

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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VOL. III. No. 139.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1852.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.]

News of the Week.

THE event which has filled the public eye, in London at least, has been the burial of Wellington, which passed off without any *contretemps*. All the metropolis, and a large contingent from the provinces, assisted at the ceremony; and an enormous mass of human beings was collected on the long line of the procession. The arrangements of the police, however, were so complete, that order was maintained in every part; and the somewhat hazardous experiment of drawing together so vast a host was attended by few mishaps, and those not arising from any fault in the public arrangements. It is probable that the death of the two women on Saturday, by showing the fatal effect of ineffectual precautions, contributed to that result. The facility, however, with which such great numbers were controlled, will serve as a precedent for some time to come; and amongst the many reasons for remembering the burial of Wellington, will be the good order of the day.

The chief proceedings in Parliament have related to the funeral. With an eulogium on the Duke, Mr. Disraeli moved a supply to the Crown, to defray the expenses; and although Mr. Hume asked for an estimate, the supply was furnished without going through that desirable form. All parties conspired to treat the funereal arrangements as matters of course; and Mr. Disraeli's eulogium was felt to be somewhat in the nature of surplusage. This feeling arose even before the *Globe* had detected in the very heart of Mr. Disraeli's eulogium, a passage borrowed, almost sentence for sentence, from Thiers's eulogium on a French Marshal; a discovery which has made no small sensation in the political world.

After considerable delay, and repeated demands from the leader of the House of Commons, the terms of the motion which Mr. Villiers is to move on the 22nd inst, have been announced. The motion will be a paraphrase of the passage in the Royal Speech relating to Free-trade; only instead of putting the success of Free-trade hypothetically, with an "if," the motion will assert it positively, and will proclaim a readiness to consider any measures advanced by Ministers in accordance with that principle. The excellent construction of this motion justifies the long deliberation to which it has been subjected: it stoutly insists upon the merits of Free-trade, while it leaves the merits of the Ministry untouched; it strips the

Free-trade admission of the Speech of its conditional "if," but does not call upon Ministers to forego their own official existence with the abandonment of Protection.

Mr. Brotherton has renewed his motion to adjourn the sitting of Parliament at midnight whatever may be the business on hand; with his usual want of success. Everybody admits that it would be desirable to do what he desires, but few admit the possibility. His arguments are uncontrovertible; but so are the arguments on the other side. It would be only proper to desist from making laws or passing money after midnight; but if that were done, Parliament could not get through its work. The practical inference is, that Parliament has too much to do, and thus midnight legislation is traced, after all, to the practice which makes Parliament undertake the immense mass of local business. If Mr. Brotherton desires to render his motion possible, he ought previously to carry a motion for relieving Parliament of that local business; transferring parish or borough affairs to local tribunals, and reserving to Parliament only the control over the practice and principles of the local tribunals.

Lord Chancellor St. Leonard's has explained to the House of Lords a very comprehensive measure for working up reforms in Chancery. They principally affect the technical machinery; but they will save both time and expense.

Experience has now proved that the Houses of Convocation can sit, vote, and do business without rushing into mad confusion, or affording any other spectacle than that of certain reverend gentlemen deliberating quietly on ecclesiastical matters. The short session has proved what we always thought, that the Act of Submission does not interdict Convocation from transacting business without the royal licence, providing it abstain from making canons. By carrying out a system of party tactics, at once judicious and high principled, the High Church party secured the golden opportunity of showing that this can be done. That they have stopped short in the work, and not insisted on all the advantages of their position, augurs great foresight and prudence in the leaders. But we believe nothing has been left undone which could secure the position they have fought for and won; and no incident in the deliberations at Westminster can be construed into anything like a display of acrimonious feeling or sacerdotal arrogance. Convocation has now a

vantage ground; the first step has been taken; the future has been initiated; and it remains to be seen what that future will unfold. What share the Minister may have had in this, what the Primate, what the inevitable leaven of principles so long set working in the Church—would form a curious and instructive inquiry. Be that as it may, the time has gone by when the Archbishop could safely interdict discussion, in either House, by a *coup d'état*, like that of last February. Oxford has beaten Lambeth; and Exeter has yet to play his part.

In external affairs the grand event is the election of Franklin Pierce, as President of the United States. This we had already foreseen, as well as the decided majority by which it was effected. It is some satisfaction to notice that his return is welcomed by English writers who had been less sanguine, but who foresee in his Free-trade principles, in his mastery of politics, his conciliatory manners, his energy and firmness, the guarantees of a great future for his country, and a co-operation between that country and England mutually beneficial.

In Buenos Ayres, Urquiza, the dictator of a bloodless and pacific *coup d'état*, has again been ousted from the Presidency. The old Parliamentary party took advantage of his temporary absence, reinstated itself, and when the mail came away was in possession—for how long, who can say? We forbear to perplex our readers with the complications of Argentine politics.

At the Cape of Good Hope we find trade prosperous, General Cathcart going on at the Kafirs, and the colonists menacingly insisting on their long-delayed constitution.

In Australia, one anecdote illustrates the continued abundance of gold. A digger going to pay for his licence, finds himself short of half-an-ounce of gold: "Here, old fellow," cries another labouring man, holding out his own bag, "take some of this."

On the Continent of Europe also we have only to report progress. Louis Bonaparte has startled friends and foes by a *coup de—Moniteur*. The declaration for the Empire, by the Senate, has stirred the smouldering embers of the Revolution, and has even been challenged by a faint, weak, piping treble of a protest, from an old-world gentleman at Frohsdorf. The republican proclamations, embittered and inflamed by exile and proscription, by the contrast of the Republic stifled in its large-hearted clemency, and the reaction

dominant in treachery and blood, prove only too well on what a mine of sleeping vengeance France lies prostrate and benumbed. By whom have these seeds of terrorism been sown? by the Republic that, in '48, in its hour of triumph, and in the face of that starving "mob," (to whose spontaneous protection glozing "capital" owed the safety of its precious coffers, as they mounted guard at the gates of wealth, those famished heroes of a glorious dream, in rags!)—struck down the guillotine, and swept the hand of the executioner from the code, as a monstrous anachronism? Or by the conquerors of June, the apologists of Haynau, the parasites of the Red Monarchies and the dictators of December massacres? Let the public conscience answer. As English writers, we earnestly repudiate and disavow all terrorism, in whatever shape or from whatever quarter it may come. We are with the combatant—not with the headsman. We will not fling insults at the great Shades of a fierce and fatal epoch; "born in bitterness and nurtured in convulsion," they fought half blindly in their agony, like dreadful ministers of Fate; but Humanity, we do yet believe, is not, Ixion-like, bound to a revolving wheel—it marches onward into light, not backward into darkness. We profess a higher faith in eternal justice, and in the future of the oppressed nations, and our banner is "Excelsior." But having sympathy for all who suffer, we have admiration for all who struggle, and the hand of succour for all who fight,—in honour. The instruments we disclaim are those by which Louis Bonaparte has triumphed—the instruments of the burglar and the footpad. Who can wonder at the men of '48 saying to the people "your enemies generously spared would soon become your persecutors and executioners?"

The Manifesto of Henry V., that impossible monarch in *partibus*, is a document to be read before an archaeological society. It smells of old furniture, and might have been slumbering in Wardour-street for years. It might be set to music as a Minuet de la Cour, or a Cotillon. For our own days, it has absolutely no sense at all; and the "return" it supposes is a pretty story to excite our charitable smiles. Whatever terrors France may fear, she needs fear no such *revenants* as this poor Comte de Chambord.

Well, these protests, Republican and Legitimist, had deluged France, unseen by that vigilant police which has so keen an eye for a passport. The poison had struck into the veins of the whole population: feverish symptoms betrayed the evil: what was to be done? Inoculation was the only cure. Accordingly, in the most official column of the *Moniteur*, the hostile appeals are conspicuously printed, with brief and fatuous comment by the present owner of "right divine." The Party of Order, the parasites of power in church and on Change, in bank and shop, awake to find every dead wall covered with "incendiary" placards, recalling "the worst days." Down go the funds—where they always go—into the pockets of the great "Bears" of the Bourse, MM. Louis Bonaparte, Fould, and Co. Confidence is shaken, and the shops are fain to keep the shutters closed, for the Revolution is in the streets again. It is difficult to weigh the prudence of this bold stroke of policy. Louis Bonaparte probably thinks he is proving, in the sight of all men, that the Republic has "gone to the wall;" but the more timid and vacillating of his own supporters may well have scruples about the respectability of so strange a piece of coquetry, and may begin to doubt these antics of a "monarchy of chance, destitute alike of principle and consistency." The people will not forget the burning words of Victor Hugo, branding the usurper of all rights, while it sneers at the "comments" of the Elysée, and the drivell of Frohsdorf. Emile de Girardin's approval of the "bold and clever" act may well give pause: he accepts it as a complimentary adhesion to his own theory of "Unlimited Liberty,"

and on such a ~~test~~ will no doubt preach again some day or other with revived iteration.

Our correspondent speaks of the universal apathy of the electors for the coming vote. So great is the difficulty of getting even supporters to stir a step in favour of the Empire, that tickets of "Yes" are sent round to each house by the police, accompanied, no doubt, with significant hints. Notwithstanding all this pressure, a very general abstention from the ballot is apprehended: and in spite of the very general abstention, the Empire is expected to have more votes than even the *coup d'état*. Everybody says, Why not? a question to which we find it hard to reply.

The rest of the French news is of the usual staple: enormous jobbing on the part of the hungry "reigning family" and their adherents, who are busy making a purse out of the pockets of deserving speculators; and decimation of the disaffected by transportation to Lambessa and Cayenne. France is now nothing but a gambling "hell,"—where it is not a prison.

It is pleasant to hear of the congregation of Hereditary Dukes and exiled Pretenders at Venice, reminding us of the Five Kings of Voltaire.

The Sultan is still trying to raise money, to avert Imperial bankruptcy; but he is doing so in England, and by a different plan from that which flattered France and irritated Russia.

Amongst non-political visitations at home, the largest are, the unchecked prosperity, and the wide floods. The lowlands of England are lakes, and in some places the flood has fatally crossed the path of the traveller.

What is Lord Derby about, that he does not fulfil his mission of keeping off the deluge? For what else does he wield the official broom?

PARLIAMENT OF THE WEEK.

As the great and absorbing event of the week is the state funeral, so it engrosses nearly all conversation in public and private. In both Houses, on Monday, the subject came up. Resolutions concurring in the course adopted by the Queen, and appointing a Select Committee to determine what part the Lords should take in the proceedings, were agreed to without any expenditure of oratory in the House of Lords, on the motion of Lord Derby. In the Commons, however, another course was adopted. Her Majesty's message relative to the funeral having been read,

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER rose, and, while the House lent him its deepest attention, spoke as follows:—

The House of Commons is called upon to-night to fulfil a sorrowful, but a noble duty. It has to recognise, in the face of the country and the civilized world, the loss of the most illustrious of our citizens, and to offer to the ashes of the great departed the solemn anguish of a bereaved nation. The princely personage who has left us was born in an age more fertile of great events than any period of recorded time. Of those vast incidents the most conspicuous were his own deeds, and these were performed with the smallest means, and in defiance of the greatest obstacles. He was therefore not only a great man, but the greatest man of a great age. (Cheers.) Amid the chaos and conflagration which attended the end of the last century there rose one of those beings who seem born to master mankind. It is not too much to say that Napoleon combined the imperial ardour of Alexander with the strategy of Hannibal. The kings of the earth fell before his fiery and subtle genius, and at the head of all the power of Europe he denounced destruction to the only land which dared to be free. (Hear, hear.) The Providential superintendence of this world seems seldom more manifest than in the dispensation which ordained that the French Emperor and Wellesley should be born in the same year; that in the same year they should have embraced the same profession; and that, natives of distant islands, they should both have sought their military education in that illustrious land which each in his turn was destined to subjugate. (Cheers.) During the long struggle for our freedom, our glory, I may say our existence, Wellesley fought and won 16 pitched battles, all of the highest class, concluding with one of those crowning victories which give a colour and aspect to history. (Cheers.) During this period that can be said of him which can be said of no other captain—that he captured 8,000 cannon from the enemy, and never lost a single gun. (Continued cheering.) The greatness of his exploits was only equalled by the difficulties he overcame. He had to encounter at the same time a feeble Government, a factious opposition, and a distrustful people, scandalous allies, and the most powerful enemy in the world. He gained victories with starving troops, and carried on sieges without tools (cheers); and, as if to complete the fatality which in this sense always awaited him, when he had succeeded in creating an army worthy of Roman legions and of himself, this invincible host was broken up on the eve of the greatest conjuncture of his life, and he

entered the field of Waterloo with raw levies and discomfited allies. (Cheers.) But the star of Wellesley never paled. He has been called fortunate, for Fortune is a divinity that ever favours those who are alike sagacious and intrepid, inventive and patient. (Hear, hear.) It was his character that created his career. (Cheers.) This alike achieved his exploits and guarded him from vicissitudes. It was his sublime self-control that regulated his lofty fate. (Loud cheers.) It has been the fashion of late years to disparage the military character. Forty years of peace have hardly qualified us to be aware how considerable and how complex are the qualities which are necessary for the formation of a great general. It is not enough to say that he must be an engineer, a geographer, learned in human nature, adroit in managing mankind; that he must be able to perform the highest duties of a Minister of State, and sink to the humblest offices of a commissary and a clerk; but he has to display all this knowledge and he must do all these things at the same time and under extraordinary circumstances. (Hear, hear.) At the same moment he must think of the eve and the morrow,—of his flanks and of his reserve; he must carry with him ammunition, provisions, hospitals; he must calculate at the same time the state of the weather and the moral qualities of man; and all these elements, which are perpetually changing, he must combine amid overwhelming cold or overpowering heat; sometimes amid famine, often amid the thunder of artillery. (Hear, hear.) Behind all this, too, is the ever-present image of his country, and the dreadful alternative whether that country is to receive him with cypress or with laurel. (Hear, hear.) But all these conflicting ideas must be driven from the mind of the military leader, for he must think—and not only think—he must think with the rapidity of lightning, for on a moment more or less depends the fate of the finest combination, and on a moment more or less depends glory or shame. (Cheers.) Doubtless all this may be done in an ordinary manner by an ordinary man; as we see every day of our lives ordinary men making successful Ministers of State, successful speakers, successful authors. But to do all this with genius is sublime. Doubtless, to think deeply and clearly in the recess of a cabinet is a fine intellectual demonstration, but to think with equal depth and equal clearness amid bullets is the most complete exercise of the human faculties. Although the military career of the Duke of Wellington fills so large a space in history, it was only a comparatively small section of his prolonged and illustrious life. Only eight years elapsed from Vimiera to Waterloo, and from the date of his first commission to the last cannon-shot on the field of battle scarcely 20 years can be counted. (Hear.) After all his triumphs he was destined for another career, and, if not in the prime, certainly in the perfection of manhood, he commenced a civil career scarcely less eminent than those military achievements which will live for ever in history. (Hear, hear.) Thrice was he the ambassador of his Sovereign to those great historic Congresses that settled the affairs of Europe; twice was he Secretary of State; twice was he Commander-in-Chief; and once he was Prime Minister of England. His labours for his country lasted to the end. (Hear, hear.) A few months ago he favoured the present advisers of the Crown with his thoughts on the Burmese war, expressed in a State paper characterized by all his sagacity and experience; and he died the active chieftain of that famous army to which he has left the tradition of his glory. (Cheers.) There was one passage in the life of the Duke of Wellington which should hardly be passed unnoticed on such an occasion, and in such a scene, as this. It is our pride that he was one of ourselves; it is our pride that Sir Arthur Wellesley sat upon these benches. Tested by the ambition and the success of ordinary men, his career here, though brief, was distinguished. He entered Royal councils and held a high Ministerial post. But his House of Commons success must not be measured by his seat at the Privy Council and his Irish Secretaryship. He achieved a success here which the greatest Ministers and the most brilliant orators can never hope to rival. That was a Parliamentary success unequalled when he rose in his seat to receive the thanks of Mr. Speaker for a glorious victory; or, later still, when he appeared at the bar of this house and received, Sir, from one of your predecessors, in memorable language, the thanks of a grateful country for accumulated triumphs. (Hear, hear.) There is one consolation which all Englishmen must feel under this bereavement. It is, that they were so well and so completely acquainted with this great man. Never did a person of such mark live so long, and so much in the public eye. I would be bound to say that there is not a gentleman in this House who has not seen him; many there are who have conversed with him; some there are who have touched his hand. His countenance, his form, his manner, his voice, are impressed on every memory, and sound almost in every ear. In the golden saloon, and in the busy market-place, he might be alike observed. The rising generation will often recall his words of kindness, and the people followed him in the streets with a lingering gaze of reverent admiration. (Hear, hear.) Who, indeed, can ever forget that classic and venerable head, white with time, and radiant, as it were, with glory?—

"—Stilichonis apex, et cognita fulsit Canities."

To complete all, that we might have a perfect idea of this sovereign master of duty in all his manifold offices, he himself gave us a collection of administrative and military literature which no age and no country can rival; and, fortunate in all things, Wellesley found in his lifetime an historian whose immortal page already ranks with the classics of that land which Wellesley saved. (Cheers.) The Duke of Wellington left to his countrymen a great legacy—greater even than his glory. He left them the contemplation of his character. I will not say his conduct revived the sense of duty in England. I would not say that of our country. But that his conduct inspired public life with a purer and more masculine tone I cannot doubt. His career rebukes restless vanity, and reprimands the irregular ebullitions of a morbid egotism. I doubt not that,

among all orders of Englishmen, from those with the highest responsibilities of our society to those who perform the humblest duties, I dare say there is not a man who in his toil and his perplexity has not sometimes thought of the duke, and found in his example support and solace. (Hear, hear.) Though he lived so much in the hearts and minds of his countrymen—though he occupied such eminent posts and fulfilled such august duties—it was not till he died that we felt what a space he filled in the feelings and thoughts of the people of England. Never was the influence of real greatness more completely asserted than on his decease. (Hear, hear.) In an age whose boast of intellectual equality flatters all our self-complacencies, the world suddenly acknowledged that it had lost the greatest of men; in an age of utility the most industrious and common-sense people in the world could find no vent for their woe and no representative for their sorrow but the solemnity of a pageant; and we—who have met here for such different purposes—to investigate the sources of the wealth of nations, to enter into statistical research, and to encounter each other in fiscal controversy—we present to the world the most sublime and touching spectacle that human circumstances can well produce—the spectacle of a Senate mourning a hero! (Cheers.)”

The right honourable gentleman concluded by moving an address:—

Humbly to thank her Majesty for having given directions for the public interment of the mortal remains of his Grace the Duke of Wellington in the cathedral church of St. Paul, and to assure her Majesty of our cordial aid and concurrence in giving to the ceremony a fitting degree of solemnity and importance.

Lord J. RUSSELL begged, with the permission of the right honourable gentleman and the House, to second the motion. He did not wish to add a single word to the eloquent terms in which the right honourable gentleman had made his motion, as he was sure the whole House would concur in the assurance he proposed to convey to the Throne.

A Committee was also appointed to report as to what place the House should have in the solemnities of the funeral.

A bill passed both Houses and received the Royal assent, providing for the payment of bills of exchange which fall due on Thursday—in fact, providing that Thursday should be treated as a Sunday in the city.

CASE OF MR. NEWTON AT VERONA.

Mr. HUME, on Tuesday, asked whether any inquiry had been instituted into the complaints of Mr. Henry Robert Newton, who, in June last, was arrested at Verona, imprisoned, and treated with great indignity, and all explanation then and there refused; and whether any apology or explanation had been offered by the Austrian Government?

Lord STANLEY said that the facts were correctly stated in the hon. gentleman's question. In the month of June a British subject of the name of Newton was arrested at Verona under circumstances of considerable hardship. The circumstances of the case were these:—

Mr. Newton was arrested by a sentinel, on the pretence that he was engaged in sketching the fortifications of the place. There was every reason to believe that Mr. Newton was not so engaged; but, nevertheless, the sentinel had some ground for the misapprehension, inasmuch as Mr. Newton had a book and a map laid before him at the time. He mentioned these trifling circumstances only for the purpose of showing—as indeed Mr. Newton himself admitted—that no charge against the Austrian authorities could be founded on the original arrest. It should be observed, also, that Verona was at the time in a state of siege, and there really was no reason to suppose that, as regarded the original arrest, Mr. Newton was treated with exceptional harshness and severity. Orders were given that Mr. Newton's papers should be examined, and, in the event of nothing being found in them tending to criminate him, that he should be immediately set at liberty. Unfortunately, these orders were not obeyed. Mr. Newton's papers were examined, and nothing of a criminatory character was found in them; but, when the examination was concluded, late in the evening, the officer of police by whom it was conducted, instead of releasing Mr. Newton, detained him till the following morning. It was, in his (Lord Stanley's) opinion, unfortunate that Mr. Newton did not immediately place his case in the hands of the British Consul-General at Venice; but, instead of that, he preferred seeking redress without applying to any British authority. Not succeeding in obtaining any satisfaction from the Austrian authorities, Mr. Newton put his case into the hands of our Consul-General at Venice, who immediately took it up, and set about demanding redress with promptitude. Shortly after this, Sir W. Newton, the father of Mr. Newton, addressed a letter to the Foreign Office, dated the 17th of July, setting forth the particulars of his son's case. Immediately on the receipt of this letter steps were taken to inquire into the case, and full particulars of it, as far as then known, were forwarded to Lord Westmorland, our ambassador at Vienna. A correspondence of some length ensued, which terminated in our obtaining from the Austrian Government a full and ample expression of regret for what had taken place, accompanied by a promise that in future all care would be taken to prevent British travellers being ill-treated in a similar manner (hear); and that the regulations in force in the Austrian dominions should be carried out in such a way as to inflict no unnecessary hardship on individuals. (Hear, hear.) It was the opinion of the British Government that this expression of regret having been obtained for the act of a subordinate officer, accompanied with a promise that care would be taken to prevent the recurrence of similar acts, nothing more was required. (Cheers.)

The House of Commons resolved itself into a Committee of Supply on Tuesday, not without a speech from Mr. HUME, who asked for an estimate of the expenses of the Duke's funeral. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER said he had not had time to prepare them; whereupon he was attacked by Lord DUDLEY STUART and Mr. CARTER, who denounced the funeral as a folly and a piece of barbarism. When the Speaker left the chair, Mr. Wilson Pattén, on the motion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was appointed chairman of Committees, and ultimately a supply was granted.

THE FREE-TRADE RESOLUTION.

As Mr. Villiers was absent on Wednesday, Mr. James Wilson stated the terms of the motion he intended to submit on Tuesday next.

“That it is the opinion of this House that the improved condition of the country, and particularly of the industrious classes, is mainly the result of recent commercial legislation, and especially of the act of 1846, which established the free admission of foreign corn, and that that act was a wise, just, and beneficent measure; and that it is the opinion of the House that the maintenance and further extension of the policy of Free-trade, as opposed to that of Protection, will best enable the property and industry of the nation to bear the burdens to which they are exposed, and will most contribute to the general prosperity, welfare, and contentment of the people. That this House is ready to take into consideration any measures consistent with the principles of this resolution that may be laid before it by her Majesty's Ministers. (Hear, hear.)”

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Law Reform has not escaped the attention of Government. On Tuesday, the LORD CHANCELLOR, in a most elaborate speech, stated to the House the measures taken since the last session for the purpose of carrying into operation the bills for the amendment of proceedings in the Court of Chancery; and also announced the further measures contemplated by the Government, and about to be laid before the other House, with the same object. The measures passed last session were now in full operation, and they had produced all the best effects contemplated by Parliament, so that proceedings in Chancery were now speedy in operation and cheap in expenditure. The noble and learned lord then proceeded to describe, in detail, the measures intended to be introduced, and in the course of his observations he said that an extended investigation into the system of the ecclesiastical courts must take place at no distant time. Improvements would be made in the administration of the law with regard to lunacy, one of which would give the commissioners power to visit Bethlehem Hospital. The law of bankruptcy would also be amended, but he did not propose to give the County-court judges any jurisdiction in cases of this description. It was also the intention of the Government to proceed with the digest of the criminal law, the measures in relation to which would be founded upon the existing reports.

Lord BROUGHAM expressed a partial satisfaction at the announcements made by the noble and learned lord; and presented himself a number of bills for the amendment of different branches of the law.

INDIAN COMMITTEE.—The select Committee appointed last session on Indian affairs was re-appointed on Monday.

LATE LEGISLATION.—Mr. BROTHERTON, who annually moves that no business should take place after 12 o'clock, was again defeated on Monday night, by a majority of 260 to 64. Mr. EWART, Mr. WILLIAMS, and Mr. HUME spoke in favour; Mr. DISRAELI, Lord JOHN RUSSELL, and Sir WILLIAM CLAY, against it.

MR. DISRAELI'S "GREAT SPEECH."

It may possibly be true, as Mr. Disraeli informed the House of Commons last night, says the *Globe* of Tuesday, that “Fortune favours those who are at once inventive and patient.” As to invention, the less perhaps that we say of that, the better. But few will dispute the Chancellor of the Exchequer's claim to the praise of extraordinary patience, when they recollect his exposition of the military character in last night's oration on the late Duke of Wellington, and compare it with the original in the following:—

PARALLEL PASSAGES.

“It is not that a great general must be an engineer, a geographer, learned in human nature, adroit in the management of men that he must be able to fulfil the highest duty of a minister of state, and then to descend to the humblest office of a commissary and a clerk; but he has to display all this knowledge and to exercise all those duties at the same time, and under extraordinary circumstances. At every moment he has to think of the eye and of the morrow of his flank and of his rear—he has to calculate at the same time the state of the weather and the moral qualities of men; and all those elements that are perpetually changing he has to combine, sometimes under overwhelming heat, sometimes

under overpowering cold—oftentimes in famine, and frequently amidst the roar of artillery. (Hear, hear.) Behind all these circumstances there is ever present the image of his country, and the dreadful alternative whether that country is to welcome him with laurel or with cypress. (Hear, hear.) Yet those images he must dismiss from his mind, for the general must not only think, but think with the rapidity of lightning; for on a moment more or less depends the fate of the most beautiful combination—and a moment more or less is a question of glory or of shame. (Hear, hear.) Unquestionably, sir, all this may be done in an ordinary manner, by an ordinary man, as every day of our lives we see that ordinary men may be successful ministers of state, successful authors, and successful speakers—but to do all this with genius is sublime. (Hear, hear.) To be able to think with vigour, with depth, and with clearness in the recesses of the cabinet, is a great intellectual demonstration; but to think with equal vigour, clearness, and depth amidst the noise of bullets, appears to me the loftiest exercise and the most complete triumph of human faculties. (Cheers.)” —MR. DISRAELI ON THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, 1852.

Further off, and behind them, is the spectacle of your country, with laurel or with cypress. But all these images and ideas must be banished and set aside, for you must think, and think quickly—one minute too much, and the fairest combination has lost its opportunity, and instead of glory, it is shame which awaits you. All this undoubtedly is compatible with mediocrity, like every other profession; one can also be a middling poet, a middling orator, a middling author; but this done with genius is sublime. . .

. . . To think in the quiet of one's cabinet clearly, strongly, nobly, this undoubtedly is great; but to think as clearly, as strongly, as nobly, in the midst of carnage and fire, is the most perfect exercise of the human faculties.” —M. THIERS ON THE MARSHAL GOUVION DE ST. CYR, 1829, quoted in the *Morning Chronicle* of July 1, 1845.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSES OF CONVOCATION.

[THE following documents appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* on Tuesday.]

SIR,—Many members of the Lower House of Convocation appear to be in some doubt as to the exact order and dependence of the several resolutions and amendments moved in Lower House of Convocation on Friday last, 12th inst.

I beg to subjoin what will, I believe, be found to be a correct statement. Your obedient servant,

GEORGE A. DENISON,

London, Nov. 15.

Archdeacon of Taunton.

RESOLUTIONS AND AMENDMENTS.

LOWER HOUSE OF CONVOCATION, JERUSALEM CHAMBER, FRIDAY, NOV. 12, 1852.

1. Dr. Spry moved, and Archdeacon of Lewes seconded, the original resolution, as the title page of representation.
2. Archdeacon of Ely moved, and Archdeacon of Chichester seconded, the direct negative.
3. The Dean of Bristol moved, and Archdeacon of London seconded, an amendment for a “committee of grievances,” to which to refer the representation; without any message to the Upper House adverting to that representation.
4. Archdeacon of Maidstone moved, and Dr. Spry seconded a resolution, stating to the Upper House that an important representation had been introduced into the Lower House, and referred to a committee of grievances, and praying that the sitting of Convocation might be so ordered that the Lower House might be enabled in due time to receive and consider the report of such committee. Dr. Spry withdrawing the original resolution, with the consent of the Archdeacon of Lewes, the amendments of the Archdeacon of Ely and of the Dean of Bristol fell to the ground.
5. The Dean of Bristol then suggested that it would be necessary, before passing the Archdeacon of Maidstone's resolution, which stated that a “committee of grievances” had been appointed, to pass a resolution appointing such committee, and referring the representation to it—he accordingly moved a resolution to that effect, which was seconded, and passed.
6. Archdeacon of Maidstone's resolution, as seconded by Dr. Spry, was then passed.

PROCEEDINGS THIS WEEK.

The Parliament of the Church has sat three days, transacted some business, and been prorogued until February.

Both Houses resumed their session on Tuesday.

In the Upper House, the question as to whether the Archbishop could prorogue the sitting without the consent of his brethren was briefly talked over; the Archbishop insisting that he could, and some Bishops insisting that he could not. The Bishop of Oxford then moved an amendment to the paragraph in the address relating to Convocation, which he subsequently withdrew in favour of one from the Bishop of Salisbury. The chief opponent to the amendment of the Bishop of Oxford was the Bishop of Winchester. He feared the revival of Convocation would be disastrous for the Church. “If they took that step now proposed that little step, as it was called—he feared great danger would result.” The Bishop of Salisbury seconded the amendment of the Bishop of Oxford. He was strongly opposed to the discussion of doctrinal matters. The Bishop of St. David's, who agreed neither with the

address nor the amendment, suggested that a committee should be appointed to consider both, and unite them as far as possible.

The address stated that there were opinions for and against the revival of Convocation; the amendment stated in distinct terms that the revival was desirable.

The suggestion of the Bishop of St. David's met with pretty general approval from the Bishops; but the Archbishop declined to say whether he would allow the House to consider as to the appointment of a committee. In his speech the Bishop of Exeter maintained that Convocation had a right to transact any business not inconsistent with public laws, and short of making canons; and in conclusion he said some striking things about the state of matters:—

"They had been called together, and were they to be told that they could do nothing? Were they to do nothing, though they prayed to God to enable them to do everything? After offering such a prayer to God, were they to say we will do nothing? He was not in the hearts and minds of others of his right reverend brethren present. He knew not what thoughts might strike them. He was quite sure of knowing who they are, and what they are. He knew they did not desire them to pray to God day after day, unless they had some good reason for turning these words into words of mere idle form, and, as it appeared to him, a solemn mockery. Let it not be supposed that he thought their lordships would incur that guilt, which he felt they would be incurring if they were to adopt this do-nothing proposition. They were specially called upon to consider the history of the last thirty years, the present circumstances in the history of the Church of England and of the Church of Christ. He was rejoiced to think how very much good had been achieved during the last thirty years. In saying that, let him not be supposed to look without dismay (that was a strong word, but strong words were alone suitable to the occasion) at much that had passed in the course of this period, and more especially in the course of the last ten years. He had seen large defections from the Church of men not all of whom had been induced lightly to take the step they had done. He was bound in charity to think that they had not lightly ventured upon such a step. Some of them he had known—some of them he was wont to look upon as endowed with the highest intellect, and blessed with a spirit of thankfulness to God, which he revered, and would have been glad to emulate. Some of these had fallen. Fallen, he said, because he could not think of their defection from the Church of England to that of Rome, without feeling that it was a most grievous, most dangerous, most hideous fall. The God of them all would know best what allowance to make for those feelings which led those men to their fall. There were some things that were open to human ken, and among these cases they could see some of the causes which had led to it. Be it that there had been an eagerness amongst some of the lowest classes of the hierarchy of Rome which may have misled them; others thought they might have been misled by the desire to imitate the excessive rituals of that Church; be it that there were some who longed for more power in the presbyters than the Church gave them; but he knew it of more than one—he knew it of those whom he most honoured—that they had gone because of what they felt to be the miserable thralldom of the Church to the State of this land. One, perhaps, of the most distinguished of those men—distinguished for qualities not only of intellect, in which he might have had his equals, but for other high qualities in which he was not surpassed—had said, a year before he left them, how bitterly he felt the condition in which he was placed—how unwilling he would be to yield to his feelings—how painful at last it would be to him if he should be compelled to take that step which would be imposed upon him if he were once convinced that the Church was without the means of carrying on the functions of a Church. He (the Bishop of Exeter) knew that, at that time, one act of the episcopate, of the particulars of which he would not speak—aye, the announcement of an intent in that direction—would have stopped him in his fall, and, with him, the fall of many more. How many more would fall unless they were able, by God's grace, to satisfy them that they are a Church? They knew that they were an establishment; it was said also that they had all the advantages of an establishment. He believed that many of them were not satisfied to leave the benefits of that establishment—he had a strong feeling upon it—he would deplore as the greatest calamity that could befall the country, and certainly not the least that could befall the Church, if ever the Church and State were separated. But he knew that there were men in that Church who, if the time should ever come that that Church should declare itself incompetent for the discharge of its essential duties and its vital actions, would leave it. He for one would leave that Church if ever that time should come. He would not go to Rome—nothing would induce him to go to that corrupt Church—but never, never, never would he act as a bishop of the Church of England, if the Church of England was placed in hopeless impotence under the feet of the temporal power of the State. He would conclude with the expression of an earnest hope that the excellent speech of the Bishop of St. David's might have the effect of drawing them all together in such a manner as might best promote the true interests of the Church."

Finally, an amendment moved by the Bishop of Salisbury was adopted.

"In thus referring to the subject which appears to us especially to concern the well-being of the Church, we cannot omit to speak of those deliberative functions of this Convocation which many members of our Church desire to see again called into active exercise. We do not deem it advisable at the present moment to petition your Majesty for the Royal licence to transact such business as we may not venture upon without it. But we think it our duty, nevertheless, respectfully to express our convictions, both

that its legislative assemblies are an essential and most important part of the constitution of our Church, and that the circumstances of the present day make it alike more imperative to preserve, and, as far as possible, to improve them, and more particularly that the resumption of their active functions, in such manner as your Majesty, by your royal licence, may permit, may at no distant date be productive of much advantage. We know, indeed, that apprehensions have been entertained that in such case Convocation might address itself to the discussion of controverted questions of doctrine, and a spirit of strife and bitterness be thereby engendered, fatal to Christian charity, and dangerous alike to existing institutions and to our visible unity, and we, therefore, feel it to be our duty humbly to pray your Majesty to receive these our most solemn declarations of our hearty acceptance of the doctrinal formularies and liturgical offices of the Reformed Church, and the assurance that we are utterly averse to any departure from the same, regarding them as inestimable blessings, and being resolved, by the blessing of God, to transmit them unimpaired to posterity. And, further, that we not only recognise, but highly prize your Majesty's undoubted supremacy over all persons in all causes in every part of your Majesty's dominions, as it was maintained in ancient times against the usurpation of the See of Rome, and which was recovered and re-asserted at the time of our Reformation; and whenever we shall deem it necessary to pray your Majesty to grant such royal licence in order to our deliberations, it will be our steadfast endeavour to maintain these principles, and to preserve unimpaired the doctrine and discipline of our Church."

A committee on church discipline was then appointed, and the House adjourned till Wednesday, on which day the whole of the address was agreed to, and under protest from the Bishops of Oxford and St. David's, Convocation was prorogued without the consent of the bishop, until the 16th of February.

The principal business of the Lower House on Tuesday was the appointment of a committee of grievances, to sit in the recess, composed as follows—the Deans of St. Paul's, Norwich, and Wells; the Archdeacons of London, Middlesex, Lewes, St. Alban's, Winchester, and Chichester; Dr. Spry, Dr. Mill, Dr. Jelf, Dr. Wordsworth, Dr. McCaul, and Dr. Jeremie; the Reverends G. B. Blomfield, Frederick Vincent, Montague Villiers, and Francis Massingberd.

The meeting on Wednesday was consumed in debating the address. Several amendments were proposed and agreed to; but the following, as a substitute for the paragraph prepared by the Bishop of Salisbury on the revival of convocation, was withdrawn:—

"We do not, indeed, deem it advisable, at the present moment, to petition your Majesty for your royal licence to transact such business as we may not enter upon without it; but we think it our duty respectfully to express our conviction both that its legislative assemblies are an essential and most important part of the constitution of our Reformed Church, and that the circumstances of the present day make it alike more imperative to preserve, and, as far as possible, to improve them, and more particularly that the resumption of their active functions, in such manner as your Majesty, by your royal licence, may permit, may at no distant date be productive of much advantage. We know, indeed, that apprehensions have been entertained that in such case Convocation might address itself to the discussion of controverted questions of doctrine, and a spirit of strife and bitterness be thereby engendered, fatal to Christian charity, and dangerous alike to existing institutions and to our visible unity, and we, therefore, feel it to be our duty humbly to pray your Majesty to receive this our most solemn declaration of our hearty acceptance of the doctrinal formularies and liturgical offices of the Reformed Church, and our assurance that we regard them as inestimable blessings, and are resolved, by the help of God, to transmit them unimpaired to posterity. And further, that we not only recognise, but highly prize your Majesty's undoubted supremacy in all causes, ecclesiastical and civil, over all persons, and in every part of your Majesty's dominions, as it was maintained in ancient times against the usurpations of the See of Rome, and was recovered and re-asserted at our Reformation. In connexion with this grave subject we feel that your Majesty may expect from us the expression of our solemn protest against that fresh aggression of the Bishop of Rome, by which he has arrogated to himself the spiritual charge of this nation, thereby denying the existence of that branch of the Church Catholic which was planted in Britain in the primitive ages of Christianity, and has been preserved by a merciful Providence to this day, as well as against many which have preceded it; and we desire on this, our first occasion of addressing your Majesty since its occurrence, solemnly to protest in the face of Christendom, and to lay this our protest before your most gracious Majesty."

Archdeacon Hare moved this amendment; and an attempt was made to discuss the whole question it involved. Dr. McCaul especially insisted on stating his strong opposition views. But the Prolocutor prevented him as much as possible. The Reverend Hayward Cox proposed an amendment, protesting against the revival of the active powers of Convocation without a new representation including the laity. This was rejected by an overwhelming majority. The other additions were unimportant; but such as they were, the Upper House agreed to them.

The Prolocutor, having communicated with the Primate, then informed the House that it stood prorogued until February. Thus ended the famous sitting of Convocation under the Derby Ministry.

THE STATE FUNERAL. BURIAL OF WELLINGTON.

THE great incident of the week has been accomplished—Wellington rests in his grave in Saint Paul's, beside the great naval hero of England. Through the streets of the metropolis has marched that solemn procession of the fighting men of Britain, of her renowned lawyers, of her politicians, and great officers of State. The sun which lighted up the last grand charge at Waterloo, shone out as the Victor of that great day was borne along, escorted by his comrades. And all along the line, at every window and housetop, in every avenue and "coign of vantage," the mighty masses of the people were present as the solemn cortège passed by. It was a noble sight, recalling old traditions of the invincibility of England and Englishmen; and in the feeling of our strength on the fields where nations try by arms the great causes of the world, even sorrow was swallowed up. The pageant of Thursday was the manifesto of Britain to despotic Europe, that she is still prepared to assert her own rights, come what may.

The solemn sound of the march, the beat of the muffled drums, the soul-stirring strains of ennobling music, have past; the poet's ode has been sung; the priest's prayer has been offered up—the Hero sleeps with his great predecessors. Peace be with him.

ORDER OF PROCEEDING TO ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

On the evening of Wednesday, the 17th of November, the remains of Field-Marshal Arthur Duke of Wellington, K.G., were removed under an escort of Cavalry, from the Hall of Chelsea Hospital to the Audience-room of the Horse Guards, and on the following morning, at half-past seven o'clock, the Procession having formed in St. James's-park, proceeded up Constitution-hill, through Piccadilly, by St. James's-street, along Pall-mall, Cockspur-street, Charing-cross, and the Strand to Temple-bar, and thence to the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, in the following order:—

INFANTRY—Six Battalions, consisting of three Battalions of Her Majesty's Regiments of Guards.—One Battalion of Her Majesty's 33rd Foot.—One Battalion of the Royal Marines.—One Battalion of the Rifle Brigade. Each Battalion of 600 strong, making 3,600.

CAVALRY.—Eight Squadrons consisting of three Squadrons of Her Majesty's Life Guards.—Five Squadrons of Cavalry, making 640 swords.

ARTILLERY—Seventeen guns of the Royal Artillery. Marshalsmen on Foot.

Messenger of the College of Arms on Foot.

Eight Conductors with Staves on Foot.

Chelsea Pensioners in number eighty-three, on Foot.

Twelve Enrolled Pensioners on Foot.

One Soldier from every Regiment in Her Majesty's Service.

Three Trumpets and One Kettle Drum.

Two Pursuivants of Arms in a Mourning Coach.

The Standard or Pennon, carried by a Lieut.-Colonel, supported by two Captains in the Army on Horseback.

Servants of the Deceased in a Mourning Coach.

Lieutenant and Deputy-Lieutenant of the Tower.

Deputations from Public Bodies: Merchant Tailors' Company.

—East India Company.—Corporation of the Trinity House.

Barons and officers of the Cinque Ports, with the Lieutenant and Deputy-Lieutenant of Dover Castle.—Captains of Deal, Walmers, Sandgate, and Sandown Castles.

Board of Ordnance, and Ordnance Department.

Delegation from the University of Oxford, in two Carriages.

Deputation from the Common Council of the City of London in Three Carriages.

Three Trumpets.

Two Pursuivants of Arms in a Mourning Coach.

The Guidon,

Carried by a Lieut.-Colonel, supported by two Captains in the Army on Horseback.

Comptroller of the late Duke's Household, in a Mourning Coach.

Physicians to the Deceased, in a Mourning Coach.

Chaplain of the Tower, Chaplain-General of the Forces in the London District, Chaplain-General of the Forces, in a Mourning Coach.

High-Sheriff of the County of Southampton. Sheriffs of London in Two Carriages.

Alderman and Recorder of London; a Deputation consisting of Four Carriages.

Companions of the Order of the Bath, represented by Four in One Carriage.

[Members of the House of Commons had Seats reserved for them in the Cathedral.]

Knights Commanders of the Order of the Bath, represented by Four in One Carriage. Knights Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, represented by Four in One Carriage.

In each Class, one from the Army, one from the Navy, one from the East India Company's Service, and one from the Civil Service.

Three Trumpets.

Heralds in a Mourning Coach.

Banner of Wellesley,

Carried by a Lieut.-Colonel, supported by Two Captains in the Army on Horseback.

The Lords Justices of Appeal.—Chief Baron of the Exchequer.

—Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.—Master of Rolls.—Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench.—Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.—Chancellor of the Exchequer.—The Paymaster-General of the Forces.—The Right Honourable the Secretary-at-War.—The Right Honourable the Judge Advocate-General.—Master-General of the Ordnance.—First

Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty.—Secretaries of State for the Home and Colonial Departments.

Speaker of the House of Commons.

Barons, Bishops, Viscounts, Earls, Marquesses, Dukes, Will have seats reserved in the Cathedral.

Earl of Malmesbury, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

Earl of Derby, First Lord Commissioner of the Treasury.

Earl Marshal of England; Lord Great Chamberlain; Lord Privy Seal; Lord President of the Council; Lord Archbishop of York; Lord High Chancellor; Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

[At Temple-bar the Lord Mayor, carrying the City Sword, joined in the procession.]

Military Secretary.

Assistant Quarter-Master-General, Assistant Adjutant-General, two Aides-de-Camp to the Deceased, Deputy Quarter-Master-General, Deputy Adjutant-General, Quarter-Master-General, Adjutant-General—on horseback.

His Royal Highness PRINCE ALBERT, in a Carriage drawn by Six Horses; attended by the Lord Chamberlain of her Majesty's Household and the Groom of the Stole to his Royal Highness.

A Second Carriage with other Attendants.

A Third Carriage with other Attendants.

Four Trumpets.

Serjeant Trumpeter.

Heralds.

Norroy King-of-Arms, in a Mourning Coach.

The Great Banner,

carried by a Colonel, supported by two Lieutenant-Colonels on Horseback.

[Here on reaching the Cathedral the Dignitaries of the Church, meeting the Body at the west door, fell in.]

Foreign Bats.

The Baton of the Deceased, as Field Marshal, borne on a Black Velvet Cushion in a Mourning Coach, by the Marquess of Anglesey, K.G.

The Coronet of the Deceased, borne on a Black Velvet Cushion in a Mourning Coach by Clarenceaux, King of Arms.

The Pall Bearers, Eight General Officers, in two Mourning Coaches.

The Body,

Covered with crimson velvet & gold, adorned with Escutcheons, upon a Funeral Car, drawn by Twelve Horses, decorated with Trophies and Heraldic Achievements.

Five Banners, borne by Officers in the Army, on Horseback.

Five Banners, borne by Officers in the Army, on Horseback.

Gentleman Usher.

Garter Principal King of Arms, in a Mourning Coach.

Gentleman Usher.

THE CHIEF MOURNER,

In a long Mourning Cloak,

His Train borne by

Hon. William Wellesley.

Supporter Marquess of Salisbury.

Supporter Marquess of Tweeddale.

Ten Assistants to the Chief Mourner.

Relations and Friends of the Deceased.

The late Duke's Horse led by a Groom to the Deceased. Officers and Men from every Regiment in the Service; consisting of one Captain, a Subaltern, a Serjeant, a Corporal, and five men from every Regiment, with Bands, representing every such Regiment.

Carriages of the Queen and of the Royal Family.

Troops to close the Procession.

At Temple-bar, the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of London, attended by the Recorder and a Deputation from the Aldermen, by the Sheriffs, and by a Deputation from the Common Council, received the procession.

The three Carriages containing the Deputation from the Common Council, fell into the Procession immediately after the delegation from the University of Oxford. The six Carriages of the Sheriffs and Aldermen fell into the Procession between the Carriage of the High Sheriff of the County of Southampton and that containing the Companions of the Bath; which positions were indicated by a Conductor on horseback.

In order to give space for the admission of the Carriages of the Common Council, of the Sheriffs, Recorder, and Aldermen, the second Mourning Coach and the Carriage of the Companions of the Order of the Bath, respectively halted until those Carriages took their rank in the Procession.

The Right Honourable the Lord Mayor, bearing the City Sword, was placed between the Carriage of his Royal Highness Prince Albert and that of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Upon arrival at St. Paul's Cathedral, the Marshalsmen and Conductors divided and ranged themselves on each side at the foot of the steps without the great west door; the Chelsea and Enrolled Pensioners, together with the soldiers from every regiment in her Majesty's service (two officers from every regiment having been previously provided with seats in the nave behind the place assigned to the soldiers) proceeded into the nave, filed off right and left, the rest of the procession alighted, and moved forward in order to the west door of the church, and entering, proceeded up the nave. The officers of arms, the officers bearing the banners, with their supporters, and the officers of the late Duke's household, took their place in the area.

The deputations and delegations from public bodies, the officers of the Tower of London and of Dover Castle, the Castles of Deal, Walmer, Sandgate, and Sandown, the barons and officers of the Cinque Ports, the physicians of the deceased, chaplains and High Sheriff of the county of Southampton, were conducted to their seats. The Common Council, Sheriffs, Recorder, Aldermen, and Lord Mayor proceeded to their own seats. The Companions, Knights Commanders, and Knights Grand Cross of the Bath, representing the Order of the Bath, were conducted to the seats appropriated to them; the Lords Justices, the Master of the Rolls, the Chief Baron and Chief Justices, the other official personages, Ministers, and Great Officers of State, were also conducted to the seats appropriated to them respectively.

His Royal Highness Prince Albert was seated in a Chair on the right hand of the Chief Mourner; the Suite of his Royal Highness took their places near his Royal Highness.

The Body, when taken from the Car, was received by the

Dean and Prebendaries, attended by the Choir, and borne into the Church, attended and supported as follows:—

The Spurs, borne by York Herald.

The Helmet and Crest, borne by Richmond Herald.

The Sword and Target, borne by Lancaster Herald.

The Surcoat, borne by Chester Herald.

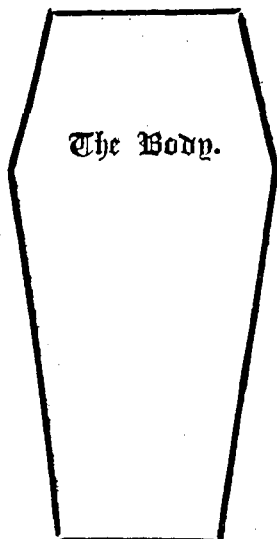
FOREIGN BATONS.

The Baton of the deceased, as Field-Marshal, borne by the Marquess of Anglesey, K.G.

The Coronet and Cushion, borne by Clarenceaux King-of-Arms.

Five General Officers, bearing Banners.

Four Supporters of the Pall.



Four Supporters of the Pall.

Five General Officers, bearing Banners.

The remainder of the Procession followed as before marshalled.

The Supporters of the Pall were seated on stools on each side of the body. The Officers bearing the Banners were ranged behind the Supporters of the Pall.

The Chief Mourner was seated in a chair at the head of the body: his Supporters on either side; the train bearer behind, and the assistant mourners upon stools, also on either side. The relations and friends of the deceased took places behind the Chief Mourners.

The Body being placed on a Bier, and the Pall being removed, the Coronet and Cushion was placed on the Coffin, as also the Field-Marshal's Baton of the deceased.

The Foreign Batons were held during the ceremony by military officers of high rank in the respective armies of the different Foreign Powers, and they, with the Marquis of Anglesey, occupied stools at the foot of the coffin.

The part of the Service before the Interment and the Anthem being performed, the Body was deposited in the Vault, and the Service being ended, Garter proclaimed the Style, and the Comptroller of the deceased breaking his Staff, gave the pieces to Garter, by whom they were deposited in the Grave.

The Pall Bearers were General Viscount Combermere, General Marquis of Londonderry, General Viscount Hardinge, Lieut.-General Lord Seaton, Lieut.-General Viscount Gough, Lieut.-General Sir Charles J. Napier, Lieut.-General Sir J. L. Lushington, Lieut.-General Sir George Pollock, Major-General Sir Harry G. W. Smith, Bart. Lieut.-General Lord Raglan was nominated as a pall-bearer, but rightly preferred his position as a private friend.

THE PROCESSION.

Before daybreak on Thursday the troops appointed to take part in the funeral began to muster in St. James's-park, in the Mall, and on the parade ground behind the Horse Guards. The coaches also, which were to join in the procession, were assembled there, and within a spacious tent workmen were engaged in completing the decorations of the funeral car. Day broke heavily, the wind being loaded with moisture, the sky threatening-looking, and the streets giving the most unequivocal tokens of a night of heavy rain. As daylight came a dusky mass of armed men, seen on the left side of the parade facing towards the Horse Guards, became distinguishable as the Rifles, their sombre uniforms harmonising with the occasion. The first battalion is at present on service at the Cape, and on the 2nd battalion, therefore, devolved the honour of representing the corps at the Duke's funeral. Looking to the right, the eye rested next, through the grey morning, on the 1st battalion of Royal Marines and the 33rd Regiment, drawn up in column directly opposite the Horse Guards. To the right of these were the Fusilier, Coldstream, and Grenadier Guards, the whole force forming an imposing array to British eyes, though small in comparison with Continental musters. At the east end of the Mall might be observed the head of the cavalry force, comprising eight squadrons from the most distinguished regiments in the service. There were the 17th Lancers, the 13th Light Dragoons, the 8th Hussars, the Scots Greys, the 6th Dragoon Guards, the Blues, and the 1st and 2nd Life Guards, and gullant and splendid they looked on a closer survey, as, drawn up with military precision, they awaited the signal to start. The infantry formed the most striking feature of the spectacle—their standards covered with crape drooping heavily, and swayed about occasionally by the bearers, while the morning light glimmered faintly upon the serried rows of bayonets. As the morning advanced, a brilliant muster of officers gathered near the gateway of the Horse Guards. Lord Hardinge appeared at half-past seven o'clock. The coffin was removed from the chamber in which it had rested during the night, and by the aid of machinery was raised to its position on the lofty summit of the car. The twelve great black horses were harnessed on. At eight o'clock the hangings of the tent which concealed it from the view were suddenly furled up. The first minute gun was fired, the troops presented arms and saluted the body, upon which the roll of the muffled drum, followed by the music of the "Dead March" in *Saul*, announced that the procession had commenced.

Infantry, Rifles, Marines, the Duke's Own (the 33rd), and Foot Guards, in perfect order, marching admirably, came first, and behind them the band of the Artillery, then nine guns of the field batteries, on their carriages, drawn by six horses, and then the band of the 17th Lancers. Next appeared the most brilliant part of the whole procession—Lancers, Dragoons, Hussars, and "those terrible grey horses," a goodly and gallant show of fine looking men and powerful steeds. Then eight guns of the Horse Artillery are dragged along, and then we have another magnificent cavalry display, the Blues and two regiments of Life Guards. Crape and muffled drums, and the wail of trumpets, recalled the admiring spectator's remembrance, should he for a moment forget, in gazing upon that superb display, that it is drawn out as homage to the dead. In the order indicated by the programme, the procession marched up Constitution-hill, up Piccadilly, down St. James's-street, and by Pall-mall, the Strand, Fleet-street, and Ludgate-hill, to St. Paul's. Spectators lined the whole of the way. Such vast numbers have never assembled before in our times. The avenues leading into the main line were crowded; seats were placed in all the windows, and filled; the housetops were covered; balconies, parapets, projecting ledges, lamp-posts, indeed every available holding-place had its complement of the crowd. The clubs were almost devoted to ladies. The princely houses at the West End were thronged by the great; and large areas, like Waterloo-place and Charing-cross, held their thousands. Temple-bar was the only decorated building. Each side was covered with black velvet, festooned with cords, tassels, and black and white fringe. On the upper part of the Bar, on each side, was an imitation of a Roman frieze silver gilt, with the helmet and laurel entwined, and an architectural frieze, also silver gilt, in keeping with the upper one, ran immediately above the central arch. From immediately below the upper frieze were suspended wreaths of *immortels*, encircling the monogram W A, and from which hung the ribands and decorations of the various British and Foreign orders which the illustrious Duke was entitled to wear. Reposing on cushions resting on the lower frieze were the shields of the various countries in the armies of which the Duke was field marshal, surmounted by the flags of the respective countries—Spain, Russia, Prussia, Austria, Portugal, Netherlands, Hanover, England. On the top of the Bar were five large silver-gilt funeral urns, draped with black velvet. Around the central urn were ranged, in a circle, twelve flambeaux, each of which, as well as the urns, gave forth a brilliant body of flame in gas. Immediately over the arch, upon each side of the Bar, were colossal arms of the Duke of Wellington; and the windows of the small room over the arch, occupied by Messrs. Child, the bankers, were draped with cloth of gold.

Under this the funeral car passed without much difficulty. Only when it arrived at St. Paul's was there any stoppage of length. There it was a long time before the coffin could be lowered from the car. The wind blew keenly. The distinguished foreigners withdrew before it several times, and the clergy, who, in double lines extending along the nave, waited for the service to begin, vainly sheltered their faces in their robes. Garter and his colleagues stood it out bravely, and, after many efforts, at length succeeded in marshalling the procession. It was a fine and an imposing sight to see the muster of old veterans at the entrance during this detention—Sir William Napier sitting on a kettle-drum—Sir Charles moving about with the activity of a much younger man—Lord Hardinge also vigorous, and full of life; but, most wonderful of all, the Marquis of Anglesey, with bald, uncovered head, apparently unconscious of the fact that age stands exposure to cold less successfully than youth. The display of orders, stars, and ribands here was quite overpowering.

At length the difficulties were surmounted, and the body was borne into

THE CATHEDRAL.

The interior was at once grand and simple. Gas ran round everything that it could encircle, marking the architectural lines in fire. From the area upwards rose a huge circle of seats extended in every direction. The floor was covered with black cloth, and in the centre was the grave. At first, the scene looked gaunt and unsatisfactory; but by degrees the outlines were filled up, and colour gave warmth to the picture. It was very cold, and the spectators put on some their hats others handkerchiefs. The old generals, with true military punctuality, were among the earliest arrivals, and the quarter of the area appropriated to them was filled very speedily. The old admirals were equally exact, and every eye in the cathedral was soon directed to that quarter where orders, stars, ribands, and crosses, glittering on bright scarlet and blue, told of men who had served their country and had

fought by the side of the great warrior whose remains were approaching their last home. Sir C. Napier, with his eagle face, moving stiffly along from the effect of his old wounds—his brother, Sir William, with a frame, if possible, still more shattered by ball and perforated by bayonet,—Lord Gough, with his noble soldierlike bearing, Lord Seaton, Lord Combermere, Sir James McDonnell, Sir A. Woodford, Sir W. Cotton,—these, and many another gallant veteran, called one's mind back to the days when Wellesley led his ill-provided levies against the disciplined battalions of the great Emperor, and taught a generation of soldiers who are yet among us the way to conquer. Soon the whole area and the seats around were filled with persons in all uniforms. At a quarter past twelve, the Bishop of London and the Dean of St. Paul's heading the clergy and the choir, proceeded slowly up the nave from the organ to the entrance to receive the remains of the great Duke. Clothed in white, with black bands and sashes, the procession, thus headed, moved in two streams of two and two through the dignified and richly attired assemblage till they halted at the door, where they drew up in column four deep. A considerable delay took place in removing the coffin from the funeral car, which tended somewhat to impair the effect of the solemn ceremonial. For nearly an hour this untoward stoppage excited the anxiety of the spectators, who could not understand the cause of it; but at length there was a universal hush, and, as if moved by one mind, the whole of the vast assemblage stood up in respectful grief as the coffin which contained the remains of the great Duke appeared in sight, preceded by the choir with measured tread as they chanted the beginning of the burial service by Dr. Croft. When the coffin was borne in the wind stirred the feathers of the Marshal's hat placed upon the lid, and produced an indescribably sorrowful effect, in giving an air of light and playful life to that where all was dead. And thus, with the hoarse roar of the multitude without as they saw their last of Arthur, Duke of Wellington, with the grand and touching service of our Church sounding solemnly through the arched dome and aisles of the noble church, with the glistening eye and hushed breath of many a gallant as well as of many a gentle soul in that vast multitude—with the bell tolling solemnly the knell of the departed, taken up by the voice of the distant cannon, amid the quiet waving of bannerol and flag, surrounded by all the greatness of the land—with all the pomp and glories of heraldic achievement, escutcheon, and device,—his body was borne up St. Paul's. At 1.40 the coffin was slid off the moveable carriage in which it had been conveyed up the nave to the frame in the centre of the area under the dome, which, as our readers have been informed, was placed almost directly over the tomb of Nelson, which lies in the crypt below. The Marshal's hat and sword of the deceased were removed from the coffin, and in their place a ducal coronet, on a velvet cushion, was substituted.

The foreign Marshals and Generals stood at the head of the coffin; at the south side of it stood his Royal Highness Prince Albert, with his baton of Field-Marshal in his hand, and attired in full uniform, standing a little in advance of a numerous staff of officers. At each side of the coffin were British Generals who had acted as pall-bearers. After the psalm and anthem, the Dean read with great solemnity and impressiveness the lesson, 1 Cor. xv. 20, which was followed by the *Nunc Dimittis*, and a dirge, with the following words set to music by Mr. Goss:—

"And the King said to all the people that were with him, 'Rend your clothes and gird you with sackcloth and mourn.' And the King himself followed the bier."

"And they buried him. And the King lifted up his voice and wept at the grave, and all the people wept."

"And the King said unto his servants, 'Know ye not that there is a Prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?'"

And now came the roll of muffled drums, and the wailing notes of horn and cornet, and the coffin slowly sank into the crypt amid the awful strains of Handel's "Dead March." The ducal crown disappeared with its gorgeous support, and in the centre of the group of generals and nobles was left a dark chasm, into which every eye glanced sadly down.

At the conclusion of the service, the Garter King at Arms, standing over the vault, proclaimed the titles and orders of the deceased:

"Arthur Wellesley, he said, was the Most High, Mighty, and Most Noble Prince, Duke of Wellington, Marquis of Wellington, Marquis of Douro, Earl of Wellington, in Somerset, Viscount Wellington, of Talavera, Baron Douro, of Wellesley, Prince of Waterloo, in the Netherlands, Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, in Spain, Duke of Bruniy, in France, Duke of Vittoria, Marquis of Torres Vedras, Count of Vimiera, in Portugal, a Grande of the First Class in Spain, a Privy Councillor, Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, Colonel of the Rifle Brigade, a Field-Marshal of Great Britain, a Marshal of Russia, a Marshal of Austria,

a Marshal of France, a Marshal of Prussia, a Marshal of Spain, a Marshal of Portugal, a Marshal of the Netherlands, a Knight of the Garter, a Knight of the Holy Ghost, a Knight of the Golden Fleece, a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, a Knight Grand Cross of Hanover, a Knight of the Black Eagle, a Knight of the Tower and Sword, a Knight of St. Fernando, a Knight of William of the Low Countries, a Knight of Charles III., a Knight of the Sword of Sweden, a Knight of St. Andrew of Russia, a Knight of the Annunciato of Sardinia, a Knight of the Elephant of Denmark, a Knight of Maria Theresa, a Knight of St. George of Russia, a Knight of the Crown of Rue of Saxony, a Knight of Fidelity of Baden, a Knight of Maximilian Joseph of Bavaria, a Knight of St. Alexander Newsky of Russia, a Knight of St. Hermenegilda of Spain, a Knight of the Red Eagle of Brandenburg, a Knight of St. Januarius, a Knight of the Golden Lion of Hesse Cassel, a Knight of the Lion of Baden, a Knight of Merit of Wurtemberg, the Lord High Constable of England, the Constable of the Tower, the Constable of Dover Castle, Warden of the Cinque Ports, Chancellor of the Cinque Ports, Admiral of the Cinque Ports, Lord-Lieutenant of Hampshire, Lord-Lieutenant of the Tower Hamlets, Ranger of St. James's Park, Ranger of Hyde Park, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, Commissioner of the Royal Military College, Vice-President of the Scottish Naval and Military Academy, the Master of the Trinity-house, a Governor of King's College, a Doctor of Laws, &c.

Then the late Duke's controller having broken in pieces his staff of office in the household handed it to the Garter King at Arms, who cast the fragments into the vault. The choir and chorus sang the hymn, "Sleepers awake!" and the Bishop of London, standing by the side of the Lord Chancellor, pronounced the blessing, which concluded the ceremony.

In the provinces, on Thursday, business was very generally suspended: as at Portsmouth, Reading, Bristol, Gloucester, Birmingham, Cheltenham, Worcester, Exeter, Nottingham, Liverpool, Carlisle, and other towns.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

LETTER XLVII.

Paris, Tuesday, November 16, 1852.

A GRAVE incident has just occurred. Last week about 1,200,000 copies of the *Protest of the Comte de Chambord* were smuggled into France. They had begun to penetrate by clandestine means, first into the southern and eastern departments, then into the centre, and lastly into Paris itself. They were addressed to all the public functionaries, prefects, under-prefects, *juges de paix*, mayors, and clergy; to all known members of the legitimist party, and to all the notables of the banking, and other commercial and industrial interests. These copies were posted in common wrappers at the various offices, and being taken for ordinary circulars, were regularly distributed to their respective addresses, so that, in fact, at a given moment the whole country was inundated with hostile appeals. The *coup* only reached the ears of Government when it had been struck. A certain agitation was manifested in all the towns where the old noblesse reside. At Metz, Dijon, Valence, copies of the Protest were placarded on all the walls, just above the Proclamation of the Prefect in favour of the Empire. In several communes of the southern departments they went so far as to hoist the white flag. At the same time, while the legitimist party was thus distributing its Protests of Henry V. by thousands, the Republicans in London and Jersey were active in addressing their protests to the people, and with an equally extensive propagandism had penetrated from Paris throughout the departments, without the police knowing a word of it. During Friday night many of the walls of Paris were covered with them. Mystery was no longer possible. The Government, driven to desperate courses, suddenly resolved to publish officially in the *Moniteur* these four Protests—three of the Republican party, one of the Comte de Chambord. It is impossible to convey to you an idea of the impression created by the publication of these addresses, which were immediately copied into all the other journals. "He is mad," said everybody who stopped to read them. "Have they lost their senses, then, at the *Elysée*?" exclaimed the wretched functionaries, as if they saw the sword of Damocles suspended over their heads. "La révolution en permanence," cried the terrified *rentiers*, and other gentlemen in "easy circumstances," as they gazed, all scared and terrified, with hair on end and countenance aghast, at placards which so rudely disturbed their fond belief that the "era of revolutions was closed." On Monday the funds fell one franc in a few minutes, and had it not been for the *dégringolade* of the previous days, the fall would have been much heavier.

No doubt the English papers will have printed these Republican Protests at length. In any case I need not transcribe them here: I think I may content your readers and myself with an analysis of their contents. The first, emanating from the "Revolutionary Com-

mittee" in London, is in the form of an order of the day, inviting the citizens to "hold themselves in readiness for the great day of vengeance."

"Be ready (it says) for everything, and at every moment. Endeavour to see one another, and to meet often by twos, by fours, by sixes, and by tens, if it be possible; form groups and centres which shall communicate with each other by word of mouth. Whatever may be the day or the hour, start from all points at once for the rendezvous agreed on between several groups, and from thence march together to the cantons, the arrondissements and prefectures, in order to confine in a circle of iron and lead all the men who have sold themselves. When the day of justice shall dawn, let neither your hearts nor arms be weak, for your enemies, generously spared, would soon become your persecutors and executioners."

The second proclamation is addressed to the people: it emanates from the "Society of the Revolution." It conjures the citizens of 1852 not to imitate their brothers of 1806—not to suicidally betray their sovereignty into the hands of a scoundrel:—

"At present, citizens, you are invited to renew this infamous lease of servitude; you are convoked to a second empire, and it is not victory, this time, which serves as its sponsor—it is the police; and its campaigns of Italy are called Mazas, Cayenne, Lambessa. If France, dazzled by the gleams of a great sword, dishonoured herself by voting her own servitude in the year 1800, what will be said of you throughout the earth, if you, citizens of full age, distinguished by two revolutions, now come, like supernumeraries of the police, to crown the Caesar of an ambuscade. The conscience has only one name for such suicide—cowardice; and history would have only one place for such a people—that of infamy (*les Gémonies*).

The address then passes to the comedy of universal suffrage:—

"The vote by ballot, even secret, is only organized robbery, when it is falsehood that examines the voting papers, dropped into the urn beneath the eye of the gendarmes! A people may vote for or against on a question of taxes, on peace, on war, on the relative forms of sovereignty, when they do not engage the fundamental principle; but not on the existence itself of sovereignty; on that, to give any vote is a crime, and men should only respond by arms. What is the question now laid down? The empire—the hereditary empire; that is to say, the abdication of sovereignty, lying down in eternal servitude, like a sun extinguished in the sea. Citizens, you will not vote! Let the police and its parasites of all times weave the imperial garland; and as to you, prepare the avenging hemp."

The third address emanates from the proscribed citizens in Jersey: it treats of the question of abstention from voting. A certain number of the democrats of Paris and Lyons had made up their minds to vote in order to count their numbers. This address is in opposition to that determination:—

"Citizens,—The empire is about to be established. Ought you to vote? Ought you to continue to abstain? Such are the questions addressed to us. In the department of the Seine a certain number of republicans, of those who have hitherto abstained, as was their duty, from taking part, in any form whatsoever, in the acts of the Government of M. Bonaparte, seem at present not indisposed to think that on the occasion of the empire an opposing demonstration of the city of Paris by the ballot would be useful, and that the moment has perhaps come to intervene in the vote. They add that in any case the vote would be a sort of census of the republican party, as by means of it they could count themselves. They ask our advice. Our reply shall be simple; and what we say for the city of Paris may be said for all the departments. We will not stop to make you remark that M. Bonaparte has not resolved on declaring himself Emperor without having previously settled with his accomplices the number of votes by which it suits him to exceed the 7,500,000 of his 20th December. At present his figure is fixed at 8,000,000, 9,000,000, or 10,000,000. The ballot will change nothing in it. We will not take the trouble to remind you what the 'universal suffrage' of M. Bonaparte is—what the ballots of M. Bonaparte are. A demonstration of the city of Paris or the city of Lyons, a counting of the republican party—is that possible? Where are the guarantees of the ballot? where is the control? where are the scrutators? where is liberty? Think of all these derivative things. What will issue from the urn? The will of M. Bonaparte—nothing else. M. Bonaparte has the keys of the boxes in his hand—the 'Yes' and the 'No' in his hand—the vote in his hand. To add to or deduct from votes, to change minutes, to invent a total, to fabricate a figure—what is that to him? A falsehood—that is to say, a small thing; a forgery—that is to say, nothing. Let us remain faithful to principles, citizens. What we have to say to you is this—M. Bonaparte considers that the moment has come to call himself Majesty. He has not restored a Pope to leave him to do nothing; he means to be consecrated and crowned. Since the 2nd of December he has had the fact—despotism; he now wants the word—the Empire. Be it so. As to us republicans, what are our functions? what should be our attitude? Citizens, Louis Bonaparte is out of the pale of the law: Louis Bonaparte is out of the pale of humanity. During the ten months that this malefactor has reigned, the right of insurrection has been *en permanence*, and dominates all the situation. At this hour a perpetual appeal to arms is at the bottom of all consciences. Now, be assured what revolts in all consciences quickly succeeds in arming all hands. Friends and brethren, in presence of this infamous Government, the negation of all morality, the obstacle to all social pro-

* *Chevrons*, a military term. Chevrons are the stripes worn on the arm, as a mark of long or distinguished service.

gress—in presence of this Government, the murderer of the people, the assassin of the Republic, and the violator of the laws, of this Government created by force, and which must perish by force—of this Government raised by crime, and which must be overthrown by right—the Frenchman worthy of the name of citizen knows not, will not know if there be somewhere the semblance of a ballot, the comedy of universal suffrage, and the parody of an appeal to the nation; he does not ask himself if there be men who vote, or men who cause to vote—if there be a herd called the Senate, which deliberates, and another herd called the people, which obeys; he does not ask himself if the Pope be about to consecrate at the high altar of Notre Dame the man who—do not doubt it, for it is the inevitable future—will be chained to the pillory by the executioner. In presence of M. Bonaparte and his Government, the citizen worthy of the name only does one thing, and has only one thing to do—load his musket and await the hour. *Vive la République!*”

This last proclamation is signed (and probably written) by Victor Hugo. The publication of such formidable appeals to the people has had an electrical effect. The entire population of Paris was instantly astir. All Paris was a-foot,—working-men, tradesmen, lower class, middle class, intent upon reading in the face of each the impression of all.

A sort of agitation seized the great city. Yet it was nothing compared with the excitement that prevailed in official regions. Many consider themselves utterly ruined. Bonaparte was immediately sent for by electric telegraph. He was hunting at Fontainebleau, but on receipt of the despatch hastened back from Paris, leaving stag and hounds to finish *their* day.

As to the protest of Henri V., although very moderate in tone, it has not the less an immense significance under existing circumstances. First,—it throws many blind and vacillating spirits, ever ready to embrace the first comer, into doubt, whether in the shape of Monarchy it were not better to return to the true Monarchy, the legitimate Monarchy which alone can be the guarantee of *all rights*, rather than to a Monarchy of chance, destitute alike of principle and consistency. Second,—this protest is followed by instructions emanating from the Comte de Chambord himself, in which he invites all Legitimists, the noblesse, and the clergy, to abstain from voting, and to use all their influence to induce others to abstain likewise. This, you see, becomes a serious matter. If the Legitimists, the Republicans, and the Orleanists universally and rigorously should abstain from voting, and if the ballot were regularly and fairly taken, Bonaparte could not get more than two million votes. Unfortunately, the absence of all control, and the facility of falsifying the result, will give the matter quite another turn. *Au reste*, Bonaparte has just been taking measures to make the handling of the ballots and the shaking of the votes more pat than ever, and to prevent the chance of a diminished majority. The electoral law which he decreed last February appointed the scrutators of the ballot to be chosen from the two eldest and two youngest of the electors present. But now, violating his own law, he has just sent orders to the Prefects to select and appoint the scrutators themselves. Assuredly, this is a very convenient system, and if he don't get a handsome majority with such tools, why! all we can say is, that he plays with fortune!

The secret distribution and placarding of this protest of the Comte de Chambord had occasioned a great number of domiciliary visits at Metz, Dijon, Nantes, and in many other places.

On the other hand, the Prefects have begun to issue their proclamations to the electors. A kind of vertigo seems to have seized upon these pitiable functionaries. To read the style of their addresses, one would say that they had lost their senses. “After you have given your votes,” exclaims the Prefect of Calvados, “you can say as your fathers did before you,—‘And we, too, served in the *grande armée*.’” Another Prefect (of the Haute Vienne) conjures his *administrés* to vote properly, *in order that he may gain promotion*. “Come, now, this *won't do*,” you will say,—“this is not to be believed.” To banish your doubts, I give you the very textual extract from his proclamation:—“Don't allow your department to be outdone in this solemn acclamation, but give to your chief administrator, to the man who desires to obtain many things for you, the honour of attesting the value of (*de faire valoir*) your patriotic enthusiasm.” The fawning bishops employ their authority after the same fashion. They have issued episcopal mandates to be read by their parochial clergy in the churches. The Bishop of Rennes has particularly distinguished himself in this kind of zeal, as I leave you to judge by the following extract from his mandate:—“We say to you, then: Vote, and make those vote whose confidence you possess, in favour of the *Senatus-Consulte* which is about to be submitted to the ratification of France. Let every man put a Yes! in the electoral urn! Be the counsellors of your obedient flocks, stimulate their natural indifference, and

direct their votes. Fear nothing. If needs be, invoke our authority to shelter yourselves, and to throw upon us all the responsibility of a measure which our conscience accepts *sans peur et sans reproche*.”

In the meanwhile, the whole population manifests the greatest apathy about the election—the most utter indifference. At Paris, not a soul cares a jot about the rectification or verification of the electoral lists, nor about the delivery of electoral tickets. The authorities are alarmed, and the Prefect of the Seine has ordered voting tickets to be sent by post, or by special agents, to all the electors. A quasi-general abstention is anticipated at Paris and in all the great towns in France. The army no longer has the right of voting you know: *that* makes a difference of 500,000 votes, at least; add to this Paris and the towns: at least one million votes. Well, in spite of all these and further deductions, Louis Bonaparte is quite capable of asserting a total of 8,760,000 votes. For my own part, I reckon on this imposing total as if I had manufactured it myself.

This week, there has been one of those grand movements on the Bourse, of which I have, in former letters, described the organization on a large scale, to the profit of Bonaparte and of MM. Fould and Rothschild. For some time past, a mass of outsiders, attracted to the Bourse by the artificial rise, operated by the great adepts in the funds of the State and of the Bank, had taken to speculate furiously. In one second, the fluctuations in railway stock would be ten, twenty, thirty, and even fifty francs. The movement was so violent, that fortunes were made in a single bout on Change, (*en une seule Bourse*.) The stock-brokers, interested in encouraging this speculation, obeying, too, the orders they had received from high quarters, were always easy enough about the settling.

An inordinate rage for gambling and speculation of all kinds ensued. Merchants, manufacturers, shopkeepers, artisans, operatives, men of fortune, left their business or their pleasure to dabble in the Bourse. The rise being continuous, everybody played a sure card. Shares had risen 350 francs in four months; in fact they had almost doubled. Unfortunately, the speculators reckoned without their host: in other words, without MM. Bonaparte and Co. On Thursday, November 11, down came an order from this now notorious Firm to the stockholders to demand of every speculator 150 francs deposit on each share. A panic ensued. A fall of 105 francs a share was the work of a few minutes. *En revanche*, fourteen millions (of francs) is said to be profit realized by the gentlemen who rule us, in this infamous haul (*coup de filet*). Now they will let the funds mount up again till the end of the month, to coax the appetites of (*pour raffraînder*) the speculators, and so once more to take advantage of the high quotations. As for the inferiors (*doublures*) of the Elysée, not being admitted to these high speculations of their masters, they are allowed to manipulate the secondary jobs. These supernumeraries take it out of the army contracts. They are preparing a great change in the head-dress of the army. The *schako* is to be entirely abandoned for the *casque*. This will be an expense of some ten millions (of francs) to the country, and a profit of from four to five millions (of francs) to these “saviours” of ours. After that one may surely cry *Vive l'Empereur!* All the while condemnations and transportations go on bravely. At Rouen, some working-men who had spoken ill of the President were lately condemned to two years imprisonment. When they heard their sentence they shouted *Vive la République Démocratique!* The judges recalled them, and sentenced them to two years *additional*. Seven more citizens in the south were transported on the 10th instant to Algeria. On the same day eleven others were shipped for Cayenne.

GENERAL PIERCE ELECTED PRESIDENT.

As we have all along foretold that Franklin Pierce would be elected president of the Transatlantic republic, it is some satisfaction to find that the intelligence brought by the *Europa*, on Tuesday, confirms our predictions. The *Europa* left New York on the 3rd.

It may be regarded as beyond doubt, that the Democrats have carried the day, and that General Pierce is elected president, and William R. King, vice-president of the United States. True, we have not the returns of any one State yet officially complete, but enough is known to decide the fate of the election.

GONE FOR THE DEMOCRATS.—State of Maine, 8 electoral votes; New Hampshire, 5; Pennsylvania, 27; Virginia, 15; South Carolina, 7; Georgia, 10; Florida, 3; Indiana, 13; Illinois, 11; Iowa, 4; Wisconsin, 5; Michigan, 6; Missouri, 9; Alabama, 9; Mississippi, 7; Arkansas, 4; Texas, 4. Total, 147 votes.

I should here remark that we have no telegraphics from Texas; but that State has ever been so overwhelmingly democratic that there need be no hesitation in putting down her four votes as certain for Pierce and King.

GONE FOR THE WHIGS.—Vermont, 5 votes; Rhode Island, 4; Connecticut, 6; Delaware, 3; Maryland, 8; North Carolina, 10; Kentucky, 12; Tennessee, 12; total, 60.

DOUBTFUL (or rather States not yet sufficiently heard from in all parts to enable us to regard their votes as certainties).—Massachusetts, 13 votes; New York, 35; New Jersey, 7; Ohio, 23; Louisiana, 6; California, 4; total, 88.

There is no doubt, in fact, that Franklin Pierce has been elected by an unparalleled majority.

It is not generally known that the people do not vote directly for the president. They vote for certain individuals in each State, called “presidential electors”—and these electors are of the same number in each State as said State sends to Congress—that is, her representatives in the House and Senate of the United States. These electors are named in State conventions by each party, and every citizen therefore votes the ticket or list of his party. The “electors” of all the States amount to 295 in number, and form what is called an “electoral college.” They do not, however, all meet together, but the “presidential electors” of each State assemble at the capitol of said State, in obedience to their Governor's proclamation, and there formally cast the vote of the State for Scott or Pierce, as the case may be. They then send sealed duplicates to Washington, by members of their own body, and these are deposited in the United States department, and are officially opened and formally promulgated before the assembled members of both houses of Congress.

In the event of neither of the candidates receiving a majority of the electoral votes—which may be the case when there are three or more candidates—the matter devolves upon the House of Representatives, the members of which then proceed to elect a President out of the nominees before the people.

Here is a list of the “presidential electors,” per number, for each State:—

Maine, 8 votes; New Hampshire, 5; Vermont, 5; Massachusetts, 13; Rhode Island, 4; Connecticut, 6; New York, 35; New Jersey, 7; Pennsylvania, 27; Delaware, 3; Maryland, 8; Virginia, 15; North Carolina, 10; South Carolina, 7; Georgia, 10; Florida, 3; Ohio, 23; Indiana, 13; Illinois, 11; Iowa, 4; Wisconsin, 5; Michigan, 6; Kentucky, 12; Missouri, 9; Alabama, 9; Louisiana, 6; Tennessee, 12; Mississippi, 7; Arkansas, 4; Texas, 4; California, 4. Whole number of votes, 295; necessary to a choice, 148. Slave States, including Delaware, 15; electoral vote, 119. Free States, 16; electoral vote, 176.

The correspondent of the *Times* gives three reasons for rejoicing in the success of Franklin Pierce:—

“I rejoice most heartily in the result. 1. The issue of protection or free-trade was brought directly before the American people, and even those States that are deeply interested in this question have given the most overwhelming Democratic majorities. This will be encouraging news to the friends of free-trade in Great Britain and all over the world. The course marked out by the great Sir Robert Peel as the true policy for enlightened commercial nations our country has now entered upon. She will take no step backward, and whatever modifications are made in our tariff of 1846 will hereafter be made on the side of free-trade.

“2. I rejoice in the result, because the nation has pronounced against military candidates. This is a great civic triumph—it is the triumph of enlightened opinion, and it may be regarded as a final one, because the experiment was tried on the most popular military chieftain this country has had since the revolution, and all the elements of success were centred in General Scott, as far as they ever can centre in a Whig military candidate.

“3. I rejoice in the result, because a most emphatic and withering rebuke has been administered to the spirit of fanaticism. It was by the political jugglery of the Free-soil politicians that Webster and Fillmore were given up for a man who had no claims to the office except those which grew out of military achievements. I have endeavoured in my letters to unfold the reasons why I look with so much apprehension upon the possible ascendancy of the Free-soil party. It seemed to me that no man in his senses either could conceive or believe that American slavery was likely to be overthrown by the exertions of these men, while only two years ago there was the most serious alarm among all Americans who loved their country that the result of the Free-soil agitation would be the dismemberment of the Republic.

“It is very evident this morning that all the Union Whigs rejoice also in the defeat of General Scott, and I am enabled to say, on testimony which I deem perfectly reliable, that Mr. Webster, on his dying bed, sent a message to Mr. Choute, his personal friend, and the most distinguished lawyer in New England, begging him ‘not to mar his future prospects by taking one single step in the support of Scott; and tell him,’ said the great statesman, ‘as my dying message, that after the 2nd day of November the Whig party, as a *national* party, will exist only in history.’”

THE KAFIR WAR.

THE *Propontis*, which arrived on Monday from the Cape, brings news up to the 9th of October. The most striking piece of intelligence is that General Cathcart, by a series of well-planned operations, has driven Macono from the Waterkloof. When these were completed, says the official account, “the several columns moved upon the fastnesses they were to clear,

at daylight on the 15th; the columns north of the Waterkloof, under Colonel Buller, the column south of the Waterkloof under Lieutenant-Colonel Eyre. The operations of that and of the following days were conducted with unabated vigour and great judgment on the part of the officers in command; the troops bivouacked each night on the ground of their operations, and pursued, the following day, with an alacrity and zeal which cannot be too highly commended, the arduous task of searching for and clearing the forests and krantzes of the enemy; these appeared to be panic-stricken, offering little resistance, but endeavoured to conceal themselves in the caverns and crevices of the wooded hills, where many of them were killed. So closely have all the kloofs and forests of these mountains been penetrated, that although a few lurking Kafirs may have evaded the troops, the result of the three days operations has been the evacuation of the Waterkloof and other fastnesses by the Tambookie chief Quashe and the Gaika chief Macomo and his adherents, and the expulsion and destruction of the Hottentot marauders; whilst the occupation of commanding points and the establishment of military posts effectually preclude their again fixing themselves in those haunts. These operations having been carried on under the personal observation of the commander of the forces, it is very gratifying to him to have witnessed the energy and admirable conduct of the troops, burghers, levies, and Fingoes; and his Excellency conveys to the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men employed in these fatiguing duties, his satisfaction with the cheerful manner in which they were performed."

The non-arrival of the constitution has caused much dissatisfaction. An intimation has been received at the Colonial office at Cape Town, that a despatch on the subject of the constitution will be sent out by the next steam-packet. Her arrival was therefore looked forward to with much anxiety. A meeting was held on the 8th of October, by the popular party, when it was resolved to petition Parliament for the purpose of getting the constitution in the spirit of the letters patent; and in the event of failure serious results were ominously predicted.

REVOLUTION IN BUENOS AYRES.

THE restless people of the Argentine Republic have effected another revolution. On the 8th of September General Urquiza left for Santa Fé, to instal the Constituent Congress, providently taking with him a considerable number of the deputies elect, and leaving General Galan with 4000 or 5000 Entrerianos and Correntinos to keep the Buenos Ayreans in order. The latter had made no great secret of their dissatisfaction, and found some of Urquiza's most influential chiefs ripe for a revolt. On the morning of the 11th the people and a part of the army fraternised, and Urquiza was deposed. Some two thousand troops, under the faithful Galan were allowed to retreat. How the revolution has resulted we have no means of saying. Generals Pinto and Piran, who succeed to a part of the powers of Urquiza, for the old Chamber of Deputies has arisen again, have confirmed the free navigation of the Parana and other rivers decreed by Urquiza. That is the chief interest we have in the ups and downs of the excitable gentry who dwell in that fiery region.

NATIONAL DEFENCE.

ALL the accounts from the militia regiments which have been in training represent them as in a fair way of becoming good soldiers; and, what is more important, that their general behaviour has been unexceptionable. From personal inspection we can speak of the altered appearance of the men of at least one corps. They now stand erect where they stooped before; their movements are brisk instead of sluggish; they have the look, and gait, and bearing of men. It is now demonstrated that twenty-one days' training is immensely serviceable, if only in a sanitary point of view; and the London clerks and shopmen would be as much benefited as the London paupers. So it is in the rustic quarters of the kingdom.

But volunteer militia regiments are not the only, nor by any means the chief, means of national defence. We look for a great extension of military training, so that all classes may share in it. With this view we are pleased to see that Earl Fortescue, in reviewing the Exeter Rifle Corps, made the following speech:—

"I have just received, with much pleasure, a report, informing me that you have completed the number required to form two companies, and I am now officially enabled to lay before Her Majesty's Government a formal statement to that effect. It will afford me satisfaction to add my personal testimony to the efficiency of the corps, whose voluntary services are thus tendered to her Majesty. I do not, and I never have feared a foreign invasion; but I do believe that the best safeguard against such aggression would be the knowledge by foreign countries that the peo-

ple of England are prepared to repel it, and I cannot but feel that the best evidence of that preparation is to be found in the voluntary enrolment of those who are most interested in cultivating the arts of peace in associations for acquiring the knowledge necessary to encounter the emergencies of war. Gentlemen, I view with pride the effort you have made in this county, and it will at all times be a gratification to me to promote the constitution of your corps by every means in my power."

Earl Fortescue is the Lord Lieutenant of Devon, and his word is valuable at this juncture, as we may place it beside the Derbys and Lansdownes and Disraelis; but why did not the Whigs, when they had the power, encourage the armament of the people?

PROGRESS OF ASSOCIATION.

REPORT OF THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING WORKING MEN'S ASSOCIATIONS AND OF THE CO-OPERATIVE CONFERENCE.

I.

WE have received, and have given particular attention to the perusal of, *The First Report of the Society for Promoting Working Men's Associations*, to which is added a *Report of the Co-Operative Conference*, held in London last July.

We have great pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to this document, which intimately relates to the most important social movements of the day, and furnishes valuable and abundant materials for practically considering them. The *Leader* has always felt, and certainly evinced, a friendly interest in the work undertaken by the *Promoters of Working Men's Associations*, as a sympathetic effort of certain enlightened members of the liberal profession, to encourage and to guide a movement going on in this country, especially in the North, we might even say, for the last twenty years. We have been at the same time anxious not to give blindly or indiscriminately our approval; and we have even at the risk of unjust imputations, opened our columns to queries which may possibly have had some share in eliciting many statements now to be found in the Report both of the Society and of the Co-operative Conference.

We shall have to consider more than one point raised by these Reports, to place in their true light several statements which admit perhaps of a somewhat different aspect from that which they receive in these pages. Especially it will become our duty to point out such reforms in the constitution, and such modifications in the objects of the Society as we deem indispensable to a Society which aspires to represent fully the character and efficiency of a truly co-operative institution.

We are the more disposed to advance our suggestions as the Society has spontaneously expressed the intention of modifying its own constitution. After offering our hearty testimony to the real good which has been effected by the conscientious and self-sacrificing efforts of a few benevolent gentlemen, we will sum up some valuable information, for which we are indebted as well to the delegates constituting the Conference as to the founders of the Co-operative Agency and the promoters of the Working Men's Associations.

The following extract may be considered as a synopsis of the doings of the Society from its origin (1849) up to the holding of the Co-operative Conference, July 18, 1852:—

"The Society for Promoting Working Men's Associations stood pledged by its constitution to publish a yearly Report. It is now well on in the third year of its existence, and has as yet published no Report. It has broken its bond, and we think with good reason. Any Reports which we could have published at the end of our first or second years would have been but the voices of children shouting in the dark. The whole mass of our materials were lying round us, and tumbling over us, in chaotic confusion. Facts which we thought we had established and done with one day, were belied by other facts equally strong on the next. Many of our pet theories were being torn up by the roots, and over their uprooting were great searchings of heart; nor do we pretend even now that we have been able to set our house in order, and that henceforth our work will slide on gently without any chance of another of those great downfallings, from which we have had so often to pick ourselves up since we started.

"We do not say this.—We have a perfect science to offer; we do not even think that we have yet ascertained what is the best way of doing the work we have taken in hand. But this we do know, that that work is one of the greatest and noblest—if not the greatest and noblest—to which a man can put his hand at this time in England. And that we have so far made a trial of it as to be able in some cases to generalize pretty confidently from our own experience, and to say—This course is a right one, and that a wrong; with reasons for our assertion. Feeling, therefore, that in certain matters, which we believe to be of vital interest to our country, we have now a right to speak as men who have been in the battle and have proved their weapons, we have no scruple in giving this Report to the public, and in claiming for it the earnest attention of all good men.

"Our first meeting was held in November, 1840, and at that meeting eight or ten gentlemen, and two or three

working men, determined to start an Association of Tailors; choosing this trade because we had already a man whom we could thoroughly trust as manager, and because we could immediately ensure a certain amount of business to the Association by becoming ourselves its customers.

"No sooner had our first Association started, than questions of all sorts arose as to its constitution and government, its relations to its founders and the public; moreover, other bodies of working-men applied to us for the same kind of help as we had given to the tailors. It became necessary, therefore, that we should meet often, and organize ourselves so as to act with effect upon the bodies of working-men with whom we were getting into connexion, and so in February, 1850, the Society was definitively formed into the shape which it still keeps, and took offices at 458, New Oxford-street.

"We have published full details as to the organization of the Society, in Tract V., on Christian Socialism; it is needless, therefore, here to enter upon the subject. In order, however, that this Report may be understood by those who have never seen the Tract, we may here state shortly, that the Society consists of Promoters and Associates. The Promoters are represented by a council of twelve, under the chairmanship of the president of the Society. The Associates, or members of associations connected with the Society, are represented by a central board, under the chairmanship of one of their own body, elected by themselves. The council of Promoters has charge of all business which the Society may have with the public at large, and of the teachings which the Society may feel itself bound to put forth. It has acted also in practice as a court of arbitration, to which the members of the Associations may come, if they please, when internal disputes arise. The central board settles the trade affairs of the Associations, and their relations with one another and the public, as trading bodies. Both of these bodies meet weekly. Regular minutes of their proceedings have been kept from the first by the secretary, and the more important of their resolutions and doings have been published regularly in the *Christian Socialist* and the *Journal of Association*.

"The first difficulty which the Society had to meet was the impossibility of giving a legal existence to the Associations which were growing up around it. If the number of members was less than twenty-five, they were all partners, consequently, under the law as it then stood, every individual member had power to pledge the credit of the Society, and might have made away with the common stock, or refused to obey the laws of the Society, while the only remedy against such dishonesty was a suit in Chancery. If the Association numbered more than twenty-five, it placed itself out of the pale of legal protection, unless it chose to register under the Joint-Stock Companies' Act; the provisions of which, being wholly framed for bodies of persons subscribing capital merely, and not labour, were totally inapplicable, and too expensive, in any case, to have been of use. Under these circumstances, we made the best shift we could for the time being, by vesting the whole property of each Association in trustees, and giving them power at any moment to enter, and deal summarily with that property. We also set seriously to work to get the law altered, and as Mr. Slaney had just obtained a committee of the House of Commons upon the investments of the working-classes, we sent members both of the council and central board to give evidence before it, of this great want in our statute-book. Mr. Slaney took the matter up warmly, and the Report of his committee urged strongly the necessity of giving proper facilities to working-men to combine together for the purpose of carrying on their trades for their own benefit. In the autumn of that year (1850) the Bill, which has since passed into law, was prepared by Mr. Ludlow, member of the council of Promoters, and early in the next session, by the exertions of Mr. Slaney and other gentlemen, it was submitted to and approved by the then Government, who undertook to pass it, but did not keep their word. Again, at the beginning of the late session (1852), the Bill was brought forward by Mr. Slaney, the Whig Government having refused to take it up; and that gentleman, seconded by Mr. Tuffnell and Mr. Sotherton, succeeded in reading it twice, and obtaining a select committee of the House upon it in May. It might still however have stood over the session, but that several members of Lord Derby's Government took it up warmly. Lord John Manners and Mr. Henley attended the committee regularly, and supported Mr. Slaney at the third reading. The Bill was read a third time in June, and is now law. Its short title is 'The Industrial and Provident Societies' Act,' 1852, and, under its provisions, all bodies of working-men joining together for the purposes of trade may register themselves, and so obtain a legal existence. It enables them to sue and be sued in the names of their officers, gives a summary tribunal to which they may appeal in cases of dispute, and power to bind their members by their rules. The machinery of the Friendly Societies' Acts has been adopted, and the registrar of Friendly Societies will now register Associations and Co-operative Stores. Next to the gentlemen above named, working-men have to thank Mr. Mullings, Mr. J. A. Smith, and the other members of the select committee in the House of Commons, and Lords Harrowby and Ripon in the Upper House, for this Act, which will enable them hereafter to work together with every fair facility. Failure now will lie at their own doors."

The efforts of the Society towards the passing of the new act, "The Industrial and Provident Societies' Act," are, up to the present moment, the most practical evidence of their labours. The results of their exertions to create associations, now amounting to eleven in number, have certainly contributed with great force to prove that the urgency of new legislative enactment was justified by pre-established facts.

Another useful movement of the Society was the proposal of intervention in the dispute of the Iron Masters

with the Amalgamated Working Engineers. It is thus stated, pages 13 and 14 of the Report:—

"One portion of the labours of the Society which cannot be overlooked, has reference to its relations with Trade Societies. Trade Societies, the legal recognition of which dates from the Act for the Repeal of the Combination Laws, and the utility of which is proclaimed by modern political economists, are the only real organization yet remaining amongst the working-classes since the downfall of the guilds of the middle ages. It had been one of the most anxious wishes of many members of the Society, from the earliest period of its existence, to convert this organization to the purpose of co-operation, so as to suppress the very possibility of strikes, by leading the trade societies to devote to the employment of productive labour the sums which are now spent by them, for the defence of the class-interest of the worker, in maintaining men in unwilling idleness. Several efforts were made from time to time by various members of the Society, especially by Mr. Lloyd Jones and Mr. Walter Cooper, and afterwards by the Central Co-operative Agency, to effect this end in particular cases. The now well-known 'Amalgamated Society,'—the most important trade society of the kingdom, was amongst those that were conferred with (and in this instance, by its own seeking) on the subject, nor did any other similar body show greater inclination towards Co-operative views.

"There were not wanting those amongst us upon this occasion who sought to impress upon the working engineers the need of immediate surrender, as the most useful, the greatest, the most solemn protest against the dictation of their employers—that of avowed weakness yielding to brute force. Others tried hard, with small luck, be it confessed, to obtain friendly mediation between the two belligerent parties, and received full gladly, side by side with the working-men, the insults of the newspaper press. One and all, we believe, are fully prepared to justify their conduct, and know well that even where accused of stirring up war, they were in reality 'seeking peace and ensuring it' by every means in their power. But the Society, we repeat it, as such, did not and could not engage in the conflict.

"The success of the 'Masters' Strike' has been the triumph of Co-operation. A hundred thousand pounds may have been wasted, or the opportunity of earning them foregone, by the working-men. But we have every reason to hope that it is for the last time that such an expenditure will take place. The Amalgamated Society has declared in favour of co-operative labour, and revised its laws so as to make the reproductive employment of its members the very hinge of its proceedings. The National Association of United Trades has proclaimed that 'the time has come for the entire abandonment of strikes and turn-outs as a means of protecting labour,' and that 'the only thing left' is, in future, 'to organize and carry out a self-supporting co-operative reproductive system of employment.' Out of the strike in the engineering trade itself, many associations of working-engineers, including the flourishing 'East London Iron Works' and 'Atlas Company' in London, have sprung up; and throughout the country many and many a trade society is engaged in discussing the propriety of entering upon co-operative labour, and availing itself of the provisions of the new Act."

In the pages of the Report we notice an exact and circumstantial statement of all the proceedings of the Society, exhibiting the ordinary routine of business in institutions of the kind, such as publication of tracts, commissions in the provinces, delivering of lectures, meetings, &c. &c. The names of the members of the council of the Society are given for the first time; the ordinary and extraordinary members making up the number of thirty-four.

The Central Co-operative Agency is mentioned as follows:—

"We cannot close this Report without noticing one establishment connected with, though not strictly a part of the Society for promoting Working Men's Associations—the Central Co-operative Agency, established at 76, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square.

"The Central Agency originated in the desire of enabling the working population of London to obtain the articles of their ordinary consumption, such as groceries, &c., of a quality on which reliance could be placed, and at prices as low as the necessary expenses of the business admitted. It soon appeared that this object would be most surely effected, and a further valuable object be attained, by forming, in place of the retail establishments at first contemplated, a centre, which should furnish at wholesale prices the goods required to establishments set up either by working men or others, for the purpose of supplying their own consumption. Scores of establishments of this nature existed, as it appeared, already, under the name of 'Co-operative Stores,' in the north. A disposition to form them existed everywhere. A central house of business, provided with sufficient funds, conducted by persons well acquainted with the business they undertook; carried on under such supervision as should guarantee the honesty of the management, would, it seemed, be of great value, both in guarding the existing Stores against the frauds often practised upon them, and in making it easy to form new stores. The Central Agency was established to discharge this function, and we are glad to say that it has hitherto done so to the satisfaction of its founders. Its business transactions with the Stores of England and Scotland are already very considerable, and are steadily increasing. New stores have sprung into existence in various places through its means. At the same time it is quietly becoming the instrument of a yet more valuable end—the end of bringing the widely scattered elements of co-operative action into direct connexion with each other."

The Report concludes as follows:—

"We must caution all our readers who are unacquainted

with the subject, not to think that they know the extent to which Co-operation has gone in England when they have read this Report. We are only a very small stream of the great flood; there are, as we have just said, hundreds of Co-operative Stores already working, and hundreds of others springing up through the length and breadth of the land, and Working Associations also, although the growth of these in England is more slow. There are in London itself many bodies of working men either in association already or preparing for it, who are in no connexion with us—such as plumbers, weavers, carpenters, and hardware-men. Some of these are on the eve of starting, others have enrolled members, and opened subscription lists, while others again are as yet inorganic, having an existence in talk only. But we need say no more, for any one who has been living at all with working men during the last three years, must have been astonished at the wonderful spread of this idea of fellow-work—by people in general called Socialism—amongst them within that time, and above all at the progress it has made within the last nine months. He will be as sure as we are, that great results of one kind or another must soon follow this steady gathering together of the forces of labour, for mutual help in productive and distributive industry. We hope he will also agree with us, that the part of every honest man just now is to throw himself heart and soul into the movement, and to teach by words and deeds, that men do not come together in associations to divide profits individually, and heap up capital, but to learn to live and work together like brothers, to see justice done to the weak, and to preach the trade gospel of the duty to labour and the right to live thereby. There is indeed much need at this moment that educated men should come forward, to guide the movement if possible, at any rate to share in it; for the number of these—never enough to do the work which they had to do, well—has of late fallen off, several of the most active members of the Society having gone abroad, and others having left London. Meantime the number of working men become larger every day."

The last "balance-sheet" (as we find it called), which seems to be a mere statement of the transactions of the Society, shows that they have received as donations, loans, re-payments of loans, deposits from working men, sale of tracts, &c. &c., 1695*l.* 16*s.* 10*d.*, and have employed in advances to the Associations, reimbursement of deposits, expenses of central office, the same amount, leaving a nett sum of cash in hand, of 22*l.* 6*s.* 2*d.* The total sum of deposits contributed by the working men amounts to—15*l.* in three years.

The present financial condition of the Associations, conducted under the patronage of the Society, is exhibited in a tabular statement, from which it appears that, of 13,827*l.* 6*s.* capital employed by the "Associations of Working Men," the working men have supplied only 461*l.* 9*s.* 1*d.* In consequence of such a state of things, the Society has come to a resolution which we cannot but consider of the simplest expediency:—

"The Society has for some time past determined to discourage advances of money to bodies of working men about to start in association, unless they have first shown some sign of preparedness for the change from their old life, and have subscribed some funds of their own. This has been done, because it has been found very necessary to have some proof that men have foresight and self-denial before they should be encouraged to associate. Working men in general are not fit for association. They come into it with the idea that it is to fill their pockets and lighten their work at once, and that every man in an association is to be his own master. They find their mistake in the first month or two, and then set to quarrelling with everybody connected with the association, but more especially with their manager, and after much bad blood has been roused, the association breaks up insolvent, or has to be re-formed under very stringent rules, and after the expulsion of the refractory members."

As we have stated, the publication containing the Report gives also a more complete account of the proceedings of the Co-operative Conference than we have yet obtained. We shall have to notice some facts relating to that Conference before we come to express our own views with respect to what is called the "Co-operative Movement" in England.

ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.

Letter from an Officer of the Franklin Discovery schooner, "Isabel," to a Friend in England.

Isabel Discovery Schooner, off Cape Wrath, November 4th, 1852.

DEAR FRIEND,—I can easily imagine to myself that you, upon reading of the arrival of the *Isabel*, will be very apt to rub your nose, and say, "Oh dear me! what! the *Isabel* arrived—ah here is another Arctic expedition failure? Returned, of course, without doing anything." You will be apt to raise all sorts of conjectures as to where we reached, and when we found it prudent to come back. Let your fancy run riot for a short period, and then return to sober reality.

Now, you are aware, we left England at an unusually late period of the season, the 5th of July last, proposing to search Wolstenholme, Whale, Smith's and Jones's Sounds, communicate with Sir E. Belcher's squadron in Lancaster Sound, then return by the west coast of Davis' Straits, along the Labrador coast, to England. I will now proceed to detail what we have done, and then I am inclined to think you will alter your opinion of us. We made Cape Farewell on the 30th of July, after a pleasant run across the Atlantic: immediately upon doing so we were escorted for a few days on our trip by a deputation of the largest and most powerful inhabitants of Davis'

Straits, in the shape of some immense icebergs, who would have gladly hugged us in their fond embrace had we not repelled their advances. On the 8th of August, we, from stress of weather, put into the Danish settlement of Fis Kenesik, leaving it again on the 9th, with the intention of running into Holsteinberg, to obtain Adam Beck as interpreter; but it blowing a very heavy gale of wind upon our passing that place, we ran on to Lievely, where we arrived at six p.m. on the 12th of August, leaving it again the same evening. On the 17th, arrived at Uppervhick, where we obtained dogs and other supplies: remaining there twelve hours, we again started. On the evening of the 19th approached the entrance of Melville Bay; on passing, paid our obeisance to his Satanic Majesty, or at least that point of land called the Devil's Thumb. On the 21st made Cape York, where our search commenced in earnest; and never was one conducted with more unwearied diligence and perseverance than Commander Inglefield bestowed upon this. During the day we picked up several articles floating about, that told us unmistakably of shipwreck. We passed along the celebrated Crimson or Beverley Cliffs of Sir John Ross; rounded Cape Dudley Diggs the next day, where we observed several natives. A party landed, headed by the Commander, and communicated with them; obtained no information from them; then bore up for Wolstenholme Sound, reaching it on the following morning; ran along its south side until we came to the bottom of it, where we found the Esquimaux settlement of Omanak, the scene of Adam Beck's tale. A party consisting of the Commander, Ice-master, Surgeon, and Engineer, and boat's crew, landed, and made a most diligent search in every hut and building, pulling down a very large pile of stones which had been heaped together by the Esquimaux. Every spot was overhauled; after which the party returned to the vessel, feeling convinced that there was not the least foundation for Adam Beck's statement. We then bore away for Whale Sound, which we reached on the evening of the 25th. Some natives were observed on the S.E. point of the bay. A party landed, and communicated with them, but returned to the vessel without any information; found that instead of the Sound being a small one, as laid down in the charts, that it was to all appearance the entrance to a large inland sea of great depth and magnitude, bending away to the N.E., the lateness of the season alone preventing our exploring it. We now bore away for Smith's Sound, which we entered on the next evening, passing Cape Alexander about ten p.m., and in the course of two hours found ourselves steaming away where no vessel had ever preceded us. The entrance of the Sound from Cape Alexander on the east and Cape Isabella on the west, is from thirty-five to forty miles broad, the two sides of it forming a very striking contrast to each other on the east side. We could observe signs of vegetation, particularly near Cape Alexander. On the opposite side, nothing was seen but snow-capped mountains, with huge glaciers running down between them, everything denoting desolation and death to the unfortunate mariner who might be shipwrecked on that coast. We ran up the Sound until we attained the latitude of 78° 28' 21" N. Then, from stress of weather, a strong gale having sprung up from the N.E. dead in our teeth, we were obliged to retrace our steps, observing nothing but ice ahead, with the exception of a small span of open water running away to the N.E., everything indicating that a very large unexplored sea was beyond. We now ran along the west coast to Jones's Sound, which we entered on the 31st of August; ran up as far as the commander deemed prudent, far beyond the route of any other vessel. Open water being seen ahead to the N.W. during the whole of this period, the commander was making a most attentive survey of the whole coast, taking the bearings of every prominent bay, headland, and island, also conducting the magnetic observations, taking sketches of the coast in every direction, never allowing himself to be in bed four hours together, and sometimes not at all for thirty-six hours together, every act evincing how absorbed the whole of his faculties were in the object in view. Each duty here enumerated he conducted in his own person, delegating to no other any part of it. The consequence is, he has added much to our geographical knowledge of all the land to the north of Wolstenholme Sound, on the east, and of Lancaster Sound on the west. We now ran into Lancaster Sound, communicated with the *North Star* at Beechey Island, found that Sir Edward Belcher had proceeded up the Wellington Channel, Captain Kellett to Melville Island, without, up to the time of leaving the *North Star*, obtaining the least clue to the whereabouts of Sir John Franklin. Remaining at Beechey Island about sixteen hours, we made for the south side of Lancaster Sound, ran along the west coast of Davis' Straits, passed Pond's bay, found no natives there; ran along the coast, searching it most minutely with glasses, and occasionally landing. Ran south until we came to Hecla and Griper Bank, where we fell in with a very heavy pack of ice, from which cause we were obliged to strike off from the coast on the 16th of September, and got into a gale of wind, and were driven north; were afterwards obliged to put into Dog Island for water and to refit, then made another attempt to reach the west coast by the way of Cape Walsingham; made most strenuous efforts to reach it, until the 13th of October; then the commander, acting under the advice of his two ice-masters, who represented to him the extreme danger of a further attempt at reaching the west coast at so late a period of the year, felt himself compelled, with great regret, to bear up for England.

I have now made you acquainted with what we have done, leaving you to glean from the despatches of the commander all the details, contenting myself with giving a general summary. I can assure you that we have lost no time in any way since we left England; the commander has never allowed the vessel to be becalmed an hour without having steam up. We have steamed upwards of 600 hours, and a distance of between 1400 and 1500 miles—returning, I regret to say, without the least information as to the fate or position of the missing expedition, but

with the clearest possible proofs that it has not been any way to the north of Lancaster Sound. But we have also shown that the exploration of these regions has yet to commence, as large and mighty seas lie beyond where man has yet been. Let it be remembered that this is a purely private expedition, the expense of which is entirely borne by the commander (Lady Franklin having presented him with the vessel); he has to pay all wages, wear and tear. This, I think, exhibits one of the greatest acts of devotion in the cause of humanity ever recorded; and it is to be hoped will meet with its due reward; it also ought to be taken seriously into consideration whether Lady Franklin ought to be allowed to bear the heavy expenses she has incurred: she has done so for the public good; of course her own feelings of affection for her missing husband are the great motive, but still she has conferred a benefit on the country, and the country ought to reward her, as we well know, now the affair has been taken up by the Government, that they will never cease in their endeavours until they have made every attempt to unravel the mystery that at present hangs over the fate of Sir John Franklin.

GREAT FLOODS.

THE inundation which began last week has continued, owing to the continuance of the heavy rain. The water is "out" everywhere, north, south, east, and west. On Monday the traffic on the Great Western Railway was stopped by numerous landslips between London and Hanwell. The down trains were detained, and the up trains as they arrived were arrested on their way. A passenger in a Bristol train writes:—

"I started from Bristol by the special train, leaving at half-past six o'clock, and heard for the first time, on arriving at Swindon, that the country in the immediate vicinity of the line had been visited by greater floods than had been known for years. On arriving at Hanwell Station we found two more trains in front of us unable to get on. All the danger signals were promptly put up, as the express was just behind; and in consequence of the precautions taken, each train as it came up was warned of the danger. We were detained at this spot between two and three hours, by which time there were no less than six trains close to each other. Mr. Sanders was present, and did everything to facilitate the clearing of the line and to prevent accidents. Eventually we were able to proceed. During the whole distance between Hanwell to within four miles of Paddington the line was under water, in some places more than two feet deep. In many parts the sides of the cuttings were washed completely over the line, and gangs of men as we passed were engaged in removing the debris. The train which should have arrived at Paddington by ten did not reach until half-past one, and the express shortly after. Many thousands of acres on each side of the line are covered with water."

The Prince of Hohenlohe Langenburg started by the 8 a.m. train from Windsor for Oxford, but after waiting at Slough for more than an hour for a down train, his Serene Highness returned to the Castle. The Earl of Malmesbury was waiting for half an hour after having arranged to travel by the 8.50 train to London, but the train did not leave Windsor until nearly ten o'clock, and then it was pretty certain his lordship would have to take post horses from Hanwell. Colonel Buckley, and other gentlemen connected with the court, after waiting in vain for a train on the Great Western, proceeded by the South Western to London.

The country further down did not fare better. The Vale of Gloucester on either side of the Severn looked like a sea. Writing from Gloucester on Monday, a correspondent says:—

"The parishes of Sandhurst, Lorigney, Elmore, and other villages on the banks of the Severn, are completely deserted, the inhabitants having fled to the more elevated parts of the county. Yesterday (Sunday) was occupied by the well-to-do inhabitants in rescuing those in danger by means of boats and rafts, and in conveying food to those who were kept prisoners in their houses. The distress which will be occasioned by this flood is wide spreading, extending from the landlord to the tenant, the labourer, the artisan, and the cottager—crops carried away, ricks destroyed, cider and perry spoilt, and sheep, pigs, and cattle, carried away by the flood. In the agricultural districts this is universally the case; some of the houses are submerged to the tops of the roofs, the chimneys only being visible."

On Sunday the floods stopped the traffic on the Wolverhampton and Peterborough line. The Trent threatened to be very destructive. In the shires of Northampton and Cambridge the Neve and other rivers overflowed, and covered the lands near the Low Wash several feet.

A letter from Burton says:—"The railway system is out of joint, the country under water, and I do not recollect anything like it since the floods at Florence, in November, 1844. Burton-on-Trent yesterday was Burton-under-Trent. The traffic between the town and the railway station was carried on by boats. Floating cargoes of Bass and Allsopp met with ready customers."

Shrewsbury has suffered greatly. Houses in large numbers were partially under water; a good part of the town was without gas-lights; the waterworks were swamped; the Abbey Church flooded, so that on Sunday no service was performed there. Oxford was surrounded by water. Nottingham, Leicester, and Bir-

mingham have suffered. All the great rivers have swollen far above their highest level, and sheep, pigs, cattle, cottages, and buildings have been swept away. Probably it is the greatest flood known for fifty years.

[The subjoined note from Ion was too late for our Postscript of last week.]

A "LOG" NOTE ON THE MIDLAND LINE.

HUE tells us that a part of Tibet is called the "Land of Grass,"—the Midland Counties might be called the "Land of Water." The line from Euston-Square to Crewe reminds you of Lord Maidstone,—you suspect the Derby Ministry is out, and the "Deluge" is come in. The journey is like a cruise. Coasting bears no comparison with riding through this liquid landscape. On the coast you do see land on one side you. Here you see water on both. More miraculous still, you behold no dry land till you reach Manchester,—the last place where the traveller looks for it. The oldest traveller on the line (he who has succeeded the "oldest inhabitant") never remembers so much of the country lying under water as at this hour.

Manchester,

Five o'clock, Friday, Nov. 12, 1852.

INQUEST ON THE WOMEN CRUSHED TO DEATH AT CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

THE names of the two women killed in the crowd at Chelsea on Saturday were Mrs. Bean and Charlotte Cooke, cook to Mr. Bethell, the barrister. Mrs. Bean died of suffocation, and Charlotte Cooke from pressure: her breast-bone was depressed, and two ribs broken. She had a disease of the heart. The companion of Mrs. Bean told how they had got entangled in the crowd; how in the rush at the barrier Mrs. Bean sank, and how she was dragged out by some soldiers not on duty. One, Sibley, who was by when Cooke fell, deposed that the cry went that a woman was down, and it became a question, the people being so jammed up, who should pick her up. But at length he and a policeman took her out. Sibley said,—"I had been in the crowd for an hour. I did not attempt to get out, the crowd was so immense. So great was it, that for six or seven inches above the people's heads a white mist or steam could be plainly seen, arising from the breath of the people, and the heat and smell was excessive. The barriers were twenty yards apart. There were policemen at the first barrier, near Queen's-road, on the east side. The crowd was very dense about half-way between the first and second barriers. When I got into the crowd, and found the pressure so great, I resigned myself to my fate, and let the crowd carry me wherever it would."

Coroner.—When Mrs. Cooke fell, did the crowd still press on?

Witness.—Oh, yes; that made no difference whatever. She fell down and never uttered a word.

Sir Richard Mayne, the Commissioner of Police, was examined, and explained the arrangements. His orders had been carried into effect. Superintendent Pearce admitted the people at the West-end. "I must at this time frankly acknowledge that the number of persons who came far exceeded my expectations. On Monday night, although the place was kept open until nine o'clock, considerable force was then necessary to prevent persons entering. I wish to state the number of persons who have already visited the Hospital, which were as follows: Friday, from nine to five o'clock, 10,800; Saturday, from nine to six o'clock, 36,834; Monday, from nine to nine o'clock, 69,799. It is necessary on such occasions to keep the crowd as near as possible in a line; and, if they had opened these grass-plots, they would have held 60,000 persons, who would have become perfectly unmanageable, and would have led to a most dangerous state of things."

"It may be satisfactory to the public to know the number of police on duty at Chelsea Hospital on Saturday last. From half-past eight, before the opening of the building, there were present, including two superintendents and seven inspectors, a body of police numbering 225; at half-past twelve, an addition of 161; at half-past one, 54 more; five minutes after, 53; at two, 107; and at three, 159; making a total present during the day of 754. Yesterday, the total number of police in attendance was 990, which together with men in plain clothes made a force of about 1000 men. Besides these there were 500 men in reserve. I now wish to give the numbers of police who were in attendance on the occasion of the funeral of King William IV., and also at that of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex. The whole of the police at the funeral of William IV. amounted to 100, and the total at the funeral of the Duke of Sussex was 130. I was not prepared for anything like the number of persons who were present on this occasion."

Other evidence was given, showing that the police were taken by surprise; and that there was no force present at all adequate to control the vast crowd. There were only two rope barriers, and from twenty to thirty policemen between them. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental Death;" at the same time expressing a regret that better arrangements had not been adopted for the public safety.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Queen, Prince Albert, and the children, remained at Windsor until Wednesday afternoon, when they came to town. The Queen then held a Court, and received the foreign officers deputed to attend the funeral. On Thursday her Majesty went to St. James's Palace with the children, and saw from thence the procession as it came down St. James's-street and wheeled into Pall-mall.

A Funeral March, by "Angelina," the young lady on whom at least a gleam of the mantles of Mendelssohn and Chopin would seem to have fallen—(her compositions unite much of the subtle symmetry of the one with the wayward, melancholy grace of the other of those lamented masters)—has been performed during the week at Jullien's concerts, with great effect.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Shrewsbury died at Naples on the 9th inst., after a short illness.

Lord Eglinton was on Monday elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, by a majority of three out of four nations, over his opponent the Duke of Argyll.

Mr. Ingersoll presided over a meeting of American citizens resident in London, and passed resolutions applauding the life, and expressing regret for the death, of Daniel Webster. They resolved also to wear a badge of mourning for thirty days, and to send a copy of the resolutions to Mr. Webster's family.

It is understood that the Earl of Carlisle will deliver an original lecture on the writings of the poet Gray, in the course of the ensuing month to the members of the Sheffield Mechanics' Institute; that the Duke of Newcastle has recently given a promise to deliver a public lecture at Worksop, to the members of the recently established mechanics' institute of that town; and that Lord John Russell will preside at the *soirée* of the Leeds Mechanics' Institution on the 8th of December.

Sir Alexander Cockburn, the Attorney-General to the late government, is about to deliver a course of lectures to the members of the Southampton Polytechnic Institution.

The Dean and Chapter of Hereford is the first ecclesiastical corporation which has set the example of supporting art education, by subscribing 10% towards the establishment at Hereford of an elementary drawing school in connexion with the Department of Practical Art.

We understand that Mr. John W. King is about to publish a poem, entitled "The Patriot," illustrative of the characters of Kossuth and Mazzini, and dedicated, by permission, to the latter.

The *Pitt*, man-of-war, 72 guns, will be permanently stationed off the Motherbank, at Spithead, as a coal depot for ships of war.

The *Adelaide*, a new screw steam-ship, was launched on Friday week at Millwall. She belongs to the Australian Mail Company, and is 288 feet in length, and 1852 tons burthen.

Government has entered into a contract for the conveyance of mails to the west coast of Africa by steamers starting from Plymouth on the 23rd of each month, and calling at Madeira, Teneriffe, Goree, Bathurst, Sierra Leone, Liberia, Cape Coast Castle, Lagos, Accra, Whydah, Badagry, Bonny, Old Calabar, Cameroons, and Fernando Po.

Information has been received of some serious shipwrecks that have taken place in the Madras Roads during a heavy gale, with terrific squalls, with which that coast was visited on the 8th ult. In the early part of the gale the *Successor*, Captain Henderson, belonging to Shields, parted both her chains, and, notwithstanding that every possible effort was made to get her clear from the land, she drove on shore and became a total wreck; sixty-four persons were drowned by the melancholy occurrence. The *Successor* was bound for Rangoon. In the same gale the schooners *Struggle* and *Poppy*, and several native vessels, were driven on the beach and became total wrecks.

The sea serpent has again been seen! Captain Vaile, commander of the ship *Barham*, which had arrived at Madras from England on the 16th of October, states that the serpent was seen by him and by all on board, in a high latitude, in the course of the voyage. The head and about thirty feet of the body were distinctly visible at times; a mane also was distinctly seen, and fins under the quarter; and the length of the animal was estimated at from 130 to 150 feet, with a girth about the size of a barrel. It is added that the serpent spouted water occasionally. The *Barham* gave chase, but the animal made off, and was never within 350 yards. The commander, officers, and passengers of the vessel express their conviction that the monster was a sea serpent.

The large promise of the American cotton crop has caused a quietness during the past week in the Manchester market; little business has been done, but the tone of trade is healthy. The late inundations have checked trade in Birmingham; but there is little need of a current demand, as there still continues a glut of orders from America, and the scarcity of hands is still sensible. Plates for ship building are in increased demand. The iron trade is also dulled by the inactivity in the coal trade; the demand of the Staffordshire colliers for increased wages already acceded to is to be followed by a more extended and more disciplined "strike," which, considering the state of the labour market, will probably be more successful. Birmingham, noted last week for designing a new gun, is now about to produce a new combination of metal, intended to supersede tin plate, a material much used but not sufficiently ductile for some purposes. The hosiery trade is brisk. The cloth trade experiences the usual dullness of this season, but the speculation for the American market is large, and the promise of the spring trade is cheering. The wool market has been very firm: in Bradford the holders of worsted goods have shown an over anxiety for high prices, which in prospect of the good cotton crop from the States cannot be given. The flax and linen markets of Belfast have been active and healthy.

The Lords of the Treasury have issued a general order, allowing perfumed spirits to be bottled in bond, for exportation, in bottles containing not less than one gill and a half.

The Government balance-sheet for the year ended the 5th of July, 1852, and a similar account for the year ended the 10th of October, 1852, were on Wednesday printed in a parliamentary paper. In the year ended the 5th of July, the excess of income over the expenditure was

1,745,442l. 18s. 4d., and in the year ended the 10th of October, the excess of income over the expenditure was 1,904,341l. 9s. 7d. On the 10th of October, the balances in the Exchequer were 8,764,522l. 10s. 5d.

An Irishman, named Moore, has confessed that he and four others murdered the Blackbands, near Stafford.

Game preserving at Swaffham has led to the common event of assault, and all but murder. Two poachers met a gamekeeper; as he came towards them, he stumbled; whereupon they belaboured him with their guns, and jumped upon him. They stand committed for trial.

While on her way from Farnham to London, a young wife was delivered of a child in the railway carriage. A surgeon was sent for, all went well.

Fire has destroyed an immense quantity of stock and implements at a farm at Womenswold, East Kent. It is thought that the fire was the act of a malicious person. A reward of 100l. has been offered for the conviction of the incendiary.

Ludgate-hill was the scene of an uncommon accident on Monday. An omnibus horse "jibbed," and so backed the omnibus into a watchmaker's shop. Fortunately the conductor had leaped down, otherwise he would have been killed. Police came up and guarded the property, but one watch was stolen.

HEALTH OF LONDON DURING THE WEEK.

LAST week the total number of deaths registered in the metropolitan districts was 1022. In the corresponding weeks of the ten years 1842-51 the average number was 1014, which, if raised in a certain proportion according to increase of population, and for the sake of comparison with last week's mortality, becomes 1115. Last week's Return is therefore of a favourable character.

In the numbers of fatal cases referred to those classes of disease that contribute most to the general result, there is an obvious decrease on the previous week, with the exception of deaths from zymotic or epidemic diseases which continue at the same amount, and last week were 228. In this class scarlatina is still predominant; the numbers produced by this cause having been in the last four weeks, 94, 104, 82, and (last week) 88, while those referred to typhus in the same periods were 62, 44, 47, and 54. Five children and two adults died of small-pox, 8 children of measles, showing still a low mortality for both these diseases. Four deaths resulted from influenza, and 2 from purpura; 7, only one of which occurred to an adult, from syphilis. With reference to affections of the respiratory organs (exclusive of phthisis), it appears that the total mortality has declined in the last two weeks from 234 to 192; bronchitis showing a decrease from 105 to 78, and pneumonia from 102 to 91.

Last week the births of 691 boys and 759 girls, in all 1450 children, were registered in London. The average number in seven corresponding weeks of the years 1845-51 was 1365.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

On the 11th of November, at No. 111, Eaton-square, the Lady Georgiana Gordon Rebow: a daughter.

On the 11th, at Carleton-hall, Suffolk, the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Bonham: a son.

On the 11th, at Shillingee-park, Sussex, the Countess Winterton: a son.

On the 11th, at Willey-house, Surrey, the wife of John Spicer, Esq., jun.: a son.

On the 12th, at 22, Kensington-crescent, the Hon. Mrs. William Law: a son.

On the 14th, at Argyll House, King's-road, Chelsea, the wife of Major J. Ward: a son.

On the 14th, at his residence, Devonshire-terrace, Hyde-park, the wife of Sir George Larpent, Bart., prematurely: twin sons, one still-born.

MARRIAGES.

On the 9th of November, at Aston-on-Trent, Derbyshire, Lionel Skipwith, Esq., sixth son of the late Sir Gray Skipwith, Bart., of Newbold-hall, Warwickshire, to Nannette, fourth daughter of the late Thomas Walker, Esq., of Ravenfield-park, Yorkshire.

On the 10th, at St. Martin's Church, Liverpool, Captain Charles Trignance Franklin, Royal Artillery, youngest son of the late Sir William Franklin, K.C.H., to Lucy, only daughter of Francis Haywood, Esq., of Liverpool.

On the 11th, Lucien Davésiés de Pontés, Sous Préfet of Ortez, in France, to Margaret, daughter of the late Alfred Phillips, Esq., of London.

On the 11th, at St. Mary's Church, Marylebone, Joseph Sidney Tharp, Esq., of Chippenham-park, Cambridgeshire, to Laura, fourth daughter of the late, and sister of the present, Right Hon. Sir John Trollope, Bart., M.P., of Casewick, Lincolnshire.

On the 11th, at St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Lord Bishop of Oxford, the Rev. Charles John, eldest surviving son of the late George D'Oyly, D.D., rector of Lambeth, and of Sandridge, to Louisa Margaret Anne, third daughter of Charles Douglas Halford, Esq., of Grosvenor-square, and West-lodge, Suffolk.

On the 16th, at Christ Church, Marylebone, Randolph Henry Horne, Esq., of Staines, to Catherine Louisa, eldest daughter of the late William Wyon, Esq., R.A., of her Majesty's Mint.

DEATHS.

On the 3rd of November, at Lancaster, Edward Hassell, Esq., member of the Society of British Artists.

On the 10th, at his residence in Chester-square, Gideon Algernon Mantell, Esq., LL.D., F.R.S., author of the "Wonders of Geology," "Medals of Creation," and other works.

On the 10th, at Trafford-park, Lancashire, aged seventy-four, Sir Thomas Joseph de Trafford, Bart.

On the 11th, suddenly, in London, in his eightieth year, Major-General Thomas Penn Addison, of Chilton-lodge, near Sudbury, Suffolk, J. P. for the counties of Essex and Suffolk.

On the 13th, at 2, Portman-square, the Dowager Lady Macnaghten.

On the 14th, at the house of his brother-in-law, Rokely-road, County-hill, Deptford, John Day, Esq., late of New York and Liverpool, son of the late William Day, Post Captain, R.N., and Governor of Sierra Leone.

On the 14th, suddenly, at Woolbeding, Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Frederick Bouverie, G.O.B. and G.O.M.G.

On the 14th, in the twelfth year of her age, Eliza Phoebe, only daughter of Mr. Charles Mitchell, of Edith-grove, New Brompton, and Red Lion-court, Fleet-street.

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

Postscript.

SATURDAY, November 13.

MINISTERS cannot be said to have made a very happy first appearance. The shuffling paragraph in the Speech contrasts strangely with the seemingly frank declarations of Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli. It certainly looks as if the Speech were intended for the country, and the speeches for the town. Numbers will read the words spoken by the Queen, who will not read those spoken by Ministers. Meanwhile there be Protectionists. Mr. Ball and Colonel Sibthorp, respectively, do represent large sections of the agriculturists; and while Mr. Ball declares that he will fight for Protection as long as it has a flag, the Colonel intimates that the chivalrous Derby has deceived him. The most pitiable performance on Thursday was the miserable evasions of Mr. Newdegate and Mr. Christopher. The former still pretends to have confidence, the latter bows to the decision of the country.

In both Houses, yesterday, the following message from the Queen was presented:—

"Her Majesty, desirous of marking in the most solemn manner her sense of the pre-eminent services of the late Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington, and of affording to her subjects an opportunity of testifying their veneration for his memory and their sorrow for the loss which they have sustained by his death, has directed that measures should be taken for the public interment at the earliest possible period of his grace's mortal remains in the cathedral church of St. Paul. The Queen is persuaded that, in taking this step, Her Majesty has only anticipated the general wishes of Parliament and of the country, and that you will afford to her Majesty your cordial aid and concurrence in giving to the mournful ceremony a degree of solemnity and importance worthy of the country and of the occasion. Her Majesty is confident that you will be ready to concur in any suitable provision which may be made by the liberality of the House of Commons for the due discharge of this debt of public gratitude and tribute of national sorrow."

Lord DERBY in the Lords, and Mr. DISRAELI in the Commons, gave notice that, on Monday, they would move that the message be taken into consideration.

Mr. HUME hoped that an estimate of the expense would be laid upon the table.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER also announced that, on the 26th of November, he should lay before the House the alterations in our system of taxation which, in the opinion of the Government, the changes in our commercial system had rendered necessary.

When the report of the Address was brought up, various members asked questions, and preferred small complaints.

Mr. FAGAN characterized the paragraph which Her Majesty had been advised to insert in the Speech from the throne, declaring that an unhappy spirit of turbulence and insubordination existed in Ireland, as an unnecessary, uncalled-for, and undeserved libel upon the Irish people. Mr. NAPIER said, Mr. Fagan had attributed to this part of the Royal Speech a meaning which it was never intended to convey, and which it certainly did not express. Subsequently, Mr. Serjeant SLEE complained of the manner in which the question relating to the paragraph in the Royal Speech upon the subject of Ireland had been met, and appealed to Mr. Walpole to say whether the words in the Speech did not mean, yesterday, that there was a spirit of insubordination and turbulence in Ireland which it was the intention of the Government to repress, and whether it was meant to propose coercive measures of any kind. Mr. WALPOLE answered distinctly in the negative. The paragraph spoke, not of coercive measures, but of a generous and liberal policy.

Mr. S. HERBERT inquired, whether there was a prospect of an early settlement of the Colonial Fisheries' question. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER replied that the Government of the United States had agreed to enter into a negotiation with us upon the subject, and, as it was of a most friendly character, he hoped it would lead to increased commercial relations between the two countries.

Lord PALMERSTON delivered the following short but important speech:—

I called the attention of her Majesty's Government yesterday to that passage in her Majesty's speech which alludes to the co-operation of the Government for the suppression of the slave-trade, and to the significant omission of any mention in that paragraph of any such co-operation on the part of the Spanish Government with a view to putting an end to the slave-trade in Cuba. I am afraid that that omission is but too significant, considering that we have seen lately in the newspapers accounts of the landing of several cargoes of slaves on the coast of Cuba. It is without excuse on the part of the Government of

Spain that such an infraction of the treaties should continue. I am afraid there are influences at Madrid, and that there are pecuniary interests in Cuba, that tend to induce the Government of Spain to forget its treaty obligations, and omit to perform its duties with regard to this important matter, exposing itself, as it has already done, to the imputation—whether well or ill founded it is not for me to say—that it is a party to this policy with a view to the retention of Cuba,—to encourage the increase of the black population, believing that in proportion as the blacks increase, the fears of the whites may increase also, and that thus the increase of the slave population may tend to make the white population cling more closely to the mother country. I hope no such motive animates the Government of Spain; but my object in rising now is to state to her Majesty's Government that I wish, after this motion is disposed of, to move for a return, to which there can be no objection, of the number of negro slaves landed in Brazil and Cuba respectively from the date in 1851 at which the last returns were made to the latest period in 1852 at which information can be gained. I imagine the Government can have no objection to that return, which will show what attention the Governments of those places have paid to this subject. (Hear.)

Early in the evening, Sir A. Cockburn presented a petition, which he stated was signed by a number of respectable electors of the borough of Derby, complaining that at the last election for that borough systematic bribery had been resorted to for the purpose of securing the return of Mr. Thomas Berry Horsfall, and further alleging that Major Beresford, a Privy Councillor, a member of her Majesty's Government, Secretary at War, and a member of that house, was a party to such bribery, and himself procured, through a person named John Frail, an agent to be sent to Derby for that purpose. The learned gentleman gave notice that on Monday next he should move that the petition be printed with the votes, and that on Friday next he should move that it be taken into consideration by the house, with the view to an inquiry by a select committee, or in such other mode as this house might deem expedient.

The report on the address being agreed to, both houses adjourned very early in the evening.

Convocation met yesterday in the Jerusalem Chamber and transacted business. The Upper House conducted its proceedings with closed doors; but the Lower House admitted the press. Various petitions were presented; a paper was read by Dr. Spry, appended to a resolution, moved by him and seconded by Archdeacon Hare. Archdeacon Garbett opposed it. Ultimately, after a short discussion, the following resolutions were agreed to. The first moved by Archdeacon Harrison, the second by the Dean of Bristol.

"The Lower House of Convocation begs leave respectfully to state to your Grace and your right rev. brethren, that an important representation of matters at present affecting the welfare of the Church having, in conformity with former precedents, been introduced into this House, has been referred to a Committee; and this House humbly prays your Grace and your right rev. brethren so to order the prorogations and continuation of the sessions of the present convocation as to allow this House to receive and consider in due time the report of that committee."

"That Dr. Spry and others having presented a paper which has been read to the convocation as a schedule of *gravamina* and *reformanda*, it be referred to a committee of grievances, without prejudice to the privileges of the members of convocation to report thereon."

The Houses were both adjourned unto Tuesday.

The Queen has been pleased to appoint his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, his Grace the Archbishop of York, John Winston Churchill, Esq. (commonly called Marquis of Blandford), the Right Hon. the Earl of Harrowby, the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of London, the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Oxford, the Right Hon. Sir John Dodson, Knt., LL.D., the Right Hon. Sir John Patteson, Knt., Sir William Page Wood, Knt., the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., the Rev. Walter Farquhar Hook, D.D., the Rev. John Jackson, M.A., and the Rev. Edward Selwyn, M.A., to be her Majesty's Commissioners for inquiring into the state of the Cathedral and Collegiate Churches in England and Wales, and matters connected therewith.

The Queen, Prince Albert, the Royal children, and the sons and daughter of King Leopold, visited the lying-in-state on Thursday. After the Royal visit had terminated, the pensioners of the Hospital were permitted to see the hall. To them succeeded parties of the Life Guards and Grenadiers; and there were also a few private parties admitted, including ladies, and among the rest a little girls' school and the boys of the Duke of York's school attached to the Hospital.

The lying-in-state yesterday commenced to the privileged public, but the Marquis of Exeter issued so many tickets as to render it a scene of anything but comfort or decency. Harsh shouts of "move on" kept ringing through the chamber of the dead, and the crowd was excessive. But it is a grand spectacle. At the further end of the great hall are deposited, upon a splendid bier, surmounted by a gorgeous canopy, the remains of the Duke. The hall, 118 feet long by 38 feet broad, and 49 feet high, is lighted by fifty-four chandeliers of colossal size, beautifully carved and silvered. Each of the chandeliers bears a wax candle

seven feet high, the whole affording a moderated light, gradually increasing from the entrance, and terminating the perspective in a bright illumination upon the chief object of interest—the catafalque, a most imposing and beautiful design. The walls of the hall are hung with black drapery, gracefully interspersed with pendant folds, at six feet distances—each bay bearing an escutcheon of the Wellington family surrounded with elegant wreaths of laurel in green and silver. The ceiling is tent-wise, divided by diagonal white bands, which have a very pretty perspective effect. The dazzling brilliancy of the catafalque upon which the remains of the late Duke rest can hardly be described. Cloth of gold and silver, with heraldic emblazonments of the richest description, and a perfect profusion of ornament, combine to produce an effect of the most brilliant character. The canopy itself, and the black velvet curtains by which it is surrounded, are suspended from the ceiling. Round the hall stand selected men from the Grenadier Guards, with arms reversed.

The Overland Mail has arrived at Trieste, with dates to the 26th of September.

“The first brigade of the advanced force had just left Rangoon for Prome, accompanied by General Godwin, the Admiral, and almost all the heads of departments. The second brigade was to follow shortly, and it was expected on its arrival at Prome that Pegu would be ceded and annexed, and the war closed.”

A correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette* writes from Vienna, on November 7, that “no deputation will represent the Austrian army at the funeral of the Duke of Wellington. It is the Emperor’s own will and pleasure. Ministers had discussed the matter, and had even agreed to propose to the Sovereign that all generals who had at any time served in the regiment Wellington, as well as the superior officers now serving in it, should be selected to represent the Austrian army on the solemn occasion. When the subject was broached to the Emperor, he shortly replied—‘Gentlemen, you have been wasting your time,’ and perceiving the surprise of his audience, he added, ‘There will be no deputation to London. The Austrian uniform has been insulted in London by a street mob, and no satisfaction has hitherto been rendered. They shall not have a second chance.’”

Incessant rains of late have produced high tides and overflowing rivers. Yesterday afternoon the dwellers on both banks of the river Thames were driven from their houses in consequence of the tide rising higher than it has been known to do for some years. It was attended with an enormous loss of property. It would be impossible to describe one-half of the mischief already done. At a few minutes before one o’clock (nearly half-an-hour before high water), the tide was so high that it rushed like a cataract over the various wharves, and in many cases filled the basements of the houses. The scene that ensued on the Surrey side of the river was such as will not easily be forgotten by the unfortunate residents, notwithstanding that they had previously suffered from frequent visitations of less magnitude.

From the country we learn that the fields on the south, west, and north of Birmingham had the appearance of a vast lake, from the overflowing of the Rea. The streets on that side, too, were impassable, railway traffic was suspended, and a great deal of property destroyed. A great flood occurred on Thursday near Market Harborough. A post-office messenger was drowned. The Crow-mills viaduct, on the Midland Railway, was partially destroyed about two o’clock this morning, thus stopping traffic between Rugby and Leicester. At noon a portion of the line at Loughborough was washed away, stopping the traffic north of Leicester. About twelve o’clock last night the Soar overflowed its banks. Two hours later factories and dwellings in the vicinity of Leicester were flooded; the water rose eight feet above the ordinary level. Cows, horses, pigs, and sheep were drowned.

Owing to the recent unfavourable state of the weather, the fourth and last balloon ascent for the present year for scientific objects, under the direction of the Kew committee of the British Association, only took place on Wednesday, November 10th, from Vauxhall. It being desirable to attain a great height, Mr. Green was only accompanied by Mr. Welsh. The balloon ascended at 2h. 21m. p.m., and returned to *terra firma* at 3h. 45m., at the village of Aerys, five miles from Folkestone, having travelled at the rate of 55½ miles an hour. The wind at starting was N.E., but, from the direction the balloon took, the upper current must have been from the W.N.W. The greatest height the balloon reached was about 23,400 feet, the temperature of the air being eleven degrees below Zero, or forty-three degrees below the freezing point. Although light cirri appeared above the heads of the aeromuts at the greatest height, yet the dryness of the air was so considerable that the dew points were, by Regnault’s hygrometer, unsatisfactory. One dew point seemed to be 30 deg. below Zero, or 62 deg. below the freezing point, and a second was 22 degrees below Zero. Air was brought down for analysis. For the first time, the aeromuts were inconvenienced in their breathing, having to take very long inspirations, with a sense of fulness in the head. The scientific details of these four ascents, the first of the kind in the United Kingdom, will be made public when carefully elaborated.

The Leader.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 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.

THE FUNERAL.

IN the ceremonial that attended the interment of Wellington, the English public has had exactly what it wanted. Its mind is filled with a great idea, not only of his personal achievements, but of the events in which he was so important an instrument: at his death it desires to commemorate the close of that epoch in a manner commensurate with its dignity. To typify that idea tangibly, it wishes that he who commanded vast armies should be followed to the grave by the representatives of those armies; that he who was so unlike the common man should be encased in a coffin unlike common coffins; that his undertakers’ work should be done by a College of Heralds and a Lord Chamberlain; and that wish of the public has been fulfilled. The career of Wellington in India, Spain, or Belgium was a great career; the battle of Waterloo was one of the greatest in the world; that which it put down, evil in some respects, was a grand power; that which it established, also questionable in parts, was also a grand power; and there is a satisfaction to the mind in stamping the recognition of those powers when we bid farewell to him who abased the one and exalted the other.

For the respect which we pay to the greatness of the past is one testimony to our capacity for the future. The nation which cannot honour its potent servants must be deficient in potency of its own. The people that cannot put a noble interpretation upon the life of a public man like Wellington, must in itself be short of noble. But to be lower than noble, and less than potent, is to assume a position in the scale of nations below that which England has occupied. An adequate recognition of Wellington, therefore, on parting with him at the tomb, is needed as a testimony that England intends to maintain her position in the scale of nations.

It is true that Englishmen do not conduct these ceremonial allegories so well as other nations. With us the public mind does not adapt itself to metaphorical action. Those who witnessed the arrival of Napoleon’s ashes into Paris, who saw the excessive emotion, the streaming eyes, the passionate veneration of a people for its departed leader, contrast the indifference, the trading keenness, the almost festive manner of the English people at Wellington’s funeral. It may be that the reason is more than a mere want of histrionic power in the English public; it may be that its national feeling is, in *fact* as well as appearance, under a depression; and we are inclined to think that in truth England is just recovering from the lowest point to which national feeling has yet declined. Something also is due to the fact that much of what contributes to the historic renown of Wellington happened long ago. Nelson was buried amidst the echoes of victory; the traditions which attend Wellington to the funeral relate to historic events before the time of the present generation.

But the display, even by representative detachments, of the immense power which he could have wielded better than any man in that imposing throng, was a useful, as it was a solemn, spectacle; not only in re-arousing the spirit amongst ourselves, but perchance in telling other nations that the apathy which besets our trading classes is not altogether accompanied by a decline in our military strength. We have yet wherewithal to defend our Capital and our Country; and in that very band were men whom a great occasion would call forth to great achievements—foremost to defend the tomb of Wellington against every violation. It is well that in the presence of this great shadow, party clamour should be still, and that amidst the clouds of coming storms, England, single-hearted in glory as in grief, should “to herself be true.”

Next week, political struggles, suspended as by an armistice, by the deep hush of the national grief, and by the solemn pause of the last great duties to the Dead, will begin anew. May our Parliament be inspired, at least in one sense, by the example of the Chief we have carried to his last and monumental sleep: the example of his unswerving attachment to his duty, and unfaltering fidelity to his country. If he seemed to embody the national idea too pedantically in its royal personification, who shall blame him?—he was the soldier of a monarchical people: he fought under standards made glorious by traditions, in which English kings had borne a glorious part: suffice it that England was the lodestar of his life and work. May our country be the lodestar of us all, Whigs, Tories, or Radicals: may our intestine struggles be all peaceful and know no divided alliance: and may we keep the strength of our arms and the fervour of our hearts, to meet the “three corners of the world in arms,” come when and how they may.

EXTENSION OF THE MILITIA AND VOLUNTEER FORCE.

WE have now the amplest certificates as to the efficiency and good conduct of the Militia, so far as that force has been collected. One singular Quaker, indeed, has traced two crimes of violence amongst the members of that body,—robbery and ill-treatment of a woman; but the most libellous instincts of the peace party have enabled them to detect only two crimes amongst the thousands already collected and drilled. We regret even that degree of imputation on the character of the young men; but there is some set-off.

It is possible that there may be scoundrels amongst the Militia, as there have been even amongst the Quakers. We should hesitate to impute charge upon the general body of Quakers the crimes of Tawell, although Mr. Edmund Fry does not hesitate to impute to the general body of the Militia the crime of one anonymous Tawell without a broad brim, who has not yet been convicted. In the meantime, Lord Lansdowne and the Earl of Derby emulate each other before the House of Lords, in testifying to the efficiency of the measure and the satisfactory results. In the House of Commons we have the same concurrence of approval. On the drill-ground, Earl Fortescue declares to the excellent appearance and conduct of the men, and only desires an extension of the force to a real national strength of volunteers. In short, that measure, which was ultimately adopted, almost under compulsion, first by the Whigs and then by the Conservative Protectionists, which became in turn the reproach of the one against the other, which was scoffed at by public writers of almost every party, has now been adopted by all, without reserve. The experience has justified the arguments with which a comparatively few amongst us supported the project.

Civilian observers have noticed a singular transformation in the men who have enlisted and have been drilled. The ill-conditioned, slouching louts, who were first brought into the ground, have gradually developed themselves into upright, smart-looking, honest fellows, who seem to take a pride in themselves, and who could be trusted to take a pride with their country. But although civilians are astonished at the metamorphosis, it will by no means astonish the more experienced eye. You may take almost any number of clowns, and, however round their shoulders may be, however low their brows, slow their tongues, or stupid their answer, yet with pay, diet, and drill, you shall in the same way convert them into smart, upright fellows. Any recruiting-sergeant knows that practical philosophy. By the time a man can bring his hand smart down the seam of his trousers, he can return you a prompt answer and give his enemy as good as he brings.

It is noted, indeed, that upon the whole the men who have volunteered for the Militia are short of stature, and it would be as hopeless to add a cubit in that qualification by the drill-sergeant, as it would by “taking thought.” One consideration, however, may help to account for the fact of the shortness. Possibly these volunteer soldiers may emanate from that class of society which is moved by heroic impulses, but lacks the inches for the standard of the line; the Militia force, therefore, picking up the great soul but short-legged leavings of the common enlistment. And no blame to the men of scanty inches. The

conquerors of Algiers many of them have to the English eye something of the squat appearance, and to this day the Ligurians, those sturdy subjects of the Roman Republic, are, to speak in plain terms, a race of little men, and we have seen their cavalry mounted on ponies.

But, however we may account for the low standard of the militia-men, here and there, one fact is unquestionably certain—that these short gentlemen, to the number of some sixty or seventy thousand hitherto enrolled, are not exactly identical with the flower of English young manhood. There are very spirited fellows we have, no doubt; we have as little doubt that they will do their duty as occasion may arise; but you ask for the flower of English young manhood, we are convinced you might call forth somewhat larger numbers with somewhat larger proportions. When all parties are recognizing the expediency of placing the English nation in a prepared state for her own defence, it is most desirable that the flower of English young manhood should have the opportunity of showing itself, of drilling itself, and making ready. We should like to see that flower. It would be a beautiful sight. The mere sight of it would be a political event, and might even go to supersede the necessity of calling the right hands of the people into action.

For national defence there is nothing like arming the people. No class fights so well in defence of its own country as the people itself. General Sir Charles Napier has nobly testified to the advantage which a commander of regular forces would derive from the support of an irregular force, impelled by national motives. Lord Hardinge has borne excellent testimony to the conduct of the short young gentlemen, who have been foremost at the call of honour; and he, aided by the great Indian commander whom Wellington nominated as his best substitute in the last Indian war, would well know how to use the national force. As opinion on this subject becomes more distinct, and a more liberal view is taken, both the necessity and the safety of making the wider appeal will become apparent. Our army approaches to 150,000 men in number, while we have only Parliamentary licence to enrol 80,000 militia out of the twenty-seven millions. This is more than inverting the rule of that cognate nation which furnishes our best practical model at the present day. The army of the United States for the current year is set down at 10,129, "all told;" the commissioned officers being in number 896; non-commissioned officers and men, 9,233. We are quoting the official reports for the current year. The militia and volunteer force amount to the total number of 2,180,486. Thus, in a population of many millions less than ours, the national force exceeds two millions. Of course it would be a joke to talk of conquering the United States.

It is true that the volunteer force of the United States is, in great part, self-supporting, as all really Volunteer forces will be; especially where, as in the United States, permission is given for the spontaneous enrolment, as an alternative to an enlistment in the militia. It is true that this species of army is neither so costly nor so available for aggressive purposes, as a regular army; that it is, therefore, much more harmonious with peaceful intentions. At the same time, the politician will perceive, at a glance, that the two or three million soldiers, which the allied despots of Europe might possibly bring to bear, can never be trusted, as these citizen-soldiers can be, for the faithful defence of their own soil. The regular soldier is a better tool for the despot, though it may break in the hands of that despot; but it is not for the true defence of nations. Now the success of the experiment which has been made in the English militia, appears to us to justify the extension of that experiment; and we desire to see the review of 60, or 70,000 young men, followed up by a review of the flower of England's young manhood: that would be an imposing spectacle for England, and her statesmen ought not to delay it too long.

THE CHURCH'S PARLIAMENT.

First in rank, among the symptoms of a rising and strengthening tendency towards a more earnest development of national life, we place the revival of Convocation. That is the great moral indication furnished by this momentous fact. In the balances of fate, Convocation revived, and active with the influx of a new life, will outweigh the burial of a Wellington, or the ratification of

Free-trade. And it is a momentous fact, and it will outweigh those great events, because it contains vaster consequences than either, and because it marks a rise in the barometer of public morality. For were not the age seriously betaking itself to make theory and practice less lamentably discordant, were not the age disposed to put an end to shams, the honest and earnest party in the Church could not have insisted upon the exercise of her deliberative functions, since the powers of expediency would have been too strong for them. So far as it goes, and it is a vital advance, the sitting of Convocation indicates that public opinion has at length agreed that earnestness of purpose, with open-minded honesty of belief, let it lead whithersoever it may, is preferred to the divorce of conviction from conduct. The Church of England has certain principles which involve certain consequences; and it remains to be seen whether her members will follow where those principles lead, or continue that "repose" which has brought upon them the stigmas of corruption, worldliness, and an evasion of the conditions of their existence as spiritual pastors. What we applaud and assist is the movement which accepts the consequences; what we condemn is the disastrous temporal-mindedness which prompts obstruction to that movement; what we specially rejoice in is the success of that movement.

How it has been brought about, whether by the connivance of Lord Derby, as a *quid pro quo* for his Oxford election; or by the want of steadfastness and the over-abundance of timidity betrayed by the Primate, or by the force of events which controls Premier and Primate, it is not necessary to determine. There it is; waking the echoes of old Westminster; silent for nearly a century and a half. There it is; and we wish all men to watch it, as well the foes as the friends of the Church, calmly but steadily pursuing its work. The Bishops and the clergy have openly consulted and acted; the Church is organizing herself; fair warning is given to all opponents; and perhaps, among the best results of a revived Convocation will be the concurrent appearance of a revived people, earnest to act out whatever faith they may profess, and to fight once for all the last great conflict for pure religious freedom in thought, in speech, in writing, and in act.

Considered in its characteristics, Convocation is very remarkable. Not one of the predictions—and they were many—has been fulfilled. It was taunted as being an effete assembly: it has proved a vivacious one. It was said that matters of doctrine would be fought about and that acrimonious disputes would convulse both Houses. Publicity has been given to their proceedings; yet doctrinal subjects have not been discussed, neither have we heard that the clergy have torn each other in pieces. But the laity were absent; the Church was not fully represented: these facts are deplored on all sides. There has been a general admission that objections lie not so much against Convocation acting at all, as against action under the imperfect conditions of its present constitution. We observe also that fears exist, as potent as ever, lest the great sores and scandalous dissensions of the Church should be made public; as if they were not public already. The Bishop of Winchester and Archdeacon Garbett, the ablest members of their party,—nay, even the Bishop of Salisbury, and possibly Samuel Oxon himself,—look with fear and trembling into the dim future, threatening inevitable exposures of what all seem to think is now hidden. There seems a desire to give the facts the slip, to appease dissensions by refusing to recognise them, and to remedy by ignoring the evil, which will have most disastrous results. The excesses of the French Revolution might have been averted, if the Court had manfully and honestly met the crying evils of the time, instead of hiding them up until too late; and the English ecclesiastical revolution will have issues more beneficial to the Church and the nation, if grievances be acknowledged, dissensions fought out, and corruption cauterized. The opponents of Convocation, whether in Lambeth or Printing-house-square, are like the Court of Versailles. Are they prepared for a similar fate? There lies the whole of the question of Synods and Convocations: gradual and matured change, whatever it may be, arrived at by that exercise of the highest wisdom, "doing right in scorn of consequence," or—"the General Overturn."

But, in fact, though inhibited by the address to the Crown, Convocation is so placed that it *must*, sooner or later, enter upon the forbidden ground of doctrinal discussion. It cannot recede with dignity or consistency, it cannot stand still by the law of things; it must advance, therefore, under the pressure of the same law. The very fact that the address so solemnly disclaims all intention of entering upon that inconvenient discussion, forms a curious complement to the fears loudly expressed by the Winchester spokesmen, and shows that the leading minds of both houses tend strongly to one point, full discussion of the grievances of the Church.

Looked at by this light it is impossible to read the speech of the Bishop of Exeter and not be struck by the fact, that he alone was logical; that he alone had no fear of consequences; that he alone was prepared with strong faith to put the doctrines of the Church and her members to the test of the fullest discussion. "I should deplore," said he, "as the greatest calamity that could befall the country, and certainly *not the least* that could befall the Church, if ever the time should come that the Church should declare itself incompetent for the discharge of its essential duties and vital actions. I, for one, will leave that Church if ever that time should come. But I would not go to Rome—nothing would induce me to go to that corrupt Church,—but never, never, never, will I act as a bishop of the Church of England, if the Church of England be placed in hopeless impotence under the feet of the temporal power of the state."

It is impossible to overlook the force of those sentences. And it is equally impossible to forget that Lord Shaftesbury has inaugurated an agitation, to which the Archbishop of Canterbury has supplied the watchword—let PUBLIC OPINION settle Church differences—avowedly for the purpose of abolishing the Tractarians. The reply to the Evangelical nobleman is the Session of Convocation in November, 1852.

Matters have arrived at a very fine point. Ministers clearly have connived at the sittings in Westminster Abbey; or they have encouraged them, hoping probably to make political capital thereby, and to cement the Oxford Compact, by providing a retreat among ecclesiastical fastnesses. The Archbishop of Canterbury, unsupported by Ministers, and awed by the great energy and overwhelming ability of his leading suffragans, finds that he cannot control, and only under strong protest prorogue Convocation without the consent of his brethren. And those brethren, acting upon the favourable opportunity afforded by the address, not unmindful of the fact that lawyers say they may transact almost any business short of making canons, and adopting the most judicious tactics, have actually carried their own address, and appointed committees, in the one house to consider a clergy discipline bill, and in the other to consider grievances.

Therefore, though unreformed, inadequate, neither full, free, nor fair, as a representative assembly, the Church, at last, has her Parliament.

THE CAPE COLONY AGAIN MUTINIES.

ONCE more the popular party in the Cape of Good Hope has placed itself in a position of direct antagonism to the Government of the mother country. We do not say that it is the popular party which has taken the initiative or spontaneously assumes an aggressive attitude; the provocation exercised by the Home Government towards the colonists has been the gravest and the most exasperating. After a very long controversy—after many times discussing the question of representative rights—a Government on the English model was spontaneously offered to the Cape of Good Hope by Lord John Russell's Government, apparently as a reproof to the Australians, who had been demanding a similar institution. Lord Grey seemed to say to the Australians, "You shall have what you *force* me to give you; but the good Cape settlers, who have made no noise, shall be better served." After that spontaneous offer, after the constitution was actually granted, the local officers did their best to defeat its being carried out, practically caused its suspension, and threw the whole colony into hot water by raising a party to frustrate the practical application of the Ministerial boon. A sort of constituent assembly, summoned to discuss the subject, was disturbed in its deliberations by the Government and a Government

party, who asked it to adopt financial measures that ought properly to have been submitted to the new Parliament; and the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Montagu, not only fostered these disturbances, but openly displayed his wish to procrastinate, if not defeat, the constitution. The matter was referred home; Commissioners were sent to London to urge the claims of the colonists; but they were treated with slight, not, we believe, only on one political side. They went back in great disgust. The constitution is still delayed; and now the colonists, who have previously found a determined resistance to the Government of the mother country successful as a means to obtain their wishes, have passed the following resolutions:—

"That viewing with grief and alarm the conduct of her Majesty's present advisers, in delaying the fulfilment of her Majesty's gracious intentions towards this colony, with respect to the introduction of representative institutions, solemnly granted by letters patent, dated May, 1850:—

"They considering the delay and the apparent disposition of the present head of the colonial department to distrust the colonial voice and to listen only to official representation, or the opinions and wishes of individuals in the service of Government, as highly injurious to this community, and pregnant with danger to the best interests of the colony, and to the honour of her Majesty's Government:—

"And having reason to believe that it is the intention of the Right Honourable the Secretary for the Colonies to bring a bill into Parliament for the purpose of annulling the said letters patent of May, 1850, and substituting in the place of the constitution therein granted and guaranteed, a scheme of Government wholly repugnant to the feelings and wishes of the inhabitants:—

"This Board resolves by all lawful means in their power to promote such measures as may seem best calculated to protect the colony against so great an injury and insult, to obviate the perils likely to ensue, and to secure as speedily as possible the entire fulfilment of her Majesty's gracious grant in the letter and spirit of the promises which those letters implied.

"(Signed) "H. C. JARVIS,

"Chairman of the Cape Town Municipality.

"By order of the Board of Commissioners,

"P. J. DENYSSEN, Secretary."

This resolution was passed by the Board of Commissioners in Cape Town, on the 6th of October; and it is transmitted to us with a letter from the Chairman of the Cape Town Municipality, who gives some further explanation:—

"The Commissioners have adopted this extraordinary step, to prevent any misconception of the views of the Colonists in respect of the several matters alluded to in that Resolution, and to place the *Imperial Parliament of Great Britain in possession of the fact, that this Colony is determined not to accept any Constitution reserving a right in favour of the Crown to nominate the Members of either of the Assemblies thereby constituted.*

"And as the unsatisfactory accounts received by the last Mail Steamer (which arrived yesterday, and leaves Table Bay the day after to-morrow), added to the many other breaches of promise on the part of Her Majesty's Advisers in reference to the Constitution granted by Her Majesty's Letters Patent of May, 1850, have already created considerable excitement and alarm;—and as any alteration of the said Constitution might be the means of causing very serious consequences, I am desired respectfully to request the favour of your influence and vote, if required, to oppose any such objectionable course, and by promoting a speedy completion of the said Constitution, to obviate the difficulties which are otherwise apprehended."

Nothing could be wiser than for the Home Government to conciliate the affections of these sturdy colonists, who prove their worth in their very mutiny. We use the strong expression, because it would be trifling to mince matters. When Lord Grey endeavoured to force convicts upon the Cape of Good Hope, after repeated pledges not to do so, the Cape colonists adopted a plan of non-intercourse, and by that means they succeeded in forcing the Governor to send the convicts away. They are now resorting to exactly the same means of action; and we believe they will be successful. But the same intelligence and energy which these colonists display in resistance to the mother country may be engaged on the side of any Ministry that would simply fulfil the promise of Lord John Russell's administration.

It is impossible to receive these intimations of shaken allegiance from provinces of the British empire without associating them with other facts

bearing upon the general position of the empire. The influence of the English Government is receding in its own provinces, at the same time that it is receding on the Continent, for reasons quite similar in both cases, although on the surface they would appear to be opposed. On the Continent, England is suffering the principle of constitutional government which it has upheld to be broken down,—is suffering its natural allies, the free constitutional countries of Europe, to be gradually overthrown by the influence and strength of the despotical alliance. On the other hand, in the colonies, by a tyrannical treatment, or by a not less tyrannical slight, our influence is shrinking almost to nothing. The Australias, which are daily acquiring new proofs of their extreme value,—which are, in fact, in the ratio to population, the most valuable dependencies of any crown,—are strongly imbued with feelings of alienation towards the mother-country, because they cannot have their simplest desires gratified. The Australias have before now shown a disposition to follow the example set by the Cape, and the present example will not be lost. We speak by the card when we say that, although the Australians would be outraged to the last degree by any sudden *coup-de-main* which should transfer them from the British crown to any European enemy of that crown, they would not be very much vexed were the chances of fate to transfer them to the United States. They have a feeling, common to many of our colonies, that were they allied by some species of federation to the great Republic of the west, they would be freer to develop their resources under the Republican Government than they are under the Government of Downing-street. That feeling exists, not only in British North America, but in the West Indies, and in the Australias; and the Cape of Good Hope is now taking a position of overt mutiny.

The cry of "Wolf!" has been often repeated, but after all, the wolf came. Let those who think that it may be desirable to be relieved from the burden of our colonial dependencies ask themselves whether any sudden separation from the mother-country might not give a shake to the power and influence of England that would lay us more than ever open to aggression from the Continent. And all such risks are incurred by the most naked, the most stupid, and most wanton species of injustice that public Ministers ever committed.

CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE—PLAGIARISM.

(BY DISRAELI THE YOUNGER.)

"He is welcome to anything of mine," said Rosini, when he was reminded that he had taken passages by wholesale from the work of a musical rival. Great geniuses have been great plagiarists. Raphael and Michel Angelo plagiarised their predecessors and each other. The graceful Gray is still prized, although his every line may be traced to another. The tedious Howell writes—

The heralds and sweet harbingers that move

From east to west in embassies of love—

They can the tropic cut and cross the line;

whereon the polished Pope says—

Heaven first taught letters, for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid,

since they

Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,

And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.

Virgil ascribes to Æneas the lumen juvenis purpureum; Tasso, to his hero, Godfrey, "Di giovinezza il bel purpureo lume;" and Gray sings "The bloom of young desire, and purple light of love." Tasso describes the concert of song, wind, and waters; and Spencer amplifies the luxurious description. In fact, you may multiply such cases without end.

There is a danger in such studies of parallelisms. It may become a habit to speak in other men's ideas. We have heard a savant boast that he so well knew all the authorities on a given subject, that he could deliver a long and complete discourse upon it off-hand, entirely in the citations from those authorities. He lisped in quotations, for the quotations came. The habit would seem capable of hereditary transmission. The elder Disraeli formed a large collection of parallel passages, "merely as exercises to form my taste;" and the younger Disraeli introduces wholesale parallelisms into his official speeches.

This is carrying the formation of taste to the opposite extreme.

But much may be allowed to parental exemplification, thus enforced—

"The mode of literary composition adopted by that admirable student, Sir William Jones, is well deserving our attention. After having fixed on his subjects, he always added the *model* of the composition; and thus boldly wrestled with the great authors of antiquity. On board the frigate which was carrying him to India, he projected the following works, and noted them in this manner:—

1. Elements of the Laws of England. *Model*—The Essay on Bailments. ARISTOTLE.
2. The History of the American War. *Model*—THUCYDIDES and POLYBIUS.
3. Britain Discovered, an Epic Poem. *Machinery*—Hindu Gods. *Model*—HOMER.
4. Speeches. Political and Forensic. *Model*—DEMOSTHENES.
5. Dialogues, Philosophical and Historical. *Model*—PLATO."

Thus, the parallelism detected by the *Globe*, in which the present Mr. Disraeli eulogizes the Duke of Wellington in the terms employed by Thiers to eulogize St. Cyr, is evidently no more than the result of this rule. Mr. Disraeli would set down his subject and model thus:—

6. Wellington, his Life and Character. *Model*—THIERS.

If almost all the phrases which Thiers applies to St. Cyr are applied by Disraeli to the Duke of Wellington, it only shows that the original has come very close to his model.

Nay, the paternal authority supplies Mr. Disraeli with an example even of a Minister stooping to forgery—and that example a very fit one for Mr. Disraeli, since it is the romance writer, Horace Walpole; who forged the King of Prussia's letter to Rousseau.

Mr. Disraeli the Younger, however, has introduced a totally new feature into the history of literary parallelisms, when he passes off the eulogium of a French writer upon a French general as the eulogium upon Wellington. As though England herself, in her People's Chamber, had no words for her own soldier! To delude publishers and patrons, as Chatterton did, was questionable; but to make a dupe of the House of Commons was, indeed, a stroke worthy of a Boccaccio to record. We do not, indeed, know how the dupes relished it. It must have mortified the reporters to find that they had wasted the energies of their fingers in noting and transcribing, when they might have saved themselves that trouble by a direction to the printer—"see Thiers," &c.; or, Lord John accepted the "eloquent" passage without ringing it on the table. Nay, it is possible that some enthusiastic member may have been moved to drop a tear; and we can conceive the spite of a senator unmannered, at finding that he has been thus moved by a counterfeit—fancying that he was weeping over Disraeli, and finding that he was weeping over Thiers; led by mistake, as it were, to pour his grateful emotion upon the tomb, not of Wellington, but of St. Cyr.

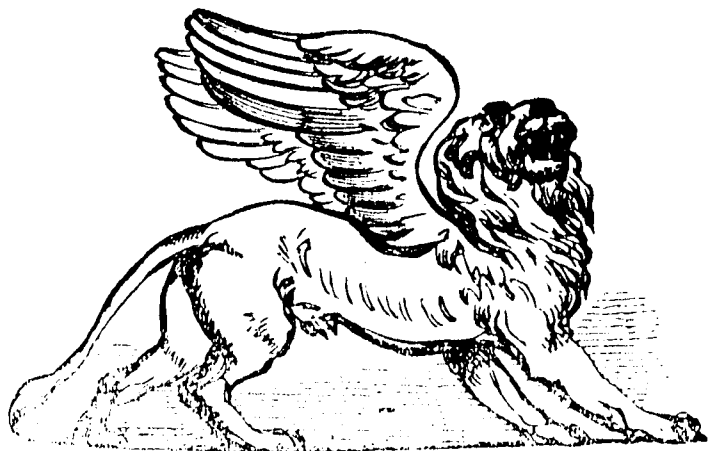
Of course, the smasher of eulogies will be called roughly to account by those who have been duped, and the effect of the delusion will go beyond a mere doubt in his eloquence. People will ask when he is impressive, Who is that from? And whatever the subject may be, they will probably suspect that it really applies to something else. A telling passage, for example, on the rights of the British people, they will probably trace to De Joinville on the invasion of England; or a pathetic epigram on the British matron may be found lurking in the tribute of Dumas the Younger to the *Dame aux Camélias*. Indeed, the inquiry is likely to arise, as to what portions of Disraeli's works are by various hands; and a search of Hansard by some emulator of the elder Disraeli might be fruitful in curiosities. It is impossible, however, to suppose that there is not an answer; and we already foresee the reply. It is not Mr. Disraeli that has been plagiarising Thiers, but it is Thiers that has been plagiarising Mr. Disraeli—by anticipation.

Mr. Disraeli has adopted the dictum of a certain section of Socialists—that man is to possess, not according to his capacity, but according to his needs, and in the sense of neediness it may be presumed Mr. Disraeli has a greater right to the passage than Thiers. Yes, it is Thiers that is the plagiarist. *La propriété, c'est le vol.*

DISRAELI-CLAUDIAN-STILICHO.

THAT implacable literary sportsman, the *Globe*, expresses a reasonable surprise at Mr. Disraeli quoting Claudian as an *entrée* to his *petit souper* of Thiers. (By-the-bye, did Disraeli design an execrable mental pun, or did he forget how a nation's tears are spelt?) The solution is obvious. Peel always quoted Virgil, and the common men of the Commons seldom stray beyond the precincts of that unacknowledged thesaurus of Parliamentary classicism, the Eton Latin Grammar. But our author-statesman, who is "nothing if not Novel," resolved to break the servile tradition, and to display his familiarity with an unfamiliar poet of the Lower Empire, in whose verses, indeed, turgid bombast is not seldom interrupted by passages of grace and grandeur, but who, for all purposes of school and college, does not exist. Vivian would say that the official panegyrist wanted "lead to his sandals," so he went to the heaviest, rather than to the most ancient he could find, or perhaps a malicious secretary went for him. But surely there is more in Disraeli-Claudian-Stilicho than meets the eye. Why did he select Claudian, the poet of the Lower Empire, and not a classic? Surely as a delicate compliment to Louis Napoleon and his friends the priests, who forbid "paganism in education," and forswear the classics. Why did he pick out that not euphonious scoundrel, STILICHO (the name sounds like an "o'clows'-man"), as a peg whereon to hang the venerable grey hairs of the Duke, which (we mean the crop of 1831) have just been offered for sale by advertisement. Stilicho, as the *Globe* indignantly exclaims, the "contemporary of Alaric," the marauding and traitorous ruffian in the pay of the Vandal. Again, we say, a delicate compliment to Louis Napoleon and to his *âme damnée*, that respectable Minister of War, M. Leroy St. Arnaud. It is to flatter the nephew of the uncle whom Wellington conquered, that the memory of Wellington must be profaned, in the British House of Commons, by the miserable lip-service of his official panegyrist, speaking to the ear of attentive Europe! Again, it is asked, where is the appositeness or grace of the quotation? Claudian speaks of the shining scalp and well-known grey hair of Stilicho (whom we suspect to have been nearly bald). Disraeli, alluding to the Duke's grand old face among the British Peers, quotes the "shining scalp" of Stilicho. We reply, in behalf of Mr. Disraeli, that he has merely followed an admirable precedent. Captain Fluellen compared Macedon and Monmouth, because there was a river at both places, and "salmons in poth." Disraeli compares Wellington and Stilicho, because they both had grey hair when they were old.

We trust we have avenged the literary reputation of Mr. Disraeli—by doing for him what the Scholiasts did for Homer. Mr. Disraeli's "quotations" are those of a stock-broker. *Voilà tout!*



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.

"SABBATH OBSERVANCE" IN SCOTLAND.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—Your readers, I am sure, must feel personally indebted to you for your very able and spirited exposure of the "Profanity of present Sabbath Observances." I am one who have had what is popularly called a "religious education." Born in an obscure sea-coast town in Scotland, I was trained up to a rigid "observance of the Sabbath." My "domestic meal" on that day was usually the least palatable of any meal during the week, and my "domestic evening" most disturbed through the burdensome loads of Scripture and catechism imposed upon me by my well-meaning but ill-judged spiritual taskmasters. As for "rest" and a "quiet

walk," the one was unknown to me, while the other I was taught to regard as a desecration of the "holy day." So great, indeed, was my Sabbath a day of unrest, that I looked forward to it with a sickening loathing and inward shudder. The duties of the day, I find, singularly enough, faithfully detailed in almost every particular, by Mr. George Combe, in the memoirs of his brother Andrew. It presents a very good general picture of a Sunday as spent by a Scotch family:—

"The children rose at eight, breakfasted at nine, and were taken to the West Church at eleven. The forenoon service lasted till one. There was a lunch between one and two. The afternoon's service lasted from two till four. They then dined; and after dinner, portions of the Psalms and of the Shorter Catechism with the 'Proofs' were prescribed to be learnt by heart. After these had been repeated, tea was served. Next, the children sat round a table and read the Bible aloud, each a verse in turn, till a chapter for every reader had been completed. After this, sermons or other pious works were read till nine o'clock, when supper was served; after which all retired to rest. Jaded and exhausted in brain and body as the children were by the performance of heavy tasks at school during six days of the week, these Sundays were no days of rest to them."

Now, Sir, it becomes an important question, What is the result of all this cramming of Bible and Catechism—this extraordinary spiritual tight-lacing—on the physical and moral health of the people of Scotland? Are the people *really*—I know they are *professedly*—a more religious people than the English and some of our continental neighbours? They are, we know, the greatest "Church-goers" in the world; but Dr. Guthrie tells us, also, that they are the greatest "dram-drinkers," and we all know the relationship which obtains between drunkenness, misery, and crime.

Since the days of John Knox until now, the Protestant clergy have had almost the sole power of imparting secular and religious knowledge. Contemporaneously with their instruction have grown up the most appalling social evils, defying all description. For a faint glimpse, however, of some of these, the reader would do well to peruse Dr. Bell's *Days and Nights in the Wynds of Edinburgh*; or let him read the following evidence of the Rev. Robert Buchanan, of Glasgow, on the condition of his parish, as cited by George Combe in his admirable lecture on *The Comparative Influence of the Natural Sciences and the Shorter Catechism on the Civilization of Scotland*:—

"Taking the parish all over," says he, "it contains hardly one bed for every three individuals." "I have transcribed from our minute and careful survey, an almost endless list of cases in which from ten to twenty individuals of both sexes, and of all ages, occupy one single apartment, and that, too, of the very scantiest dimensions." "Within the limits of that single parish, whose entire area is less than eleven acres of ground, there are 115 places for the sale of intoxicating drinks—spirit shops and cellars, low taverns, flaring gin palaces, and gaudy music saloons, all doing the devil's work as busily as they can." The reverend Doctor adds, "It is absolutely horrifying to think of such a state of things."

Now, Sir, what is the *social and moral* condition of our continental neighbours, the French, so much traduced for their levity on religious subjects? Let the Reverend Dr. Guthrie—the great Scotch doctor—tell. In his *Plea for Drunkards*, he says, "he spent, as a student, some five or six months in Paris; he witnessed the carnival; yet amid such scenes, and during that extended period, he saw but *one* case of intoxication; and this in a city containing a population six times larger than Edinburgh." "Well—we stepped from the steamer upon one of the London quays, and had not gone many paces, when our national pride was humbled, and any Christianity we may have had was put to the blush, by the disgusting spectacle of drunkards reeling along the streets, and filling the air with strange and horrid imprecations. In one hour we saw in London—and in Edinburgh, with all her churches, and schools, and *piety*, we see every day—more drunkenness than we saw in five long months in guilty Paris!"

Now, Sir, do the clergy propose to remedy this dreadful state of things? they answer, "By means of *more churches and more Catechism*!" Scotland and England both have tried their hand at *civilization* for now two or three centuries; and yet this is the state we are in, and my quotations prove the state of our civilization. Unless this said over-dose of church and Catechism possess the properties attributed by some to Homoeopathy, that "a medicine or a poison which will produce a disease will cure it," I confess that I must despair of any salutary reform from such an application. Doctors of divinity, like doctors of physic, I fear, thrive best while the patient is sick. If it be not so, appearances at all events are against them. In physic, the principle of every man being his own doctor is, we all know, by the faculty dreadfully abhorred; and so it is with the doctor of divinity, as witness the simple-minded confession of honest Doctor Croly—"It is the

intellectual character of the people's pursuits which we fear!"

It is obvious, from these facts, that the people must *think for themselves*. The laws of Nature are open to them: ever present with them—encouraging by reward, or condemning by punishment. They tell us by inspired lips, that the Sabbath was made for man—not man for the Sabbath. The most eloquent of prophets, Isaiah, reproves the Jews (as if speaking from the Most High), in a series of questions, as follows, for making their religious professions and fasting a cloak for their sinful wickedness! Why were not the passages quoted by Dr. Croly? They must have smote him:—

"Is it such a fast that I have chosen? a day for a man to afflict his soul? Is it to bow down his head as a bulrush, and to spread sackcloth and ashes under him? Wilt thou call this a fast, and an acceptable day to the Lord?"

"Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?"

But I have greatly exceeded the space I fear this communication merits in your columns. Permit me, in conclusion, to urge upon my countrymen—the sons of Scotland—to make a bold stand against the present spiritual desecration of the Sabbath: against the present slavish and demoralising bondage. The opening of the Crystal Palace a portion of the Sunday at Sydenham does not necessarily close the church-doors of the metropolis, or anywhere else. The battle waged is not so much against slavish Church customs as against slavish pot-house customs. The aborigines of Britain were first raised from their wild barbarity by a cultivation of the simple arts—by studying the capabilities of the external world to promote their *immediate* happiness. A simple belief in any superstition has ever failed to effect this for them. And so with our own Christianity; beautiful and humanising as it undoubtedly is, rightly understood and taught, it will fail to perfect our civilization so long as the moral and physical elements of Nature are unstudied, and science and the arts neglected. I am, Sir, yours obediently,

A.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We must entreat many of our correspondents who have favoured us with recent communications, to lay what may seem neglect to the charge of the extraordinary circumstances of the past week, circumstances which are not likely soon to occur again. We have to plead the same excuse for the omission of several important papers in type.

Mr. Dry, of Dublin, writes to the effect that the early closing movement has not produced the expected results in causing young men liberated from the counter to study—not from want of disposition on the part of young men, but from want of power. After the day's attention to business, the frame is too exhausted for mental application. Mr. Dry proposes that the young men should go early to bed and rise early in the morning, and so study when the mind is fresh. For this purpose, *Break of Day* Schools should be instituted. The plan is good on paper, but we fear there will be as great a difficulty in getting the young men to bed as is now experienced in getting them up. The Early Closing Movement will have to be succeeded by an Early Sleeping Movement.

THE INCONSEQUENCE OF LOVE.—What is the meaning of fidelity in love, and whence the birth of it? 'Tis a state of mind that men fall into, and depending on the man rather than the woman. We love being in love, that's the truth on't. If we had not met Joan, we should have met Kate, and adored her. We know our mistresses are no better than many other women, nor no prettier, nor no wiser, nor no wittier. 'Tis not for these reasons we love a woman, or for any special quality or charm I know of; we might as well demand that a lady should be the tallest woman in the world, like the Shropshire giantess, as that she should be a paragon in any other character, before we began to love her. Esmond's mistress had a thousand faults beside her charms: he knew both perfectly well; she was imperious, she was light-minded, she was flighty, she was false, she had no reverence in her character; she was in everything, even in beauty, the contrast of her mother, who was the most devoted and the least selfish of women. Well, from the very first moment he saw her on the stairs at Walcote, Esmond knew he loved Beatrix. There might be better women—he wanted that one. He cared for none other. Was it because she was gloriously beautiful? Beautiful as she was, he hath heard people say a score of times in their company, that Beatrix's mother looked as young, and was the handsomer of the two. Why did her voice thrill in his ear so? She could not sing near so well as Nicolini or Mrs. Tofts; nay, she sung out of tune, and yet he liked to hear her better than St. Cecilia. She had not a finer complexion than Mrs. Steele (Dick's wife, whom he had now got, and who ruled poor Dick with a rod of pickle), and yet to see her dazzled Esmond; he would shut his eyes, and the thought of her dazzled him all the same. She was brilliant and lively in talk, but not so incomparably witty as her mother, who, when she was cheerful, said the finest things; but yet to hear her, and to be with her, was Esmond's greatest pleasure.—THACKERAY'S *Esmond*.

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*.

LITERATURE and everything else, must this week retire into the shade, away from the noisy turmoil attendant on the funeral of the great Duke; or, if it wish to gain an ear, it must speak of that great Duke. This it does in many accents, mostly foolish. Articles and biographies, pamphlets and poems, crowd upon the inattentive public. Death always breeds corruption! From out the Wellingtonian literature, one poem stands eminent, because signed by a great name—ALFRED TENNYSON; but not even that great name, nor the love we bear it, can prevent our saying of this *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, what an intrinsically poor performance it is. So little thought seems to have been bestowed on it, that even the title is not appropriate—the ode is not on the death, but on the burial of the Duke; which it neither describes nor calls up before the reflective eye, suggesting grand and mournful images. The substance of the ode is made up of common-place reflections; the form wants the redeeming splendour of imagery befitting a great event. Wherefore did ALFRED write this ode? Because he is Poet Laureate? Surely not because the *οὐρπος* within goaded him with that poetic pain which insists on utterance? The best portions of the ode we will give. After a call upon England to “bury the great Duke with an empire’s lamentation,” he sings:—

“Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,
As fits an universal woe,
Let the long long procession go,
And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,
And let the mournful martial music blow;
The last great Englishman is low.

“Mourn, for to us he seems the last:
Our sorrow draws but on the golden Past.
O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute:
Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,
The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute,
Whole in himself, a common good.
Mourn for the man of largest influence,
Yet freest from ambitious crime,
Our greatest yet with least pretence,
Great in council and great in war,
Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common-sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.
O good gray head which all men knew,
O voice from which their omens all men drew,
O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fall’n at length that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew!
Such was he whom we deplore.
The long self-sacrifice of life is o’er:
The great World-victor’s victor will be seen no more.

We are then told to bury him in St. Paul’s to salvos of cannon, voices so well known to him,—

“His Captain’s ear has heard them boom,
Bellowing victory, bellowing doom;”

and the strophe closes with these good lines:—

“In praise and in dispraise the same,
A man of well-attemper’d frame.
O civic muse, to such a name,
To such a name for ages long,
To such a name
Preserve a broad approach of fame,
And ever-ringing avenues of song.”

Nelson, startled by this solemn noise, asks whom they are bringing to lie beside him, (a somewhat feeble invention this!) and is told, in many indifferent lines, that it is his rival, “as great by land as thou by sea,” and is, moreover, told that this great landsman is “England’s greatest son.” We suppose Pindaric statements are beyond the reach of criticism, otherwise we might ask what is sincerely meant by calling WELLINGTON England’s greatest son? But let criticism withdraw awhile, and leave the poet to chant as he pleases:

“A people’s voice! we are a people yet.
Tho’ all men else their nobler dreams forgot
Confused by brainless mobs and lawless Powers,
We have a voice, with which to pay the debt
Of most unbounded reverence and regret
To those great men who fought, and kept it ours.
O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul
Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
And save the one true seed of freedom sown
Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,
That sober freedom out of which there springs
Loyal passion for our temperate kings;
For saving that, ye save mankind
All public wrong be crumbled into dust,
And help the march of human mind,
Till crowds be sane and crowns be just;
No rank no more in slothful overtrust.

Perchance our greatness will increase;
Perchance a darkening future yields
Some reverse from worse to worse,
The blood of men in quiet fields,
And sprinkled on the sheaves of peace.
And O remember him who led your hosts;
Respect his sacred warning; guard your coasts:
His voice is silent in your council-hall
For ever; and whatever tempests lower
For ever silent; even if they broke
In thunder, silent—yet remember all
He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke;
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour.
Nor palter’d with Eternal God for power.
His eighty winters freeze with one rebuke
All great self-seekers trampling on the right.
Truth-teller was our England’s Alfred named,
Truth-lover was our English Duke;
Whatever record leap to light
He never shall be shamed.

“Lo the leader in these glorious wars
Now to glorious burial slowly borne,
Follow’d by the brave of other lands,
He, on whom from both her open hands
Lavish Honour shower’d all her stars,
And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn.
Yea, let all good things await
Him who cares not to be great,
But as he saves or serves the state.
Not once or twice in our rough island-story
The path of duty was the way to glory.
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outredde
All voluptuous garden-roses.
Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory.
He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Thro’ the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevail’d,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scal’d
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.
He has not fail’d: he hath prevail’d:
So let the men whose hearths he saved from shame
Thro’ many and many an age proclaim
At civic revel and pomp and game,
And when the long-illuminated cities flame,
Their ever-loyal iron leader’s fame,
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name.”

TENNYSON is said to compose with great slowness; and as this *Ode* must have been written hastily, it may have that extenuation, although in truth the primary conception is as insignificant as the execution.

It is often asked, and asked with natural surprise, why the Clergy, who have Revealed Truth snug in their own possession, should in general be so averse from discussion, so intolerant of antagonistic publications, while Philosophers, with no surer guides than Logic and Common Sense, never decline controversy. We read orthodox publications, — finding them supremely harmless; but the orthodox will not, if they can help it, suffer our works to have readers,—finding them “dangerous!” In Nottingham, a town of about 100,000 inhabitants, no copy of the *Westminster Review* was to be had at any public library, two or three weeks ago; and in more than one public subscription library of our provincial towns the *Review* has been excluded, by the active clergy, “alarmed” at its contents. At Warwick, a clergyman wrote on the back of the *Review*, “*The article on the Restoration of Belief is full of awful blasphemy*,” and forthwith exerted himself to rid the library of a work containing such articles. Now this said article is generally understood to be the production of a Christian minister as remarkable for the fervent piety as for the glowing eloquence and amazing subtlety of his writing, but, being an Unitarian, he of course “blasphemes,” and his writing must be repudiated with saintly horror!

A new illustrated *Faust* is in course of publication in Germany. The designs are by ENGELBERT SEIBERTZ; two parts have appeared. From a casual inspection, we are not disposed to esteem the designs as works of art. But the book will be a superb, though costly, drawing-room table ornament.

There is little else of novelty on the continent. Among the few books worth a passing line, are the seventh volume of LAMARTINE’s *Histoire de la Restauration*, which brings the narrative down to the death of LOUIS XVIII. and the ascension of CHARLES X. to the throne; and also a volume by LOUIS REYBAUD, containing two amusing novels, *Marie Brontin* and *Le Coq du Clocher*.

There has been much discussion, and some ridicule, excited by the proposition of D’ISRAELI to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer; but he has this week given his *raison d’être*, as the philosophers say, the justification

of his position. As Chancellor, he has to receive and distribute the money so liberally paid by a nation "whose duties are pleasures," (to use JEROLD'S witticism;) as Man of Letters and Orator does he not betray the same capacity? Words which are "the counters of wise men and the money of fools," he gathers whence he can, and makes an oration as he makes a budget, from the "contributions" of JONES, JENKINSON, and JUKES. The quick adroit Mosaic Arab that he is, how deftly he makes a mosaic work which shall glitter like gold before admiring eyes! What eloquence, what adroitness, what fluency, what comprehension! If you read the Budget he will shortly lay before you, and, in reading it, see how he deals with thousands, no thought of the stupid JONES, the respectable JENKINSON, or the obese JUKES, and their fellows who contributed the thousands, will occur to your mind; all attention will be fixed on the great administrator. So with his orations; you never think of whence they come.

A troublesome critic in the *Globe* has, unfortunately, a tenacious memory; and he has proved, by citation of the passages, that the peroration of D'ISRAELI'S speech on the Duke of WELLINGTON is almost a literal reproduction of what THIERS had written of *Gouvion de St. Cyr*. It has an ugly look one must confess. It implies such scanty wealth to borrow small sums from a poor man; and to borrow them not on an accidental occasion, but on an occasion duly prepared! *MOLIERE* with gay audacity might say *Je reprends mon bien où je le trouve*; but he made good his claim to it, and the thing was worth appropriating; but D'ISRAELI does not make good his claim, and appropriates nothing but commonplaces after all. Old *ÆSCHYLUS* disdained not to borrow scraps from the great Homeric banquet—*τεμαχῇ τῶν Ὀμηροῦ μεγάλων δειπνῶν*—as he himself confesses. *RAPHAEL* did not disdain to transplant whole figures from *MASACCIO* and *FRA BARTOLOMEO*. *MOZART* boldly pillaged from *GLUCK*; and *ROSSINI* gaily appropriated his opening air of the *Barber of Seville*, from an opera of the same name then being performed, and gaily answered the remonstrant composer, "Very well, take one of mine." Therefore it is not the fact of plagiarism or appropriation D'ISRAELI need be ashamed of; it is the thing stolen, and the source, and the manner, and the occasion; the thing was not worth stealing; the source, a Frenchman not of any considerable worth, and singularly antagonistic to England; the manner was shabby, secret, unlike the openness of the plagiarism we have just alluded to; and the occasion one of those solemn moments that give Oratory a dignity and an inspiration, a stimulus and an opportunity—moments when, if ever, the heart should throb in the accents, and the intellect be merely an interpreter of national emotion.

Hitherto we believed *ALEXANDRE DUMAS* to be the most shameless plagiarist of modern Literature; but on due consideration of the gravity of the present offence, we think he must concede the palm to *D'Israeli*. *Palam qui meruit ferat!*

It may interest our readers, as it assuredly must interest all concerned in the London University, to learn that *DAVID MASSON* has been elected Professor of English Literature, in place of Professor *CLOUGH*. Among the young men in this age standing "in the foremost files of time," and acting as beneficent yeast in the fermentation of great questions, there are few, if any, one could name as bearing a nobler burden of grave thoughts and high aspirations than *DAVID MASSON*; working, as he has done, for some years anonymously, his name is little known beyond literary circles; but now that he has some professional distinction which may lead him into more avowed publicity, it will not be long before so much and varied talent, moved by a profoundly serious nature, will gather round his name the homage of all competent to estimate him.

BUTLER'S ANALOGY v. MODERN UNBELIEF.

The Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed. By Bishop Butler. (Bohn's Standard Library.) H. G. Bohn.

[THIRD ARTICLE.]

The peculiar sophistry which runs through Butler's line of argument has already been amply illustrated in our previous notices; the reader, therefore, will not be astonished to find Butler quietly assuming (Chap. VII.) that as the analogy of Nature "gives a strong credibility to the general doctrine of Religion, and to several particular things contained in it considered as so many matters of fact," although the assumption is analogous to that of the existence of the hippogrif, because winged creatures exist. Indeed, it is extremely difficult to handle Butler, he is so slippery, and opens so many issues through which to escape; thus he makes a great argument out of the "incomprehensibility" of the world's scheme.

"Upon supposition that God exercises a moral government over the world, the analogy of his natural government suggests and makes it credible that his moral Government must be a scheme quite beyond our comprehension; and this affords a general answer to all objections against the justice and goodness of it."

This is an old theological artifice. After dogmatically declaring that God did this, intended that, and will do the other, if you make any objection, you are impressively informed that "God's ways are inscrutable." We believe so; but because they are inscrutable we resist your pretension of scrutinizing them. That the Finite cannot comprehend the Infinite is the very basis of our antagonism. We do not admit the right of Ignorance to dictate to us anything beyond a sense of humble reliance. Butler, however, thinks that he makes a strong bulwark against objections by pleading "the incomprehensible." We do not know, he says, but that what appears evil to us may not in reality be beneficial; which is quite true; we do not know; neither do we know that it is beneficial!

He will hear of no objection against "the scheme."

"After these observations it may be proper to add, in order to obviate an absurd and wicked conclusion from any of them, that though the constitution of our nature from whence we are capable of vice and misery may, as it undoubtedly does, contribute to the perfection and happiness of the world; and though the actual permission of evil may be beneficial to it (i. e., it would have been more mischievous, not that a wicked person had himself abstained from his own wickedness, but that any one had forcibly prevented it, than that it was permitted): yet, notwithstanding, it might have been much better for the world if this very evil had never been done. Nay, it is most clearly conceivable, that the very commission of wickedness may be beneficial to the world, and yet, that it would be infinitely more beneficial for men to refrain from it. For thus, in the wise and good constitution of the natural world, there are disorders which bring their own cures; diseases which are themselves remedies. Many a man would have died, had it not been for the gout or a fever; yet it would be thought madness to assert that sickness is a better or more perfect state than health; though the like, with regard to the moral world, has been asserted."

Now, waiving for a moment the question as to Who made the wickedness, let us simply ask whether the terror of hell is not in the nature of a forcible prevention of evil? God is said to permit wickedness, and this permission is more beneficial than any "forcible prevention" would have been; if so, why the coercion of denunciatory threats? When you hang a murderer, "as an example," do you not mean thereby to "prevent" others by the terror of the gallows?

Let us grant, however, the "incomprehensibility" as a fair ground of argument:—

"So that we are placed, as one may speak, in the middle of a scheme, not a fixed but a progressive one, every way incomprehensible; incomprehensible in a manner equally with respect to what has been, what now is, and what shall be hereafter. And this scheme cannot but contain in it somewhat as wonderful, and as much beyond our thought and conception as anything in that of Religion."

Let us grant this general statement, and we shall still have to ask where lies the particular proof? For it is obvious that a Mahometan might use that argument with equal effect. In the Koran there are difficulties, and things quite as much beyond our conception as in the scheme of Nature; is the Koran therefore true?

Wherever we turn, we see Butler's arguments so deplorably weak that were we not familiar with theological polemics, we should wonder at the celebrity of the book; here, however, is a passage of such adroit application that it alone would suffice to endear it to all true sons of the church. (The italics are the author's):—

"As Christianity served these ends and purposes when it was first published by the miraculous publication itself: so it was intended to serve the same purposes in future ages by means of the settlement of a visible church: of a society distinguished from common ones, and from the rest of the world, by peculiar religious institutions; by an instituted method of instruction, and an instituted form of external Religion. Miraculous powers were given to the first preachers of Christianity, in order to their introducing it into the world: a visible church was established, in order to continue it and carry it on successively throughout all ages. Had Moses and the Prophets, Christ and his Apostles, only taught, and by miracles proved Religion to their contemporaries, the benefits of their instructions would have reached but to a small part of mankind. Christianity must have been in a great degree sunk and forgot in a very few ages. To prevent this appears to have been one reason why a visible church was instituted; to be like a city upon a hill, a standing memorial to the world of the duty which we owe our Maker; to call men continually both by example and instruction to attend to it, and by the form of Religion ever before their eyes remind them of the reality; to be the repository of the oracles of God; to hold up the light of revelation in aid to that of nature, and propagate it throughout all generations to the end of the world—the light of revelation, considered here in no other view, than as designed to enforce natural Religion."

The question which incessantly recurs is not whether, if Revealed Religion be true, we can "reconcile" what it teaches with what Nature teaches; because it is quite clear that Nature as God's Book will not contradict the Bible, if that be also God's Book; no, the question specifically is, Can we accept the Bible as God's Book? and, if so, why so? Therefore, in the second part of his work, Butler undertakes to treat specifically of Revealed Religion, but he does so in the same shifty way we have before condemned. Thus he has two arguments in favour of Christianity:—

"First. There is no presumption, from analogy, against the truth of it, upon account of its not being discoverable by reason or experience. For suppose one who never heard of revelation, of the most improved understanding, and acquainted with our whole system of natural philosophy and natural religion; such a one could not but be sensible that it was but a very small part of the natural and moral system of the universe which he was acquainted with. He could not but be sensible that there must be innumerable things in the dispensations of Providence past, in the invisible government over the world at present carrying on, and in what is to come, of which he was wholly ignorant, and which could not be discovered without revelation. Whether this scheme of nature be, in the strictest sense, infinite or not, it is evidently vast, even beyond all possible imagination. And doubtless that part of it which is opened to our view is but as a point, in comparison of the whole plan of Providence, reaching throughout eternity past and future; in comparison of what is even now going on in the remote parts of the boundless universe; nay, in comparison of the whole scheme of this world. And, therefore, that things lie beyond the natural reach of our faculties, is no sort of presumption against the truth and reality of them; because it is certain there are innumerable things, in the constitution and government of the universe, which are thus beyond the natural reach of our faculties. Secondly. Analogy raises no presumption against any of the things contained in this general doctrine of Scripture now mentioned, upon account of their being unlike the known course of nature. For there is no presumption at all from analogy, that the whole course of things, or divine government, naturally unknown to us, and everything in it, is like to anything in that which is known, and therefore no peculiar presumption against anything in the former, upon account of its being unlike to anything in the latter. And in the constitution and natural government of the world, as well as in the moral govern-

ment of it, we see things in a great degree unlike one another, and therefore ought not to wonder at such unlikeness between things visible and invisible."

To the first of these we reply, that although men do admit that there are innumerable things beyond their natural comprehension, they do not admit of dogmatism on those things. The second is another sample of the reasoning which will suit the Koran quite as strictly as the Bible. He does not see that, as witness this reply to an objection he raises:—

"But is it not self-evident that internal improbabilities of all kinds weaken external probable proof? Doubtless. But to what practical purpose can this be alleged here, when it has been proved before that real internal improbabilities, which rise even to moral certainty, are overcome by the most ordinary testimony; and when it now has been made appear that we scarce know what are improbabilities as to the matter we are here considering; as it will further appear from what follows."

What can we do with a reasoner who having proved that many things which are improbable are true, brings forward that proof as an *ergo* that these particular improbabilities are true? It is the old fallacy of the hippogrif.

Next week we shall enter with Butler into a more detailed examination of the claims of Christianity.

REVELATIONS OF SIBERIA.

Revelations of Siberia. By a Banished Lady. Edited by Colonel Lach Szyrma. In Two vols. Colburn and Co.

Eve Felinska, the sister of one of Poland's admired poets, and herself a woman of some cultivation, having incurred the displeasure of the Czar, was politely conducted to the agreeable regions of Siberia to give her patriotism an airing; and the results of her experience during these years of captivity, 1839—41, are told without ostentation in the volumes before us; which, however interesting, must be read with the recollection that they were written on her return, and under the eye of the police, so that, as far as "revelations" go, they are not satisfactory.

The interest of these volumes, apart from that sympathy with which we always follow biographical experience, arises from the novelty of the scenes and manners it describes, the glimpses it gives us of those remote regions. Politics there is none; scene-painting little, and not of the best; dramatic incidents are sparing, yet by means of a quiet womanly glance at things, and a simple straightforward style, Madame Felinska becomes a very agreeable companion. The reader must make up his mind to a temporary dislocation of the jaw, after being called upon to pronounce the names so liberally strewn over the surface of the narrative. We should be glad to see in Walker's *Pronouncing Dictionary* plain directions for the delivery of names like Krzyzanowski, Pietraszkiewicz, Kzonzewska, Iasyzenko, and some others. Swallowing a rasp is a bagatelle in comparison.

Let us, however, dip into these volumes for some sketches of Siberian life.

A HUSBAND AND A FATHER!

"At one of the post-stations between Kazan and Perm, a chief of a village, actuated, as I suspected, less by politeness than curiosity, arrived to pay his respects to us. He was no longer young but looked robust. He was dressed in a broad kaftan, with a turban on his head, and led his wife by the hand, whom he presented to me. A long veil was thrown over her head, concealing the whole of her waist, and her other dress. Her face, however, was uncovered; but it was horrible to look at, so thickly was it overlaid with rouge, white and crimson; and her eyebrows were painted jet-black. It bore not the least appearance of a human face, but more that of a hideous mask, or a doll made of parchment. Her bedizened visage, and her fantastic costume, made me think that we, at that moment, were at a masquerade, and had one of its most perfect patterns before us.

"It was not, however, long before I repressed my foolish wonder at her figure and resumed an earnest countenance. Having formerly had frequent opportunities of seeing the Tartars, and not being at all a stranger to their manners, I entered into conversation with this strange couple.

"How many wives have you got?" I asked the Mussulman.

"Four," replied he.

"Why did you not bring them all here?"

"All the others are old and ugly; I never take them with me. This one is but thirty-two years, and I am proud of her," answered he, casting a doating glance on his better half.

"How many children have you?"

"Only four sons and nine daughters," replied he, with a mournful shake of the head, as if desirous we should pity him.

"To give his sorrow on that account a ludicrous turn, I continued:

"They are handsome, lusty maidens, surely, and you will get a good round sum of money for them."

"But has it not cost me much to rear them? I much doubt that I shall get back my money," replied he.

"Such was this worthy and calculating *pater familias* of the Steppe."

Their first experience of Berezov, the place of their captivity, was not encouraging:—

"I asked our landlord if he could procure us some articles of food from the market, when he replied that there was none in the town.

"No market! Then where do you get your food?" I inquired.

"Everybody gets his food where he can," was his reply.

"I never supposed, nor could any such idea have ever entered into my imagination, that a town could exist without a market. Yet such was the case here; and we saw that we could not do otherwise than accommodate ourselves to the exigency.

"I inquired of the Cossack whether he could not supply us with something out of his own pantry; but his reply was, that he had nothing, and all he could give us at that moment was *sour ducks*, which perhaps would not be to our taste.

"The hungry are never over dainty. Thinking, therefore, that the ducks of which he spoke so disparagingly, might not be so bad, and that hunger might easily reconcile our palates to a worse dish, I requested that they should be served. This being done, we found to our great mortification that 'sour' was but a euphonious term for meat absolutely putrid.

"We could not touch even a morsel of such disgusting stuff, and there remained no alternative but to betake ourselves to bed, without appeasing the cravings of hunger.

"There was no night, but the perfect light of day prevailed the whole time. This difference we could not observe before, while we were on board the vessel, through the narrow window of our cabin, for, though it might have been clear on the deck, the light even of noon could but scantily penetrate into our dormitory. But here the case was different; it was continual daylight, without any distinction between day and night; and this the more visible from the houses in Siberia having an excessive number of windows. I can hardly account for the introduction of such an absurd taste in architecture, and one so particularly unsuited to a northern climate.

"What with the glare of light streaming upon us, the keenness of hunger, and the novelty of our position, neither Josephine nor myself could for a single moment close our eyes, and we passed the whole night in restless attempts to compose ourselves."

The suddenness of Spring, or rather, of the leap from Winter to Summer, must be an enchanting surprise:—

"After a day or two, it suddenly became very hot. It seemed as though we had made an abrupt leap from winter to summer. One day we were obliged to have a fire in the stove, and on the next the heat was intolerable. The whole face of the earth was then brown, and the trees naked; but now we saw grass springing up, plants sprouting, trees bursting into leaves; and the hollyhock appearing in bloom. The change was as sudden as it was marvellous.

"We could scarcely believe that within the short interval of eight hours, Nature had effected such a great change. What had become of spring? what of that spring in which our senses are filled with such rapturous delight, and which divides the frost of winter from the sultriness of summer? Here the leap is instantaneous. Yesterday the warmest clothing hardly sufficed to keep me warm; to-day again, the heat is so intense that we are obliged to cool the water we wish to drink with ice.

"The day was everlasting, and whether we closed our eyes or awoke from sleep, day-light was constantly streaming in at the windows, and circling over the horizon. No dew was to be met with here; and the earth had none the whole summer.

"Oh, lovely spring of my country! how I shall ever remember, and ever long for thee!"

You have a tolerably vivid idea of a Cossack, name of terror! therefore read this:—

"Throughout Siberia the custom of the so-called siesta, in the afternoon, is as universal as sleep at night in European countries. In all houses the window-shutters are closed, and the people go regularly to bed for several hours. During this interval no visits are made, nor any business transacted.

"At Tobolsk, at these siesta hours, the shops are shut throughout the town. Business and amusements are, as a consequence, protracted far into the night. Playing at cards is a favourite amusement, and commonly all leisure hours in Siberia are spent in gambling.

"I had to thank Madame X—— for a few acquaintances. In my round of calls with her I found more beauties among the women than I anticipated; and what surprised me most, was, that among them were many brunettes, with jet black eyes. Fair hair and light blue eyes are admitted to be the exceptional type of the Russian race; and I am thus led to conclude that the dark complexion, both in men and women, denotes descent from the Cossacks of the Black Sea, who accompanying Yermak, their chief, on his excursion into Siberia, settled in the country, and remained a distinct race.

"My conjecture seemed to tally with the account the Cossacks gave of themselves. One portion of them maintained that they sprang from the companions of Yermak, who, after his conquest of Siberia, had left them here as settlers. They principally consisted of volunteers from the Dnieper and the Don, and from Lithuania; some actuated by the hope of improving their condition, and others by the love of adventure. Another portion of them asserted that they were, at a later period, added as auxiliaries to the former, by the celebrated merchants Stroganoffs, from their villages beyond the Ural, in order to keep the conquered country in subjection. The latter, as to their external appearance, evidently bear more affinity to the common Russian type, and in many characteristics much differ from the others.

"The generality of the modern Cossacks of this place are a degenerated race, preserving none of the spirit, courage, and boldness of their valorous ancestors. The constant peace and security which they enjoy, has contributed to extinguish among this people all warlike and even manly qualities. Becoming sluggards, they have merely turned merchants and barterers. They languish after their feather beds, and are ready to sacrifice everything for comfort. I saw young men of twenty years cry like babies, when they happened not to get their tea at the usual hour."

Cannot Leech give us a sketch of a young Cossack blubbering for his tea?

"In their character of citizens, the Cossacks of Berezov might in many respects be classed with the Jews of my own country. They are traffickers, but not producers; their occupation is merely trading. Sometimes they go fishing, but never engage in woodcraft or hunting. The usual articles of commerce, as well as all the necessities of life, with fish and game, can only be obtained from the Ostiaks. The common daily household business is likewise done by people hired from amidst that tribe."

These Ostiaks are a very primitive race:—

"The Ostiaks are as yet unacquainted with the use of money. Skins of animals and fur are the customary circulating media, and all agreements in bargains and trade are referred to that standard. A white squirrel skin (*bielka*) represents the value of twenty assignat kopeks; an ermine, forty kopeks; a skin called *piesak* biely (literally, white dog), three assignat rubles; and a like rate extends from the precious fables down to the commonest sorts of fur. In changing these commodities for Russian articles, the Ostiak never makes his agreement for such or such a sum of money, but for so many of the above-named kinds of fur, every one of which has its fixed price."

In consequence of this ignorance of the "agent of civilization," Christian merchants make easy fortunes out of the poor Ostiaks:—

"The principal source of wealth of the Berezovians is derived from traffic in fur

and fish with the Ostiaks. Any active and cunning speculator, with a capital of one hundred to two hundred assignat rubles at the first outset, is enabled in a few years to become a rich merchant, the profits from the barter carried on with the Ostiaks being enormous.

"The Ostiaks being totally ignorant of money, and still more of the rate of exchange, readily take in exchange for their own articles, any commodities which they want, or which the Russian merchants can supply them with. The latter, however, are in the habit of fixing the value of their own articles at their own price, before they exchange them for those brought by the Ostiaks to market. According to the old customary standard, a pud (forty pounds English) of rye flour used to represent the value of one skin of a white piesak, and at that rate they are usually counted when exchanged against each other. But one pud of rye flour at the market at Tobolsk does not cost more than fifty assignat kopeks, and frequently it can be had for half that sum. The cost of transport from Tobolsk down to Berezov is not more than fifteen assignat kopeks per pud, as a number of vessels are yearly dispatched empty from that town to the fisheries on the Oby Sea, and their owners are always anxious to take on board any cargo, even at a most trifling rate. The whole expense for a pud of flour may thus be estimated at from thirty to seventy assignat kopeks; whereas a skin of a white piesak, which is bought for that same pud of flour from the Ostiak, is sold by the trader to a wholesale merchant of furs at Berezov, at the enormous price of three silver rubles.

"In order to secure success in trading with these nomade races, several things become indispensable; namely, knowledge of their language, acquaintance with the usages and manners of the different tribes, with their periodical changes of residence, and, if possible, a personal acquaintance with the principal heads of their widely dispersed families. The entire commerce is founded solely on good faith. Each family of the nomade, whether Ostiak or Samoiede, is in the habit of dealing with only one merchant, and from him everything that is wanted, at all times, is taken on credit to the amount of so many skins. The good faith among these wild races is so great, and so deeply rooted, that a debtor will for no sum of money, however great, sell to another what he had once promised to his creditor. There may indeed occur cases in which, on account of an unproductive season in hunting, or the death of the debtor, or of his family, the creditor has not been paid, or the payment postponed to the ensuing year; but, as long as any member of the family survives, and can take part in hunting and fishing, the creditor may be certain that at some period or other his debt will be faithfully discharged."

So that these Ostiaks are "fair game" to a 'cute commercial Christian; but how could it be otherwise? Are they not ignorant, candid, more odoriferous than agreeable, and extremely unfastidious in the matter of cuisine?

"Hares exist in great numbers, but nobody hunts them. The Russians have a religious aversion to eating them, as unclean; and their skins are so cheap that they are considered not worth transporting to Tobolsk, the place where they are tanned. The Ostiaks, on the other hand, reject no sort of food, but eat whatever can be swallowed and digested. In this respect they are not a whit more fastidious than dogs. They eat foxes, crows, bears, and even their entrails; all meat, fresh or tainted, and stinking fish. They eat their food both raw and boiled, but chiefly in a raw state."

We wind up with this conclusion of the breath-suspending story of a woman

LOST IN A SIBERIAN FOREST.

"The whole of the following day was spent in seeking to emerge from the forest, but with as little success as the preceding, and the poor creature only penetrated further into its depths. Hunger and exhaustion came on, and wild berries were the only sustenance she could obtain. In vain she called for aid; the wilderness, as if in mockery, echoed her cry on every side, but bore it to no human ear. Her strength was altogether failing, and she considered herself utterly lost, while death, apparently inevitable, presented itself to her imagination in a thousand horrible shapes. Now she fancied herself dying from hunger, as the berries on which she still subsisted would soon disappear, or from cold, or under the claws of some rapacious beast.

"Soon she lost her voice, and could no longer call for help, but became with despair prostrate alike in body and mind. She sat for whole days cooped up and immovable on the same spot, with patience awaiting her end. Want of food, as a mere craving of instinct, was alone able to arouse her for a moment from her torpor. Even when thus urged, she unwillingly dragged her heavy limbs along, and having advanced a few steps from the spot, no sooner appeased her hunger with a few berries, than she relapsed into her previous apathy. In this condition she remained for no less than eight days.

"On the ninth day, while snatching some berries from a tree, she heard at a distance a rustling sound, like that made by a person making their way among dry branches. She listened, and as the sound fell on her ear more and more distinctly, she began to hope that it drew nearer. How full of moment to her was the anxious interval, as with each sound a distracting hope of deliverance rose in her mind.

"After some minutes of intense expectation, alternating between hope and despair, the branches of the thicket parted, and she beheld a bear. Her first emotion was intense terror. Had she possessed sufficient strength, she would have taken flight, but this desire instantly gave way to a different sensation: 'God, in His great mercy,' she murmured, 'perhaps sends me a speedy end, instead of a protracted lingering death,' and possessed by this impression, she resigned herself to her fate.

"The huge beast of the forest came within a few paces of the spot where she was. Calm and immovable, agitated by no earthly desire, and nothing daunted, she stood resigned before him, a perfect statue of patience. After contemplating her a moment, the animal with an air of gravity turned away, and resumed his progress through the wood. The consternation which the incident had inspired was now dispelled, and was succeeded by reflection. The first idea that rose in her mind was the belief prevailing among the natives, that a bear appearing to a wanderer is sure to lead him in the right path. This flashed across her brain with the velocity of lightning. Hope revived, and with it her courage; and as the bear moved on with slow steps, she followed him as close as her debilitated state would allow. The bear continued its rambling walk, casting at times his look behind, but though he saw her following, he neither increased nor diminished his pace. At last her strength completely failed, and the unhappy woman felt that she could go no further, and would be obliged to relinquish her guide. After a few totter-

ing steps in advance, she was so overpowered with fatigue as to be compelled to sit down, and at this instant she saw the bear suddenly trot away, and disappear in the thicket.

"Grief too keen to describe now overwhelmed her, as she was thus deprived of her last hope. The extreme exhaustion of physical powers was rendered more insupportable by great thirst, and to allay it she was compelled to look round for some berries. As she did so, she perceived through the branches of the trees something shining like water. She drew nearer, and with joy saw a stream of running water at a short distance. She knew well that by following the course of the stream she would finally arrive at a larger river, and human settlements being always on the banks of rivers, would have a chance of being saved. The hope gave her strength, and gathering a few berries to refresh her, she proceeded onwards.

"Night once more overtook her in the forest; but on the morning of the next day she succeeded in reaching the spot where the stream emptied itself into the river. Not knowing now what direction to take, she sat on the shore, hoping that some boat might pass from which she could obtain help. In this expectation, she watched the whole day, but in vain; no boat was to be seen.

"On the following day, the twelfth since she had left home, she heard to her great joy the barking of dogs and occasional volleys of fire-arms. Fain would she have shouted for assistance, but she had altogether lost her voice, and even at a few paces distance no one could hear the loudest cry that she could utter. Mustering all her remaining powers, she endeavoured to reach the spot from which the firing seemed to proceed, and which appeared to be near at hand. But she was not so fortunate as to meet any of the hunting-party; as the hunter, after he has fired, never remains in the same place, but advances to another, and thus, instead of meeting him where she expected, the faint, helpless woman could scarcely detect the scent of the gunpowder, and was again perplexed as to what direction she should pursue in search of him.

"At last even the report of fire-arms grew more and more faint. From fear of losing sight of the river, she did not venture to go any farther, but returned to her former resting-place. Finally, all around elapsed into deep silence, and hope seemed to vanish for ever. In this painful condition, mourning bitterly that fate should so tantalize her, holding out a prospect of rescue, and then destroying it, her eyes, languid and faint, involuntarily turned to the river, as if from that quarter alone she could hope for succour. How great, how unspeakable was her joy, when she descried a boat. She made an effort to shout, to apprise its inmates of her forlorn condition, but without success, as her voice was powerless. Her despair was now indescribable, as she thought that the last opportunity of deliverance would pass by, and leave her to a most horrible death. In this dilemma she tore branches from the trees, and flung them in the water, hoping to attract attention by the splash; but thrown by so feeble a hand, this was not to be expected. She would have readily flung herself into the stream, if she had thought that the splash would have been heard, but a moment's reflection convinced her that the boat was at too great a distance for this to be possible.

"The boat was now nearly abreast, and in another minute would pass by, when an idea struck her, which she instantly proceeded to realize. She had a red silk kerchief on her head, and this she immediately pulled off, and tying it on a long stick, waved it in the air. Most fortunately, the signal was perceived. The boat made for the shore, and took her on board."

Portfolio.

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

LETTERS OF A VAGABOND.

XI.

February, 29, 1852.

GIORGIO, mio caro,—Tell the fair and sweet Helen that I have received her most esteemed letter, the which has given me new courage to sustain my prolonged absence; and although the sight of the writing that recalled her fair hand,—which I can so well see resting like a warm and bright piece of sunshine on the cold paper—made me faint with affection and the desire to see once more the smile sculptured in her lips, and falling upon what she so kindly wrote; yet, nevertheless, that impulse of life-blood to my heart reinvigorated the life within me, insomuch that precisely because she is of such enduring kindness, and her blessed countenance stands towards me unaltered from the distance, I can the better support this intolerable exile.

For truly it is intolerable. The more I understand that society in which I find myself, the more I am able to see what it means when it says, "I am not as they are in foreign countries;" the more I see what it costs to keep up the appearances of "moral England"—costs not only of sacrifice and abnegation, but of crime and depravity, hideously covered with the universal disguise of "respectability"—the more my mind, as that of an Englishman, is moved with humiliation and hatred; and the more, as a Vagabond, I long to be quit of a neighbourhood which outrages all that I have learned to prize of truth and life.

These English whom, after so many years, I have returned to admire, as Giorgio has taught me, have made great "reforms" since I was among them—they are more humane, more free, more great, more intelligent. At least they say so. But what is their intelligence? It lies in knowing what to do, and *not* doing it. No people, for example, so well understands what ought to be done to prevent the dead from poisoning the living, in the arrangement of their towns; and yet to adopt any really efficient plan for curing the disease at once—oh, that is what any Englishman will laugh at. I do not say this from myself; but they are the English that say it. They are free—but the working man must work all day, and long after twenty-four o'clock, or be starved; for his master will not have about him a man

that will not destroy life in work without end. They think many things, as they tell me, and whisper to each other; but they pretend to think differently in public; and many a man who will disown an "infidel" friend, or a "republican," or a freethinker in morals, goes to church only to endure a form, while he thinks of anything but the "humbug" around him; reverences neither his sovereign nor even his own escoccheon, and ends his days in places which he would resent to hear talked about. That they call freedom. That, and trade, they call greatness. And for their humanity—I will give you the specimen which has awakened these thoughts.

I came down to fulfil my promise to Fanny Chetham, whom I found very much harassed by terror, and the dread that I had forgotten her. I never shall forget how her lips clung to my hand, with the yearning of gratitude "because I had remembered her." But I will tell you. Her child had a father, whom she has *never* named. She has never heard from him. I think that her fidelity is caused by nothing else but the blind instinct of love between man and woman—an honourableness dictated by the wisdom of the body; for she has more of the original strength than he has, miserable cripple that he has become under the regimen of civilization. But after I had talked with her, I discovered a cousin that she had, who is well off, and whom she had asked to help her. She had known him always, although his successes, and her lowly servitude, had led them quite to different conditions. To her asking for help, he answered, that he had attained fortune by his own exertions and his father's, while she had forfeited it by her own deliberate choice; that if he were to give some of his means, as he always does to the extent of ten per cent., it would be to "a more deserving object;" and that he recognized no claim in her merely because their mothers had been cousins. She wrote again, telling him that she wanted none of his ten per cent., but that he had carpets, and other luxuries, and that he must spare her some of that, his own ease, in her hard necessity. The girl was angry, and I doubt not, she wrote well. He replied,—“My dear Fanny”—and then went on, telling her that *he* had chosen carpets, &c., *she* had chosen no carpets, &c.; and so they each had what they had chosen. He said he owed her "no ill will," but that "he must adhere to principle."

Now, who was that? It was Markham!

Another person, however, sent Fanny twenty pounds for her help. Who? "It is a woman," said Fanny, "by the writing; and I do not know any woman who would send to me, unless it were one who had been wronged; and therefore I think I know who it is."

"Who?" I asked.

"Mark's housekeeper, as he calls her. And there is the money. Send it her back, for she will want it sorely, some day; and do for me what you can, for *you* will not grudge it."

And Fanny, tossing the packet of money carelessly into my hands, leaned back, and shut her eyes.

Who, then, is this rude girl, who thus nobly refuses help from one who may want it worse; who upbraids the accomplished Markham, wiser in her rudeness than all his philosophy; who understands what you and I have so often talked of in our most earnest talk, and of which she, I believe, cannot even *think*? She is but a rude girl, after all; but it is that she is a girl. Why had she "fallen"? Because the miserable, half-instructed William had appealed to her affection and to her instinct. Why had she destroyed her child? Because society condemned that which had guided her—her instinct—and had taught her nothing instead.

Why did she trust me? Because I did not mean to deceive her. She welcomes my fellowship, more than my help; and now that she is secure of some support, she ceases to dread her fate. "I deserve it," she says; "but I do not deserve to be abandoned. I killed the dear little thing, because—I did not know what to do; but I did not leave it. *He* abandoned me; but I have never forgotten—what we said to each other. And yet I never gave myself up to him as I do to you, if I were only worth giving; for"—and she looked at me abruptly, with a peremptory, flushed countenance, as though she fiercely insisted on saying what I might forbid if I pleased—"I love you."

The murderess! But the instinct of woman is ever true: where she is sustained, where she finds help and courage, where the truth, there, if she be free, she loves. Past events, prison grates, anxieties, terrors, could not alter or pervert the due course of nature. Fanny is still young, still has a trace of rosy blood in her young cheek, and as she had grown, so did she unfold. A feeling of respect and tenderness, such as you can imagine, made me veil her crime from the gaze even of my own eyes, and soothe the terror of remorse; and if she had been a sister, I could not have rejoiced more to see her restored to a gentler fortitude. She cannot talk, she cannot think, with any educated method; but under adversity and tender reflection, a rapid education is converting the rude wench into a lady, whose discrimination between the noble and the base might shame many of those that would readily enough cast stones at her.

Werneth joins me heartily. We have engaged the best of counsel on the circuit, and there are some hopes of a lenient consideration of her case.

And I wrote a letter to Markham, brief and savage; which he has answered by sending to poor Fanny a letter that made her weep with kind gratitude; and to me, for her use, a blank check, and a letter of the noblest, simplest, and directest confession of "error in reasoning."

Markham is a noble fellow; though he had a monstrous aspect in my

eyes more than once. The approving glances of the attorney, on his brief Napoleonic dictations in the meeting at Johnson's, made me suspect him. His hard headed philosophy was repulsive; and his correspondence with poor Fanny Chetham amounted to depravity. But the stuff of the man has not been perverted, and he has strength to cast off the disease. William is the wretched wreck of a stunted nature; but even he is not so offensive as a creature whom I have found in Audley's house. I do not know much of the race, but for anything that appears on the surface you might suppose him the type of a class common enough.

You remember that when Fanny Chetham fainted at the sight of me on the stairs, at night, I was conscious of an inexplicable turmoil, more than seemed necessary for the occasion: this new discovery of mine was at the bottom of it. It is a fine gentleman, a man well enough to look at; tall, better endowed with chest and whiskers than the average of his countrymen; well dressed, well practised in the usages of society: trained to the deportment which is received in the highest circles; familiar with the use of all the implements that appear at table; versed in all the dishes of all the countries that a gentleman's cook can produce; practised in *bien-séances*, and, in short, a perfect gentleman. If there is a fault to find with him, it is that he is *too* well appointed; has a neckcloth too much of the last cut, a perfectionated model of the clergyman or waiter; appears in a variety of waistcoats too refined in their taste; is too clean in every grain, as if he had but that instant escaped from the washing basin; is too irreproachable in the neatness of his utterance, blameless in the management of his finger ends, and altogether, externally, a kind of spotless "perfect gentleman." He is an excellent politician; thoroughly acquainted with all public men, and with their relations amongst each other; knows all their marriages and intermarriages, all the seats for which they have sat, all the questions on which they have voted; and can discuss the merits of these questions with singular intelligence, polished language, and thorough information. If there is a fault to be found with his conversation it is that it is rather too like the leading article of a newspaper; one has a faint reminiscence of the smell of the *Times* newspaper while he talks. Only he is not prejudiced like the journals; for he is a perfect gentleman, and a perfect gentleman never is the slave of prejudice. He is an excellent boatman, the best rower in the party; he is a good horseman, not so good as some that I have seen, but altogether he sits the saddle in excellent style. This man is the tutor of Audley's family; himself a man of good birth, a cadet with "a little independency," amounting to, I do not know what. Perhaps it pays his tailor's bills, or suffices to keep up his tailor's credit. He has a good name, a good education, a "little economy" in some bank or other; for he sports a cheque-book, as every perfect gentleman should; and he teaches the masculine Audleys of the rising generation how to behave as gentlemen.

Audley himself is rather shy. He is self-possessed at the head of his table, and good in the exercise of hospitality; but there is a kind of diffidence about the man which makes him shrink from an assertion of his own undoubted capacity; and on such occasions, my well-waistcoated friend comes to the rescue, "draws out his host," and then retires into conversation with some forgotten neighbour, in an ostentatious modesty and "sense of his position" altogether admirable. King is master of the situation, whatever it may be, and he knows it. There is a supercilious indifference and absence of self-assertion in all that he does, characteristic of a man reposing on conscious greatness.

To-day Werneth and Audley were absent in the town. Werneth had gone to complete certain legal arrangements, and Audley had taken the opportunity to transact some business and help Werneth. Conway, who is down here, had gone with them, and they were not to be back till tea-time. King had done me the honour to treat me with great familiarity and confidence; and in the absence of the master of the house, he permitted himself quietly, and with accustomed taste, to assume rather more than the ordinary amount of ease and command. The ladies all retired; Mrs. Audley stopping, naturally enough, to say a few last words to the quasi host. Easy indifference, a half carelessness of listening betrayed by his audible whisper, inspired me with a feeling of dislike. I did not hear what passed, except the words, "My dearest creature," uttered with an air of remonstrance at once condescending and assuring. Mrs. Audley left the room rather abruptly, with an angry fling; and King, carelessly throwing the napkin that he had been dangling over the back of a chair, threw himself into another, with a charming little air of weariness; and he lay back for a few moments, his head resting on the back, his elbows on the arms, and the tips of his fingers meeting.

I do not remember all our conversation, but I do remember that it began with some platitudes about the exactingness of women; and then with a grave and friendly candour, King began to let out confessions of various little responsibilities that encumbered him. I endeavoured to arrest it, by turning the conversation; but it was of no use. My evasions were taken for misconceptions, and only served as the pretexts for new confidences. The poor fellow confessed, with an air of solemn concern not overwhelming his self-possession, that in point of fact he had permitted himself to become responsible to almost all the ladies in the house! I should not state this fact in English society at large, because, although I doubt whether it is so exceptional as it looks, everybody would profess to disbelieve me; and yet it is a very simple fact, and not so unaccountable as it looks. Audley, I suppose, once loved and won his wife, who must have been a very sprightly and handsome girl; but he is now a magistrate.—a

gentleman, a father, and so forth, but, above all things, a landowner and a magistrate. The girl, somehow or other, though smothered under various ungirlish externals, still lurks in Mrs. Audley. That excellent lady conforms to all the appearances of society, and conducts, with great discretion, the usual framework of costume and good manners; but within that factitious edifice lurks the simple woman. The girls have been brought up "strictly," at least as strictly as a good deal of paternal negligence, and an endless amount of maternal ignorance, made possible. The strictness had many loop-holes in it, better known to the housekeeper's room and the servant's hall, than to the drawing-room or the school-room. "Such things happen in the best regulated families," as they say here. King is a man of the world, and as such, he is a man of pleasure. He knows what is due to society,—that is, "appearances"; but having a good chest for a waistcoat, whiskers that comb forward conveniently, and features capable of an engaging arrangement, he has, by the gift of fortune, a power of fascination which at once surprises and delights himself. He is very vain of his power as a lady-killer, and with all his awe of appearance, cannot help talking. Thus there is a kind of secret in the house, which by this time must be known to a considerable number of the bosom friends amongst whom King confidentially boasts. But the coxcomb already wearies of these embarrassing multiplicities. "It is not the—the—what shall I say? but the——damned jealousy, Sir. It becomes tedious."

But presently he surprised me by a new disclosure—some prize that was "peculiarly worthy of his attempts." He was contemplating a new triumph, and promised me that I should see the lady in the evening, as she was coming there with her husband. "A beautiful woman; young, unsuspecting, happy with her husband; altogether a delicious creature."

"And what," I said, "is your motive, Mr. King, for invading that lady?"

"Precisely that, my dear fellow. There is no credit in picking up a woman who is unappropriated; but when a creature is devoted to her husband——"

I could stand this no longer. It might be very good worldly epicureanism; but the total heartlessness of it, the mechanical licentiousness—nay, I suspect, the very want of enjoyment, exasperated me with the wooden-faced gentleman; and rising from the table I told him that he had no right to surprise me with his confidences. I abruptly declared to him that I should put the lady on her guard.

"Good Gaud!" he exclaimed. "Upon my soul, sir, I took you for a gentleman; but if I am so mistaken, let me warn you—aye, you may frown, but let me warn you that, perhaps, what I cannot expect from your honour may be enforced by a horsewhip."

"Don't apologise," I replied, "for any freedom of language after what you have said; but, in return for your admonition, allow me to warn you, that when any man touches me in that way, my flesh never feels easy till I have washed it in his blood, and I am never unprovided for extracting that restorative. Take what steps you like; I have told you mine, and I never depart from my declared purpose."

He tried "to recall me to a sense of gentlemanly feeling;" he condescendingly suggested that, unaccustomed to English society, I had forgotten myself, and did not remember the usual mode of regarding the confidences of gentlemen; and finally, he told me that I was beneath further notice; but that if I made any outward scandal he should be obliged to call me to account.

In the course of what passed I assured him that I should do what I said; but should make no open scandal; and should always be ready to account to any one.

"We will join the ladies if you please," he said; and he made way for me to go first. In spite of my disgust I could not but admire the easy assurance with which he covered his discomfiture.

I need not tell you all the details of the affair. In the evening came Mr. and Mrs. Hartwell; pleasant people, and the lady all that King had described her to be. I found no difficulty in my self-appointed mission. I made Werneth specially introduce me, with a voucher for my honour; made her promise to hear me out; suggested to her the propriety of not telling her husband, or anybody; and then disclosed to her, in the plainest terms, the coxcomb's intentions. When I told her she remained perfectly silent, and I was about to leave her, as having no further claim on her attention, but she stopped me.

"In the first place," she said, "if it were needed, I should thank you for the trust you have put in me, for most men would have hesitated to deal with the matter so simply, and might have permitted no end of mischief. In the second place, I am thinking what I can have done to give rise to such—projects. In the third, I am trying to see if it is possible that there could have been any danger. I think not: Charles is too frank and free himself ever to have believed even 'appearances'; and I now see the man was studiously arranging appearances. But—it is all over now. Mischief *might* have been made, if you had not stopped it."

She promised to tell nobody.

"You are wanted for a trio," said King, approaching us with an air of subdued defiance, and speaking to Mrs. Hartwell; "may I lead you to the instrument?"

"No," she answered, with a self-possession that bore down his impudent eyes; "I shall place myself under the protection of this gentleman."

How simple the words, how deep the indignation, how bitter the baffled malice!

More than one pair of eyes were watching us with angry vigilance; but no outward conflict disturbed the unbroken serenity of the evening. So much may pass around us, in the quietest of circles, that we suspect not. But—I observed to Mrs. Hartwell, who noticed to me the unseen drama of which so many deeply-interested were unconscious—it is a silence which enables a cunning and hypocritical vice to confound itself with real virtue and abnegation. In real life, "villains are not driven from society," they are its most constant attendants.

PASSAGES FROM A BOY'S EPIC.

XIII.

INITIATION.

THE Princess slept; and lighting all her sleep
A vision came, and with soft luminous rings
Encircled her pale face. Nor marvel thou,
For where she lies no less than Goddess kneels,
And pathos looking out thro' dewy eyes,
Tells that the Gods are human. Soon arose
The fairest form that ever dreamer saw,
And cried, Awake! Awake! Ev'n as she spoke
The vision faded from the sleeper's eyes,
And like to one long laid in feverish trance,
While months have hurried past, and seemed one day,
And who when Gods have wrought a sudden cure,
Leaps from his couch and wonderingly beholds
The true appearances of men and things,
Awakened Ariadne. Soon she saw
The Eternal Loveliness, and wonder rose
To silent worship, till reviving thought
Past into words, and thus relieved her soul:
"Now first I know what love, what nobleness,
Adorn the heart, what tender feelings clothe
Our mortal life, as violets the white roots
Of antique trees, when the birds call the Spring.
I was a dreamer once, and dwelt alone,
Or wandered through the blighted woods of life
As some lorn child, belated in his play,
Wanders thro' lengthening fields and winding lanes,
And sobs out helplessly; but now I wear
The delicate white garments of Delight.
Henceforth, fair Mother of the Universe!
I shall not live the life of trees and flowers,
And toil and grieve as other women do,
In the bare desert of Humanity.
Hope have I now of more majestic hours;
For is there not a world where music dwells
With love? a world soft gleams of whose blue heaven
Thrill gentle souls with dim delicious hopes
Till Pleasure smiling trembles into tears!"
The Goddess answered: "Such a world there is,
And I by all my lovely ministers,
In sun and cloud and sylvan glooms remote,
Have led thee upward to the golden realms
Where dwell the Gods in light and azure calm.
But leave we now this land, for Fate ordains
Naxos for close of this high Tragedy."
Uranian Aphrodite, speaking thus,
Raised her light wand, and from the loftier sky
The magic car ran down the slanting winds,
With gradual motion: in the car enshrined,
The Goddess and the godlike woman rose,
With wave of wand, into the parted air;
Now soaring to the Olympian palaces,
Until they toucht the overhanging stars;
Now falling till they skirred the level sea.
But when the Isle drew near, with tenser rein,
Guiding the car down purple slopes of air,
The Goddess sought the shore. Wild, shelterless,
Barren, and desolate, it stretcht away;
With moaning sound, the waves, sluggish and green,
Plunged over slippery rocks, one here, one there.
Leafless and dry, were croucht about the shore
Dwarf-featured trees, or images of trees,
And ever 'mid their rattling skeletons,
Crept a low wailing wind with human tone,
And over all, and magnifying all,
Rolled like some stagnant sea a yellow mist.
Hither the fairest of the Olympians came,
And with soft words upon their downward path,
Cheering her coursers with the silver wings,
Approacht that savage shore, and pausing there,
On a gray heap of withered moss threw out
The exulting traveller of ætherial realms.
And lo! while yet her orbs were dim with fear,

Goddess and chariot vanisht utterly.
 But soon the Princess rose and felt her way
 Thro' the thick surges of the yellow mist,
 Till over sword-edged flints and rolling stones,
 Faintly she fell, but once again uprisen
 Lookt round for help. Before her was the sea—
 The cold, unfeeling sea, that bore away
 Her fair, false Theseus, with the smiling eyes—
 Behind her, Death. Now resting on a rock,
 And clasping both her hands, she prayed aloud,
 As one that feels the Gods thrust back his prayer:
 "Hear me, O Zeus! and thou, Uranian Queen,
 Whose words late breathed of joy and tenderness;
 Hear me, and give me some pale gleam of Hope,
 To silver the dark forest of my life.
 O, God! O, Goddess! 'tis a fearful thing
 Thus to have fallen from my tower of stars,
 Down, down, into the empty darkness down."
 She spoke; but through the island hoarsely rung
 A peal of mocking laughter, and her words,
 Caught up, like voices in resounding caves,
 Beat wildly back upon her throbbing ears.
 Then came thick Night, and the blind Darkness reacht
 From Earth to Heaven, and all the lower air
 Swarmed with a thousand ghastly lineaments
 Of shadowy faces fading as they grew,
 While far off in the mist a wailing cry,
 A feeble cry for help, most like her own,
 Perplexed her with a thousand changing thoughts
 Of crimes unknown, and a dim drowsing sense
 Of some great loss that yet in shadow lies.
 Then silence followed; till, of sudden birth,
 Amid the moaning waves a tempest rose,
 And mounted on the intertangled wings
 Of all the winds, rode over prostrate earth,
 And marshalled all the wrestling elements
 With shout and call incessant: far above
 Reverberant thunders rolled, and lightnings ran
 A blood-red furrow through the jagged clouds,
 While earthquakes stamp'd among the reeling hills,
 And shook the sea as with the trampling feet
 Of myriad giants marching to the strife.
 Along the ground, dark faces streakt with fire
 Glared terribly, and threatening shapes swept past,
 And rushing wings and whirling waves were heard.
 Then while the fear grew large about her heart,
 Forsaken Ariadne, weeping, cried:
 "I am a woman whom fair Hope misled,
 Until she heard immortal lips proclaim
 Her entrance to the skies, and dared to lift
 Her impious thoughts up to the lofty stars.
 Henceforth I will be sad as others are,
 And lowly with a human lowliness.
 Delight and love are for the Gods alone,
 And men need nothing but to grieve and die."

M.

The Arts.

VIVIAN NOT AT THE FUNERAL.

THE bayonets and helmets are flashing in the sunlight, the crowds of anxious spectators are on tiptoe, and silently admiring the long, slow procession moving to mournful music; and I, sitting alone here in my study with one of the wisest of books, given to me by the dearest of human beings, lay down that book and pause, "more in sorrow than in anger," to think of this show, and what a great sham it is and has been from first to last. The Duke dies—the nation mourns for him, really and truly mourns for him, on first hearing of his death, and could the procession have taken place *then*, it would so have chimed in with the prevailing sentiment as to have a certain reality and appropriateness, but now that all the mourning really has past away and cannot be revived, what does this sham mean? What is the purport of this lying in state, and this much-talked-of procession? And why did I, naturally fond of all scenes that can excite emotion, prefer to sit here in my quiet study, to join the crowd without? In one word, what does the whole business mean? Mourning! No. "Homage to the Duke," it is said: the symbol of a nation's reverence. Homage indeed! You get up a theatrical spectacle around the coffin of the old Duke, and thousands come to gloat upon that spectacle, and call that "homage." What homage is it to the body that lies cold within the coffin, insensible alike to praise or dispraise, to homage or neglect?

What is all this pomp and glory, though swelled with cannonading thunder and martial music, and civic dignitaries, to *his* soul, which has past away to glories far transcending these, or anything that these suggest? Neither body nor soul, whichever way we look at it, can be said to receive any gratification from this spectacle and its admirers. But if not homage to the Duke, what then? Why, homage to ourselves. A lusty shout, proclaiming what a great nation we are to produce so great a man.

And then this shout is "good for trade." Shop windows are let at fabulous prices; railways, and cabs, and omnibuses, and planks, and all other means of transport and standing-room, are in abundant request. Money circulates: which being translated, means, that English life is active, and when a thing is "good for trade," all is said. Yet not all. Why not frankly call this show a show, and an amusement for the people? Such as those with which Louis Napoleon amuses his show-loving electors. Why not let Government say at once, that it enters into competition with Astley's and Drury Lane, and so get rid of the unreality which suggests itself in the pretence of mourning for the Duke. Did the spectators mourn? Those who sat in comfortable windows, with pale ale and sausage rolls, amidst endless chaff and supremely stupid remarks, were they mourning? Those who sat for hours in the Cathedral, wearied and cramped, "wishing it were over," were they mourning? Apart from his own family and some of the old Generals, how can any sane man pretend that there was weeping and wailing, or even silent reverence on this occasion?

I have said before, that the idea of paying homage to the Duke's corpse was not less absurd than that of paying homage to his departed spirit; and if it be not as homage to him that this show was got up: if it was got up to prove how much we honoured him, how much we loved him, and how much we regretted him, I do think the whole business, from the beginning to the end, was a pitiable spectacle. And as I passed Apsley House yesterday, and noted those iron blinds the Duke had put up in memory of the outrages of that nation now mourning—outrages committed because he was a true man, and stuck to his opinion like a true man—I could not help reverting to the pomp, and noise, and foolish enthusiasm which have been contrived to do him honour, now his truth can avail him no more. And yet, oh! respectable Jones, who think these things are "good for trade," does it not strike you, that there has been an awful waste of money—not to allude to waste of life—in this said show; and that something more memorable might have been done with that money? Some hospital for sick soldiers, for instance. Don't you think, Jones, that purely as a matter of trade this show has been a sham, no less than as a matter of sentiment? If you do not, I do; and that is why I stayed away.

VIVIAN.

INDIA AND WATERLOO.

WE have looked with boyish eyes on the panorama of Waterloo. Long years ago it was rolled up and put away, as other records are, till something happens to revive the story, our old interest awakes, and the scroll is drawn forth once again, and opened and set before the eyes of men. Some of those who were brought together last Monday, by the re-opening of Mr. Burford's panorama, were drawn by personal ties with the hero, or the events to which he belonged; and these lingered in earnest talk before the picture, till the darkness had almost closed over it. To us it seems by far the best of the artist's works—the most surprising, and the most retentive of surprise. The moment is that when, our Guards having begun to charge the Imperial columns, Wellington gives the word for the whole army to advance—a word long and anxiously waited for. The point of view is from a platform in the rear of La Haye Sainte, close by the spot whence the Duke directed the operations during most of the day. There is some condensation of time, if not also of space, with respect at least to the main positions. Looking from the Duke, and over the farm buildings, we see the brave Scots Greys in the thick of their work. Moving round by the left, we are met by the First Dragoon Guards in full career. These are immediately followed by the Twenty-third Light Dragoons and the German Legion. This vast array of man and horse, and the charge of Foot Guards, particularly of Maitland's Brigade, form the most prominent and exciting parts of the whole picture. The feats of Shaw, Godley, Johnson, and other heroes of the ranks, make very popular bits. That is Private Godley, the old fellow on foot, and without his helmet. You see he is a very superior looking man; indeed he is called by his comrades "the Marquis of Granby." Perhaps it is that fine, well rounded and highly polished head of his, or perhaps a trifle more than the regulation amount of fat, which gives him the look of a great general. He is attacking a mounted cuirassier for the purpose of capturing his horse, which he succeeds in doing amid the cheers of the English regiment. The Blues are seen charging Cuirassiers on the Genappe road, and there, where the smoke is clearing off, is Belle Alliance. Bonaparte's two positions may be easily found by reference to the chart. The Duke never caught sight of him the whole day, nor even knew whereabouts he was. "I never saw him in all my life," said the Duke.

We advise all who go to this exhibition to give themselves plenty of time. It is not to be seen in a hurry, and though we stayed there nearly two hours, we shall, if possible, go there again.

The diorama of Hindostan was noticed by us when it first opened some months ago. It had a good run, was closed for a short time, and now comes out afresh, having apparently been cleaned and retouched in the interval. It was painted by Philip Phillips, Louis Haghe, and W. Knell, from sketches by Colonel Laard and others; and, as our first notice intimated, it is one of the best and most evenly finished performances of the kind in London.

We hesitate about having a laugh with the reader over a little piece of nonsense put into our hands as we left the Gallery. But as the puff actually did appear in the columns of the *Morning Herald*, and as it has been reprinted for gratuitous distribution among visitors, there can hardly be any harm in making a few extracts. Let us, however, observe that we can believe it possible for the writer to have been not only in earnest, but quite persuaded of "carrying the public with him." Such is the immense difference of feeling with which two persons may look at other things beside moving pictures. May we never offend the friendship which makes the difference!—

"In the train of William of Normandy, on his arrival on the shores of this country, A.D. 1066, came Fulbert L'Archer, otherwise enrolled as Fulbertus Sagittarius."

This is the earliest information which the critic gives us concerning the family of the proprietress of the Diorama of Hindostan, who is, besides, author of a book which, "with the diffidence and modesty of true genius," she designates *Wanderings of a Pilgrim in search of the Picturesque*. This book seems to have been rather more successful in its day than *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

"Its circulation has been almost ubiquitous. It lies on our Queen's drawing-room table at Windsor Castle; it is an ornament in the library of the Czar at Petersburg. It is read in the Hills at Simla and Landour, at the foot of the glorious Himalaya; it is treasured by her Highness the ex-Queen of Gwalior, and it adorns the court of Nepal. In North America, at the court of the Brazils, it is in high repute. Our ambassadors read it in Madrid and in Stockholm; our military book clubs have long since ordered it at the Cape, in New Zealand (our antipodes), and at Hobart Town; and the 1002 imperial octavo pages, with their 50 beautiful illustrations sketched on the spot, and several of them lithographed by herself, constitute at this moment the most perfect delineation of East Indian life, British and native, with which the literature of Europe has yet been enriched."

From the majestic Fulbertus "our heroine's unbroken lineage" is made out somehow, and we are quite satisfied that it is all correct, though we confess to having taken a good deal hereabout on trust. We get a hasty glimpse of her childhood "on the borders of the forest, the beautiful forest" (as she terms it) in Hampshire. She marries, goes with her husband on the continent, and afterwards to India. Then begins the pursuit of the Picturesque, under the complicated difficulty of "climate, fatigue, and expense." The thousand and two imperial octavo pages, with their fifty beautiful illustrations, are finished, and "the triumph of genius is complete." So she quits India, and returns to her native land.

"Yet even here, with all that should accompany her dignified retirement and her husband's home—as honour, love, affection, troops of friends (where have we heard something like this in connexion with a dignified retirement?) she has, with a spirit of enterprise almost incredible—with an exercise of talent, ingenuity, and patience hardly paralleled—brought before the eye of London, as by the waving of a necromancer's wand, the most enchantingly beautiful visions of Indian life and Indian scenery that artistic skill of the highest order of excellence, and the most costly elaboration of mechanical arts and contrivances, have ever exhibited to this or any other nation."

That is, she has opened a very well painted and exceedingly interesting diorama, next door to Madame Tussaud's, in Baker-street, and we recommend everybody to go and see it—in spite of the *Morning Herald*!

Commercial Affairs.

MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE. BRITISH FUNDS FOR THE PAST WEEK. (CLOSING PRICES.)

	Satur.	Mond.	Tues.	Wedn.	Thurs.	Frid.
Bank Stock	221	221	221	221	221	221
3 per Cent. Red.	99	99	99	99	99	99
3 per Cent. Con. Ans.	100	100	100	100	100	100
3 per Cent. Con. Ac.	100	100	100	100	100	100
3 per Cent. An.	102	102	102	102	102	102
New 5 per Cents.						
Long Ans., 1860	6 7-16	6 7-16	6 7-16	6 7-16	6 7-16	6 7-16
India Stock	275	275	275	275	275	275
Ditto Bonds, £1000	83	85	84	81		
Ditto, under £1000						
Ex. Bills, £1000	72 p	73 p	73 p	73 p		
Ditto, £500	75 p	75 p	73 p	73 p		
Ditto, Small	75 p	73 p	73 p	73 p		

FOREIGN FUNDS.

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

Brazilian 4½ per Cents.	96½	Sardinian 5 p. Cents. Acct.	100½
Dutch 2½ per Cents.	85½	November 30	51½
Dutch 4 per Cent. Certif.	97½	Spanish 3 p. Cents.	52
Dutch 4 per Cent. Certif.	97½	Spanish 3 p. Cents. Acct.	25
Account, November 30	97½	November 30	34
Ecuador	4½	Spanish 3 p. Cts. New Def.	25
Mexican 3 per Ct. Acct.	24½	Spanish Com. Certif. of	
November 30	104	Coupon not funded	34
Peruvian, 1840	104	Swedish Loan	pur 1½ dis.
Portuguese 4 per Cents.	38½	Turkish Loan, 6 per Cent.	2½ pm.
Russian, 1822	118½	1852	
Sardinian 5 per Cents.	100½		

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

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

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

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

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

WOODIN'S CARPET-BAG AND SKETCH-BOOK.

THERE certainly is a power which our actors generally have not, and which yet seems to be the special power requisite to form an actor. It is that mimetic faculty which forms the stock in trade of such exhibitors as Mr. W. C. Woodin—disciples of Mathews the elder—but which is possessed by only a very few artists of the regular stage, such as Charles Mathews, Wigan, and, we may add, Jane Woolgar. It will be said that mimics are not actors,—that is, that people who would deceive you about their identity twenty times in an hour, are very often quite incapable of grasping an author's intention, and that a man able to imitate Macready to perfection in a speech from *Othello* is likely to be the very last whom you would suspect of possessing real dramatic capability. Grant all this, and what does it amount to? That something more than a power of personation is wanted by those who have to express the ideas of others—that an intelligent representation of a character is even better than a personation, consisting only of make-up, grimace, and falsetto. But are not Mathews and Wigan the better actors for being also mimics? Indeed, is not mimicry the foundation of their success?

The hero of the *Carpet-bag and Sketch-book* is a very young-looking gentleman, with the power we have been speaking of in great natural abundance. We doubt if he would make an actor, in the full sense of the word, but as we are not aware that he intends becoming one, the expression of that doubt is perhaps irrelevant. Nor has he all the finish to be looked for in his peculiar style of entertainment. His disguises, certainly, are for the most part, complete transformations. The Oldest Inhabitant, and the little old woman, are his two best characters, though his first presentation, a servant-girl out of place, and very full of her experiences, gave great promise, which was, on the whole, fulfilled. Mr. Woodin's face is exceedingly plastic, and, in its balance, (which you rarely get, by-the-bye,) it rather resembles John Parry's. In the article, voice, he is not so fortunate, not being able to sing bass music; but he relieved this deficiency with much skill in his imitations of Lablache, Henry Russell, &c. His other imitations, principally of London actors, are many degrees below the average of that sort of display; we should except his mimicry of Wright, perhaps, and also of Charles Kean's gesture (his voice was not attempted); but this was little to accomplish. Albert Smith was recognisable principally on account of a scene borrowed from his *Mont Blanc*. The *Sketch-book*, by-the-bye, is a rather poor affair; the reason for giving views only of well-known places in and near London was not made clearly intelligible.

Z.

WATCHES! WATCHES! WATCHES!

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

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

Every other description of Watch in the same proportion.

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

Duplex and other Watches practically Repaired and put in order, at the Trade Prices, at
DANIEL ELLIOTT HEDGER'S WHOLESALE WATCH MANUFACTORY,
27, CITY ROAD, near Finsbury Square, London.

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

MECHI'S MULTIFORMIA, 4, LEADENHALL STREET.—This elegant appendage to the drawing-room in Papier Maché, comprising within itself a Pole Screen, a Chess Table, a Reading Desk, and a Music Stand. Mech's solicits the attention of the tasteful to this novelty, as well as to the general contents of his new Show Room, in which are exhibited the most perfect specimens of Papier Maché produced in this country. An immense variety of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Dressing Cases, Work Tables, Tea Poyes, Tea Trays, Hand Screens, Pole Screens, Card, Cake, and Note Baskets, &c. Everything for the Toilet and Work Table, of the best quality, and at moderate prices, may be had at Mech's, 4, Leadenhall Street, near the India House.

WORKING TAILORS' ASSOCIATION,
34, CASTLE-STREET, EAST, OXFORD-STREET.
WALTER COOPER, Manager.

As working-men organized for the management and execution of our own business, we appeal with great confidence to our fellow working-men for their hearty support. We ask that support in the plain words of plain men, without the usual shop-keeping tricks and falsehoods. We do so because we know that we offer an opportunity for the exercise of a sound economy, but we make our appeal more particularly because we believe that every honest artisan in supporting us will feel that he is performing a duty to the men of his class, which to overlook or neglect, would be a treason and a disgrace.

We ask for the support of working-men in full assurance that no better value can be given for money than that which we offer,—and we desire success through that support, not solely that we may rescue ourselves from the wretchedness and slavery of the shop-system,—but more particularly that our fellow-workers of all trades, encouraged by our example, may, through the profitable results of self-management, place themselves and their children beyond the reach of poverty or crime.

Relying on the good faith of the people, we await patiently the result of this appeal.

The annexed List of Prices will show that in seeking the welfare of the Associates they make no monopoly profits.

Notice.—All work done on the premises. No Sunday labour is allowed. The books of account are open to every customer. Customers are invited to inspect the healthy and commodious workshops any week-day between the hours of Ten and Four.

LIST OF PRICES FOR CASH ON DELIVERY:	
Good West of England Cloth Frock Coats	from £2 5 0
Best superfine ditto, with silk-skirt linings	3 18 0
Best superfine Dress Coat	3 12 0
Super ditto	from 2 0 0
Best superfine Dress Trousers	1 12 0
Super ditto	from 1 1 0
Superfine Dress Vest	0 10 0
Super ditto	from 0 12 0
Llama and Beaver Pajamas	from 2 0 0
Suit of Livery	from 3 15 0

Clerical and Professional Robes, Military and Naval Uniforms Ladies' Riding Habits, Youths' and Boys' Suits made to order on the most reasonable terms. Gentlemen's own materials made up.

** Country Orders most punctually attended to.

THE LONDON SIX-DAY CAB AND CONVEYANCE COMPANY, for supplying the Public with CABS at FOURPENCE per MILE, and Brougham, Clarence, and all other Carriages, at a much reduced rate. Principal Stables, Adelphi. In 15,000 Shares of £1 each. No further call or liability. Deposit, 5s. per Share. Directors to be elected from the body of Shareholders. To be completely Registered.

DIRECTORS, ETC.
Trevetham Spicer, Esq., LL.D., 4, Gray's Inn Square. (Standing Counsel.)

Frederick J. Sewell, Esq., Ecclestone Street South, Eaton Square. (Veterinary Surgeon.)

William Barrett, Esq., Doctor's Commons, and the Lawn, South Lambeth.

Thomas B. Loader, Esq., Civil Engineer, 14, New Church Street, Edgeware Road, and Princes Street, Stamford Street.

Chas. Henry Price, Esq., Crescent, Avenue Road, Old Kent Road.

Mr. Henry Spicer. (Manager.)

Mr. S. Watkins Evans. (Secretary.)

The Public are respectfully solicited to consider the following superior advantages which this Company presents over any other Conveyance Company hitherto established.

1st.—To work their Horses and Carriages six days only, thereby doing away with all Sunday work.

2nd.—They are determined to have first-rate Horses and Carriages, the latter to be provided with indicators, by which will be at once seen the distance travelled.

3rd.—To abolish the Insult and Extortion now too prevalent, by employing men of known respectability of character, who will be provided with Livery Coats and Hats, and paid a regular weekly salary.

4th.—To afford their Servants the opportunity of moral and religious instruction, by entirely abolishing all Sunday Work, thereby constituting this, what the Title imports—viz., a Six-Day Conveyance Company.

5th.—To bring the luxury of Cabriolet riding within the reach of all classes by reducing the Fares to (one half of the present legal charge) 4d. per mile, which, by the calculations subjoined, are clearly shown to be both possible and profitable.

Applications for Prospectuses and Shares to be made in the usual form, to Mr. Evans, Secretary, at the offices of the Company, 15, Duke Street, Chambers, Adelphi.

Each £1000 will purchase 10 Cabs, 20 Horses, and Harness.

Income derived (from each £1000) per week:—

Each Horse will easily travel 25 miles per day (resting on the Sunday) earning, at 4d. per mile, 8s. 4d.

20 Horses, 28 6s. 8d. per day, per week. £50 0 0

Deduct Expenditure 39 10 0

Gross Weekly Profit £16 10 0

or £858 per annum.

Keep for 20 Horses £13 0 0

Ten Drivers 10 10 0

Duty on 10 Cabs 5 0 0

Wear and tear 5 0 0

£33 10 0

Deducting 25 per cent. from the above for expenses of Management, together with all miscellaneous and contingent outgoings, there will be left a profit of 60 per Cent. per Annum.

THE CONSUMERS' PROTECTION SOCIETY.

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

Prospectuses may be had at the following Booksellers in London:—Messrs. Ridgway, 123, Piccadilly: E. and W. Boone, 29, New Bond Street; Pelham Richardson, 23, Cornhill; and J. Whitaker, 41, Pall Mall.

Particulars regarding the Consumers' Protection Society may be had also, either by personal application, or by forwarding four postage stamps, at the Provisional-Office of the BOARD OF SUPPLY AND DEMAND, Consumers' Protection Agency, Fenchurch Chambers, 159, Fenchurch Street, City.

BOARD OF SUPPLY AND DEMAND. CONSUMERS' PROTECTION AGENCY.

Provisional Office: FENCHURCH CHAMBERS, 159, FENCHURCH STREET, CITY.

Objects of the New Business concern:—
To undertake the execution, on behalf of the public, of any orders for any articles of trade;
To secure the purity, quality, right price, prompt and safe delivery of articles ordered;
To establish and maintain, upon an extensive scale, show-rooms for the exhibition of goods, for sale or otherwise;
To recommend to the clients of the Board the professional men, tradesmen, contractors, working men, and various persons whose services may be required;
To settle accounts and make payments on behalf of the customers or clients, &c. &c. &c.

Advantages secured to customers dealing with the Board:—
An easy, safe, inexpensive mode of transmitting their orders;
All and every security, that the existing state of civilization, and the concentrated power of capital, labour, machinery, skill and experience can afford, as to the purity, quality, right price, prompt and safe delivery of the articles ordered;
An efficient responsibility in case of damage and defect;
Simplification of household accounts;
Avoidance of keeping several books and credit accounts with tradesmen;

All articles charged according to a list of fixed prices, debated between the merchants and the Board: all such lists published and forwarded, from time to time.

Reduction of prices, and great saving by the suppression of all the costly experiments that consumers have to bear from their not being acquainted with proper places of supply, and with well-controlled merchants;

Facility for credits applicable to the whole of their consumption, and bearing upon the whole of their income, whatever may be the terms of receiving the said income, monthly, quarterly, half-yearly, or yearly.

Further particulars to be had by applying to the above address, or by forwarding four postage stamps.

The prospectus of the Consumers' Protection Society may be had also at the above address, by personal application, or by forwarding one postage-stamp; the BOARD OF SUPPLY AND DEMAND being established practically to further the views of the Consumers' Protection Society.

THE PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY.

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

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

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

BETHLEHEM and the LAW of LUNACY.—

A PUBLIC MEETING will be shortly held to petition Parliament for an Amendment of the Law of Lunacy, and the Prevention of the Cruel Treatment of Lunatics in Bethlem and other Lunatic Asylums.

Parties desirous of assisting in these objects are requested to communicate with the Secretary of the Alleged Lunatics' Friend Society, 44, Craven Street, Strand.

JOHN T. PERCIVAL, Hon. Secretary.

BANKS OF DEPOSIT AND SAVINGS BANKS.

INVESTMENT OF CAPITAL AND SAVINGS.

NATIONAL ASSURANCE and INVESTMENT ASSOCIATION.

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

Established in 1844.

TRUSTEES.

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

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

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

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

Interest payable half-yearly in January and July.

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

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

PETER MORRISON, Managing Director.

Applications for Agencies may be made to the Managing Director.

PROFESSIONAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Admitting, on equal terms, persons of every class and degree to all its benefits and advantages.

Capital—TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND POUNDS.

Chairman—MAJOR HENRY STONES, LL.B.

Deputy-Chairman—JAMES ANDREW DURHAM, Esq.

With upwards of Fourteen Hundred Shareholders.

There are two important clauses in the Deed of Settlement by which the Directors have power to appropriate ONE-TENTH of the entire profits of the Company:—

1st.—For the relief of aged and distressed parties assured for life, who have paid five years' premiums, their widows and orphans.

2nd.—For the relief of aged and distressed original proprietors, assured or not, their widows and orphans, together with 5 per cent. per annum on the capital originally invested by them.

All Policies indisputable and free of stamp duty.

Rates of Premium extremely moderate.

No extra charge for going to or residing at (in time of peace) Australasia—Bermuda—Madeira—Cape of Good Hope—Mauritius—and the British North American Colonies.

Medical men in all cases remunerated for their report.

Assurances granted against paralysis, blindness, accidents, insanity, and every other affliction, bodily and mental, at moderate rates.

A liberal commission allowed to agents.

Annual premium for assuring £100, namely:—

Age—20 ...	£1	10	9	Age—40 ...	£2	13	6
30 ...	£1	19	6	50 ...	£3	18	6

Prospectuses, with tables and fullest information, may be had at the Offices of the Company, or of any of their agents.

Applications for agencies requested.

EDWARD BAYLIS, Resident Manager and Actuary.

Offices, 76, Cheapside, London.

CLERICAL, MEDICAL, AND GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

The Assured may reside in most parts of the world, without extra charge, and in all parts by payment of a small extra premium.

The small share of Profit divisible in future among the Shareholders being now provided for, without intrenching on the amount made by the regular business, the ASSURED will hereafter derive all the benefits obtainable from a Mutual Office, with, at the same time, complete freedom from liability, secured by means of an ample Proprietary Capital—thus combining, in the same office, all the advantages of both systems.

FIVE BONUSES have been declared; at the last in January, 1852, the sum of £131,125 was added to the Policies, producing a Bonus varying with the different ages, from 24 to 55 per cent. on the Premiums paid during the five years, or from £5 to £12 10s. per cent. on the sum assured. The next and future Bonuses may be either received in Cash, or applied at the option of the assured in any other way.

On Policies for the whole of Life, one half of the Annual Premiums for the first five years may remain on credit, and may either continue as a debt on the Policy, or may be paid off at any time.

CLAIMS paid thirty days after proof of death, and all Policies are Indisputable except in cases of fraud.

INVALID LIVES may be assured at rates proportioned to the increased risk.

The Assurance Fund already invested amounts to £850,000, and the Income exceeds £136,000 per annum.

The Accounts and Balance Sheets are at all times open to the inspection of the Assured, or of any person who may desire to assure.

A copy of the last Report, with a Prospectus and forms of Proposal, can be obtained of any of the Society's agents, or will be forwarded free by addressing a line to

GEO. H. PINCKARD, Resident Secretary.

99, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, London,

ESTABLISHED 1837.

Incorporated by special Act of Parliament.

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

SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITUTION FOR MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE by MODERATE PREMIUMS.

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

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

All policies indisputable, unless obtained by fraud.

SPECIMENS OF PREMIUMS.

Annual Premiums for £100, with whole profits.

Age 20	25	30	35	40	45	50	55
£1 15 8	1 18 0	2 1 6	2 6 10	2 14 9	3 5 9	4 17	5 1 11

Annual Premiums, payable for 21 years only, for £100, with whole profits.

Age 20	25	30	35	40	45	50
£2 7 10	2 10 8	2 14 6	2 19 8	3 6 4	3 14 9	4 7 2

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

PROGRESS.

Since its institution in 1837, this Society has issued upwards of 6750 policies, the assurances exceeding Two Millions and a Half, a result the more satisfactory, as the Directors have firmly adhered to their rule of allowing No Commission to any other than their own recognised official agents.

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

GEORGE GRANT, Resident Secretary.

NEW NOVEL. On Tuesday, to be had at all the Libraries.

The Fortunes of Francis Croft.

A NOVEL. In Three Volumes, post 8vo.
London: Chapman and Hall, 193, Piccadilly.

NOW READY AT ALL THE LIBRARIES.

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