

# 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.

TUESDAY is the day on which all politicians fix their regard, with strong expectations of—nothing; but only a certainty that something lies beyond, and probably a general election. As the time advances, every party is in a state of increasing perplexity. The rapid succession of Cabinet Councils attests the trepidation of Ministers. The Protectionists, too, have been meeting at Burleigh-house, and have hit upon no device better than "to adopt, in all its integrity, the bold uncompromising line of policy opened by the lamented Lord George Bentinck"—going back to the devices of a dead man and a day dead to history! The "Reform" party, or parties, are not at all in a state of decision; as the meetings at Edinburgh and Linlithgow may witness. If any vigour is to be got out of the party, it will be elicited at the approaching conference to be called by the Parliamentary Reformers. But no set of Members will meet her Majesty with any firm resolve; rather with the hope that some blunder in their rivals may give to themselves the false strength of others' weakness. All parties enter Parliament for the session with a sense [that the immediate future is more uncertain than the future usually is.

Meanwhile, they are all preparing for the general election, which is expected with slight delay; and the usual coqueries between candidates and constituencies multiply. Among those whose courtship implies a speedy occasion for renewing the union is Mr. George Cornewall Lewis. But what the election is to be about nobody yet knows. Of course Ministers will try to give their own keynote; of course the Protectionists will try to prevent them, and "appeal to the country" on the George Bentinck plan. That would have the merit of being at least a substantive and independent course, which no other party as yet shows itself prepared to take.

Ministers, it is said, count on the national defence movement as a diversion from ordinary politics; but it will prove too strong for them. They will be wholly unable to control it: it is not to be expected that they satisfy it. When the Stock Exchange takes up arms, as it is doing, the money men must be in earnest; and they will want to know how it is that, after we have been paying fifteen millions a year, for naval and military purposes, we have not got effective naval and military instruments? The Rifle Clubs forming in all quarters will back the Stock Exchange. A perfect army is rising up to ask what Ministers have been about? Also, what Ministers mean to do with the Income Tax?—which can neither be spared nor tolerated. It is not the resignation of Lord Normanby, Ambassador in France, nor the appointment of Lord Cowley in his stead, that will satisfy the popular demand for explanation on these heads. That explanation is the thing most impatiently an-

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icipated; and, if we must confess the truth, the public is prepared to find that explanation unsatisfactory.

The strike of the iron manufacturers continues, and still imparts some uneasiness to the commercial world. The great depression in the iron trade shows, either that the strike of the masters is telling very severely on the traffic in the raw material, or that the trade would have been in a very languishing state, even if the masters had not disguised their slack business under their strike. The reports of a very dull state of the iron trade in America incline us to the latter supposition. The unskilled labourers begin to grow uneasy at their suspended work. The masters continue to be obstinate, and grow more hostile; witness their last circular. Altogether the situation of things is not promising.

The industrial world is deeply stirred in other quarters. The immense emigration (1,216,000 from the United Kingdom in ten years ending 1850, and principally from Ireland in the last three of those years,) has alarmed the more enlightened economists of Ireland for the future; and the meeting convened in Dublin by the Board of Manufacturers has resolved to encourage reproductive employment as the direct means, not only of economising the labour that remains, but of arresting the continued drain. The oppression of the associated workmen in Lyons, Lille, and other towns of France, on political grounds, has alarmed the associated workmen of Paris; who have formed a committee to prepare the plan of an extensive emigration. The same measure is threatened by our own Amalgamated Engineers. It would be a frightful day for both capitals if the threat were realized; especially as the associated men are, for the most part, the best workmen.

The accident at Whitehaven, where the sea has destroyed a large piece of the railway wall and embankment, seems to be another case in which the contract system has broken down, through shaving too closely to the bare necessity, and making no allowance for known contingencies. The wall was not made strong enough, and it fails. The elaborate report of the trial trip of the Orinoco, however, proves that "public opinion" does yet exercise some wholesome sway, and that disasters like that of the Amazon will not recur without an effort to prevent them. But these counteractive efforts are partial and transitory: there needs some means of consolidating them, by basing them on a principle, and reducing them to a system—a duty for the Socialist party to perform. The principle of Concert, reconciling interests generally deemed conflicting, removes the temptation to the dishonest stinting which teaches to trade a perpetual defrauding of the public, a chronic poisoning through adulteration, and the most frightful of calamities.

Ireland is again in the throes of anarchy. Certain northern counties are hot, rather too hot for some unfortunate gentlemen, with a horrible Riband

conspiracy. Another magistrate, quietly walking in his garden, is fired at, as is customary in those parts, from behind a wall, but escapes with a skin wound. Threatening notices are freely handed about, by invisible persons, to the obnoxious. Justice, specially appointed to try the suspected, is escorted to her destination by troops of dragoons. Flying columns of soldiers hover here and there, mingled with police armed to the teeth. Justice, duly caparisoned, denounces the Riband conspiracy, and threatens the conspirators, in turn, with a Nemesis. Meanwhile, two men are arraigned for the murder of Mr. Bateson. This is a terrific spectacle. Landlordism and religious persecution grow into such, quite naturally. Horrible as it is, could we reasonably hope to find it otherwise? Meanwhile, after three months preparation, the "Arundel Banquet," at Limerick, fails—Lord Arundel not present. Dr. Ryan, while he proclaims his intention of breaking the law, prudentially suggests a Concordat and diplomatic relations with Rome. Here is matter for reflection.

The Decree confiscating the possessions of the house of Orleans, from which Louis Bonaparte was thought to have recoiled, when he was biding his time, like a tiger for a spring, appalled and amazed even those who had professed themselves incapable of amazement at any doings of the Dictator. Even the journals which had been lashing themselves with their own tails for the last few days, in the absence of any fresh provocation, burst out into fresh fury, charged with all the angers of the faithless factions which for three years have been playing into the hands of the man who was their instrument, and is now their master—playing that game of Reaction, in which they were once the tyrants and are now the victims. An attack upon property by the sworn Defender of Property! "Religion, &c."—one falls into humming that old tune by a sort of fatal habit. Alas! the burden of the song is now the cruellest of mockeries! Mark the thermometer of our political morality. Louis Bonaparte has been confiscating daily for the last seven weeks; but the blow fell upon the unknown; perhaps on the *rouges*; it was the least of his enormities, to be dismissed in a paragraph; but now that the lightning has seared the tall trees, respectability stands aghast, and clutches feverishly at its own breeches pockets. We are not palliating confiscation in any shape—robbery is always robbery; nor do we think the title of the Princes of Orleans by any means unexceptionable; nor do we honour the motives or applaud the generous disbursements from another man's purse by that Friend of the People M. Louis Bonaparte. We only mark contrasts.

The Ball at the Tuileries seems to have been a snob-crush on an enormous scale—a suffocating crowd of nondescripts driven to and fro by a disastrous curiosity; if poor old Louis Philippe's ghost could have been there invisible he would have recognized many a "familiar friend"

among the prostrate worshippers of the new Juggernaut. Among the phenomena were short petticoats and shorter waists, reminiscent or prescient of the Empire; Cossackism transcendent in jackboots; Scotland simpering in a kilt; the (pleasure) navy of Great Britain represented by the Captain of her Majesty's yacht; the sister service by we know not what uniforms; the Law, Lords, Science, and Eccentricities of England, by Henry Brougham; the public opinion of England by the *absence* of English worthies and the echoes of the English press.

The Senate and the Council of State are only remarkable, so far as names are concerned, for a poverty of selection so transparent! The tagrag of the Empire and the Exchange, and the apotheosis of *Chevaliers d'Industrie*.

The sullen abstention of the Legitimists, and the mortal enmity of the house of Orleans, leave Louis Bonaparte no resource but popular measures. He tries to conciliate the lowest and the highest, neglecting the great middle class, whose corruption and poltroonery are guarantees enough for good behaviour. But the highest class will "none of him"; and the best of the working men are driven into exile by the razzia against the associations. He had solemnly promised these associations support and sympathy—enough to explain their dissolution. Louis Bonaparte's decrees of confiscation have read him one useful lesson—the inextinguishable force of public opinion. In the midst of a crowd of parasites he stands alone. His isolation is "imperial."

Austria pursues her design of a united commercial Germany under her leadership, with some success. Prussia has lost one chance, and may a second. These persevering attempts of Austria to form a Customs Union, her open courting of Bavaria and the minor German States, are facts which prove the still consciously unsettled condition of that powerful State; and the refusal of Prussia to come into the scheme betrays the conflict of selfish interests among those who have been united against the peoples of Europe. The absence of immediate danger may seem to leave them free to indulge their selfishness unchecked; but they are not out of the wood yet.

The news from America brings striking proof of the still rapid progress made by the new doctrine of intervention in Europe. Kossuth continued to gain favour wherever he went. Although Henry Clay had not directly joined him, yet Henry Clay's support of Cass as candidate for the Presidency was equivalent to a junction with Kossuth; Cass having already pledged himself to the Hungarian cause. Hitherto the *Times* has followed the *New York Courier and Inquirer*, a paper whose editor, Colonel Webb, had been personally committed against the popular side, and stood almost alone in his political views; but now the "own correspondent" of the leading journal corrects the false reports which have misled it. He says that within one week he had read a thousand American papers, "and the general tendency unquestionably is towards intervention"; also that the Democrats are especially adopting the doctrine as a means of acquiring power? Why, except because it is popular, and falls in with the national tendency of the Republic? Yes, the aggressive policy, born within the year, is in the ascendant, and we do not yet despair of bringing the American flag over to Europe in 1852.

We know well that one important interest is arrayed against such an innovation—the official interest. No stone will be left unturned to prevent any better understanding between the Peoples of England and America, of England and France; we may expect quarrels to be got up for the specific purpose of keeping the nations apart, or embroiling them with each other. The Peoples must be aware of this hostile influence, and must prevent it. We know that Downing-street is not England, neither is the Elysée France, nor even the White-house America.

#### LETTERS FROM PARIS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

LETTER V.

Paris, Tuesday evening, January 27, 1853.

The decree, which my last letter will have led you to anticipate, confiscating the property of the House of Orleans, appeared in the *Moniteur* of Thursday. This decree raised a storm of reprobation. All classes of the population were disturbed; in the higher regions of the political world it was felt as a shock. Six Ministers out of nine resigned. A new Ministry was formed. Louis Bonaparte decreed this measure in spite of all dissuasion. In a council

held on the occasion, MM. de Morny, Fould, Roucher, St. Arnaud, Ducos, and Magne, opposed it; and, what is more, the Marchioness of Douglas, daughter of the Grandduchess of Baden, and the Princess Mathilde, went on their knees to the President beseeching him, with tears, if not to abandon, at least to adjourn, this fatal decree. Their supplications were coldly repulsed. M. Boulay de la Meurthe, *ex-avant* Vice-President of the Republic, having ventured to address some observations on the subject met with a severe reception.

By the first of these decrees, the members of the house of Orleans cannot hold any moveable or immoveable property in France; they must sell, within a year, all their estates.

By the second of the decrees, all the moveable and immoveable property forming the bulk of the donation made by Louis Philippe to his sons on the 7th of August, 1830, is restored to the domain of the State; in other words, confiscated.

In consequence of these decrees, the six Ministers I have mentioned gave in their resignations. The President solicited General St. Arnaud to withdraw his resignation. The request was complied with, on condition that the following note should appear in the *Moniteur*:—"The Ministers of War and of Marine have withdrawn their resignations at the urgent request of the President of the Republic."

Besides the Ministry, fifteen members of the Consultative Commission of the 2nd of December sent in their resignations. Among these are the names of MM. de Montalembert, de Montemart, de Moustier, de Mérode, Pepin Lehalleur, le Comte, Augustin Giraud, Giraud (the ex-Minister), Hallez Claparède, &c. The letter written by M. de Montalembert on the subject is pungent enough. It contains an insinuation which every body has remarked. He says that he tenders his resignation as member of the Consultative Commission, which has never once been consulted upon any of the measures of the Executive. M. Dupin himself, who was never known to resign, has felt it impossible not to resign his office of Procureur-General of the Court of Cassation. The letter he addressed to the President is said to have produced a strong impression by the weighty political considerations it advanced.

All the political personages of distinction, all the high names that had consented to be nominated to the dignity of Senators, immediately signified to the President that he could no longer expect their concurrence. Hence the delay in publishing the list of Senators which was announced to appear on the same day (the 26th) as the Council of State. Among the malcontents of great name are mentioned MM. de Wagram, de Beauffremont, de Beauveau &c. Even the Exchange was seriously affected. Two or three days previously, the bare announcement of these decrees had determined a heavy fall. On the 23rd, another fall of 1f. 10c. In short, before the decrees the funds were at 106, they are now at 101f. 50c.: a fall of 5f. 50c. Among the manufacturers, the large employers, the principal tradesmen, and particularly among the capitalists and landowners, there was but one cry of indignation. "It is a cruel, an infamous act of spoliation," they all cried with one voice. "Bonaparte is making common cause with the *Rouges*. He dares what Ledru Rollin and Louis Blanc would never have dared: he outdoes '93: we are betrayed!"

To the working classes only it gave satisfaction. Among them there was even a report that Louis Bonaparte intended to renew the proceedings in the suit against the Baroness de Feuchères, and to cancel the will of the Prince de Condé in favour of the Duc d'Aumale. Louis Bonaparte endeavoured to divert public opinion on the eve of the appearance of these decrees by spreading a report through the Ministerial journals of a republico-Orleanist plot; and by such a pretext to colour his new coup d'état against the possessions of the house of Orleans. I need scarcely say that no one believed this new invention of a Government that subsists by lying.

The decree of confiscation was not alone in the *Moniteur* of the 23rd instant. It was accompanied by a decree which remodelled the Ministry, and reestablished the functions of a Minister, Secretary of State, as under the Empire. A Ministry of Police is also created. The Ministries of Agriculture, of Commerce, of Public Instruction, are suppressed, as in the time of the Empire. In short, a new Ministry—an out-and-out Elysean Ministry—is appointed. These are the names of which it is composed. MM. de Persigny, Interior; Abatucci, Justice; Bineau, Finance; St. Arnaud, War; Ducos, Marine; Turgot, Foreign Affairs; Fortoul, Public Worship; Lefevre Durafle, Public Works; De Maupas, Police; Casabianca, Minister of State. Your readers will be glad, I dare say, to have some particulars about M. de Persigny, the life and soul of the new Ministry. In the first place, M. de Persigny is not a nobleman. De Persigny is not his name. His real name is Fialin. He is the son of an apothecary. It would be easy, by the way, to compose him a very handsome coat of arms. He is the intimate friend of Louis Bonaparte, over whom he exercises the most serious influence. He is, indeed, a shrewd, clever man, and, moreover, very determined. He is

a man to shrink at nothing in carrying out his design of an Imperial restoration. He is eminently revolutionary—a species of Bonapartist Marat. One of his favourite administrative maxims is, that "when the arm ceases to strike, it becomes paralyzed." One may foresee the feverish energy of such a system as this. M. de Persigny desires to rely for support upon the peasantry and the working classes, rather than upon the bourgeoisie—upon the rural population and the faubourgs, rather than upon the wealth of the towns.

M. de Persigny is resolved, too, to go to war—if war be, indeed, according to general anticipation, the sole means of creating a diversion to the formidable opposition which at this very moment is rising up on all sides to the government of Louis Bonaparte. The advent of M. de Persigny to the Ministry has been already signalized by an eruption of violent measures.

New lists of proscription are on the point of making their appearance. The press is threatened in its very existence. The measures in preparation against it are formidable. The conditions under which it is to live are as follows:—1. Necessity of authorization; 2. Power of suppression; 3. The censorship, and the prosecution of offenders—convictions enough to kill the press by a thousand deaths, if it only wanted killing at all.

All that belongs remotely, or nearly, to the democratic party, is hunted down with more ferocity than ever. I will tell you what happened yesterday to an honourable merchant of the first arrondissement—M. Richard, wine merchant, who had been a delegate to the old Democratic Electoral Committee. For a whole year M. Richard had ceased to meddle with politics. During the days of December he had not even left his house. His neighbours were summoned, and threatened with transportation to Cayenne unless they deposed to have seen M. Richard "going to the barricades." After due rehearsal of the charge, M. Richard and his neighbours were cited to the Palais de Justice. Surprised to find himself involved with his neighbours in one summons, he received a secret intimation from one of them of the necessity that compelled them to depose against an innocent man, and he was entreated to make his escape from the Palais de Justice before the moment for their examination should arrive. Two hours afterwards M. Richard was leaving Paris by the Northern Railway, an exile! The master of one of the Masonic lodges has been condemned to a *voluntary* exile. He was designated by the Mayor of Montmartre (a Corsican) as a man likely to exercise a certain influence. Quite unexpectedly he received the visit of a Commissary of Police:—"Your health, which is very precious to us," said the commissary, "would be improved by foreign travel for awhile. The Government has charged me to remit you a passport for Germany, Belgium, or England; whichever you may prefer. You have two hours to get ready." I might relate seven or eight similar cases.

It is M. de Persigny, again, who struck off the Army List Colonel Charras, MM. Cholat and Millotte, Captains of Artillery, and Valentin, of the Chasseurs de Vincennes; all four representatives, and in exile. This severity is doubly unjust, inasmuch as it is partial. MM. Changarnier, Lamoricière, Bedeau, and Leflo, who were to have been cashiered by the same decree, remain on the list.

Arrests go on without intermission throughout France. Three inhabitants of St. Omer—a tame and peaceable town enough, in all conscience—have just been arrested, dragged to prison, and placed in solitary confinement. Their names are MM. Pierret, merchant, ex-member of the Constituent; Dumeril, pipe manufacturer, member of the Chamber of Commerce, and a judge of the Tribunal of Commerce; and Courden, distiller, also a judge of the same tribunal.

The *Courrier de Nancy* states that the gendarmerie have received orders to arrest MM. Louis, advocate, ex-member of the council-general of La Meurthe; Lafize, advocate, ex-member of the Constituent; Antoine, attorney, and De Vallerot, formerly sous-préfet of Toul. The government has also given orders to the authorities at Mains to arrest, wherever they may be found, MM. Trouvé, Chauvel, banker, ex-minister, and two of his relatives, and five others. The same measures have been taken against a certain number of persons at La Suze, Saint-Calais, Montargis, Pontoise, Dax, Angers, Rhodéz, and Luneville. Meantime, the transportations are unceasing.

In the *Courrier de la Gironde* we read:—"The number of prisoners for transportation, arrived at Bordeaux, is estimated at nearly 100. The steamer which was engaged to convey them to the transport being found too small, and the weather being very rough, they were put on board a larger vessel hired for the service, and taken to Blaye, where they were shipped on board the *Mogador*, for Cayenne. New batches of prisoners compromised in the disturbances of five departments will be forwarded to Bordeaux, for the same destination. To these must be added 458 at Brest.

Courts martial are incessantly at work in more than forty departments, transporting to Cayenne or to Senegal. The number in the Lot et Garonne alone is already 300.



The Government continues its persecutions of the Fraternal Associations, and even of Mutual Assistance Societies. The prefect of the Allier has just dissolved two of the latter at Moulins. General Géraudin, in the Gers, has dissolved the Fraternal Associations of the stone-cutters, of the cabinet-makers, and of the quarry-men at Auch.

The prefect of the Haute Vienne has dissolved four Mutual Assistance Societies at Limoges.

All the foreign refugees have received orders to quit France with the least possible delay. A great number of those who have been constantly harassed by the police since the pretended French-German conspiracy, are now compelled to leave this unhappy country.

All the Working Men's Associations are definitively condemned. The associations of cooks and of limonadiers are ordered to liquidate their affairs without delay, regardless of the capital invested by a few private individuals in their enterprises. The famous Café de la République, Rue de Bréda, is thus in process of liquidation. The Café de la Liberté is selling its furniture by auction. The Café du Peuple, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, with its spacious rooms, and its ten billiard tables, has been sold to a brewery.

The other Working Associations, such as the joiners, the cabinet-makers, the chair and sofa makers, the file cutters, the piano manufacturers, are equally under orders to wind up their affairs.

It would take too much time and space to give you an account of all the cafés and cabarets closed this week in various localities. The terror of the Government is such that it is at a loss to invent new objects of suspicion. There is a decree prohibiting the use of firearms, even for sporting purposes, lest they be used for resistance.

The number of sergents de ville, already so considerable, is to be further increased; and the Municipal Guard, already double what it was in the days of Louis Philippe, is to be reinforced.

The parody of the Empire is kept up bravely! The nephew copies the uncle with scrupulous exactness. Not only the Ministers are reconstituted, as I have described, but the servants of the high functionaries of state wear imperial liveries; for buttons, eagles surmounted with an imperial crown. The Intendant des Menus Plaisirs of his Imperial and Royal Majesty is about to be reestablished; M. d'O—, the son of the former intendant, is selected for the office. A magnificent civil list is also talked of. The courtiers are busy touting for their Prince; they boast of his liberalities; they speak of innumerable appeals to his charity since the 2nd of December to which he has been obliged to listen, and of the necessity of giving him the means to be generous. No other language was used, no better reasons were urged in 1831, when a civil list for Louis Philippe was in discussion.

A word on the actual position of Bonaparte. The latest decrees have settled his reputation with all classes. The old Conservative party, however, is the most incensed. They maintain a sullen opposition to the Government. The generals and superior officers are betrayed into a certain asperity of language, which is matter for reflection. Louis Bonaparte feels himself in more complete isolation than ever; hence this affectation of a desire to be the man of the peasantry. His conduct towards the Legitimists, the advances he sedulously makes to them, betray his secret anxieties. You have doubtless remarked his official order for observing the anniversary of the death of Louis XVI. as a day of mourning. The official journals had not columns enough on that day to celebrate worthily the memory of the martyr King. One of the secret reasons for this wretched farce is the claim on which the Emperor Napoleon always insisted, to be called the nephew of Louis XVI., having married Maria Louisa, the niece of Marie Antoinette. Hence Louis Bonaparte, as the heir of Napoleon, considers himself heir to the title of "Nephew of Louis XVI!" One of these fine days he will declare Henry V. a bastard, and the Bonapartists sole legitimate heirs of the Bourbon dynasty. Notwithstanding all this ostentation of official mourning, the Legitimists have now openly broken with Louis Bonaparte. Severe orders have been received from Frohsdorf. The few who had rallied to the Dictator are formally censured by the Count de Chambord, to whose commands the whole party bend. The Faubourg St. Germain has decided on extending the mourning for the Duchess of Angoulême from three to six months—a pretext for receiving no company, for spending no money, and for punishing the shopkeepers' enthusiasm of the 20th of December.

All adhesions given hitherto have been withdrawn. In a word, it is a declaration of war. Louis Bonaparte has well understood it in this sense: he has thrown out a bait to the party by the reestablishment of titles of nobility. This decree was laughed to scorn by the true noblesse. On the evening of its publication in the noble Faubourg, the question was passed from one to another, "Do you feel yourself more of a marquis, or more of a count, or more of a baron than yesterday?" a disdainful laugh invariably following the question.

In despair of his position, Louis Bonaparte is plan-

ning a new campaign. His object is to win over the peasants, the army, and the priests. "Through the priests," he is reported to have said, "we shall have the Legitimists, who now affect to be refractory." The war of the Salons against Louis Bonaparte is organized on a formidable scale. The Government cannot conceal its irritation—excessive irritation. How can it resist an army of sharpshooters, every shaft of whose ridicule is mortal, and whose arrows no measure, no decree, escapes? At first it was content to strike at men: now even women are marked for vengeance. A dozen or so of ladies of distinction are mentioned, who have received orders from the police to retire to their country estates. One was politely asked, to which of her *châteaux* she would prefer to retire? This was the formula of the Emperor. Many have been warned, in terms of menace, to be circumspect. But all these rigorous measures only exacerbate and intensify the irritation: they drive the disease in, without curing it. In this respect the Government may be said to be reduced to desperation.

On Saturday was the first grand ball at the Tuileries. The high society insulted poor Louis Napoleon by returning his cards of invitation. The bourgeoisie were in the first instance ambitious of admission; but the decrees of confiscation disgusted them, so that Louis Bonaparte was obliged to content himself with his own lackeys, officers, and functionaries—a goodly company in number!

Immense preparations had been made for this fête, which we are to consider the preface of a series of similar entertainments. It was to dazzle the refractory by its magnificence—to reconcile them with the powers that be—and, above all, to convince them of the necessity of a liberal civil list, to make provision for these splendours, and to represent France with dignity.

There were about 4500 invitations sent out. At the last moment it was feared that the decrees of the 23rd instant might diminish the numbers; and, under this impression, only certain saloons were thrown open. Hence the crowd was so dense and so compact, that towards eleven o'clock the circulation became very difficult. The President was in the uniform of a lieutenant-general. All the ambassadors of foreign sovereigns attended. Even Mr. Rives, the Envoy of the United States, who was absent from the first reception after the coup d'état, was there. The presence of the Ministers of Spain, of Naples, of Belgium, of Saxony, of Wurtemberg, of Brazil—all powerful allies of the house of Orleans—was remarked. Early in the evening the President received the Diplomatic Corps in private audience. He did not dance. The ball was opened by the Marchioness of Douglas and Prince Poniatowski. Among the absent were MM. de Morny, Rouher, de Montalembert, and Boulay de la Meurthe. On the other hand, the presence of M. Fould, notwithstanding his resignation, created a suspicion that his resignation might be only a feint, as in last October. The presence of M. Drouin de L'Huys was also commented upon, as he had refused a portfolio as lately as the 22nd, and was reported to be opposed to the confiscations. Of the Bonaparte family there were present, Louis Lucien, the President's cousin (said to be named his successor by the secret article of the Constitution), the Prince de Canino, and the ex-King Jerome. I need not say that neither of Jerome's sons was present. The Princess Mathilde, all radiant with diamonds, appeared to be still suffering from her recent earnest applications on behalf of the house of Orleans. Among the "beauties," the most admired were MM. Rogier, Kalerdji, Gallitzen, Silveyra, of the diplomatic corps; Madame Lehon, who was ever the ornament of M. de Morny's fêtes, was absent. The Scottish costume of the Marquis of Douglas, and the uniforms of many Russian, Polish, and English officers, attracted great attention. A colonel of the Emperor of Russia's Mounted and Noble Body Guard, was remarked for his jack boots; the Court dress at St. Petersburg is certainly "la culotte." A sprinkling of Oriental costumes, among others a Persian Prince, more resplendent with diamonds and precious stones than even the Princes of Nepal, flashed through the throng. A few of the ladies were observed to incline to a revival of the Imperial fashions, if shorter petticoats and higher waists may be deemed indications of tendencies preposse.

Not a little laughter was excited at this apparition of a mode which makes a woman with her waist up under her arms look like an umbrella half sheathed. At midnight, the President took the arm of Madame Lucien Murat, and proceeded to the long gallery, where the supper was served. To resume, it was impossible to conceal, even on the countenances of the intimates of M. Louis Bonaparte, a shade of dejection, a kind of painful sense of the isolation into which the last decrees had thrown him, even with the moderate party.

Yesterday (Monday), the list of the Council of State was published, without the list of the Senate which was to have accompanied it. It is composed of MM. Baroche (Vice-President), Maillard, Rouper, Delangle, Parrieh, Magne, Admiral Leblanc (President of Sections), General Allard, Barbaroux, Ferdinand

Barrot, Quentin Bauchart, Boinvilliers, Boudet, Bonjean, Boulatignier, Boulay, Carlier, Charlemagne, Michel Chevalier, Conti, Cornudet, Cuvier, Dariste, Denjoy, Flandin, Frémy, Ch. Giraud, Godelle, Hermann, Janvier, Lacaze, Lefèvre, Leroy, Marchand, Stourm, Suin, Thoiry, Villemain (intendant militaire), Vuillefroid, Vuitry, Wäiss.

The list was considered rather weak. It has, in fact, been modified since the 23rd. MM. Paravey and Chasseloup-Laubat are spoken of among those who declined nomination. Some of the best names of the old Council of State are excluded, such as MM. Vivien, Rivet, Dunoyer, Horace Say, De Renneville, St. Aignan, Bethmont, Tarlé, Gauthier de Rumilly, Hély d'Orsol, &c.

The absence of Legitimists is also to be observed. I have heard that the Portfolio of Finance was offered to M. Audiffret, a celebrated economist, and one of the cleverest men of the Legitimist party. It is said that he was removed from his own house to the Elysée by a sort of amicable lettre de cachet, but that he firmly resisted all the cajoleries of the President.

A letter of M. Dupin to the President is much talked about. I have the text before me. The first part of this letter attacks with great force of reasoning the decree of the 23rd as an "attack on property." M. Dupin concludes by protesting that he is confirmed in his resolution (to resign his post of Procureur-General of the Court of Cassation) "by every Christian notion of what is just and of what is unjust."

The *Moniteur* contains a note that the Government "renounce, henceforth, exceptional measures." This is a concession to public opinion. It is the consequence of a conversation which the President had with one of his most devoted friends, M. Viellard, who acquainted him with the alarming reports in circulation since the decrees of confiscation.

These decrees, however, are nearly forgotten in the announcement of others far more serious and far more important, which have created a deep impression on Exchange, and caused a fall in the funds. I speak of three decrees; one to impose a progressive income-tax; another a tax on the rente, a third suppressing the wine duties. Grave news from Algeria. The Kabyles are again in insurrection. M. de St. Arnaud is to take the field against them, leaving to General Hautpoul the Ministry of War. The list of senators appears at last in the *Moniteur* this morning (Tuesday). The list contains really none but the nobles of the Empire; the high names of the true old noblesse of France are not to be found. The names of MM. de Beauveau, d'Audiffret, de Caumont, and de la Force, are included. It is a shameful falsification. These gentlemen had anticipated their appointment by declining to be named; their names were maintained in spite of all protests. Once more, the tactics of the Empire! S.

A meeting of "associated workmen" took place in a certain quarter of Paris on Monday night. Thirty-five men representing the different operative associations, whose productions often deserve to be ranked amongst works of art, held a conference to discuss the propriety of emigrating to the United States of America. The first and principal speaker was an operative cabinetmaker, whose productions attracted, it is said, much attention at the late London Exhibition. He spoke in substance to this effect:—

"The events which have recently taken place in France have changed the conditions of existence of the fraternal associations, which were founded immediately after the great revolution of February. What is wanting to the new institutions we adopted in good faith, and realized with success, is liberty. The principle of association is the enfranchisement of labour. Our success has shown us that we were right in adopting that principle. But at this moment one vital element fails us. I do not now allude to political liberty; the question that interests us is too grave to be lost sight of in the excitement of useless digression. Nevertheless, it is impossible for me, when laying before you our situation, as my associates have charged me to do, to avoid pointing out to you the danger that menaces us under the pretext of these political reasons on which I prefer being silent. You are aware that, in a great number of places, such as Lyons, Limoges, and Lille, the operative associations of every corps have been suddenly dissolved by the authorities. You know it has been said that these associations were merely secret societies in disguise. You are also aware that the Prefecture of Police has ordered the erasure of the word 'Association' written on the walls of Paris as indicating the site of our ateliers and our shops. Those acts are full of meaning; they show that the Government, deceived with respect to us, and badly informed as to the object of our statutes, looks upon us as dangerous. It believes our agglomeration pernicious to order and to public security, and it wishes to break it up. Yes, it is my firm conviction that what has been done at Lille, at Lyons, and Limoges, against our brethren of the operative associations, will be done in Paris against us. We shall be compelled to quit our workshops, and to resume our former condition of mere mercenaries—working for wages as we were before. Remember, my friends, what the Archbishop of Paris said to us some months ago:—'You have done a beautiful and holy act—you have made yourselves free. In other operative establishments I find a master and



eighty-nine mere workmen; in yours I find ninety masters.' The words of the Archbishop are true. The principle of association has made us all masters, whilst we have not lost the character of workmen. But we are—and I am convinced of the fact—on the point of losing the advantages of the first class; let us deliberate then on the means of remaining what we are, masters and workmen, that is to say, Associates. Since that liberty is refused us, for a long time perhaps in France, although it must pain us to quit our country, let us transport our free industry to a free land. Hitherto we have sent the produce of our varied industry to the New World; that very exportation has been the great cause of our success—the most extensive source of the happy results of our efforts. Why should we not transport our industry to the New World? We shall find there, on the spot itself, the raw materials necessary for us, and the cost of whose transport renders their acquisition here more onerous—I allude to timber, metals, leather, wool, &c. New York and New Orleans will soon cease to depend on Paris, inasmuch, as with us, who are the real producers of those wonders of Parisian industry, Paris will have emigrated to New York and New Orleans. I propose, then, the formation of a Committee of Emigration, to be charged with the liquidation of the Operative Associations of Paris, the realization of their capital, and the organization of the means necessary for our emigration to the United States within the shortest period possible."

The statement was received with marks of approval. Some other members also addressed the meeting, not, however, to oppose the proposition, but to modify it. Various points of South America and of Canada were also suggested for the new establishment; but it was observed that these were mere matters of detail, the solution of which ought to be entrusted to the Committee of Emigration, as the labours of that committee would have for their object to give to the proposed emigration all the guarantees of success. After some conversation on matters of detail, the proposition of the operative cabinetmaker who first addressed the meeting was put to the vote, and unanimously adopted. A Commission of Emigration was then elected by ballot. The author of the proposition was the first who was named member of the commission; his colleagues are an operative enginemaker, an operative paperstainer, an operative upholsterer, and an operative silversmith. The meeting then separated.

#### THE REFORM CAMPAIGN. MEETING IN SCOTLAND.

Edinburgh and Linlithgow have spoken out on the coming Reform Bill. The Edinburgh Reformers met under the presidency of the Lord Provost; and the gentlemen around the chair bore names which have been associated with the liberal cause for years. There were Mr. Charles Cowan, M.P., Mr. Macfarlan, Mr. J. H. Burton, advocate, Mr. W. Duncan, S.S.C., Mr. William Tait, Mr. F. Russell, and others. The speeches delivered in moving and supporting the subjoined resolutions were up to the mark, and not above it. There was no very particular display of animation except that produced by an allusion to the canvassed question of French invasion. The incident is curious. Dr. Glover, a rather hot-headed gentleman professing Chartist opinions, proposed a weak amendment to the first resolution. It was seconded by a Mr. Henry, who asked whether the people would not refuse to fight if the Government refused to concede the franchise to the working men? This was received, as it deserved, with hisses. Mr. Russell took up the remark.

"Notwithstanding the strange sentiments they had heard that evening, and which he knew were not the feelings of the working men—(applause)—he believed that patriotism ran through them all, and that even those who were not reached by this extended suffrage would be ready to show, when occasion offered, that they deserved it, by baring their brawny arms and rushing into the thickest of the fight. (Loud cheers.)"

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

"That provision should be made for a large extension of the constituency, which in England and Ireland should take place by conferring the franchise on all persons chargeable with the poor rate; and in Scotland (where the poor rate does not universally apply) by conferring the franchise on all persons who are chargeable with any general local rate, such as an assessment for the support of the poor, for prisons, or for police purposes; and, in the event of there being any burgh or district in which no such rate is now levied, that in such cases the franchise should be conferred on all persons who would be chargeable with any such rate if it were levied; that provision should be made for the extinction of all small burgh constituencies, either by such an amalgamation of burghs as would form a united constituency of not fewer than 5000 electors in each group, or by merging the voters for small burghs in the constituencies of the counties in which such burghs are severally situated; that the right to elect members no longer required to be returned for small burghs should be transferred, either to towns which have acquired a large population since the passing of the last Reform Act, or to burghs which have so much increased in population since the passing of that Act as to be now inadequately represented; and that in any rearrangement of members, Scotland should have an equal proportion with England, having regard to the population of each division of the United Kingdom, and to the nett amount of revenue contributed by each for national purposes; that provision should be made for the establishment of the

forty shillings freehold franchise in counties throughout the whole of the United Kingdom; that all real property held by any other tenure than as freehold should give the same right to the franchise as freehold property; and that in Scotland provision should be made to prevent all merely nominal owners from being registered as electors by requiring all claimants to make up their titles in the most complete manner, by infestment or otherwise, and that a residence of not less than three months yearly should be required within the county in which the property is situated; and that in any measure of reform which may be proposed, it is indispensable that provision should be made for protecting voters, by enacting that all elections should take place by ballot; for limiting the duration of Parliament to not more than three years, and for abolishing the property qualification now existing in England and Ireland for members of Parliament."

These resolutions, it will be seen, substantially agree with those propounded at the Manchester Conference. One important characteristic of the meeting was, that several working men who, to use their own expression, had been "considerably mixed up" in movements for the charter and universal suffrage, or nothing, professed their readiness to accept of reform by instalments.

Linlithgow is not so "advanced" as Edinburgh. Linlithgow eulogizes the ballot; is prepared to be saved by the ballot; and is kind enough to profess itself incidentally "favourable to a large extension of the franchise!"

In anticipation of the coming election, gentlemen are courting their constituencies pretty freely. Sir James Duke has been down to Boston, it is said, to secure a seat, should his city pedestal break down under him. Colonel Thompson and Mr. Milligan have been at Bradford. Mr. Matheson has been visiting his constituents in the Inverness Burghs. Sir Fitzroy Kelly is coming out for Exeter, in opposition to Mr. Divett. Several towns are advertising for Lord Palmerston. Mr. Walter has been lecturing at Nottingham—on Socrates! and Mr. G. C. Lewis has been to Hereford.

"Although," says the *Daily News*, "the intentions of Lord John Russell have, of course, been shrouded in all secrecy of official reserve, it is now whispered that the following boroughs are certainly amongst those marked for positive disfranchisement:—Calne, Chippenham, Totness, Harwich, St. Albans. Three others—not named—are likewise, it is said, to lose all Parliamentary privileges. Besides these, many other boroughs are to have enlarged constituencies given them by amalgamation with neighbouring towns. Additional members are to be allotted to London and to Lancashire. Amongst the other chief alterations proposed will, it is said, be a £10 franchise for counties, and a £5 franchise for boroughs. Not a word is yet said upon that most important point—the Ballot."

#### PREPARATIONS FOR OPENING PARLIAMENT.

Preparations on a very extensive scale are being made on the works of the new Houses of Parliament for the approaching session, which will be opened by her Majesty in person on Tuesday next. The old House of Commons and adjacent buildings in Abingdon-street, and the temporary wooden erections and hoardings in Palace-yard, facing the entrance to Westminster-hall, have been pulled down, and the whole space thrown open, affording an uninterrupted view of the end wings of the new palace. The entrance to the House of Commons will be through Westminster-hall, a noble flight of steps at the western end leading to the main corridor or avenue of the chambers. The hall will be lighted by several gas illuminations of a spiral circular form, which will have a most charming effect upon the fine and stately proportions of the structure. The entrance of the Victoria Tower will be used for the first time by her Majesty on the approaching opening. The state carriage will proceed under the tower, and her Majesty, alighting, will be conducted along the royal corridor to the House of Lords. The entire line of quay, or promenade, fronting the Thames, has been lighted by some forty or fifty gas lamps.

#### PROGRESS OF ASSOCIATION. EMPLOYERS' STRIKE.

The second aggregate meeting of the workmen engaged in the engineering trades was held on Monday, at St. Martin's-hall, Long-acre. Mr. Musto presided. On the platform were Lord Goderich, Mr. William Coningham, of Brighton, Mr. Vansittart Neale, Mr. Thomas Hughes, Mr. Thornton Hunt, Mr. Furnival, Dr. Travis, Mr. Weller, Mr. M. Morgan, Mr. Le Chevalier, and several other gentlemen unconnected with the iron trades.

Mr. Musto said that they had met to lay before the trades and the public the exact facts of their position. The men were ready to work; the masters still held out, and prolonged the strike. Mr. George Usher, a young working man, moved the first resolution.

"The employers of operative engineers having enunciated their right to do what they like with their own, and denied the operative the right to do what he likes in employing his own wages, and devoting his spare time as he will, and having demanded an unconditional submission, this meeting declares that such a submission would be at once both impolitic and disgraceful."

"They were not now in the position in which they had found themselves on the last occasion. A fortnight had passed away—a fortnight marked by many privations, by considerable suffering, and by unwearied exertion; and yet, as they now met, a smile of hope and of satisfaction seemed to pervade the whole of this vast assemblage. (Cheers.) The evil prediction of "Amicus" had not yet been fulfilled. (Hear, hear.) They had not yet heard that any of their body had died from want. They had not yet heard that any of their body had broken the peace. They had not yet heard that any of their body had used threats or intimidation to prevent those who might be willing to make the unconditional surrender seeking work with such of the employers as would give work to them. (Cheers.) They had not yet heard that any of their body had been seen knocking about begging of the employers to give them leave to toil. (Cheers.) No, none of these things had happened. The greatest unanimity still prevailed among them. They had no disaffection in their own ranks. They were all still confident of success; they all knew that success was inevitable. (Cheers.)"

He declared that the present struggle was one upon which depended the rights of the whole working classes of the country. He defended the Amalgamated Society.

"The Amalgamated Society was attacked; and it was the Amalgamated Society which they were defending. If that fell, the tocsin would be sounded for the fall of every other similar society. They would not tamely consent to the destruction of a society which had given them all the education they possessed; and which, in 1848-9, saved hundreds from becoming the inmates of a Bastille, or from being consigned, starved and diseased, to a premature and dreadful grave. (Loud cheers.) He believed that the Legislature of this country would not permit such a society to be destroyed without good reason being shown. The House of Commons was alive to the question of poor rates; and as £58,000,000 had been expended during the last ten years in poor rates, the value of the Amalgamated Society, which acted directly in relieving the poor rates and the public purse, would not be overlooked. (Hear, hear.) The public itself would not stand by and see a combination of capital assailing a body of such manifest usefulness. (Hear, hear.)"

Mr. Brown seconded the resolution. Mr. Newton rose next, and was most warmly cheered. Without preface, Mr. Newton at once entered upon the great question opened up by the Representation of the Masters, signed Sidney Smith—of capital versus labour. In that document the employers told the men that they had no right to combine, and that they would never consent to negotiate with an irresponsible society; but it was palpable nonsense to speak of an association like the Amalgamated Society as otherwise than a responsible and most important body.

"But while the employers were denying to the men the right to combine, they themselves were combined, and were governing one another by one combination. If you now met an employer in the streets and asked him the reason why he would not open his manufactory, and allow his men to work six days for six days' wages, the answer, in nine cases out of ten was, that he knew very well that the work wanted to be done, that he knew his men wanted to work, and that he himself would like to set to the work, but that he had pledged himself to a certain course in the employers' association, and that until some one gave way with him, he could not be the first. ('Hear, hear,' and laughter.) This was combination with its evils; and a protest against combination came with an exceeding ill grace from men, or from the organ of men, who had entered into such a confederacy. (Cheers.) In the document he held in his hand the employers said that on the 10th of January the honourable pledge which they had made to each other was fulfilled, and all their establishments were closed. Why, this must be combination. (Cheers and laughter.) And it was exactly that species of combination which the men had been in the habit of forming. The employers even used the very terms which the men had always used—the men having always considered that the resolutions they came to at their meetings were honourable pledges, and that when those pledges were broken the parties breaking them behaved dishonourably. The masters, then, were unionists. (Cheers.) The masters had imitated the men. (Cheers.) But, worst of all, they had imitated the worst examples of the men."

The men had not always been in the right, nor had they acted always rightly; nor had their demands been always just.

"But the employers went far beyond the men in what they claimed. In the manifesto to which he had referred there were some very curious doctrines laid down. They said, 'We alone are the competent judges of our own business; we are respectively the masters of our own establishments, and it is our determination to remain so.' Well, if this were so, then the operative engineers were alone competent to decide on the conditions on which their own labour should be sold. (Cheers.) The employers further said, 'Ours is the responsibility of the details, ours the risk of loss, ours the capital, its perils, and its engagements. We claim and are resolved to assert the right of every British subject to do what we will with our own.' The answer of the men might be—'ours is the responsibility of idleness—ours is the risk of scarcity; ours is the labour, its perils and its engagements. We claim and are resolved to assert the right of every British subject to do what he likes with his own.' (Cheers and laughter.) Were the operative engineers British subjects or were they not? (Cheers and laughter.) According to the employers they had the right over their capital, over their respective establishments, over their



own hands, and over their own money; for they said that the money which they paid to their men was applied improperly to the encouragement of associations which sometimes acted in opposition to their employers. But whose hands were meant? The masters' hands or the men's hands? (*Great laughter.*) Was it meant that the masters' own hands took the masters' own money? (*Continued laughter.*) Here was an enormous claim. The capital was his, the plant was his, the government was his, the wages were his, and the hands were his; and he was enabled to do what he liked with his own. (*Great cheering and laughter.*) Never before was so despotic a doctrine placed before working men. Here, the employers would not call their workpeople men; they only dignified them as hands. (*Hear, hear.*)

He ridiculed and refuted the dictum so arrogantly laid down in the Representation signed Sidney Smith, that the masters had a right to do what they liked with their own. The men had never gone so far as that. He exposed the objects of the masters in insisting on overtime, by showing that systematic overtime, saved expenses of an extension of the plant; "so that when the masters could not draw on their bankers, they drew on the life blood of the working man; when they could not get money they got labour." It was not for the men, but for the masters, to fear that the trade would leave the country. The men could follow it to Belgium or Piedmont, get more consideration, and higher wages. They had their own feelings of nationality; but if the link which bound them to their native land was violently broken, they could not stop here. Referring to the absorbing question of money supplies to the men out of work, he said:—

"The trade was supporting the society in the right way. By that morning's post they had received £750, a contribution of one day's wages from those in employment, for the maintenance of those out of employment. (*Cheers.*) Their plans were still imperfectly organized; but he had no doubt that after this week the contributions would be at the rate of £2000 a-week. (*Cheers.*) The other trades were coming forward. The fine-spinners of Manchester had agreed to give them £10 a week for a month, at the end of the month to reconsider the matter in the event of the contest continuing. The joiners of Manchester would give £25 a week. This would go on; and they would not only thus preserve the institution they valued, while supporting their members irrespective of the funds of the society, but they would add tenfold to the moral power and position of the institution. (*Cheers.*) All the employers wanted was to destroy the society. But let them beware. Let them pause before they reduced the labourer into a discontented man. That would be good neither for the capitalist nor for the government of this country. (*Cheers.*) The men had been called Socialists. If Socialism meant anarchy, spoliation, disorder, they were no Socialists. But if Socialism meant the right of individuals to associate together to find legitimate employment for themselves, then that meeting was a meeting of Socialists, prepared to carry out Socialism. (*Much cheering.*)"

And again, on the advance of the coöperative schemes:—

"The Amalgamated Society, by a majority of nine-tenths, had voted £10,000 for the purpose of establishing coöperative workshops; and if the £10,000 was backed by £40,000, it would be invested in an establishment in Lancashire, in which 1000 men would find employment, and do the work hitherto done by Messrs. Hibbert and Platt. (*Cheers.*) That accomplished, a great example would be set to the working classes of this country; and those classes, he knew, would soon set about their own emancipation. (*Cheering.*) The employers might give in to-morrow, but this great work would still be done. It was commenced, and it would not be left unfinished. (*Cheering.*) In the meantime they would support those out of employment; and if the subscriptions came as the council expected, they would be applied also, as far as possible, and as far as they could be saved, to the furthering the plans of coöperative workshops. (*Cheers.*) Several of such shops were already in existence; forty men had combined in one, twenty in another, and sixty in a third—all of these being in the vicinity of London. Progress was being made in the same direction in Lancashire. The Oldham men had money enough saved by themselves to start a business that would employ them all. (*Great cheering.*) In Rochdale they had commenced. Of course they could not do anything without capital; but they could begin with a little, and go on. All the existing great establishments had begun as small shops—forge added to forge, lathe to lathe, and wing to wing, by small degrees, and in the course of years. The men would get on quite as well and quite as fast. (*Cheers.*) The Greenwich men had given orders for the shops to be built, building them so that they could be increased with a slight additional expenditure; and as the Greenwich men were attendants of lecture-rooms, discussion-classes, and news-rooms—men self-taught and self-dependent—they were quite sure to succeed. (*Cheers.*) Nothing could be more unjust than what the employers had succeeded in doing at Liverpool. At Liverpool the men avowed themselves ready to continue working under the old regulations, as they had existed for years in the foundries there, stating distinctly that they desired no change. But the employers told them that they were members of the Amalgamated Society, and that, therefore, they must turn out. (*Cries of 'Shame.'*) This was despotism—despotism of the worst kind—the despotism which drove men mad with anger, and urged them to destroy the whole system which sanctioned such a despotism. (*Cheers.*)"

Mr. Hosking moved, and Mr. Braddon seconded, the following resolution:—

"The employers of operative engineers having closed

their establishments, and refused all mediation in the settlement of the dispute between them and their workmen, and having further asserted their determination to treat with the men individually only, and not as a society, this meeting is of opinion that all trades are interested in the issue of the contest, and that all should support it to the best of their ability."

Both resolutions were unanimously carried, and the meeting separated.

An aggregate meeting of labourers was held at the National-hall, Holborn, on Wednesday. They complained of the small amount allowed them by the Amalgamated Society, and agreed to the following resolutions:—

"That this meeting views with extreme regret the unfortunate dispute between the 'Amalgamated Society of Engineers' and their employers, and it will, therefore, exert its utmost energies to impress upon the mind of a benevolent public the immediate necessity of contributing towards the support of that large and unorganized body of men, the labourers, who have hitherto been, and still intend to continue, neutral upon the subject of the strike, but who have, nevertheless, by it been entirely deprived of the means of support; and it would further recommend all persons favourably disposed to the proposed philanthropic project particularly to state that their subscriptions are for the 'Labourers' List,' so that the labourers may derive the immediate and unconditional benefit."

"That this meeting cannot but express its firm conviction that the 'Employers' Association' have no desire to see any of their labourers reduced to destitution, but that the masters, both in their collective and individual capacity, would most willingly assist the labourers whom the pending dispute has thrown out of employment, and it would, therefore, suggest that a petition be presented to the 'Employers' Association,' for the purpose of laying before it the position and prospects of the labourers; and also to receive any sum the association may think fit to advance; while, at the same time, it would recommend that one labourer from each firm should wait upon their respective employers for a like purpose."

"That a central committee be chosen from this meeting for the purpose of collecting contributions, and equally distributing the same."

"That subscription lists be forwarded as early as possible to different parts of London for the purpose of receiving subscriptions for the labourers, such lists to be headed, 'Labourers' Subscription Lists.'"

It is but fair to state that the Amalgamated Society had guaranteed the expenses of the meeting.

A special sitting of the Executive of the Amalgamated Society was held on Thursday, to consider what steps were to be taken in consequence of a document, developing the intentions of the employers, having come into their possession. This document is marked, "In strict confidence; for members only"; it was accompanied by a circular from "Sidney Smith, Secretary," stating that said document had been the work of two days' elaborate discussion in the conference of the members of the Employers' Association, held at their offices in the City; and being agreed to and recommended by them as a "plan of operations."

"1. That no member of this association shall engage, admit into (or after he shall have become cognizant of the same), continue in his service or employment, in any capacity whatever, any member of any trades' union or trades' society, which takes cognizance of, professes to control, or practises interference with, the regulations of any establishment, the hours or terms of labour, the contracts or agreements of employers or employed, or the qualification or terms of service."

"2. That no deputations of workmen, of trades' unions, committees, or other bodies, with reference to any objects referred to in article 1, be received by any member of the association on any account whatever; but that any person forming part of, instigating, or causing such deputation, shall be dismissed forthwith; it being still perfectly open to any workman, individually, to apply on such subject to his employer, who is recommended to be at all times open and accessible to any personal representation of his individual operatives."

The third is of minor importance; the fourth furnishes a declaration to be administered to all workmen about to be engaged, declaring that said workman does not belong or contribute to any union; the fifth insists that no man shall be employed until it is known where he came from, and why he left his last employment; the sixth determines that no member of the Employers' Association shall, on any pretext whatever, submit to dictation; the seventh provides for common defence; and the eighth hypocritically holds out to the "meritorious workmen" the establishment of a "new, sound, and legitimate benefit society." Such is the idea these employers have of doing what they like with what is not their own—labour and the fruits of labour.

The Executive Council have answered this by a burst of manly indignation, a clear conception of the consequences its adoption would entail, and a menace which we cannot condemn.

"We believe that the resolutions of the Employers Association express the spirit of the most utter despotism; that, in fact, they violate the law which wisely allows of peaceable combinations among all classes; that they contravene the recognized principles of commercial liberty; that they breathe the determination to impose an abhorrent slavery upon all those whose only property is their labour; that they have a tendency to crush that liberty of action which is essential to the welfare of a people; that they are opposed to the interests of the general public; and that they degrade and disgrace humanity."

These may be thought strong terms, but they are fully justified by the tyranny which provokes them, for never yet in the history of a free people was such a yoke of serfdom attempted to be imposed upon its commercial and industrial masses."

They point out how, by the above resolutions, both workmen and capitalists would be shackled in the long run, and they wind up thus:—

"For ourselves our own minds are made up. So long as we have hearts to feel, brains to think, tongues to speak, we will cry aloud against this threatened infringement of all duty alike to God and man. So long as any legal means of resistance are left to us, we will struggle against the treachery, the falsehood, the despotism of the Employers' Association; and if those means at last should fail us—although that is a result beyond probability, scarcely within the bounds of possibility—we, and thousands at our back, rather than yield an unconditional submission, will be prepared to carry with us to other lands that skill and industry which we are not allowed freely to exercise upon our native soil, and thus take from the arrogant, heartless tyrants who now seek to lord it over us—to make their arbitrary will the rule of our lives—the means of employing that wealth which they value more than the lives or wellbeing of their fellow-men."

A meeting of the engineers in the employ of the Eastern Counties Railway was held on Thursday. Mr. Gooch has actually menaced men with expulsion who support the engineers turned out by the employers!

A company of engineers, styled Chapman and Co., 6, Hampton-street, Walworth-road, have opened a shop upon coöperative principles, and profess their readiness to do work and execute repairs at a fair remuneration. We heartily welcome this praiseworthy effort at self-employment.

Among the contributions to the literature of the subject is a pamphlet by Mr. Vansittart Neale, entitled *May I not Do what I Will with My Own? Considerations on the Present Contest between the Operative Engineers and their Employers*, of which Mr. Bezer, of Fleet-street, is the publisher. Mr. Neale analyzes the statements of the case on both sides; and this is done with so much ingenuousness and lucidity, that, although he writes in avowed sympathy with the men, the reader may feel perfect confidence in the statement of the facts. The moral question involved in the title is excellently laid bare; but the most formidable portion will be that part which shows the practical success of working associations, not only in Paris, but in England. Mr. Neale exhorts the working engineers to forego the dictation of terms to their employers based on class interests, and to rely on coöperative association as the true means for the enfranchisement of labour; and he shows how capitalists may also find safety from contention and uncertainty in uniting with the labouring class for the same purpose. The pamphlet was announced from the platform of the public meeting in St. Martin's-hall, on Monday; and, circulating extensively among the working engineers, it will enlighten their minds most valuably on the subject of association.

#### COÖPERATION IN IRELAND.

The consultation at the Rotunda, Dublin, was held on Monday, the Lord Mayor presiding, for the purpose of considering the following propositions:—

"1. To adopt measures for converting the workhouses into self-sustaining establishments."

"2. For extending the means of education, and directing its chief force to industrial instruction in all places, whether colleges, schools, prisons, or poorhouses."

"3. For organizing an extensive and available system of banking and currency to represent the labour of the people."

"4. For taking steps to remove the duty off the manufacture of paper, off newspapers, and off all agencies for disseminating knowledge."

"5. For considering and proclaiming what branches of manufacture will best suit each locality of Ireland."

"6. For considering how best the pressure of taxation on land and labour may be diminished."

"7. And how the physical and mental energies of the people may best be developed to success, without allowing sectarian discussion or party politics to interfere."

The attendance was numerous and respectable, Lord Cloncurry, the Earl of Aldborough, and several members of Parliament, being present, and taking an active part in the proceedings. The following are the leading resolutions adopted by the meeting:—

"That industrial exertion is the duty of every individual in the State; and the neglect of this duty, under any circumstances, is an evil, the effects of which the whole community feel."

"That the cost of supporting the idler, in any situation of life, is a tax upon the industrious; and that that community is happiest and most prosperous in which fewest of the people are idle."

"That no species of sophistry can obscure or set aside those truths; and, therefore, we must look upon the general idleness of the people, particularly the paupers and criminals, as a great national loss and calamity."

"That, in the opinion of this meeting, it cannot be made apparent, by any mode of reasoning, that to clothe and feed the poor and the criminals, in idleness, can possibly add to the wealth of the country, or serve any class of the people, whether merchants, artisans, manufacturers, or farmers; and that the converse is indisputably true, for we hold that every idle person who shall by instruction be put to remunerative labour of any kind, becomes, from the moment he attains that position, a



profitable and constant customer, either directly or indirectly—to the landlord and cultivator of the soil, for his food—to the artisan, who fabricates some article he must require—and to the State, which realizes, from the articles he is enabled to consume, his portion of the common tax necessary to the support of the Government.

"That the inmates of 170 chief poorhouses, with their auxiliary establishments, together with fifty gaols and penitentiaries scattered all over Ireland, with industrial instruction or occupation, threaten with the most alarming consequences the morals, property, and peace of the country; and, if not remedied in a prompt and effective way, will, at no distant period, convulse society to its centre, destroy its peace, its enterprise, its happiness, and lead to greater emigration, greater poverty, suffering, and degradation, than we now experience.

"That history and observation satisfy us fully that Ireland did and can manufacture extensively, and that nothing is now wanted to enable her to resume her manufacturing enterprises but a widespread and thorough system of practice and mechanical instruction, which must reach the poor and the rich in their respective spheres, and through their respective schools and colleges; and that we consider the workhouses and prisons suitable in a special degree to train their present inmates, particularly the younger portion of them, in habits and arts that will, in the course of a short time, render them independent and useful members of society.

"That a special enactment, authorizing the guardians of the various workhouses throughout Ireland to reciprocally exchange with each other all articles manufactured in their respective houses, and to export the surplus, if any, under regulations, to foreign nations, would tend to instruct the guardians themselves in manufactures, by repeated experiments and improvements, and the poor in their charge in practical knowledge by their own actual operations, the very best system of teaching; and that this course, we maintain, would bring the workhouses and prisons of Ireland to a condition as near as possible to self-supporting, and in the most unobjectionable way—would, in fact, convert them into mechanical and manufacturing schools, which would cease to be a burden, and would become a profitable investment for the nation."

#### WESTMINSTER AND PIMLICO PEOPLES' INSTITUTE.

At the half-yearly general meeting, held on Tuesday evening last, in the new Council Rooms, St. Leonard-street, Tachbrook-street, Pimlico, Mr. E. M. Kirched in the chair, the secretary (Mr. E. Stalwood) read a report, setting forth a most flourishing financial roll, thanked the Pimlico working builders for placing those new and elegant council-rooms at their disposal, warmly eulogized the public press for cordially seconding the efforts of the council, announced handsome subscriptions from E. V. Neale, Esq., C. Lushington, Esq., M.P., G. Pouncer, Esq., F. J. Furnival, Esq., T. Prout, Esq., and others; also that Messrs. Cathie, J. T. Lockhart, Esq., and Dr. M. Oubrey, had given their gratuitous services and lectured on science, history, and politics; also that B. O'Brien, B.A., Jonathan Duncan, and George Thompson, M.P., Dick, Esq., Author of "The Curse Removed," and others, had volunteered their services as lecturers in aid of the building fund; and that they were about to enter on a course of lectures, and the formation of classes to teach writing, arithmetic, mathematics, and also for public discussions on moral, political, and social subjects. After brief speeches from Messrs. Lockhart, Stalwood, and Walford, the meeting separated, highly elated with the success obtained.

#### CENTRAL COÖPERATIVE AGENCY.

The agency transacted business with Stores at Ullesthorpe, Woolwich, Banbury, Galashiels, Burnley, Leeds, Braintree, Rochdale, Birmingham, and Swindon. An evening party was given on Friday, the 23rd, when Mr. Newton, Mr. Musto, and Mr. Allan, of the Amalgamated Society, met the managers of the associations. Banbury has applied for a lecturer. A petition, praying Parliament to modify the law of partnership, now lies for signature at the Coöperative Agency Office.

A deputation, consisting of Viscount Goderich, Mr. T. Hughes (barrister), Mr. Pickard (manager of the North London Builders' Association), Mr. Cooper (manager of the Working Tailors' Association, 34, Castle-street), and Mr. Jennings (manager of the Pimlico Builders' Association), had an interview with the Right Honourable H. Labouchere on Tuesday, at the office of the Board of Trade.

A deputation on behalf of the ballast-heavers, including Mr. Vansittart Neale (of Lincoln's-inn), Mr. Frederick J. Furnivall (of Lincoln's-inn), Mr. Henry Mayhew, Mr. Thomas T. Fynn, and Mr. Henry Barthorp, had an interview with the Right Honourable Henry Labouchere, on Thursday, at the Board of Trade.

#### NATIONAL DEFENCES.

The war topic still continues to agitate the public mind. Several active gentlemen in the Stock Exchange have agreed to form a club, on the principle of enabling members at their convenience to practise rifle shooting, it being understood that although each gentleman will suit the time of his attendance to his own convenience, he will, as a member, be pledged to become expert in the practice. Mr. Charles Mitchell, of the Stock Exchange, has been appointed honorary secretary, *pro. tem.*, and Mr. Henry Tudor treasurer. The authorities at Woolwich have consented to place at the club's disposal space at Woolwich for practice, to be exclusively used by members at stated times, so as not to interfere with the regular artillery exercise. The subscription of members will

be two guineas per annum, of which one guinea is to be appropriated to prizes for the best shots, and one guinea for general expenses. Each member is to provide himself with a rifle, and to pay for such ammunition as he may use. The committee will engage an eminent rifle maker to supply efficient rifles at a moderate cost, and competent instructors in rifle shooting will be on the ground when required. None but members or subscribers will be allowed to be present at the ordinary practice, but meetings will be fixed when members' friends may attend. The club to be managed by a committee selected by the members. This is little better than dilettanteism, and is, in fact, little better than a pigeon-shooting club. The French won't be frightened at five hundred undisciplined gentlemen, who will enter the field "at their own convenience."

Meanwhile the papers teem with letters on rifles, but no earnest movement is proceeding. It is said that a commission, consisting of Major-General Carden, of the Royal Engineers; Colonel Colquhoun, of the Royal Artillery; and Sir E. Belcher, Royal Navy, has been appointed to examine and report on the state of the defences in the Channel Islands.

The *United Service Gazette* naively thinks there is no ground for alarm. "It is rumoured, in well-informed quarters, that in the budget to be presented to the French Legislature upon its assembling, a proposal will be made, emanating from the highest authority in the Republic, for the reduction of the French army. This, taken in connection with the pacific tone of the circular to the European Powers, ought to disarm apprehension."

Military intelligence from Ireland shows increased activity in the war department. Arrangements for recruiting the army are in progress, and measures are about to be taken to provide enlarged barrack accommodation. The Board of Ordnance, some months since, had issued an order for the sale of extensive barracks in the town of Drogheda; but that order has just been cancelled, and the buildings are to be placed in a state of thorough repair for the reception of troops.

The *Limerick Chronicle* states that the recruiting for the Forty-fifth and Ninety-sixth in that garrison has ceased, the out-pensioners of the district having completed their requirements in a few days; and it is considered that the out-pensioners will be able to supply all demands for this branch of the service. Notwithstanding the great decrease of the population, from famine and emigration, that journal, which devotes much attention to military affairs, is of opinion that "by ordinary exertion of a well appointed recruiting staff, with the aid of the out-pensioners throughout the provinces, 10,000 young men could be raised in Ireland in one month for the army."

The *Athlone Sentinel* says:—

"The general and staff are under orders for removal from Kilkenny, whether to be disbanded or transferred back again to Athlone does not yet appear. One thing, however, is certain, that the military authorities have discovered the absurdity of concentrating three general officers and the military strength of the country into the province of Munster, leaving the whole province of Connaught and the western seaboard wholly unprotected, while the most important position—the key-stone of the kingdom—with almost impregnable batteries and fortifications at Athlone, is falling to decay. Happily for Ireland, her poverty is a sufficient protection from invasion, as her present defenceless state offers no other barrier to the entrance of a hostile power."

The following appears in the *Armagh Gazette*:—"The Twenty-fifth and Thirty-ninth Regiments of Infantry, and the Sixth (Enniskillen) Dragoons, have recruiting parties in this city, who have enlisted several smart country lads."

#### THE STATE OF IRELAND.

Assassination, threatening notices, a Special Commission, accompanied by troops of dragoons, a Chief Justice denouncing the Riband conspiracy from the bench—these are the moving incidents of contemporary Irish history. But beside these, and forming mere episodes, there have been two meetings, one at Dublin against the Maynooth Grant, and the other at Limerick—the long-talked of "Arundel Banquet."

The Special Commission for the trial of the agrarian murderers was opened by the Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench at Castleblaney, county Monaghan, on Tuesday. He denounced in solemn words the extensive Riband conspiracy, of whose existence he had no doubt.

"Whether the murderers of Mr. Bateson were actuated by private and individual hatred, or whether they were the official assassins, entrusted to carry out the sentence of death pronounced by the Riband Society, it was not just now, perhaps, a matter upon which it was very important to be informed. But there was one thing clear—these men, however actuated, never would have perpetrated the offence—nay, would never have attempted to perpetrate it—at the time, in the place, and under the circumstances it was effected, unless they were assured of that protection, and that support, and that connivance in crime, which the Riband Society assures to all criminals, no matter how atrocious the offence which they perpetrate. There was no doubt in his mind

that this particular crime was committed by persons who trusted for safety to that organization. Let them observe the circumstances under which it took place. It took place on the public highway, in the broad daylight, within a short distance of a populous village, at a place where people were passing and repassing every minute, coming to the town and going to and from the fields; and yet there was no hand lifted, no voice raised, no effort made to secure the murderers. There was no man in his senses who would believe that such an attempt would be made, that such a crime would be perpetrated, unless the perpetrators were previously assured of the protection and support of the people amidst whom it occurred. It unfortunately happened that they were, in the present case, right in their calculations, to a certain extent; for, notwithstanding the place, the time, the circumstances, there was no assistance given to prevent or expose the murderous deed. The assassins walked off securely; and it did not appear that the slightest assistance was given by the people in following out the track of the murderers. If there was no other fact or circumstance but that one, it would be sufficient to show, clear as evidence could make it, the existence of a wide-spread system of crime and intimidation. In the simple statement which he (the learned judge) had made of the simple facts of this outrage there was abundant evidence of this fact—abundant evidence to satisfy any one of the existence of that terrible body to which he had alluded. It was a body that had followed the example, and formed itself on the model of several others of the same kind which had preceded it, and which he was quite safe in stating had proved to be the severest scourge of Ireland."

He pointed out how these secret societies obstructed the progress of Ireland in the pathway of amelioration; and he showed with great force how the crimes committed under their sanction were sure to be punished, as the informer was sure to appear.

Two men named Francis and Owen Kelly were arraigned for the wilful murder of Mr. Bateson, and pleaded "not guilty."

An attempt was made last week to shoot Captain Morant, agent to Mr. Shirley, M.P. He was walking in his garden, and the would-be assassin fired from behind the wall.

The Protestant demonstration took place in Dublin on Tuesday; but it is of small importance. The "Arundel Banquet" came off at Limerick on Tuesday also. "N. Cardinal Wiseman" and "D. Murray" sent letters of excuse. Lord Arundel and Surrey was also absent from "indisposition." There were, however, six members of the Irish Brigade present, and 400 gentlemen. The novelty of the occasion was the speech of Dr. Ryan, Roman Catholic Bishop of Limerick. Referring to the Ecclesiastical Titles Assumption Act, he said:—

"But I proclaim here, and I do so not in any spirit of defiance, that this is a law which will not be observed. (*Loud cheers.*) It is not our wish, as ministers of religion, to offer any insult to the powers that rule over us. We are bound to respect them under all circumstances; but it is equally our duty to perform our ecclesiastical functions in defiance of any act of Parliament. (*Cheers.*) Whenever the duty of consecrating bishops under the Papal rescripts is to be performed—whenever it may be my duty to attend and officiate—I will do so, be the consequences what they may. (*Loud applause.*) No matter how severe the penalties which they may inflict upon us, our duty we must and will perform. (*Cheers.*) We cannot swerve from it—we must serve God rather than man. (*Cheers.*)"

On a more important topic a very broad hint was thrown out.

"It strikes me that means could be found by which a satisfactory understanding could be come to between the temporal powers and the just and spiritual rights of the Church, and that could be done only by the temporal power coming to a proper understanding with the Court of Rome on this difficult and important question. (*Hear, hear, and cheers.*) The groundwork has been already laid in the measure for establishing diplomatic relations between the Courts of St. James's and Rome. Let that measure be given effect to—let those Courts come to an understanding and an explanation—and, if they do not, they will not be acting as they ought, but will be guilty of neglect that must be attended with injurious results. (*Hear, hear.*) The Queen can send an ambassador to Rome, and the Pope one to the Court of St. James's. Nothing stands in the way but a little matter—that the Pope at first would only send an ecclesiastic. I believe that is but a matter of etiquette; and is the peace or welfare of the country to be sacrificed to etiquette? I hope not. A layman might easily be found suitable for the duty; the Pope could easily select a man of wisdom, learning, and trustworthiness, to discharge the duty of ambassador at the Court of St. James's, and I am confident that his holiness would not sacrifice us to any point of etiquette, nor leave us to tyrannical laws. (*Hear, hear.*) It may be said that this penal law will not be put into execution; but I don't wish to see a sword suspended over my head by a single hair."

Dr. Ryan is said to be a moderate man, who has only lately appeared in the political world. Lord John Russell's Act brought him there.

#### ANGLO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE.

Valuable collateral testimony to those views which have been constantly advocated in the *Leader*, is afforded by a New York correspondent of the *Times*. Writing on the 10th of January, he says:—

"Mr. Walker's English speeches have produced quite a wide sensation in America. He has certainly taken



bold ground—he is a bold man, and a clear-headed statesman. He is beginning to be talked of in connection with the Presidency. His former official position at home, his universally conceded ability in finance, and his acknowledged championship of the doctrine of free trade, gave great weight to his opinions. But perhaps he was more deeply infected with the Kossuth fever than the occasion called for, and yet his language was careful and guarded. His idea of the joint peaceful intervention of our two nations to preserve the independence of European States, and arrest the encroachments of Russia or France, would at this very moment meet the approbation of a vast majority of our people. It is true, beyond a doubt, that nothing but the grossest outrage on the part of one nation could drive the other to the decision of war. At the same time the belief of the Americans is now all but universal, that the hope of the world for well organized constitutional and liberal Governments rests on Great Britain and the United States. The belief is almost as universal among us that any and all attempts to establish republics in Europe for some time to come will prove abortive. The Americans are beginning to see the truth of one of Machiavelli's judicious maxims—that for nations to be fit to live under republics, it is necessary that they should not have been educated under despotisms.

"This brings me to the new aspects of the Kossuth affair. The great Congressional banquet to the Hungarian has 'come off.' M. Kossuth felt the importance of the occasion, and he put forth all his power. He certainly made a great speech. He stirred the Assembly as none but a man of genius and eloquence could; he was very cordially responded to by Mr. Webster, and you will see, from the great Secretary's speech, that he committed himself substantially to the morale of Kossuth's doctrine. He spoke discreetly; but he revived souvenirs of his speech on the Greek question, which justify his countrymen in supposing that he can by no means look on the struggles of Hungary for national independence with indifference. General Cass and Mr. Douglass followed, and took bolder and broader ground. They are both warmer blooded, and less discreet men than Mr. Webster, and both are striving for the Presidency. The impressions with which the Assembly rose were, that Kossuth had really made a deeper impression and struck a stronger blow than on any, or perhaps all other occasions, since his landing. Some fresh aspects have within a few days developed themselves in the country districts, and here particularly is it necessary, in attempting to forecast the drift of public opinion, to look at the popular feeling of the great mass of the people, who are far less influenced by the New York press than Europeans generally imagine. I have within one week read upwards of one thousand different American newspapers, and the general tendency is unquestionably towards intervention. From present appearances I am inclined to the belief that the doctrine of American intervention in European affairs (with the concurrence of England) is gaining ground in this country, and that the Democrats are determined to avail themselves of this feeling for the acquisition of power. But another week will furnish me the means of drawing a conclusion in which I shall feel greater confidence."

Again, adding a postscript a few hours later on the same day, he says:—

"Yesterday M. Kossuth had an interview of nearly an hour with Mr. Clay. The latter is said to have received him with great respect and kindness, but gave him most distinctly to understand that he could not encourage his plan for intervention, and that if it became the policy of this country, its liberties would be overthrown. We have, too, another report, which has been received with very great surprise, viz., that Mr. Clay has fully committed himself in favour of General Cass for the Presidency. If this be true, the last vestige of hope for the Whigs is swept away."

"Mr. Webster's guarded but bold speech at the Kossuth banquet has created a deep sensation in New York this morning."

"News is coming in every hour from the Capitols of the different States of the doings, feelings, and positions of the delegates elected to the Democratic National Convention, which meets in Baltimore on the 1st of June. Almost every State shows its hands for its own candidate, and from present indications the Democratic party (which is always the war party in this country) will boldly take the Kossuth platform."

We appreciate this the more highly because it comes from that organ which, until lately, never lost an opportunity of attacking America, Americans, and the possibility of their intervention in Europe.

#### MORMON AT HOME.

In our own day we have seen a new religion, adapted by the fanatical brain of a New England drunkard to the wants of the ignorant, embraced by thousands; we have seen its elders and prophets, heard of its miracles, know from credible witnesses that it exists, and that it has a territorial position and a polity. Joe Smith appropriated Mormon, and thenceforth preached that there was one Mormon, and that Joe Smith was his prophet. Joe Smith got himself shot down, and so finished his career; but Mormonism flourished. In the unoccupied regions of the far West, on the borders of California, Mormonism founded a State and set up a territory, and asked and obtained admission into the Union. Then there went into those parts certain United States officers—to wit, a Supreme Justice, an Associate Justice, and a Secretary. These gentlemen were commissioned to assist in the organization of the territory and the administration of the laws; besides which, they carried with them considerable funds, supplied from the federal treasury, for the purpose of

erecting the necessary public buildings, paying representatives, and the like federal expenses.

Now it came to pass that this territory of Utah—for that is the name of the extraordinary locality where the new religion has taken up its abode—was possessed by the Mormon Church, at the head of which was one Brigham Young, Governor of Utah, and owner of, say fifty wives, more or less.

We derive our information from a report made by the above-mentioned judges of the Utah territory to the President of the United States.

We found, upon our arrival, that almost the entire population consisted of a people called Mormons; and the Mormon Church overshadowing and controlling the opinions, the actions, the property, and even the lives of its members; usurping and exercising the functions of legislation, and the judicial business of the territory; organizing and commanding the military; disposing of the public lands upon its own terms; coining money, and forcing its circulation at a standard above its real value; openly sanctioning and defending the practice of polygamy or plurality of wives; exacting tithes from its members, and enormous taxes from citizens not members; penetrating and supervising the social and business circles; and inculcating and requiring, as an article of religious faith, implicit obedience to the councils of the Church, as paramount to all the obligations of morality, society, allegiance, and of law. At the head of this formidable organization, styled, "The Church of Jesus Christ, of Latter Day and Latter End Saints," stood Brigham Young, the governor, claiming and representing to be the prophet of God, and his sayings as direct revelations from heaven, commanding thereby unlimited away over the ignorant and credulous. His opinions were their opinions, and his wishes their wishes. He had but to indicate his sympathies or dislikes, and they were made their sympathies and dislikes. In a word, he ruled without a rival or opposition, for no man dared question his authority.

And in detailing the studied insults inflicted on the officers of the States, these gentlemen give us a fair idea of society as it is in the State of Deseret. Brigham Young said that Mormons ought to have been appointed judges, "and none others but damned rascals would have come there."

He announced to the immense masses who assembled to worship, "that he was not opposed to the Government of the United States, but it was the d—d infernal corrupt scoundrels at the head of it." In speaking of the organization of the territory, and the officers, he declared upon the stand, and to individuals, with great feeling, "that he had governed that people for years himself, and he could still rule them; that the United States judges might remain in the territory and draw their salaries, but they should never try a cause if he could prevent it." Another speaker, high and influential in the Church, encouraged by this determination of the executive of the territory, announced from the pulpit to a large audience, "that the United States officers might remain in the territory so long as they behaved themselves and paid their boarding; but if they did not, they (the Mormons) would kick them to hell, where they belonged."

The judges were invited to be present at the celebration of the anniversary of the arrival of the Mormon Pioneers in the valley.

The Governor rose to address the audience, and a profound silence ensued, as is always the case when he rises to speak. After reflecting in terms of condemnation upon the alleged hostility of General Taylor to the Mormons, and to giving them a government, he exclaimed in a loud and exulting tone, "But Zachary Taylor is dead and in hell, and I am glad of it." Then, drawing himself up to his utmost height, and stretching out his hands towards heaven, he declared, in a still more violent voice, "And I prophecy in the name of Jesus Christ, and by the power of the priesthood that is upon me, that any President of the United States who lifts his finger against this people shall die an untimely death, and go to hell!" To this sentiment there came up, from those seated around us, and from all parts of the house, loud and mingled responses of "Amen!" "Good!" "Hear!" &c. With the invitation to be present on this occasion was included an invitation to dine with the Governor. Although we believed the occasion of our presence was seized upon by the Governor to show us how brave and independent he could be in his declarations, and with what impunity our feelings could be outraged and insulted, we were forced, from an indisposition to produce a rupture, and break off our official relations so soon after our arrival, to smother our indignation and mingle in the parade of a dinner. Upon a subsequent occasion, in reply to the remarks made by one of the undersigned upon the subject, before a large audience, the Governor reiterated and declared, "I did say that General Taylor was dead and in hell, and I know it." A man in the crowd, seemingly to give the Governor an opportunity of fixing its truth, spoke out and said, "How do you know it?" To which he replied, "The Lord told me so." An elder in the church, laying his hand upon the shoulder of one of the undersigned, added, "Yes, judge, and you'll know it too, for you'll see him when you get there."

In reproach of our Government, it was declared in our presence, before a large audience, by another speaker, that the United States had intended the utter destruction of the Mormons, and in a cruel, wanton, and dastardly manner had torn away five hundred of them from their wives and children, and forced them into service as soldiers, leaving their wives and children to perish on the frontiers.

Another speaker, in a tirade against the Government, announced to the people, in the presence of two of us, invited to take seats upon the stand, that the "laws and

policy of the United States were intended to oppress the poor;" that "the Government of the United States was a stink in the nostrils of Jehovah, and no wonder the Mormons wished it down;" that "they could save it by theocracy; but rather than save it in any other way, they would see it d—d first." Another one declared "that it was going to hell as fast as it could, and the sooner the better."

In justification of their feelings of hostility to our Government, another speaker urged with much feeling that "the Mormons were proscribed by the United States—he had two wives, others of his brethren had more, and brother Brigham Young had a still greater number, and none of them dare return to the United States with their families, for their dirty, mean, little contracted laws, would imprison them for polygamy."

The Mayor of the city (Jedediah M. Grant), in a speech upon the subject, declared with great confidence, that "the United States could not conquer them with arms."

On another occasion, one of the Judges addressed the people on behalf of the Washington Monument Association.

At the close of the address, the Governor arose, and denounced the speaker with great violence, as "profoundly ignorant or wilfully wicked;" strode the stage, madly assumed various theatrical attitudes, declared "he was a greater man than even George Washington," and that "if there was any more discussion, there would be pulling of hair and cutting of throats." Referring to a remark of the speaker, "That the United States Government was humane, and kindly disposed towards them," he said, "I know the United States did not murder our wives and children, burn our houses, and rob us of our property, but they stood by and saw it done, and never opened their mouths, the d—d scoundrels."

Here is another glimpse of Mormon life.

We deem it our duty to state in this official communication, that polygamy, or plurality of wives, is openly avowed and practised in the territory, under the sanction and in obedience to the direct commands of the "church." So universal is the practice that very few, if any, leading men in that community can be found who have not more than one wife each, which creates a monopoly, and which was peculiarly hard upon the officers sent to reside there. The prominent men in the church, whose example in all things it is the ambition of the more humble to imitate, have each many wives, some of them we are credibly informed, and believe, as many as twenty or thirty, and Brigham Young, the Governor, even a greater number. Only a few days before we left the territory, the Governor was seen riding through the streets of the city in an omnibus, with a large company of his wives, more than two-thirds of whom had infants in their arms—a sure sign that the evil is increasing. It is not uncommon to find two or more sisters married to the same man; and in one instance, at least, a mother and her two daughters are among the wives of a leading member of the church. The practice, regarded and punished as a high and revolting crime in all civilized countries, would, of course, never be made a statutory offence by a Mormon Legislature; and if a crime at common law, the court would be powerless to correct the evil with Mormon juries.

It is impossible not to admire the naivety of the above remarks. A serious charge of embezzling money is, however, brought against the Governor, from which he will find it difficult to escape; and for conniving at murder, which is equally dangerous for him.

#### GREAT FIRE AT MANCHESTER.

On Saturday evening, the large cotton mill belonging to Messrs. Thomas Ogden and Sons, Dickenson-street, Manchester, was burnt down under most extraordinary circumstances. The mill had closed, as is usual on Saturdays, at about three o'clock, and the workmen had cleaned their frames, so as to get away from the premises by four o'clock in the afternoon. There was, however, a shafting in the third story, which had worked badly, and a mechanic employed at the mill was directed to remain after the other hands had left, and to see that this portion of the machinery was got into proper working order for Monday. It was expected he would be able to do this before the day closed. The man appears to have worked till after five, when, no longer able to see, he went into the street and asked a watchman to go and hold his lamp for a few minutes to light him whilst he completed his task. The watchman did so, but whilst he was assisting the mechanic to lift the shaft into its place, he unfortunately dropped his lamp. The cotton in one of the spinning frames was ignited by this accident, the flames ran along rapidly from frame to frame—for it was an immense building, eight storeys high, full of frames and spindles for spinning fine numbers of mule yarn, such as are chiefly used in the Nottingham lace trade—and the men perceived almost, in a moment, that any efforts by themselves to stop the progress of the destructive element would be fruitless. They therefore raised an alarm, and the fire-engines being within half a mile from the mill were hastily sent for.

This was at ten minutes to six o'clock, and by about ten minutes after six the whole town of Manchester was lighted up by the immense blaze, which had burst through the building in the brief interval. By that time, many of the town's fire-engines were there, under the command of Mr. Thomas Rose, and a plentiful supply of water from the Rochdale Canal on one side the building enabled them speedily to get into play. Two engines from Salford also arrived, and one was brought up from the Hulme Cavalry Barracks by a company of the Royal Horse Artillery. Altogether not less than thirteen engines were brought into operation, but neither the masses of water poured forth from these, nor the copious deluge which was dropping from the clouds at the time, appeared to check the destructive element for a single



moment. By half-past six o'clock the entire mill was on fire, extending 60 yards in length by 20 in breadth, and the flames were streaming forth from 160 windows at each front of the lofty pile, till they met and formed an immense single sheet of fire over the roof. The building, though of fine construction for the period it was built, was 27 years old, had no fire-proof floors, but simply boarded ones, which would of course be saturated with oil, and these materials burnt with a fury almost inconceivable. The sight of such a blazing mass, when the fire was at its height, was magnificent, and it lighted up the heavens for miles round. The people of the town rushed to the spot in thousands—for it was near the centre of the borough—and at Cheetham-hill, Gorton, Levenshulme, Didsbury, Eccles, and other elevated places some miles from Manchester, vast crowds were gathered to look on, and could not only see the firemen moving about and directing the streams of water upon the flames, but everything about and around the mill, so vivid was the light.

The destruction of the mill was accomplished very rapidly under these circumstances. Floor after floor gave way in quick succession, each falling through with its heavy masses of machinery; and the roof and large portions of the walls were also destroyed at the same time. In less than an hour all that was left of property, worth more than £20,000, was a few shattered walls enclosing a huge heap of broken, disjointed, and blackened ironwork, mingled with masses of bricks, charred wood, and smouldering cotton, the mere débris of an establishment which had been amongst the wonders of the age for the collection of mechanism, and the result of ingenuity and skill brought together within its walls. The machines were not of the latest invention, but included the self-actors, so wonderful in their productive power, and when at work apparently almost instinct with life and motion, and requiring but little superintendence from human agency compared with the great quantity of work they turn off. Mr. Frost, the managing partner of the millowners, was present at an early period of the fire, and directed steps to be taken for saving some cotton in an outhouse. The crowds of people who gathered round the premises gave willing aid at the engines, but the police were compelled to act with some vigour to keep back the masses so as to enable the firemen to operate with freedom.

#### FIRST ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE ASSOCIATION FOR PROMOTING THE REPEAL OF THE TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.

In giving our first annual report, we feel it necessary to make a brief statement of our origin and objects. The Newspaper Stamp Abolition Committee was formed on the 7th of March, 1849, and issued its second annual report on the 8th of January, 1851. On the 13th of February last, a meeting was held at Fendall's Hotel, T. Milner Gibson, M.P., in the chair. Present, John Bright, M.P., Richard Cobden, M.P., Wm. Ewart, M.P., Joseph Hume, M.P., Wm. Scholefield, M.P., and other gentlemen, who then and there formed themselves into an Association for promoting the Repeal of the Taxes on Knowledge. The Committee then elected included the members of the Newspaper Stamp Abolition Committee, and, on their first meeting, resolved to adopt their policy and their liabilities. On the ratification of this understanding, the Newspaper Stamp Abolition Committee dissolved itself.

Our object is to obtain the exemption of the press from all taxation, and its emancipation from all control, except that of a court of law. Our endeavours are directed to effect the repeal of all taxes on knowledge, and particularly that of the penny stamp, by collecting and distributing information on the subject, by influencing all organized bodies of reformers to petition the House of Commons in favour of the freedom of the press, and by endeavouring to oblige the Stamp-office impartially to enforce the existing law, so as to bring its absurdity prominently before the public.

The taxes on knowledge consist of—

The duty on foreign books, which, in the year 1850, produced .....	£7,670	0	4
The duty on paper .....	852,996	13	10
The duty on advertisements .....	163,038	1	0
The penny stamp on newspapers .....	356,964	17	2½

£1,380,669 13 4½

In addition to these burdens, the proprietor of a newspaper is bound to give security to pay any damages that may be awarded against him in case of libel—a system which seems to infer that to publish a newspaper is of itself evidence of an intention to break the law.

Our financial report has been made up to Michaelmas, and published in a separate form. The receipts amounted to £208. 16s., including the munificent donation of £100 from Mr. Edward Lombe, of Norfolk; the expenditure was £199. 4s. 8d., including the debts of the Newspaper Stamp Abolition Committee, amounting to £46. 16s. 10d.; leaving a balance in hand of £9. 11s. 4d.

On Wednesday, the 5th of March, we held a public meeting in St. Martin's-hall, which was crowded to excess by persons of all classes, while hundreds were unable to gain admission. Eight hundred of those present signed a petition for the total repeal of the taxes on knowledge. A few days afterwards Mr. Hume, accompanied by a number of members of the House of Commons who support his measure of Parliamentary Reform, waited on Lord John Russell, and urged him to abolish the penny stamp on newspapers; at this interview Lord John Russell emphatically denied that he wished to retain the stamp for any other purpose than that of revenue. A few days afterwards he granted to Mr. Milner Gibson a committee to inquire into the operation of the Newspaper Stamp.

That Committee reported to the House of Commons that, apart from fiscal considerations, it considered news as an undesirable object of taxation; and it recommended that a postage wrapper, not to exceed one penny

for four ounces, should be placed on newspapers and other printed matter actually sent through the post.

To this recommendation a strong objection has been raised by parties who post their newspapers four or five times; but it is easy to see that the more this practice prevails the more unfair is the present system.

There are annually about ..... 66 millions of postal transmissions.  
Ditto ditto ..... 86 millions of newspapers stamped.  
Suppose that on an average every newspaper posted is posted twice, there will be.. 33 millions of twice posted newspapers.

Leaving ..... 53 millions of newspapers paying stamp duty and enjoying no postal privilege.

But the injustice done to the purchasers of the 53 millions of unposted newspapers is not that which touches us most deeply; what we complain of, is the injustice done to those, who, because they cannot afford to pay the postage, are deprived of the newspaper which they might have for a penny, and which the people of the United States, with far smaller facilities than ours, actually enjoy. We hold this deprivation to be a great wrong inflicted upon the working people of this country, who need, above all things at the present day, correct information, not only on political subjects, and on the laws and institutions under which they live, but more especially on those events in the commercial world by which their labour is affected; and also on the progress of colonization in other parts of the globe, and on the prospects offered to enterprising Englishmen by emigration, to acquire the independence which in many professions they are unable to realize at home.

If the free passage of newspapers is to be considered as a private advantage, it should be paid for by those who enjoy it; if it is to be looked upon as a great public good, no charge should be made for it on any particular class. The evidence of Mr. Rowland Hill proves that the extra expense of transmitting newspapers is trifling. He calculates that, were the newspapers charged at the rate of two ounces a penny, the revenue derived from that source would be £137,500, giving a loss of £220,500 on the amount of the present stamp duty. He considers that the news-vendors would be able to transmit the greater proportion of them, and successfully to compete with the Post-office. That there would be no difficulty in circulating the most influential London newspapers without the help of the post, is proved by the fact that, at the present time, some of the cheapest of the unstamped publications are thus circulated, while the daily papers are forwarded by rail to the principal towns many hours before the arrival of the post.

The tables published in the appendix to the report made some startling revelations. The whole daily press appears to be sinking rapidly, with the exception of the *Morning Advertiser*, which maintains its ground, and the *Times*, which not only has obtained all the increased circulation which is caused by the increase of population and education, but is gradually absorbing that which formerly belonged to the other members of the daily press. It is doubtful whether any daily paper, except the *Times*, is supported entirely by its readers, independently of extraneous assistance; and there is no doubt that the circulation of the *Times* would be, as its own manager states, largely increased by the abolition of the taxes on the press. The following table shows the state of the principal daily papers in 1837, the year after the stamp was reduced to a penny, and in 1850:—

	1837	1845	1846	1850
Morning Chron...	1,910,000	1,554,000	1,356,000	912,547
Morning Herald...	1,928,000	2,018,025	1,752,000	1,139,000
Standard .....	1,330,000	846,000	780,000	492,000
Morning Post....	735,000	1,200,500	1,450,500	828,000
Daily News .....	—	—	3,520,500	1,152,000
Morn. Advertiser .	1,380,000	1,440,000	1,480,000	1,549,843
Globe .....	864,000	852,000	764,000	585,000
Sun .....	794,000	1,098,500	1,104,000	843,500
True Sun .....	398,000	—	—	—
Total, exclusive of the Times.. }	9,369,000	9,009,025	12,207,000	7,501,890
Times .....	3,065,000	8,106,000	8,950,000	11,900,000

In this dark shadow there is one gleam of light. The *Daily News* while it sold at threepence had a circulation of three millions and a half, of which three millions were purchased by persons who never took—as is shown by the increase for that year amounting to 3,300,000—a daily paper before. Nor is the gap filled up which was caused by its rise in price.

It is clear, therefore, that there is no fair field for any increase in the number of fivepenny papers; but that for papers at a lower price there is a field open in England as well as in Belgium and America.

We are glad to find that the Parliamentary Committee are not afraid of the increase of cheap local papers, but consider that their establishment would be conducive to the best interests of the people. It is worthy of remark that the increased personal responsibility which falls on the editors of such papers, will be a guarantee for their respectability.

On the 1st of December, 1851, the Court of Exchequer gave judgment against the Crown in the case of Charles Dickens's *Household Narrative*. This decision closes in their favour the question whether monthly publications are liable to stamp; but it not only leaves open several other questions, but by introducing public opinion as a test of what is a newspaper, to the exclusion of the text of an act of Parliament, it opens a wide field for speculation and uncertainty. The Chief Baron's declaration that certain papers are not newspapers, because nobody thinks of prosecuting them, is highly suggestive; and Mr. Rich's hint to Mr. Timm, while giving his evidence before the Committee, that the only way to ascertain the law is by breaking it and taking the chance of a prosecution, is not less so. Unfortunately, this state of things

acts most unfairly. In London, publishers try experiments on the nature of the law without molestation; but in the country such experiments meet with the disapprobation of the Stamp-office; as the Crown never gives costs, even when it fails, the poor country publisher is seldom rich enough to afford to gain his cause, much less to lose it. So long as the officers of the Crown can go into court without risk of personal loss, while the defendant is exposed to heavy losses, even if he gain his cause, the Excise is only another name for the Inquisition.

The following questions are still unanswered by the decision of the Court of Exchequer:—

1. Is a registered newspaper a newspaper in virtue of its registration?

The *Household Narrative* is a registered newspaper, and nothing could have been easier than to try this question with the other, had not the Stamp-office desired to keep up the anomalous system which obliges a newspaper to stamp every copy, and allows what is not a newspaper to enjoy the privilege without paying the penalty.

2. What is public news? The Stamp-office have invented the term Class-news; under this head they class the news which occurs in certain papers, which are not newspapers, because nobody thinks of prosecuting them. For instance, the *Legal Observer* publishes every week without a stamp, reports of recent legal decisions, and news of every kind, particularly interesting to lawyers; and, though it is admitted by Mr. Keogh that this is *perhaps* news, yet it is not prosecuted. On being shown an account in the *Legal Observer* of a meeting of lawyers on the subject of Papal aggression, he said that it would certainly have been illegal had it been an account of a meeting of clergymen. According to this system, that which is public news in one journal is private news in another, and every profession is entitled to a privilege of reporting those matters in which it has an interest different from, or even opposed to, that of the public at large, while a journal established for the public is forbidden to report those very same articles of news. The *Racing Times* also publishes every week, without a stamp, full reports of races, of matters connected with the turf, and of every transaction of interest to the racing world.

3. What is a commentary on public news? It is illegal to publish such commentaries oftener than once in twenty-six days, and several country papers have been warned that in this particular they were liable to prosecution. This question would be set at rest if the *Household Words*, which is published weekly, were prosecuted.

The policy of putting down monthly publications is thus defended before the Committee by Mr. Rich and Mr. Timm:—

Mr. Rich: "If Mr. Dickens were now to establish his right to publish his newspaper monthly, would it not be competent for him to combine with some other persons who might also bring out what they called a monthly newspaper, and then publish them in succession on the first week, the second week, the third week, and the fourth week of every month, whereby they would, in fact, have a weekly newspaper, and avoid paying the stamp duty?"

Mr. Timm: "Certainly, that plan might be adopted; and, unless we could prove that these publications were one and the same, the newspaper stamp duty would be evaded altogether."

From this it appears that, though it is illegal for four persons to conspire to bring out a weekly publication, it is not illegal for them to combine to bring out four monthly ones. All that is necessary is that the four papers should be actually and bona fide separate properties, with different publishers, in which case it would be impossible for them to be "one and the same." In London such papers might be published each for and in a separate borough; in the country, in and for separate towns at a moderate distance from each other.

The carrying out of this plan would not only be a step in the agitation, but it would be a positive advantage, as in the country it would confer the advantage of a *weekly* paper in those places where the Stamp-office have hitherto prohibited unstamped *monthly* papers. While in London an unstamped newspaper at twopence would not only be a public boon, but would so rival the three-penny papers which have a large circulation, as to oblige the Government to alter the law.

Perhaps the simplest plan of carrying out Mr. Rich's suggestion would be for the proprietors of any existing newspaper to divide their property into four, and let each proprietor publish his own share every month, which could be done unburdened by the stamp, if they did so in four distinct offices.

The iniquity of the advertisement duty is most forcibly shown by the tables already alluded to.

One insertion of an advertisement in a newspaper circulating 60,000 copies pays 1s. 6d. to the Government; in order to obtain a similar publicity in country journals with ordinary circulation, it will be necessary to advertise in about forty, at a cost of £3 for duty only; the advertisements in those journals will now fall off more than ever.

We have already stated that Lord John Russell has declared the question of the penny stamp to be a revenue question; we solemnly protest against weighing so small a sum as a quarter of a million against so sacred a right as that of the freedom of the press. At a time like the present, when liberty of thought and speech are banished not only from Germany, but even from France, it behoves the English Government to make every peaceful demonstration of its attachment to those principles of freedom, which are trodden under foot on the Continent. Lord John Russell has told us from his place in Parliament that there is a conspiracy in Europe against constitutional liberty; all the members of this conspiracy, from the Emperor Nicholas down to M. Bonaparte, are opposed to the freedom of the press; if the English Government are really opposed to the conspirators, let them put down the flag under which the friends of despotism are fighting,



let them abolish the red stamp, the emblem of absolute government.

The following extracts from a speech made by Louis Kossuth, in New York, show the opinion entertained of the state of the British press by a man who is distinguished not more for his noble defence of the institutions of Hungary than for the discrimination which he has shown in his estimate of all that is most valuable in those of our own country:—

"While, eighty years ago, immortal Franklin's own press was almost the only one in the colonies, now there are over 3000 newspapers in the United States, having a circulation of five millions of copies, and amounting in their yearly circulation to the prodigious number of nearly four hundred millions and a half; every grown man in the Union reads on the average two newspapers a week, and one hundred and five copies a year; nearly eighteen copies fall, in the proportion to the population, to every human being in the Union, man, woman, and child. I am told that the journals of New York State alone exceed in number those of all the rest of the world beyond your great Union, and the circulation of the newspapers of this city alone nearly exceeds those of the whole empire of Great Britain."

And again:—

"It is chiefly, almost only, Great Britain in Europe which boasts to have a free press; and to be sure during my brief stay in England I joyfully saw that really there is a freedom to print—almost an unlimited one, so far that I saw printed advertisements, signed by the publishers, stating that Queen Victoria is no lawful queen—that she ought to be sent to the Tower, and all those who rule ought to be hanged. Men laughed, and nobody cared about the foolish extravagancy. And yet I dare say, and I hope the generous people of Great Britain will not feel offended at my stating the fact, that there is no practical freedom of the press. The freedom of the press, to be a practical one, must be a common benefit to all—else it is no freedom, but a privilege. It is wanting two ingredients—freedom of printing and freedom of reading. Now, there is no freedom of reading there, because there is no possibility for the people at large to do so. Because the circulation of newspapers, the indispensable moral food of human intellect, is, by a heavy taxation, checked. The press is a source of public revenue, and, by the incumbrance of stamp and paper duties, made almost inaccessible to the poor."

In conclusion, we urge all reformers to renewed struggles in favour of the Palladium of British liberty, so often praised but never yet fully obtained. Let all who value the right of freedom of speech and of conscience, all who love that social order which is free from blood-guiltiness, all who wish to see England continue in the path of peaceful progression, adding every year to the legalized rights of the People, demand with a firm voice and with an untiring energy the entire abolition of the Taxes on Knowledge.

Signed by order of the Committee, and on their behalf.

RICHARD MOORE, Chairman.

C. DOBSON COLLET, Secretary.

20, Great Cornhill-street, Brunswick-square,  
January 7, 1852.

#### A MAN OF GENIUS.

(From the Norfolk News.)

We announced last week the death of Johnson Jex, the learned blacksmith of Letheringsett. He was the son of William Jex, a blacksmith, and was born at Billingsford, in this county, in or about the year 1778. In his boyhood he was sent to a day school; but he has often been heard to say, that, although he was sent off to school for years, he never went three months in his life. He frequently walked to Foulshum instead, to look in at the shop window of Mr. Mayes, a watchmaker, who resided there. He did not learn to read or write at school, but taught himself afterwards. His mechanical talent manifested itself at a very early age. With regard to Jex's first experiment in clock-work, the following anecdote is related:—When about twelve or thirteen years of age, a watchmaker went to his mother's house to clean her clock. Jex watched him while he took it in pieces, cleaned the works, and put them together again. No sooner had he left than the boy determined to try whether he could not do the same. He at once went to work, and completed his task with all the skill and exactitude of an experienced hand. From that time he began to turn his attention to watch and clock making, and eventually attained great excellence in the art. When about thirteen years old he became acquainted with Mr. Mayes, of whom mention has already been made. Mr. Mayes's attention was first attracted towards Jex by frequently observing him look in at the window. He at length asked him what he wanted. Jex replied he "wished to see that thing"—pointing to a newly invented instrument for either clock or watch making. Mr. Mayes showed it to him, but did not allow him to touch it. Jex declared he could make one like it, and he accordingly did so in about a month. Mr. Mayes was delighted with the talent and ingenuity displayed by the boy, and from that time took great pleasure in showing him anything connected with his business. At his death he left Jex a legacy of £50, as a proof of the high esteem he entertained for him.

In early life Jex was by no means robust in health; and he afterwards declared his belief that working at the bout-hammer, at the blacksmith's anvil, had been the means of strengthening his constitution and saving his life. Some particulars of Jex's early history are given in Young's *General View of the Agriculture of the County of Norfolk*. We subjoin the following extract, written about the year 1802. "Under the head implements, I must not conclude without mentioning a person of most

extraordinary mechanical talents. Mr. Jex, a young blacksmith at Billingsford, at sixteen years of age, having heard that there was such a machine as a way-measurer, he reflected by what machinery the result could be produced, and set to work to contrive one; the whole was his own invention. It was done, as might be expected, in a round-about way—a motion too accelerated, corrected by additional wheels—but throughout the complicity such accurate calculations were the basis of his work, that when finished and tried it was perfectly correct without alteration. His inventive talents are unquestionable. He has made a machine for cutting watch pinions, a deepening tool, a machine for cutting and finishing watch-wheel teeth, of his own invention, a clock barrel and fusee engine, made without ever seeing anything of the kind. He made a clock, the teeth of the wheels cut with a hack saw, and the balance with a half-round file. He has made an electric machine, and a powerful horse-shoe magnet. Upon being shown, by Mr. Munnings, a common barrel-drill, the delivery by a notched cylinder, he invented and wrought an absolutely new delivery; a brass cylinder, with holes, having moveable plugs governed by springs which clear the holes or cups, throwing out the seeds of any size with great accuracy; and not liking the application of the springs on the outside of the cylinder, reversed the whole; and in a second, now making, placed them most ingeniously within it."

Shortly after Young's notice of him was written, Jex returned to Letheringsett, near Holt, where he worked as a common blacksmith till within the last thirty years. Since that time he has employed workmen in the practical part of his business, but he continued till his decease to live in the house adjoining the blacksmith's shop. The first watch ever constructed by Jex was made after he had settled at Letheringsett, for his friend, the Reverend T. Munnings, of Gorget, near Dereham. Every part of this watch, including the silver face, and every tool employed in its construction, were of Jex's own making. One of the greatest efforts of Jex's inventive powers was the construction of a gold chronometer, with what is technically termed a "detached escapement" and compensating balance, which was made long before he ever saw or heard of the "detached escapement"—the principle of which has since been so successfully applied by Arnold and Ernschaw. Jex turned the jewels himself, made the cases, the chain, the mainspring, and, indeed, every part of the watch, except the dial. The very instruments with which he executed this wonderful piece of mechanism were of his own workmanship. It is only by watchmakers themselves that this triumph of skill can be adequately appreciated. They know that no single man is ever employed to make a complete chronometer, but that different parts of the mechanism are entrusted to different hands, and that many are employed upon a single watch. This watch is now in the possession of Mr. Blakeley, of Norwich.

Such was Jex's thirst for information, and such was his resolution to clear away every obstacle which impeded his progress, that, wishing to read some French works on Horology, he mastered, unassisted, the French language, when about sixty years of age! He then read the books in question, but found that they contained nothing which was new to him, he having become thoroughly acquainted with the subject by previous study of English authors.

Another of Jex's inventions was a lathe of extraordinary power and ingenuity, which remained in his possession until his death. By means of this lathe he was enabled to cut the teeth of wheels mathematically correct into any number, even or odd, up to 2000, by means of a dividing plate. He also constructed a lathe on a minute scale for turning diamonds, which is very complicated in its structure. He invented an airtight furnace-door for his greenhouse, so constructed that the fire would keep lighted from Saturday night till Monday morning, thus obviating the necessity of attending to it on Sunday. About ten years ago he invented a method of opening greenhouse windows to any required width, and so fastened that the wind had no power over them. Jex was also an iron and brass founder, a glassblower, a maker of mathematical instruments, barometers, thermometers, gun-barrels, air-guns, &c. He understood electricity, galvanism, electro-magnetism, &c., and had a thorough knowledge of chemistry, as far as the metals are concerned. Amongst other sciences, Jex understood astronomy, and could calculate the time by the fixed stars. In taking astronomical observations he was accustomed to make use of his own door-posts and a chimney opposite. He made telescopes and metallic reflectors, which are universally acknowledged to be extremely difficult of construction.

He was naturally a timid man, and excessively afraid of contagion; yet he lived in a state of filth, which was almost sufficient of itself to generate disease. He never allowed a woman to enter his house for the sake of cleaning it, and his rooms consequently contained the accumulated dust of years. His disposition was shy and retiring; but whenever he met with any one whose tastes were similar to his own, he would converse for hours with the greatest delight on any subject connected with the arts and sciences. He was a man of the strictest integrity, and of unimpeachable veracity. He was entirely destitute of the love of money, and sought out truth for its own sake, and with no view to any personal gain. Such an example is rare indeed in this grasping and selfish age. He was kind in his manner to the poor, and rarely sent a mendicant away without relief. In 1845 Jex had a stroke of paralysis, from the effects of which he never entirely recovered. His intellect gradually lost much of its original power, and the last year or two especially, a very marked alteration was perceptible. He was again attacked with paralysis in November last, and his death took place on the 5th of this month. His remains are interred in Letheringsett churchyard.

"TIMOTHY LYNCH, YOU'VE A BAD BARGAIN OV A WIFE."

An elderly Irish couple, whose faces were quite familiar to the bench, presented themselves before Mr. Bingham at Marlborough-street, on Monday, to have their matrimonial differences settled according to law for the sixth time. On the present occasion, Timothy Lynch, the husband, was the complainant.

Here I am again, wid one four pair of bones, yer honner (said Timothy, with a nod of recognition to the magistrate), the same honest, hardworking man that two year ago yer honner looked at an said, "Timothy Lynch, you've a bad bargain ov a wife."

Mr. Bingham: Well, what have you to say against her now?

Timothy Lynch: That she dhrinks wurst than iver. She's got her lips all day long at the jug or bottle, except when she's scoulding and blaggarding me. It's only yesterday she swore a big oath she'd cut out me backbone and pawn me last pair of breeches if I didn't fork out some more dhrink money.

Mrs. Lynch: That to me, Timothy? An you coming an axing me only just now in court to be frinds again, and come home an be comfortable, for I was the best wife in all England? (Laughter.)

Mr. Bingham: Tell me why you threatened him as he says?

Mrs. Lynch: Here's all about the row, yer wertschipp. Last Sunday I got him a beautiful hot dinner, pig cheek and baked tatars, all out of me own honest airnings. "Come away, Tim," ses I, "and ate your dinner." "Divil a bit of dinner I'll ate wid ye for fifty-two Sundays," says he. "If you say that," ses I, "you ought to want a dinner every day ov yer life."

"Hear to me, yer wertschipp," said Timothy, jumping hastily into the witness-box, and pulling out a greasy bundle of papers, "hear me rade the history ov me thrubbles and her karakter," reading from the MS., of which the following is a verbatim copy:—

"Usal epitats to me, Timothy Lynch: 'You infarnle hypocrat.' 'You cussed ould retch.' 'You grey-wiskerd lire.' 'You crule willing.' And then, when the drink's dying out, 'But Tim, dear, I know I have been too bad to you; so let me have some money.' Conversation wid Mrs. L.—"

Mr. Bingham: From what novel are you reading those extracts?

Timothy Lynch: Novel! Why it's the discourse of Molly Lynch and myself in black and white.

"Wednesday's Conversation.—Well, really, drunk again. This is the fifth time this wake, though you know if you only kept sober three days how happy and comfortable we might live. To blazes wid the likes on ye, says Molly. I say, Molly, Father Hearne tells me to give you every chance to be a good woman, and to bring you to chapel. Father Hearne may go hang himself, says Molly, an' as for you, Tim, I'll make your bones rattle for that. Molly, sis I, what the Church don't do the State will do for me. Our grashious Lady her Majesty the Queen, and her honerable magistrates (looking hard at the bench), who er worthy of her confidence, will not let me suffer from your vile conduct. The magistrates be —. Hush, Molly, says I, don't spake a word agin them good gentlemen, who'll see me me righted when I get you afore 'em."

Mr. Bingham: Well, I think that's enough.

Timothy Lynch: I'll just rade her doings the next day. "Put away me bed and locked me wife out—went for me supper beer, and when I came back found the door smashed, and the plates and crockery smashed, and me breeches gone."

Mr. Bingham: Well, Mrs. Lynch, what have you to say to all this?

Mrs. Lynch: Say? Why, that there's not above a quarter of it true.

Mr. Bingham: Well, and for that quarter I think the best course to take is to call upon you to find surety to keep the peace towards your husband.

#### MARRIAGES, BIRTHS, AND DEATHS.

(From the Quarterly Return of the Registrar-General.)

This return comprises the births and deaths registered by 2190 registrars in all the districts of England during the autumn quarter, ending December 31, 1851; and the marriages in more than 12,000 churches or chapels, about 3228 registered places of worship unconnected with the Established Church, and 623 superintendent registrars' offices, in the quarter that ended September 30, 1851.

The return of marriages is not complete, but the defects are inconsiderable, and approximate numbers have been supplied from the records of previous years.

The marriages and the births exceed the average numbers; and the deaths are also slightly above the average of the corresponding quarters.

For the whole of the year 1851 the births have greatly exceeded the number in any previous year, and the mortality has been lower than it was in any of the ten years 1841-50, except 1843, 1845, and 1850. The births, deaths, and marriages show a balance of births over deaths, and an increase of families, which are only observed in a state of prosperity. The tendency at the end of the year to decline towards the average state of things will no doubt attract attention to the great interests and to the public health of the country.

MARRIAGES.—74,310 persons were married in the three months ending September 30. The rapid increase of the marriages in England from 29,221 in the September quarter of 1840 to 37,155 in 1851 is partly due to the increase of the population, and partly to the increased disposition to marriage. In the September quarter of 1841 and 1851 out of 100,000 persons 365 and 409 married; consequently out of the same number of persons, 8 married in 1841, and 9 in 1851.

The number of marriages is less than it was in the previous June quarter, which is usually the case, and slightly less also than it was in the corresponding quarter



of 1850. In parts of the country the decrease is not inconsiderable; in others the marriages of 1851 exceeded those in the corresponding quarter of 1850. Thus, in London, the marriages in the quarter ending September, 1851, were 7346, or 683 more than in the September quarter of 1850, and 1548 more than in the quarter of 1847. In Kent, Sussex, and Hampshire the marriages still exceed the average; in Berkshire the excess is inconsiderable. The excess was chiefly in Guildford, Dartford, Tunbridge, Dover, Eastbourne, and Lewes. In Brighton the marriages were 154, which is near the average, but less than in the corresponding quarters of 1849-50. In the South Midland division, Buckinghamshire, Oxfordshire, Northamptonshire, Bedfordshire, and Cambridgeshire have fewer marriages in the quarter of 1851 than in the corresponding quarter of the previous year. In Essex and Norfolk, Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, and Somersetshire a similar decline took place; in Suffolk and Cornwall the marriages slightly increased. In the South-Midland, Eastern, and South-Western counties the number of marriages, though less than in the corresponding year of 1850, was not below the average. The same state of things is observed in the West-Midland division; the marriages were less numerous in Herefordshire, Gloucestershire, and Shropshire, than they were in the previous year; in Staffordshire and Worcestershire the numbers remained above the average, and there was a considerable increase in Wolverhampton and Stourbridge; in Warwickshire the marriages are more numerous than they were in 1850, and the increase is chiefly in Birmingham and its suburbs. In Leicestershire, Nottinghamshire, and Derbyshire the marriages rapidly increased from 1847 up to 1850, and have now slightly declined. Lincolnshire, which was at the lowest point in 1850, increased in 1851. The marriages in nearly all the districts of Lancashire, including Liverpool and Manchester, declined; but were more numerous than in any previous September quarter except that of 1850. The marriages have progressively declined in the North Riding of Yorkshire since 1848; they still remain above the average in the West Riding. In Kighley, Halifax, Leeds, and Sheffield, the number of marriages in the quarter exceeds the number in the corresponding quarter of any previous year since 1847. In Leeds and Sheffield the increase is remarkable. In Hull and Sculcoates the rate of marriage declined. In the northern counties and in Wales the rate of marriage remained above the average, but was rather lower than it was in the September quarter of 1850.

**BIRTHS.**—149,155 births were registered in the last quarter, and 616,251 in the year 1851. These are the greatest numbers ever before registered. The average annual rate of births in the 10 years 1841-50 was 3261 per cent.; in the year 1851 the rate was 3428 per cent. To every 100,000 of the population 3428 children were born in 1851 instead of 3261; and there was consequently an excess of 167, or of 5 per cent. The excess appears to have been distributed very generally over the whole country.

**INCREASE OF POPULATION.**—While the births in the last quarter of the year 1851 were 149,155, the deaths were 99,248; leaving an excess of 49,907 in the population. The deaths in the year 1851 were 385,933, the births 616,251; consequently 230,318 at least was the natural increase in England and Wales of a population amounting to 17,977,000 in the middle of that year, and now exceeding 18,000,000 souls.—Emigration still continues; 59,200 people left their homes and the ports of the united kingdom in the last 92 days of the old year. 52,292 sailed from English ports—namely, 42,680 from Liverpool, 6252 from London, and 3360 from Plymouth. 1524 persons sailed from Glasgow and Greenock; 5384 from Irish ports. A great proportion of these emigrants from Liverpool were of Irish birth.

Provisions have been cheap. The price of beef by the carcase has for the last half-year been 4d. per lb., of mutton 4½d. per lb., at Leadenhall and Newgate markets. Potatoes, which were at the average price of 6s. per cwt. at the time the supply of old potatoes ceased in the September quarter, fell to 3s. 6d. in the 13 weeks ending December 31. In the same periods wheat was 40s. 7d. and 36s. 7d. per quarter. It appears that while 74,714 quarters of wheat were sold weekly in the 290 cities and towns making returns in July, August, and September, the amount sold after the harvest, in October, November, and December, was 109,506 quarters weekly. The average weekly amount sold during the six months was 92,110. The amount of wheat consumed is unknown; but at the estimated annual rate of a quarter a head, it is 345,712 quarters weekly in England and Wales; and it will be observed that in wheat and flour 69,513 quarters—equal to three-fourths of the wheat sold—were imported weekly, and entered for home consumption on the average during the six months.

**STATE OF THE PUBLIC HEALTH.**—England is one of the few countries of the world in which the rate of mortality is lowest in the hot season. In the three months ending September, 1851, the mortality, calculated on the population, was at the rate of 2.020 per cent., which was slightly below the average (2.099) of the ten preceding summer quarters; in the three months ending December, 1851, the mortality was at the rate of 2.182 per cent., which, on the other hand, is slightly above the average (2.162) of the ten preceding autumn quarters. The spring months of April, May, June, stand higher than the autumn quarter in the order of mortality; while in the three months of January, February, and March the mortality is highest in winter.

The mortality of the large towns is, in the first and second half of the year respectively, one-fifth and one-third part higher in the large towns than it is in the country districts and small towns, where many causes of insalubrity also exist. The same causes that destroy the lives of so many people degrade the lives of more, and may ultimately, it is to be feared, have a very unfavourable effect on the energies of a large proportion of

the English race. Here is, then, a wide field for salutary and beneficent reforms.

The mortality of the large town districts in the last quarter of 1851 is slightly below the average; and this may be hailed with satisfaction as an indication of sanitary activity. Unfortunately, the mortality in the small towns and in the country districts has increased to some extent, and thus left the mortality of the kingdom above the average.

Scarlatina, measles, smallpox, and fever have been epidemic in many districts, and are still prevailing.

In London 14,355 deaths were registered in the quarter, while only 12,956 deaths were registered in the corresponding quarter of the previous year.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. Bennett read himself in last Saturday, but did not preach. He has issued a long, temperate, and eloquent pastoral letter.

The Bishop of Exeter has published a very conclusive pamphlet on the "Necessity for Episcopal Ordination," in the shape of a letter to the Archdeacon of Totness.

Mr. Gladstone has published a "Letter to Dr. Skinner, Bishop of Aberdeen, on the Function of Laymen in the Church."

We understand that the Marquis of Normanby has, since his return to this country, resigned his appointment as British Ambassador at Paris. The events which succeeded each other so rapidly in France and Europe during the last six years have made the post filled by the noble marquis one of no ordinary difficulty. It is much to the credit of the noble marquis that his firmness and ability have enabled him to maintain undiminished the friendly relations of the two countries during these vicissitudes. We believe that Lord Cowley, Minister at Frankfurt, will succeed to the post which is become vacant by the resignation of the Marquis of Normanby. —*Globe*.

The *United Service Gazette* has "reason to believe that the retirement of Mr. Algernon Massingberd from the Blues has been brought about in a great measure by an intimation he received that his attention to the celebrated Hungarian Magyar, in placing his mansion in Eton-square at his disposal, as well as accompanying him in his progress through this country, was by no means befitting the position he held in the household troops of her Majesty. Mr. Massingberd is now in America, and report avers that he is determined to attach himself to the fortunes of Kossuth." [May we not profitably take this in connection with the Foreign spy system recently established in England under the Russell-Palmerston-Powell Ministry?]

Galvani presents us with a picture of Lord Brougham in the city of the Coup d'Etat:—"Lord Brougham, on Monday, read at the Academy of Sciences, before a most crowded auditory, a paper on the optical and mathematical inquiries which have occupied his time during his late residence at Cannes. His lordship accompanied the reading of this memoir with numerous demonstrations on the board, and for upwards of an hour occupied the attention of his hearers. MM. Arago, Biot, Tenard, and other eminent scientific men, were present, and appeared deeply interested in the explanations of their learned confrère."

The St. Alban's Bribery Commission, which stood adjourned until the 27th instant, was finally terminated, without another sitting on that day.

It appears, by a parliamentary document lately published, that the debts due by various distressed unions in Ireland, incurred before the 17th of May last, amounted to £372,437.

An official inquiry is now proceeding into the loss of the Amazon. Boats and pieces of the wreck are found on the Channel coast. None of the missing passengers or crew have been heard of.

The annual dinner in aid of the funds of the News-venders' Benevolent Institution took place on Tuesday night at the Albion Tavern, and was presided over by Mr. John Forster, supported by Mr. J. Harmer, Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. John Leach, Mr. Bradbury, Mr. Charles Knight, Mr. Peter Cunningham, Mr. Evans, Mr. Mark Lemon, and about sixty other gentlemen.

In the Court of Exchequer on Monday the case of "Miller v. Alderman Salomons, M.P." came on for argument. It will be remembered, that when Alderman Salomons took his seat as member for Greenwich, last year, and took all the oaths required by law except the words "on the true faith of a Christian," the plaintiff brought the action to recover certain penalties which, he contended, the defendant had incurred by voting in the House, notwithstanding his refusal to depose on the true faith of a Christian. The plaintiff contends that he is entitled to recover from the defendant the penalties sued for, the defendant having voted, as in the declaration mentioned, without first having taken the oaths of Abjuration, as provided by the 13th William III., cap. 6, 1st George I., statute 2d, cap. 13, and 6th George III., cap. 53. 2dly. That the defendant was not, as a member of the House of Commons, entitled, by reason of his being a Jew, to take the oath upon the Old Testament, and that the defendant was not duly sworn. 3dly. That the 1st and 2nd Victoria, cap. 106, did not entitle the defendant to take the oath of Abjuration upon the Old Testament. 4thly. That if no objection arises to the form in which the defendant was sworn, yet the defendant, having purposely omitted to repeat or assent to the words, "upon the true faith of a Christian," refused to take, and has not taken, the oath of abjuration by law required. Mr. Sergeant Channel and Mr. Macnamara appeared for the plaintiff, and Sir Fitzroy Kelly and Mr. Goldsmid for the defendant. The arguments terminated on Wednesday, and the Court took time to deliver judgment.

An accident occurred on Monday at the Ringley Fold Colliery, near Bury, Lancashire, belonging to Messrs. Stott and Knowles, which has resulted in the death of three persons, viz., Thomas Sindley, aged 19 years, Henry Page, aged 28 years, and George Gundry, aged 32 years. The accident occurred in consequence of the ignition of foul air, but the cause of the explosion has not yet been ascertained. Ten other persons were in the pit at the time of the fatal occurrence, most of whom are so seriously burnt that there is not much prospect of their recovery.

The steam-ship Glasgow, which sailed from the Clyde on the 10th instant, with fifty-four passengers and freight valued at £106,000, returned here last night. She was struck by a dreadful sea on the evening of Tuesday, the 20th instant, which carried away the starboard bulwarks, the wheel-house and binnacle, and filled the saloon with three feet water. Mr. Robertson, the second officer, was swept overboard and drowned. The first and third officers, the carpenter, and three of the crew, were severely injured. Captain Stewart, therefore, thought it prudent to return. The hull of the ship and engines are injured. [The "Glasgow" must not be confounded with the "City of Glasgow."]

Letters from Berlin announce the arrival of Lieutenant Pim in that city, on his return from St. Petersburg to London.

The King of Prussia has conferred the Order of Merit upon Professor Owen.

General Sir Lewis Grant died on Monday last in an omnibus.

Mrs. Cumming has been pronounced of unsound mind. The trial has lasted sixteen days; and the total cost of the commission is upwards of £6000.

A fire broke out in Banner-street, St. Luke's, on Monday, which nearly resulted in the loss of life. As it is, a great deal of property is destroyed.

Mr. Richard Alfred Davenport, aged seventy-five, an author, who has been living a hermit-like life at Camberwell, was found nearly dead in his own house by a policeman, on Sunday. Mr. Davenport, who had used opium freely, had—so the jury charitably thought—inadvertently taken too much at last, and died.

A foreman porter was killed at the Windsor station of the Great Western Railway on Tuesday. He was standing on the line issuing orders, and was knocked down by a carriage.

Mr. Somes, the shipbuilder, has just imported in the Coromandel, from Moulmein, the largest mast ever brought into this country. It is of teak, 72 feet long, and 27 inches in diameter.

By the will of Mr. Thomas Dickinson, late of Upper Holloway, the contingent reversionary interest of £12,000 (in addition to £1000 immediate) is bequeathed to the Governesses' Benevolent Institution on the death of his daughter, Mrs. Henry F. Richardson. Mr. Dickinson has also bequeathed (all free of legacy duty) £4500 to the Animals' Friend Society; £1000 to the London Hospital; £1000 to the Indigent Blind School; £1000 to the London Orphan Asylum; £1000 to the Infant Orphan Asylum; £1000 to the Marine Society; £1000 to the National Benevolent Institution; £1000 to the Destitute Sailors' Home; £1000 to the Deaf and Dumb Asylum; £1000 to the Royal Free Hospital; £500 to the Holloway Dispensary; £500 to the Labourers' Friend Society; £4000 to Whitechapel parish, the interest to find twenty poor people with bread, potatoes, and coals, who are constant attendants at divine service; £4000 on similar conditions, to Holloway parish; £2000 to the Idiot Asylum; £1000 to the Fistula Society; £1000 to the Charing-cross Hospital. The legacies are of various amounts, not exceeding £20,000 to each relative, with various legacies of £10,000 and £5000 each to other branches, with £10,000 to his housekeeper. Mr. Dickinson was a merchant of eminence in Whitechapel, and a member of the Court of the Drapers' Company, from whom he received a testimonial, which he has bequeathed to his daughter.

#### BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

##### BIRTHS.

On the 16th of January, at Delvine-house, Perthshire, the wife of Sir John Muir Mackenzie, of Delvine, Baronet: a daughter.

On the 21st, at Brighton, the wife of Captain Farquhar, Royal Navy: a daughter.

On the 22nd, at Dorset-square, the wife of Joseph Ridge, Esq. M.D.: a daughter.

On the 22nd, at Peckferton Castle, Cheshire, the wife of J. Tollemache, Esq., M.P.: a son.

##### MARRIAGES.

On the 20th of January, at the parish church of Headington, Oxfordshire, the Reverend Robert Hake, M.A., of New College, to Octavia Frances, youngest daughter of W. H. Butler, Esq., of Oxford.

On the 22nd, the Reverend Edward Ridgeway, M.A., of Jesus College, Cambridge, to Blanche, second daughter of Sir Joseph Paxton, of Chatsworth.

On the 23rd, at All Saints', St. John's-wood, Marmaduke, son of the late Archibald Constable, of Edinburgh, to Anne Mary, granddaughter of the late William Brainin, of Lymington.

On the 27th, at St. Leonard's, George Beaufoy, of South Lambeth, Esq., to Anne, the fifth daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Harvey, of Ashburnham.

##### DEATHS.

On the 28th of December, of fever, at New Orleans, James Alexander George, Lord Loughborough, aged twenty-one.

On the 22nd of January, at Woolwich-common, John Read, Esq., late of the Ordnance Department, at the very advanced age of nine-eight. Mr. Read acted as military secretary to the mission sent out to Turkey and Egypt to assist the Turks against the French, and took part in the Egyptian campaign of 1801, receiving for his services during that period the medal lately issued by her Majesty's Government, and also the gold medal given by the Grand Vizier at the termination of the operations. Mr. Read also served with the late Sir William Congreve at the bombardment of Copenhagen, and in the expedition to Walcheren.

On the 24th, at Leamington, Evelyn Marcella, fourth daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Gladstone, aged five years.

On the 24th, George Wilbraham, Esq., of Delamere-house, Cheshire, and of Lower Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, London, aged seventy-three.



## TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

T. E. G.—The length of his paper unfits it for our columns. Let us repeat, for the benefit of all friends, that it is unnecessarily forcing upon us the pain of declining contributions, to forget the fact that the *Leader* is a newspaper, and can only devote a small portion of its space to purely literary articles. We are sometimes obliged to keep poetry, and prose also, in type for months together, unable to find space for them.

All letters for the Editor should be addressed to 10, Wellington-street, Strand, London.

Communications should always be legibly written, and on one side of the paper only. If long, it increases the difficulty of finding space for them.

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

## Postscript.

SATURDAY, January 24.

M. de Morny is no longer Minister of the Interior. There were, it appears, a set of new decrees to be countersigned; De Morny recoiled, Fould and Rouher supported him; all resigned. In the *Moniteur* of yesterday, which announces the resignation of these Ministers, and the appointment of Persigny, as Minister of the Interior, Bineau as Minister of Finance, and Abbaticchi as Minister of Justice, De Maupas as Minister of Police, appear the decrees which even the unscrupulous De Morny declined to countersign. These decrees, signed by Casabianca, elevated for the occasion to a new Ministry—the Ministry of State—are, first, one which enacts that the members of the Orleans family, their husbands and consorts, and descendants, cannot possess any property (moveable or immovable) in France. They are bound to sell them within the year, and in default they will be sold by the State. A second decree cancels the donation made by Louis Philippe on the 7th of August, 1830, to his children, and enacts that their properties, of about two hundred millions of francs, shall be employed as follows:—Ten millions to societies of secours mutuels. Ten millions to the improvement of the lodgings for the working classes. Ten millions to the establishment of a credit foncier. Five millions to a benefit fund for the poorer clergy. All the officers, sub-officers, and soldiers in active service, will receive, according to their rank in the Legion of Honour: the Legionary, 250 francs; the officers, 500 francs; Commanders, 1000 francs; Grand Officers, 2000 francs; Grand Crosses, 3000 francs. A national palace will serve for an establishment for the education of orphans and families whose heads have obtained a military medal, which entitles them to a pension for life of 100 francs. The Palace of Savèrre will serve as an asylum to the widows of high functionaries, civil as well as military, who have died in the service of the State, and the State is charged with payment of their debts. The dowry of 300,000 francs granted to the Duchess of Orleans is maintained. The President renounces all claim respecting confiscations pronounced in 1814 and 1815 against Bonaparte families.

The "Englishman" whose two letters to the *Times* on the coup d'état have created so much stir, writes again this morning on the absorbing topic of war and national defence.

"Despotism," he says, "and constitutional government are face to face. The outworks of our Parliamentary system were in Republican France. We would not see that. They have been stormed; the breaching battery is now pointed against us."

He lays about him in good dashing style, and our inefficient Ministry get a good share of hard blows. He objects to additional troops, both on account of their expense and as a civic danger. Peterloo, he says ominously, is not so far off as 1804. His remedy is ours.

"Volunteer troops are a part of our system—in the last war they were a large one. The actual Yeomanry is rather a set off to the Lord-lieutenant of the county, an electioneering influence, and a means of attending drawing-rooms in regimentals, than a genuine force. The Rifle Companies which are proposed would, under judicious regulations, be most valuable. The history of America shows what can be done by men who step forward to defend their country with a stout heart, a keen eye, and a good rifle."

The Ministry lived last year on the Exhibition. Will it, he asks, live this year on a panic? Further, with great force, he puts forward views in which we thoroughly sympathise.

"Is England to look on with folded arms at a new partition of Europe? Is Savoy to be annexed, or is Belgium to become a province of France, and the Rhine her boundary? Men whom I respect say, or seem to say, that that is no concern of ours. The Treaty of 1815 is waste paper; each party has broken it in turn, and Cracow, Hungary, Italy, and Germany, have found it an insulting mockery. Granted. What then? There is a law antecedent to all treaties, and above them—the law of self-preservation. It is England's right and duty to maintain her independence, her high place among the nations, the legacy our fathers left, the heritage we owe our sons. I am yet

to be convinced that policy and prudence, or even mere economy, counsel us to remain passive, and to wait till despotism has closed its ranks, mustered its forces, entrenched its camp, and organized its blockade against our commerce and our principles, its razzias against our coasts."

His position is, that the right disposition of our naval force is the true defence of the coast; and he insists that if war should come, it must be a naval war, a war of liberty—a war which would seal up the coast of France.

"How long would it be until there arose that sinister cry which has reached him once already—"à bas le tyran"? For the contest would not be what the former in its outset was—despotism and England against liberty, but England and self-government against despotism. The faction and the arms of Bonaparte would be opposed to us, but with us would be the intelligence of Frenchmen, their constitutional sympathies, their Republican convictions. Liberty would be our flag—Tyranny his—and who can doubt the issue?"

"And when the fiends who ride the whirlwind for the fell purpose of selfish aggrandisement and of human butchery are driven to the hell of conscience and of infamy out of which such passions come—when the clouds are scattered and the heavens are clear, and the sun of justice, peace, and freedom lights the earth again—it will disclose the people of England and of France exchanging, as before, the grasp of mutual friendship, and esteem, and battling only in the generous contest for preëminence in arts, intelligence, and progress."

These are sentences and sentiments worthy of "an Englishman."

Slight symptoms of giving way are evident among the employers. They state, by circular, that the members of their association are "at liberty to employ labourers and apprentices in cleaning, stock-taking, &c., the rule (passed at the meeting which decided upon the closing of workshops from the 10th of January) only requiring that the engine should be stopped, and that no productive labour be carried on." They have also made advances to non-society men and the labourers, proposing ignominious conditions.

The monthly report of the Amalgamated Society was yesterday issued. On the subject of the strike the report states that from the returns already received the whole number of members now out of employment is short of 2500.

"This is certainly," continues the report, "a less number than we anticipated, and, if the 9411 remaining in work subscribe cheerfully one day's wages per week, our members may receive the necessary benefit without a large reduction of the society's funds."

"The subscriptions already received are very good, considering the short time there has been to organize committees to receive subscriptions; and another week will considerably augment the sum already received. Returns have already been received from 100 branches relative to the voting of £10,000 for coöperative workshops. We are happy to inform the members generally that nine-tenths of the votes are in favour of the resolution of the executive."

"The number of members last month was 11,752; this month there are 11,911; being an increase of 159 members."

"By order of the Council,

"JOSEPH MUSTO, President.

"WILLIAM ALLEN, General Secretary."

Admiral Ommaney, commanding at Plymouth, refused, it is said, to send a ship to look out for the boats of the Amazon. He has written to say that no application for a ship was made. Mr. Fox said he had called on the admiral, which the latter has written publicly to deny. Mr. Fox, it appears, did call, but saw only the Secretary, who said that the Admiral considered it useless to send a ship. Sir John Ommaney (by implication) blames young Vincent for leaving him in total ignorance; and writes to Captain Chappell:—"As the Admiral serving here, and the only person capable of affording assistance, I appeal to you whether some person should not have come to me to have afforded me information, and to have solicited assistance, had it been required?" But as no one did go to him, ought he not to have gone to some one? Would it have been a very great breach of naval etiquette?

The search for the missing boats of the Amazon by the steamers tardily sent out by Government has had no result. Mr. Acton Warburton, who accompanied the expedition, considers that it has not been efficient.

A few weeks before the close of the Great Exhibition a company of eminent gentlemen, natives of many countries, met together and formed an association for the purpose of obtaining from the Governments a cheap and uniform international postage rate. Lord Granville was then a simple member of the association; now he is a Minister. This was thought to furnish a favourable opportunity for pressing the question on the Government, and accordingly, a deputation waited on the Foreign Minister yesterday. Lord Granville acknowledged the importance of the project, and concurred in the views of the deputation. There were practical details which must be considered in other departments—in those of the Postmaster-General and of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He believed that both were considering the subject, and doing a great deal to remove the most glaring anomalies that at present existed in post-office communication. It was a question whether the objects of an international postage should be negotiated at once with all other countries, or in detail with individual governments. He would communicate to his colleagues what had been stated to him on that occasion, and do everything in his power to assist the views of the deputation.

## The Leader.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1852.

## Public Affairs.

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

## HER MAJESTY'S THREE OPPOSITIONS.

As their day of trial approaches, the Ministers, it is rumoured, grow more confident. If we were to ask why, we might wait long for an answer; but we have still longer ceased to expect any necessary logic in Whig conduct. There is a growing dislike to have a reason for an act: it is not "practical." Perhaps, as Palmerston remains so very quiet, the mice think that the cat is asleep, or dead. And truly, although Puss has a common habit of feigning death, she really is not immortal; and truth may at last overtake the most wily wights. Again, it is supposed that the anti-invasion spirit will serve the same purpose of political diversion which the anti-papal excitement did, without the trouble of a Durham letter to get it up! And acting, perhaps, on the strength of these elements of success, certain valuable aid is proffered to the Whigs. The *Times* advances to encounter its enemies.

The tactics of the Leading Journal are curious for naïveté. There are, quoth the writer, not one, but three Oppositions; and it singles out the one Opposition which calls itself Protectionist to show how contemptible it is. It displays for its leaders eleven gentlemen—a cricket "innings": Lord Derby, Lord Montrose, Lord Malmesbury, Lord Salisbury, Lord Burleigh, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Herries, Major Beresford, Mr. Newdegate, Captain Vyse, and Sir Charles Knightley. These gentlemen have been stopping four days at Burleigh-house, discussing, as our contemporary surmises, the price of corn and the price of office; and the *Times* infers that even the Whig Ministers will not flinch from a challenge thrown out by such an "eleven." But then there is the Peelite Opposition; also the Manchester Opposition—if it is an Opposition. And Palmerston, who may not be dead. However, having sneered at the disjointed feebleness in which the Tripartite Opposition must find itself, the Leading Journal marvellously takes to the whining tone, and tries to beg off its protégés, the Ministers—for the Ministers do appear to have been once more its protégés, at least during the astronomical day which ended with noon on Wednesday.

"A practical and industrious people is apt to inquire what a man has done before they are lavish of their confidence. We beg, then, to suggest to all the three parties composing the Opposition that their only way to run up a good credit with the nation, and so to make a foundation for future success, is to do rather than to undo, to forward such measures as they honestly can, and not to seek every occasion to clog the wheels of Government. What is done abides; what is hindered, at best, is forgotten. For proof of this we need only appeal to the history of the last half-dozen sessions. Why have the three Opposition parties lost ground continually, even in the face of an enfeebled Government? Simply because, while they have been intent on party operations, they have too often forgotten to establish a character for real utility."

So, to acquire the confidence of the People, the Three Oppositions must unite to uphold the Ministry, which will fall if they handle it roughly; and having propped up by a threefold compromise that tottering party, they will have earned said public confidence! It is the coolest and simplest attempt to catch old birds with chaff that we remember. But it is as little to be expected that in deference and mercy to an imbecile Government, all Three Oppositions will consent to be more imbecile, as it is that the anti-invasion excitement will again extend to Ministers the lease of a disdainful endurance. The People, we suspect—perhaps our wish may be father to the thought—will not be content to indulge the Whigs with playing at popular indignation for another season. On the contrary, the miserable hollow cant of last session is now thoroughly understood—and not forgotten. Before Lord John Russell can be again believed,

he must attest his sincerity by enforcing the *Ecclesiastical Titles Bill*. He dares not do it; he cannot.

But the anti-Papal humbug is not the only case of detected hollowness: the whole Administrative system is found to be rotten with jobbery and incapacity. The Colonial administration, a perfect nest of squabbles, stands forth to public contempt in all the opprobrium of the Kafir war; poor Sir Henry Smith, a brave man bewildered, first dancing before the Blacks to cajole them with his antics and his walking-stick as a "stick of peace," and his nursery slang; presently threatening to exterminate them; and exposing British soldiers to be hunted by savages, who lay waste the very homes of peaceful colonists. Even if General Cathcart prove a better Scipio Africanus than the illustrious Stick of Peace, he cannot retrieve the Caffrarian credit of Downing-street in time for Tuesday next. The disclosure of the rotten meats was but a gross and palpable type of the ineffective supervision in other departments. But worst of all, the ineffective state of our Army, with its ridiculous munitions of war, and of our navy, with its impracticable war steamers, has disclosed the rotten hollowness of the Administration precisely in the case in which the public feels most urgent interest. The public will demand some good active administration in this matter; more of real administrative vigour and economy, and less of mere official paraphernalia and delusions. But how can the Whigs supply it? As well expect food out of flints. Will they try to meet the popular demand for military efficiency with an increase of the forces? Let them try. And will they—

But will they have time to do anything? That depends on the Three Oppositions, whose tactics are wholly unknown. Now, we have no belief in the probability that those Three Oppositions will unite in support of her Majesty's Government. The very notion exceeds in wildness the wildest of German romance, and is equalled only by the paradisaic fancies of the ballet-master—Bright and Walmsley, Newcastle and Graham, Derby and Disraeli, entwined in a smiling group, to exalt the august Russell on the shield, illumined by all the figzigs of virtue and glory; such is the tableau bespoken for Tuesday! We may not know what will be the "new piece" for the first night of the season, but certainly none of us expect to see that triumph of concord.

What the people are beginning to expect is, not to be trifled with much longer. It has been done long enough. The innovation of a more genuine and national Government may be unpleasant to falsely "Conservative" minds, but the trifling of coteries has been pushed beyond the ridiculous, and is becoming grave; it may become dangerous. If we had a more contemptible Government than that which we already consider "the last," who could answer for the consequences?

#### MIGRATIONS OF LABOUR.

ALTHOUGH it may be true that some of the houses in the iron manufacture are glad enough to take the dispute with the men as a pretext for stopping when they really had little to do, there are many with whom that is not the case; and there can be no doubt that the general manufacturing commerce of the country to a certain extent sustains loss by the arrest of activity in so important a branch. It is most desirable, therefore, to put a stop to the dispute. And the advocates of the masters have spared no pains to frighten the men into yielding. They hint that masters will reopen their works, but only to "non-society" men and labourers; that the work, which is already sent to Belgium, will permanently leave the country; and so forth. But the men will not be so easily frightened. They know that if the shops are reopened at all, the employment will not be restricted to "non-society" men, precisely because the society men are the best hands, and the masters cannot check each other in detail, but will not scruple to use the best instruments when it becomes a matter of individual interest. And, as Mr. William Newton said on Monday, if the work goes abroad, the men can follow it. A skilled labourer is valuable wherever he may be, and is not to be produced to order, on the instant, like a pancake. Nor are the masters' indirect appeals to other trades likely to be very successful: other trades know that if the skilled mechanics are vanquished, the advanced post of the industrial interest will have been beaten in, and the whole scale of wages will be further reduced.

It is most desirable that the strike should cease, but who keeps it up? The masters: it is they who

are "out on strike" this time. The men have all the advantage of the superior moral position—they do not claim "to do what they like with their own"—"to run their 'own' sword into another man's bosom," as Newton said, "nor even to burn their 'own' house;" they are resorting to no coercion, but the masters are; they are not confounding innocent and guilty in a common revenge, as the masters are. As the strike is that of the masters alone, they can finish it in a moment. The demand that the men should give up their claims is preposterous; the men make no compulsory claim, but only recommend certain measures; and they cannot withdraw a recommendation founded on matured opinion. The implied "dictation" of the masters, that the men should belong to no society, is absurd; the union is a benefit society, which has kept hundreds out of the workhouse, and has so far relieved the poor-rates—out of the earnings of the men themselves, who at the same time contribute to the rates which they spare.

If the threat of the masters be fulfilled, and any considerable portion of the trade should leave the country, who will suffer? The men are used to hardship; but it is not they who will endure the worst of the loss. The masters will bear the brunt of it, and the general trade of the country will suffer next. It is not a vain threat. We have before seen such things as industrial exile. The expulsion of the Moors, though dictated by political motives, banished the skilled industry of Spain, and to this day the country has never recovered from it. The Nantes decrees of 1685 created the rival markets of Spitalfields and Norwich. Even in our own day, we have seen Ireland impoverished by a process of depopulation, which is creating no small alarm among practical economists. It really is possible that a branch of industry should be banished. Remarkably enough this threat is heard simultaneously in Paris and London. The associated workmen of Paris are preparing to follow the product of their own industry to foreign markets, because freedom of association is menaced. Freedom of association is menaced also in London and Manchester. The masters are, perhaps, not aware what a spirit of mutual adhesion and self-reliance association engenders, or they would scarcely point out to the skilled workmen the expediency of a migration after work.

Strikes, it is said, are always suicidal—because, we repeat, they are unproductive. The masters have taken up the old, idle, unproductive strike; the men have resorted to self-employment; and they are not likely to abandon it. They know their strength, and they have a powerful leader in William Newton. The time undoubtedly has come for concession; but it must be made by those who are the only active party in hostile measures—the masters. If they do yield, we venture to say that their better counsel will be met by no mortifying exultation from the men. If they do not, they had better do their best to screw Government situations out of the Liberal Ministers before the general election.

#### POPULAR DEFENCE ORGANIZATION.

THAT the national defence shall be reinforced seems to be the general resolve, uttered without distinction of party or class; but how reinforced? On this point there is no clear conclusion. Most of us have hastened to the rifle view of the subject: the letter of an energetic friend, not unused to military affairs, calls in question this blind and headlong prejudgment. His letter corroborates our own contributor, E. V.; and it is also worth quoting as an indication of the truly national feeling, since it emanates from one who would have been called a "Tory":—

"A great deal of nonsense is now being talked about rifles and muskets, both in action (i. e. in the open field, or on such a battle-field as we are alone likely to choose to give battle to an invading army,) being almost equally useless—one in eighty-five being about the amount of execution done in action by balls; and as for a rifle being of more use than any other firelock, when a man cannot see six yards to his front, is an absurdity. The bayonet won all our actions in the Peninsula; and the bayonet alone is to be trusted to if the red-breeched little ruffians ever attempt such a brigand project as invading our 'tight little island.' If they do, we must hang every one of them. We must read the world a lesson that, in spite of our straw-splitting dissensions in time of peace, when once threatened, every Englishman—Tory, Whig, Radical, Socialist—knows no cause but his country's."

"I really do not know what the maniac will attempt next; and it is time that everything was done to ensure safety to our wives and mothers, and to our

old English homes. The ultimate fate of an invading army is, beyond a doubt, utter disgraceful annihilation; but at the cost of how much blood, how much misery and pollution—and, what is of less consequence, how much treasure, is a great question. Two millions spent in defence is better certainly, even Cobden will allow, than four hundred millions in a long and doubtful war; I think and hope the country is alert, and will look to its defence now, before the bombardment of a town, or some such serious matter, drives us to look about us when too late."

Let us note one or two points to be kept in view as we advance. First, there is in all this national feeling no hostility against the *People* of any other nation—least of all against the French people. There is not a class in England that has not a direct sympathy with some injured class in that unfortunate country: our aristocracy feels for an aristocracy thrice scourged by harsh innovations; English science, literature, and art, deplore the outrage which they have sustained in the persons of eminent Frenchmen; our propertied classes resent the invasion of property; our working-men understand the wrongs which make the working-men of Paris look to exile as a refuge. The enemy we resolve to welcome with a rough reception is the enemy of France—her worst enemy. And if he should be induced to tempt our shores, one blow to defend England will be followed by one to avenge France. Nor, should he venture to make signs of coming, would France be behind to her true alliance with England—with the *People* of England.

Secondly, and to the same end, if there is to be any reinforcement, it must be truly national. No "augmentation of the Army;" taxpayers will forbid it. It is not needed. Use the money you have already; make effective the force you have got. The nation has supplied its public servants; and if the result is short of the want, it is because the trust has been abused.

Thirdly, and to the same end, no class must be excluded. We hear of manœuvres to render a national force genteel, by ordering expensive uniforms, and so forth, on purpose to keep out the working classes. Beware how you distrust them; it might be dangerous; it would assuredly be disastrous. They do not deserve it, and none but a shameless coward would dare to inflict the indignity on the vast mass of the People. Have a national reinforcement—that is the universal demand.

Fourthly, let authority originate something like order in the arrangement of uniforms, accoutrements, weapons, and so forth. There ought to be variety, but order. The People will not wait, if the authorities are dilatory; and then there will be disorder, which will be inconvenient and discouraging.

Fifthly, let it be decided what arms are the best. The decision ought to rest on data open to the public and satisfactory to the public. We incline to no exclusive use of any one weapon, but to varieties of equipment, according to means, locality, and opportunity of practice. Let us have variety; but competent authority should direct due proportions and distributions.

Sixthly, and chiefly, let the whole Administration be active and sincere. Shams won't do. They would not succeed against an enemy; the English people would scout them.

#### HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR IS DUE.

By the most gigantic combination of brigandage and thimbling, Count Fathom has got possession of Paris and its provinces, and he gives a ball in the Tuileries, the palace of its Kings. It is deserted, you suppose, save by the bold fellows and hardy women who follow the fortunes of the Adventurer-in-Chief? Not at all—it is thronged by "the élite" of Paris, with a gathering of the "distinguished" and brilliant from every country of the civilized world! The host is not exactly respectable; but a palace is a palace, and a ball is a ball; and however prudish modern morals may be, they cannot resist baits so seductive as those. The high folks did not go only in fear of offending by absence: they were volunteers, eager to be there.

"It is certain," says the *Times*, "that, notwithstanding the condemnation of the act of the 2nd of December, and the dismay which smote the general heart of the public on the perusal of the decrees of Friday last, the officers entrusted with the issue of cards of invitation to that festivity were for several days previous besieged with requests for invitations; and so wearisome did these requests become, that a notice had to be published in the papers, declaring that no more could be issued. One did not care about the thing itself, but was only anxious to see how the President looked after his late conduct;"



another was only desirous of seeing the Salle des Maréchaux; a third, the interior of the Tuileries, never yet visited: in a word, none would avow the real motive, but all begged and prayed to be invited to the President's ball. It may be fairly estimated that at least half the number of cards issued were the result of earnest and persevering solicitation."

The President of the French Republic calls round him a well-dressed Parisian mob, and a herd of travelling foreigners, who leave "principles" at home; and while the throng is gathering in the palace, to honour the hospitality of brigandage by accepting it, another throng is dispersing and wandering away from France. We turn from the invited to the proscribed—Lamoricière, Charras, and the chivalry of France, cowardly surprised at midnight, and carried forth like thieves; Victor Hugo, and the poetry of France; George Sand, a woman, a master genius the power and melody of whose magic genius have overcome the grossest prejudices ever raised up against a reformer; Agricole Perdiguer, the honest but not dangerous politician, who had won the esteem of his fellow workmen by the courageous reformation of their manners; Emile de Girardin, the indefatigable and fearless pioneer, with a host of writers and thinkers, the living faculties of their country—in short, the heart and brains of France. These are driven forth; those cherished are the triflers that will come at the bidding of a Louis Napoleon.

And France endures this! Likes it, apparently. Wonder will never cease to wonder at this strange spectacle of national humiliation! It may be true that the French people were disappointed in former governors. Cavaignac, more soldier than statesman, defended the Republican form, as it was entrusted to him, against its own authors and creators, and estranged the working classes while he failed to win the confidence of the middle classes, because his name seemed radically unsympathetic to authority and "order"; but how did honest Agricole Perdiguer disappoint them? when did George Sand swerve from her long cherished principles? when did Charras forfeit his spurs? Never. Yet no protest for them bursts through the restraint of prohibition—no following honours their parting footsteps. While Count Fathom, at the Tuileries, can't find room for his guests and adherents, France sees her chivalry, her science, her poetry, her genius, her statesmanship depart, and does not follow even to say farewell. There is no time; for the air is perfumed with beauty, the sparkling music and the brilliant lustres, and the witchery of the whirling waltz; and the supper tables, festal with rarest wines and dainties, leave no thought for the murdered and the exiled that are gone, for the widowed and orphaned that remain to mourn. But to many the floor is slippery—with blood; and the very atmosphere of success is heavy with crimes and tears.

#### THE "TRIAL" OF THE ORINOCO.

WE have often said that the warlike spirit—the spirit that confronts danger and overcomes difficulty, that dares with a purpose and as a duty—is not extinct in the breasts of Englishmen. The gentlemen of England are not like Pompey's cohorts, afraid of spoiling their beauty and damaging their personal appearance; the workmen of England are not effeminate and cowardly, like the Roman mob who bawled for bread and brutal spectacles. We have still among us plenty of men the equals in pluck and hardihood of the early voyagers; the soldiers of Peterborough, and Clive, and Wolfe, and Wellington; and the sailors of Howard of Effingham, and Blake, and Nelson. We have had thirty-seven years of peace, thirty-seven years of money-mongering and money-getting, thirty-seven years of arrant materialism, and we are not tamed. We are, in spite of our sedentary occupations and shopkeeping, as familiar as ever with the elements, as daring as ever in the use of them, as coolly dauntless as ever in facing them in their fury. We fear neither wind nor wave, nor firedamp nor fire. We meet and daunt and vanquish every kind of foe—but in the advancement of civilization, in the enterprise of Art triumphantly achieving a mastery over Nature, in the cause of Humanity.

A striking illustration of this great truth is afforded by a recent incident. But two short weeks ago the Amazon perished by flood and fire, and the majority of the brave souls in her shared her doom. As the coastguard are picking up here and there the charred relics of that noble ship, another, destined to run the same course, leaves the sheltering river and dashes proudly out into the stormy ocean. The Orinoco, a huge mass of timber and iron, one

hundred yards long and eleven deep, steamed down the Thames on a "trial trip" on the 23rd, at the rate of twelve miles an hour. But this was to be no freshwater trial; she was to be pushed through any weather, the "dirtier" the more to the taste of her captain and crew; and, if weather sufficiently "dirty" was not encountered between the Nore and Southampton, she was to seek it off Lizard Point or the Rock of Lisbon.

To seek it? Yes; because it was a duty the West India Company owed to the public, and they were willing to run the risk themselves before asking the public to have confidence in these vessels. And, as will be seen, this generous risk has been amply rewarded with perfect success.

Passing the night at the Nore, the anchors of the Orinoco were weighed on Saturday morning, and the nautical men on board, looking to windward, "cheered each other" with the prospect of "plenty of wind" and "dirty weather." They wanted a gale; they brightened at the promise of a gale, and a gale they were destined to have with a vengeance. On she went in a glorious style. "Every instant," says a veracious report of the trip, "the wind rose higher, and with it the spirits of those on board." And their courage mounted up as they pointed out where "the Royal Adelaide was lost with all on board," or where the So and So went down "in a dirty night last year." But on she went—the wind rushing "fiercely over the low lands of 'Sheppey from the south-west, and tearing away as hard as it could to the North Sea." Small vessels flew before it; clippers, with all sail on, bowled away at the top of their speed, challenging the huge steamer, and being beaten. And when she got under the lee of the North Foreland, there was a sight to stir the blood and string the nerves. In that secure mooring rode countless ships. In Ramsgate Harbour, capable only for small craft, "a forest of masts." They had all run in out of the "fury of the gale." Gentlemen on board the Orinoco had the "satisfaction" of seeing them safe; and in the Downs "an Armada of ships," including the "celebrated American clipper ship Oriental," in the same predicament. The pilot thought it would be better to run in too; but no; the Orinoco was to be tested, and tested she should be, the more severely the better. What pluck, what resolution, what iron determination not to be turned aside! On she must and should go; and "ere darkness closed in," the Orinoco was pushing past the Goodwin, on which for miles vast toppling mountains of water, crested with foam, ran their terrible course, and bursting upon the sea that rushed to meet her from the Channel."

We quote from a report, apparently the work of a landsman, astounded at the sight; but still it was a night to be remembered. A man could with difficulty stand against the wind. Rain fell like iron points in the squalls; nothing could be seen from the deck but the black, starless sky, which seemed to rest upon the waves—nothing heard but the blast, roaring over the decks and screaming through the rigging, and the waves hissing against the ship's sides. So stout was this gale, that the mighty vessel could only make sixteen miles in eight hours. Yet all the while her machinery worked "as blandly almost as the watch in one's pocket," and she drove along as steadily as a line-of-battle ship. The gale lasted six hours—and the Orinoco was the victor.

We know few higher proofs of physical and moral courage than specimens of voluntary daring like this. The gallant fellows on board the Orinoco deliberately chose to encounter the most tremendous dangers. They were not surprised in a storm; they drove into it from a sense of public duty. We honour them for so doing; and while England possesses men of this sterling metal, can she not afford to smile at the threats of all her enemies? Yet this instance is only one of a thousand where ships put to sea, in weather quite as tempestuous, in the fulfilment of an ordinary duty. What then, need we fear?

#### POLITICAL LETTERS.

##### III.—THE PROGRESS OF PROGRESS.

January 27, 1852.

"HAVE you not gone back from your principles?" "Are you not retrograde, in giving up free trade, in supporting a Church, and in counselling war?" I know that neither you, most excellent friend, nor any other who has vouchsafed to me a close attention, will ask those questions; but I also know that many do whom I truly esteem; and while I feel that our journal is manifestly as little retrograde as the world itself is, I wish to answer the questions

now, not for self-vindication—the idlest employment in the world—but for a right understanding of what is "progress."

In the matter of industry, for example, we are getting on bravely, although we have ceased to regard free trade as the be-all and end-all of social organization. Free trade is not the whole of social economy, any more than *trade* is the whole of *industry*. I do not underrate the value of commerce when I say that trading, as we understand it, is not essential to human existence, whereas industry is essential. It has been said that trade, by its law of supply and demand, could regulate the industry of society so completely as to create everything that is needed; but we, who see great numbers wanting food and comfort, while large tracts of land lie idle, and no steps are taken to set industry to work upon that desert in the midst of industrious want, know that trade fails to fulfil the promise. And society is beginning to recognise that most vital truth. Trade philosophy naturally considers goods as the great object of industrial economy—marketable goods; trade philosophy talks of "protecting capital," "protecting property," and will sacrifice thousands, hundreds of thousands, millions, of human beings to the prosperity of cottons and iron goods. We know that human beings ought to rank first, goods afterwards; and that the object of industry is to sustain life. It is better that two human beings should live, with half a given amount of goods between them, than that one should have much wealth and the other starve, even though twice the amount of goods should be born into the world. To hear trade philosophy talk about "the rights of property," "giving the vote to property," and so forth, you would think that the national religion must have taught how God had made cotton goods after his own image; and truly economists would monopolize for their beloved goods the blessing of the mandate to multiply. Now, I think we are learning to understand this better: it is not by waiting for supply and demand to promote production, but by simply going direct to the duty, that we secure its performance. Production is the means by which industry supports life, and even trade; trade cannot set all men on work, nor adequately excite production for the behoof of all living souls; and we are beginning to perceive that where trade fails we had better set about the duty forthwith.

We perceive, further, that we can do that best if we introduce to our industry the principle of concert. Competition has driven "cheapness" to such a point that trade is obliged to get its profits out of the substance of the thing sold: the coffee seller sells his "coffee" so cheap, that he must keep back some of it to reimburse himself. Thus trade has outwitted itself. And this corruption, which is a real spontaneous decay of trade, is eating into it at every point: retail trade cheats society; contract trade cheats Government—as in the flagrant case of the "preserved" meats. English spirit used to exist even in trade, which was proved to "do the thing handsomely," to be "sound to the heart," "sterling": now, while the Cyclopean walls of races that existed before history still stand like eternal rocks, outliving the empires of Italy, our contract walls, like that at Whitehaven, will scarcely stand to be finished; and manufacturers themselves, like the black "silk" lacemakers at Nottingham, are growing alarmed at the effect of counterfeit and adulteration on the very life and existence of their trade. Is that "progress"? The lace men of Nottingham are making a stand against the "shoddy cloth" of their business—"combining" for that purpose; and that stand I do call progress. Poor law reformers, theoretical and practical, are calling out for the able-bodied poor to be set to the work of producing. So are prison inspectors; so are Irish reformers—as at the great Rotunda meeting this week. All these persons say they will thus make the able-bodied "self-supporting." I call that progress; I call the extension of that idea progress. The Amalgamated Engineers have left the unproductive "strike" to their masters; and, being forced into a strike, have resolved, by coöperative and productive industry, to make their organization self-supporting. That is progress. Yes, immense numbers, in all classes, are reverting to the natural laws of industry—productive labour for the good of the human beings concerned, division of employments, and concert in the division of employments. It does not matter that I happen to have been the first to use that last phrase—I have only unfolded the meaning of Adam Smith's idea, as he only unfolded the meaning of the fact itself; the law always existed, so as to be

understood by those that looked into it; and to revert to that enduring law is progress. Social reformers have restored the spirit of generosity and regard for others to the laws of industry—and no human institution can live without that spirit. Trade is decaying, because it tried to do without. And when I see an immense organized class of practical working men assembled, and welcoming as fellow labourers in a common cause the known Social Reformers like John Minter Morgan, whose graceful pen worked in the cause before some of us were born—like Vansittart Neale, who has pledged a fortune to the cause—like Goderich, who abandons aristocratic ease to master a great social question in its practical details—like Henry Travis, the disciple of Robert Owen—when I see a combination like *that*, I know that we are sending this spirit into the very body of English industry. And observe, we are not going back to the homely methods of the good old times of barbarous industry: no, we are restoring the right spirit, ever young, to a new body. The coöperative workshops, established through the union of the Social Reformers and the working engineers, will turn out models of the best engines—are beginning to do so. We are proving that the spirit of Jesus is not incompatible with the perfect trade of England, nor either with the real liberty of the human beings engaged. Do you not call that progress?

The spirit of Jesus, I say—for most devoutly do I wish that the spirit inculcated by that divine heretic against the established faith of his day, the truly Catholic faith which he restored to religion, could be introduced into our daily life and work. How can men go to church, and believe, and yet act as they do out of church? To those who are not of the Christian sect in the eternal and universal church is it left to call Christians to their faith! There is indeed a Charles Kingsley in the Church, but he is called heterodox—not, observe, because he shares opinions like all of those which we uphold, for he expressly repudiates them; but precisely because he insists on fulfilling the precepts of Jesus in the letter and in the spirit, as *real* precepts, to be obeyed, and not as forms to be satisfied by a quirk of empty observance.

And yet, exclaim certain friends, you uphold the Church? I do. I subscribe to every line traced by a brother pen in the paper on "The Church in Distress," in our last number but one. How can I refuse support to the Church, when I claim *absolute* freedom for opinion—when I insist that men should act upon their opinions—and when I account it the bitterest reproach and shame of our day that men flinch from their own conclusions, and hold opinions as honorary intellectual distinctions not to be substantiated! If men think Church, let them act Church; and as a number of men, honest, earnest, learned, and gifted, exist and are a Church—as a Church is but one organized effort towards the truth which becomes manifest to us, with renewed blessings, precisely in proportion to our sincere efforts—in God's name, say I, give to every Church full and free action to do its best, and let us see what it can do. Which of us shall say "I am the truth," or "I have got further on towards the truth?" Not I, for one. I strive for truth, according to my faculties, and get as far towards it as I can; but I will not say that I am further than any other. I only say that I am nearer to it, *wherever* I may be, than the man who acknowledges any final arbiter but God himself. But there is arising a Catholic assent to leave that appeal as it should be left—a Catholic spirit which is one among men of us who are most diverse in our special opinions—a spirit which I believe to be one in such men as George Anthony Denison, Charles Kingsley, Robert Vaughan, Edmund Larken, Thomas Wilson, Joseph Brown, George Dawson, and many others, not less separated in special tenets; and such spirit can only be brought out by the freest development of faith and intelligence in every form. It is thus through absolute freedom of thought, with its companion, trusting sincerity, that we get, through variety, to unity. Is not that progress? I believe that there is but one God; that it is ours to study his laws in the dictates of sincere conscience and instinct, and in his own works; and that he serves God best who does his best to carry out yet further the laws of God; and I believe that the eternal truth might always have been expressed—has always been expressed in such terms—though often in terms better framed. But observe, it is not because we revert to eternal truth that we forego the results of modern science, such as it is; on the contrary, the day is breathing into labo-

rious science the courage and zeal of a diviner faith. Is not that progress?

Do I forswear Peace, because I have been forward to raise the cry "To arms!"? No; but I forswear a peace which grows corrupt in sluggishness, which inflicts upon us evils worse than war, and cannot even defend itself. Peace, which is breathing time for Art, security for industry, holiday time for affection—let us earn it, and keep it as long as we can. But I note that we are born with animal energies, impelling us to conquest; note that, when we are too long sunk in repose, those animal energies become perverted or stifled. However it may be possible to train our nature to a state in which contention shall not be needful to our healthy development, we have not yet achieved that training, nor even established its possibility. Meanwhile the vices of Peace, which history has so often displayed, are again amongst us, corrupting the very sources of life, and, what is worse, the very heart of society. A spirit of chivalry is incompatible with that spirit of meanness which is the bane of our day—a meanness creeping even over the class that has a right to bear, as if in mockery of its own degeneracy, the heraldic symbols of departed chivalry! Meanness is making trade itself commit suicide. Meanness is teaching that callous philosophy which has made men think it wise to let their fellow creatures want, pine, and perish, under the assumed laws of the youngest and most imperfect of the sciences—"political economy." Yes, your advocates of Peace, who shudder at the thought of setting men to fight, do not blush to let their fellow creatures starve unaided; nay, will push competition to the point of destruction; and when their fellow perishes, talk about the "Board of Nature" having no place for him—as if the Board of Nature were a Board of Poor-Law Commissioners! Peace, that murders our fellow creatures under trading competition, and even rebukes the hand of help; Peace, that plays the part of a destructive devil among the flower of our youth, in physical inaction, in vice, and in empirical medicine; Peace, that permits the whole force of a great nation to be handed over to a standing army—that delegates the manliness of a race to an official manliness; that mean, suicidal Peace I hate and abhor. They tell me that he who dwells among an armed population occasionally sees the arms used in a hasty brawl: what then? Is that country so illconditioned which occasionally sees a splash of red upon its ground as that which turns pale at the sight? Is that country most truly endowed with life which prefers liberty to life, or that which will rather be a little "put upon" than run a risque? A "South Saxon," whom I take to be the chief of these peaceful economists, is trying to persuade the *Times* to hush up the outburst of manly cheerful defiance to which the sense of danger has reawakened our countrymen; but the *Times*, with all its faults, is still too "English" for that. We English have become suddenly but fully awake to the fact that the Peace is not going to last much longer; that England must not find herself at the mercy of any horde of rascals who may choose to make a razzia in our fields, houses, and most tempting banks; that the exercise of preparation for war is in itself a manly, health-breeding exercise; that the spirit which pervades it is better than the mere money-grubbing, pauper-hunting, brother-disowning spirit; the Stock Exchange itself is getting ready its rifles; Tories and Chartists are uniting to forget bickerings in the one national sentiment; and really the People of England seem to have roused itself to a consciousness that its men *are* men! Is not that progress? And observe, we are not going back to the barbarous days when barons sat in castles and robbed passers, and kings made war upon neighbouring states; on the contrary, we are learning that the nation must defend *itself*; also, that *nations* are seldom each other's enemies; but that, come war when it may, the English people, if it seeks, may always find allies in the People of every civilized country, whether of America or Austria itself; for Downing-street is not England, nor Vienna the People of Hungary, Italy, and Germany. Is not that progress?

THORNTON HUNT.

#### RISE IN PRICE OF CORN—A PROBLEM.

WHILE the Protectionists are muttering between their teeth of a five shilling fixed duty on corn, or worse, most inopportune for them the price of corn is rising—rising even at this usually flat season of the year! And it is rising in all the markets of the Continent; so that we must rely on Egypt and America. But Egypt has already ceased selling; and it is very doubtful, say Messrs. S. H.

Lucas and Sons, in their trade circular, "if America has enough surplus to supply the requirements of this country and the Continent." Protection will propose its panacea, therefore, at an awkward time.

Yet free-trade does not suffice. It is now found that "unless additional capital, or its equivalent, namely, additional credit, is used to produce the surplus growth of other countries, that surplus will not find its way to our markets." In other words, "supply and demand" will not do, unless special means be taken to direct the application of capital for the good of the community. In default, mere traders encounter failure and bankruptcy. Their means do not suffice to cover the fluctuations of the corn trade, which sometimes overwhelm them with excessive stock, as in 1849, '50, and '51. "The losses sustained *precede* instead of following high prices"—a striking and instructive fact, showing that present speculation would be perfectly safe. The thing with which the dealer cannot contend is excessive and protracted prosperity—his means not being vast enough to hold out until scarcity repays him with compacter dealings and higher prices for vast purchases at a scanty profit.

Protection does not meet this case; neither does free trade.

#### LOUIS BONAPARTE IN LONDON.

A CONTEMPORARY not usually given to levity, except by mistake, but who "had ought" to know better, recently contained an enticing bit of exclusive intelligence. Here it is! A specimen of the contrivance by which an old stager sometimes tries to deviate into News!—

"Louis Napoleon was in London, on a flying visit, on Monday last. We have good authority for stating the fact, incredible as it may appear. He came in disguise; his business being of a strictly private nature. What that business was, we are of course unable to say." We think we can solve this enigma. Our contemporary, by an allusion which all readers of *Punch* will allow to be natural, has mis taken the morning visit of a domesticated Hebrew for the flying visit of a foreign Dictator. It is possible that he may have been disguised—as a Christian: it is certain that his business was of a private nature, and our contemporary should have kept it "as such." "What that business was," we are able to say. It was "Ole Clo! Ole Clo!"—or was it indeed Louis Bonaparte in the disguise of his uncle, crying for sale the *défrôque* of the Empire?

#### AGRICULTURAL EXAMPLE TO MANUFACTURING SLOWNESS.

THE wise men of the factory look down upon the agricultural districts for antiquated notions, but not always with reason. The Registrar-General—that able "flapper" to our official Laputans—records two examples in the Newcastle district of cases in which the public health has been improved by improved drainage: at North Collingham drainage has abolished epidemics that used to be common; at North Clifton the influence of "an intelligent farmer" has in like manner banished fevers, and endowed the district with comfort. In Cheshire and Lancashire the mortality is high—the habits and habitations are bad and crowded. Compare the deaths in Lancashire with those in the West Midland division—neither of them *very* light in the mortality:—

	Population.	Deaths.
Lancashire .....	2,065,913 ..	54,938
W. M. Division .....	2,132,853 ..	49,238
Excess of deaths, in Lancashire, with the smaller population .....		5,700!

"Agriculturists understand, better perhaps than any other class, the effect of external circumstances, not only on breeds of cattle but on races of men; and it is gratifying to see measures for the improvement of the dwellings and dwelling-places of the people so ardently taken up, not only by the great and enlightened landowners of the country, but by men like this 'intelligent farmer,' who has delivered North Clifton from low fever, and from the epidemics which were once so common.

"The excess of sickness and death in Lancashire is constant—in infancy, in adult age, and in both sexes. Yet the land of a great part of the county is high and salubrious, and the occupation of the people has nothing in it essentially injurious. What, then, is wanting? Apparently only this one thing: that the leading men of Lancashire, animated by goodwill, should apply that skill and vigour which have been so successful in the use of machinery and the production of clothing for mankind, to the amelioration of the social condition of the two millions of Englishmen around them."

#### SOCIAL REFORM.

##### "NOTES OF A SOCIAL ECONOMIST."

#### THE COÖPERATIVE ASSOCIATIONS OF ENGLAND.

##### XIV.

"Every man has a right to be in the country where he was born. But, if one landlord have a right to drive all the people from his estate, every other landlord has the same right; and, as all would have the same right as the first driver, all the people except the landlords might be driven into the sea."—WILLIAM COBBETT.

THE organs of the feudal aristocracy still clamour for protection to native industry; but the real



meaning of their cry is, protection for vested abuses. Protection, not of the weak against the strong, but of the strong against the weak—protection for the rich, taxation for the poor.

Protection, in its general sense, denotes that benefit or safety which every citizen hath specially secured to him by the laws; but, under an aristocratic régime, the rich and powerful only are protected. Thus, the law secures the privileges originally acquired by the sword; and the inheritance, even, of the insolvent noble. The law maintains the right of the landlord to his broad acres, and of the cotton-lord to his mills. The law defends the rights and privileges of corporate bodies which are ever hostile to individual freedom, and to which the public interests are constantly sacrificed. But does the law afford any protection to the children of adversity? Their rights and privileges may be summed up in one word—the WORKHOUSE. The workhouse school, the workhouse diet, the workhouse without work, the workhouse peopled with sluggards and idlers; such are the protecting influences that soften the harsh and cruel fate of the pauper. The workhouse or the gaol is the alternative. Not only do the workhouses supply a large portion of the criminal population of towns, to the enormous cost and detriment of society, but they are occupied by totally unproductive consumers, who thus exhaust resources which might otherwise be devoted to the profitable and productive employment of labour. I affirm, that the right to labour is the first, the most sacred, and inalienable right of every man; and that the right of the poor to support—that is, to proper nourishment, convenient clothing, and an occupation not incompatible with health—and the right of the rich to engross, are reciprocal privileges; the former being the *only* condition upon which the latter is enjoyed. Blackstone has defined the allegiance which binds the subject to the king, as a return for that protection which the king affords to the subject. For all men, “immediately upon their birth, are under the king’s protection; at a time, too, when they are incapable of protecting themselves. Natural allegiance is, therefore, a debt of gratitude.” Gratitude—for what? For the protection—of the workhouse? The *Times* newspaper of the 14th November, 1851, shall supply me with a few items of this “debt of gratitude”:—

“The list of DEATHS in the Kilrush Union-houses alone, for the year ending March 25, 1851, fills more than twenty-four folio pages; those of the Ennistymon about the same number. The sum total for the former union is 1642, for Ennistymon 1386 (total 3028). Out of the 1642 at Kilrush, the number that did not die of the dysentery, diarrhoea, or debility, which marks the death of the famished, is 417, leaving 1225 who did die of hunger.”

Talk of gratitude! why, the very bonds of allegiance are broken asunder. If the right to protection be violated, the claim to gratitude must be forfeited; and if men are to be tried for their lives and hung for shooting *one* landlord, what punishment shall be inflicted on those who have starved 1225 peasants to death? Lords of the soil, I tell you that the safety of your title-deeds depends upon your acknowledgment of the rights of labour; upon the establishment of a system of national rating, and the abolition of the law of settlement or serfdom. The waste lands are lying uncultivated; the unemployed labourers, who determine the rate of wages, are standing idle; the credit of the nation is well established; the cellars of the Bank of England are filled with gold; but the PEOPLE (who, like bees, would supply you with honey, but may sting you to death) are starving in the midst of abundance: yet the most ample means are at your control to create a superfluity of wealth, a superior character, and a good government for all. Remember that you, “the Happy Family,” who pretend to have a prescriptive right to rule the destinies of England, you are responsible for the errors of those whom you profess to govern, who are miserable *only* because they are ignorant. You, who are the real criminals, have no right to punish misguided wretches in a state of moral idiocy, who have been nurtured in ignorance, and habituated to crime.

The right of labour, or the right of the unemployed to productive, self-supporting, and consequently profitable employment, is the real Charter of the operative classes. The workhouse, therefore, must be transformed into the coöperative and agricultural association, in which every associate shall receive a fair share of the produce of his own labour; and in which “he that would not work, neither should he eat.” The fertilizing social conglomerate of large towns might thus be spread over the land; and the

work, not the workhouse test, be applied to all. The gaol might then fairly be made the receptacle for idlers and sluggards, who would be compelled either to work or to starve, for they should be allowed neither to beg nor to steal.

Man, who is destined by nature to be the redeemer of the earth, whether consciously or unconsciously to himself, is ever in search of happiness; but while ignorance, pauperism, and crime prevail, he must ever be unhappy; and by his natural constitution he can never rest nor cease from labour until he have subdued the earth, and reduced to harmony and order the moral and social anarchy amidst which he lives. The laws of the moral, like those of the physical, world may be shaken for a time by storms and convulsions, but the great elements of order remain for ever untouched; and, after the clearing of the atmosphere, they are seen in all their original symmetry and beauty.

WILLIAM CONINGHAM.

#### NOTES ON WAR.

BY A SOLDIER.

##### NO. IV.—SHOOTING NOT FIGHTING.

THE ruling influence of gunpowder in the organization of modern armies has tended to equalize the value of the men who compose them, to neutralize bodily strength, activity, energy, and daring, and to reduce all to the same level of unintelligent shooting machines; and, as we have already observed, very bad shooting machines. Brave they may be; they may keep together, endure a heavy fire, and die in their ranks; but they cannot fight—touch them, and their power of cohesion and resistance is over. But no national force, hastily organized, either for resistance to tyranny or to an invasion, can compete with regular troops in shooting, or in steady and compact manoeuvring. But we shall not attempt such competition in our proposed system. Missiles, in our proposed system, will be confined to their legitimate use—to that of protecting and masking an energetic and immediate attack. If the assailants are well covered during their advance by the fire of adroit and active marksmen, so much the better; they will not be less cool and collected under the screen of a friendly fire, which will enable them to advance without the necessity of accelerating their pace, will render the hostile fire less accurate, and draw it off in some measure from the principal lines to the scattered line of skirmishers; so much the better, also, if there be some force of artillery to reply to that of the enemy; but however weak the artillery, however inferior in numbers and skill their skirmishers may be, there is but one single indispensable condition for the complete success of an adequate force armed with weapons adapted for close combat, and opposed to a modern army, and that is a steady and persevering advance. They must not open out from the fire, fall into confusion, or recoil when it begins to produce some effect in their ranks, but go on and stop it effectually. As long as they move on without disorganization, all will go well; their turn will come, their victory is certain. No amount of missiles that can be brought to bear upon such a force during the time that it marches over a thousand yards of ground, which would be about *ten or twelve minutes*, could possibly reduce its numbers so as materially to impair its fighting power. For accurate rifle fire must be slow, deliberate, and confined to a selected body of very expert men; and, therefore, however galling, can never be numerically destructive enough to disorganize determined assailants; and rapid, close, concentrated, regular musketry fire, is incompatible with aim or just direction, either for long or short distances. Marvellous tales of accurate practice with rifles at 1000 yards, and even at longer ranges, will not alarm any one who knows the delicate accuracy of elevation that would be necessary in order to hit a three-story house at that distance. With special advantages of ground and knowledge of distance, and by very adroit hands, ranks of men, or even conspicuous individuals, may occasionally be hit designedly at extraordinary long distances; and, as the improved firearms will undoubtedly carry the ball with full force more than 1200 yards, chance shots will sometimes kill and wound at that extreme range. But the results of chance and of rare skill, under peculiar and temporary circumstances of position, will be so trifling that they do not deserve to be taken into consideration. Artillery is chiefly destructive when it sweeps the level surface of a plain; but it makes much more noise, and is much more likely to cause confusion and panic among inexperienced troops, on broken and irregular ground, where its fatal effects must be comparatively small from the increased difficulty of taking aim and of computing distances; while those very ricochets, or grazes and bounds of the shot, which cause wide deflections from the intended flight, are liable to create great consternation until their cause and consequences are understood. Within 1200 yards the artillery can begin to make play with round shot, howitzer shells, and spherical case (the most formidable of all when skilfully used), but it

will astonish much more than its value warrants. The fire will increase in destructiveness as the distance shortens; but at 500 yards the range will be too short for shells (noisy humbugs) and spherical case, and too long for canister shot, the extreme range of which is 350 yards. And 400 yards may be considered as the *utmost* limit for a really “telling” fire of sharpshooters, with the best weapons. And in passing over this space, in the last four or five minutes of an advance and charge to the very muzzles of the cannons and muskets, without doubt an attacking force would suffer severe loss; without doubt round shot and canister would crush and mangle, and even some well-directed volleys of musketry make havoc here and there; but what then? Would not such things occur in an orthodox battle of eight hours of missiles and manoeuvring? If the records of modern warfare prove that at least a hundred musket bullets and twenty cannon balls are required to knock over one enemy in many hours of firing, and when a great part of the troops are stationary for a long time, how many shots will it take to kill or wound an enemy in ten minutes, and when the distances are constantly varying in consequence of a rapid advance? And surely no one can expect to win decisive victories without loss. Our arguments for as speedy a close combat as possible may be shortly summed up thus. If you don’t like the enemy’s missiles, go and stop them: there is only one way to do it. If your own missile machinery is bad, the more necessity is there for adopting that mode of fighting which renders all the enemy’s missile machinery powerless. The best marksmen among the enemy will prove the worst fighters. If a man knows that he possesses great skill, and has exerted himself to the utmost, and done his best to kill and wound his opponents, to check their advance and keep them off, and finds that he has failed, and that, in spite of all his efforts and those of his comrades, they are rapidly advancing, he will be very unfit and disinclined to join in a hand-to-hand conflict, not to mention that his weapon is unsuited for such work, and that an excessive expenditure of gunpowder has a bad effect on both mind and body.

The regular soldier, of course, possesses no more than an ordinary share of animal courage, pugnacity, and pride; but from experience of a sternly enforced system of subordination, he is impressed with the absolute necessity of implicit obedience, and being answerable for nothing beyond his own personal good conduct, he comes to rely cheerfully and undoubtingly on the skill and military science of his appointed leaders, and on the constant support of all his comrades; and in this obedience and this mutual trust lies the strength of a modern army; but the soldier has no confidence in his individual power, and looks to the movements of the mass for a successful result—an instinctive feeling entirely in accordance with the theory and practice of the modern tactician, who, by neglecting to furnish the soldier with weapons for close fighting, by not training him for individual exertion, and by exclusive attention to a mathematical precision of battalion manoeuvre and battalion firing, has manifested a total oblivion of a very simple fact, that a body of men has strength and value only in proportion to the strength of the individuals of which it is composed. Now, the individuals of our modern infantry have very little strength or value as real fighting men, and, consequently, but little spirit or inclination for close combat; they are capable only of manoeuvring in masses, making a tremendous noise and smoke, and projecting bullets at random. “Carrying a position with the bayonet,” “driving back the enemy with the bayonet,” are terms frequently used by writers of despatches and histories; but no living soldier has ever seen two lines of infantry approach so close as to push, and thrust, and fence with bayonets. Modern warfare is a system of demonstration and imposition; and the fear of striking home, or rather the impossibility of striking home with such things as bayonets, and pouches full of cartridges, has led to long, sanguinary, and fruitless engagements, and to protracted campaigns, that have occasioned ultimately more bloodshed and misery than the most decisive and slaughterous victory could possibly have done. And it has come in fact to this, that in a modern war the final advantage must inevitably rest with that side which possesses the longest purse, and the largest population from which to draw its recruits. Must it for ever be so? Shall standing armies, trained and disciplined soldiers, skilled gunners, and costly contrivances and stores, for ever give a preponderance to the power of Despotism over that of a People? Is a good and glorious cause nothing? Are faith and a purpose nothing? Is courage nothing? Is intelligence nothing? Is devotion even to death nothing? Is projectile mechanism everything? I will not believe it. I see the weak point of modern military art strained further still by all the Governments of Europe, and *there* may Patriotism break in and not only conquer, but utterly subdue, standing armies. Wherever and whenever there is a just cause to rouse the spirit and nerve the arm of the people, a national force is invincible under intelligent leaders, and with the simplest armament and organization. E. V.

## 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*.

IN default of gossip about the sayings and doings of those in whom the public is interested, we will venture to assume that our public is interested in our doings; and inform it, that besides most essential improvements in the business department of this journal, which we hope will effectually put an end to the many disappointments and annoyances of our subscribers, we are to have a new type, new paper, and are to wear an aspect such as we have always wished, but never attained.

There is a silver lining to every cloud; and it is pleasant to see a consolation in the very enormity of our irregularities, without which enormity we might not so well have tested the vitality of this journal. It is not in vaingloriousness, but in gratitude that we note how, in spite of such irregularity in the delivery of papers—as must have killed ten journals not firmly rooted in the interest of its subscribers—in spite of scarcely any subscriber expecting to receive more than two papers in three—in spite of shameful inattention and carelessness on the part of those whose duty it was to see that everything went regularly—in spite of this and more, yet has our circulation exhibited constant progress, and our friends have become stauncher as well as more numerous. Whatever damage may have resulted to us from this long series of irregularities, they have proved at least the vitality of the *Leader*.

But enough. We may announce here, that, in addition to the ordinary matter of our journal, the coming numbers will contain:—

I. An original historic sketch by the brilliant EUGENE PELLETAN, of *La Presse*, called

THE STORY OF A CARDINAL'S HAT.

II. The series of papers (strictly veracious accounts of what actually occurred in the presence of the writer), called

MAGNETIC EVENINGS AT HOME.

III. The series of

THE HAYTHORNE PAPERS.

IV. The long promised series on

AUGUSTE COMTE'S POSITIVE PHILOSOPHY,

which will serve as an introduction to the study of that great system, which has only been delayed by difficulties that no longer exist.

V. A NEW STORY,

by a writer whom our readers will be glad to welcome; not to mention the "other novelties" which, as the playbills say, "are in active preparation."

Turning from these announcements to one of universal interest, let us anticipate by a few days that of DICKENS'S new work, *Bleak House*, which for twenty months is to bring laughter and tears into unnumbered homes; let us also note that, in France, LAMARTINE is to replace his *Conseiller du Peuple* by a monthly journal at six francs a year, called *Le Civilisateur*, every number of which is to contain the portrait and the life of some "great man of humanity."

ROEBUCK'S *History of the Whig Government*, so long delayed, is at length ready for issue. It could not come more apropos. Beginning with the old Reform Bill, it will appear just in time for the campaign of the new.

Four numbers of a remarkable penny journal, edited by the Reverend WM. MACCALL and the Reverend C. CLARKE, and called *The People*, are on our table. Although edited by two Reverends, a more outspoken journal of its class does not, we think, exist; nor, let us add, a more thoughtful journal. We so heartily wish it success, that we cannot refrain from suggesting a change in its arrangement: the system of "to be continued," is very injurious to its effect. Variety must be sacrificed, and the articles printed entire; five "con-

tinuations" in one number. Apropos of new journals, a German paper printed in New York, and edited by KARL HEINGEN, called *Janus*, has reached us. The first number contains little more than an address to KOSSUTH from HEINGEN.

## NEW NOVELS.

*The Two Families: an Episode in the History of Chapelton.* By the Author of "Rose Douglas." 2 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

*The Successful Merchant.* By William Arthur, A.M. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

*Antony, the Deaf and Dumb Boy.* 2 vols. Bentley.

*Rose Douglas* was so pleasant, so truthful, and so superior to the average works of its class, that we looked forward with peculiar eagerness to a new work from the same writer. In some respects we have been disappointed. The artistic faults of that book, as a work of fiction, are here repeated, if not exaggerated. The authoress has made no advance in the art of narrating a story, though she preserves her talent for narrating a scene. Nor has she much widened the sphere of her observation. The good-natured indolent woman, the spoiled child, the romantic "ministers" who sat for their portraits in *Rose Douglas*, seem to have been doing duty again in the *Two Families*.

It is nevertheless an agreeable, in some respects a remarkable book, this of the *Two Families*. The characters are drawn with rare power and truthfulness. We could point to more than one example of an adherence to truth of nature—in defiance of the truth as it has been understood immemorably in Circulating Libraries—which argues in the writer the possession of the rarest power; and by this adherence to truth, the story—in itself improbable as most fictions—has the lifelike aspect of actual experience. Ben's return to his native town with wealth and consequence, after having run away as a boy from poverty and disgrace—his settling down there as a landed proprietor, and the vague ennui which forces him into marriage—all this is of a kind we have often read before; but it is touched with a skilful hand, and especially noticeable is the quiet truth of his affection for Mary his cousin, and the way he bears the announcement of her marriage. Ninety-nine novelists out of a hundred would have made Ben return with a passion for Mary, undiminished by age, time, separation, and the turmoil of affairs—and the news of her marriage would have been "a crushing blow"—the glory and the sunshine of life would have disappeared for poor Ben from that moment! Or else they would have made him return perfectly oblivious of Mary, and she yearning for him with the accumulated love of twenty silent years. One of those two courses, we say, the novelist, as a novelist, would inevitably have taken. Tradition requires it; "sentiment" demands it. Our authoress does neither. She follows nature, and is excessively touching in consequence.

We would gladly set before our readers the art here employed to exhibit the effects of "spoiling" by indolent parents, but they must seek it in these volumes. Towards the close there is exaggeration, but the early career of little Eliza is admirably depicted.

It is unfortunately a book of episodes: nothing less than the excellence of treatment could induce the reader to go on through these tantalising chapters, that do not seem bound together by any art. But as a series of sketches from the life it is very interesting. As specimens, we will give a bit of scenery and a pathetic incident:—

## A HIGHLAND GLEN.

"The parish, like most Highland ones, was very large, and the glen I have mentioned was its remotest point. It was called in the district Glenearn, that is, the Glen of the Eagles.

"It was difficult of access. The road to it—if it deserved to be called one—was execrable, and in winter almost impassable, except to the hardiest of the mountain shepherds. It wound along on the face of the steep hills, and few could resist the violence of the wind that then raged almost incessantly there.

"The head of the glen was some miles distant from the church and manse. The road gradually ascended from thence. The traveller first wound slowly up through dark pine woods, which for miles skirted the mansion of the lord of the soil, where the roe deer often startled him by bounding unexpectedly across the path, till he emerged upon very green and gently sloping hills, up which he continued to toil, hill rising above hill, as he advanced, till he entered the mountain pass.

"At intervals a solitary farm-steading might be seen in some sheltered spot, with only a small patch

of cultivated land around it—for sheep-farming is the occupation of the district—though oftener the eye would be saddened by the crumbling relics of former habitations. Spots of brighter grass than usual, a tottering wall, with perhaps a solitary tree or two waving over it, beneath whose shade happy childhood once played, told a tale of ruined homesteads? Alas! what has become of their tenants?

"But, now, the hills begin to open and to form the glen. The mountains gradually increase in height and sublimity, and rise, bare, desolate, and cloud-capt on either hand. They are speckled far up with sheep; scarcely to be discerned, however, from the grey stones—the debris of the rocks—which are profusely scattered among the heather. A wild mountain torrent rushes down the centre of the glen, struggling fiercely with the numerous rocks which the wintry storms have loosened from the hills, and which obstruct its progress. In some places, the hill sides slope upwards so steeply from the small but impetuous river, that the road seems to wind along by the brink of a precipice, down which the traveller gazes fearfully upon the dark and angry waters below. Little rills spring here and there from the mountain sides, and intersect the path. These in summer can be leapt across, but in winter must be waded through; no use of stepping-stones then—the storms would roll them away. A scanty sprinkling of trees—principally of birch and mountain ash, intermingled with hazel-bushes—occasionally clothes the steep banks of the wild stream, or springs from the fissures of the huge stones which interfere with its course, lending to it a softer beauty. But, in general, its sides are bare of wood, and it dashes on unshaded, save by the rocks and hills between which it originally forced its passage. The eye is relieved, however, by the abundance of fern, which springs up wherever it can obtain soil, either on the banks or up the mountain sides, and at times by the vivid green, which warns the stranger of some treacherous morass. As he advances, he probably startles numerous sheep, nestling luxuriously in the recesses they have worn for themselves by the wayside, whose fearful looks and rapid movements show how little accustomed they are to the intrusion of man, and whose enormous twisted horns and light limbs are in most picturesque keeping with the savage grandeur of the scenery around.

"The view grows wilder and wilder—all around is silent, sterile, and desolate. No sound but the brawling of the torrent, the distant bleating of the sheep from the heights, or the cry of the grouse or the blackcock among the heather, reaches the ear in this lonely region; but there is a solemn charm in the desolation—one feels alone with God and nature.

"On a still, hot summer's day, when the white clouds which sail along the blue sky are reflected upon the heather, sunbeam chasing cloud as it were across the hill sides, and both mirrored in the foaming waters below, the scene is exquisite in its quiet, solitary beauty; but in winter, when the snow lies deep in the glen, and the ever impatient river, swelled and dark, rushes along in foam and thunder, when the mists come rolling down the mountain sides, and the tempest sweeps suddenly through the narrow pass, overwhelming and exhausting the struggling wayfarer, then is the time to behold Glenearn in its truest majesty—but few, indeed, dare to traverse it at such a time."

The incident shall be that where Mary, the keeper's wife, awaiting his return, is alarmed by the appearance of his dog, who by signs calls upon her to follow him through the glen:—

"It was after a full hour's constant toil that Mary drew near the spot from which her husband had fired his signal. The night, as she anticipated, had fallen; but the clear summer sky was thickly spangled with stars, and the moon was just rising and silvering the ridge on which she stood. The solemn silence of the mountain heights was only broken by the tinkling voice of the many little streams, whose sources lurked in the clefts and hollows of the hills, and by the rushing of the night wind, which blew cold and strong on their rugged tops. The scene was grand, and almost overpowering in the sense of loneliness it inspired; the impenetrable darkness which brooded in those recesses, into which the faint beams of the moon had not yet penetrated, was painfully exciting to the imagination—the secrets and mysteries of the ancient hills seemed there hidden from the presumptuous gaze of man.

"Mary would once have gazed upon this scene with awe-struck admiration; but now she did not regard it. She pressed on with concentrated energy. The dog suddenly bounded forward, and just as, on passing the abruptly projecting point of a crag, she caught a glimpse of the light in her own cottage far below, she came upon the dead body of her husband, lying upon the heather, with his face looking upwards to the calm unmoved sky, and the gun, whose accidental discharge had hurried him in a moment into eternity, resting by his side.

"It was with a calm, though intense agony, that Mary knelt by her husband's side. No loud lamentations, no frenzied outcries, broke from her lips; a deep groan only escaped them; once only did she cast an



appealing look to heaven, and then she bent down and examined the body, in the vain hope that life might still be there.

"Through his heart—through his heart, and she knew that aid was unavailing. Little blood had flowed outwardly from the wound, but she felt it stain her hands as they mechanically busied themselves about him.

"What a situation was hers!—alone, in the night, on a bleak hill-side, with the dead body of her husband, a dog her only companion, far away from all human help and sympathy—a long and most rugged path separating her from her home. Well might her heart at first fail within her!

"Hers were energies, however, that fitted her to face the peculiar difficulties of her situation. The first agony of certainty over, she could summon the not ordinary powers of her mind, to aid her in performing her duty. Reverently folding her husband's plaid over his body, she sat down by the side of the corpse among the heather, and forced herself to think. 'Oh! God, help me to meet this trying hour!' burst from the pale lips of the poor widow as she did this.

"It was difficult at such a moment to compose her mind for reflection; but it was necessary she should do so, and by slow degrees she succeeded. It was as difficult, however, to decide on the step she should take when she had composed herself.

"To convey her husband's body home by her own unaided efforts, was, she knew, impossible. The long and difficult road, the darkness, and the weight of the corpse, rendered such an idea vain, and, after a moment's hesitation, she dismissed it. If she could have borne to trail the body after her down the hill-side, perhaps it might have been accomplished with much time and fatigue; but no, though it would have been insensible to the roughness of the path, Mary could not endure the thought of it. 'I would have felt,' she said, while long after describing the events of that fearful night, 'I would have felt every bruise and every knock the senseless corpse received, in my own heart.'

"Then help, at so late an hour, was not to be obtained in this lonely place. There lay at some distance behind the hills, she knew, a solitary farmhouse; but she had never visited it—indeed, she had never been on the mountains before—and it would be impossible to discover its situation in the darkness. Even if discovered, it was not likely that its inhabitants would be willing to lend their aid in removing her husband's body, from so perilous a height, before morning dawned to show them their way.

"Mary, by a wonderful exertion of mind, was able to think of all this, and having done so, to form her resolution. Since it was impossible to remove her husband at that hour, she would not leave him. She would watch by the corpse till morning broke—she would remain on the wild hill alone with it, till she could obtain help.

"Hour after hour passed slowly by. Mary sat still and motionless by her husband's body, and the dog lay at her feet. It was something to have its living, familiar companionship, at such a time. The animal occasionally rose and looked towards the corpse, as if to assure itself that it still lay in its former position—then uttering a low, plaintive whine, it would lick Mary's hand, and again cower down beside her.

"Mary, however, was scarcely conscious of the dog's movements. The suddenness of the misfortune which had befallen her seemed for a time to have closed up the avenues of her bodily senses; and yet her mind was occasionally preternaturally and unaccountably busy about mere trifles—things perfectly unconnected with her present situation. Scenes and persons she had known in her youth intruded themselves with the freshness of yesterday upon her imagination—events she had entirely forgotten awoke from their graves, and stood before her. Her little domestic arrangements, too, would have their share of notice. For instance, she had a haunting consciousness at times of the interior of her own cottage—its present lonely, deserted state—the open door—the decaying fire—and especially of the large cushioned chair in which her husband had been accustomed to sit.

"Then all these would vanish as suddenly as they had arisen; and with a pang of fresh agony she would look up, and see the bare wild mountains around her, and the motionless form beneath the plaid.

"She sat with her arms folded across her knees, and her head resting upon them; and this position she scarcely changed for hours. The distant light which shone from her cottage window faded gradually away, till it was wholly extinguished, and all was deep unbroken darkness below. The moon, however, rose higher and higher in the sky, throwing a flood of silver radiance on the mountain tops, and on the rugged rocks in the neighbourhood of the solemn group. What a sight it shone upon!

"The silence of that mountain region was occasionally oppressive. She could hear, indeed, the rushing of many streams, and the wind whistled among the broken rocks and heath with a melancholy

sound. She could also distinguish at times the plaintive cry of some wild animal prowling among the hills; but all these sounds were of nature; there was nothing of man and of neighbourhood in them.

"What a long and wearisome night it was to the stricken woman! The cold night mists settled down, and penetrated through her garments. She had nothing to protect her from them but her usual dress, and she was chilled and benumbed without being conscious of it. Her mental suffering was too great to allow her to feel bodily discomfort.

"It was long before she could weep. Her heart was too oppressed for that relief; but at length the fountains of her grief were mercifully opened, and her tears flowed forth as if they would never cease. She sat and wept alone on the dreary mountain side; no sounds near her but the wild unfamiliar ones of nature; no human heart by to feel for her; no friendly voice there to whisper consolation to her distressed spirit. It was a fearful solitude.

"She was somewhat superstitious too, like many of her class and country, in consequence of her imaginative temperament; but she had no dread of the lifeless body which lay stiff and motionless beneath that fluttering plaid. Her grief was too engrossing, and he had been too kind and affectionate a husband for her to dread his presence dead. But death is a solemn, mysterious thing; and so Mary felt, as through the long long hours she sat in company with it. She had no anxiety for the fate of the departed spirit; she had not that terrible fear to weigh her down. She knew the depth and sincerity of her husband's piety, and she felt assured that he was gone to God.

"At length, she saw the moon set, and the stars pale. Wearily and slowly did the morning dawn upon the hills; grey and faint did its first beams steal along the sky, and glimmer on the heath where the dead man lay, and the solitary mourner sat. In one day—what a change! Yesterday's morn had seen her a happy wife—this rose upon her as a poor, desolate, broken-hearted widow. Mary's tears were now dried; but though her face was calm, the agony of the past night had written itself there in lines never to be effaced. She was changed in a few hours."

The closing scenes are languid. The whole of that episode with Lily and Ronald belongs to the "good books," and is somewhat tiresome. But the authoress exhibits such rare faculty that we trust she will not be discouraged, but will address herself more seriously to the task of making all the episodes and scenes parts of a whole, as bricks are of a house. Let her do that with the same keen eye for reality and dramatic characterization indicated in her two books, and we prophecy a great success.

Little success of any kind can we prophecy for *The Successful Merchant*, or for *Antony, the Deaf and Dumb Boy*. They belong to the "good" class, just where goodness melts into namby pamby. We could not toil to the end of either. You will ask us, perhaps, why then we venture to criticise books we have not read? That is our criticism—we could not read them! If you doubt us, try! "Antony" takes up a subject capable of great tragic and philosophic interest; but as to this boy being deaf and dumb, he might as well have been halt and blind for anything this story benefits by it. If the author is very young, there is good promise in "Antony," in spite of its weariness and "rose-pink sentiment"; but we advise him, or her, to abstain from writing until meditation and experience have given more substance to be worked into fiction. The manner is not without a grace of its own; but the matter is "very tolerable, and not to be endured."

#### LAMARTINE ON THE RESTORATION.

*Histoire de la Restauration.* Par A. de Lamartine. Tomes 3 et 4. W. Jeffs.

THE third and fourth volumes of this work are greatly superior, both in interest and style, to the two first. There is the same negligence both of diction and of fact; the same sonorous improvisation, and shabby splendour of phrase; the same recurrence to favourite words and formulas; the same worthlessness in all *historical* respects; but also the same narrative power, the same unflagging animation, the same strong partisanship and detestation of Napoleon, and the same brilliant qualities. In a subsequent article on the Battle of Waterloo we shall see how history has been sacrificed to romance by this improvisatore of genius; meanwhile one single illustration will enable you to estimate the carelessness with which he has written his rapid history.

Speaking of Napoleon's descent from Elba he says, "Either because the Emperor wished to deceive even his friends by fixing the 1st of April

as the date of the proposed expedition, or else because his natural impatience rendered delay intolerable, he surprised Europe, and, perhaps, surprised himself, by anticipating precipitately the time agreed upon." Fifty pages further on Lamartine attributes—without any "perhaps" or qualification—this anticipation of the fixed time to his knowledge of the intrigues set on foot by the Duke of Orleans, and that he "determined, at all risks, to crush this rival by precipitating his departure from Elba." To those familiar with Lamartine's method of compiling history this discrepancy will admit of easy explanation—the book from which he was copying, at page 28, said one thing; the book from which he was copying, at page 76, said another—*voilà tout*.

There is a terrible *à propos* about these volumes. We seem, in reading their infamies, to be reading of 1852. The servility which smoothed the path before the tyrant from Elba has been faithfully parodied by the servility which has greeted the blackguard from Ham—with this difference in favour of 1815, that the man to whose ambition France then was sacrificed was at least a *great* man, and one who had crowned her with laurels as well as thorns; he was a man whose genius no one denied, whose personal influence no one could resist. Whereas the degraded blackleg who *now* commands the servility of France has nothing—even among blacklegs—to recommend him. What he was in obscurity, we in London know—the most insignificant of those who visited Gore-house! what he is in power, Europe has seen. Yet he, by force of sheer unscrupulousness, aided by a blackguard army, exacts more implicit obedience, tyrannises in a more absolute and odious manner, than the great Napoleon ever dared! But whose the fault? We grieve to say it—the fault is in the French army and the French public. They have shown themselves precisely the same unscrupulous tools and servile subjects as in 1815. Does any man suppose that the officers of an English army would not long ago have thrown up their commissions had such a *coup d'état*, so executed, and so continued, been ventured upon in England? Why, then, are the French officers silent? Read Lamartine and see. What can we expect from an army whose very highest officers, the Soult, the Neys, the Labédoyères—military heroes—played the most shameless and treacherous game, always siding with victorious power? Napoleon is beaten—they desert to the Bourbons; Napoleon returns from Elba—Ney vows to bring him before Louis XVIII. in "an iron cage"—he departs, finds the people sympathizing with Napoleon, finds it probable that Napoleon will succeed, and accordingly betrays his trust to betray it again!

We declare that nothing has given us greater pain of late than the reading of these volumes by the lurid light of December, 1851. It has shaken our old love for the French Nation. It has shown us that the mass of that accomplished and amiable people is still greatly retarded in its development by the powerful remains of barbarism. Accustomed to proclaim themselves the "brain of the world"—the "centre of civilization"—they are, as we cannot help believing, so clogged with barbarism as to be incapable of self-government. What is more characteristic of the barbarian than this shameless treachery, this abject servility! The highest officers in the army, the prefects, magistrates, and middle classes, all submit to a Louis Napoleon—a disgrace indelible, if such men could feel disgrace!

But for the sake of unhappy France let us also add that all her honest minds are deeply, mournfully ashamed of what has befallen her. Alas! they form but a weak minority! Let us also note, for the glory of the lettered class that now, as in 1815, they are free from the disgrace of abetting tyranny. The Church, of course, blesses Louis Napoleon—whom will not a Jesuit bless? But the Lay Priests of the Nation indignantly keep aloof. To the honour of journalism, be it said, that except a few hired bravos of the Véron and Cassagnac school, none of the journalists have hesitated—they have not prostituted their talents, as Marshals and Generals have prostituted their swords! One of them said in a private letter the other day, "Accustomed to consider myself something *because* a Frenchman, I am now reduced to the humiliation of considering myself something *in spite of* my being a Frenchman." And this feeling is general among the lettered class—a feeling of national humiliation!

We have been led away from Lamartine's book, by the reflections it suggested; but we shall return to it, and notice its amusing account of Waterloo.



## COKE'S RIDE OVER THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

*A Ride over the Rocky Mountains to Oregon and California; with a Glance at some of the Tropical Islands.* By the Honourable Henry J. Coke. Bentley.

THE Honourable Henry Coke must disabuse his mind of two prepossessions ere he again takes up the pen; if he wish to take it up with success; and those two are, first, that he has any natural aptitude for gay and sparkling composition; second, that to make books effective a writer should dress up for "effect." Mr. Kinglake's *Eothen* has misled many writers of travels. After Byron, no man aspired to the glory of a poetic soul unless he turned down his collars and despised mankind; after *Eothen*, no man ventures to narrate his travels unless he can be facetious and sarcastic.

Mr. Coke has performed a journey such as, half a century ago, would have made him a considerable lion; and the narrative of that journey lies before us—curious and interesting enough, especially in those passages wherein he is plainly telling what he experienced, but rendered less agreeable by the ambitious passages in which he attempts to "write up" uninteresting details. His journey was unpremeditated. He crossed to the West Indies and the States apparently for mere amusement; and at the suggestion of the moment determined upon the perilous journey across the Rocky Mountains to California—a romantic adventure, worthy of its record. As a book to lounge through during an idle afternoon, this may be commended. No one will find it dull; and if it be slighter in texture than one could wish, in that respect it resembles most modern books of travels—books written to be sold, read, and forgotten.

There is too much space devoted to the earlier and less interesting incidents of this journey. Sketches of society in the West Indies are hack-nied now. Here, however, is a glimpse of the scenery of the Blue Mountains worth extracting:—

"As we ascended, we observed a considerable change in the vegetation. Parasitical and orchidaceous plants grew in great luxuriance; their rope-like roots dropped from the high branches to the ground, and were entwined with endless varieties of creepers, which again clomb upwards, gracefully concealing the unsightliness of their naturally-formed ladders. These festoons, woven together in rank exuberance, fashioned themselves above into a verdant canopy, which effectually excluded the scorching rays of the sun. Among the most remarkable objects of this vegetable kingdom is the tree fern. Its stem is sometimes between forty and fifty feet high; from the top it throws out delicate leafy branches, drooping downwards, and give it all the appearance of a small and beautiful palm. But delightful as are these 'shadowy deserts,' there is a terrible absence of animal life. Hardly a bird or beast is to be seen. A few days since we rode into the woods above Bachelor's Pen, and saw great numbers of parrots and humming-birds, but to-day we have seen nothing of the kind; the only traces of any living thing being a patch of ground, where some wild pigs had been rooting with their noses, and a black snake, which one of our horses trod on in the path. When we got to the top of the pass, just at the foot of the Blue Mountains, and about 3000 feet above the level of the sea, we dismounted, and walked nearly to the bottom of the hill, until we came to a lovely spot, where two or three tributary streams empty themselves into the Rio Grande."

There is something very amusing in the account of the outfit of the inexperienced party, when they were about to front the desperate chances of the overland route; white kid gloves, ginger-beer in bottles, chocolate, camp-stools, and carving knives—but not a word of ropes, harness, picket-pins, and necessities. It is natural to suppose that such an outfit was soon practically discovered to be absurd. Indeed, part of the amusement of this record arises from the inexperience of the travellers, and the experience of the mules. Look at these animals in the following passage:—

"Brought all the animals down, tied them up, and packed them. If ever there were other vicious mules in the world, they must have been amiability itself compared with ours. They rolled, they kicked, they plunged, they screamed, they bit, as though we had been submitting them to the torments of the damned. Taking six men to each mule, we finally lashed the packs on them so tight as almost to cut them in two. The moment their heads were loosed, away they went into the river, over the hills, and across the country as hard as they could lay legs to the ground. Oh! it was a pretty sight! The flour and biscuit stuff swimming about in the river, the hams in a ditch full of mud, the new set of pots and pans bumping and rattling on the ground until there was not a morsel of shape left in one of them. And the pack-saddles, which have delayed us a week to get made, broken and smashed to splinters."

But after the thrilling pages of Kelly's *Excursion to California*, the incidents in this volume are tame, partly because the terrible Indians only loom in the distance, and never actually come upon the scene.

We have not space to quote some of the longer extracts we had marked, and must conclude with this account—for the especial indignation of all readers—of the Indian squaw and

## THE ROASTED PUPPY.

"A young puppy that had been playing with the child was seized by the woman, and received from her half a dozen sharp blows on the throat with a piece of wood about to be used for firing. The puppy was then returned, kicking, to the tender mercies of the infant, who exerted its little might to add to the miseries of the beast, while the mother prepared the fire and a small kettle for the purpose of cooking. The puppy, still much more alive than dead, was then taken by the hind legs and held over the flames, till the woman's fingers could bear the heat no longer. She then let it fall on the fire, where it struggled and squeaked most piteously, and would have succeeded in delaying its end, but that the little savage took care to provide for the security of his late playmate, by replacing him in the flames, till life was extinguished and the hair satisfactorily burnt off."

## READE'S POETICAL WORKS.

*The Poetical Works of John Edmund Reade.* 2 vols. Chapman and Hall.

THE collected edition of the poetical works of an accomplished gentleman who, for twenty years, has laboured courageously at his art, demand a more deliberate notice than the intrinsic merit of these works would, perhaps, secure. Twenty years of ambition, twenty years of thoughtful labour, twenty years of love and brooding meditation, are here distilled and sent forth into the world, to court the admiration and the sympathy, or brave the indifference, of readers and critics!

Our opinion must be frankly given, even though it may sound harsh; and that opinion may be expressed in a few words: Mr. Reade is a gentleman of poetical temperament and elegant mind, but he is not a poet.

By this our readers know that we do not mean to deny Mr. Reade's having written poetry, and some beautiful poetry, as far as a passage here and there can be isolated from the text, and presented in shape of a "specimen brick"; but we mean that he is not by nature endowed with that peculiar organization of a poet, which no education can supply. If you demand a short and easy proof, without going to the volumes themselves, read this magniloquent description of Homer in the vision entitled *Εἰδωλον Ομήρου*.

"Methought I stood upon the Chian strand  
In vision: I beheld blind Homer there  
Beside a rock in meditation stand.  
I knew the godlike aspect of the Seer:  
The waves dashed at his feet, he heard them not;  
The harp was in his hands, it was forgot  
In the high mood of his abstracted thought.  
The breezes sighed amid his hoary hair,  
That floated o'er his neck and shoulders bare.  
The inward cheerfulness that emanates  
From the great soul which its own light creates,  
Shone o'er his august countenance, as sheds  
The sun its light o'er mountains' topmost heads.  
His forehead bald rose like an altar-place  
Lighted with fire from heaven: his reverent face  
Turned toward the setting sun, whose lustrous flood  
Fell, robe-like, round the prophet where he stood,  
Typing the everlasting crown that Fame  
Haloing should cast around his deathless name!  
Ye saw the feeling of the infinite  
Quickening his visage with an inward light:  
The moving lips where inspiration dwelt,  
As if the presence of the god he felt,  
Descending on him in that solitude.  
In that large forehead and entranced mood  
Was stamped the image of the immortal creature:  
Even while I gazed, I felt how mighty Nature  
Entered his soul! a prophet there he stood,  
His inspirations round him: from the roar  
Of waves, his rushing verse was born: their power  
From the eternal rocks; from the great sky  
And storms, the strength and the sublimity  
With which he robed his gods; from yonder Sun,  
The watching symbol of the eternal One,  
That shone upon him there in that calm hour,  
As if it lingered round him while it blest;  
The calm, the grandeur, majesty, and rest."

In this passage there are sounding lines and poetical expressions; but who does not feel that this vague and meaningless abstraction of a Poet is almost ludicrous applied to Homer? It is not true, Mr. Reade; you never *did* have such a vision! If

Homer appeared to you, he never appeared like that. Think of the rough, hearty, naïve Homer as a Prophet!

But the passage serves our purpose as illustrative of Mr. Reade's poetical failures: everywhere, as here, we find him substituting vague abstractions for the quick pulsations of life—a sounding period for a reality. He calls these volumes the

"Inward confessional of all that passed  
Upon this inner soul."

## The strife

Of thought to interpenetrate our life,  
Rooting its mysteries to the Source of Being."

Now, it is precisely because these volumes are no confession of his life, that we deny their claim to be considered poetry. He may have tried to let his sorrows and his thoughts express themselves in music; but the unskilful fingers playing on the harp can only play the tune they have been taught, even when attempting to play a tune that "beats time to nothing in the head" of the player.

Mr. Reade, as we said, is a man of elegant mind and poetical temperament. Like thousands of others, he has mistaken aspiration for inspiration, and devoted himself to an Art which Nature never devoted him to. This is the reason why he begins by writing *Cains*, *Deluges*, and *Italys*, in imitation of Byron, and concludes by writing *Dramas of Life* and *Revelations of Life*, in imitation of Wordsworth. He is never himself; always the echo of some other's song. Had there been a song within him, it would have risen above all echoes and burst forth.

Not poetry, then, but agreeable verse, must the reader seek in these volumes. He will find it. What a fine image in the fifth line of this opening stanza to *Italy*:—

"Oh! never yet 'mid Ida's woods reclined,  
Parnassian height, or Delphic shades enshrined,  
Was a sublimer, worthier altar thine  
Than where I hear the chantings of the wind,  
Cloud-folded on the stormy Apennine!  
Than where I feel thee linked with Nature's life and mine."

Here, again, is a good Byronic passage:—

"Is this wreck all that now remains of thee,  
Thou magisterial forum? this the place,  
Ambition's fiery altar? can it be  
This tree-scathed solitude is all the trace  
Where temples crowded into narrowing space!  
Looking while to yon azure heaven they soared,  
As if eternity were in their base;  
Where heroes, demagogues their passion poured,  
And the plebeian herd ruled, flattered, or implored."

"Here the Past sits a substance, not a shade,  
The palpable wrecks around her throne and bier:  
We feel her breath the conscious air pervade,  
A sense of her prophetic being near:  
While in the silence audibly ye hear  
The throbbing pulse of mutability!  
The unheeded present is a shadow here:  
The Future child of both, doth prophesy,  
Changes that storm-like felt, in folded thunders lie."

Elsewhere he speaks with exquisite beauty of

"The summits of unreach'd ambition seen  
In the clear orient of opening youth."

One passage more, and we have done; it shall be from the description of Arethusa:—

"She threw herself upon the bank beneath  
The shadowing willow that o'erhung the stream,  
Her bow and shafts were cast upon the turf:  
Her head against a bough reclined, her neck  
Gleamed whiter from the depths of shadow cast  
By the black trees: her parted lips drank in  
The breathing air, like pulses of her life;  
Spent with fatigue, her arms hung listlessly:  
Like a pale statue in eternal rest  
She looked, still marble, cold, and beautiful,  
Waiting the spark of life's enkindling flame."

These are sufficient to indicate that the volumes contain passages such as entitle them to a reading. Our criticism is severe only because we have considered the volumes as poetry meant for posterity. To the general remarks we would fain add one particular observation on the frequent carelessness and discord of the versification—a carelessness which, in works so long under the author's hands, is inexcusable. A delicate sense of music Mr. Reade has not; and in blank verse he follows the weak, unrhythmical, and licentious blank verse of Byron; but there are a quantity of verses that have no scansion whatever: e.g.:—

"Fireflies pendant hung  
Amidst the levelled rays poised motionless on  
Invisibly thrilling wings, lightning like."

Again:—



"The vision came upon my sleep  
From the phantom-land of Dreams:  
And, with its prophetic gleams,  
Song was sent me wild and deep,  
To tell all I did behold.  
The ethereal fire is warm  
That stamped on my mind each form."

Such nondescript lines as  
"Oershadowing earth like thunder clouds, light-  
nings:"  
or as

"Enthroned there; brows the records of high  
And august thought that made of human names,"  
make one play strange tricks with accents. This  
of "august" for "august" we notice again in the  
previously quoted description of Homer:—

"Shone o'er his august countenance, as sheds,"  
which makes the Homeric face autumnal; yet to  
prove that when the sad necessity of rhythm does  
not force him, Mr. Reade pronounces the word like  
all other educated Englishmen, we have only to  
quote this line:—

"All thought august that make us what we are,"  
where it is rightly accented.

We have done. As far as the brief notice of a  
journal can convey an opinion of an author's  
claims, we have attempted to convey ours in this  
notice of John Edmund Reade, whom we find re-  
viewed in the last *Revue des Deux Mondes* side by  
side with Tennyson and Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

#### BOOKS ON OUR TABLE.

*Personal Narrative of Travels to the Equinoctial Regions of  
America, during the years 1799-1804.* By Alexander von  
Humboldt and Anné Bonpland. Translated and Edited by  
Thomasina Ross. (Bohn's Scientific Library.) H. G. Bohn.

This is, perhaps, the most valuable of all the works  
issued by Mr. Bohn. When the three volumes are  
complete we shall devote space to it commensurate  
with its importance; but in the meanwhile announce  
to our readers, for their especial behoof and guid-  
ance as purchasers, that the book itself is "worth its  
weight in gold," and that this compact edition has  
had the advantage of careful revision in its style, and  
has all the Spanish and Portuguese terms, phrases,  
and quotations which occur in the original trans-  
lated into English—a very necessary precaution in a  
country where those languages are so little studied.

*The Odes of Pindar.* Literally translated into English Prose by  
Dawson W. Turner, M.A. To which is adjoined a Metrical  
Version by Abraham Moore. (Bohn's Classical Library.)  
H. G. Bohn.

Pindar we have tried to read in Greek, but could not;  
we have gallantly mounted the breach in English,  
but were always repulsed. In Greek the difficulty  
of the language made us secretly fancy there must  
be something fine, could one but get at it; in Eng-  
lish the naked nonsense "stood confessed." We are  
perfectly aware that there are lines and images to be  
quoted which have a certain Grecian splendour; but  
in this Pindar is like the Old English Dramatists—  
"beauties" lie scattered over heaps of rubbish.

Here, however, for those who still think Pindar is  
pindaric, Mr. Bohn issues two translations, one  
literal and prose, the other paraphrastic and prosy;  
one useful as a "crib," especially with its notes; the  
other for those who wish to read Pindar,

"In sounding song by Genius framed,"  
to apply its own elegant diction.

*The Literary Almanack.* P. Edwards.  
This almanac is not quite what it professes—but  
another year's, which is promised as an improvement,  
may be more worthy of the title. On what principle  
the list of books published is compiled does not  
appear; we missed several for which we looked.  
Among publishers, the name of James Watson is  
omitted. At least the sole publisher of a special  
class should be represented. The idea of the almanac  
is a good one, and deserves to be well and impartially  
executed.

*A Woman's Journey Round the World, from Vienna to Brazil,  
Chili, Tahiti, China, Hindostan, Persia, and Asia Minor.* An  
Unabridged Translation from the German of Ida Pfeiffer.  
With tinted engravings. National Illustrated Library.

Madame Ida Pfeiffer's remarkable journey round the  
world is here presented to the English reader in an  
idiomatic and unabridged translation, carefully exe-  
cuted. It is illustrated with tinted engravings of  
various remarkable sites—some of them, as the  
Rock Temples of Elora, conveying a very vivid con-  
ception of the scene, others of no peculiar merit.

*The United Industrial School of Edinburgh.* A Sketch of its  
Origin, Progress, and Practical Influence. A. and C. Black.  
Two engravings of the Children at Work (rendered  
with a Rembrandtish effect of light and shade, per-  
haps we ought to say of shade and light), and a series  
of papers explanatory of the objects of this useful  
school, constitute the substance of this pamphlet. The  
industrial feature is a part of education which practi-  
cal Scotland takes the lead in; and on this account,  
apart even from the benevolence of the object sought  
to be promoted by it, this pamphlet deserves  
attention.

*The Bible our Stumbling Block and our Strength.* John Chapman.

We have here a thoughtful, well written "tract for the  
times" against Bibliolatry. Why it is anonymous  
we cannot tell. Shall we ever outlive the timidity  
which tolerates and cherishes an erroneous reverence,  
so long as writers who protest against the evil avoid  
or evade the responsibility of their own advice?

*Nicaragua; its People, Scenery, and Monuments.* With nu-  
merous original Maps and Plates. By E. G. Squier, late  
Chargé d'Affaires. Two Volumes. Longman, Brown, Green, and Co.

*Rambles beyond Railways.* By W. Wilkie Collins. Second  
Edition. Bentley.

*A Practical Treatise on the Disease of the Lungs and Heart.* By  
W. H. Walshe, M.D. Taylor, Walton, and Maberly.

*Lebahn's German, in One Volume; with a Key.* Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

*Edward Charlton; or, Life Behind the Counter.* A Tale Illustra-  
tive of the Drapery Trade, and the Evils of the Late Hour  
System. By Frederick Ross. Henry Lea.

*The Companion-Shakespeare.* No. 2, Richard II. Charles Knight.

*A Woman's Journey Round the World.* By Ida Pfeiffer. National Illustrated Library.

*Donaldson's Latin Grammar.* J. W. Parker and Son.

*The History of the British Empire, from the Accession of James  
I.* By John Macgregor, M.P. Chapman and Hall.

*Memoirs of the Marquis of Rockingham and his Contemporaries.*  
With Original Letters and Documents. In two volumes. By  
George Thomas, Earl of Albemarle. Bentley.

*Martin Fontenay; or, Adventures of a Frenchman in London.* Bentley.

*Biographical Notice of Nicolo Paganini, with an Analysis of his  
Compositions, and a Sketch of the History of the Violin.* By  
E. J. Fetis. Translated by Wellington Guersey. Schott and Co.

*The Child's German Book.* By A. H. N. Franz Thimen.

*Royal Military Magazine: The British Soldier.* A Journal de-  
voted to the Interests of the United Services. By Lieutenant  
Colonel Hort. W. Hart and Co.

*Notes, Thoughts, and Enquiries.* By Charles Chalmers. First  
Series. John Churchill.

*May I not Do what I Will with My Own.* Considerations on the  
Contest between the Operative Engineers and their Em-  
ployers. By Edward Vansittart Neale, of Lincoln's Inn. Bezer.

*Epitome of the Evidence on Church Rates.* By J. S. Trelawny,  
Esq., M.P. Theobald.

*The Poems and Ballads of Schiller.* Translated by Sir Edward  
Bulwer Lytton, Baronet. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh.

*Introductory Lectures on the Opening of Owen's College, at Man-  
chester.* T. Sowler, Manchester.

THE COMFORT OF RELIGION.—The coolness with  
which people who live above the world sometimes  
avail themselves of its lowest verge of usage is truly  
amazing. An affluent gentleman of high religious  
profession, subscriber to gospel schools, believer in  
preventive grace, and otherwise the pride of the evan-  
gelical heart, found himself not insensible to the ap-  
proaches of the Hudson mania, speculated far beyond  
the resources of his fortune, declined to take up his  
bad bargains, and thus, at the expense of utter ruin  
to his agent, escaped with comparatively easy loss to  
himself. The agent, being but an honourable sinner  
of the worldly class, was struck down by the blow  
into great depression. His employer was enabled to  
take a more cheerful view, and, on meeting his poor  
victim, rallied him on his dejected looks and hopeless  
thoughts, so different from his own resigned and  
comfortable state of mind; "but, ah! I forgot," he  
added with a sigh, "you are not blest with my reli-  
gious consolations!"—*Westminster Rev.*, No. 111.

A DOG'S IMAGINATION.—A dog, which refused  
dry bread, and was in the habit of receiving from his  
master little morsels dipped in the gravy of the meat  
remaining in the plate, snapped eagerly after dry  
bread if he saw it rubbed round the plate, and as, by  
way of experiment, this was repeatedly done till its  
hunger was satisfied, it was evident that the imagina-  
tion of the animal conquered for the time its faculties  
of smell and taste.—*Thompson's Passions of Animals.*

CAREER OF A SHELLFISH.—But the life of a shell-  
fish is not one of unvarying rest. Observe the phases  
of an individual oyster from the moment of its earliest  
embryo-life, independent of maternal ties, to the con-  
summation of its destiny when the knife of fate  
shall sever its muscular cords and doom it to entomb-  
ment in a living sepulchre. How starts it forth  
into the world of waters? Not, as unenlightened  
people believe, in the shape of a minute, bivalved,  
protected, grave, fixed, and steady oysterling. No;  
it enters upon its career all life and motion, flitting  
about in the sea as gaily and lightly as a butterfly or  
a swallow skims through the air. Its first appearance  
is as a microscopic oyster-cherub, with wing-like  
lobes flanking a mouth and shoulders, unencumbered  
with inferior crural prolongations. It passes through  
a joyous and vivacious juvenility, skipping up and  
down as if in mockery of its heavy and immovable  
parents. It voyages from oyster-bed to oyster-bed,  
and if in luck, so as to escape the watchful voracity  
of the thousand enemies that lie in wait or prowl  
about to prey upon youth and inexperience, at length,  
having sown its wild oats, settles down into a steady,  
solid, domestic oyster. It becomes the parent of fresh  
broods of oyster-cherubs.—*Westminster Rev.*, No. 111.

## Portfolio.

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

### OLD MAN AND YOUNG.

BY GOODWYN BARMBY.

Unknot thy furrowed brows, Old Man,  
And loose thy puckered lips;  
The golden sun gilds evening dun,  
Old earth the new dew sips;  
And why should thou die dark, Old Man,  
In pride of pomp or pelf,  
And scorn the beam which young eyes dream,  
Nor see the snake in self?

Say not, in treacherous tones, Old Man,  
That wisdom is in years,  
When on the ground the seed is found  
Shed from the burnished ears;  
And of those ears, thus shed, Old Man,  
The empty husks remain,  
While even the seed to spring in need  
Is old life young again.

It is not childish talk, Old Man,  
Those dizzy dreams of youth,  
Whose rainbows ray, whose pinions play,  
Upon the breath of Truth:  
There's fount of colour deep, Old Man,  
From which those rainbows rise,  
And curving springs whence plumy wings  
Soar singing to the skies.

Prate not so much of age, Old Man,  
'Tis modest not, nor true;  
There's even dust despised which must  
Be older far than you;  
And think a moment, pray, Old Man,  
That power was old as Him  
Whose endless truth has ever youth,  
Whose love grows never dim.

And hast thou ever read, Old Man,  
How Youth came from the skies,  
And filled the morn on which 'twas born  
With oldest harmonies;  
And taught that such as you, Old Man,  
Must yet be born again;  
And, scorning wise all ancient lies,  
Held children up to men.

Shake not thy palsied head, Old Man,  
It readeth thus to me:  
Immortal Truth, eternal Youth,  
Are one in harmony;  
Truth never dies, mark well, Old Man,  
We die to Truth and Love:  
The suns but set to burnish yet  
The blushing skies above.

Say not, What is, will be, Old Man;  
That change is not ordained;  
That slaves and kings are useful things,  
And men are happiest chained.  
The breeze it freely flows, Old Man,  
By no vain edict bound;  
The starry choir out-hymn thee, liar!  
And roll more radiant round.

Then totter to thy tomb, Old Man,  
Nor strive no more to freeze  
The warming flood of rich red blood  
Which fills our ministries;  
Thy place is under ground, Old Man,  
Thy tomb shall have a tongue;  
The young grass grow o'er thee below,  
The skies beam o'er the young.

Old things must go with thee, Old Man,  
Old dynasties must die;  
Old creeds, old laws, "the good old cause,"  
Must sunset in the sky.  
New thoughts are rising high, Old Man,  
And still the prophets sing  
The birth of Truth, the faith of Youth,  
And the sunshine of the Spring.

### VIVIAN ON THE FAIR SEX.

It was felicitously said of a woman, by the gay  
and gallant Steele, that "to love her was a liberal  
education."

*Anch'io son pittore:* I am proud to say that I  
have had such a liberal education; in fact, I have  
had many liberal educations! In virtue of this  
inestimable good fortune, I claim the privilege  
of being heard on a question sometimes debated  
by the correspondents of this journal; the more so  
as I myself, in spite of my notorious love and de-  
votion to the *sexe enchanteur*, have been accused  
by correspondents of treating that sex with levity  
in not sufficiently recognizing "that woman has a  
soul." As I set up, moreover, in the modest re-  
cesses of my heart, the claim to be a poet—unread,  
indeed, and inedited—but are we not often assured  
that

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men"?—

I take to myself, in double part, the following letter, handed over to me because the discussion to which it refers is closed:—

“January 20, 1852.

“SIR,—I feel some reluctance in troubling you with any addition to the many correspondents who have already written in censure or defence of Alexander Smith's sonnet. But it has brought into discussion a subject that excites much interest in my own circle, amongst many of my own sex, who are readers of the *Leader*; and we have often questioned among ourselves whether those who expatiate so eloquently, so voluptuously, on the external, the physical charms of the *fairer sex, softer sex, weaker sex*, or whatever they may please to call us, are at all aware of the effect they produce on our minds (at least on the minds of some of us) by their eloquence in such direction; if they were, we think they would be a little sparing of their compliments—not that we are by any means disposed to the “ascetic” in preference to the “human” view of life with respect to love and art. We are fully convinced that nature, in any of its real forms or its representations in art, can present no impropriety to the imagination of one whose understanding is enlightened, and whose heart is uncorrupted.

“We do not question the right to the vigorous and healthy use of all our senses—to the exercise of them in developing our taste for the beautiful in all its aspects—not unmindful of that one in particular that originated the discussion in question. We are true admirers of animal beauty in all its varieties. We delight in a fine horse, a fine dog, a handsome man, a handsome woman, inasmuch as they present ideas of beauty in form and feature—ideas most readily appreciated by the senses—affording them innocent enjoyment, which we thankfully accept from the hand of nature, being good of their kind and in their place. But they soon satiate; and though they may be serviceable materials for a poet who seeks fame more from the varnished language and showy dress in which he clothes his thoughts than from the loftiness of the thoughts themselves, we are apt to associate other views with our ideas of poetry.

“We regard it as an elevating art, suggesting to the imagination things unseen—that cannot be appreciated by the senses—revealing the vast mysteries of nature, the hidden thoughts, mental struggles, and great emotions of great souls, when humanity is the subject. True, the senses may, often with advantage, be made the medium of conveying mental emotions—the contracted brow, that portrays the storm within—the reproachful glance, that reveals unkindness felt, and a thousand other figures that are at a poet's command, may awaken sentiments that we dwell on with satisfaction. But “the heaving breast,” “the beating heart,” and such like descriptive terms, that might be equally well applied to a vast number of animals, convey to our imagination no very permanent poetic impression, though we do not wish to deprive them of their legitimate place in the region of art, yet surely they do but occupy the lower level; and we do not feel ourselves at all flattered by poets, who, when they make us the theme of their song, admit us only into this lower level, as if we inspired them with no higher sentiments than such as are suggested by a fair complexion, flowing hair, pearly teeth, rosy lips, or “bosom white,” ignoring that we have souls as they—noble passions, lofty aspirations, moral courage, and self-denying heroism, in a degree not perhaps inferior to themselves. Why are all these qualities kept in the background? Is there no poetry in them? Or does the secret of our influence over man lie in mere sensual attractions, that they must be ever uppermost in their minds, most ready at their tongue's end. If so, we cannot but feel ourselves desecrated when we become objects of interest to them? If we cannot appeal to their souls, we scorn to pander to their senses.

“In these reflections I believe I represent the feelings of a large class of women, who are disgusted with the position they too often hold in the esteem of man with his present ideas.

“Yours respectfully, A. J. E.”

I do not think it fair to reproach sonneteers and lyrists for what they omit. It is not every genius that devotes itself to the interpretation of the “vast mysteries of nature”—that “sweeps the empyrean” with expanded wings. Anacreon is not Pindar; nay, did not “the bard of Teos” (*style choisi et classique*!) frankly tell us, that let him take up his lyre with never such grand, patriotic, and Atrides-chanting ambition, yet the chords would only tremble to the accents of Love?

‘Α βαρβίλος δε χορδαῖς  
ἔρωτα μόνον ἤχει.

Let not the poet be reproached, therefore, if he can only sing of Love; crown him with your smiles and tears if he sing worthily of so great a theme! Ah! believe me, A. J. E., there is something more than “varnished language and showy ideas” in the rapturous hymns to Beauty which the poet sings

when he sings of the charms of her who has enthralled him!

And this word “charms” leads me to the other question raised in the letter before me. Women of intelligence and high feeling are indignant at being considered pretty dolls, and treated as agreeable playthings. It is a proper indignation. I reprobate the vulgar assumption of those who pretend to make mere playthings of women. But surely if there are men whose admiration of women is simply the influence of sensual attractions, it is not among poets that those men are found? In the name of the race I protest against the charge! I say, and do most honestly believe, that whatever stupid soulless men may feel, no man who has a soul can fail to appreciate soul in another; and that poets, and all sympathetic men of talent, keenly appreciate the intellectual eminence of women, though they do not always love the cleverest women. And why? Before that question can be fairly asked, you must prove that the cleverest women or the cleverest men are the pleasantest, the most loveable!

But it appears the poets (and I am under the same charge) are eloquent on the beauty of the fair sex, and are silent on their intellectual charms! As far as the soul shows itself in womanly ways—in refinement, in gaiety, in grace, in tenderness, in heroic fortitude and constancy—we are surely eloquent enough about it? But I plead guilty to the charge of uttering no rhapsody on Isabella's proficiency in *Conic Sections*, or on Harriet's attainments in *Malachology*! The intellect—the hard work-a-day instrument of man's supremacy over Nature—is not the topic for poetic fervour, at least as regards women, simply because its connection with the emotions is remote and slender.

I will not here moot the vexed question of whether woman is equal to man, because I think it an idle question. Equal in sheer intellect she is not; but equal in capacity of soul she certainly is. Be that as it may, however, the grand ideal characteristic of Man is Intellect, that of Woman is Affection. Right or wrong as psychology, such you will admit to be the generally accepted notion; the poet, therefore, appealing to general convictions, is forced to respect them; and while he dwells upon the pale and thoughtful face of Man, seeks for the sweetest images of health and beauty when he describes the cheek of woman.

Now, perhaps I can make intelligible to you why the poet, without in the least ignoring the souls of women, is naturally and irresistibly led to lay such stress upon her charms of person. It is because these charms are intimately associated with our emotions of tenderness and love. *The affections lie near the senses*; and if we are rapturous about physical beauty, the reason simply is—that beauty excites feeling akin to love within us. What can be more beautiful, more poetical, more intensely associated with the tenderest feelings, than this said “bosom white”? For my part I plead guilty to a most unaffected admiration of every charm a woman possesses, from the soft and fragrant hair that plays about her cheek to the delicate foot that tramples mine under the table. Whatever is soft and gentle, and womanly, seems to be hers by right divine; and the less like man she is, the more perfect is she as woman.

“For woman is not undeveloped man,  
But diverse: could we make her as the man  
Sweet love were slain, whose dearest bond is this  
Not like to like, but like in difference!”

So says the poet, “and he ought to know”; let woman

“Set herself to man  
Like perfect music unto noble words,”

and she will find that her charms are very essential elements in the harmony.

People try to browbeat us out of our admiration of women, by calling ugly words, and telling us the charms are “merely sensual.” What then? I see no reason to turn up one's nose at sensual charms! This wonderful body of ours is a miracle, not a degradation—a temple, not a dunghill. I protest against the assumption conveyed in the word “sensual”! Think what you please of me for the avowal, but I do admire a “bosom white,” and you cannot make me ashamed of it. All men admire it; all men should. Tartufe called for the neckerchief—because he was Tartufe!

The “fair sex” and the “softer sex” then I must designate women; but in doing so I shall be grossly misunderstood, if I am thought to imply that women are only fair and soft. I have known too many women of splendid intellects to permit such an implication. Nor is it a “pretty doll” that is wanted. Stupidity is intolerable in woman

as in man; but I put it to any of my readers, whether intellect, *in and for itself*, is really a charm enviable above all other charms? Take these two extremes and say which will be preferable, preferred:—a lovely woman of ordinary intellect, and an unloving immensely clever woman, deep in endless *ologies*, and destitute of hips!

Therefore, O fair and gentle Sex! do not suppose we males are indifferent to your souls because we grow eloquent about your charms. Intellect is not your crowning grace, your supreme dominion; nor in my opinion is it man's (but *that's* a heresy!). A stupid woman only stupid men can love; but a loving woman is the noblest work of God!

I am, as you know, a Bachelor—and mean to remain so! But if you will have my Confession of Faith, here it is: I should not like a wife wanting in the gentle attributes of the gentler sex—I should wish to wed a Woman, not a Mind. Beauty is not indispensable, but it is an immense advantage; and at all events, I will not hesitate to avow my decided preference for a loving nature with a “bosom white,” to Intellect and . . . . . wadding!

## The Arts.

### FRA DIAVOLO.

At last there has been genuine success at Drury Lane, thanks to Sims Reeves and his wife, and Whitworth, and Miss P. Horton—no thanks to Mr. Bunn, who suffered a murderous orchestra and chorus to do their worst on Auber's graceful music...and they did it! Yet Rip Van Winkle believed the old chorus of twenty years ago—engaged “irrespective of expense” (what a thing it is to be a poet, and know your own language!)—would satisfy audiences that have listened to Julien and to Costa.

In ordinary cases I should pass by such want of managerial capacity; but Mr. Bunn—the manager—will not let me. Does he not, with impudence colossal as his incapacity, actually appear before the curtain to receive the plaudits of the audience for this opera? Does he not bow patronizingly to his public, hand pressing down an exulting heart, smiles approving the applause? For what? For producing that “startling novelty?” or for the rebellious chorus and erratic band? Is he applauded for Sims Reeves? Does Auber owe success to him? What is it Mr. Bunn has done that we should have him grimacing before the curtain and accepting an ovation? . . . . . An idea strikes me! It is the author of those Bills the public wishes to see and applaud! Napoleon's eloquence was uttered in proclamations to his soldiers; Mr. Bunn's finds vent in Playbills. The public is a curious public, and wanted to see the man capable of writing those bills—that is the only solution I can give you of the difficulty!

To quit Mr. Bunn—whom I drag relentlessly before you because he is one of the men most injurious to the drama—I advise you to go and see *Fra Diavolo* in spite of drawbacks. *Robert the Devil* I could not get to see, and it has been withdrawn (owing to “immense success,” I presume!) since the first night. Helen Faucit is engaged for a few nights, and will attract many glad to see her, even in such a company. She has faults, serious faults, but on the whole she is without question the finest tragic actress on our stage. But to see *Romeo and Juliet* so cast!

### AMINTA.

On Monday the Haymarket produced a comic opera, in two acts, by Howard Glover, son of the great comedian, called *Aminta, the Village Coquette*, to a vociferous body of friends and a remarkably unmoved public. I was one of that public, and amused myself by observing the contrast. The only occasions when the public seemed really to take part in the applause was at the unaccompanied quintet in the first act (a charming composition), and at the lively pizzicato song, “What a thing is love,” sung by Mrs. Caulfield in the second act, which, though anything but original, is ear-tickling.

The music is light, but commonplace. There are no original melodies, not even phrases, such as indicate musical genius; but there is considerable cleverness of adaptation, and the whole is free from vulgarity. The number of “songs” introduced, with an eye to the publishers, make the opera wearisome, the more so as they are not of that ear-catching character which carries popularity.

On the whole, the opera was well put on the stage. Louisa Pyne, as the village coquette, had a



part which just lies within her smiling, arch, and delicate power, and she sang charmingly. Weiss, as the Alcalde, was wooden, but sang effectively. Harrison played a village lover, stupid as village lovers in comic operas usually are; and he showed that he possessed the intelligence needed for the part! This unhappy tenor bawled his love songs as if they had been the "Bay o' Biscay," and talked of Aminter and love's *i-ron chain* till I began to imagine him some distinguished foreigner—a kind of Walworth Tamberlik! The poor composer must not be credited with all the malicious laughter excited by his leading tenor.

#### THE CONSPIRATOR IN SPITE OF HIMSELF!

I went on Wednesday to the *Olympic*, and saw there a languid drama, *The Conspirator in Spite of Himself*, which is a feeble copy—oh! how feeble—of *Secret Service*, a piece in which Farren was so masterly that the author of the present drama, disregarding the *ne quid nimis*, thought we could bear to have it again in the mildest form of matured mediocrity. Hence this piece, wherein Farren plays an old writing master set to copy treasonable papers for Jacobite conspirators—wherein Compton, the funny footman (such fun!) has to assume the part of a French Marquis, and after saying *oui, oui*, talks English and takes snuff—wherein William Farren plays a tender lover who is uncertain what to do with his legs—wherein Louisa Howard, without trouble, looks pretty, and does not seem to know much about what she is saying—wherein—but no! I will not continue. Goethe said of the poets of his day, "they put too much water in their ink"—the author of this drama has forgotten to put any ink in his water. *C'est bête! ah! que c'est bête!*

VIVIAN.



#### 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.

#### EDUCATIONAL ENFRANCHISEMENT.

December 24, 1851.

SIR,—I have long privately entertained an opinion that, instead of basing the Electoral Franchise upon property—the possession or occupation of lands and tenements, it might possibly be founded upon Personal Intelligence,—much, as I have fancied, to the improvement of the existing state of things. But, whenever I have suggested this to "practical" and knowing people, I have been uniformly told that, though the notion is very good, it is somehow utterly impracticable, and could not be carried out. I have, therefore, been content to indulge my crotchets secretly, and have not ventured until now to hint it to the public. I do not think I should have been emboldened to do so, even yet, but for a notable revelation made by Mr. Cobden, at a public meeting lately held at Halifax. Your readers may remember that that distinguished gentleman—who is commonly considered to be eminently "practical" in all he says and does—stated that he had "heard Lord John Russell say something to the effect that an educational test would not be a bad franchise to be admitted into this country"; and I suppose we may conclude, from the manner in which he mentioned it, that Mr. Cobden himself perceives no particular folly in the notion.

Now, if any one cares to know it, I do not generally pretend to think very highly of Lord John's statesmanship; but I have a great respect for his understanding and discernment; and I am decidedly persuaded that his judgment, in a matter of this sort, is of no small authority. I have also been reminded of the force of that saying which Emerson ascribes to the scholar of the age:—"Every solitary dream of mine is rushing to fulfilment. That fancy I had, and hesitated to utter because you would laugh, the

broker, the attorney, the market-man, are saying the same thing. Had I waited a day longer to speak, I had been too late. Behold, State-street thinks! and Wall-street doubts, and begins to prophesy!"

But, not to dally with preliminaries, I will state, as briefly as I can, in what way I conceive a system of Educational Enfranchisement might be actually established. Every one knows that when a person applies for any given situation in society,—say for the office of exciseman, national schoolmaster, parish clerk, relieving officer, or for any other function by which he hopes to earn his bread,—he is expected to come provided with testimonials in support of his qualifications, and it is presumed that these have been obtained from persons who can speak decisively of his fitness for the post in requisition. In some instances there are public boards of examination, on appearing before which, and submitting his pretensions to an established test, he may obtain a certificate of his eligibility for employment in the particular department of activity which he claims to enter. Now, I have fancied that some such boards of examiners might be instituted, in convenient places throughout the country, to try the qualifications of all who aspire to become electors. It is not for me to say precisely how they shall be constituted; but I suppose they could be as readily devised and organized as were the existing courts for revising the registration and settling objections. A set of printed questions could be prepared, like any ordinary examination paper, and the knowledge of all forthcoming candidates for the franchise might thus be compendiously ascertained; and the answers of such as proved satisfactory should entitle the answers to be placed on the voters' list. Persons might be eligible for the examination at the age of twenty-one, or at any other age that should be determined on; and, in cases of removal from one part of the country to another, a simple certificate from the board should be enough to entitle the removing person to claim to be entered on the list of the neighbourhood in which he might go to settle. Some security would be needed against forgery; but that, I presume, is a point which might readily be provided for. The printed questions, also, would require to be different every year, so that there should be no opportunity for the candidates to mislead the board by using answers that had formerly been given by other persons. Some regard ought likewise to be paid to the moral character of the individual; but, perhaps, it would be sufficient to take this generally for granted, unless some objector could come forward and definitively convict him of some legal crime, or of any grievous irregularity of life—such as manifest injustice in his dealings, habitual drunkenness and disregard for decency, notoriety for lying, or the like; and, in the absence of any such well-defined and clearly proved objection, his eligibility as a voter should be held to be established, on the ground of his general and political intelligence alone, and should be thenceforth unimpeachable, save in cases wherein it might be subsequently invalidated by clear proof of the objections already indicated.

The specific constitution of these supposed boards of examination is not what we need be concerned with at the present time, since that would have to be settled by the Parliament, in accordance with the sense and wishes of the intelligent community. It is enough that the rough elementary idea is here set forth for consideration. Whatever modifications or limitations should be found needful, the same might be supplied by those whose supposed duty it is to govern us and legislate for our necessities as an organized society.

The general constituency thus obtained might not be altogether so pure and perfect as one could wish: such a supposable body of electors would not, perhaps, answer precisely to what one would call the ideal of an elective people; yet any one may see that it would be immeasurably superior to what we have at present; and it should be remembered that, with a moderate approximation to the ideal, it becomes us to rest content. Push your actuality as closely as possible to your ideal; but do not despair of it, or pour contempt upon it, if, by reason of the imperfection of human things, you cannot bring the two to coincide.

It has not escaped me that the sort of suffrage here proposed would make sad havoc with the existing constituencies in the kingdom. It would undoubtedly disfranchise a multitude of ten-pound borough voters, forty-shilling freeholders, and farm tenants-at-will. But what of that? It would, in return, give the franchise to a large number of people better qualified to use it; and, as it would form an additional plea for National Education, it might gradually and ultimately lead to universal suffrage. When all the people are actually intelligent, I suppose there could be no objection to universal suffrage. But there is manifestly no advantage in increasing voters, unless the persons admitted to the franchise be already qualified to understand the character and tendency of public questions, and to appreciate ability and integrity, or detect the lack of such, in the men who come forward to represent them in the Legislature. Stupid, unintelligent people cannot by the nature of them elect anything, save some superlative stupidity. They naturally and inevitably admire only the colossal

likeness of themselves; and him they will accordingly aim to exalt to the pinnacle of affairs. In such an elective bewilderment as we have at present, there is evidently no hope. We require wise and able men to represent and rule us; and, as Carlyle has again and again insisted, you cannot by any intricate process whatsoever distil a wisdom out of a preordained stupidity, however clamorously and triumphantly elected. You might as soon expect to make pancakes out of Bath brick, or spin a waggon rope from apple parings. If ever we are to have a Parliament or Government consisting of the most honourable and gifted men of the country—in whom alone there is any chance of guidance—it is plain we must first have a body of electors possessed of sense and intelligence and honesty enough to discern and honour gifts and worthiness, and resolutely determined to give their suffrages only to men in whom these lofty qualities are to be found. There seems to be no better plan devisable than that of making the suffrage dependent on intelligence. For even if conscientiousness does not always happen to go along with it, it is still clear and undeniable that true rational enlightenment is the beginning and forerunner of all just conduct; and without it a man is likely to have little virtue that can really be relied on in regard to his public duties.

I could find a great deal more to say upon this subject, but I am afraid of making my letter too lengthy for your columns; so, for the present, believe me,  
Yours faithfully, JOHN LEAF.

#### LETTER FROM THE REVEREND JOHN JESSOPP.

East India United Service Club, January 22, 1852.

SIR,—My attention has been called to your paper of January 3, in which you pass some severe strictures on my adaptation of M. Monod's Sermons on "Woman." I have simply to aver, that I not only did not claim, but distinctly disclaimed, all pretence to originality; and I have the gratification of finding this to be admitted by independent testimony; for in a review of the book which appeared in the *Evangelical Magazine* of this month, the writer (who is a stranger to me, thus concludes:—"We thank Mr. Jessopp for his handsome book, which though avowedly an amplification of a sermon by a late French Protestant Clergyman," whom he does not name, is not on that account less worthy of extensive circulation." By avoiding idiomatic peculiarities of style—by omitting disquisitions upon national educational systems—by giving to the work a totally different form, by arranging it in chapters with appropriate headings and mottoes, and by the introduction of additional matter in illustration of the subject—I at once divested it, as I believed, of whatever might detract from its interest to the ordinary English reader; and at the same time established, as I thought, its claim to be what it simply professed to be, an amplification of a sermon by a late French Protestant Clergyman.

Ten or twelve months ago, I read in one of the English papers an announcement of the death of M. Monod, the author of *Lucile, ou la Lecture de la Bible*, and other works. I have not seen this subsequently contradicted, and my conviction was, and still is, that M. Monod is actually deceased. The ascription of the date of the sermons to 1849 instead of 1848 is at most a slovenly inaccuracy, if you will, but cannot be supposed by any reasonable man to have been a clumsy expedient adopted in the deliberate intention to mislead.

That I have incurred the contemptuous displeasure of Mr. Barrett, who, it appears, has lately published a translation of M. Monod's work, I perceive and regret; but as it is my earnest wish, so far as the inharmonious combinations of this wrangling world will permit, to "live peaceably with all men," I shall neither suffer Mr. Barrett to fasten a quarrel on me, nor retort upon him by insinuating any unworthy motives for his virulent attack. As I cannot say that I feel exceedingly humiliated—nor, indeed, particularly annoyed, by Mr. Barrett's procedure—I can, without any great exercise of Christian forbearance, afford to take leave of him and dismiss the subject, with the expression of a hope that, should he ever give offence to a brother by even a seeming rivalry, he will meet with a more courteous adversary than he has proved to me.

I have the honour to be, with every sentiment of respect, sir, your obedient faithful servant,  
JOHN JESSOPP.

#### JUDGES OF THE COUNTY COURTS.

"Habes auctorem, quo facias hoc,  
Unum ex iudicibus selectis objiciebat."—HORACE.

January 2, 1852.

SIR,—It is now eighteen hundred years since the above was written, and nor time nor circumstance has ever since changed our expectations of the judicial character. The witty author, whose knowledge of nature was equal to our Shakespeare's, though less magnificently bodied forth, held the reputation of the judge as sacred as his countrymen once did Cæsar's wife's; and it is not a little remarkable that,

at so remote a period, he should have warned us, of this age, against the admission of a breath of calumny—a tincture of suspicion, or minutest deviation from the right line—in our selection of functionaries to preside over our halls of justice. Now, Sir, I do not know one single instance of judicial obliquity of recent occurrence, nor has any class of men preserved their high trust more inviolate and pure than the judges of our several courts, inferior and superior. But, if any reason were requisite, this would be in itself sufficient for the observance of still greater delicacy on the part of the law officers themselves, now that the inferior have become the principal and popular courts.

My apprehension, which dictates this warning, arises from the practice, now decidedly too prevalent, of our county court judges dining with the wealthy solicitors in the respective stations on their circuit, from which honour the poorer members of the profession are necessarily debarred. This was the precise objection raised, and successfully, against the Welsh system of judicature; and if “*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*” did not prohibit, I could name the affluent, hospitable, Welsh lawyer, the festivities of whose board actually occasioned the abolition of our old-fashioned Cambrian mode of legislation.

Let the judges, then, of the county courts, be wise in time; they have not, probably, been chosen for their very eminent professional rank, but they are all gentlemen of education—some of family—others of fortune. Let them scrupulously decline invitations from solicitors in the various towns of their respective circuits, and accept in preference those of the clergy, gentry, and merchants, who will be found equally well informed, and less filled with professional technicalities and stale Westminster jokes. The same Roman satirist quoted above, in another passage of his writings, advises distinctly that all judges should observe this non-dining policy.

“Yet, why before we dine? I’ll tell ye, friends;  
A judge, when bribed, but ill to truth attends.”

I feel this fact requires only to be mentioned to command acquiescence.

Chief Justice Hales enjoined strict attention to such habitual abstinence; and the bar, in our days, uniformly avoided, with becoming delicacy of manner and bearing, too intimate an association, even with the solicitors who employed them, lest their feelings might become insensibly engaged in their forensic exertions, beyond what was due to the exactest rectitude.

I assure you, Sir, the arguments on my side of this question, if it be one, are endless and woundless. I could call in moral Cowper to back less scrupulous Horace, but refrain, his censure of the practice being so severe.

A SOLICITOR.

#### REFORM RIVALRIES.

January 24, 1852.

SIR,—I have recently observed in your paper, that whilst strenuously advocating what I must call, in the absence of a better name, universal suffrage, you have encouraged and lent a gentle support to the Reform movement conducted by Sir J. Walmsley and Mr. George Thompson; but, at the same time, snarled at the resolutions proposed at the Manchester Conference. In your paper to-day, whilst commenting upon the Reform meetings held during the week in the provinces, you state that “the successes (in comparison with the Manchester and Leeds meetings, I presume) at Nottingham and Derby are due to the broader policy of the Parliamentary Reform Association.” It immediately occurred to me that it might be instructive to your readers if you would explain in what particular direction the policy of this association is broader than that adopted by the Manchester Conference. Surely a ratepaying qualification with six months’ residence is wider than household suffrage with twelve months’ residence. The unfortunate amendment proposed by Mr. George Thompson at the conference, and sanctioned by Sir J. Walmsley and some six other delegates, was generally acknowledged to be more restrictive than the original resolution, though at the time, I believe, it met with your impartial support. Sir Joshua Walmsley and Mr. Thompson may be of opinion that universal suffrage is the best of all the schemes now before the country; but, if I mistake not, they, as the leaders of the Parliamentary Reform Association, publicly advocate a suffrage to the extent of household only.

G. B.

#### WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

Sheffield, January 28, 1852.

SIR,—You have chronicled one case of “persecution” against this review in its new phase of existence; please add to it another. From our Mechanics’ Library at Sheffield it has been expelled, and, on reproposal, rejected. A mechanics’ library! you say. It is indeed a complete misnomer. It has fallen into the hands of Evangelical or Dissenting cliques, who inundate the library with tracts or religious publications, or at least did so last year. We hope next year to bust them all, if an active little band of the *German* school can do so.

I copy two of the protests inscribed in our note book:—

“1. Understanding from some members of the committee that this valuable review had been proposed and negatived for the coming year in the last meeting of the committee, I have ventured again to call the attention of the members of that committee to this work, trusting that they will not allow the stigma of bigotry to rest upon the institution, as it surely will if they reject this review, but rather will uphold the character which it has already obtained for catholicity of spirit in its selection of books.”

“2. I beg to add my earnest solicitation to the committee to continue the *Westminster*. It was the first review which introduced the riches of German literature to the English public, and some of the ornaments of our literature have been contributors thereto. I hope the committee will have regard for the gratification afforded by it to all who are not afraid to open its pages.”

I am, Sir, and honoured critic,

A MEMBER OF THE MECHANICS’ LIBRARY.

#### THE EDINBURGH COLLEGE AND THE HOMŒOPATHICS.

5, York-terrace, Cheltenham, January 20, 1852.

SIR,—The attitude assumed by the College of Physicians at Edinburgh, in reference to the homœopathic heresy, is at this moment exciting considerable attention in the medical profession. The following proclamation, or something like it, I have reason to believe, is at present under consideration in the College, and may shortly be expected to appear:—

“Whereas certain pestilent heretics have recently appeared in various parts of the United Kingdom, denying the sacred ordinances of medicine and the leading doctrines of medical faith, repudiating the catholic doctrine of justification by *jalap* and salvation by *mercury*, rejecting the divine authority of the *Pharmacopœia Edinensis*, and speaking contemptuously of the ineffable mysteries of bleeding, sweating, and purging: And whereas the said pestilent heretics do openly and publicly proclaim their belief in the efficacy of certain ‘dangerous novelties’ unknown to ‘catholic antiquity,’ to wit:—*Aconite*, *pulsatilla*, *belladonna*, *cocculus*, *dulcamara*, &c. &c.: And whereas said heretics, not having the fear of the Sacred College before their eyes, do openly forbid the use of certain meats hitherto regarded as orthodox, to wit:—*Turtle*, *mulligatawny*, *oxtail*, and *giblet soups*; *goose*, *pork*, *tripe*, *bacon*, and all salted meats whatsoever; *crabs*, *lobsters*, and all kinds of shellfish; together with all wines and fermented liquors: thus laying a burden on the consciences of weak brethren which we have not thought proper to impose. We, therefore, taking the premises into our consideration, and being anxious to prevent the spread of these ‘blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits,’ and to check their further progress into the ‘bowels of the land,’ do hereby solemnly exhort all true believers in the catholic ordinances of medicine to eschew all communion with the said pestilent heretics, and to hold the same as heathen men and publicans.

“Given at the Sacred College, this day of , 1852.”

Here follow the names of the subscribers, which, for obvious reasons, I must for the present withhold; and am, Sir, your obedient servant,

F. J. F.

[Declined.—“Invasion Panic;” “Horrid Murder.”]

The letter received from “Blois,” throwing doubt upon the facts detailed in the first communication of our Paris Correspondent, received due attention at our hands; but the corroborations which subsequently appeared in contemporary journals so established the substantial veracity of our Correspondent—whom we had selected, not only for his personal character, but for his facilities of accurate and special information—that no necessity for discussion remained.

The 2s. sent by Mr. Hewett Watson and Mr. Bym for the Kossuth Shakspeare received.]

#### HEALTH OF LONDON DURING THE WEEK.

(From the Registrar-General’s Report.)

In the week ending last Saturday 1061 deaths were registered in the districts of the metropolis. In the two previous weeks the numbers were successively 1111 and 1096; the last returns, therefore, show a continuous decline, though not to any considerable extent. In the ten corresponding weeks of 1842-51 the average number of deaths was 1080, which, if a certain amount be added for increase of population, becomes 1198. On this corrected average the mortality of last week shows a decrease of 137.

CHANGE OF OPINION NOT CHANGE OF NATURE.—Intellectual conversion is not coextensive with, and coercive of, moral conversion; a change of attitude is not a change of being. The Catholic may turn Protestant, the Protestant turn sceptic; but this alteration of creed does not necessarily imply alteration of moral nature. We all know servile democrats, intolerant sceptics, haughty preachers of equality, mild preachers of rigour, gentle believers in everlasting torments. A man may write the ablest “evidences” of Christianity, and believe them too, yet have no trace of Christian love and charity in his nature. We are here only illustrating a familiar truth, namely, that a man is not always what his opinions are:—belief and practice are not one thing, but two things.—*Westminster Review*, No. 111.

## Commercial Affairs.

### MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

FRIDAY MORNING.

The commencement of the year shows a marked contrast to that of its predecessor. Of 1851 most sanguine hopes were entertained. Brisk speculation, advancing prices, and increasing consumption were, in January last, confidently predicted; but as the months passed, complaints of dull markets, drooping prices, and augmented stocks, were loud and incessant. By importers the effects were severely felt; speculators were scarcely more fortunate; and if the home traders escaped, it was by adopting the “hand-to-mouth” system—that is, by purchasing only in proportion to their immediate wants, and thus contriving, if they did not gain much, to lose but little. Of 1852 less is expected. The position of our “forcible-feeble” Ministry, the certainty of an early dissolution of Parliament, and the state of continental politics, hold out no very bright prospects; yet it is by no means improbable that the commercial balance-sheet will show a more favourable result at the close of the present year.

With nearly eighteen millions in the Bank coffers, and with the rate of discount in Lombard-street at 2 and 2½ per cent., speculation continues listless. For this the causes above-named may, in some measure, account; but the question is whether, with a plethora of money, such a state is consistent, or can possibly be of long duration? We think not; but believe that, in the absence of more legitimate employment, capital will be diverted into channels of hazard to the speculative community, and of little benefit to the community at large. Foremost among undertakings of a doubtful character loom already Californian and Australian gold-mining companies. Of the many schemes already broached, and of those about to appear, some are, no doubt, sound, and may prove highly remunerative, but we risk little in predicting that the majority will prove lucrative only to the projectors. Consols opened on Monday at 96, and advanced during the week to 96½. Yesterday, however, large sales and idle rumours sent them down to 96½. Foreign stocks have been more dealt in. In railway and mining shares there has been more activity, and prices are well supported.

The Protectionists are certainly most unfortunate men. On the very eve of the opening of Parliament, and at the very time when influx of foreign grain and consequent low prices were most desirable as staple grievances, not only do foreigners perversely refuse to send their own corn, but they actually come here to purchase ours, and thus cause an advance in the Mark-lane quotations. Curiously enough, too, the cause of this embarrassing improvement is partly the same as that which gave the death blow to the old corn laws; for it is to the failure of the potato and rye crops in Germany and France that the increased consumption of wheat there, and consequent demand upon our stocks, are attributable. Potatoes and Protection are clearly antagonistic.

The colonial markets this week show a slight improvement; the transactions in Sugar, especially, having increased in number and importance.

The fluctuations of the week have been:—Consols, from 96 to 96½; Bank Stock, from 216 to 217; and Exchequer Bills, from 58s. to 61s. premium.

In Foreign Stocks yesterday the bargains in the official list comprised—Brazilian, at 93; the New, 93½; Ecuador, 3½; Granada Deferred, 4½; Mexican, for money, 31; for the Account, 31 and 30½; the Small, 31; Peruvian, for the Account, 94½; the Deferred, 47; Russian Four-and-a-Half per Cents, 100; Sardinian Five per Cents, 88½ and 89; Spanish Five per Cents, 22½ and 23; Spanish Three per Cents, 40½; the new Three per Cents Deferred, 17½ and 18; Belgian Four-and-a-Half per Cents, 91½; Dutch Two-and-a-Half per Cents, 58½ and 59; and the Four per Cent. Certificates, 90.

#### BANK OF ENGLAND.

An Account, pursuant to the Act 7th and 8th Victoria, cap. 32 for the week ending on Saturday, December 13, 1851.

##### ISSUE DEPARTMENT.

Notes issued ....	30,279,620	Government Debt, 11,015,100
		Other Securities .. 2,984,900
		Gold Coin and Bullion .....
		16,246,245
		Silver Bullion .....
		33,375
	£30,279,620	£30,279,620

##### BANKING DEPARTMENT.

Proprietors’ Capital, 14,553,000	Government Securities (including Dead-weight Annuity) .. 13,241,768
Rest .....	Other Securities .. 11,454,732
Public Deposits (including Exchequer, Savings Banks, Commissioners of National Debt, and Dividend Accounts) .. 8,534,018	Notes .....
Other Deposits .....	Gold and Silver Coin .....
Seven-day and other Bills .....	641,368
	£36,728,213

Dated December 18, 1851. M. MARSHALL, Chief Cashier.

#### BRITISH FUNDS FOR THE PAST WEEK.

(Closing Prices.)

	Satur.	Mond.	Tues.	Wedn.	Thurs.	Frid.
Bank Stock ....	216	216	216	216	216	216
3 per Cent. Red ..	96½	96½	97½	97½	97½	97½
3 p. C. Con. Ans. ..	96	96	96½	96½	96½	96½
3 p. C. An. 1726 ..	—	—	—	—	—	—
3 p. C. Con., Ac. ..	96	96	96½	96½	96½	96½
3 p. Cent. An. ....	97½	98	98½	98½	98½	98½
New 5 per Cts. ....	—	—	—	—	—	—
Long Ans., 1860 ..	—	—	7	7	7	7
Ind. St. 10 p. Ct. ..	—	261	—	261	—	—
Ditto Bonds .....	68 p	72 p	71 p	71 p	69 p	—
Ex. Bills, 1000l. ...	55 p	53 p	59 p	59 p	61 p	—
Ditto, 500l. ....	55 p	53 p	59 p	59 p	61 p	—
Ditto, Small .....	55 p	53 p	59 p	59 p	61 p	—



## FOREIGN FUNDS.

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

Austrian 5 per Cts. 80	Mexican 5 per Ct. Acc. 30
Belgian Bds., 4 p. Ct. 94	Small.. 29
Brazilian 5 per Cts. 95	Neapolitan 5 per Cts. 87
Buenos Ayres 6 p. Cts. 45	Peruvian 4 p. Cts. 92
Chilian 6 per Cts. 101	Portuguese 5 per Cent. 92
Danish 5 per Cts. 103	4 per Cts. 33
Dutch 2 1/2 per Cts. 59	Annuities —
4 per Cts. 92	Russian, 1822, 4 p. Cts. 101
Ecuador Bonds 3	Span. Active, 5 p. Cts. 23
French 5 p. Cts. at Paris 102.10	Passive — 5
3 p. Cts., July 11, 64.00	Deferred .. 18

## SHARES.

Last Official Quotation for Week ending Friday Evening.

RAILWAYS.	BANKS.
Aberdeen .. 11	Australasian .. 39
Bristol and Exeter .. 85	British North American .. 45
Caledonian .. 15	Colonial .. 25
Eastern Counties .. 6	Commercial of London .. 25
Edinburgh and Glasgow .. 28	London and Westminster .. 30
Great Northern .. 18	London Joint Stock .. 18
Great S. & W. (Ireland) .. 85	National of Ireland .. 2
Great Western .. 85	National Provincial .. 2
Lancashire and Yorkshire .. 60	Provincial of Ireland .. 44
Lancaster and Carlisle .. 60	Union of Australia .. 35
London, Brighton, & S. Coast .. 98	Union of London .. 14
London and Blackwall .. 6	MINE.
London and N.-Western .. 115	Bolano .. 2
Midland .. 55	Brazilian Imperial .. 19
North British .. 6	Ditto, St. John del Rey .. 34
South-Eastern and Dover .. 1	Cobre Copper .. 34
South-Western .. 1	MISCELLANEOUS.
York, Newcas., & Berwick .. 17	Australian Agricultural .. 15
York and North Midland .. 21	Canada .. 49
DOCKS.	General Steam .. 27
East and West India .. 142	Penins. & Oriental Steam .. 17
London .. 116	Royal Mail Steam .. 78
St. Katharine .. 79	South Australian .. 23

## GRAIN, Mark-lane, Jan. 23.

Wheat, R. New.. 38s. to 40s.	Maize .. 30s. to 32s.
Fine .. 42 — 44	White .. 30 — 32
Old .. 40 — 42	Boilers .. 33 — 36
White .. 41 — 43	Beans, Ticks .. 27 — 28
Fine .. 43 — 46	Old .. 29 — 30
Superior New .. 48 — 50	Indian Corn .. 27 — 29
Rye .. 30 — 32	Oats, Feed .. 19 — 20
Barley .. 27 — 28	Fine .. 20 — 21
Malting .. 32 — 34	Poland .. 21 — 22
Malt, Ord. .. 50 — 56	Fine .. 22 — 23
Fine .. 56 — 60	Potato .. 19 — 20
Peas, Hog .. 27 — 28	Fine .. 20 — 21

## GENERAL AVERAGE PRICE OF GRAIN

WEEK ENDING Jan. 17.

Imperial General Weekly Average.

Wheat .. 38s. 3d.	Rye .. 27s. 5d.
Barley .. 27 1	Beans .. 27 11
Oats .. 18 1	Peas .. 28 10

Aggregate Average of the Six Weeks.

Wheat .. 37s. 6d.	Rye .. 27s. 10d.
Barley .. 26 6	Beans .. 29 1
Oats .. 18 1	Peas .. 28 11

## BUTCHERS' MEAT.

NEWGATE AND LEADENHALL. SMITHFIELD.

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Veal .. 3 0 — 4 0	3 0	4 6	3 0	4 6
Pork .. 2 8 — 3 6	3 0	3 10	3 0	3 10

\* To sink the offal, per 8 lb.

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Pigs .. 310	280	

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Derby, Plain .. 46 — 51	
Hams, York .. 56 — 58	
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Sussex ditto .. 108 — 126	Scotch Reds .. — 60
Farnham do. .. 147 — 205	French Whites .. — —

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Hay, Good .. 74s. to 78s.	73s. to 75s.	63s. to 75s.
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New .. 0 — 0	0 — 0	0 — 0
Clover .. 78 — 84	84 — 86	84 — 86
Wheat Straw .. 24 — 28	20 — 26	20 — 26

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New .. 0 — 0	0 — 0	0 — 0	
Clover .. 78 — 84	84 — 86	84 — 86	
Wheat Straw .. 24 — 28	20 — 26	20 — 26	

## FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

Friday, January 23.

**BANKRUPTS.**—W. D. PRITCHARD and D. PRITCHARD, High-street, St. Marylebone, coach-smiths, to surrender February 2, March 5; solicitors, Messrs. Smith, Southampton-buildings, Holborn; official assignee, Mr. Stansfeld—J. G. MANSIE, Church-street, Minorics, carpenter, February 4, March 2; solicitors, Messrs. Marten, Thomas, and Hollams, Mincing-lane; official assignee, Mr. Graham—T. HARRIS and J. BURLS, Hampstead-road, brewers, January 31, March 6; solicitors, Messrs. Reed, Langford, and Marsden, Friday-street, Cheapside; official assignee, Mr. Cannan, Aldermanbury—G. POTTER,

Grosvenor-basin, Pimlico, and Wouldham and Burham, Kent, lime-burner, February 6, March 20; solicitor, Mr. Matthews, Arthur-street West, London-bridge; official assignee, Mr. Pennell, Guildhall-chambers, Basinghall-street—G. FLINT, Lombard-street, hosier, February 5, March 4; solicitors, Messrs. Goddard and Eyre, Wood-street, Cheapside; official assignee, Mr. Bell, Coleman-street-buildings—F. LONG, Vere-street, importer of foreign lace, February 5, March 2; solicitors, Messrs. Reed, Langford; and Marsden, Friday-street, Cheapside; official assignee, Mr. Groom, Abchurch-lane, Lombard-street—T. FOOTMAN, Wolverhampton, huckster, February 9, March 3; solicitors, Mr. Smith, Walsall, and Mr. James, Birmingham; official assignee, Mr. Christie, Birmingham—J. HURLEY, Birmingham, linendraper, February 10, March 8; solicitors, Mr. Depres, Lawrence-lane, Cheapside; and Messrs. Motteram, Knight, and Emmet, Birmingham; official assignee, Mr. Christie, Birmingham—R. S. JAMES, Leeds, wholesale ironmonger, February 5, March 4; solicitors, Mr. Benson, Birmingham; and Messrs. Courtenay and Compton, Leeds; official assignee, Mr. Young, Leeds—W. BELSHAW, Manchester, joiner, February 9, March 9; solicitor, Mr. Rowley, Manchester; official assignee, Mr. Pott, Manchester—J. H. GILLAN, Liverpool, commission merchant, February 5, March 5; solicitor, Mr. Greatly Liverpool; official assignee, Mr. Bird, Liverpool.

Tuesday, January 27.

**BANKRUPTS.**—W. A. COGAR, Newgate-street, and Quadrant, Regent-street, boot dealer, to surrender February 6, March 12; solicitors, Mr. Hensman, College-hill, Cannon-street West; and Mr. Dennis, Northampton; official assignee, Mr. Whitmore, Basinghall-street—G. GULL and F. D. WILSON, Old Broad-street, Russia brokers, February 6, March 10; solicitor, Mr. Murray, Rood-lane; official assignee, Mr. Graham—J. BOXALL, Brighton, coachmaker, February 6, March 5; solicitors, Mr. Sowton, Great James-street; and Mr. Kennett, Brighton; official assignee, Mr. Cannan, Aldermanbury—H. F. WOLLASTON, Union-grove, Wandsworth-road, merchant, February 6, March 13; solicitors, Messrs. J. and T. Goole, Lime-street; official assignee, Mr. Nicholson, Basinghall-street—F. WINCK, Margate, tailor, February 6, March 13; solicitors, Messrs. J. Allen and Allen, Carlisle-street, Soho-square; official assignee, Mr. Pennell, Guildhall-chambers, Basinghall-street—W. PLATTS, Crawford-street, Marylebone, draper, February 5, March 11; solicitors, Messrs. Ashurst and Son, Old Jewry; official assignee, Mr. Johnson, Basinghall-street—L. J. NERINCKX, Great Portland-street, Marylebone, laceman, February 5, March 9; solicitors, Messrs. Reed, Langford, and Marsden, Friday-street, Cheapside; official assignee, Mr. Groom, Abchurch-lane, Lombard-street—W. ROCK, Surrey-place, printer, February 12, March 9; solicitor, Mr. Jerwood, Ely-place, Holborn; official assignee, Mr. Edwards, Sambrook-court, Basinghall-street—H. GLADWIN, Nottingham, draper, February 6, March 5; solicitors, Messrs. R. and H. Enfield, Nottingham; official assignee, Mr. Bittleston, Nottingham—E. TINSLEY, Rowley Regis, cooper, February 11, March 3; solicitors, Mr. Whitehouse, Dudley; and Mr. James, Birmingham; official assignee, Mr. Christie, Birmingham—W. WOOD, Bristol, provision merchant, February 7, March 9; solicitor, Mr. Beavan, Bristol; official assignee, Mr. Miller, Bristol—W. THOMAS and D. LOUGHER, Plymouth, ironfounders, February 9, March 18; solicitors, Messrs. Pontifex and Megie, Andrews-court, Holborn; and Mr. Lavers, Plymouth; official assignee, Mr. Hernaman, Exeter—C. BACON, Walton, Somersetshire, tailor, February 10, March 3; solicitors, Messrs. Hobbs and Son, Wells; official assignee, Mr. Hirtzell, Exeter—J. CORLAND, Barnstable, Devonshire, teadealer, February 10, March 3; solicitors, Messrs. Carter and Chanter, Barnstable, and Mr. Moore, Exeter; official assignee, Mr. Hernaman, Exeter—H. POUND, Plymouth, builder, February 9, March 18; solicitors, Messrs. Surr and Gribble, or Mr. Elworthy, or Mr. Lavers, jun., Plymouth; official assignee, Mr. Hernaman, Exeter—E. WALKER, Huddersfield, woolstapler, February 9, March 8; solicitors, Messrs. Bond and Barwick, Leeds; official assignee, Mr. Hope, Leeds—S. BICKERTON, Liverpool, butcher, February 10, March 2; solicitor, Mr. Hore, Liverpool; official assignee, Mr. Cazenove, Liverpool—W. J. FOULKES, Birkenhead, druggist, February 10, March 3; solicitor, Mr. Tyrer, Liverpool; official assignee, Mr. Morgan, Liverpool—G. HOPKINSON, Liverpool, coach builder, February 12, March 4; solicitors, Mr. Low, Chancery-lane, and Mr. Cross, Liverpool; official assignee, Mr. Turner, Liverpool—J. J. RAYNER, Manchester, tailor, February 6 and 27; solicitors, Messrs. Reed, Langford, and Marsden, Friday-street; and Messrs. Sale, Worthington, and Shipman, Manchester; official assignee, Mr. Mackenzie, Manchester.

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MANY complaints of irregularities, as well in the delivery of our papers as in the collection of our subscriptions and accounts, having reached us, we hasten to notify to our Subscribers and Advertisers that Mr. John Clayton has ceased to be the Assistant Publisher of the *Leader*, and that such arrangements have been made as will prevent the possibility of such irregularities in future.

The LEADER Office, January 31, 1852.

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