forth a word of unity to humanity: all her memories of insurrection against the foreigner are memories of the people; all that has made the greatness of our towns dates almost always from a republican epoch: the educational book, the only book read by the inhabitant of the Alps or the Transteverin who can read, is an abridgement of the history of the Ancient Roman Republic. This is the reason why the same men who have so long been accused of coldness, and who had, in fact, witnessed with indifference the aristocratic and royal revolutions of 1820 and 1821, arose with enthusiasm and with a true power of self-sacrifice at the cry of 'St. Mark and the Republic! God and the People!' These words contained for them a guarantee. They awoke in them, even unconsciously to themselves, the all-powerful echo of a living past—a confused recollection of glory, of strength, of conscience, and of dignity."

By the people, and by the people alone, can Italian independence and unity be accomplished. The Moderates have tried for thirty years to effect it by opposite means, by relying on royalty and aristocracy, and repelling, suspecting, and rejecting the support of the people. The kings have only dared to dream, in a hypocritical fashion, of national freedom, coupled with some very distinct visions of self-interest. When they have acted they have failed. "From the Piedmontese conspiracy of 1821 down to that of Ciro Menotti, all who have attempted this have expiated their error by the order of the princes them-

selves, in exile or on the scaffold." Yet, in 1848, their infatuated generosity or weakness led them to try a war upon the same system over again, with the same result. The Republicans actually "gave way before the programme given by the Moderates," and loyally supported the royal war, whose successful ending must have brought with it the monarchical *Italy of the North*. And it was not till the royal army was beaten, the national cause betrayed in the dynastic interest, and Charles Albert in flight for Piedmont, with perjury on his soul, that the Republican party raised their banner, and resolved to carry on the war. They did so; and Venice and Rome have now histories to attest what the Italian people can do in conquering their nationality from the Austrian.

Mazzini, upon these grounds, concludes that out of three methods—a sincere union between all the various Italian Governments, a single prince who would combat Austria and all the other Governments, and a war of the people for independence and unity, the last is the only one possible.

"The people must rise, combat, and conquer by its numbers, and by the inexhaustible resources which it has within itself. The National party says no more than this. The Republicans, who form the majority of the party, express their faith, as is their duty; but once upon the theatre of action, they submit themselves to the country. They have said, and they say again, without taking advantage of the favourable position in which events have placed them:—'Let the nation arise; let her make herself mistress of her own territory; then, the victory once gained, let her freely decide who shall reap the fruits. Monarch or People, we will submit ourselves to the power she herself shall organize.'"

And he asks:—

"Is it possible that so moderate and rational a proposition should be the object of such false interpretations, in a country which reveres the idea of right and of self-government? Is it possible that its leaders should be the object of so much calumny? It is time that these calumnies should cease."

He declares, in answer to these calumnies:—

"It is immoral to say to men who have preached clemency throughout the whole of their political career, who have initiated their rule by the abolition of capital punishment, who, when in power, never signed a single sentence of exile against those who had persecuted them, nor even against the known enemies of their principles—'You are the sanguinary organizers of terror, men of vengeance and of cruelty.' It is immoral to ascribe to them views which they never had, and to choose to forget that they have, through the medium of the press here and elsewhere, attacked and refuted those Communist systems and exclusive solutions which tend to suppress rather than to transform the elements of society; and to say to them—'You are Communists, you desire to abolish property.' It is immoral to accuse of irreligion and impiety men who have devoted their whole lives to the endeavour to reconcile the religious idea, betrayed and disinherited by the very men who pretend to be its official defenders, with the national movement. It is immoral to insinuate accusations of personal interest and of pillage against men who have serenely endured the sufferings of poverty, and whose life, accessible to all, has never betrayed either cupidity or the desire of luxury. It is immoral continually to proclaim, as the act of a whole party, the death of a statesman killed by an unknown hand, under the influence of the irritation produced by his own acts and by the attacks of another political party, many months before the Republican party recommenced its activity in Italy."

"The voice of all honest men should cry to the *Times*, the *Quarterly*, and the slanderers who imitate them—'Hold! combat loyally, discuss the principles of these men, judge their official acts; but do not calumniate them, do not ascribe to them intentions which they repudiate, acts with which they have no concern.'"

Having thus placed the Republican party in its true position, we reserve further notice of the work itself until next week.

THE BERBER.

The Berber; or, the Mountaineer of the Atlas. A Tale of Morocco. By W. J. May, M.D. H. G. Bohn.

It is difficult to take breath while scampering through this "parlous" romance, consequently so difficult to criticize it as to be almost impossible, unless after a second leisurely reading—to which we cannot in all conscience buckle just at present. But is not that criticism enough? Do you wish to know more of a novel of adventure than that it is "exciting." Idle would be grave objections against improbability to one who in writing has never troubled himself about the matter; idle would be all analysis of character in a work where the characters are mere puppets—received types somewhat worn in use; idle would be all talk of art in a work where the only art attempted is that of rapid narrative of wild adventures. What we say is that those who are fond of "stirring incidents by flood and field," rendered a little more interesting from the comparative freshness of the scene in which these incidents occur—will find in the *Berber* a book difficult to lay down. The Moors are

very romantic to us; we know enough for interest, and not enough to interfere with the imagination of the romancist. So that although, perhaps, every incident and every character in the book will be recognized as an old familiar friend, yet the *costume*, so to speak, gives a freshness to the whole.

Tell you the story we cannot—it is so crowded with perilous situations and miraculous escapes. But as a taste of its quality we will extract two passages:—

HOW THE BERBER STOLE HIS HORSE.

"The sheik of Arbazza was a shereef and a saint," began the rais, in a low but distinct voice. "He was of a pure Arabic stock, and a bitter hater of the Berbers. He was also the wealthiest man in all the kingdom of Fez; and among his riches he possessed one thing that he valued more than all the rest—a mare of the most famous blood of Duquella. Her pedigree could be traced back for ages, and the fame of her beauty and her speed filled the whole land. She was a thorough-bred 'deafener' and 'wind-drinker.' She was as the apple of his eye; and proud was the sheik of Arbazza that he was the owner of a creature that for beauty, fire, speed, and endurance, could not be matched, travel the world over."

"The sheik of Arbazza was at feud with several of his neighbours, both of plain and hill; and numerous attempts were made by his enemies, and, if the truth must be told, by several of his friends, to dispossess him of his favourite. But the sheik was a very wary man, and vain were all the efforts of his treacherous friends and open enemies. He was also a boastful and an arrogant man; and he prided himself not a little in his ability to defeat and punish any attempt to carry off the descendant of the famous Maha el Bahr, or "steed of the sea." Already had several gallant and adventurous spirits perished, and more had failed, and been driven back in disgrace, when the vanity of the sheik slipped the bridle of prudence, and galloped off with him without check or restraint. He published an invitation to all who felt disposed to steal his famous mare. He announced a defiance to the boldest and most adroit horse-stealers in all the empire. He even offered, in his vain sense of security, a reward of a thousand gold metals to whoever should succeed in carrying off El Hassaneh, or the Beautiful. Of course, after this, the watchfulness of the sheik was not relaxed, or his precautions decreased. Each night the mare was picketed by the door of his tent. One end of an iron chain was put around her leg, and locked, and the key deposited in the sheik's girdle; the other end of the chain was brought within the tent, passed under the sheik's bed, and fastened to the tent pole. Within reach of his hand stood his loaded gun, the match always burning—and the sheik was the most famous marksman of the tribes. Without the tent a pack of the largest and fiercest dogs threatened every intruder with instant death."

"Among the enemies of the sheik the principal one consisted of a portion of the Beni Mozarg; and, of course, nothing would have delighted the Berbers more than for one of their number to have achieved the feat of carrying off the sheik's famous mare. On the one hand was every inducement to attempt the adventure—pride, revenge, the love of glory, and an admiration of horse-flesh; but, on the other hand, there were too many obstacles in the way—the distance to the plains; the difficulty of approaching the douah; the canine guards; the chain; and more than all, the watchfulness and prowess of the sheik. These obstacles had been found by repeated experiments insurmountable, and the very bravado of the sheik, while it was looked upon as the worst of insults, helped to deter the boldest of the Berbers from undertaking the adventure."

"At that time Casbin, son of the amekran of the Beni Mozarg, was scarce turned of thirteen, but already had he killed the king of beasts, and acquired the name of el subah, or the lion. It was noticed that the young prince was for days busy in constructing a strong basket, or rather cage. The holes in it were just wide enough to admit a hound's nose; and the withes were of the stoutest kind, and wound with strips of untanned hide. The basket excited much curiosity, but not a word did the young chieftain vouchsafe as to the purpose to which it was to be applied. But great was the surprise when catching a common cat he enclosed her in the basket, and securely fastened the door."

"It was in a terrible storm of snow that Casbin, with his cage and cat strapped behind his saddle, set out secretly from the kassir. Towards night he reached the lowland and the neighbourhood of the tents of the sheik. Under cover of the storm, which had changed as he descended to one of rain mingled with sleet, he approached quite near to the douah. Here he remained until some time after midnight, when mounting, he rode boldly up to the sheik's tent. The dogs were wide awake, and in full chorus, but they were busy with some other object of alarm, and did not perceive him until he was within fifty yards. He stopped, uttered the cry of a jackal, and instantly the whole pack came bounding towards him. Casbin lowered the cage to the ground and retreated. The attention of the dogs was wholly engrossed by the cat. They thrust the points of their noses into the meshes of the basket; they rolled it over and over; they shook it and tried to pull it to pieces with their paws and teeth; they fought with each other in their eagerness for a bite. They had no eyes, ears, noses, or mouths for anything except the cat."

"Making a détour, Casbin came upon the tent from the other side. At a proper distance he slipped from his horse, secured him in a moment, and advanced to the tent slowly. Noiselessly, with his breast to the ground, the young prince crept up and put his head in under the curtain. All was dark, save a faint glimmer that came from the women's apartment. The sheik was asleep. Casbin drew his body into the tent. The first thing he

did was to feel for the gun, which he noiselessly emptied of the ball, and replaced in its position. He then drew his knife, and stretching himself by the side of the sheik, deliberately began cutting through his woollen sash, first on one side and then on the other. The slumbers of the sheik were far from sound, but so quietly and skilfully was the operation conducted that he was not awakened, nor any alarm given to the other inmates of the tent.

"The front turns of the sash were lifted from the sleeper. Upon running his hands through the folds Casbin lighted at once upon the key. The most difficult part of the adventure was achieved. Casbin stuck his dagger in the ground in front of the sheik's face, and as slowly and as noiselessly as before crept under the door curtain of the tent.

"There stood the noble animal El Hassaneh, the Beautiful. The rain had ceased; the clouds had suddenly broken away, and the bright starlight, mingled with the first faint sheen of dawn, revealed her beautiful proportions to the young prince. But not long did he tarry to admire. He took one look to make sure that it was indeed she, the much-praised and oft-described beauty, and then applying the key to the padlock, liberated her foot from the chain. He threw over her head a hempen bridle. He freed her fetlocks from the cords by which she was picketed. He vaulted on her back.

"Oh, sheik Ali!" shouted the youth, "Come forth, and bid adieu to your favourite!"

"No answer was returned, and Casbin, springing lightly to the ground, seized the end of the chain, and giving it a vigorous shake, vaulted again to the back of El Hassaneh.

"Come forth, oh, most arrogant sheik of Arbazza!" shouted Casbin. "Your mare will not leave you without returning you thanks for your favours."

"The curtain of the tent was thrown violently aside. One glance showed to the horror-stricken sheik his favourite freed from her chain, and with some one on her back. He hesitated not an instant. With a groan of rage he raised his gun to his shoulder and fired. What was his astonishment to find that the audacious rider still preserved his seat.

"The report of the gun and the burst of boyish laughter that followed it, aroused all the inhabitants of the douah. The Arabs came pouring out of their tents.

"Oh, most renowned sheik!" cried the prince. "Thou former master of El Hassaneh! Disturb not thy soul with passion, and be not above listening to advice from the beardless. Never, oh sheik! attempt to shoot any one without a ball in your gun. Ha! ha! ha! And as to your mare, comfort yourself. I have taken her, but it is merely an exchange. I leave you a very good horse. The thousand metals you offered as a reward you can keep to make up the difference between him and the mare. A beautiful day to you, oh, sheik! and may the Lord guard you with better care than you have bestowed upon El Hassaneh."

"The young prince wheeled his well-won treasure, and, giving her the rein, was off like a bolt from a bow. Terrible were the shouts of rage that arose behind him, and then a sudden volley sent the bullets flying after him; but what with the distance and the darkness they flew wide of the mark.

"And then such a saddling of horses, and such a mounting in haste. The only hope, of course, was to catch him by tiring the mare down by relays of horses, picked up at the different douahs that should be passed. But it was in vain. The horsemen of village after village, with fresh steeds, joined in the chase; but El Hassaneh carried light weight, and at a steady pace, that equalled the full speed of the freshest of her pursuers, she winged her way ere midday across the plains, and paused for breath only amid the thickets on the slopes of the mountains."

A MOORISH REVIEW.

"Come to prayers! Come to prayers!" drawled the mueddins from the tops of the minarets. The first flush of dawn rapidly diffused itself over the eastern sky. The gates were thrown open, and through the gaping portals poured a stream of turbaned heads, citizens and soldiers, horse and foot, young and old, all rushing to the plain of El Sakel. Outside the walls numerous parties of tent-dwellers, indifferently mounted on camels, horses, and donkeys, might have been seen coming from their scattered douahs, all wending their way to the scene of the expected Lab el Barode.

"And well worth a walk of ten or twelve miles was the sight of El Sakel on that morning, as twenty thousand men rose from their night's bivouac, and mounting their horses, began careering across the plain—the only attempt at order being an effort on the part of each troop to keep as close as possible to its own particular kaid. As the sun rose fresh bodies came pouring in from the country around, until full thirty thousand were present. By eleven o'clock in the day, an equal number, composed of mounted Moors from the city, and Arabs from the tents, had assembled, and besides these there were countless hosts of pedestrians.

"No spot of ground could have been found better adapted to the review and exercise of a large body of cavalry than the plain which had been selected. Three or four miles in length by one in breadth, and perfectly level, it presented a fine, hard, tufty surface. At the eastern side it was crossed by a slender tributary of the Ordum, beyond which the country stretched in an open plain, but comparatively broken and rough, at the foot of the hills. At the western extremity was a gentle elevation, surmounted by several large tents, in the centre of which, and conspicuous above all, stood the royal marquee, with its silken curtains, and its banners of crimson and green.

"The sun was within an hour of the meridian before any degree of order began to be evolved from the apparently inextricable confusion prevailing over the ground. The discharge of a small field-piece gave the signal. Furiously the kaid rode up and down, screaming their

orders at the top of their lungs. Gradually the black troops began to arrange themselves in compact masses on one side, while the Moorish horsemen and populace occupied the other.

"Suddenly the roar of artillery, a grand flourish of trumpets, and the crash of a thousand cymbals and kettle-drums announced the approach of the Sultan. Mounted upon a horse magnificently caparisoned, and surrounded by a small body of richly dressed negro slaves on foot, he issued from the curtained enclosure of the royal tent, and wheeled into the broad avenue formed by the masses of soldiers, citizens, and Bedouins.

"The Sultan himself was habited very plainly, in his usual garb, a fine white haick and a monstrous turban; but gorgeous were the garments of his attendants. The castans of the body slaves and executioners were thickly encrusted with the richest gold lace, while their bare necks and arms were loaded with jewelled chains and bracelets. Two bearers on either side supported, by long poles, a large crimson umbrella over the monarch's head. Slowly, and with as pleasant a smile as it was possible for his toothless mouth to assume, he paced adown the lines. Two favourite kaid of the Soudan troops, with hands upon the bit, restrained the impatience of the fiery steed; while at every three or four steps, the slaves on either side, turning to the soldiers and the populace, and bowing low, exclaimed—

"Sidi is well to-day!"

"Sidi is well to-day!" repeated the crowd, in slow and measured tone. "Sidi is well to-day! Thank God! God preserve Sidi!" at the same time bending the body, and placing the hand upon the head.

"The Sultan gave the signal for the game to begin. Separating themselves from a body of picked horsemen, a small party of five or six, all of whom were captains in either the black or Moorish troops, dashed forward at full speed. Their generous chargers, urged to the highest exertion by the strongly aspirated 'Ha, ha! Ha, ha!' of the riders, and the free use of the cruel Moorish spur, an instrument having for rowel a large iron spike of from five to eight inches in length, strained every muscle. Twirling their long guns round their heads, the horsemen brought them down with the butt resting squarely against their breasts, and the barrels inclined downward over the heads of their steeds. Upon reaching the spot where the Sultan was seated, and just as they were about to dash by him, their pieces were simultaneously discharged, and, each man drawing rein, the course of their horses was instantaneously checked. With haunches almost touching the ground, and quivering through every fibre, from the intense exertion of the sudden check to which they were forced by the powerful Moorish bit, they rested a moment; the horsemen threw their muskets with a whirling motion into the air; recovered their horses with a single demivolte, and, wheeling slowly, walked them back to the place from whence they started.

"Another party succeeded, going through the same evolutions, and then giving place to others who rapidly followed. Now and then a single horseman darted forth, and varied the monotony of the game by some extraordinary display of equestrian skill, which was always liberally rewarded with shouts of applause. Jumping to the ground, and again vaulting to the saddle; bending down and touching the ground, and standing up in the saddle at full speed, were severally attempted. These feats—comparatively easy in the circus, where the motion of the horse is perfectly true, and where the rider can oppose centrifugal force to the attraction of gravity—are known to be extremely difficult in a straight course, especially the latter one; and it was only for a moment that the boldest and most dexterous of those who attempted it could retain their balance. They were no sooner on their feet than they were compelled to sink again to their seats in the saddle, or, as happened in two or three instances, be pitched headlong to the ground. Still, every attempt to ride standing up in the saddle, even at half speed, if successful only for a moment, received the loudest plaudits of the multitude. The same feat by two horsemen riding together seemed to be much more easily performed. The reins being intertwined so as to connect the horses by the head, the riders stood up and succeeded in balancing each other until they reached the carpet of the Sultan. They were two well-known Arab kaid from the province of Darah, celebrated for its horses, and the most noted equestrians of their tribe. Their performance was greeted with shouts of applause. Again and again they ran a course, introducing a variety of novel and difficult feats; changing horses at full speed; lifting each other from the saddle; stooping to the ground; vaulting from side to side; throwing themselves under the bodies of their horses, and riding in all manner of positions, which, in a straight wide course, with the common saddle, is, as we have said, incomparably more difficult than the most striking triumphs of the amphitheatre.

"Of the performers, none seemed to enjoy the excitement more than the horses themselves, and nothing could be more striking than the contrast between the languor with which, when the course was run, they returned to the starting point, and the fiery impatience evinced in every motion when preparing for the start."

Suddenly a single horseman appears in the arena, and, of course, all eyes are directed towards him, for he is the hero, though the eyes do not see it; having described some feats of horsemanship which amazed the crowd, the author then proceeds to tell us

HOW THE BERBER STOLE THE SULTAN'S CHILD.

"Once more all sounds were hushed. The horses even, seemed to partake of the sensation and ceased their champing and pawing. Again the strange horseman commenced a career, but not with the same reckless impetuosity. It was observed that his steed, although plunging furiously, was kept well in hand, and all eyes followed with intense interest, his every movement. He

passed his gun without stooping to pick it up. What could he be going to do? Silence!—hush!—not a whisper! His horse swerved violently from side to side. Expectation was excited to the utmost. He was evidently preparing for something desperate. Some daring feat; and novel, too, thought the crowd; else why move so slowly? and why such an air of preparation? The course was almost finished. He was nearly abreast of the seat of the sultan, when suddenly his horse swerved violently to one side, bringing his hands on to the very edge of the imperial carpet. At this moment it was observed that the horseman held a paper, which, bowing himself from the saddle, he threw into the lap of Muley Ismael. At the same instant, with a rapid sweep of his arm, he seized the young Muley Abderrhaman. Clutching the child by the clothes, the horseman swung him to his saddle-bow; growling, while bending over him in the act, almost in the ears of the astonished father, in the deep guttural of the Arabic—

"Look to the paper, and when you want him, send to Casbin Subah!"

"Wheeling his horse short round, the Berber leaped a corner of the royal carpet, knocking over one of the umbrella bearers, and dashing through the shrinking slaves in the rear of the Sultan. In a moment he was at the banks of the shallow stream, down which his steed scrambled with cat-like agility. A few jumps cleared the narrow bed; and then, breasting him by main force through a thicket of oleanders, the other bank was gained, and the gallant animal, with loosened rein, was skimming the plain in the direction of the hills, with a stride as steady, and almost as rapid, as the sweep of an eagle.

"For a few minutes the Sultan, his officers, and slaves were lost in astonishment. Stupified at the audacity of the act, they stood as if doubting the evidence of their senses. In sixty thousand minds arose, simultaneously, an idea of djins, or of Ebliss himself. The sultan was the first to recover himself. He knew that the daring rider was no djin, and he bounded to his feet convulsed with rage and fear.

"It is impossible to describe fully the scene of confusion that followed. The whole field was in commotion. Troop pressed upon troop. The masses swayed backward and forward, and orders, execrations, and cries of pain made a terrible chorus with the stamping and snorting of steeds, and the clashing of muskets and sabres. Muley Ismael, crazy with passion, drew his scimitar, and for a moment laid about him in every direction. He vociferated for his horse; tore his beard; dashed his turban to the ground, and shouted, like one possessed, his orders for instant pursuit.

"The very ardour of the troops prevented these orders from being early obeyed, and before the masses of cavalry could extricate themselves from the confusion into which they had been thrown by the effort of all to be first in the chase, the Berber had been able to gain a start of more than a mile.

"At length the Moors and blacks got under way. The little stream was something of an obstacle, but at various points it was quickly overcome. Over it poured the excited crowd, until more than thirty thousand horse thundered over the plain, gradually extending themselves in long lines, as the relative difference in the speed of their horses began to exhibit itself.

"Soon those who lagged the most began to rein up, until ere two leagues had been passed the body of the pursuers were reduced to a few score of the best mounted, whose pure blooded, thorough-bred steeds, enabled them to keep together, and also to slowly, but certainly gain upon the Berber, whose horse laboured under the terrible disadvantage of the additional weight of the child."

[The scene then changes, and we are introduced to some other friends who witness the conclusion of the Berber's flight.]

"The sun had declined several hours from the meridian. The eyes of the party were directed down the declivity, and across the level country towards the field of El Sakel, when suddenly an exclamation from Xaripha called attention to a body of horsemen, which, in straining their sight to the distant camp, the rais and his brother had overlooked. Appearing at first like diminutive specks, they each moment grew larger and more distinct, an indication to the brothers of their course, and the speed with which it was pursued. A short half-hour brought them fully into view, when the rais, with the long and trained sight of the sailor, could plainly perceive a single horseman bearing something in his arms, and urging his steed to the utmost, followed, at a distance of a few hundred yards, by a dozen others, who were slowly gaining upon him,

"Isabel sprang to her feet, and seized the arm of the rais. 'Tis the Berber,' she exclaimed, 'and he is bringing my sister with him! Say, is it not so? Oh, merciful God! they will overtake him!'

"No," returned the rais, straining his eyes, 'it is not—it cannot be your sister. The burden he bears is too small; and, besides, there never lived a horse that could carry such a weight in such a race. What can it be? 'Tis the Berber surely. By Allah, they gain upon him! They are bold riders and good horses behind him!'

"But they are nearly blown," exclaimed Edward. "See! their riders lift them over the ground by main strength. Let us to horse and make a diversion. Perhaps our appearance will frighten them off."

"The rais glanced at the unsaddled and picketed horses, and, shaking his head, turned again to the chase. The ascent began to be more steep, and the difference in weight between pursuers and pursued to tell still more fearfully against the latter.

"Santa Maria purissima! he can't escape!" exclaimed Isabel, sinking to the ground, and covering her face with her hands.

"Oh, Prophet of God!" shouted the rais. 'He can't escape! Why don't he throw away his load? The man is mad! Ha! I see! 'Tis a child. Spur! spur!'

drive the rowels into him! Allah, most merciful! aid him!"

"Spur! spur!" exclaimed Edward, mad with excitement. "Drive the rowels into him! By Heaven, they are upon you! Ha! well done!" he shouted as the horseman dexterously recovered his fallen steed. "Hold out to the thickets, and you may go clear."

"He cannot do it," whispered Abdallah, breathless with excitement, and the exertion of spring up to the parapet. "They gain upon him too rapidly. He can barely cross the bridge, unless he throws away his load. He is lost! By Allah, he is lost!"

"No," shouted Xaripha, starting and throwing aside her haick. "Never! It shall not be. To the bridge! quick! To the bridge!"

"As she shoke, she seized the hilt of her father's scimitar and drawing it from its sheath, darted with the glittering blade in her hand to the gateway of the ruins. With the impulsive promptitude of a lover, Edward was the first to comprehend and follow her movement. He sprang after her, but, ere he had issued from the archway, Xaripha was half way down to the bridge. The remaining more open and level space she passed as if with wings. Her tight-fitting caftan and short skirt afforded every facility to the motions of her well-turned limbs. Her long hair floated in a cloud of ringlets behind her, and her slippered feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground. But rapid as were her motions, ere she reached the bridge she was overtaken by her lover. "Xaripha!" he madly shouted, "Hold! Give me the sword. I will defend the passage though they were a thousand. Back to the ruins. Give me the sword and leave me."

"Xaripha had but obeyed the first impulse of her woman's wit, without considering the danger, or her lack of the requisite strength. She felt the hot breath of her lover on her cheek, and his touch upon her shoulder, and, overcome by excitement and exertion, she stopped and sank to the ground.

"No, no!" she exclaimed, breathlessly. "Defend not the bridge! Cut the cords behind the Berber! Quick! Away!"

"Edward seized the sword. An impatient gesture from Xaripha permitted no pause, even had he been disposed to make one. With a bound he reached the bridge. The Berber was but a few yards on the other side. His labouring horse, struggling upwards slowly, but with that determined courage and perseverance, which, as much or more, than physical power, characterizes in all animals the pure-blooded, thorough-bred. Xaripha, having recovered her breath, sprang to her feet. She waved her hands. She shouted and gesticulated,—

"Come on! come on! Ha! Have a care. They are close upon you. Spur, spur! A few steps more and you are safe. Oh, Prophet of God, help! help!"

"The Berber glances up to the young girl. It seems to him the vision of an angel. Both man and steed gather fresh energy from her encouraging shouts. Boroon lengthens his stride, and gathers himself more quickly. For a moment he gains rapidly on his pursuers. A few jumps, and the foot of the faltering steed is upon the bridge. The Moors are not fifty yards in the rear. The bridge is passed, and on the instant the scimitar in the hands of the young Englishman swings in the air. As the hoofs of Boroon strike the last plank, the keen blade falls on the tightened cords. Again and again; and quick as thought the cords are severed, and the bridge hangs dangling in the abyss. The Moors are at the yawning gulf. With difficulty do they save themselves from going over into it. With difficulty are their trained horses checked upon the brink of the precipice, from the very edge of which their hoofs topple down earth and stones, as they crouch to the desperate strain of the curb.

"Casbin threw himself from the horse, tossed the wearied child into the arms of Xaripha, and then, darting back, seized Edward by the arm, and hurried him a few steps up the ascent."

A NORTHERN STORY.

Anschar; a Story of the North. Parker.

THERE are solid excellences in this work which ought to make it more interesting than it is; from some cause or other we admire it more than we like it. The author has set himself a difficult task, namely, to depict the early life of Sweden on the advent of Bishop Anschar, who came to teach them Christianity; and, although we profess no acquaintance with those historic scenes, such as would enable us to detect minute errors and anachronisms, yet we must say that few historical fictions have impressed us with an equal confidence in their veracity. Not only does the author seem to have thoroughly realized to his own mind a picture of the life led by the Northmen, but he maintains it with perfect consistency, never allowing the *modern writer* to obtrude upon the scene. As a work of imagination, it is remarkable for the sustenance of its flight. The archaeological details are naturally and unostentatiously woven in as explanatory, never as matters of display.

But, although criticism must recognize its merits, there is a certain heaviness about the book which seriously detracts from it; the story moves slowly, and drags through the descriptions "a weary length;" the subject, too, has lost its freshness, and we must confess that, having once laid *Anschar* down, we only took it up again from a sense of duty. Nevertheless, as we are impressed with its excellence

in some respects, we are willing to suppose that the want of interest may lie with us, and would, therefore, counsel the reader to try it himself. The book is rich in descriptions; they are of all kinds. Here is

A NORTHERN TWILIGHT.

"The sky, Leonardus, resting upon the circle of great mountains which gird afar off the plain that lieth about thy holy house, is ever bright and glowing. Even as I write I seem to behold its deep and glorious blue reflected in the clear waters of the lake; and again the sunsets of thy southern land come back to my recollection, with the dark green cypresses in the convent garden, rising upwards into the air like flames of fire, whilst the groves of chestnut and ilex upon the mountain sides stand forth all golden and transfigured; and above, the purple cones of the mountains rise like heavenly sentinels, not shining the less gloriously because, here and there, a patch of the winter snow still lingers upon their crests. I remember well, Leonardus, the delicious air of the south; I love it well as of old; yet even thou, couldst thou know the gentle and holy calm of a northern twilight, and breathe the air of our northern woods, clear and fresh, and not without the fragrance of many a leaf and flower—even thou wouldst acknowledge that the northern sky is not without its great and powerful charm; and, perchance, thou wouldst admit, with me, that its veils of silvery mist, wherewith it softens the radiance of the sun, and its piles of snow-white cloud that lie sleeping in the midst of the blue,—nay, even its piercing winds and its thick falling rains are more in harmony with what the thoughts of men should be in their pilgrimage through this world of trouble and of sorrow, than the unceasing and sunbright splendours of thy well-loved clime."

Here is another of

A NORTHERN HEARTH.

"An enormous fire of pine logs was blazing on the central hearth, and its light, which flashed redly against the walls and roof, rendered every corner of the apartment distinctly visible. The refectory, together with the adjoining church, had been built by Anschar soon after the commencement of his residence at Hamburg; the walls being formed of unwrought stone procured with difficulty and from a considerable distance, whilst the roofs were more readily provided for from the timber of the surrounding forest. Wilfred, a brother of our house, of Saxon race, but who had been educated in a southern convent, had painted the walls of the church with subjects from the blessed Gospels; and along the walls of the refectory he had portrayed, with no unskilful hand, on the one side the story of Sampson,—how he brake the jaw bone of the lion, and carried off the gates of the city in the night time; and on the other, the story of Pharaoh, and of his wise men, who strove with Moses for the mastery. Their huge and mysterious figures, which almost seemed alive as the light from the burning hearth played fitfully upon them, looked down from their lofty station on the groups of attendants, to me almost equally strange, which were variously dispersed about the hall. In one corner a falconer, whose matted hair fell in dark masses over his shoulders, was feeding a cast of those rare and beautiful hawks which breed in the cliffs of Norway. In another, the birdmen were piling together their long Saxon lances, with their broad leaf-like blades and stout handles of ash-wood. Wolf and stag hounds were flung at full length on the floor, and as we entered one or two of them raised their heads with a low deep growl, as if, like their masters, they considered themselves at home in the houses of the poor monks, and only allowed them to approach even their own fire-sides by sufferance. The youths of noble birth, who are always found attached to the household of such great chiefs as Count Gerold, were gathered together nearer to the hearth, conspicuous by the narrow band of fretted goldsmiths' work which encircled the necks of their kirtles. Close to the hearth stood the Count himself; a tall and commanding figure, with fair hair and ruddy complexion, evidently more fitted for the command of such a rude and wild frontier as that of Hamburg than for the refinement and lettered amusements of the halls of Louis the Debonair."

THE OPEN SEA.

"The shores of the lake of Sleswick, constantly indented by smaller inlets, were in many places well cultivated; and here and there we saw small collections of cabins, the huts of fishermen or of hunters. But as we advanced toward the open sea these became gradually scarcer, and at last, where the coast was most exposed to piracy and rapine, there seemed to be as few inhabitants as in the woods south of the Daneswork. After passing for some hours through this desolate country, we suddenly rounded a high steep bank which had hitherto concealed the view; and there, stretched out far in the bright sunshine, beyond a low bar of sand, lay the great open sea,—that sea so full of terror and of danger, and to us so completely unknown.

"I have passed, since that day, through many difficulties and perils, some of which I never thought to survive. But I still remember, as among the most impressive moments of my life, that in which I first caught sight of the great waste of waters, without a single sail on its wide expanse, sparkling and glancing in the sun, and broken into a narrow fringe of snow-white foam, where the waves burst over the sandy bar in front. As I looked upon the long tracks of deeper blue that here and there strongly marked the surface of the waters, and followed the motions of the numerous sea birds, sometimes swinging on the surface of the wave, and sometimes floating in wide circles above us, with their white wings glancing in the light, it was with a feeling of deep awe, rather than anything like dread or terror, that I reflected on the strange situation in which we were placed; for the vast untenanted surface of the ocean, overhung by and reflecting the cloudless canopy of the sky, seemed to

bring us more immediately under the protection of Him, whose way is in the sea, and whose paths are in the great waters, and whose footsteps are not known.

"All the accompaniments of the scene were to me full of wonder and novelty. As the land slowly receded from us, I marvelled more and more at the daring which could take so slight a bark, as that now appeared to me in which we were, far out into the open sea, without the possibility of obtaining shelter from the storm which might at any moment break over it. There was now, however, but small appearance of cloud or tempest. A light breeze only, from time to time, swept the sails and cordage with a wild and not unpleasing music; and our little fleet, with its gilded masts shining brightly in the sun, danced as merrily over the waters as the sea birds that screamed and fluttered above it. As we advanced, too, the thin veil of mist, which had rested along the far horizon, began slowly to disperse, and we could trace indistinctly through it the rocks and headlands of numerous small islands, rising far off in the distant sea. They appeared to increase in number and in size as we approached them; and towards evening we found ourselves slowly floating along under the rocky coast of one of the largest of them, whilst the low sandy shores and green sloping hills of numerous smaller islets were visible about us on all sides. Some were only tenanted by sheep, which stood gathered together on some grassy point that stretched out into the sea, gazing at us with wonder as we passed. Others were occasionally tufted with wood; and upon these, rude dwellings were sometimes seen by us, constructed by the fishermen who frequented the coast, but now untenanted and abandoned for fear of the pirates. It was in a narrow inlet on the coast of one of these wooded islands that our ships were brought to anchor for the night; and, as the sun set behind the western sea, the Northmen commenced that wild and singular hymn which they are accustomed to sing, in honour of the spirits of the waters, at sunrise and sunset. I heard it now for the first time; and it was reëchoed from the woods and the rocks with such accompaniments of shout and clashing of weapons, as, together with the fierce excitement into which the singers were thrown, brought strongly to my recollection those tales of the ferocity and untameable nature of the Sviar, to which I had so often listened."

The Arts.

AN OLD NEW PIECE.

We are in a grumbling humour. Mr. Selby, sir, stand up and answer for your *Husband of my Heart*, with which you lured us to the Haymarket under the promise of a new comic drama. Sir, it was *not* new; sir, it was *not* comic! The laughter of the audience, the hoarse bravos at the close, the call for the author, and your avowal of an identity with that personage, cannot alter our verdict. Sir, the laughter was the laughter of fools; the bravos were undeserved; you should have preserved the mystery of authorship—to own it was an excess of audacity surpassing even that required to write the piece! Don't reply, sir; it is useless. The *Husband of my Heart* is a rifacimento of the *Pride of the Market*, or rather of the original from which that was taken,—a bad original, Mr. Selby, but worse copies! Hold your tongue! You would say that in your piece a serious element is introduced. Perfectly true, and it affords Miss Reynolds an opportunity of showing how charmingly she can play the neglected loving woman. She carries off the piece; she makes it worth seeing! But while gallantly kissing her hand, sir, we frown at you all the same. We will not accept the excuse for a bad comic drama that it has a serious interest. We went to see a comic drama; it was not comic. We went to see a new drama; it was not new. All the incidents are worn threadbare; every turn in the dialogue was familiar even to weariness. What are we to say to such assaults upon good taste as the whole scene of the *poissardes* and your well-dressed self? What are we to say to Buckstone's appearance crowned with a saucepan, armed with a rolling-pin, and bearing a dishcover in guise of breastplate? Is that comedy, sir? Are you the author of that wit? Do you own it? Ought we to put up with it? We blush; blush you!

The above was written in a state of moral incandescence. We have cooled down somewhat, and are ready to confess that the *Husband of my Heart* succeeded in spite of the antiquity of its mechanism. Buckstone and Mrs. Fitzwilliam cannot appear together—make love together—quarrel and kiss—without moving the mirth of the audience. Miss Reynolds looks very pretty, and plays with delicacy, and these favourites make the public content!

Mr. Henry Bedford, nephew of Believe-you-my-boy-Bedford, made his debut as Billy Lackaday, and showed himself well versed in the "business;" but we must suspend our judgment of him till we see him in another part, for we suspect he will be found to have a power over a certain class of quaint, dry characters, which he has not over the broadly humorous. Face and voice are dead against him in broad humour. Macready next week!

At the Princess's we have only to record the success of a new ballet, which we did not see, and the production, too late for notice this week, of *Sent to the Tower*, a new romance of history, to be noticed in our next.

Portfolio.

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

THE PRINCESS.

She wore a gown of silver grey;
A simple vest, nor grave nor gay,
Which robed her like the morning sky,
And kissed the envious ground.
Yet, from beneath, her tiny feet
And slender ancles, sandalled meet,
In graceful motion met the eye.
A crimson net her hair imbound,—
Her hair, in bands of richest brown,
Shading her temples like a crown.
Her brow was high, and full, and white;
Her eyes were thoughtful grey, and bright
With endless meaning, and her smile,
Like moonlight through the roseate veil
Of Evening o'er some southern isle;
Mixed with that human element
Which Nature's beauties lack, and fail
To fill the heart with sweet content.
Her voice was soft, and o'er the park
Rang like the carol of a lark;
And when she laughed, 'twas like a run
Of gliding notes, struck one by one
From silver-toned harmonicon.
Her cheeks were fair, as rose-leaves dying
With morning's dew upon them lying;
But when she gaily smiled and spoke,
A gentle tide of blushes broke
Over their rounded loveliness.
Her mouth seemed half-severe, and half,
In its uncertain playfulness,
The expectation of a laugh:
Yet in its curves there was exprest
The sadness of a deep unrest.
With quiet, dove-like stateliness,
She walked along the shaded ways,
Like one who mused upon her days,—
A Princess, not by royal blood,
But royal right of Womanhood.

Sept. 16, 1850.

GEORGE HOOPER.

VIVIAN ON THE WYE.

Fytte Third.

ON Thursday morning, after a pleasant breakfast chat with the Dragons, McPousto and I started for Monmouth along the banks of the Wye, which, by a vicious pun, he characterized as a truly Baconian procedure of *interrogating* nature. The walk was charming! The Wye in its undulating beauties presents a succession of views, which, especially when Autumn has varied the banks with her endless diversity of tints, may fairly be called unsurpassed in prettiness—it is not grand, it is graceful: it has no towering mountains, craggy sides, or ruined castles to make it imposing; but it is sweet, sylvan, sequestered; the windings of the river convey the idea of a succession of lakes; and as the bright sun poured down upon us, and our spirits leaped to embrace the enchantment of the scene, we emphatically resolved every year to make a similar tour, so vividly were we impressed with the superior enjoyment of pedestrianism. Our eleven miles were little more than a prolonged ejaculation of delight! We reached Monmouth with the heroic capacity of walking twenty miles further “at need.”

At Monmouth our trunk awaited us. A wholesome ablution, and thorough change of linen, prepared us for luncheon. After which I wrote to —; and reread the letters that had been forwarded to me. Ah! such letters!...

Our next stage was Ragland. In passing through the town of Monmouth we each made our observations—McPousto as a philosopher, I as an Artist (with a big A). Peter was struck by the various nods of friendly recognition which even the humblest passer by saluted us with. “It appears I am known here,” said he; “my work on the *Phænomenology of Cognition* must have produced a greater effect than I thought possible. Yet these men do not look like metaphysicians: how one may be deceived!” How, indeed! Considering that the sale of this great work advances at the velocity of one or two copies per annum, I thought it not impossible that the nods might be acts of simple courtesy, but I did not venture to suggest such an idea. The result of my own survey of Monmouth I find thus recorded in my notebook:—“This can scarcely be called a lively town, since three men and a dog give quite a populous air to a street; the trade appears to have a briskness commensurate with the population, but the Division of Employments is conducted on a peculiar principle, seeing that butchers sell potatoes, and ropemakers vend hares.”

The walk to Ragland, is pretty but not remarkable—except for the dust. It is high road all the way; and Peter, whose thoughts had been sweeping the spacious circle of philosophic speculation, grew solemn as he grew tired, and insisted that Welsh miles were of quite different measurement from English. Indeed that pleasant fiction of “feeling up to twenty miles” when we left

Monmouth was somewhat rudely contradicted by reality as the shades of evening descended and the village of Ragland persisted in retreating from our advancing steps. We were hot, hungry, thirsty, weary; yet onwards and onwards stretched the weary road, and milestones lengthened the interval between them. True we did meet with one rustic inn, where cyder washed with refreshment our parched and dusty mouths; but like wandering Jews we were forced to take up our sticks, and carpet bag, and trudge, trudge, trudge along the white infinite of road. Our cheated hopes encreased the weariness. In the dusk a clump of shadowy trees bore very much the aspect of a ruined castle, and Ragland Castle was the beacon that we sought; but the hope no sooner rose in our breasts than it fell again, to be renewed, and again defeated. What terrible miles the three last were! Peter was pathetic upon blisters, I was morose upon stiffness of joints. We bore all, nevertheless, with a certain gloomy stoicism, and tried to while away the sense of weariness by “thoughts that wandered thro’ eternity.” Peter was involved in his explanation of the “architectonic paralogism of *Æsthetic Intuitions*—(a subject I thought somewhat deficient in clearness)—when a turn in the road brought Ragland into view; the discussion ceased at once—and to this day I am in darkness respecting that great philosophical discovery which is to immortalize Peter! The bounding elasticity of spirit with which we entered the village! The sudden oblivion of weariness, dust, everything but hunger! The savage velocity with which we moved onward to our inn! And then the inn itself—*The Ship*—the most primitive and inviting of hostels! We were introduced to a large, low-roofed, dimly-lighted room—with a sprawling black sofa—fabulous furniture—and in the hearth a blazing fire sufficient to roast an ox. Smoking cutlets and redundant toast, flanked by eggs, broiled ham, and a pantomime loaf, were swiftly set down before us, while the landlord and his wife—an ancient and primitive couple—sat down by the hearth and interchanged meteorological remarks with us, together with some observations on the state of the roads, and the distances to Monmouth and Abergavenny. Peter was sublime at this moment! He talked for both, and ate for twenty. Attacking a cutlet, he finished it almost as soon as his sentence. They gazed on him with evident admiration. In ancient days, when wandering gods took quiet seats at the hearth, the honoured hosts must so have gazed at their visitors. With my usual reserve I ate in lonely quietude. I marvelled at Peter’s command of language and mastication; and silently wondered *when* the countryman who was singing in the kitchen, to the delight of congenial boors, would conclude that fatal string of verses which composed his song.

Tea over, we were left alone to our brandy-and-water and cigars. Stretched upon the sofa, I smoked, listening to the pleasant crackling of the fire and ticking of the clock, only now and then exchanging a remark with Peter. The countryman had not finished his song; but its drawling dismal monotony no more interfered with the current of our thoughts than would the *tic tac* of a millwheel. The landlord’s niece, whom we learned was a bride, moved noiselessly about the room, and we invested her—quite gratuitously—with some romance. Altogether that scene made a very peculiar and a very lasting impression on me. As the clock struck ten we rose to go to bed, leaving the countryman still droning away at his song.

But the adventure of this night will occupy too great a space for narration this week, so I must break off here in order to do it justice in my next.

CHAUNTS OF THE ANGELS.

The fountains and the forest flowers, rejoicing in the noon,
Forget the chill of morning, or that evening cometh soon:
They but feel the heavenly influence, and take it while they may;
So do thou, encompassed with ills, enjoy thy life’s brief day.
Sorrow and joy are strangely linked, and may not come apart;
But the benison is theirs who gain their lesson for the heart.

If thou wrestlest for the blessing, God will surely give it thee
In high and chaste affections, and a spirit calm and free;
He will lead thee to those fountains that are never, never dry,—
To those holy heights of Being where all resentments die;
He will crown each earnest effort with a rich increase of faith,
And teach thee how to listen to what the Spirit saith!

Therefore, weep not o’er the Past. As the mountain ranges tell
Of the earthquake and the avalanche that left them beautiful;
So let suffering leave its impress, in a calmer, holier brow,
Telling still of fires beneath, but of fires subdued and low.
Grief, error, wrong, are needed to crucify the flesh,
That the fountains of Salvation may freely flow afresh.

Thank God for each experience, however sad it be,
The clouds that darken thine own soul will teach thee charity,—
Will teach thee to compassionate those feeble wills who cower
Beneath the force of circumstance, and forfeit their high dower.
As the seeds of future forests come with devastating tides,
So full oft a frowning countenance a father’s kindness hides.

And do thou banish pride and scorn, those weeds that choke the flowers
Of Faith, and Hope, and Charity, and cramp the Spirit’s powers.
“God’s laws are perfect and convert” let these avengers be;
More godlike far a pitying love than loud-voiced contumely.
With those who cherish lowliness all holy angels dwell,
Whose deep-toned voices still repeat, “God doeth all things well!”

Matters of Fact.

SAILORS' HOMES.—The first sailors' home, under the recent Mercantile Marine Act, is to be established, it is understood, at Plymouth. The 43rd section of the act (13th and 14th Victoria, cap. 93) states that it is expedient to encourage sailors' homes in the seaports of the United Kingdom. The Board of Trade, or a local marine board, appointing any person to be a superintendent or shipping master, connected with a sailors' home, may authorize the whole or any portion of the fees paid at any such office to be appropriated for the use of such home. The Board of Trade in the port of London may appoint any superintendent of any sailors' home, or any other person connected therewith, to be a shipping master, with such clerks and servants as may be necessary; and all shipping masters, deputies, clerks, and servants so appointed, and all shipping offices so constituted in the port of London, are to be subject to the immediate control of the Board of Trade, and not to the local marine board of the port.

EXPENDITURE OF COMMISSIONERS OF WOODS AND FORESTS.—It appears by the general abstract of the accounts of the Commissioners of her Majesty's Woods and Forests for the year ended the 31st of March, 1850, that the total receipts were £1,532,976, and the payments £1,155,947, leaving a balance of £377,029. The following were the principal sums paid by the commissioners in compliance with votes of Parliament:—Public buildings and royal palaces, £97,575; Buckingham Palace improvements, £21,066; new palm house at Kew, £699; temporary Houses of Parliament, £3777; new Houses of Parliament, £92,662; Holyhead harbour, £8816; Harbour of Refuge at Holyhead, £1789; British Museum buildings, £26,159; Geological survey, £14,774; Nelson monument, £1914; Ambassador's house at Paris, £917; Ambassador's house at Constantinople, £5787; Metropolitan improvements (3rd and 4th Vic. c. 9 and 10), £411,000; Chelsea-bridge and embankment, £6930; Battersea-park, £30,881; Menai and Conway bridges tolls accounts, £2143; Windsor town improvements, £20,447; New Forest, £2585. The total cash balances due to the commissioners by the several banks in the United Kingdom on the 30th of March last was £171,306 11s. 3d.

MONKERY IN SARDINIA.—The number of religious houses existing in the Sardinian dominions amounts to 483—that is, 384 in Piedmont, 253 male and 131 female; and 99 in the island of Sardinia, 88 male and 11 female. Calculating the inmates of each at 20, there are 6820 monks and 2840 nuns—that is, one monk for every 670 inhabitants, and one nun for every 1645.

HEALTH OF LONDON DURING THE WEEK.

(From the Registrar-General's Report.)

The return for the week ending last Saturday shows that the deaths registered in the metropolitan districts amounted to 860, a number which, though it indicates a slight increase of mortality on the previous week, when it was 839, is still less than the weekly average to the extent of 125 deaths; the average being derived from the deaths of ten corresponding weeks in 1840-9, and raised in the ratio of increased population. By means of a comparative statement of the 860 deaths, according to the different ages at which they occurred, it may again be shown, as in the preceding week, that an improved state of health exists among the young, but that the middle-aged part of the population begin to suffer more, while the aged die exactly at the average rate of mortality. It appears that there were:—

| | Last Week. | Average of Ten corresponding Weeks (1840-9). |
|---------------------------|------------|--|
| From birth to 15 years .. | 347 | 445 |
| 15 to 60 years .. | 333 | 288 |
| 60 and upwards .. | 168 | 168 |

The aggregate result of zymotic or epidemic diseases is still favourable as compared with that of previous years, the deaths in this class having been 198 last week, while the corrected average is 256. The decrease is observed principally in small-pox and measles, 5 children having died from the former and 16 from the latter; 38 died of scarlatina, the average of which amounts to 57, but it is swelled chiefly by the unusual mortality of the same week in 1848, when the deaths from scarlatina were 147. Diarrhoea continues to decline, though the fatal cases are still rather more numerous than usual at this period of the year. Typhus maintains the increased mortality which was observed in the last return; the victims of fever number 54. Last week four deaths were recorded from cholera.

The births of 748 boys and 754 girls, in all 1502 children, were registered in the week.

| | Ten Weeks of 1839-49. | Week of 1850. |
|---|-----------------------|---------------|
| Zymotic Diseases .. | 2347 | 198 |
| Dropsy, Cancer, and other diseases of uncertain or variable seat .. | 526 | 51 |
| Tubercular Diseases .. | 1682 | 157 |
| Diseases of the Brain, Spinal Marrow, Nerves, and Senses .. | 992 | 99 |
| Diseases of the Heart and Blood-vessels .. | 256 | 34 |
| Diseases of the Lungs and of the other Organs of Respiration .. | 1147 | 119 |
| Diseases of the Stomach, Liver, and other Organs of Digestion .. | 618 | 53 |
| Diseases of the Kidneys, &c. .. | 79 | 3 |
| Childbirth, diseases of the Uterus, &c. .. | 111 | 7 |
| Rheumatism, diseases of the Bones, Joints, &c. .. | 57 | 9 |
| Diseases of the Skin, Cellular Tissue, &c. .. | 12 | — |
| Malformations .. | 21 | 1 |
| Premature Birth and Debility .. | 188 | 16 |
| Atrophy .. | 155 | 20 |
| Age .. | 481 | 37 |
| Sudden .. | 93 | 7 |
| Violence, Privation, Cold, and Intemperance .. | 210 | 35 |
| Total (including unspecified causes) .. | 9033 | 860 |

Commercial Affairs.

MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

FRIDAY.

The English funds have not displayed the same buoyancy this week as they did last. The first quotation on Monday was 97½ to 97¾, and at the latter figure some transactions took place. On the following day there was no material variation in prices. Consols opened at an advance of an eighth, but as the market was well supplied with stock, prices again receded to what they were on Monday. On Wednesday the same heaviness continued, and prices left off at 97¼.

The announcement of the views of Russia and France, yesterday, regarding an intervention in the affairs of Schleswig-Holstein caused some agitation in the market, and Consols closed at a decline of three-eighths per cent. from the last prices of the previous day. In consequence of some large speculative sales, they had gone down to 97, but they ultimately recovered a little, and left off at 97½. This morning there was a slight improvement, the opening price being 97¼.

The variations of the week have been:—Consols, 97 to 97½; Bank Stock, 210 to 212; Three-and-a-Quarter per Cents., 98½ to 99; Exchequer Bills, 66s. to 71s. pm.

In the foreign Stock Market the amount of business done has been limited. Yesterday the market was rather depressed, and prices were generally quoted lower. The actual transactions comprised—Buenos Ayres, at 58; Chilean, 102½; Danish Five per Cents., 99½ and 101; Granada, 18½; Greek, ex overdue coupons, 4; Mexican, for account, 31½ and 32; Peruvian Active, for money, 81, 81½, 80½, and 81½; the Deferred, 36½, 36, 35½, and 36½; Russian, 109 and 109½; the Four-and-a-Half per Cents., 97½, 98, and 98½; Spanish Five per Cents., for account, 18½ and 19; Passive, 3½; Venezuela Deferred, 11½; Dutch Two-and-a-Half per Cents., 57½, 58, and 58; and the Four per Cent. Certificates, 89, 88½, and 89½.

MARK-LANE, FRIDAY, Oct. 25.

We have fair supplies of foreign Wheat and of Irish Oats this week, and small of other articles. The Wheat trade is firm at late rates. Barley is in better demand than last week, and quite as dear as on Monday. Oats are also pretty good sale at late rates. In Beans and Peas there is no change to note.

The foreign advices report a tendency to decline in all the Northern markets; the farmers in some parts were bringing forward more liberal supplies, and where this was not actually the case, it was expected soon to be so. There appears to be a fair quantity of Wheat and Sael Barley on passage to Hamburg, which, by this time, must be very near at hand.

Arrivals from 23rd to 25th October:—

| | English. | Irish. | Foreign. | Flour. |
|-----------|----------|--------|----------|--------|
| Wheat .. | 2410 | — | 12530 | 1890 |
| Barley .. | 2590 | — | 120 | — |
| Oats .. | 880 | 10620 | 6630 | — |

BANK OF ENGLAND.

An Account, pursuant to the Act 7th and 8th Victoria, cap. 32, for the week ending on Saturday, the 12th of October, 1850.

ISSUE DEPARTMENT.

| | £ | £ |
|-----------------------------|------------|--------|
| Notes issued | 29,698,405 | 12,530 |
| Government Debt, 11,015,100 | — | 1890 |
| Other Securities .. | 2,984,900 | — |
| Gold Coin and Bullion .. | 15,498,520 | — |
| Silver Bullion | 199,885 | — |

BANKING DEPARTMENT.

| | £ | £ |
|--|-------------|-------------|
| Proprietors' Capital, 14,553,000 | — | — |
| Reserve .. | 3,059,794 | — |
| Public Deposits (including Exchequer, Savings Banks, Commissioners of National Debt, and Dividend Accounts) .. | 10,694,649 | — |
| Other Deposits .. | 8,850,977 | — |
| Seven-day and other Bills .. | 1,318,576 | — |
| | £38,476,096 | £38,476,096 |

Dated Oct. 17, 1850. M. MARSHALL, Chief Cashier.

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

| | Satur. | Mon. | Tues. | Wed. | Thurs. | Frid. |
|---------------------|---------|------|---------|------|---------|-------|
| Bank Stock | 211 | 210 | 211 | 211½ | 211 | — |
| 3 per Ct. Red .. | 96½ | 96½ | 96½ | 96½ | 96½ | — |
| 3 p. C. Con. Ans. | 97½ | 97½ | 97½ | 97½ | 97 | — |
| 3 p. C. An. 1726. | — | — | — | — | — | — |
| 3 p. Ct. Con., Ac. | 97½ | 97½ | 97½ | 97½ | 97½ | — |
| 3½ p. Cent. An. | 99½ | 98½ | 98½ | 98½ | 98½ | — |
| New 5 per Cts. | — | — | — | — | — | — |
| Long Ans., 1860. | 7 13-16 | 7½ | 7 13-16 | 7½ | 7 13-16 | — |
| Ind. St. 10½ p. Ct. | — | — | — | — | — | — |
| Ditto Bonds .. | 89 | 89 | 88 | 91 | 86 | — |
| Ex. Bills, 1000L. | 71 p | 65 p | 68 p | 67 p | 69 p | — |
| Ditto, 500L. | — | 65 p | — | 67 p | — | — |
| Ditto, Small | 71 p | 68 p | 68 p | 67 p | 70 p | — |

FOREIGN FUNDS.

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

| | | | |
|-----------------------------|-------|--------------------------|------|
| Austrian 5 per Cents. | 94 | Mexican 5 per Ct. Acc. | 31½ |
| Belgian Ids., 4½ p. Ct. | 90½ | Small. | — |
| Brazilian 5 per Cents. | — | Neapolitan 5 per Cents. | — |
| Buenos Ayres 6 p. Cts. | 58 | Peruvian 4½ per Cents. | — |
| Chilian 6 per Cents. | 102½ | Portuguese 5 per Cent. | — |
| Danish 5 per Cents. | 101 | — 4 per Cts. | — |
| Dutch 2½ per Cents. | 58 | — Annuities | — |
| — 4 per Cents. | 89½ | Russian, 1822, 5 p. Cts. | 109½ |
| Equador Bonds | — | Span. Actives, 5 p. Cts. | 18½ |
| French 5 p. C. An. at Paris | 93.20 | — Passive | 3½ |
| — 3 p. Cts., Oct. 24, 59.70 | — | — Deferred | — |

SHARES.

Last Official Quotation for the Week ending Thursday Evening.

| RAILWAYS. | | BANKS. | |
|------------------------------|------|-----------------------------|-----|
| Caledonian | 8½ | Australasian | — |
| Edinburgh and Glasgow | 26 | British North American | 43 |
| Eastern Counties | 6½ | Colonial | 7½ |
| Great Northern | 14½ | Commercial of London .. | — |
| Great North of England | 245 | London and Westminster | 27½ |
| Great S. & W. (Ireland) | 35½ | London Joint Stock | 18½ |
| Great Western | 70½ | National of Ireland | 18 |
| Hull and Selby | 98 | National Provincial | — |
| Lancashire and Yorkshire | 48½ | Provincial of Ireland | 43 |
| Lancaster and Carlisle | 62 | Union of Australia | 33½ |
| London, Brighton, & S. Coast | 84 | Union of London | 12½ |
| London and Blackwall .. | 7½ | MINES. | |
| London and N.-Western | 117½ | Bolanos | — |
| Midland | 42½ | Brazilian Imperial | — |
| North British | 7½ | Ditto, St. John del Rey | 14½ |
| South-Eastern and Dover | 20½ | Cobre Copper | 33 |
| South-Western | 69½ | MISCELLANEOUS. | |
| York, Newcas., & Berwick | 17½ | Australian Agricultural | — |
| York and North Midland | 23½ | Canada | — |
| DOCKS. | | General Steam | 27½ |
| East and West India | — | Penins. & Oriental Steam | 79½ |
| London | — | Royal Mail Steam | 68 |
| St. Katharine | — | South Australian | — |

GRAIN, Mark-lane, Oct. 18.

| Wheat, R. New | 38s. to 40s. | Maple | 32s. to 33s. |
|-----------------|--------------|------------------|--------------|
| Fine | 40 — 42 | White | 25 — 27 |
| Old | 40 — 42 | Boilers | 31 — 33 |
| White | 40 — 41 | Beans, Ticks .. | 24 — 26 |
| Fine | 41 — 43 | Old | 25 — 23 |
| Superior New | 46 — 48 | Indian Corn .. | 28 — 20 |
| Rye | 26 — 28 | Oats, Feed | 15 — 16 |
| Barley | 19 — 20 | Fine | 16 — 17 |
| Malting | 25 — 26 | Poland | 18 — 19 |
| Malt, Ord | 48 — 50 | Fine | 19 — 20 |
| Fine | 50 — 52 | Potato | 17 — 18 |
| Peas, Hog | 29 — 30 | Fine | 18 — 19 |

GENERAL AVERAGE PRICE OF GRAIN.
WEEK ENDING OCT. 17.

| Imperial General Weekly Average. | | | |
|----------------------------------|-----------|-------------|----------|
| Wheat | 39s. 10d. | Rye | 26s. 7d. |
| Barley | 24 2 | Beans | 29 7 |
| Oats | 16 7 | Peas | 29 5 |

Aggregate Average of the Six Weeks.

| Wheat | 42s. 5d. | Rye | 26s. 2d. |
|--------------|----------|-------------|----------|
| Barley | 24 2 | Beans | 29 4 |
| Oats | 17 2 | Peas | 29 6 |

FLOUR.

| Town-made | per sack | 40s. to 43s. |
|--|-------------|--------------|
| Seconds | — | 37 — 40 |
| Essex and Suffolk, on board ship | — | 32 — 34 |
| Norfolk and Stockton | — | 30 — 32 |
| American | per barrel | 22 — 24 |
| Canadian | — | 21 — 23 |
| Wheaten Bread, 7d. the 4lb. loaf. | Households, | 6d. |

AVERAGE PRICE OF SUGAR.

The average price of Brown or Muscovado Sugar, computed from the returns made in the week ending the 15th day of October, 1850, is 28s. 0d. per cwt.

BUTCHERS' MEAT.

| | NEWGATE AND LEADENHALL.* | SMITHFIELD*. |
|--------------|--------------------------|--------------|
| | s. d. s. d. | s. d. s. d. |
| Beef | 2 0 to 3 4 | 2 4 to 3 8 |
| Mutton | 2 6 — 3 8 | 3 0 — 4 0 |
| Veal | 0 0 — 0 0 | 2 10 — 3 10 |
| Pork | 3 0 — 4 4 | 3 0 — 3 8 |

* To sink the offal, per 8 lb.

HEAD OF CATTLE AT SMITHFIELD.

| | Friday. | Monday. |
|--------------|---------|---------|
| Beasts | 1156 | 5160 |
| Sheep | 5190 | 29,400 |
| Calves | 366 | 310 |
| Pigs | 490 | 350 |

PROVISIONS.

| | |
|--|-----------------------|
| Butter—Best Fresh, 11s. 0d. to 12s. per doz. | |
| Carlow, £4 2s. to £4 4s. per cwt. | |
| Bacon, Irish | per cwt. 52s. to 53s. |
| Cheese, Cheshire | 42 — 69 |
| Derby, Plain | 44 — 54 |
| Hams, York | 60 — 70 |
| Eggs, French, per 120, 4s. 9d. to 5s. 6d. | |

HOPS.

| | | | |
|-----------------|--------------|----------------------|-------------|
| Kent Pockets .. | 80s. to 92s. | York Regents per ton | .. s. to .. |
| Choice ditto .. | 90 — 147 | Wisbech Regents .. | .. — .. |
| Sussex ditto .. | 68 — 78 | Scotch Reds | .. — .. |
| Farnham do. .. | 90 .. 126 | French Whites | .. — .. |

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

| | CUMBERLAND. | SMITHFIELD. | WHITECHAPEL. |
|----------------|--------------|--------------|--------------|
| Hay, Good .. | 72s. to 77s. | 73s. to 75s. | 66s. to 72s. |
| Inferior .. | 55 — 65 | 50 — 60 | 0 — 0 |
| New | 0 — 0 | 0 — 0 | 0 — 0 |
| Clover | 78 — 84 | 82 — 84 | 70 — 80 |
| Wheat Straw .. | 24 — 28 | 21 — 27 | 22 — 24 |

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

Friday, October 18.

DECLARATIONS OF DIVIDENDS.—T. Yolland, Ashburton, limeburner, first div. of 7s. 3d., on any Tuesday after Oct. 19; Mr. Hirtzel, Exeter—W. H. Thompson, jun., Exeter, further div. of 1s. 1d., on any Tuesday; Mr. Hirtzel, Exeter.

BANKRUPTS.—W. PIGGOTT, Great Eversden, Cambridgeshire, general shopkeeper, to surrender Nov. 1, Dec. 3; solicitors, Messrs. Cole, Adelphi-terrace, Strand; official assignee, Mr. Graham—B. TEBBIT, Ventnor, Isle of Wight, draper, Oct. 29, Nov. 29; solicitors, Messrs. Hardwick and Davidson, Basinghall-street; official assignee, Mr. Stansfeld—J. CLARK, Soham, Cambridgeshire, dealer in flour, Oct. 25, Nov. 29; solicitor, Mr. Wilkin, Furnival's-inn, Holborn; official assignee, Mr. Stansfeld—W. FORD, High Holborn, haberdasher, Oct. 25, Nov. 28; solicitors, Messrs. Linklater, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house; official assignee, Mr. Bell, Coleman-street-buildings—C. JONES, Llanfyllin, Montgomeryshire, grocer, Nov. 4 and 19; solicitors, Mr. Smith, Birmingham, and Mr. Pemberton, Liverpool; official assignee, Mr. Morgan, Liverpool—J. FIELDING, Higher Ardwick, Lancashire, provision dealer, Oct. 31, Nov. 21; solicitors, Messrs. Whithead and Son, Rochdale; official assignee, Mr. Hobson, Manchester.

DIVIDENDS.—Nov. 12, J. F. Kemp, Uxbridge, grocer—Nov. 12, D. Mallet, College-street, Belvedere-road, Lambeth, lighterman—Nov. 8, W. Maunders, Peel-place, Kensington Gravel-pits, baker—Nov. 8, C. Wetherill, Down-street, Piccadilly, ironmonger—Nov. 8, W. Sheward, Norwich, pawnbroker—Nov. 9,

A. E. Corvan, Hampstead-road and Lisson-grove, baker—Nov. 8, J. Barker, Cheltenham and Gloucester, boot manufacturer—Nov. 12, J. Card, Westbury, Wiltshire, miller—Nov. 12, J. T. Udsell, Exbury, Hampshire, brickmaker—Nov. 15, M. Potter, New Bond-street, haberdasher—Nov. 15, R. Lane, Lisson-grove North, corn dealer—Nov. 15, S. Wise, Conduit-street South, plumber—Nov. 15, H. Kerr, Woolwich, tailor—Nov. 18, J. E. and F. New, High-street Aldgate, stationers—Nov. 13, J. Arnett, St. Dunstan's-hill, custom-house agent—Nov. 14, W. and T. Day, Gracechurch-street, oilmen—Nov. 13, P. Cruickshank, Austinfriars, merchant—Nov. 14, H. Reay, Mark-lane, City, wine merchant—Nov. 18, J. Miller and G. Craddock, Stockton-on-Tees, sail cloth manufacturers—Nov. 18, A. Richter, Soho-square, bookseller—Nov. 13, H. Thompson, Portpool-lane, Gray's-inn-lane, brewer—Nov. 13, W. Buddle, Paddington, timber merchant—Nov. 14, F. Devey, Whitefriars, City, coal merchant—Nov. 15, W. B. Cooke, Burton-upon-Trent, tape manufacturer—Nov. 11, S. Nicholson, York, wholesale chemist—Nov. 15, T. N. Benard, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant—Nov. 15, S. and S. Langdale, Stockton-upon-Tees, and Yarm, Yorkshire, corn dealers—Nov. 14, W. D. Hay, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, bread and biscuit baker—Nov. 12, J. Row, Torrington, Devonshire, chemist—Nov. 12, R. Thomas, Bridgewater, coal merchant—Nov. 13, J. C. Brown, Taunton, draper—Nov. 20, J. and B. Shepherd, Exeter, wine-merchants—Nov. 20, W. Pridaux, J. Square, and W. Pridaux, jun., Kingsbridge, Devonshire, bankers—Nov. 13, H. Lowcock, Thorverton, Devonshire, dealer in artificial manures—Nov. 8, J. Potts, New Mills, Derbyshire, engraver—Nov. 14, R. Hammond, Macclesfield, innkeeper—Nov. 12, M. B. Shoolbred, Manchester, cotton manufacturer—Nov. 11, J. Burt and J. Burt, jun., Manchester, commission agents.

CERTIFICATES.—To be granted, unless cause be shown to the contrary on the day of meeting.—Nov. 8, D. Mallet, College-street, Lambeth, lighterman—Nov. 12, F. Bennett, Clapham-rise, Clapham, soda-water manufacturer—Nov. 12, J. Hibble, Bishopsgate-street Without, oilman—Nov. 12, T. W. Dornford, Suffolk-lane, Cannon-street, wine merchant—Nov. 8, S. Taylor, Staines, grocer—Nov. 8, C. Garlick, Charterhouse-square, woollen warehouseman—Nov. 8, J. Tomlin, Finchley-common, licensed vauelhouse—Nov. 12, G. W. Tucker, Tottenham-court-road, furrier—Nov. 11, G. Kyrke, Wrexham, Denbighshire, lime-burner.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.—D. M'Grigor, Aberdona Mains, near Alloa, farmer, Oct. 25, Nov. 19—D. Macdougall, Port Ellen, Islay, innkeeper, Oct. 25, Nov. 15—J. Morrison, Perth, grain dealer, Oct. 23, Nov. 13—J. Clark, Glasgow, railway-furnishing contractor, Oct. 25, Nov. 15—J. Black, Glasgow, inspector of weights and measures, Oct. 23, Nov. 6.

Tuesday, Oct. 22.

DECLARATIONS OF DIVIDENDS.—R. Fairley, Sunderland, chemist; first div. of 5s. 6d., on Saturday, Oct. 26, or any subsequent Saturday; Mr. Wakley's Newcastle-upon-Tyne—C. S. Fenwick, Tynemouth, banker; second div. of 5s. 3d., on Saturday, Oct. 26, or any subsequent Saturday; Mr. Wakley, Newcastle-upon-Tyne—J. Wallace, Carlisle, grocer; first div. of 5s., on Saturday, Oct. 26, or any subsequent Saturday; Mr. Baker, Newcastle-upon-Tyne—A. Alsop, Bonsall, Derbyshire, lead merchant; first div. of 6d., on Saturday, Oct. 26, or any subsequent alternate Saturday; Mr. Bittleston, Nottingham—W. Stone, Matlock, Derbyshire, builder; first div. of 1s. 4d., and second div. of 7d., on Saturday, Oct. 26, or any subsequent alternate Saturday; Mr. Bittleston, Nottingham—G. Bailey, Coventry, riband manufacturer; first div. of 1s. 6d., any Thursday; Mr. Whitmore, Birmingham—E. Ryder, Birmingham, jeweller; first div. of 8s., and second div. of 1s. 9d., any Thursday; Mr. Whitmore, Birmingham—J. Boycott, Kidderminster, draper; first div. of 1s. 3d., any Thursday; Mr. Whitmore, Birmingham—J. T. Burdon; third div. of 4d., on Tuesday, Nov. 5, or any subsequent Tuesday; Mr. Pennell, Guildhall-chambers, Basinghall-street—J. S. Story; second div. of 1s. 3d., on Tuesday, Nov. 5, or any subsequent Tuesday; Mr. Pennell, Guildhall-chambers, Basinghall-street—D. James; final div. of 2d., on Tuesday, Nov. 5, or any subsequent Tuesday; Mr. Pennell, Guildhall-chambers, Basinghall-street—J. Weeks; first div. of 1s. 5d., on Tuesday, Nov. 5, or any subsequent Tuesday; Mr. Pennell, Guildhall-chambers, Basinghall-street—R. Green; first div. of 1s. 2d., on Tuesday, Nov. 5, or any subsequent Tuesday; Mr. Pennell, Guildhall-chambers, Basinghall-street—G. P. Hutchison; first div. of 1s., on Tuesday Nov. 5, or any subsequent Tuesday; Mr. Pennell, Guildhall-chambers, Basinghall-street—T. Tindall; final div. of 6d., on Tuesday, Nov. 5, or any subsequent Tuesday; Mr. Pennell, Guildhall-chambers, Basinghall-street—J. Seaber; third div. of 1s. 9d., on Tuesday, Nov. 5, or any subsequent Tuesday; Mr. Pennell, Guildhall-chambers, Basinghall-street—J. Slater; first div. of 1s. 2d., on Tuesday, Nov. 5, or any subsequent Tuesday; Mr. Pennell, Guildhall-chambers, Basinghall-street—W. Bedford; first div. of 6s. 6d., on Tuesday, Nov. 5, or any subsequent Tuesday; Mr. Pennell, Guildhall-chambers, Basinghall-street—F. R. G. Smith; third div. of 2s. 1d., on Tuesday, Nov. 5, or any succeeding Tuesday; Mr. Pennell, Guildhall-chambers, Basinghall-street—W. E. Smith, Plymouth, shipwright; first and final div. of 5s. 14d., on any Tuesday and Friday after Oct. 26; Mr. Hernaman, Exeter—L. T. Sabine, Weymouth, Dorsetshire, ironmonger; first div. of 4s. 6d., on any Tuesday and Friday after Oct. 26; Mr. Hernaman, Exeter—T. Treffry, Tregoney, Cornwall, seedsman; first and final div. of 3s. 8d., on any Tuesday and Friday after Oct. 26; Mr. Hernaman, Exeter—Remington, Stephenson, and Co., Lombard-street, bankers; final div. of 1-14d., on Thursday, Oct. 24, and three following Thursdays; Mr. Stansfeld, Basinghall-street—J. Hawke, King William-street, hatter; first div. of 7d., on Thursday, Oct. 24, and three following Thursdays; Mr. Stansfeld, Basinghall-street—J. Reed, late of Bermondsey-street, Southwark, hop-merchant; first div. of 4s. 2d., on Thursday, Oct. 24, and three following Thursdays; Mr. Stansfeld, Basinghall-street—E. Underhill, Chelsea, builder; first div. of 7s., on Thursday, Oct. 24, and three following Thursdays; Mr. Stansfeld, Basinghall-street—S. Vines, Crutchedfriars, cornfactor; first div. of 1s. 6d., on Thursday, Oct. 24, and three following Thursdays; Mr. Stansfeld, Basinghall-street.

BANKRUPTS.—F. and G. LA MARK, Water-lane, Tower-street, shipbrokers, to surrender Nov. 5, Dec. 6; solicitors, Messrs. Wright and Bonner, London-street, Fenchurch-street; official assignee, Mr. Stansfeld—J. S. TRIPP, Lombard-street-chambers, Clement's-lane, dealer in railway shares, Nov. 5, Dec. 6; solicitors, Messrs. Linklater, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house; official assignee, Mr. Graham—J. M. MONNIES, Liverpool, corn-merchant, Nov. 8 and 29; solicitor, Mr. Yates, jun., Liverpool; official assignee, Mr. Bird, Liverpool—J. INGS, Henley-in-Arden, Warwickshire, surgeon, Nov. 4, Dec. 2; solicitors, Messrs. Motteram, Knight, and Emmet, Birmingham; official assignee, Mr. Valpy, Birmingham—E. ARMYTAGE, Clifton-bridge, near Halifax, and Colne-bridge, near Huddersfield, cotton-spinner, Nov. 4 and 25; solicitors, Messrs. Atkinson, Saunders, and Atkinson, Manchester, and Messrs. Bond and Barwick, Leeds; official assignee, Mr. Hope, Leeds.

DIVIDENDS.—Nov. 12, W. Stiles, Lisle-street, Leicester-square, copper-smith—Nov. 6, E. Nairne, Warrford-court, stockbroker—Nov. 12, R. Champion, Friday-street, furrier—Nov. 12, W. H. Pitcher, Guildford-street, Russell-square—Nov. 11, R. Dart and J. Brown, Bedford-street, Covent-garden, coach lace manufacturers—Nov. 11, F. Westover, Lewisham, cheesemonger—Nov. 8, C. Waud, New Bond-street, cook—Nov. 14, A. Inglis, Porten, draper—Nov. 15, T. Harvey, Newark-upon-Trent, miller—Nov.

12, W. Robinson, Saddleworth, Yorkshire, dyer—Nov. 12, R. Britton, Bradford, grocer—Nov. 12, N. G. Bond, Huddersfield, bookseller—Nov. 22, J. Winder, Liverpool, merchant—Nov. 22, R. Adams and T. Banks, Liverpool, cattle salesmen—Nov. 15, J. Meredith, Tattenhall, Cheshire, maltster—Nov. 15, P. Fielding, Rhyl, Flintshire, hotel-keeper—Nov. 15, W. Puleston, Wrexham, Denbighshire, draper—Nov. 15, J. Higginson and R. Deane, Liverpool, merchants—Nov. 15, H. Parry, Abergelle, Denbighshire, druggist—Nov. 14, R. Lund, Blackburn, Lancashire, cotton-spinner—Nov. 14, J. Sharples, sen., and J. Sharples, jun., Daisy-field, near Blackburn, Lancashire, cotton-spinners—Nov. 15, J. Gouldsbrough, Manchester, manufacturer—Nov. 13, G. Barton and J. Barton, Manchester, copper-roller manufacturers.

CERTIFICATES.—To be granted, unless cause be shown to the contrary on the day of meeting.—Nov. 11, R. Stone, New Oxford-street, tallow-chandler—Nov. 13, D. Clement, Neath, Glamorganshire, saddler—Nov. 12, J. Exley, Dewsbury, Yorkshire, blanket-manufacturer—Nov. 13, G. Friend, Kidderminster, bookseller.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.—J. W. Hedderwick, Glasgow, distiller, Oct. 25, Nov. 16—H. Urie, Paisley, painter, Oct. 28, Nov. 22—J. Birnie, Dundee, manufacturer, Oct. 28, Nov. 18.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

On the 18th inst., the wife of Mr. J. E. Lovegrove, of Fladong's Hotel, Oxford-street, of a daughter.
On the 18th inst., at Blackheath, the wife of the Reverend C. Badham, of a son.
On the 18th inst., at the Vicarage, East Dereham, Norfolk, the wife of the Reverend B. J. Armstrong, of a son.
On the 18th inst., at Southsea, the wife of Commander Chamberlain, R.N., of a son.
On the 18th inst., at Brighton, the Baroness de Linden, of a daughter.
On the 20th inst., at Campden-house, Gloucestershire, the Viscountess Campden, of a son and heir.
On the 20th inst., at Rochester, the wife of Captain Nedham, R.A., of a son.
On the 20th inst., at Edinburgh, the Lady Blanche Balfour, of a daughter.
On the 21st inst., at Thornhill-square, Barnsbury, Mrs. Mark Jameson, of a daughter.
On the 21st inst., at Turnham-green, the wife of the Reverend R. C. Jenkins, of a daughter.
On the 22nd inst., the wife of Captain T. A. Carr, Albert-square, of a daughter.
On the 23rd inst., at Mivart's Hotel, Brook-street, the Lady Catherine Carnegie, of a daughter.
In Gower-street, Bedford-square, the wife of the Reverend J. Hamilton, D.D., of a son.

MARRIAGES.

On the 15th inst., at Derby, the Reverend J. Lea, of Bickerton, to Jane, eldest daughter of the late S. Bell, Esq., formerly of New-house, Newport, Salop.
On the 8th inst., at Whitburn, Lieutenant-Colonel Wm. Freke Williams, K.H., to Emily, third daughter of the late William Harrison, Esq., of Whitburn, in the county of Durham.
On the 16th inst., at Falmouth, J. M. Skene, Esq., commander R.N., inspecting commander of the Coast Guard at Falmouth, to Harriet Anna, eldest daughter of Major-General Wood, C.B.
On the 17th inst., at Brighton, F. J. Hall, Esq., of the Inner Temple, barrister-at-law, to Maria Mary, younger daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Langley.
On the 17th inst., at Bishopsgate, Dudley, Lord North, eldest son of the Earl of Guildford, to Charlotte Maria, third daughter of the Honourable and Reverend W. Eden, rector of Bishopsgate-bourne, and Lady Grey de Ruthyn.
On the 22nd inst., at Kennington, the Reverend T. Wiltshire, B.A., to Sarah Harriet, eldest daughter of J. Hudson, Esq., of North Brixton, Surrey.
On the 22nd inst., at Winchester, Arthur Mellersh, Esq., commander R.N., to Henrietta Frances, daughter of the late Reverend T. Butler, vicar of East Wrotham, Hants.
On the 22nd inst., at Alverstoke, the Reverend E. Durnford, rector of Monxton, Hants, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late John James, Esq., of Tunbridge-wells.
On the 22nd inst., at Stoughton, Sussex, Percy Standish, Esq., of Farley-hill, Berkshire, to Caroline Macnamara, second daughter of the late S. M. Cloystoun, Esq.
On the 23rd inst., at Speen, H. H. Mason, Esq., of Newbury, second son of the Reverend J. Mason, London, to Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. J. Hanson, of Speenhamland, Berks.

DEATHS.

On the 14th of September, at Colombo, Ceylon (India), Arthur Romer, Esq., M.D., of dysentery, in his 35th year, deeply lamented by his family and friends.
On the 8th ult., at Nusseerabad, aged 24, Geo. H. T. Procter, lieutenant, Twenty-first Regiment Bombay N.I., eldest son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel G. Procter.
On the 10th inst., at Paris, Mary Anne, relict of the late General Romer, aged 75.
On the 11th inst., at Orpington, Kent, the Reverend George F. Dawson, vicar of Orpington and St. Mary Cray.
On the 18th of August, at Lima, South America, aged 28, Caroline, only daughter of the late Reverend Wm. Eyre, B.A., of Archbishop Tenison's Grammar School, St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.
On the 18th inst., at Swalecliffe-park, Oxfordshire, the Reverend J. L. Crawley, rector of Heyford and of Holdenby, in the county of Northampton, aged 76.
On the 19th inst., at the Upper-house, Shelsley Beauchamp, Worcestershire, aged 24, A. Wm. Moore, Esq., B.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, and the Middle Temple, London.
On the 19th inst., at Holly-grove, near Windsor, the Right Honourable Sir W. Henry Fremantle, G.C.H., deputy ranger of Windsor Great-park, aged 84.
On the 20th inst., in Little Ryder-street, St. James's, Captain C. Crole, R.N., aged 55.
On the 20th inst., in Wimpole-street, the Reverend Dr. Thackeray, provost of King's College, Cambridge, and chaplain in ordinary to her Majesty.
On the 21st inst., at Addiscombe-house, near Croydon, aged 67, Major-General Sir E. G. Stannus, C.B.
On the 21st inst., in Halkin-street West, Sophia, relict of the late Sir J. Harington, Bart.
On the 22nd inst., at Alderley-park, Cheshire, the Right Honourable John Thos. Stanley, Lord Stanley of Alderley, aged 84.
On the 22nd inst., T. M. Flockton, Esq., of Cranford, Middlesex, aged 47.

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"SIR,—My eldest son, when about three years of age, was afflicted with a Glandular Swelling in the neck, which, after a short time, broke out into an Ulcer. An eminent medical man pronounced it as a very bad case of Scrofula, and prescribed for a considerable time without effect. The disease then for four years went on gradually increasing in virulence, when, besides the ulcer in the neck, another formed below the left knee, and a third under the eye, besides seven others on the left arm, with a tumour between the eyes, which was expected to break. During the whole of the time my suffering boy had received the constant advice of the most celebrated medical Gentlemen at Cheltenham, besides being for several months at the General Hospital, where one of the Surgeons said that he would amputate the left arm, but that the blood was so impure that, if that limb were taken off, it would be then even impossible to subdue the disease. In this desperate state I determined to give your Pills and Ointment a trial, and, after two months' perseverance in their use, the tumour gradually began to disappear, and the discharge from all the ulcers perceptibly decreased, and at the expiration of eight months they were perfectly healed, and the boy thoroughly restored to the blessings of health, to the astonishment of a large circle of acquaintances, who could testify to the truth of this miraculous case. Three years have now elapsed without any recurrence to the malady, and the boy is now as healthy as heart can wish. Under these circumstances I consider that I should be truly ungrateful were I not to make you acquainted with this wonderful cure, effected by your medicines, after every other means had failed.

(Signed) "J. H. ALLIDAY."

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 5. Economics for the Future.
 6. Mackay's Progress of Intellect.
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