Thomas Leigh Hunt, 7 Wellington Street, Strand.

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.*

Contents.

VOL. IV. No. 184.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1853. [PRICE SIXPENCE.

TO OUR READERS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

A FIRE that destroyed the Office in which our Journal was printed, explains the unusual appearance presented to our readers this week. The disaster happened early yesterday morning—within twenty-four hours of our going to press; and the work of the week, in the printing-office, has had to be accomplished in less than a day. We are sure that not a word needs be added to obtain for any imperfections that may appear in the present number the indulgence of our readers.

It would indeed have been difficult for us to appear at all, if the disaster had not been for us an opportunity of testing the kindness and zeal of our friends. With a promptitude beyond mere trading considerations, our printers exerted themselves to prevent their calamity from becoming ours, and they have been admirably seconded by their men. The same zeal in other departments, animated by a hearty spirit of co-operation, has resulted in a combined effort, which compressed the labour of days into one.

But our acknowledgments are most especially due to the Proprietor and the Editor of the *Weekly News*, who at once placed the news proofs of that journal completely at our disposal; and if the discovery of copy happily rescued from the flames, of stray proofs, and of papers surviving in the short-hand, coupled with the reproduction of others totally lost, has enabled us to avoid encroaching far on the matter prepared for the columns of our contemporary, the unreserved generosity of the assistance tendered instantaneously does not merit less ample gratitude.

We are confident that we shall not meet from our readers a less indulgent kindness than we have met on all hands under this sudden and severe calamity.

News of the Week.

SEVERAL opportunities have occurred, by which, if they pleased, Ministers might have made the public understand the actual position of affairs at Constantinople; but the evident desire is to render as meagre an account as possible, and to prevent the public from knowing more than it is absolutely impossible to conceal. The reason may be that Ministers have very small intentions. "England," says Mr. Urquhart, and it is true, although Mr. Urquhart says it, "has immense power, and no policy; and her Ministers shrink from using her power, and dread the responsibility of supplying her with a policy." And it may be that their greatest anxiety is to conceal the fact, that there is nothing to conceal. "He wishes to seem poor," says Martial of the unhappy gentleman who affects poverty, "and he *is* poor." It has been industriously represented, that the ships sent to Constantinople from the combined fleet at Besika bay are not half-a-dozen, but only four; and that they are sent either to protect the Sultan against his subjects, or the British and French subjects against outrage, or the Christians against the Mussulman population, which was expected to be very fanatical and furious, on the occasion of the Bairam. Certain students had been ardent in the manifestation of their Mussulman orthodoxy, and in petitioning for war; that is the whole ground of the report, that the Mussulmans were about to revolt and depose the Sultan, in favour of his brother, the stirring Abd-ul-Assez. It has been discovered that the advance of four ships, although they are not six, and although they are not followed by the allied fleet, is regarded in Europe to have in reality a more energetic purpose, although they were only advanced to protect Christians, or some other limited interest. Europe cannot believe that England did not intend to signify that she would stand by her ally; and the consequence is, that Europe gives England credit for an energy which her Ministers did not intend. She is decisive by mischance, and has the advantages of decision by misadventure.—Writers who encourage an unnational spirit in the government and the people, exult over this good luck, which brings us the results of energy without the responsibilities; and, it is said, that whatever may have been the motive in sending the four ships, the result will be to expedite negotiations and facilitate a conclusion.

Certain of our Ministers have been arrested in their autumnal tours by the ambitious town councillors, who pursue them with freedom of city or burgh, and with optimist addresses imputing to them the most patriotic principles at home, and Cromwellian vigour abroad. It was expected probably, that by this eulogistic strain upon Ministers they might be coerced into accepting the praise, and in the acceptance have at least implied some species of announcement on the subject of the day. No such luck. At Perth, Dingwall, and Inverness, Mr. Gladstone expatiates on free-trade; on the superseding of party by a combined Ministry, and the calm condition of this country; on the general duty of England to protect the weak, who have not the power to protect themselves; but not a hint can hearer or reader gather from Mr. Gladstone's speech as to what Ministers are actually doing. He says, indeed, that Lord Aberdeen will always be found to have preserved peace, so far as it is consistent with honour; a general compliment which might be meant as much to pat Lord Aberdeen on the back as to inform the public. At Perth and Glasgow, the sturdy Scotch caught Lord Palmerston, but caught him of course not sleeping; for never was there a Minister more wide awake. He replied in his usual unstudied manner, for a man of more unstudied eloquence never was found; and yet never was there a speaker who more perfectly knew all that passed his lips, all that remained within his teeth, and the effect of what he withheld as well as what he said. He expatiated with the utmost frankness on such subjects as Thames improvement; he put no reserve upon his discussion of foreign politics—at the time when he was Foreign Minister; and his audience must have gone away with the idea that some how Lord Palmerston had said something on the state of foreign affairs; and yet we defy them, or any reader of his speeches, to discover the faintest allusion to that subject which is exciting the most interest, and in which he is the most versed. At Cork the ardent Irish caught the First Lord of the Admiralty and his secretary, the out-spoken Sir James Graham and elodashing and ingenious Ralph Osborn; but not a word could they get from either as to instructions given to the fleet in Besika Bay or the ships in the Golden Horn. Lord Palmerston compliments Lord Clarendon, the Foreign Minister, with all the diligence of a teacher bringing forward a timid pupil. He speaks of him as an intelligent horseman addresses a timid horse, patting him on the back and coaxing him. All that one can gather from these ministerial allusions only serves to deepen the obscurity which at present hangs over the position of Ministers in the field of their most immediate action.

The Emperor of Russia and the Emperor of Austria have met at Olmütz. Nor are they alone; Lord Westmoreland has gone there in his capacity of knight in some Austrian order; and these statesmen have also assembled to

witness a military review. The Duke of Cambridge, who was reported amongst the guests, has not gone; the King of Prussia has not gone; one of the Rothschild family, however, has attended the meeting. The Emperors kissed each other in public, and talked together the whole evening in private—terrible portents for Central Europe! But whether Austria is to adhere to the western alliance, whether she is to join Russia openly, or whether ostensibly to remain separate, or whether she is still to act as the instrument of that power in the conference organised to oppose Russia, are questions which cannot be answered for anything that has been discovered at the Olmütz gathering.

The gentleman who has just ascended Mont Blanc, *auspice* Albert Smith, probably discovered as much in that elevated site bearing upon the state of Europe in general as any tourist to Olmütz, not an accomplice in the conspiracy there assembled, could discover from his expedition. Albert Smith's popularity in the neighbourhood of Mont Blanc is said to be quite romantic; indeed, he has gone about his labours in the true spirit of statesmanship, by placing himself *en rapport* with the people, and especially by giving them liberal entertainments. What a chance if he were to set up for Emperor of Mont Blanc, with Savoy and the Tyrol, and a large slice of Austria for his remoter provinces, monarch of all he surveys. An alliance between Albert Smith and the son of Charles Albert sounds well, and would no doubt be a more fortunate event for Europe than this conspiracy of kissing Emperors at Olmütz. The Americans are right in pushing their institutions wherever they push themselves; if we could only establish an honest Englishman like Albert Smith on some thrones not so exalted as Mont Blanc, both the peace of Europe and the order of society would be better secured than they are at present under the long-pedigreed felons who now sit over the peoples of the Continent.

Kossuth has written a letter to explain why he could not attend a meeting at Stafford, and as he writes with his usual point and force, he effectually prevents our understanding the reason. He seems to say that he is absent because if he had been there his disclosures would have obliged our Ministers to take a decisive course in Europe. There are, however, in this letter of Kossuth's many truths, and amongst them the never-to-be-forgotten truth, that the reason why our Ministers flinch from upholding the influence of Europe, from vindicating right, and from standing by wronged nations against imperial law-breakers is, that English statesmen have grown afraid of the people. If they have so far degenerated from their predecessors in our best times, perhaps they might learn from Mr. Albert Smith better to apprehend the feelings and motives of the monster they dread. Ask Albert Smith whether *he* is afraid of the people in any part of Europe, and he will tell you they are as easily managed as an audience in Egyptian Hall.

Besides, our statesmen might learn at home better than to be afraid of the people. Let them attend the meetings at Wolverhampton, Manchester, Bristol, and Leicester, and learn whether there is anything to be afraid of in what happens there. Nay, going to Stafford, and standing in the presence of that enthusiast, whose object in life has been to bring Lord Palmerston's head to the block, Lord Palmerston himself would feel as safe in the midst of Mr. Urquhart's audience as he was at Melbourne, and as he has been this week at Glascow.

Our old ally, Spain, has just "settled" something with Lord Clarendon, in London; General Pezuela is sent to replace Canedo as Governor of Cuba; and, after trying many feebler statesmen, the Court appears to have resolved to fall back upon its old reliance: the Gazette announces that General Narvaez may return to Madrid. The Cortes meet again to be dissolved; and, in short, the political state of Spain is once more sponged. But we doubt whether the Spain of our day has yet learned to write upon the slate of history.

Miss Margaret Cunninghame having resolved to set aside the laws of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, which forbid the promulgation of prohibited books, and doctrines of protestant or proselytizing tendencies, has given Protestant Bibles and the *Pilgrim's Progress*, in Italian, to certain peasants in the neighbourhood of the Baths of Lucca. The Tuscan Government has joined issue with Miss Margaret, and has arrested the fair and meek crusader. The English Government, which resists Russian intervention on behalf of the Orthodox Greek Christians in Turkey, sustains Miss Margaret's intervention on behalf of Protestants in Tuscany; and having given a hesitating support to the Sultan in defence of Mussulman laws, is now about to support the lady rival of the Emperor Nicholas, in contravention of the laws of Tuscany. It is to be inferred that public law has a reverse meaning as it is applied to Romanist or to Protestant subjects: that which is wrong in Nicholas, is right in Cunninghame, and that which is incompetent to England in the Golden Horn is incumbent at Leghorn; so difficult is it to follow the turns of logic under the different colours of a sectarian view. Out of evil, however, cometh good: if England be illogical, she may yet be useful; only it would be desirable that the same principle that is advanced in support of the Scottish Miss were advanced on broader fields and for larger objects. Liberty of conscience, which she vindicates, is a grand object; but why not vindicate it at Naples, in Hungary—protestant Hungary; in Bohemia, in Milan, in Sardinia, against the Pope all over the world? In short, freedom of conscience, or Protestantism, call it which you like, is outraged in the person of Miss Margaret; but if our Government, which is endeavouring to redress the wrong in the one particular instance, had only dealt with evil at its source, and had not sanctioned the restoration of the obscurantist old Pope, instead of pompously redressing the wrongs of Margaret Cunninghames in detail, the wrongs of the whole world in this regard might have been set right. English statesmen, however, think it more practical not to arrest the torrent at its source, but to wait until it is an ocean, and then with the broom of a Partington they will sally forth to rescue a lounging Evangelical tourist, or a romantic lady apostle jealous of the martyrdom of Rosa Madiai.

Cholera and common sense continue their fight. Cholera is taking possession of new towns, including the metropolis; and is advancing up dirty lanes, like Elm-lane, at Bayswater; up dirty ditches, like the Wandsworth ditch; by the slums of Holborn, and the low grounds of Bermondsey, until it enters the districts in which the richer classes dwell. Common sense has just begun to meet the enemy by a Napoleonic attack upon his main body. In Newcastle it has just been resolved to close up houses unfit for human habitation, of course providing for the inmates dislodged by that "eviction." It will probably be found upon a review of the results that the decrease of cholera is exactly proportionate to these decisive and direct methods of common sense, and that exactly in proportion as common sense is passive the cholera effects its onward march.

LORD PALMERSTON AT PERTH.

LORD PALMERSTON has had another opportunity of making a holiday speech, and has turned it to good account. In the City Hall of Perth, filled with a crowd of two thousand persons, the freedom of the city was presented to the Home Secretary. In the commencement of his speech, returning thanks, Lord Palmerston most happily complimented the county for its fine scenery, and then Scotland, for the national character of the people:—

"Your country is a kind of emblem of your national character; for while, on the one hand, it presents those bold elevations which are the gift of nature, on the other hand, it exhibits the highest cultivation which human skill can confer. My birth and my interests lie, indeed, in other parts of the United Kingdom; but I may claim, at least, one kind of tie with Scotland. For what signifies it that a man should be born, or of what practical value are his interests, if he has not had the benefit of that cultivation which education bestows? and whenever any important part of a man's education has been given him, to that place must his affections recur during the whole portion of his subsequent life. Now, gentlemen, it was my good fortune to pass three years in Edinburgh, under the roof, and under the instruction, of that great and good man, Dugald Stewart—a man no less distinguished for the great capacity of his mind, for his powers to rise to the highest summit of science, and to penetrate the deepest mysteries of metaphysics, and no less remarkable for that than for those sterling qualities of heart and of disposition which make talent practically useful, and which add to the dignity of genius."

The orator then launched out into larger topics:—

"Gentlemen, the Lord Provost has been kind enough to advert to some passages in my public life. He but rightly interpreted the sentiments which guided me when he said that I embraced heartily and cordially those principles of Parliamentary and Municipal Reform which, however much they excited doubts in the minds of many men at the time when they were broached, have, I think, now gained universal concurrence by the practical experience of good which they have conferred on all classes of this great empire. And whatever opinions any man may have formed at the time when that great battle was fought, there is not, I believe, an individual in the country who would now for an instant contemplate any retrogression in regard to those great measures. Gentlemen, it was, as the Lord Provost has been pleased to say, my anxious desire, while the charge of our foreign relations was committed to my hands, in the first place, to maintain unimpaired the interests, and untarnished the honour and dignity of the country. But, as beyond these interests and that honour, there were certainly two objects which I held constantly in view, and which, to a great degree, the Government of which I was a member succeeded in accomplishing—the one was to encourage the diffusion of the principles of constitutional government throughout the countries of Europe. The Lord Provost has justly said, that our efforts succeeded in establishing that which I hold to be the best system of constitutional government—I mean constitutional monarchy—that that was established in Belgium—that these principles of government were established in Portugal and Spain. And we may look now with satisfaction to the map of Europe, and we may see that there are—I speak not of those small unfortunate States of middle and southern Italy—putting them out of the question—among the great States of Europe, there are but Austria and Russia in which, in some form or other, representative or constitutional government does not exist. I know well I may be told, that in many of these countries it has for the moment been reduced to a mere form; but, depend upon it, forms are invaluable. As long as good forms of government are maintained, no man need despair that the time may not come when, even without violence and without revolution, these forms may become real substance. The next object was—I will not say the next, because it was the first object—the abolition, the suppression of the detestable crime of slavery. It was a difficult task; there were many resisting influences. These influences have been, I trust, almost entirely overcome. We took a line which compelled that great delinquent, Brazil, practically to abandon its crime; and although Spain still continues, unfortunately, to a great degree—as far as her limited means are concerned—to perpetrate this crime, yet I trust that Cuba will soon follow the example of Brazil, and that the much injured race of Africa will now be restored to the legitimate pursuits of agriculture and commerce, and that the native will no longer tremble at the sight of a white man, fearing that he sees in him the representative of all the miseries that can afflict human nature. Gentlemen, it is—it ought to be—satisfactory to every Englishman to know that the conduct of our foreign relations is now in able hands; that my Lord Clarendon—my noble friend, Lord Clarendon—who is now at the head of that department, has penetration to see where the interests, and the honour, and the safety of the country are to be sought, that he has sagacity to discover the proper means for preserving and maintaining those interests, and that he has firmness, and energy, and perseverance to pursue the right course to arrive at a successful and perfect result. If my noble friend receives—as I am sure he will—the cordial, the generous support of the country, you may depend upon it that he will not disappoint the just expectations of his countrymen."

The speaker next referred to his duties as Home Secretary, and to the help the people should give him in his work.

"Gentlemen, my duties now are of a different nature. The office which I have the honour to hold places me more in intimate and close relation with my fellow-countrymen at home. I trust that in the performance of those duties I shall receive their cordial and general support. A Minister of State, gentlemen, has no better eyes, and can see no further than his neighbours. The probability is, that after a very short time of reading bad hands and pale ink, his physical eyes will be rather worse than those of others. His ears are not like those of Dionysius the Sicilian, and they can hear very little of what comes from a distance from him; but his countrymen have eyes to see, and they have ears to hear, and they have tongues to speak, and they have pens to write; and if those who see and hear things that are going wrong will have the goodness to communicate to that officer whose duty it is, and who may have the power of setting those things right, I can assure you, gentlemen—I can assure my fellow-countrymen at large—that whoever does that will be conferring a great favour on the man in office, and will be doing a great benefit to the country at large. I know that among a

great number of communications, there may be many which are founded in error, in mistake of facts, in misconception of powers to remedy them. There may be a great deal of chaff in that which is sent; but if in a bushel of chaff he shall find a pint of good corn, that bushel of chaff will be well worth the winnowing, and he can turn the pint of corn to good purpose. Therefore, though many persons may think that communications from individuals give trouble to those who are in office, never mind that—I care not for it—the more trouble that is given, if it is for a good purpose, the better, for it is only by the assistance of the public at large that men in office can adequately and satisfactorily perform their duties."

He praised demonstrations such as the ceremonial of the day.

"Gentlemen, I can assure you that the course which the Lord Provost and magistrates of your city have this day pursued is that which of all others is best calculated to promote the public interest—I mean, when public bodies, like that of the city of Perth, see in the conduct of public men anything which they are led to sanction and to approve. In my case, I feel that the approbation exceeds the merit which has called it forth; but wherever public bodies, like the great and respectable body of this city, see in the conduct of public men that which they are pleased to approve, it is by a public demonstration of that approval—it is by the encouragement which those civic honours offer to exertions in the public service—it is by these means that cities can best contribute to stimulate public men to anxious and zealous performance of their duty, and to encourage those who are entering into public life to devote themselves zealously to the acquiring that knowledge, and to the practising those exertions, by means of which the public service of this country will always be supplied with men capable of fulfilling their duties, and equal to any times and emergencies in which they may be called upon to act."

The Guildry of Perth having also resolved to make the noble lord a burgess of guild, that honour was conferred in the Guildhall, in the presence of a large number of the brethren, the Dean of Guild presiding.

Lord Palmerston received "stone and lime" of the city, according to ancient usage, and, having become "solemnly bound" to discharge every civil and religious duty which the office legally implies, said—

"My Lord Dean of Guild—I beg to return you my most sincere thanks for thus having completed my creation. (Applause and laughter.) Imperfection is the lot of human nature; but to be an imperfect citizen of Perth would, indeed, be a great mortification to me, or anybody who esteems as highly as I do the people that inhabit this most distinguished town. I only hope that I shall not be too hard pressed to execute and fulfil the declaration which I have just made, and that the duties which I may be called upon to perform may in some degree be measured out to me with due consideration of the distance at which I have to execute them. (Loud laughter, and applause.) At least, I shall leave this city with satisfaction, that the honour which has been conferred upon me does not render me liable to any sordid imputation, because the gifts which have been bestowed on me in this room—a most valuable piece of stone—(laughter)—and a most excellent piece of lime—(continued laughter)—I restored to the hands from which I received them. I, therefore, go away, not only a free man, but free from all imputation of having been bribed by the gifts which, as a member of this incorporation, have been given to me as part of the property of the place. With regard to the topic which the dean has just adverted to, I certainly think all parties who have concurred in these improvements of our commercial system may be proud of having done a good work, the results of which will long, I trust, be felt for the benefit of the whole country. And there is this remarkable circumstance, that, I believe, no question which ever so much divided the opinions of mankind, having been carried one way, so quickly made converts of those who, during the discussion, had held an opposite and contrary opinion; for we are now all Free-traders. There is no party in the country that now holds the principles of Free-trade to be a mistake, and an injury to the country. I had, not very long ago, the good fortune to meet an old friend of mine who had been for five or six years absent from the country, in a far distant situation, and who said, he could hardly believe that he was come back to the same country from which he went, he found such an entire difference in the general feeling of everybody with whom he communicated. When he went away people were complaining of this, and finding fault with that, and discontented with something else; but now he found all classes admitting that they were sufficiently flourishing, and there was a general feeling of contentment and satisfaction pervading all classes with whom he communicated. It is true that national examples are slow of imitation. There are in other countries that which existed here—namely, private and particular interests which conflict with the general good—honestly and sincerely, often, as well as sometimes founded in selfish motives. But in the countries abroad there is, I am sorry to say, still great prejudice against those principles of commercial freedom which have been established so much to the advantage of this country. But depend upon it that the example of England will, sooner or later, tell. People may at first be frightened at the consequences of the perfect freedom of commerce which we have established; but though at first they may be slow to follow our example, depend upon it that that example will, sooner or later, produce its good. But even if it did not—supposing other countries were still to persist in maintaining a restrictive system—why, all we have done is benefit to ourselves; because it is quite plain, that while you pursued a restrictive system with other countries also, you were suffering a double injury; you got dear that which you bought from other countries, and you sold at a disadvantage that which you sold to them; while we have gained half the benefit by buying cheap that which we want from abroad; and, therefore, it is no argument against the sound principle of free trade that it has not been followed by other countries; and if other countries still persist in injurious restrictions, depend upon it that they do themselves much more injury than they do to us. We have done to ourselves much more injury than they do to us. We have done to ourselves so much good as it is in our power to do by untying the shackles which fetter national industry. Therefore whether other countries will follow our example or not, our course is a wise one, and will never be retraced; for the longer we continue to pursue this course, and to extend, so far as circumstances may enable us, or justify us in doing so, that principle of free commercial intercourse, depend upon it that in that proportion will the prosperity of this country increase; and in spite of the prejudices of other countries—and we derive benefit from them even with a restrictive system—we shall sooner or later unite in levelling at once all those barriers which the prejudice and ignorance of mankind have in former times established to resist that intercourse between nation and nation—an intercourse which tends not only to the national prosperity, but to the progress of civilization, and to the happiness of mankind." (Loud cheers.)

Throughout the whole of the day's speeches and doings, the people responded heartily to the buoyant oratory of the statesman, and cheered heartily all assertions of the duty of England to do fearlessly what is right.

MR. GLADSTONE IN THE NORTH.

THE "ancient burgh" of Dingwall presented Mr. Gladstone with the freedom of the town on Tuesday. After the usual ceremonies and complimentary speeches, Mr. Gladstone made a speech, interesting from its personal feeling and its public allusions:—

"I think you are aware that those who are connected either by blood or recollection with the Highlands of Scotland, do not easily lose their interest in the population, nor their attachment to the soil. For me, the connexion of my family with Dingwall must ever be a source of the tenderest and most endearing association, because she to whom I owe my birth was not only a native herself, but, although removed far away for scores of years, continued to cherish an attachment towards it in a degree not surpassed by any of its inhabitants. On every personal and domestic ground, therefore, I cannot but feel deeply grateful for this tribute of your regard."

He then adverted to public affairs and to the position of the Government:—

"Gentlemen, I do feel and believe, and it is a source of no small satisfaction to myself, that the present Government is distinguished more than many which preceded it by coming less in contact with mere party organization, and being less pledged to the purposes of party warfare. It is composed, as you know, for the most part, of men having great experience in public service. This is my twenty-first year of public life, and yet I am, certainly not its youngest member, but still young, compared with those veteran statesmen who occupy the chief places in the councils of her Majesty. They are united by an honourable bond; and I may take it upon me to say that their objects and wishes are no other than you have expressed. I spoke of those changes on the face of the country which are palpable to the eye, but other changes, also, have taken place during the lapse of those eventful years to which I have referred—changes involving a greater amount of legislative effort after improvement, and comprising larger and more beneficial results, than have ever been gathered together during any period of the same length in the history of our country. Looking to the course which legislation has taken—setting minor objects aside—allowing for that freedom of opinion which, thank God, prevails in this country—and for the differences with which that freedom must be attended, I think we must all feel that the institutions of the country have been working well—that they have been working for the benefit of the mass of the community. The steps taken may by some be deemed too slow or too short; but, on the whole, they have been in what is called the right direction, the character of the policy which the country has pursued has been of a nature which will honourably distinguish her history, and which marks her state and condition in a manner the most favourable as compared with those of other nations. When Lord Aberdeen took office, he declared it to be his special mission—not, of course, putting other objects aside—to defend, complete, and seal that great work of commercial reform, the extension of which has been the main characteristic of the last ten years. I hope you think him faithful to his pledge. At this particular moment, when it is pleasing Providence to press on other nations something like a scarcity of the fruits of the earth, I hope there are none among those whom I address who do not feel profoundly thankful for the adoption of that wise policy, by which we have removed every trammel and restraint on the supply of that article upon which our population are dependent for subsistence. It is the lot of man to labour—to earn his bread by labour; but it was a sad and miserable delusion, when, in addition to this penalty laid upon him in the wise counsel of God, we undertook to interfere and render scarce, by artificial laws, the bread upon which he is to subsist. I really must say, that all who took a part in the beneficial work of altering those laws ought to feel thankful to the Almighty for being permitted to share in carrying through measures so beneficial in their tendency—so full of benevolence towards the masses of the community; and—if I must add another motive—so calculated as that legislation has been, and has shown itself to be, to strengthen the attachment of the people to the institutions of the country, and to confirm alike their sentiments of reverence for law, their loyalty to the throne, and their appreciation of the blessings they enjoy from the constitution under which they live. There never was a more signal example of the advantages to be derived from the adoption of a wise and well-considered improvement than that exhibited by this country. These must speak to the mind of every public man, and recommend a perseverance in that course which experience has shown to be fraught with so much benefit. And, if other encouragements be needed, they are to be derived while travelling through the land from such meetings as this—where intelligent men, chosen to represent the wants, wishes, and interests of particular localities, come forward to receive us with expressions of decided approval, and kindly overlook our many deficiencies. I trust the effect of these testimonies will be to inspire us with a determination to devote ourselves, so long as we remain the servants of the Crown, with at least singleness of purpose, and without regard to party objects, to the promotion of the public welfare."

A similar ceremony took place at Inverness, on the same evening. The Court-house of the town was thronged by the townsfolks, and Mr. Gladstone was received with great enthusiasm. In his address he first alluded very happily to Free Trade:—

"How marked is the testimony to the wisdom of recent legislation in the spirit which now prevails! Go back to other times, and we find that, when corn was dear, the natural anxiety and impatience of the people vented itself in violations of law, in riot, and in bloodshed; and even in other countries this continues still to be the case. Only a few days ago I read of the governors of two Italian towns losing their lives as a sacrifice to the impatience of the population arising from such a cause. Thus it ever has been where man steps in to correct Providential arrangements, and where the pressure of scarcity is aggravated by unwise laws. But see the contrast here! Not in this quarter, but in other quarters of the country, there is a deficient harvest, and the demand for corn to France has affected our markets; but not through all England or Scotland is there heard a murmur of impetience or discontent, for the people rest satisfied that, if there be a dispensation of scarcity, it comes from that Providence whose will it is to dispense the measures both of abundance and want; they know that human legislation has done all that it can to effect free scope to the energy and industry of man, and hence there is everywhere that tranquillity, contentment, and self-reliance which we should most desire to prevail. (Cheers.) Your Provost has said that we have not met here to celebrate a party triumph. There was a time when the question of protective duties was made one of party struggle and conflict. There was a time, even after the victory had been achieved, when a large party adopted 'Protection' as their motto, and inscribed it on their banners. But those times are gone by, the force of truth has won its way, and I scarcely believe that, after the evidence which the lapse of time has accumulated, there exists any longer a section of the community who, if they had the power, would wish to step back, to alter, or modify a system of legislation so beneficial. (Cheers.) What was once but an opinion of philosophers in their closets, spread from one class to another, occupied the minds of statesmen, obtained the voice of Parliament, took the force of law, is now the fixed policy of England, and reigns enthroned in the sanction and heart of the country." (Loud cheers.)

He then adverted to the cause of liberty abroad:—

Your address adverts to my humble efforts in behalf of those whom I believe to be oppressed in another country. It must be painful to us, natives of Great Britain—citizens of a country where the principles of liberty and obedience to law are both held in deserved veneration—of a country where the most extensive changes are brought about by legal and rational means—it must be most painful for us to look abroad over the Continent and see how little progress the nations of Europe have made in the path of temperate and rational freedom. There is one year which, I fear, must be marked as very disastrous in their annals—I mean the revolutionary year of 1848—for, while certainly there was much which deserved to be swept away, the effect was to provoke a terrible reaction—to diminish the hope of rational freedom—to exasperate the spirit of despotism where it existed—to develop extreme opinions—and to diminish the prospect of gradual and temperate advance to that system of constitutional government—the results of which we so happily enjoy. In the country where it was my fortune to reside at the period to which allusion has been made, I perceived that great sufferings were inflicted on large numbers in consequence of this reactionary spirit—a spirit, the natural effect of whose manifestations is certainly to provoke popular resistance, and to engender many terrible evils. I do entertain an earnest hope for the improvement of Italy; and, so far as the present Government is concerned, I am sure it will be their endeavour to promote that object—not in the spirit of reckless propagandism, which would raise up the national spirit against us, but by such a wise and temperate policy as will secure our moral influence. At present we cannot speak with satisfaction of foreign politics. You well know that causes are operative which threaten the peace of Europe. I trust you also know, and are well persuaded, that the most anxious efforts of the British Government have been directed towards the maintenance of general peace, and the protection of those who want strength to protect themselves. (Cheers.) No assurance from me to this effect is wanted, for the temper and attitude of the people have shown how thoughtfully they confide in their rulers, and how anxious they are for the maintenance of peace combined with honour. The time is happily past when an ignorant eagerness for war could take possession of the masses of the community. We do not fail to profit by the lessons of history, though after forty years of peace, when most of us have grown up without any actual experience of the evils of a state of war, we may be apt to forget their number and magnitude. The heavy burdens which war entails on posterity is the least of its evils. It is the effusion of human blood, the dissolution of domestic ties, the letting loose of a moral scourge over a country, which ought to be thought of, and which impose an absolute obligation on Governments and statesmen to avoid it at the cost of any sacrifice short of duty and honour. This is the principle which has guided the Government throughout the negotiations of the last few months; and by this rule they would still act, knowing that it was with individuals as with nations—that a war might be very popular at its commencement, which would be very hateful at its close, just as there were few people who entered on a quarrel otherwise than brave and self-reliant, but who might not like it much ere all was over.

Mr. Gladstone, then, remarking that the shades of evening, which were closing round them, conveyed a warning to be brief, proceeded to refer to the future—alluding especially to the great change which has of late come over the spirit and temper of parties. At the sacrifice of much personal feeling, in violation of the strict terms of political consistency, many useful measures had been carried through, with the farther effect of completely disorganising old party connexions. The

House of Commons was not now divided into two compact forces opposing each other on every trivial point; the broad contrasts of party had been obliterated; and members of the Legislature exercised more their own reason, and were actuated to a greater extent by their honest convictions. This in itself was real progress; it was a result which augured well for the triumph of reason and justice. It was a consequence of this state of matters that the present Administration had received so large an amount of what is termed "independent support." From its character and experience, it was peculiarly bound to go on conciliating favour of that kind, and the best way to accomplish such an object was neither on the one hand to hug past abuses under the pretence of maintaining our institutions, nor, on the other, recklessly to urge a demand at variance with the essential characteristics of our institutions. This, also, was the true way to obtain the confidence and support of the people at large, whom it was alike vain and undesirable to attempt to govern on the principle of a blind superstition. He thought he might safely promise this would be the course the Government would pursue; for himself, he would yield obedience to no other principle. He repeated his thanks for the compliment bestowed on him. At the close he was rapturously applauded; and after three cheers had been given for him, with the addition of one for the Provost, the meeting separated shortly after six o'clock.

THE LORDS OF THE ADMIRALTY IN CORK.

A VERY happy and very rare demonstration took place in Cork on Tuesday evening. The Lords of the Admiralty were entertained at a public banquet, and all kinds and conditions of men assembled to meet them. In the chair was one of the "Irish Brigade;" a Roman-catholic bishop said grace before dinner, and a Protestant archdeacon said grace after.

After the usual preliminary toasts and speeches, Mr. Butt made a short speech alluding to a significant fact. "They had there that evening the Lords of the Admiralty. Why, 50 years ago—he thought he might venture to say 50 years ago—intelligence could not be brought from Cork to the Admiralty offices in Whitehall in the same time that intelligence of the movements of the fleet was at present brought from Besika Bay, and there was nothing to prevent the first Lord of the Admiralty, in his chambers at Whitehall, directing, within five minutes, if he so pleased, how the signals of the Port Admiral should float in the harbour of Cork."

Sir James Graham made a pleasant and satisfactory oration, manly in spirit, and friendly in feeling. "Mr. Butt has observed, I might say with remarkable truth and justice, that, whatever may be the state of difference which may exist upon some subjects, many cherished prejudices have been dissipated and laid aside—(hear)—but there is one prejudice which is still strong, and common to all, that is, confidence in the naval profession, over which the Board of Admiralty presides, and an earnest desire that its flag shall brave, as heretofore, the battle and the breeze untarnished and invincible. (Loud cheers.) Now, gentlemen, it has been the endeavour of successive governments to use all the modern appliances of science, all the improvements which that science has dictated and taught to that gallant profession; and I and my colleagues thought it would be agreeable to the Irish people in this, one of the most splendid ports of the empire, to see the British fleet, with those improvements to which I have referred, and in that state of preparation of which I am proud to think it a bright example. (Hear and loud cheers.) Foreign navies may multiply and abound, foreign empires may totter and fall, but it is the duty of the British Government to see that native arm of its strength, one of its powerful arms, I mean its navy, is ready for the defence of our native country, and if it be so ready, and, let me add, if peace at home be preserved, and if we are united among ourselves, as we are united this evening, we have no reason 'to fear the world in arms.' (Cheers.) But, gentlemen, I beg of you not to mistake me. Although connected intimately with the naval profession, the profession of arms, I am certain that I speak the sense of my colleagues that, by such preparation, their most earnest and anxious desire is, to preserve the peace of Europe, to take care that while treaties are religiously observed, that while there shall be no meddling interference with the domestic concerns of foreign countries, the honour of England, the interests of England, the commerce of England, and of Ireland, and of Scotland, and of the United Kingdom, shall be maintained in every part of the world—far as those distant countries washed by the farthest seas to which our commerce and flag have access. (Cheers.) In the spirit of peace, then, these preparations are made; and I am confident that, whilst Lord Aberdeen presides over the councils of the Sovereign, every effort will be made, in a spirit of peace, to maintain the honour and character of England."

He advised the people of Cork not to look too much to Government, but to rely on themselves: pointed to the Cork Exhibition with praise, and to Dargan with high laudation as having declined heraldic honours, but having received "the graceful visit of the first lady in the land." He also alluded to the new harbour-works at Queenstown, to the increased connexion with the navy contracts of Irish traders, and then spoke personally of Irish qualities:—

"Your excellent chief magistrate has informed you that, with regard to your harbour, he would exact no pledge from me: and the hon. and learned member for Youghal has likewise said that 'Irish members give such bad characters of each other that the harsh Saxon hearts believe both.' (Laughter.) Now, I beg to say I shall return from Ireland—Saxon and borderer as I am—with this account, that I had the honour of meeting in Cork a large party, without distinction of politics or creeds—(cheers)—and that I and my colleagues received the kindest reception—(cheers)—that we surveyed your harbour, which we consider to be unrivalled—(cheers)—and although I have given you no fulsome promises as to expenditure of public money, I will say you are perfectly entitled to every benefit in the way of improvement which the common interest of the realm may require. (Hear, hear.) Though I give you no pledge, yet when I see Sir William Carroll, a distinguished Irishman, your Port Admiral—(cheers)—when I see Rear-Admiral Corry, a distinguished Irishman also, in command of the fleet now in your harbour—(cheers)—when I see an adopted Irishman, 'the Osborne of Tipperary,' Secretary to the Admiralty, and I may add, when I have a relative of my own, an 'O'Brien of the right sort,' as my private secretary, I do not think you have reason to suppose that justice to Ireland will not mark the conduct of the present Government. (Cheers.) Allow me, then, to thank you for the kind manner in which you have received my health and that of the Board of Admiralty; and in return for which I beg to drink most cordially all your very good healths." (Cheers.)

The health of the religious dignitaries were drunk in union. Dr. Delany, the Roman-catholic, returned thanks, praising his Protestant brother very warmly and generously. In reply to a toast in his honour, Mr. Osborne was as cheerful and witty as ever:—

"I never on any occasion saw such an assemblage in Ireland as I behold at present in this room. I look around me, and I remember that I am speaking in the greatest commercial city of Ireland. I see the mayor, the intelligent and highly-educated mayor of this city. I see the Lord Lieutenant of this peculiarly agricultural county. I see the members of Parliament of both sides of the question. (Laughter.) I see the most distinguished heads of the two services of the empire. Above all, I see the eminent dignitaries of the two denominations of religion in this country. What do I deduce from that? I say that it is with peculiar pride, as Secretary of the Admiralty, that I see this assemblage forgetting all differences of opinion, meeting together in peaceful intent under the Union Jack, the Admiralty flag. Long may that union continue, and if we are ever to have prosperity in Ireland, prosperity never can be achieved under any flag but the flag of union. (Cheers.) Mr. Mayor, you have done me the honour to drink my health as Secretary to the Admiralty, and my right hon. friend, and I may say a statesman in whose steps I shall always endeavour to tread, the First Lord of the Admiralty, has led you to believe that the mere name of Osborne can get anything for your harbour. Gentlemen, if I were to return thanks to you as Secretary to the Admiralty, the speech that I should make would emulate in its laconic tendency the speeches which have been made by the heads of the two services. (Laughter) For what are the functions which are the peculiar attributes of a Secretary to the Admiralty? His functions may be described very much as the Speaker Lenthal described to Charles the First the functions of the Speaker of his day. When he was told to deliver a refractory member to the monarch, he said he had neither eyes to see nor ears to hear anything but what the House of Commons should command. (Laughter.) Mr. Mayor and Corporation of Cork, I do not wish you should be under any misapprehension. I have my own good intent to do anything to benefit your harbour within the secret recesses of my heart, and speaking in my private capacity I would be most anxious to do it, but I say that I have neither eyes to see, ears to hear, nor fingers to sign, except by an order of the Board of Admiralty. (Great laughter.) And if my right hon. friend the First Lord of the Admiralty, and the Board, who are here present, will give those orders which will make your hearts glad, and benefit the inhabitants of Queenstown, there is no member of Parliament, be he Scotch or English—and I am entitled to say that as an English member I have voted more frequently for Ireland than some members who represent popular constituencies—(laughter)—but I say that be he of what country he may, the signature of Ralph Osborne shall be attached to no document with greater pleasure than that which will do justice to Ireland and give pleasure to Cork. (Cheers and loud laughter.) Gentlemen, I have said that the task of a Secretary of the Admiralty is concise and laconic; and I have but to hope that my future public acts, whatever situation I may happen to fill, may prove me worthy of the great and unmerited honour which you have paid me this evening. This only I can say, whether as Secretary of the Admiralty, or as an independent member of Parliament—whether in office or as representing the great metropolitan county which I have the honour to represent—I shall never give way to any illiberal pride—I shall never hide my colours, when my efforts are wanting, and whether in private or in public life I shall ever take a lively interest in whatever concerns the interests of this community, and the general interests of Ireland at large." (Mr. Osborne resumed his seat amidst warm expressions of enthusiasm.)

In a short speech, Mr. Edmund Burke Roche said, "We remember that we have got a harbour which affords in time of peace a place of safety to the commercial marine of the world. We remember that in time of war that harbour certainly is not as well protected as many English harbours are. I believe there is no one who can speak more particularly than I can as to the want of protection for the harbour. We are rejoiced that a gentleman so distinguished as my right hon. friend, if he will allow me to call him so, and of his great ability in practical official life, has come, and with his own eyes has seen the wants of our fine harbour. We are confident that, when he returns to England, he will, I wont say, not falsify the promises he has made to-night, because he is far too prudent to make you any promises—(loud laughter)—but that he will carry back with him a fund of practical information with regard to your wants and wishes which, believe me, I am not wrong in promising you he will know how to turn to good account at the other side." The toasts concluded with that of "William Dargan," received with great enthusiasm.

Sir James Graham left Queenstown on Wednesday, in company with Mr. Osborne, for Mr. Osborne's seat at Newtown Anner, near Clonmel, where Sir James will spend a day or two. It was his intention afterwards to proceed to Dublin to visit the Dublin Exhibition, and then return to England by way of Holyhead. The fleet, meanwhile, will proceed to sea, and will cruise for a fortnight beween Bantry Bay and Plymouth.

MISS MARGARET CUNNINGHAME IN JAIL.

THE first accounts of the arrest of a Scottish lady in Tuscany were incorrect. The following is the correct account given by a correspondent of the *Christian Times*:—

"The lady in question is Miss Margaret Cunninghame, of Thornton, near Kilmarnock, Ayrshire, who, with her mother and sister, were to have left Tuscany to-day for the purpose of continuing their travels towards Rome and Naples. Mrs. Cunninghame and her other daughter went to the office of the Delegato, at the Baths of Lucca, on Monday morning, to have their passports visèd, the Delegato having acquainted them that their personal attendance was required. On their arrival he demanded the reason of the absence of Miss Margaret Cunninghame, and on being informed that she was unwell and confined to bed, declared that come she must, as he had a communication of importance to deliver. When Miss Margaret Cunninghame reached the police-office, she was formally charged with the offence in question, was informed that witnesses were already summoned to Lucca to prove the crime, and that, in obedience to higher orders, she must be removed, under an escort of gendarmes, to Lucca, there to await the further measures which the Government might take. She received, I am informed, this announcement with the most unaffected composure; but the distraction of her poor mother is perfectly heart-rending. All outward respect was paid to Miss Cunninghame; free permission was accorded for the visits of her mother and of Mr. Scarlett, and no indignity had been offered to her beyond that of the restraint of her personal liberty.

The Grand Duke is inexorable. In reply to the urgent request of Mr. Scarlett to have the matter quashed, he has declared that justice must take its course. The Grand Duchess expresses regret for the situation of Miss Cunninghame, but refuses to interfere. The individual dispositions of the members of the Ministry are more favourable. M. Lami, the Minister of Justice, will hurry on the trial as fast as possible, and then obtain an immediate exercise of the Grand Ducal clemency. But on what ground he anticipates that his Royal Highness is more likely to relent a few weeks hence than now I cannot tell. Miss Cunninghame will be tried on the charge of having infringed the 137th article of the new criminal Code. With the terms of that article I have already made you acquainted. It declares that "whoever shall circulate works hostile to the Roman Catholic faith, with the view of seducing any member from that communion, shall be condemned to the house of correction, and subjected to hard labour, for a period not less than five, or greater than ten years." Miss Cunninghame is charged with having given to some peasants an Italian Bible, and an Italian translation of the "Pilgrim's Progress;" and both these books fall under the criminal category.

A deputation from the Protestant Alliance had an interview on Wednesday with Lord Clarendon, at the Foreign Office, in reference to the case. The deputation consisted of the Earl of Shaftesbury, Colonel Alexander, Mr. Wilbraham Taylor, the Rev. Dr. Beecham, Mr. J. Cook Evans, the Rev. W. H. Rule, Mr. T. Hamilton, and Captain Giberne, and was received in the most courteous manner by the Foreign Secretary. The Earl of Shaftesbury briefly explained that the object of the deputation was to lay before his lordship the case of Miss M. Cunninghame, and to solicit the intervention of her Majesty's Government to procure that lady's liberation from prison. His lordship, after some remarks upon the case itself, proceeded to express himself in the strongest manner upon the barbarous nature of the law under which Miss Cunninghame was arrested, and indulged a hope that the most earnest efforts of the Government would be used to rescue a British subject from the indignity thus offered to her. The Earl of Clarendon said he entirely concurred in the opinions expressed by Lord Shaftesbury as to the character of the law in question, which was not only contrary to the principles of the Gospel, but to the spirit of the age. His Lordship said he was quite familiar with the facts of the case, having received a despatch from Mr. Scarlett on the subject, and that he had lost no time in forwarding his directions to that gentleman, which he did the same evening by the post. Mr. Scarlett had acted with the greatest zeal in the matter, and in a manner to secure his entire approbation. All the members of the Cabinet with whom he had had an opportunity of communicating entirely agreed with him in the view he took of the case, and he felt it was one in which no exertion should be spared on his part to secure Miss Cunninghame's release. His Lordship concluded by thanking the deputation for urging this subject upon his attention, adding that their so doing afforded a strong indication of the interest felt in the case by all classes. The deputation, after thanking his lordship for his courtesy, and the prompt manner in which he had taken up the case, withdrew.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

LETTER XCII.

Paris, Thursday Evening, Sept. 29th, 1853.

THE journey of Bonaparte in the North is concluded. It has passed over without misadventure. I have, however, taken the trouble to go myself to Lille, to see how those Bonapartist gentlemen manage the art of *la mise en scène*, and I have acquired a complete acquaintance with the methods employed to delude public opinion. I may begin by stating that his Majesty appeared to me rather gloomy and anxious than otherwise. He looked restless and doubtful, and the looks he threw from time to time to right and left, were hesitating and distrustful. He seemed to apprehend the sudden apparition of some refugee from Belgium. This anxious expression was painful to contemplate. Indeed these fears must have been shared by his suite, for at the ball at Lille the Emperor's person was unapproachable. A barrier of *sergents-de-ville*, from Paris, interposed itself between the guests and Bonaparte. This embarrassing situation was not it seems altogether to his taste: after a quarter of an hour or so the guests were surprised to see him retire. Let me say a word about the deputations of the *communes*. I took the pains to interrogate personally some of those honest fellows who were stationed along in groups, *par commune*, and staked off by regular wooden posts for the occasion. With the exception of the Mayor and his Deputy (*adjoint*), the rest of what the official journals pompously style "Deputations," were uniformly composed of the paupers of each commune, who had been promised new trousers or blouses after the ceremony. And believe me it was "a caution" to see the hideous rags of these poor wretches. They were a misery to see! Only let people talk to me henceforth of deputations of the *communes*, I shall have where-

withal to stop their mouths. One has only to get once behind the scenes, and the whole mechanism of the enthusiasm of deputations is discovered at a glance. Everything resembling independence is absent: neither rank, nor position, nor fortune is to be seen, neither public nor social distinction takes part in the enthusiasm: nothing that has a spark of honesty or spirit shows its face: there is curiosity, and a crowd of gaping sight-seers, and staring snobs, and there is your whole *mise en scène!*

On the other hand, every form and colour of dependence or servility, whether by force of want, or employment, or official position, is mercilessly dragged along to swell the triumph of the conquering car in this grand Imperial Comedy, as on the stage the same supernumeraries sppear and reappear in succession from different sides: it is, in short, a system of cruel *corvées* (contributions in forced labour), against which the public functionaries secretly protest without for a moment daring openly to explain. To give you but one instance of this system of imposition, it will suffice to assure you that the Principals of eighteen Colleges in the Departement du Nord were compelled to present themselves at Lille *en corps*, and in official costume, after having been forced (notably those of Douai and Valenciennes) to figure separately at the head of their own Professors.

In a word, the reception in the North must be pronounced cold. With the exception of the Decembrists engaged to run before the imperial carriage, there was not a single acclamation. (I ought also to except perhaps your countrymen at Boulogne.) Only the Empress, by her charms and winning smiles, awakened a sentiment of sympathy. To her graceful bows the women replied by salutations, but the men did not even uncover their heads. I have no details as yet of the reception at Boulogne where Bonaparte was almost shy of appearing, from a sense of modesty in the man who played that silly prank with the tame eagle in the month of August 1840. I am assured, however, that it has been the anxious desire of the inhabitants of Boulogne to make amends in 1853 for their rudeness in 1840, and to cause Napoleon III. to forget that they ever fired upon Louis Bonaparte as they would at a dog.

At Boulogne, too. it was the intention of the Emperor to review the Channel spuadron, but this will have been prevented by the tempestuous weather. After the glorious victories on land he has won at Satory, he was naturally eager to carry off a little harmless triumph at sea. I only wish him more success, in his capacity of admiral, than he appears to have had, at Dieppe, in the character of a sea captain. Did he not, at Dieppe, after having dined,—too well dined, I fear,—take it into his head to steam the *Reine Hortense* into harbour? In vain the master assured him that the tide was ebbing rapidly, and that, in a few minutes, the yacht would not have water enough to cross the bar. Bonaparte, like a true Dutchman, persisted in carrying out his orders. Into port he went, and broke the screw.

The general situation of the country is still the same. The funds have been falling again: *that* movement, however, appears to be a general one, and, at London, you are not in a more satisfactory condition than we are in Paris. It is now definitively ascertained that Austria goes over, bag and baggage, to the Czar. The Cabinet of Vienna has avowed this determination, in positive terms, to M. de Bourqueney, our Ambassador at Vienna. War then, save at the cost of fatal humiliations, is inevitable, now. You will, I am sure, do me the justice to acknowledge that, in the month of May last, I informed you of the great effervescence in the Mussulman population, an effervescence which diplomatists and journals, alike, were slow to take into account: and there was the ruinous mistake. It now appears that this effervescence has been the active cause of the turn affairs are now taking in the East. A new plan of campaign is said to have been adopted by the Russians. Finding that a formidable army, of more than 140,000 men, bars their passage of the Danube, it is surmised that they are resolved to remain in Wallachia and on the defensive, and so to tempt the Turks out of their present formidable position at Schumla, and at the foot of the Balkan, and decoy them across the Danube into the marshes of Wallachia. If this plan really exists, it would completely outwit the schemes, whatever they may be, of France and England. In vain the combined fleets might go and burn Odessa and Sebastopol: the Turkish army, drawn across the Danube, would be infallibly beaten, and thenceforth there would be no obstacle in the march of the Russians to the very walls of Constantinople. What the two Powers have to insist upon now is, that the Turkish forces shall rest upon the defensive, and wait for the Russians rather than go to look for them.

The Russians are continuing their preparations with unrelaxing activity. Letters from Volhynia and Podolia state that the recruiting in the southern provinces of Empire is carried on with a severity unknown hitherto. Instead of a levy of three men in every thousand, the rate of conscription in time of peace, or even of seven men in a thousand, the regular levy in time of war, *ten* men per thousand are now being levied. Parents are made responsible for their children —a fact unprecedented. The recruits hide themselves, and the agents of the government lay hold of children of six, seven, and eight years of age, whom they detain as hostages till the brothers join their corps. It is stated, that these unheard-of cruelties have created a low fever of discontent throughout those provinces.

The news of the entry of the fleets, or rather of the vanguard of the fleets, into the Golden Horn was received in Paris with satisfaction. It looked like an end at last to the shilly-shallying of the last few months—the stick-in-the-mud policy of imbecile intriguers.

En attendant, our journals, including the *Constitutionnel*, have been treated to a few "warnings." This is no doubt a specimen of that "*work of reparation*" with regard to the press which that *farceur* Persigny recently announced. The shuttings of cafés and wine-shops continue, and the imprisonments and *internements* increase in number and in severity. S.

CONTINENTAL NOTES.

The *Moniteur* of Tuesday announced in the following terms the entrance of part of the English and French squadrons into the Sea of Marmora:—

"The last news from Constantinople informs us that on the application of the Ambassadors of France and England, in accord with the Ottoman Government, two French and two English frigates have passed the Dardanelles, and anchored in front of Constantinople."

The tone of the official and semi-official organs of the French government indicates a division in the councils. The *Pays* contained an article suggesting the abandonment of Turkey: this was replied to by the *Constitutionnel* affirming that the last note of Russia and the withdrawal of Austria imposed upon the Western Powers new duties.

The Emperor and Empress have been pursuing their progress through the Northern Departments, "amidst universal acclamations." The weather has not been very favourable, but the shows have been regardless of expense, the official addresses overflowing with adulation, and the entertainments surpassingly magnificent. The Emperor's un-official reception has been equivocally respectful: the Empress has charmed all beholders with her conquering smiles. The following has been the route of the Imperial progress. On Thursday at noon the Emperor and Empress left St. Cloud. They arrived at Arras that evening. On Friday morning they continued their journey to Douai, Valenciennes, and Lille. The Prince de Chimay, deputed by the King of the Belgians to compliment the Emperor, was at the latter city. At Lille, on Saturday, there was a review of the troops stationed there. The Emperor and Empress then inspected the great industrial establishments at Roubaix and Tourcoing. On Sunday they inspected the camp at Helfaut, and were received with a salute of 101 guns. The officers sent over to represent England consisted of Major-Gen. the Earl of Lucan and his aides-de-camp, the Marquis of Worcester and Lord Bingham, Colonel Jones, of the Royal Engineers, and Colonel Fox Strangways, of the Royal Horse Artillery. Nothing could exceed the amount of attention which these officers received from the Emperor and Empress. The review lasted three hours, after which the Emperor proceeded to St. Omer, which was illuminated. A grand ball afterwards took place; the Earl of Lucan dancing with the Empress. On Monday afternoon the Imperial party arrived at Calais. They were received by the authorities, the clergy, a deputation of young ladies, and the young workwomen of Calais. The Emperor and Empress occupied the whole of the Hotel Dessin, which had been beautifully redecorated for the occasion, and in the afternoon held a reception, which occupied some three quarters of an hour. At nine o'clock the Emperor and Empress attended a grand ball at the Philharmonic-rooms, given by the city of Calais. On Tuesday at eleven they set out for Boulogne in a plain travelling carriage, a strong guard of cavalry heading the Imperial party, and the rear being brought up by hussars and a troop of horse artillery. The suite occupied eleven carriages. A salute of 101 guns announced the departure of the Emperor. At half-past three they entered Boulogne by the Calais gate. The first visit was to the Napoleon column, erected in 1804 at the time of the threatened invasion of England. Here a number of veterans of the Empire were drawn up in line. After inspecting the column and the troops, the Emperor and Empress drove through the principal streets of the town. At half-past six o'clock they returned to the sous-prefecture, where a party of about sixty of the military and civil authorities were entertained by the Emperor at dinner, a military band being stationed before the house. In the evening there was a general illumination: a ball at the theatre given to the Emperor by the municipality, at which the Emperor danced the first quadrille with the mayoress, and the Empress with the mayor, but gave it up in despair after the third figure, on account of the orchestra not keeping time: and a *gratis* ball on the open ground of the Tintelleries, which was gracefully illuminated. This national ball was kept up with great spirit till long after midnight. At the ball in the theatre some enthusiastic representatives of that peculiar Britannia metal which we call "*snobbism*," and which is always in abundance at Boulogne, distinguished themselves by "truly British cheers" for the Emperor and Empress.

The next morning, soon after ten o'clock, the Emperor and suite proceeded to visit the Docks and the new sluice-bridge; and at a quarter past one started in a special train by the Northern Railway for Amiens. Wine, bread, meat, and clothing were distributed to the poor in honour of the visit; and the troops received rations of wine "to drink the health of the Emperor and Empress." The admirers of Louis Napoleon speak of his reception at Boulogne as the most enthusiastic he has yet met with. This may be accounted for by the preponderance of English, whom the Emperor loses no opportunity of converting. It would have seemed a startling contrast to any man less impassible than Louis Napoleon, the reception in 1853 and that in 1840 when he was conducted up the street in custody, and dripping wet, between two *serjents de ville!*

The bells of the churches rang out peals at all the stations between Boulogne and Abbeville, flags were exhibited, and "the rural population" were assembled. The Emperor and Empress, on their arrival at Abbeville, were received by the authorities, who conducted them into the town, which contains many quaint specimens of domestic architecture. The Emperor and Empress (says the correspondent of the *Times*) have seen during the last week triumphal arches enough to span the Channel, tricoloured flags sufficient to cover the prairies of the Western States, and festoons of evergreens enough to extend from Havre to New York. Abbeville did its part in these stereotyped ebullitions of loyalty infinitely diversified by French taste; and, after visiting the principal streets and the cathedral, their Majesties returned to the railway station, and the special train proceeded to Amiens, where it arrived about five o'clock.

The railway station at Amiens was decorated with exquisite taste. The Mayor made an address to their Majesties, and presented the Emperor with the keys of the city. The Emperor and Empress, escorted by a detachment of the 2nd Hussars and by the National Guard, then proceeded to the Hotel de Ville, where the treaty of the Peace of Amiens was signed in 1802. In the evening their Majesties attended a grand ball, given by the municipality. The public edifices and many private houses were brilliantly illuminated, and the streets, densely crowded. On Thursday morning the Emperor and Empress attended mass at the cathedral, admitted to be one of the finest Gothic edifices in Europe. The Emperor and Empress afterwards took their departure for Paris.

The Minister of Marine joined the Emperor at Dunkirk, and was to accompany him throughout the remainder of his tour. On account of the storm in the channel the ocean squadron was not able to make Dunkirk, but remained at anchor at Dunes. It was ordered to go to Boulogne, to be inspected by the Emperor there.

The same flowery correspondent of the *Patrie*, who described the "delirious enthusiasm" of the Emperor's reception at Dieppe, says that on the arrival of their Majesties at Calais an "immense number" of Englishmen at the Railway station, "almost all in uniform," cried out lustily in English —"Long life and happy reign to Napoleon the Third! God bless the Empress! Hurrah for the great Emperor! &c."

As a specimen of the alliance between the church and the state in France, let us take the address of the Bishop of Arras, one of the acutest ecclesiastics in France, to the Emperor. If Nicholas is protector of Christianity in the East of Europe, Louis Napoleon is his rival in that capacity in the West. "Other men will not be wanting, Sire, to laud the supereminent qualifications which adorn the august person of your Majesty; that serenity of soul which nothing shakes, that power of will which triumphs over all, that sure foresight which seizes always the truth; finally, that wondrous superiority before which all obstacles yield, and all pretensions vanish. We whose thoughts should be above this world, because our kingdom is not of it—we have other homage to offer you. There is something in your Majesty superior to all the gifts of nature; *it is the mission which you have received from heaven.* The more the inward thought of faith reflects upon all you have done with so much promptitude and facility, the more convinced it becomes that you have not acted singly. *God is with you, Sire, and that is your chief glory.*"

THE TWO EMPERORS AT OLMUTZ.

The military, diplomatic, and imperial congress was initiated at Olmütz by the arrival of the Czar on the evening of the 24th inst., at six o'clock. The Emperor of Austria had gone to meet him as far as Prerau. The town was illuminated, as the two courts, attended by a host of officers, escorted the imperial *cortége* into the town. In front of the palace stood the guard of honour composed of the medal-bearing veterans of the Austrian regiment of the Emperor Nicholas; and here (writes the correspondent of the *Times*) took place one of those acts of fraternization which the Emperor of Russia employs with such consummate tact, with a view to producing a favourable impression on the Austrians. When the first bars of the serenade were got through, the Emperor Nicholas placed himself at the head of the guard of honour, and as he marched past, saluted the Emperor of Austria in the capacity of a comrade of the veterans and a holder of a regimental command under the sovereign of Austria. Loud applause followed from the spectators as the Emperors publicly kissed each other, and then the court dinner followed, the two emperors spending the evening together in undisturbed privacy, the Prince of Prussia and most of the generals having gone to the theatre. The 26th was the first grand field-day; 45,700 men, with 128 guns, encamped on the great plain, two miles from the town, were disposed for "divine service," and parade afterwards. At mid-day the weather, which had

been rainy, cleared up, and the whole mass of troops formed a long parellelogram, in three corps, under command of General Wratislaw.

The staffs of the Emperors comprised, besides a great many royal personages, no less than sixty generals, headed by Marshal Nugent. The Emperor of Austria wore the light-blue riband of the Russian Order of St. Andrew upon his white uniform. The Emperor Nicholas wore the cuirassier uniform of his Austrian regiment, and was accompanied by his sons, one of whom wore an Austrian Colonel's uniform. We are told the Czar looked as imposing as ever "with his huge breastplate, martial air, and gigantic stature." The young Emperor of Austria looked "in the prime of youth." The scarlet uniform of Lord Westmoreland, the representative of Downing-street and the Court of St. James's, was conspicuous in the *cortége*, as they rode down the column to the Grand Altar, upon which mass was performed. The Emperor of Russia, notwithstanding his Russo-Greek "orthodoxy," kneeling on a velvet cushion, on the right hand of young Austria, "making the sign of the cross," and otherwise "joining in the divine service." The Prince of Prussia "stood behind as a spectator, but did not kneel." The "elevation of the Host," at sound of bell, *was telegraphed to the most distant battalions*, so that they might present arms simultaneously; and the anthem was performed by thirty regimental bands united. After the service the *defilé* of the whole army before the sovereigns took place. Prince Windischgrätz and the Ban Jellachich figured as colonels. The Bavarian brother-in-law (that is to be) of the Austrian Emperor and several Archdukes were conspicuons. The *defilé* lasted three hours: young Austria acting as nomenclator of regiments and persons to old Russia; and both sovereigns enjoying the scene, we are assured, with evident gusto — especially the Czar. The Austrian Emperor paid compliments to old Prince Paskiewitsch, the "Prince of Warsaw," who led his regiment on the occasion. And thus the peace and liberties of Europe, the independence of Turkey, and the rights of nations, are provided for by two Emperors—the British Ambassador, "conspicuous in his scarlet uniform," looking on not disapprovingly.

Just before leaving for Olmutz, Count Buol met the representatives of France and England in conference. He stated to the Earl of Westmoreland and M. de Lacour, that after the declaration of the Western cabinets, they could not press the Vienna Note on the Porte for acceptance, it was impossible to draw up a collective declaration in the form of a protocol.

The semi-official *Correspondenz* states that the most perfect understanding subsists between Austria and Russia, especially concerning the Eastern question. "*Nothing is more likely* (says this journal, with charming *naiveté*) *than that the two Emperors, when met at Olmutz, will occupy themselves very seriously with the condition of the Christians of Turkey, as it is their duty so to do.*"

Another Vienna journal, the *Presse*, leads off in the following style—

"The present visit of the Emperor Nicholas to Olmutz is the decisive proof of the confidence with which Russia entrusts the Oriental question to the care of the Vienna Conference under the impartial ægis of Austria. The hearty and disinterested friendship existing between the two great empires receives in this act a solemn consecration. It would be a marvellous illustration of the ways of Providence if from Olmutz, where, centuries ago, Europe was saved from Asiatic barbarism in the great Tartar battle, the doom of the East were to be sealed."

In the same spirit, the famous "memorial of Feb. 10, 1850," respecting the partition of Turkey, which immediately preceded the mission of Count Leiningen, is revived and discussed.

At Moscow, on the 14th, the Czar attended mass, and was received with enthusiasm by the people. The Poles throughout are anxious for war—looking forward to the defeat of "their Emperor."

THE RUSSIAN QUESTION—MARCH OF EVENTS—CONSTANTINOPLE.

The Feast of Bëiram passed off with perfect order and tranquillity. No insult was offered to the Christian spectators; and the detachments from the two fleets which anchored off the city on the 15th, just at the close of the celebrations, found Constantinople undisturbed. The British and French steam frigates are under the command of the French Rear-Admiral Barbier de Tinan, a young and energetic officer, who is thoroughly acquainted with England, speaks English well, and has the reputation of distinguished skill in the steam department of the service. The Bëiram was celebrated with the customary solemnities. The Sultan, who was looking even more than usually melancholy and worn, went down to the Church of St. Sophia, and afterwards received the levée of dignitaries and high officers, who were admitted to kiss his foot.

On the 16th, the Sultan presided over a cabinet council, attended exclusively by the Grand Vizier, Reschid Pacha, Mehemet Ali Pacha, and the Sheikh-ul-Islam.

The reported demonstration of the ulemas is not as important as was at first stated. On the 10th, a deputation of softas (students of the Koran) was admitted to the Grand Council, and presented a petition praying for war. To every remonstrance they replied, "These are the words of the Koran." But a later despatch states that the Sheikh-ul-Islam, the head of the ulemas (or expounders of the Koran), had made the *amende honorable* by apologizing for the excessive zeal of the students. These "students," it must be added, are not to be mistaken for the "students" of European universities. They are grave doctors of Mussulman law and doctrine, and represent the sacerdotal caste in the State. There is no priesthood in the Mussulman faith.

The news from the Principalities is meagre, though interesting. Prince Menschikoff had reviewed the Russian fleet. The corps of General Luders has received large reinforcements, and the forces stationed on the Danube have been strengthened. Bessarabia is swarming with troops. The cholera has broken out among the troops, and is making rapid progress. The Russian soldiers are deserting in great numbers.

It is said that the price of corn at Odessa had gone down very considerably, owing to large arrivals from the interior.

The *Daily News* correspondent at Paris writes—"I am enabled to assure you that on Friday last a circular despatch, relative to the Eastern question, was sent by M. Drouyn de Lhuys to all the French foreign ministers and diplomatic agents in Europe. This despatch says plainly that France and England cannot accept the pretensions of Russia, or the interpretation placed by her upon the Vienna note."

A letter from Vienna of the 23rd, in the *Cologne Gazette*, contains the following significant statement:—"The complaints which reach the Austrian embassy at Constantinople, relative to the various attacks on property, are becoming more and more numerous, and the indemnities claimed by the Austrian subjects amount to a considerable sum. The instructions which M. de Bruck has received are so energetic, that the Divan will not be less surprised by them than it was formerly by those given to Count de Leiningen." Thus, under cover of complaints of her own, Austria prepares to desert Turkey and to play false to the Western Powers. We are to have a second edition of Count Leiningen. Russia and her pupil at least understand the force of negotiations backed by invasions.

The *Trieste Gazette* has the following from Constantinople, dated the 12th:—"It is stated that Russia demands as the sole indemnity for the expenses of the occupation of the Danubian principalities, the small province of Laristan. This small country would be more valuable to Russia than Moldavia and Wallachia together, for in addition to the mines of lead and copper which it contains, it would give to Russia extensive forests of oak."

The recovered "Crown of St. Stephen" has been received by the Emperor of Austria, who made a set and civil speech on the occasion. He was pleased to consider the event "a fresh mark of Divine Providence," and in addition he alluded to "my kingdom of Hungary," a phrase that Schwartzenburg would have thought rebellious. The crown insignia are to be kept at Buda.

The new Spanish Ministry has already attacked the press. The *Diario, Espanol*, and *Tribune*, were seized on the 20th. General Narvaez is authorized to return to Spain. The following is a correct list of the new Cabinet:—President of the Council and Minister of the Interior, Count de San Luis (Sartorius); Finances, M. Domenech; War, General Blazer; Justice, Marquis de Gerona; Foreign Affairs, M. Calderon de la Barca; Marine, Count de Molins; Public Works, M. Esteban Collantes. The last named is the sole survivor of the Lersundi Cabinet. M. Calderon de la Barca, late Minister to the United States, had only just reached Madrid to take office in the late Ministry when it was compelled to resign, and it is said that M. Calderon de la Barca was not a stranger to the fall of General Lersundi. But, we repeat, all ministerial changes in Madrid are merely the accidents of royal caprice and of the reigning favourite's "influence."

OPINIONS ON THE EASTERN QUESTION.

STAFFORD had a meeting on Monday, to express opinion on the question of the aggression by Russia. The Mayor of the town and Mr. David Urquhart were the most prominent persons present. The resolutions were especially directed against secret diplomacy. Mr. Urquhart made a speech attacking the present Cabinet and the malformation of our constitution.

"England, having withdrawn from the Crown the power of nominating its servants, and Parliament not venturing to interfere in diplomatic affairs because they belonged to the prerogative of the Crown, there actually remains no power to control diplomatic matters. The consequence is, to place the Cabinet, for the time being, in the hands of the ablest diplomatic representatives of another Power. Now, as Russia is the ablest Power in that respect, as she has formed her men with that very view, all men of tried capacity and long experience, and as they are placed in all the capitals of Europe, there is an articulation of influence which is permanent and unchanging in its effects, sending the shuttle, with its twisted thread, from Vienna to London, and so weaving its web of despotism all over Europe. In that way every Government is led to do what Russia required, just at the time she requires it. That being so, it is easy to forsee that such an event as that would come off. Now, there are only two ways to meet Russian diplomacy—either by opposing it with a great English diplomatist, or by getting an English Minister to look a Russian ambassador in the face."

Mr. Urquhart then entered into a history of the negotiations which had taken place respecting the passage of the Pruth; and shortly after, the meeting separated.

In reply to an invitation to attend at this meeting, Kossuth wrote a letter indicating with great truth the course of English policy towards Russia.

"I have, indeed, no hesitation to say, that the policy of England has long since been Russian in its results; though not Russian in its motives—it has been worse, it has been anti-liberal in principle. In 1848, Russia interfered against the popular movement in Moldo-Wallachia by armed invasion, and thus prepared the way for that subsequent intervention in Hungary, as well as for the present occupation of the Principalities. England did not oppose it. Soon after, Russia interfered by arms in Hungary, and gained by it an awful preponderance throughout the Continent of Europe. The government of England had nothing to object to it. This Russian intervention being carried on from Turkish territory, was in itself the grossest violation of its independence. Turkey was made an instrument for Russian ambition and for Austrian oppression. It was permitted that the resources of Turkish provinces, provisions, money, means of transport, should be made use of by Russia in her attack on Hungary. The Austrians, beaten, twice found refuge and means of attack in the same Turkish provinces; which was neither more nor less than a virtual resignation of the independence of Turkey. And the Government of England allowed all this to be done—nay, it checked Turkey in opposing it, by advising her 'not to come into hostile collision with her stronger neighbours,'—as the Foreign Secretary of England had the ridiculous politeness to style that Austria, which we had defeated so often, that she was no longer able to resist us without the aid of Russia, who, in her turn, had to strain every nerve to effect it. Now, Sir, has the English Government done all this because it liked Russia's striding preponderance? No; it did it because it hated the popular triumph of what they call 'the revolutionary principle.' And now, once more, the Danubian Principalities are occupied, and their resources made subservient to Russia in her hostility against the legitimate suzerain of those provinces; and, again, the English Government is guilty, before God and the world, of having permitted such piracy to be perpetrated without resistance. Was this done because England approved the seizure of Moldo-Wallachia by the Czar? No; but it was not opposed, because the English Government feared lest any resistance to Russian aggression might lead some of the oppressed nations to renew their efforts for freedom."

He then disposed of the supposition that Austria has been a barrier against Russia:—

"Austria was never a barrier to Russia. She was her ally against Turkey in almost all her wars; so much so, that even when she made a show of mediation between Turkey and Russia in that war which ended with the treaty of Belgrade, she did it only to disguise her preparations for joining Russia as she is doing now again. When, in 1828, Austria feigned a feeble opposition against Russia, it was only because the briba of the leading minister, which he had regularly received from the Emperor Alexander, was withheld by Czar Nicholas; the bribe returned, and the opposition vanished No! Austria was never a barrier of Turkey against Russia. It is in complete defiance at history to repose on her as a barrier; and, even could she have been so in the past, she cannot be one in future; for, after she had accepted the intervention of Russia—after the Hungarians had arrived at the consciousness of their strength, which enables them to destroy her when she is unsupported by Russia—after Austria has aroused all her nations by oppression and treachery—after she has foolishly uprooted all her vitality—when she has no other support than an army of doubtful faith, one-half employed to watch and keep down the other half—after all this has happened, it is more than ignorance to believe in an independent Austria; it is a political blunder. Every sensible man in the world must feel convinced that Austria can in no case act but as Russia orders her; because by the hold which Russian influence has over the Sclavonic elements of the Austrian empire, and by the readiness of the Hungarian nation to accept any imaginable condition to the hated rul of Anstria, she is well aware that a word from the Powe which saved her in 1849, may destroy her fictitious exr istence."

He attributes the blunders of the English policy to "secret diplomacy:—

"The practice of secret management engenders carelessness towards the most important political problems, in the solution of which a mighty nation has to claim a share, and that carelessness is always followed by popular ignorance of all the matters connected with foreign policy. It is upon such foundation that statesmen of high standing can dare to impose upon public credulity, by assertions which history contradicts. Thus, it is possible that the English people have to hear Francis Joseph of Austria praised as the hope of the nations whom he oppresses; thus, it is possible that another statesman flatters the English people with the high-sounding statement that this country has stood forward many times 'to maintain the independence of weaker nations, and to preserve to the general family of nations that freedom, that power of governing themselves, of which others sought to deprive them;' whereas, so far as history is, the record of fact, scarcely a single instance is known of England's Government having used its interference for the triumph of popular rights. Certainly not in our age, and, least of all, in the case of Hungary, though that neglect was fraught with all the mischief which, if God and the people of Turkey will not prevent it, is just about to overwhelm the world. Thus it is possible that while, one day, one Minister of the Crown pledges his word, that the immediate and complete evacuation of the Danubian Principalities is a condition, *sine qua non*, of any settlement, another day, another Minister of the Crown reduces this condition, *sine qua non*, to the expectation that the 'magnanimous Czar, will feel inclined to do spontaneously. Thus, it is possible, that while England's moral dignity is engaged in the support of Turkey—*because it is England which advised Turkey* not to yield to the arrogant dictates of Prince Menschikoff—it is England which presses upon Turkey to sign conditions which, though more mildly styled in form, are the same in essence. And thus we come to the point, that we may be doomed to see the boasted friendship of England for the Porte coming to the issue, that England may interfere in Turkey just as Russia did interfere in Hungary, and fight the Turkish people for daring to resent the encroachments of Russia upon the honour of the Sultan, and the indepence of his empire."

Bristol is to have a great public meeting in favour of "the independence of Turkey." It will be held on next Monday.

In addition to the meetings about to take place in London and at Leicester, it is stated that public meetings to discuss the Eastern question are about to be called in Manchester and Wolverhampton.

THE CHOLERA IN ENGLAND.

THE virulence of the cholera is declining at Newcastle. The deaths daily have fallen to twenty. At Gateshead they have declined to eighteen.

The total number of deaths from cholera and diarrhœa at Newcastle during the present outbreak has been 1301. In the same period (viz., the first twenty-eight days) during the prevalence of epidemic cholera there in 1831-2, the number of deaths was 210.

The total number of deaths from cholera and diarrhœa in Gateshead up to the present date has been 347. During the like period (viz., the first twenty-one days) in 1831-2, the deaths amounted to 134.

The noxious influence of the atmosphere at Newcastle and the neighbourhood has been exemplified in its effect on the

body of medical visitors, on all of whom it produced simultaneously unusual physical and mental depression, and entire loss of appetite. Two have been obliged to leave in consequence of attacks of diarrhœa, accompanied with cramps. They describe the atmosphere as being heavy, thick, and misty, giving to distant objects the appearance of being seen through muslin; and they describe the plague of flies with which the district is visited as greatly adding to the impurity of the air and the discomfort of the people. In the lowest and most affected districts the visitors met with cholera corpses in groups of twos and threes, yet in some of the houses in which death has been most busy the survivors remained, in spite of all exhortation, in a state of constant intoxication, refusing all visitation and medicine.

A deputation of the inhabitants of Westminster-bridge-road and its vicinity went last week to the Lambeth police-court to consult the magistrate as to the abatement of an abominable and deadly nuisance arising from the boiling of putrid fat; but they found that there is actually no means whatever of summarily dealing with such a nuisance. We do verily believe that "the liberty of the subject" to carry on whatever "trade" he may choose, and at whatever cost to the lives of his fellow-subjects, is so great and so respected, that even were the materials of this fat-melting got from the nearest graveyard, nothing "summary" could be done to abate the nuisance. And, by the way, the roasting, at least, of human remains, if not the boiling of them, has actually been practised within the precincts of this enlightened metropolis. There is nothing abominable enough for the law as it stands to be able summarily to suppress as a nuisance, if the nuisance be committed under guise of a "lawful calling"—a legitimate "trade" in this nation of shopkeepers and tradesmen. A complete revolution in the law as it affects the progress of sanitary reform, therefore, must be brought about as speedily as possible. It is only to be feared that the pestilence will be again decimating Lambeth, one of its first and favourite haunts, ere anything *can* be done to reform the law. The late order in council, it seems, does not reach such a case as that in question. A summons, however, has been granted "so that the evidence might be taken, and the defendant held to bail to answer to an indictment at the sessions."

At the instance of the Inspector of the General Board of Health, the exercise of a power under a local act, *for closing houses unfit for human habitation*, has been strongly urged, and in several instances orders for closing have been given. The following are examples of the sort of houses closed:—

"HOUSE IN PANDON STREET.—Uneven damp brick floor, walls dirty and wet through, a low house built round on three sides by lofty warehouses, rendering ventilation impossible. Incapable of being made dry without being entirely rebuilt. Medical evidence of two physicians that the house was decidedly unwholesome and unfit for human habitation. As the owner said that he had already closed the house, he was not fined the costs, but was informed that he would be fined 10s. per day if he re-opened it.

"MITCHESON'S-BUILDINGS, LIME-STREET.—Built up against the back of another house—external walls only nine inches thick. No ventilation possible—always reeking with wet.

"LIME STREET, LITTLE DUBLIN.—Three other houses built into a hill side (clay), always wet. The walls so plastic that a walking-stick run into them stands out horizontally."

Mr. Lee, one of the engineering inspectors of the General Board, has been for several days engaged in the examination of the worst parts of the town, with the view of advising the local authorities on immediate works, or means of mitigation for rendering parts of it habitable.

A fatal case of cholera occurred in Sheffield on Sunday. The locality of the outbreak is in Brown-street, which is situate in a low part of the town and in the vicinity of a large open sewer. It was in this same locality that the epidemic appeared to rage with the greatest violence in its previous visitations. The case above referred to is that of a girl named Margaret Dwyer. She was seized on Saturday with violent sickness and purging, but her parents, who are poor Irish people, neglected to call in medical aid. In the course of a few hours a state of collapse ensued, and the girl was rapidly sinking before a medical man was called in. Mr. Parker, surgeon, was then sent for, but before his arrival she had breathed her last.

Cases of cholera have been reported to the General Board of Health, during the last few days, from the following parts of the metropolis;—

One death and four attacks have been reported from Lambeth. Also one death in St. George-the-Martyr, Southwark; and five fatal cases in St. Saviour's, a further case being under treatment at the time of the last report.

Diarrhœa of a decidedly choleraic tendency has been recently and still remains very prevalent in Stepney parish.

In a horrid part of Bayswater, called Elms-lane, there have been five fatal cases. The houses are wholly void of drainage, and are, literally speaking, surrounded by poisonous exhalations, which are greatly increased by the stagnant cesspools that abound in all directions.

In St. Pancras, diarrhœa and low fever are very prevalent, especially in Agar Town. In one house in Suffolk-street, the medical officer found thirty-three people, of both sexes and all ages, occupying five rooms. The board of directors of the poor have appointed an inspector of nuisances to carry out the provisions of the Nuisances Removal and Diseases Prevention Act, and also a Sanitary Committee to investigate the condition of the workhouse, and to adopt the most judicious and efficient mode of treating and protecting persons residing in the out-door districts of the parish. The guardians of the other metropolitan parishes appear to be striving to bring into effect the directions of the Board of Health given in our last. The Revs. Dr. Stobbing and Mr. Dale appear to be acting with much energy in St. Pancras.

PLAIN ADVICE TO ALL DURING THE VISITATION OF THE CHOLERA.

Conform to and assist every measure of prevention or remedy put in operation by the local authorities; for such measures are founded upon knowledge and experience, and are enforced by the direction of Government for the public good. If you sustain inconvenience, or apprehend danger, from any public nuisance, immediately complain, either to your local board of health, your town council, or your board of guardians, as the case may be, either of whom are fully empowered to enforce a remedy.

Apply yourself, as far as lies in your power, to render the chief duties of parochial and other public officers unnecessary, inasmuch as regards your own home, by the instant removal of every nuisance about it and in it.

It is the special duty of the authorities at all times, but imperatively so now, to have all streets alleys, and courts daily cleansed. But it is your duty to throw no refuse into the streets, nor to collect any in you back premises. Have no dungheaps, no ash-heaps. Keep no pigs in close places. Make the scavenger and the dustman take away whatever is annoying. Have no sloppy holes in your areas or back yards, but get them paved or levelled. Insist upon your landlord making your house water-tight. See that your windows will open and shut, so as to admit air and exclude moisture. Every epidemic, whether fever or cholera, rages amid dirt and damp, and where there are stinking kennels and open ditches, foul with dead animals and decayed vegetables. Avoid all such places to dwell in; and make your children, when they go out, avoid all bad-smelling places.

Look to the inside of your dwelling, as well as outside, to get rid of nuisances. Are the walls and ceilings dirty or mouldy? At the cost of a shilling or two they may be lime-whited. This has been found one of the most effectual preventives of cholera. Avoid, if possible, crowding your sleeping-rooms. If there is a chimney in a bedroom, keep it open, and have no chimney-board, or chest of drawers, to stop it up. It would be good to make a hole, three or four inches square, near the ceiling into the chimney—a very easy ventilator. Get pure air into your rooms by every possible means, and get rid of the foul air in the most effectual manner. If there is a constant offensive smell within your dwelling, which other people as well as yourself notice, be sure that there is danger at hand; and never rest till you have ascertained the cause, and have got it removed, as far as possible. Complain to the landlord: if he neglects you, complain to those who have to enforce "The Nuisances Removal Act." If you cannot get the nuisance removed, you ought to prepare to remove from the nuisance. If you go to other lodgings or houses, go to those where there has been no fever. There are houses, with no fault of construction, that are always disagreeable to the senses. They are the abodes of shuttishness—the forerunner of disease. The person is seldom clean when a dwelling is dirty. Personal cleanliness and house cleanliness are both health givers, and are of vital importance when the elements of disease and death are around us.

This advice, with regard to your dwelling, assumes that you live in a populous town; but the principles on which the advice is founded hold good, whether you dwell in a village, or even in a lone cottage. All places, it is to be feared, have the nuisances. If there is a dungheap at your threshold, remove it to a distance. If a foul ditch, or cesspool, stir yourself to have a change. If the pigsty is offensive, cleanse and wash it daily. Have no poultry or rabbits within doors. In a word, get dirt and damp away from your house and out of your house, and get pure air into it. Be clean yourself, and have everything clean about you.

Having looked to your dwelling within and without, consider what is best for your welfare as to food and clothing. Whenever cholera is present in a locality, there is a general tendency to irritation of bowels, and warm clothing and wholesome food are more than ever necessary. These, happily, are within the reach of the great body of the people. The extreme poor must be righteously cared for in these respects out of the abundance of the more fortunate; but all have in their power to avoid what is hurtful. Avoid cold; but make yourself strong by exercise in the open air, if your employment is within doors. The same duty of exercise applies to all your family, male and female. If there is any food or drink injurious at ordinary times, it is doubly injurious when there is pestilence in the atmosphere. Be very careful not to drink impure water; and take heed that wells are not polluted, and that water-butts and cisterns are kept cleansed. Spend less money on beer and other drinks, and spend more on flannel and coals.

If an attack, even the slightest, should come on in your household, you must immediately apply for medical assistance. Arrangements will be made in every locality to render such assistance promptly and effectually; there is no disease which can be more readily met than cholera in its first or premonitory stage. In cases of diarrhœa, or looseness of bowels, the following medicine is recommended by the Board of Health, but avoid, if you can, exercising your own judgment in giving medicine at all:—

"Twenty grains of opiate confection, mixed with two tablespoonfuls of peppermint-water, and repeated every three or four hours, or oftener if the attack is severe. Half the quantity to persons under fifteen; smaller doses to children."

If the disease assume a violent form before help can be obtained, put the sufferer into a warm bed, apply bottles of hot water, or heated flannel, to the stomach and feet, and along the spine. A dessert spoonful of brandy may be given from time to time in hot water. Constant friction with flannel dipped in hot vinegar is recommended, as well as the application of a vinegar and mustard poultice over the belly. A prudent person will have the necessary articles at hand; but promptitude in getting assistance is the first duty. By night or by day send for the doctor; and such is the zeal of the medical profession that the humblest person will not send in vain.

INDIA—THE CAPE—AUSTRALIA—CHINA.

THERE have been no outbreaks in Burmah, but a terrible famine is spreading over the length and breadth of the land. The rice crop has failed throughout the Pegue provinces, and is now selling at three seers per rupee, or 6lbs. wright for two shillings. Taking into consideration the wages in that country and in England, these prices are equivalent to the loaf at home being sold for five shillings. At Rangoon some ship-loads of rice have arrived from Calcutta, and are selling at a moderate price, so that the scarcity is not so much felt there as up the country. All up the Irrawaddy the cultivators are living upon wild roots, leaves, and other miserable substitutes for good food, and the cholera is decimating the population to a fearful extent. The troops, as yet, continue free from the scourge. Other maladies are, however, rife. The 1st Bengal Fusiliers (Europeans), at Rangoon, have 200 out of 700 men in hospital. Altogether, the European regiments which landed in Burmah little more than a-year ago have lost upwards of 1500 men, partly by the enemy, but chiefly from sickness. General *Godwin* has returned to Calcutta, and proceeds at once to take charge of his divisional command at Umballah, in the north-west provinces.

From the Cape the intelligence lately received is very gratifying. Trade was rapidly recovering, and promises to be even more active than before the late Caffre war commenced. All was tranquil on the frontier. There was every prospect of the mineral resources of the colony becoming at no very distant period, one of its chief elements of prosperity.

Important intelligence has been received this week from Australia. The arrivals of goods had been enormous, overstocking the markets to an extent which had sent down prices from thirty to fifty per cent., and even at this decline it was found impossible to effect sales. The shopkeepers who had purchased for arrival were repudiating their contracts, and a state of much confusion in consequence prevailed. It appears, however, that the weather had for the six previous weeks been most unfavourable, and the roads to the diggings were in an impassable state. When they could be traversed with safety, a reaction in the market was anticipated, and many of the merchants were, therefore, not desirous of pressing goods for sale at the current rates. The latest returns from the mines were favourable, and show an increase in the yield of gold, but the season had not fairly commenced. Gold was in some demand for shipment to England, at 77*s.* 6*d.* per oz., and the exchange was at 2 per cent. prem.

The news from China, brought by the Overland Mail, agrees with all that has recently arrived from the same quarter. Success is still with the insurgents. "The Government of Pekin is in the greatest distress for money." "A scarcity of grain was beginning to be felt in Pekin, owing to the districts by which the capital was principally supplied being now in possession of the rebels." "The Imperialists have made another unsuccessful attempt to recapture Amoy; and from the accounts received of the spiritless behaviour of the Tartar troops, it is now evident that 'all is up' with the Manchoo dynasty."

THE GREAT WORKSHOP OF DUBLIN.

BY AN ENGLISH WORKING MAN.

WHEN the working man is on his travels, the first thing he usually does, on his arrival in any new place, is to go about peering into the shop windows—that is, if he be tailor, shoemaker, hatter, cutler, or of any other trade, the articles of whose manufacture are commonly, in this way, exposed to the gaze of the public. In these cases the stranger is necessarily curious to inspect everything belonging to his own class of workmanship,—those vests and trousers, their style of cut and quality of stitching; those boots, shoes, and home comforting slippers; the finish and form of those glossy head-coverings; those knives, forks, scissors, &c., for various purposes and of various sizes; while even the baker of the bread which we are to have on our breakfast, dinner, or supper table, will be inquisitive as to the proper artistic handling of those loaves, which are displayed in the window of the baker's shop, and of that nice delicacy of tinge which they have received in the oven, and which the eye of the experienced workman in dough can alone adequately appreciate.

Well! I am here among the "wild Irish," as heretofore has been the accustomed phrase, but now the peaceful and industrially ambitious,—and all is splendour, and bustle, and glorification in this, the metropolitan city of Ireland; every house, as it would seem, fully inhabited, throughout the noblest streets, and shops glittering in fresh luxury wheresoever I go; but there is one, the Great Shop of all, which has lately become the prime object of attraction; and to this, even now, on the first day of my arrival, I make my eager way, wanting to see for myself what it has of either the novel or excellent, in my own particular calling, which may interest me, from which I may learn something of substantial value, or acquire, perhaps, but a mere hint to some new perfection.

Of this special matter, however, I am not going to say anything specially at present, but, as a *bonâ fide* working man, to put down a few general impressions of my first visit to the Great Shop of Dublin, a scene which I have passed through with much satisfaction, and a knowledge of which I would thus communicate to others, as an inducement to such of my own class, who can in any way afford the means, to do so at once, ere yet the chance of seeing this Industrial Exhibition of Dublin be wholly passed away, and Ireland remain still a blank in their minds.

In the first place, then, I would state that the *locale* of this Great Shop has been excellently chosen; for although Dublin has her Phœnix-park, and thus might have had her Exhibition emparked, as was the case with London, in 1851, still there has been no imitation here, in this particular, and very wisely so, as every one, native or stranger, I think must allow.

The Dublin terminus of the Kingstown railway, that chief conveying route of the British traveller, is in a street of considerable amplitude, though called a "row"—Westland-row, which leads into Merrion-street, and Merrion-street to Merrion-square, where the once all-potent Daniel O'Connell had his metropolitan mansion. Confronting the eastern side of this square is the building of the Exhibition, being erected on the lawn of the

former ducal residence of the famous Geraldine family. Thus, therefore, the stranger from England, who comes incommoded with luggage, can walk, in about five minutes' time, from the place of his outshooting from the railway carriage right into this really glorious shop, paying, of course, his single shilling for the admission, for here, in Dublin, as was before in London, the shilling seems to have become the one unaltered price at these Exhibitions.

Yet there are extreme differences to be observed, in many things, between the two scenes, as a whole—the Exhibition of London and this one of Dublin; and thus I would caution my reader not to be in an over hurry to accompany me throngh the entire interior of the place, but to have a little patience, and, ere he has passed the unreturnable shilling-paying barrier, to make a trifling delay in examination of the state of matters in the immediate neighbourhood of the building, as also of the appearance which the building itself makes in its outward character. The building, however, shall be honoured with the priority in this notice.

In passing along Merrion-street, either from the northern or southern quarters of the city, the square. which bears the same name, opens grandly before the eye, as you come directly upon it, at the close of your advances. There are none of the London squares so extensive in area as is this one of Merrion; and Stephen's-green, another of the Dublin quarters of the wealthy and the fashionable, is even much larger, although the space inclosed on the estate under notice, is said to be upward of twelve acres, the footway surrounding the railing being, as I should suppose, full fifteen feet wide, and the road itself some fifty or sixty feet; three sides of the space so inclosed—beautiful with trees, shrubs, flowers, and exquisite patches of grass—flanked by lofty and cleanfaced houses, and the remaining side adorned with the one paramount erection of this young Ireland's most praiseworthy industrial endeavour; for paramount it is, indeed, beyond comparison to any other structure in the country. And yet what is it? A something which neither looks human habitation-like, nor church-like, nor theatre-like, with big outjutting and rounded centre part, and a lesser and still lesser likeness of the same feature on each side, just as one may imagine of a hen with an equal number of chickens, and placed in a similar mode, but magnified a million-million fold, as regards herself and brood. There she immovably sits, or squats, that mighty bird, or something else, with her four young counterparts, two on each side, not hid beneath her wings, but pressing up against them, and uncaring to move away from such endeared protection.

Very remarkable altogether is this building, but only, as described, when you have fairly come upon its presence, and then but by taking the trouble to cross over to the railing of the opposite square for the sake of the broader view, the Crystal Palace of Hyde Park catching and entrancing the eye at a very long distance, whereas in the present instance the thing is very different, and even then you only can see its forward parts, the bulgy breast of the great hen accompanied by her little ones.

Another similitude may be traced, that of an immense steam-boiler, with two other boilers of a graduated undergrowth placed on each side, and the colour dark, as is commonly the case with such articles, the whole five overlooking, in their different degrees, the fragile-like incase of wood which forms the outside of the structure, the lower story of this casing being perforated with a main central place of entrance, and others on each the wings, and no windows anywhere to be seen, so that one is at a loss to know how the inner portions are lighted. Yet, as we are perfectly aware that the interior has an abundance of light, because otherwise the purpose of the place could not be fulfilled, so there is no disappointment, the stranger merely holding his expectation in abeyance until he has discovered the cunning by which this principal object is effected. But if there is an absence of the observable in window there is a fully recompensing plenitude of outside gallery, as may be seen by the many people who are enjoyingly walking to and fro on the railed-in platform, which may be considered as the divisional marking of the second story of the building, while another piece of similarly rail-protected footway, but of diminished proportions, marks a higher story, and then there is another at the extreme top, though it is but rarely that any person is observed making use of these higher esplanades. Doubtless, however, on the visits of the Queen, there was not an inch of standing-room unoccupied throughout the whole extent of these outside galleries—a scene which must have been extremely imposing, the royal party approaching in all the gorgeous gaiety of such a moment, and thousands of uncovered and bonneted heads looking eagerly down on the splendid cavalcade which was there presented before the gaze of all who were ranged along those galleries.

All this, however, had passed away at the time of my first visit to the same building; for now the whole scene was comparatively quiet, though, perhaps, the early hour of the day at which I made this visit had something to do in such result, where the contrast with what I had previously witnessed at Hyde-park was extreme indeed. But then, there is no London but one—nor never was, nor possibly will ever be again, after the decline of this marvellous modern Babylon—should such a terrible decadence ever come about; and hence the astounding lifefulness of London is not to be found in the close neighbourhood of this Dublin Exhibition, as was the case near the Crystal Palace of 1851—that unceasing, bustling, driving in upon it which was there so observable, crowds on crowds during all parts of the early and middle-day, hurrying onward to, and onward through, the Park in all directions, from the higher or Oxford-street side, from the lower or Kensington-road, or the still lower Chelsea, Pimlico, and Brompton avenues, and thicker—far thicker still—from the great Piccadilly thoroughfare, and angle-ways, on and on, through the nearer parks of St. James's and the Green Park.

And then the very manner of this crowding was alike marvellous—in coach, gig, omnibus, cab, market-cart, as well as on the two flesh-covered feet of every perfect-footed pedestrian, and on the *one* leg of many a veteran pensioner from the far Greenwich and the nearer Chelsea, or, occasionally, on the no leg at all of certain of these war-worsted old sailors and soldiers, and so they came stumping it along—plump! plump! on flag or other pathway, everything and everybody pushing vigorously onward, horse aud donkey, manhood and womanhood, and boys and girls, toward the one great goal of attraction—that wonderful House of Glass, of which the world will never have done hearng.

In Dublin the contrast in this matter struck me most forcibly, even although I had endeavoured to prepare my mind for some such difference in the appearance of the two scenes; but still there arose a feeling of damaging comparison as relative to the potency of London over Dublin—of the Saxon and the Celtic element; for however I might endeavour to reason on the thing, or to make out the best possible cause in excuse, still the fact itself was a stern one, and had a somewhat saddening influence over me at the moment of such reflection. At the London Exhibition the stream of human life came onward by thousands, here but by tens, just as if a comparison were drawn between the thick hurrying to and fro over London-bridge and the much attenuated numbers who make use of such a bridge as Putney, or the halfpenny tolled bridge which here crosses the Liffey.

Still there was a crowding, an undeniable crowding, to this Dublin Exhibition; a crowding such as, to Merrion-square—as I have been told, and can well believe—is quite unusual; for even in this square, magnificent as it is from general grandeur of outline, an awful number of houses were untenanted antecedent to the Exhibition; but now everything of this deplorable unsightliness has disappeared—of those horribly ugly announcements in such a beautiful quarter, as "This house to be let," and so on, in the windows perhaps of every third or fourth mansion. This fact has been stated to me on reliable authority; but now it is the fact no more; either the native gentry of Ireland or the stranger gentry having thought proper to take to those houses in the way mentioned; and not only is it thus to Merrion-square alone, but in every other of the lately so melancholy, house-letting quarter of Dublin. And various other advantages have also arisen from this Exhibition to Dublin, for even the very flag-ways of the fine square near which it is placed have been widened, levelled, and lowered; every broken stone replaced by a perfect one, and the utmost cleanliness commanded and bestowed.

And, generally, the like spirit of renovation has taken effect—as all about the Bank, College-green, in the broad Dame-street, and other places, testify; wherever, in fact, such care seemed needful; a circumstance which the stranger is made rarely cognizant of, because his inquiries may neither lie in this way, nor any one think it worth while to give him such information.

But it is now full time to be doing something more than thus wearying the reader by these prefatory sentences; and as there is no inconvenient crowding about the several doors of inlet to the Great Shop which I came all the way from London to inspect, so now, with the usual shilling held between my fingers, I pass comfortably forward to the wheel-crank of one of the money-takers of the place, drop my bit of rounded silver in the proper method before him, push gently against the first fan of the wheel which presents itself, feel the hindering catch is immediately taken away, and next moment I am within, free to range whersoever I like—look at all I like best to look at—take pencilled notes of whatever I may choose more carefully to examine than usual, and thus in my own fashion to secure the worth of my shilling, as also the utmost share of recompence for the expense of journeying to Dublin.

And, reader, now that I have arrived at the inside, I feel there is no longer any strange similitude to be drawn between this building and either of the other objects to which I have already referred, but that the whole of what I see makes even a glorious spectacle. Spacious, and widening out to the right and left into still greater spaciousness, with the chastened sunshine streaming in upon all—upon every visitor and every article there to be seen, in a manner which showed that the one oblong-roof window now discernable rendered any other description of window useless, the light being at once so abundant and exquisitely softened. This Benson building, then, has much of both a high and pure splendour to recommend it to eyes like mine—eyes in no way skilled, certainly, in a knowledge of the perfect in architecture, but yet having a capacity to enjoy, in some degree, the elegant and gorgeous; and elegance united with gorgeousness is assuredly fully present in the novel construction of this marvellous shop.

Ireland's mud and chimneyless cabins, and this brilliant building on the lawn of the Royal Dublin Society's premises, formerly the frontage of Kildare House! Could there be two things more dissimilar than these associations in the one thought—the idea of rags and hunger, and every conceivable discomfort, contrasted with a scene like the one under notice—the projected, and alimented, and nursed into vigorous maturity by a DARGAN, and which has but just received the deservingly bestowed visit of the Queen of wide-spread millions, her own palace offering no single *ensemble* of such profuse enrichment as that which she had thus come to witness in Ireland—that Ireland which, as Erin's own beloved poet has pictured her, has never yet had a smile in her eye unaccompanied by a tear.

Really, as every true Irishman must say in his heart, in the presence of this building, "that Dagan must be the delight of a fellow;" a very favourite mode of Irish gratulatory expression, this prefix of "delight," and assuredly it could never be better bestowed than in the present instance.

Dargan, indeed, is altogether a splendid specimen of the true man; and that fond Irish expression is apt and deserved by the man whose present position in riches and honour has been really self-won; therefore do I, whose line of life has been cast among the lowly toilers of this world, feel a glowing pride in offering this recognition of my homage—not having the least envy of such success, as one who has neither achieved fame nor wealth; and yet am I proud for those of the class of the toiler, who occasionally override all obstacles, and come forth before every eye in excelling brightness and goodness conjoined, no jealousy being able to eclipse the glory nor cast a doubt upon the reality of such virtue.

And how wonderful is the magic of this high, and pure, and far-spread reputation of the man DARGAN! I am at work at a low-paid trade in London, and on my hearing of the great doing which Dargan is working for the future good of Ireland, and how the Queen herself, as the newspaper sheets tells me, went over to Ireland in consequence of what Dargan has already done there, so, at all hazards, I scramble, like many more of my own class, a pound or two together, and off I am by rail and steam-ship to get to Dublin also; and now the thing is accomplished, and I am pleasurably gazing within this munificent pile of a Dargan and a Benson's joint creative and sustaining power—a conception and an achievement of the largest promise as regards the hitherto so deeply distracted Ireland, but now the truly hopeful and cheerful.

Still one must not be over sanguine, even now. Oh, no! for, as before hinted, Dublin is not London—Ireland not England; and perhaps no severer proof of the truth of such remark can be offered than that which the very first visit to this Exhibition affords. And why so? Simply because now that I am within the building—within this shop for the display of all kinds of work, useful and ornate—I do not find that among the many spectators which I see around me—and the number is really large: not less, I should suppose, than ten or twelve thousand—I do not find that there are the proper mustering of the Irish *working* classes here—of those men who have to make everything of the makeable, and superintend everything, every process of the growable, be it potato or cabbage, common as these articles may be considered. I observe, in short, scarcely a real frieze coat upon the back of any of my companions in this place, whereas, as I remember at the Hyde-park gathering of 1851, there was not a day on which I visited that scene, but a goodly sprinkling of the smock-frock of the English peasant might be traced, many of these humble worthies having been afforded the means of the journey by the landlords under whom they lived and for whom they toiled. Generosity, I should suppose, of this kind, is not unknown in Ireland; but so the fact appeared on the day I speak of; while, should by any chance what I am thus saying come to the hearing of the Irish landlord interests, and the Irish employer generally, I hope the proper hint will be taken, as thus thrown out by one, who, in right of his own position in life has often known what it is to have a large desire to be informed of some particular of special service to himself, and yet to be wholly powerless towards satisfying such desire, for the want of that indispensable and all-powerful help-mate—the money to meet the expense.

TO NEW YORK IN SIX DAYS.

To skim across the Atlantic in six days is the destined work of a new steam-ship being built at New York. It has these requirements. 1. A perfect security against fire or water. 2. Less risk to life, and greater comfort to passengers. The boilers will be placed within walls of iron, with iron beams over the same. Air-chamber, of sufficient capacity, will extend the whole length of the ship. The sudden shocks of head and beam seas, to which all ships of the present construction are liable, are obviated by these improvements, while the gentle undulating motion, always maintained, will tend to prevent sea sickness, and at the same time keep the decks dry, except from spray. The full power of the engine will be reserved for combatting heavy gales, ships of the present construction are compelled to slacken their steam as the gale increases in severity. These new improvements enable more steam to be applied the harder the gale blows. The power of the engine, in proportion to the size and draft of water, will be very great, about five times as great, we believe, as that of the steamers of the Currard line. In an ordinary vessel such power cannot be applied, as it would tear the hull to pieces. The sharp bows, perfect curves, light draft, and enormous engine-power will enable the vessel to make a speed of twenty miles an hour. She is expected to be ready on the 1st of December.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE PRIESTS.

(From the Italia e Popolo.)

FOUR years have now elapsed since the Infallible Pontiff, the angelic and merciful Pius 9th, reascended, through a road streaming with Christian blood, the Holy Chair of St. Peter. Austria had cleared his way from Ferrara to Ancona; France, from Civita Vecchia to Rome. Spaniards and Neapolitans had carried violence, rapine, and desolation into the countries of Velletri, Terni, and Narni; the conquerors overran the sacred patrimony—*to purify it;* on the other side, those who had outlived the people's battles were scattered, pursued, and, if unable to escape, fell into the hands of the Pontifical jailors, or of the foreign executioners. The prisons were full, the sentences immeasurably severe, exccutions frequent. The Holy City was illuminated; it was desired to inaugurate with solemnity the second era of the Pontificate. Frenchmen and Croats were charged, under martial law, to become its guardians, its executive powers. to watch, together with the carabineers of the Pope, over the safety of the State, to judge and to punish. Silence reigned through the Roman provinces, broken only by the Te Deum of the priests, by the heavy step of the foreign battalions, and by the half-stifled groans of the prisoners and the dying.

This silence was called tranquillity: the Catholic world applauded the return of the *Servant of Servants.* France promised, in case of necessity, to send more troops by sea; Austria, through Lombardy and the Tyrol; Naples, by Rieti. Although the priestly government has but 3000 of its own troops, there is scarcely another power that could count on so many elements of material defence; without speaking of its spiritual influence, to the exercise of which so many means, so wide a field of action, are given. In the centre of the Catholic religion (a fact never sufficiently noted), the dominion of faith is all but null; all is force, and brutal force. The priest rules not by the aid of conviction, but by that of the native and foreign police: and the secular arm never fails him. This state of things has now endured for four years; the foreign troops have not diminished in number; the severity of punishments is redoubled; Forli, Sinigaglia, Ancona, Bologna, have been *purified,* by powder and ball, by the rope, and by sentences of perpetual imprisonment. This system of terror has availed nothing; the provinces are overrun by marauders, the *political* prisons are insufficient; gibbets are permanently erected, untold torments are inflicted on the prisoners; though assisted by the soldiers of two nations, transformed into gendarmes, the Papal police is insufficient for its mission: revolutionary agents traverse the Roman provinces in all directions, under the guardianship of an entire population. The priests, blinded with rage at being unable to seize these daring spirits, flog, and imprison, and torture, at hazard, whomsoever they suspect; and such atrocities are related regarding the unfortunate men who fall within their grasp, as fills every human breast with horror. A correspondent of the *Parlamento* writes that, in Bologna, a woman with child was scourged on her arms and under the soles of her feet; men of feeble constitution are flogged to mortification, tormented, in short, in a way to make one shudder, and such as a priest, supported by an Austrian, alone could not invent.

Thus we see, that four years of the restored Papal Government have promoted neither good feeling nor tranquillity! resistance, hatred, conspiracy, and the spirit of vengeance exist in August 1853 as they existed in August 1849. The long array of victims that have passed over these wretched countries, some put to death, some buried alive in the prisons, has not subdued the indomitable race of spirits that persist in their magnanimous protest and holy purpose to free themselves, whenever it may be, from the iniquitous Government.

The clergy say, "It is the fruits of anarchy. We must extirpate it from the roots."

Puerile argument! they said the same thing when first they returned, on the morrow of their bloody victory; yet four years of their domination have been unavailing, not only to eradicate the revolution, but to prevent its being the hope of all.

Puerile argument! Such is the reasoning of all tyrants who will not confess that they are hated, universally hated. What then? Can it be that four, or six, or ten months of anarchy, as you call it, should have caused such extensive mischief, such profound evils, in a population that you, and you alone had governed, since 1815, with the system so well known as your own? Have, then, the reign of Pius 9th, of Leo 12th, of Gregory 16th, so many years of absolute and overbearing power, amid the long triumph of European re-action, left no faithful followers, no deep traces! whilst the hundred days of the people have called up a faith that created martyrs, and blesses martyrdom?

In all this where is the truth? where its efficacy?

With you are deposited the "eternal truths," with you the arms of the Catholic world, and, if you so please, of the schismatic world also; you reign despotically, and are unable to inspire faith in the multitude around you. A few months of free popular government suffice to detach a whole population from you, which, even now, when compressed by force, persist in remaining estranged from your pulpits and your throne. Five months of *anarchy* destroy this great work of ages, in the minds of upwards of two millions of your subjects.

The revolutionists possess nothing in this world, save an Idea, and a hope that It will triumph. Pursued like wild beasts, punished like assassins, they daily meet death in exile, or in prison, or on the scaffold; by foreign governments they are either consigned to the executioner, or treated with scorn, or forgotten. And yet the revolutionarists, all, in short, who seek, by one way or another, to free their common country, to see its people happy, glorious, and powerful, although themselves so poor in material, means, and substance, awaken the deepest sympathies, and are everywhere followed by blessings, proselytes, and martyrs.

Which, then, is the Pagan world? Which, then, is the world of the apostles? The answer were easy. It were easy to show that the Pagan world is in the government of the priests, the world of liberty and love with the revolution: but, on this subject, the multitudes in Italy need no long comment. The multitudes in Italy, thanks to God and the Pope, are convinced. The conclusion at which we arrive, after examining the present condition of the most oppressed of all populations, is that we, in Italy, have within us elements so numerous and unsubdued, as to suffice for the powerful vindication of our rights; that, to these elements, a direction, at once bold, vigorous, and contemporaneous, alone is wanted; that this direction can come only from men who believe in the people, and fight for the people; and that revolution thus organized, must, after sacrifices sustained in a common interest, finally succeed.

THE LAWSON OBSERVATORY.

DURING the week the committee have made every exertion to raise the sum necessary for the completion of the observatory to be endowed in the first instance by Mr. Lawson's magnificent donation. To-day is the last day for receiving subscriptions. Prince Albert has forwarded one hundred guineas as his donation.

THE CHURCH IN IPSWICH.

IPSWICH, like Little Peddlington, has a perpetual curate—for the parish of St. Nicholas—elected by the rate-payers. Two candidates—Venesse and Wood—lately contested it. One of the voters received the following letter some days before the election:

"Dear sir,—As a friend well-known to you, and I believe, respected, I write a line of solemn warning as to your vote tomorrow. I don't know how you will vote, but I know how you long ago promised to vote for Mr. Vengsse. That promise is registered in heaven. That promise will start up before you in your dying hour, when, if you break it, all you possess will not cancel your crime. And after death cometh the judgment. And who will clear you in the court of God? I am sure you know what is right. Do not let any one persuade you to sin against God and array your dying moments with the terrors of a guilty conscience. Life is most uncertain. *The cholera has carried off one in the town. Who can tell who may be the next?* Act like a man. Act like one who knows he must give account to God, and you will have your reward. You must soon give an account of your stewardship. Be not like the wicked one, a deceiver, for God's word says that all deceivers shall have their part in the lake which burneth with brimstone and fire, which is the second death. Your sincere well wisher."

The living thus hotly contested is worth £170 a year, and Mr. Ward has been elected.

THE BIRMINGHAM GAOL CRUELTIES.

ON Tuesday night a meeting was held in the town-hall, to protest against the justices appointing another governor and surgeon to this gaol. Such a hall has not been seen for years. From seven until eleven o'clock every inch of space was occupied, and a crowd surrounded the building. Mr. George Edmonds, the clerk of the peace, presided. Mr. Alderman Laroden, several town councillors, and the leading clergy of the Establishment were present. Great excitement prevailed, and some degree of exasperation was caused by reason of the refusal of the mayor to grant the use of the hall, which was subsequently obtained by other means. Among the resolutions passed unanimously was one to the effect that the meeting viewed with feelings of indignation the horrible system of cruelty and oppression which has been carried on at the gaol, with the implied sanction of the visiting justices, and the meeting expressed its strong disapprobation of such inhuman treatment, and also expressed a hope that the people of England would acquit the people of Birmingham of any participation in these barbarities. In a subsequent resolution, moved by Mr. Councillor Allday, the visiting justices were declared to have entirely forfeited the confidence of the people of Birmingham, and the meeting solemnly protested against these justices participating in the appointment of another governor and other officers of the prison. A gentleman, partner of one of the justices, attempted to move a counter resolution. He made some remarks amidst a torrent of disapprobation, and finally gave way with the simple expression of his dissent, he being the only person who did dissent in the vast assembly. The Rev. G. S. Bull moved a vote of thanks to Lord Palmerston, which was carried by acclamation, as was also the following resolution:—"That this meeting is of opinion that the appointment of a stipendiary magistrate for the borough would greatly facilitate the proper, orderly, and impartial discharge of magisterial business, and would tend to inspire the inhabitants of this great and important town with a confidence in the administration of the criminal and especially judicial decisions and summary convictions, which the borough justices do not at present possess." The immense crowd departed quietly at eleven o'clock.

A CONVICT PRISON.

Now that "penal servitude" has replaced to a fixed extent transportation beyond the seas, the following account of Spike Island prison (Queenstown Harbour) will be of interest. It is taken from the *Morning Chronicle* correspondence:—

There are at present upwards of 2100 convicts confined upon the island; it would hardly be correct to say confined in the prison; for our common notion of a prison gives a a very inadequate idea of the treatment of the convicts at Spike Island and at the other Government works where convicts are employed. From six in the morning till six at night all who are not disabled by sickness are out in the open air. They work in gangs of from twelve to twenty persons each, but they are not chained together nor manacled in any way. The only apparent restraint upon them is the presence of a turnkey, who, with a loaded musket, attends and superintends each gang. Some of them are employed in quarrying rock and levelling the ground within the enclosures; others are engaged in dragging trucks loaded with the materials so obtained to other parts of the ground; a few who have been taught in prison the craft of the stonemason are at work hewing the stones or building the rampart; the feebler ones are employed in laying down turf upon the glacis; but all are kept from morning to night in occupation of one kind or another. Nor is there much account taken of the previous habits or condition in life of a criminal. Once placed under the surveillance of the authorities on Spike Island, the thews and sinews of the man are more looked to than the delicacy of his former habits, or the respectability of his former position in society. As a proof of this it may be mentioned that no distinction is made between the convict Kirwin, who is here, and meaner ruffians—he is set to the same hard and degrading task work with the rest. Sickness alone is allowed as an excuse from labour, and a man is no sooner so convalescent as to be out of bed than he is set to such light tasks as his strength will permit. Thus a number of convicts who are not qualified for harder tasks were engaged knitting stockings for themselves and their companions. The knowledge of a trade is also allowed in some degree to determine the nature of a convict's occupation: for all the requirements of the convicts in food, clothes, &c., are procured within the prison itself. At six in the evening, their work is finished, when, if they please, the

means of instruction are afforded them, in the shape of schools, a chaplain, and a well-chosen library. It may be supposed, however, that the labour to which they have been put for twelve hours does not leave much mental energy for following intellectual pursuits. The food which they receive is on a low scale; their breakfast consists of stirabout and milk; their dinner also chiefly consists of liquids, on Sundays alone are they allowed to partake of a small morsel of animal food.

It is (says the correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*) the practice at Portland and other places where convicts are employed in England, that an account is taken of the actual value of their labour, and that, after deducting the expense of their own maintenance, a small percentage is set apart for the convict, to be given to him when his period of servitude is expired, and he leaves the prison. Whether this be the case in England or not, there is no provision in the Act of Parliament for allowing any sum to the Irish convicts. They are, in the strictest sense of the word, slaves—with no will of their own—with no power to change their employment, and with no interest in the produce of their labour. They are reduced to that degrading condition by their own crime, it is true; and it would not be well for society if they were not made to feel the full force both of the pain and the degradation of their condition; but still it may be a question whether it would not be desirable to allow them a small portion of their own earnings, to be given to them in an accumulated form when they leave the prison. The knowledge that such a sum was accumulating for them, would prove one drop of sweetness—there are not many more—in the bitter cup they are called to drain, and the possession of it, when they step out of their prison into society again, would place them above the temptation of having immediate recourse to their old practices from sheer despair of any other mode of gaining their next meal.

THE WORKING CLASSES.

No improvement has taken place in the aspect of the quarrel at Preston; 2000 hands are still on strike, and serious as this state of things may be, it is probably but a foretaste of what is coming, for it is expected soon that the employers intend, in their turn, to take aggressive measures, and to turn off all hands and cease all work, till labour can be obtained on reasonable terms. On the other hand, an immense co-operation of the operatives seems to be organising in the neighbouring towns. At a monster meeting held at Preston, on Saturday, one of the speakers, stating the result of a tour of sympathy he had made, congratulated his hearers upon the fact, that the various districts he had visited had promised double or treble the amount they had yet contributed, if it should be required:—

"He had addressed one of the largest meetings ever held in Staleybridge, and they pledged themselves, unconditionally, to support Preston, until this question was settled. Oldham gave a similar pledge, intimating that they would remain at work for the sake of Preston, although they had not yet got their own wages advanced. Ashton and other towns expressed a like determination. Judging from the spirit evinced throughout the various districts, he thought that from 2000*l.* to 3000*l.* a week could be obtained, if needed, to support the operatives of Preston."

Under these encouragements, the following resolution was proposed, seconded, and carried by universal acclamation at this meeting:—

"That we, the power-loom weavers of Preston, do hereby pledge ourselves never to resume labour until our employers comply with our just demands."

At Bury, our large mill, employing six or seven hundred hands, has been entirely brought to a standstill by a strike of the spinners for twopence extra per thousand hanks. No similar demand has been made in the other firms of the town. At Manchester, after a twelve week's turn-out, neither masters nor workmen show any palpable signs of yielding. New hands are coming in, but very slowly. Other strikes have taken place amongst the tin-plateworkers at Birmingham, the colliers at Burslem, Staffordshire, and the reelers and spinners at Wigan. The police of Birmingham have also resolved, at a public meeting, to strike on Friday, if their demand of an advance of 2*s.* a-week be not complied with. The strike of the journeymen shoemakers at Plymouth and Devonport has terminated by a general compliance of the masters with the demands of the men. An immense demonstration of colliers and sailors took place at Shields on Monday. These two classes of men are co-operating with each other to raise the rate of their respective wages, the colliers refusing to procure, and the sailors to convey, coals, till their demands are complied with. Near 3000 persons paraded the streets of Shields on the day in question. A still more numerous meeting was held in the afternoon, on the sea-shore, at which the terms to be insisted on for manning colliers were determined on, and several miners and sailors addressed the concourse, urging the necessity of fraternisation between the two classes.

A WIFE.

THE following story is not singular. Daily lessons teach us that it is but one case out of many.

A Custom-house officer, named Mears, doing duty in the London Dock, on Wednesday night saw a woman on the swivel-bridge, leaning over the rails, with her head resting on her hand, and looking towards the water. She was crying, and appeared to be in great trouble. The officer, suspecting her intention, asked her what she was doing there; but she refused to satisfy him, or give any account of herself. She then moved away, and about ten minutes afterwards returned to the same spot, and resumed her former attitude. The Custom-house officer called the attention of a police-constable to the woman, and he spoke to her. She went away, bnt soon returned again, and was in the act of getting over the rails of the bridge into the entrance-lock, which is there 24 or 26 feet in depth, when a boy seized her dress, and held her suspended over the water until assistance was procured. If the woman had got in the water, as she was nearly doing, 100 men could not have got her out alive. When brought up before the magistrate,

Mr. Ingham asked the woman what account she had to give of herself?

Woman (abstractedly, and with a vacant stare)—What is it, sir? What is it?

Mr. Ingham—What have you to say for yourself?

The woman (suddenly recollecting herself)—Last night, sir, I was at home with my four little children, with no food. I went out, scarcely knowing what I did; but I had no intention to throw myself over the bridge. (Here she sobbed loudly.)

Mr. Ingham said he would remand the prisoner to the House of Detention for a week, and she would be properly taken care of. Inquiries must be made concerning her, and her means of obtaining a living.

The prisoner—What is to become of my poor children?

Mr. Ingham—I will issue orders for them to be properly taken care of in the workhouse.

The prisoner implored of the magistrate not to send her to prison, and said she never had a key turned on her before.

The mother of the prisoner here stepped forward, and said she lived in the same house with her daughter, who struggled hard to maintain four young children, and had a very bad father to them. Her daughter's husband was a very drunken, brutal man, who had been in the practice of beating his wife.

Mr. Ingham—Then why did she not come here to complain of her husband? The doors of this court are always open to receive complaints from women who are maltreated by their husbands.

The Mother—I don't know, sir; but, indeed, I can assure you, my daughter works very hard.

Mr. Ingham—I think the best course will be to send her to prison for a week, and she will have time to reflect; and let the parish officers take care of the children, and feed them.

The Mother—She has a shop of work (slop-work,) and will lose it if she is sent to prison; she works early and late.

Mr. Ingham—Has she had relief from the parish?

The Mother—Once only.

Mr. Ingham—Has her husband struck her lately?

The Mother—Not within the last fortnight.

Mr. Ingham—If he strikes her again, come here for a warrant. If you will take charge of her, and protect her, I will let her go.

The Mother—I will, sir.

Mr. Ingham—Then take her away with you.

The poor and apparently heart-broken woman left the dock, crying loudly.

GREAT FIRE.—DESTRUCTION OF A PRINTING OFFICE.

ON Friday morning, about half-past four o'clock, a most serious fire took place on the premises of Messrs. Savill and Edwards, printers, Chandos-street, Strand. The fire broke out in a room on the second floor, and raged unnoticed for some time. Some men were at the machine in the floor beneath, and the noise of the working precluded them from hearing the rush of the flames. The neighbourhood was soon arousedby the terrific spreading of theflames, and ten engines were quickly on the spot. The fire chiefly made progress in the compositors' rooms; the melted lead of the types poured together in one mass of intensely-heated liquid, and the difficulties of putting down the fire seemed almost insurmountable. A party-wall divided the front warehouse from the rooms where the type, cases, and machines stood—and by the exertions of the engines the fire was stopped, so that the warehouse remains uninjured. But the machinery, presses, and back composing-rooms were entirely destroyed, and several shops and houses in Chandos-street were injured. The extent of the loss is estimated as high as £20,000. The matter intended for the forthcoming number of the *Leader*, the *Literary Gazette*, the *Lancet*, and other papers printed in the office was entirely destroyed; and 200 men have been thrown out of employment. It is somewhat consolatory to note that Messrs. Savill and Edwards were insured, and that no loss of life, or serious bodily hurt, was received by any person.

COLE *v.* WOOD.

"THE repaving of that section of Oxford-street lying between Charles-street, Soho-square and Tottenham-court-road, has been completed, and was opened on Monday last for traffic. The works in progress at the upper portion of the street, beyond Regent-street, are proceeding, and the *wood-paving* has already been replaced by granite blocks, as far as Hanover-gates; and the remaining portion of the street, as far as Bond-street, has been closed for the same purpose. It is intended to replace *the wood* by the substitution of granite blocks between the points mentioned, and when it is completed, the whole of Oxford-street, from one end to the other, will be entirely paved with stone of a substantial and durable character, instead of the former Macadamised and *wood-paving*."

Such is the paragraph which has appeared in some of our contemporaries, and we have reason to know, from one of our own correspondents, that the information is correct. Upon this we have to remark, that two years ago (19th April, 1851,) we took occasion to support Mr. Cole in his endeavours to get rid of the wood-paving, He was the only person we know of who took upon himself trouble and expense in support of that object, and we believe we were in advance in the same cause. It shows that both Mr. Cole and we were right, and that the substitution of stone for wood, is an acknowledment in our favour.

The experiment of paving our streets with wood was probably well-intentioned, but certainly it was ill-advised. It cannot bear the traffic of the metropolis, nor the humidity of the climate; and was a considerable source of loss to those who had the misfortune to traverse its slippery surface. There is a piece remaining in that terrene isthmus, known as Middle-row, Holborn, in which, upon an average, there are ten downfalls every wet day. But it is understood, and we trust faithfully, that the time is not far distant when the whole of the wood pavement, as the contracts run out, will disappear, and a verdict entered for the complainant in the heavy cause of *Cole* v. *Wood*.

CRIMINAL RECORD.

THE inquiry into the circumstances which occasioned the late fall of a house in the Strand, was resumed on Monday. The report of the surveyors was presented, in which they say:—

"With reference to the question, 'Whether any means might have been resorted to which would have had the effect of preventing the falling of the house in question?' we are of opinion that, provided the floors of No. 184 had been shored up on the west side of the party wall, to take off the downward pressure, and provided also additional shores had been placed under those fixed in the east side to secure the ground and basement walls of the east party wall from pressing out, and that the wall had been underpinned to the depth of footings of the intended new building, the accident would not have happened."

After the conclusion of lengthened additional evidence, the jury retired, and returned, after an hour, with the following important verdict:—

"We find unanimously that Robert Thompson, Sarah Thompson, George Dunn, and George Rowe, came to their respective deaths by the falling of the house, 184, Strand, and that the falling of such house is to be attributed to the gross negligence of Henry Robert Abraham, the surveyor to the Duke of Norfolk and to Messrs. Smith, in not causing the party wall to be sufficiently shored up and underpinned before the excavations for the new buildings were commenced."

The coroner intimated that this involved a verdict of manslaughter against Mr. Abraham, and some confusion ensued, the jury saying that they were anxious that the verdict should not amount to manslaughter against the surveyor, but that at the same time they did not wish to have the verdict altered. The jury retired a second time, and on their return the foreman said:—

"We all feel that there has been gross negligence, and we cannot retract it, although we did not intend to impute manslaughter to Mr. Abraham."

The coroner replied, "Then that amounts to a verdict of manslaughter against Mr. Henry Robert Abraham." The witnesses and police were, therefore, bound over to prosecute at the next session of the Central Criminal Court, and the coroner issued his warrant for the apprehension of Abraham.

George Tyson, the conductor of a Chelsea omnibus, was charged at Westminster, on Saturday, with behaving in a scandalous manner to a lady passenger. When the lady got out of the omnibus, having paid her fare, 3d. extra was demanded by the conductor for a bag she had with her, and when she remonstrated, the demand was repeated in a rude and offensive manner. When at last the conductor had bullied the lady to give him 2d., he kicked the basket into the street, and, applying to the lady a disgusting epithet, qualified by an equally disgusting adjective, started his omnibus and left her. The wife of the prisoner had since called upon the lady, and endeavoured to make the matter up. Defendant, however, "was not the man; the lady must be under a mistake." The magistrate committed him to hard labour for a month, and revoked his license.

A case was tried at the Hammersmith Court on the same day, which exemplifies in a way which is likely to be useful to everybody, the provisions of the new act on the coinage. Dr. William Wood was charged by an omnibus conductor

with refusing to pay his fare. The fact was, the doctor had tendered in succession a sixpence with a hole in it, and another worn quite flat and smooth, both of which the conductor refused to receive. The magistrate said the act only referred to two points—defacing coin by stamping names or words on it, and using a machine to bend it. He believed it had been brought in to prevent the evasion of the advertisement duty by stamping addresses on coin. The second sixpence tendered was a lawful one, and he should only order defendant to pay the fare.

On Monday morning, Charles Monckton, a tailor, of Henry-street, Pentonville, left home to collect the amount of a bill. On the following morning he was found lying dead in a field, with a wound from a pistol shot in his breast. At about five yards from the spot was found a brown paper parcel, containing several bullets, percussion caps, and gunpowder. He has left a wife (far advanced in pregnancy) and four helpless children in the greatest distress. The police are making the most diligent inquiries.

On Wednesday Alderman Salomons sent a fellow named Thoroughgood to prison for three months with hard labour, for having beaten his wife, and torn a large quantity of hair from her head, so as to leave the poor young creature half bald. "I have no wish," she said, "to hurt him, God knows; and I will say that there is not a better husband when it is what I call right with him, but that is now only from Sunday till Monday morning." Alderman Salomons: What do mean by what you call right with him? Does he drink?—Complainant: I don't know how it is, but he gets beside himself. His employer is a wine-merchant, and I believe he is in the habit of taking more than he ought.

An industrious waman named Solomons, living in Houndsditch, took in a German Jew tailor as a lodger. Finding him very dirty in his habits, she gave him notice to leave, when he took the most disagreeable means of retaliation, by introducing between thirty and forty of his filthy countrymen, who had just arrived from the Continent, in consequence of the expected strike of the tailors in London, and who were not disposed to resign a lodging for which they were to pay nothing. At all hours of the night, as well as day, did they pour into the house, and as the only entrance was through the room in which she and her children slept, the intrusion was quite intolerable, and, on account of her endeavour to remedy the evil, her lodger showed the greatest readiness to swear that she had already half murdered him, proceeding so far as to summons her to appear at Guildhall on Monday. When there, matters took another turn. The Lord Mayor at once sent down one of the Mansion-house officers to clear the poor woman's house of the multitude, but the complainant outran the constable, and, having given notice to those who filled his apartment, they rapidly disappeared from the premises, which soon presented a very different appearance, and the poor woman sat down with her family to a comfortable dinner, provided at the expense of the benevolent chief magistrate.

Some attempts have been made to identify the wretched man who attempted murder and committed suicide in French-street Dublin. The following story appears in the *Morning Herald* of Monday:—"On Saturday the body of the gentleman who committed suicide in French-street, was exhumed at the request of a lady of highly-respectable connexions, who has arrived from London, in the hope of finding a truant son, who left his home about three years ago. The moment she beheld the corpse she exclaimed it was that of her son, and was deeply affected; but after a short time she expressed some doubt of his identity, owing to the change which she said had taken place in his appearance. However, so satisfied was she that the body was that of her son, that she implored the police to allow her to take it away for legal identification, and interment in England. It appears that he graduated at Oxford, but being of unsettled habits, he went about three years ago to Australia, where he was reduced to the condition of a shepherd. His mother had no intimation of his arrival in Europe. The body cannot be removed from the cemetery without the consent of the committee, which will not meet until Friday next. It is said the deceased—assuming the lady to be right—is connected with families of influence in England and Scotland: in short, that he was nearly related to two baronets."

A chairmaker, named Quennell, quarrelling with his wife, suddenly exclaimed, "I'll have your——— life," and kicked her violently on the front of her person. Blood instantly began to flow from underneath her clothes, and she said—"Oh! George, what have you done?" He replied,—"Then you should have let me have the money," and was about to strike her with his fist, but was prevented. The wife was removed to St. Thomas's Hospital, where she now lies in a dangerous state. The husband stands remanded at the Lambeth police-court, to which he has been frequently brought on similar charges. He told the magistrate on Wednesday that he saw his wife in a public-house, and told her he thought it was quite time she got the children their breakfast. She replied that she would not go home, and he then asked her for the money he had given her, but she refused to deliver it up, and thenthey had some words.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The *Limerick Chronicle* says the Duke of Cambridge is to succeed to the command in Ireland, and Lord Cardigan is to be the inspector-general of cavalry. This implies that the brevet will take in more colonels to be major-generals than was at first surmised.

Mr C. G. Duffy, M.P., was entertained at a public dinner by his constituents at New Ross, on Tuesday evening.

Lord Palmerston returned to town on Wednesday.

The Duke of Newcastle returned to town on Monday.

Lord Aberdeen and Lord Clarendon are the only other Ministers in town.

It is reported that Sir Charles Napier died a very rich man, chiefly acquired by prize money for his conquests in Scinde and subsequent governorship. "His habits were simple, almost penurious." Another account states that the Queen purposes settling an annuity upon the widow or daughter of the lamented Sir Charles Napier. "Sir Charles latterly felt keenly what he conceived to be neglect on the part of the East India Company."

Lord Carlisle has been ill at Rhodes with the small pox. By the last accounts he was doing well, under the care of a medical officer sent to him by the ambassador at Constantinople; the surgeon of the *Britannia*, Dr. Rees, had also visited him, under orders from Admiral Dundas.

We (*Globe*) are happy to be able to announce that the Earl of Aberdeen, in a highly complimentary note, has conferred the appointment of Governor of Greenwich Hospital, vacant by the death of Admiral Sir Charles Adam, upon Sir James Alexander Gordon, K.C.B., the present lieutenant governor of that establishment. The gallant officer will, therefore, be forthwith gazetted as governor, taking, at the same time, his proper rank of vice-admiral of the red.

We willingly note tributes to personal worth, such as the following, as demonstrations proper in themselves and but too unfrequent. A number of the teachers employed by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, and others, entertained Mr. John Keith, clerk to the General Assembly's Education Committee, at supper on the 23rd instant, and presented him with a purse containing thirty-two guineas (being contributions from 130 teachers), as a token of their appreciation of his labours in connexion with the Education Scheme for the last fourteen years, and as a mark of their gratitude for his uniform kindness and his unwearied attention to their interests on all occasions.

Alderman Sidney has been elected Lord Mayor of London for the ensuing year. Thanks were voted to the present Lord Mayor. It is gratifying to find that the efforts of Mr. Challis on behalf of education and practical art are so universally appreciated.

It has been officially announced that the Dublin Exhibition will finally close to the public on Monday, the 31st of October.

An advance of 35 per cent. on the price of last year was lately offered at Montrose for the building of an ordinary sized vessel, but obliged to be rejected from the press of orders.

The London and North Western Railway Company intend constructing a third hotel at Euston-square, for the accommodation of second and third class passengers.

From a Parliamentary paper just issued, we find that the number of prisoners of each religious denomination, on the 25th of September, was as follows:—Church of England 16,077; Presbyterians, 496; Dissenters (all classes), 1,391; Roman Catholics, 2,955; Jews, 45; described as of no religion, 323; not stated of what denomination, 339: total, 21,626.

A go-a-head American, a Mr. Wise, proposes to take advantage of an air-current from west to east, and establish a line of balloons between the United States and Europe. The difficulties of the project are met with a boldness which nothing turns back. Indeed one little difficulty is, that the balloon-train *cannot* turn back. The aerial locomotives cannot, of course, return by the same route—but Mr. Wise thinks nothing of an obstacle like this—they can go forward, and return to their starting-point by running clean round the world! The arrangements are so far advanced, that Mr. Wise has even settled the fares. "He undertakes," says the *Builder*, "to circumaeronaut the globe for 3000 dollars each trip." The *Athenæum* wonders that some enterprising American has not effected the passage of the Atlantic by relays of sea-serpents.

As the wife and daughter of Mr. Bunting, a master-plumber of Norwich, were sitting in their apartment a few days ago, the floor suddenly opened, and they fell into a pit twenty-seven feet deep. A man, who was lowered with a rope to their aid, found Mrs. Bunting in a state of insensibility, buried in mud. She was drawn up safe, but, in attempting to extricate the daughter, the man himself sunk in mud to the depth of five feet. Another man was therefore lowered, who rescued the daughter and the first man also, in a state of insensibility. The cause of the occurrence is enveloped in mystery, except that it has long been known that there are in the neighbourhood extensive covered caverns and pits of unknown origin and purpose, and it is supposed that the earth at the top of one of these had given way under the apartment, and hence the accident.

Three men were killed on the premises of a chemist in Norwich on Friday, by an explosion of naphtha, which, contrary to express order, one of the unfortunate deceased was pouring from a large vessel into a smaller one by the light of a candle.

The sailor whose lucky fortune in becoming the sudden possessor of property amounting to 60,000*l.* has been noted in the papers, is a Scotchman named Thomas Black, and has lately been doing duty as a petty officer on board her Majesty's ship *Leander*, now lying in Plymouth Sound. It appears that he is connected with a highly respectable family in Perthshire, was well educated, and intended by his parents for one of the learned professions. Seventeen years ago, however, he ran from home, and entered the naval service, doing duty as a common sailor, and, having acquired some reputation as a mariner, he was advanced to the rank of a petty officer. This was his position when, about nine months ago, an advertisement appeared in the *Times*, informing Thomas Black, if he were still alive, that by communicating with certain parties therein named he would hear of something very considerably to his advantage. Thomas Black, however, did not read the *Times*, and for months remained in ignorance of the "something," which his next of kin were beginning to be afraid they would be obliged to appropriate to their own use and benefit. Luckily for Black, however, he one day entered into conversation with a footman, whom he met accidentally at the Cove of Cork, and who had heard from another servant some particulars touching the lost heir to the Perthshire estates. The result was, that Black made his existence known in the proper quarter, and after the lapse of a few months his claims were recognised, and he succeeded in obtaining his discharge from naval servitude, on the arrival of the *Leander* at the port of Plymouth from New York, which took place a few days ago. The lucky sailor and his friend, Lieutenant Barnard, R.N., are now in Scotland, adjusting the preliminaries.

The prospects of the New York Exhibition are improving—the daily number of visitors is 8,000.

John Mitchell, the Irish exile, has escaped from Australia. He has surrendered his parole.

The accounts from the coast continue to furnish details of numerous casualties during the recent heavy gale. The outward-bound sea-going steamers appear to have had a most severe trial, and the escape of some trading between the Eastern ports and Holland have been surprising. The wind, which had moderated towards Monday evening, and remained so throughout the night, seems to have freshened on the following morning, and to have blown with much force. The French squadron, which had been delayed in the Downs by the boisterous weather until too late to do honour to the Emperor at Calais, and got under weigh on Tuesday morning in the hope of reaching Boulogne in time to receive his Imperial Majesty, could not make any progress against the stiff south-wester, which was blowing right up Channel: and, in order to avoid any serious misfortune, the fleet ran back, in the course of the afternoon, to its old anchorage in the Downs, where the ships were brought safely up for the night. Wednesday morning they made another start, but with no better success, it is reported, the wind continuing to blow hard. It is bringing up, however, a number of homeward-bound ships; among them several from Australia, with a vast quantity of gold on board.

The Leader.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1853.

Public Affairs.

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

REPORTS OF A SPLIT IN THE CABINET.

There is something wrong in the Ministry. What it is we have no means of knowing; we only know that there is something amiss, that it must be rather serious in its nature, and that it threatens to affect the honour of this country, in the conduct of affairs in the East.

Let us begin by saying that we do not believe the reports which circulate, as to the nature of this "crisis," for such it has been called. On Saturday last a report was industriously spread, that Lord Aberdeen was about to resign. We recognise in this the revival of an old report, exactly to the same effect, which used to be joined with the assertion, that Lord Aberdeen was so Russian in his tendencies, as to have contemplated the betrayal of the country to the interests of the Czar.

This original report coupled Lord Clarendon with Lord Aberdeen; but, at present, the honour appears to be exclusively given to the Prime Minister. We had good ground to believe that report to be untrue: we have learned nothing which could make us believe the new form of it.

A second idea, very current in society, affects a person in rank, more distinguished than Lord Aberdeen; and, as this charge has been adumbrated in print, and as freely used in conversation, it would be useless to overlook it, while, perhaps, there may be some advantage in saying it outright. It is, that Prince Albert has exerted himself to strengthen the position of various royal families in Europe, partly from general sympathy with royalty, partly from a desire to secure a collateral advantage for his own family, and partly, perhaps, in a general desire to keep the peace, by preserving the authority of princes in Europe, generally. This report, again, we do not believe. In connexion with this story is one, that there is a strong Orleanist conspiracy to recover the throne of France, by favour of the same alliance which has its nucleus in Germany; that this conspiracy has some reference to the new alliance of King Leopold's son with an Austrian princess; that these alliances are intended to counteract the influence of the Emperor of the French; and that it is a necessary incident to this combination that Russia should be favoured, rather than thwarted. Public opinion, in this country, does not permit an open working of this plan, but it is remarked that a widely circulated organ in the press systematically labours to exasperate English feeling against Turkey, to soften English feeling against Russia, to improve opportunities of disparaging Louis Napoleon, and to insinuate other ideas which have more or less some advantageous bearing upon the claims of the Orleans family. It appears to us, however, that this supposition is collected rather from an ingenious interpretation of events than one that bears any probability on the face of it. The discretion with which Prince Albert has abstained from political intermeddling is not likely to have been violated in so flagrant a manner; and we only repeat the story because it is desirable to present the conjectural assertions which are made to do duty for facts.

Another supposition is, that royal families and diplomatic Ministers have so long conducted the affairs of Europe by a species of cliquery, that they are now endeavouring to do so in this great contest; that statesmen who have long engaged in such pursuits have become so hardened to the work, that they cannot be weaned from it; that they have thus become denationalized; and that Lord Aberdeen, who is very experienced as a diplomatist, has more entirely at heart the arrangement of any affair according to the rules of diplomacy, as attested by the approbation of his brother diplomatists, than according to the genuine feeling of his own country, or the most glorious precedents of English history. In other words, this idea represents Lord Aberdeen more as diplomatist than English, and as sympathizing less with English opinions, English objects, and English interests, than the interests, opinions, and objects of the diplomatic clique who have managed Europe. There is much more probability in this supposition than the others.

Let us now come to the facts such as we know. They are scanty enough; but, nevertheless, it is evident that they mean something serious. The course of England in the East has been, in the first place, to support Turkey's refusal of submission to the claims of Russia. The whole question was then taken into consideration by the Conference at Vienna, which proposed a Note; and the fate of that Note has recently been the subject of discussion. From that Conference emanated a text which both Russia and Turkey interpreted to mean the submission of the Porte. When that interpretation was known at Vienna, the Four Powers agreed that it was erroneous: they proposed, nevertheless, that Turkey should accept the Note, jointly with a fresh interpretation put upon it by its own authors. Here begins a fresh complication. Russia refuses to recognise that arrangement; and Austria, acting under fear of Russia, partially withdraws from the Conference, because France and Great Britain will not sufficiently force Turkey towards a submission under the Great Power. It is at this point, that we learn the advance of four, or five, or six vessels from the joint fleet to Constantinople; for the purpose, it is said, of checking the subjects of the Sultan if they should rise against their master, on account of his moderation towards his Christian allies and his Christian invader. And here comes, again, the most disagreeable part of suspicion against our Ministry. The ministerial organs have put two different interpretations upon these acts. The *Times* appears to represent one party, and is very careful to observe, that only two ships, and no more, were sent; endeavours to make it be believed that Turkey will not be thoroughly supported in asserting her independence; and almost insinuates that the Porte may be abandoned by both France and England. The *Morning Post* puts forth the very opposite declaration. It asserts, that six vessels have advanced to Constantinople, and that the remainder were to follow; that France and England will stand by their ally to the utmost; and it mentions, more specifically, "Palmerston, John Russell, and Clarendon," as men who are to guide the country.

Here we are arrested for the want of further facts. The mention of Lord Clarendon's name in this last enumeration, coupled with the omission of Lord Aberdeen's, has given rise to much inquiry. Is Lord Clarendon with the national section of the Cabinet, or with the diplomatic section?—that is the question; and there is a surmise, based we know not on what authority, that while the national section is endeavouring to gain over Lord Clarendon, who has always enjoyed a greater degree of esteem amongst public men than the public at large could account for, he still gives way to certain leanings in favour of a peaceful policy which ally him with the Premier. Rumours of this fact are in active circulation; and there is the greatest desire to ascertain the truth. But here comes the most important fact of all.

The actual position of the Cabinet is carefully shrouded in the most impenetrable mystery. It is not only that the reports circulated by the *Standard* and other opposition organs remain uncontradicted—we could understand that; it is not only that stories of Court combinations are without explicit denial—that, also, we could suppose to be a course suggested by a sense of dignity, however mistaken; but the public is left to weary itself in conjectures, while the responsible Ministers of the country are conducting its affairs, at the most critical period which we have known for a series of years, under the veil of a studied secresy.

THE PROTESTANT ALLIANCE AND THE FRIENDS OF ITALY.

We understand that the Protestant Alliance feel under considerable obligations to Lord Clarendon, for the manly expression of pious sentiments to which he, *ex-officio*, gave utterance last Wednesday. They had all been puzzled by his alleged support of Mahommedanism in Turkey, and some of them had been inquiring into the faith of the Emperor of Russia, which also they had heard it whispered, he was interested in maintaining. When, however, the Foreign Office spoke out, declaring itself in favour of Italian law-reform, and pronouncing the incarceration of Miss Cunninghame "not only contrary to the principles of Gospel, but also to the spirit of the age," the climax (or anti-climax as a hypercritical pietist suggested) left no doubt at all on their minds that the Cabinet, so profound in its mysteries about Russia, would be bold and explicit in its policy with regard to Tuscany. It was quite clear that strong measures were in contemplation, and that British bibles, bound by men who might be considered martyrs, only that martyrs never "strike," would henceforth be allowed free circulation in all small states, internal laws to the contrary notwithstanding. Civil and religious lib rty—about the civil they did not so much mind—were to triumph. Christianity, pure, undefiled, and, according to the Protestant Alliance, was to profit by the zeal of Mr. Scarlett, and to enjoy the "entire approbation," of the Cabinet. We can understand Lord Shaftesbury's gratitude for an assurance of this kind. He knows the reserve of the Foreign Office, and is even now guessing merely, like the rest of us, at the meaning and the intention of our Eastern policy: yet he finds that the diplomatic secresy, so essential in dealing with secular matters, is at once, and nobly, thrown aside on a religious question, and that the hitherto passive and peaceful government, now actuated by the "principles of the Gospel, and the spirit of the age," is in a state of holy wrath at the indignity offered to a feminine descendant of John Knox. Injustice and braggart bullying, all that is hateful and hideous to the carnal man, the Foreign Office had contemplated in silence; it was the stigma cast upon the Pilgrim's Progress, the objection in Lucca to our Bible, as an unauthorised version, that forced the voice from the noble Secretary of State, and told an anxious world that Protestantism and Miss Cunninghame were to be preserved. Let us be grateful for that assurance, and let us not forget that there are occasions on which the Foreign Office is not afraid to speak out.

But all this parenthetically. We wish o speak of the case in its other aspects. Of course England, though she has now promised to "spare no exertions to secure Miss Cunninghame's release," can only ask, and has no right to enforce it. Descendants of John Knox, however fond of tract-dispensing, must consent to be amenable to the laws, however senseless, of the land in which they live. They must understand that there are conditions and rules of national as well as of domestic hospitality, and that they are under no obligation to dwell in a country too uncivilised to countenance their favourite hobbies. Bunyan-distributing is not a Christian duty; and even if it were, there are plenty of legal recipients of his popular allegory here who would be as much edified, and not so much perplexed as their Italian co-heathens by a study of the Pilgrim's Progress. If, then, ladies and gentlemen, historically descended, wish to become subjects for history, and to attain that end begin by not rendering to our old friend Cæsar the things that are Cæsars, we can conceive nothing more natural than that Cæsar should have recourse to the ordinary penal appliances. In this case, for instance, nothing can be more obvious than the iniquity of proscribing particular books, except, perhaps, the obligation of the foreigner, only admitted there by sufferance, to keep the laws or to avoid the country. Miss Cunninghame has brought her imprisonment on herself, and has gained much notoriety by the circumstance. We confess to feeling more pity than sympathy for her woes, and to the indulgence of a hope, that, if she escapes this time, she will, for the future, bring her missionary efforts to another field, and not make law-breaking a preliminary to her pious labours.

There remains one consideration that occurs to us on every occasion like the present, and that makes ebullitions like Lord Shaftesbury's, appear at once absurd and insincere. Italy, we suggest, is not to be Protestantized by Miss Cunninghames; Italy's friends do not believe in Bunyan as an efficient instrument to gain her "civil and religious liberty." Italy may be disturbed, and bigotry there and in England may, from time to time, fatten on tales of contests between apostolic

females and tottering princes on questions pertaining to religion, bur she will not be free, free to choose each man his faith, till she is free to choose her institutions. We shall begin to believe in the sincerity of the Protestant Alliance when we find it co-operating with the Friends of Italy. Mazzini, backed by Lord Shaftesbury, would do something for his country; we are quite sure that the Protestant Alliance and Miss Cunninghame never will.

SECRET DIPLOMACY.

The Eastern question, suggestive of many questions, must by this time have made the more reflective of the people of England ask themselves who are their rulers, and whether, after all their vaunts of liberty, they are better off, in point of self-government, than their neighbours. What do we know of the affairs of Turkey and of our present relation, as a country, to the Foreign Powers with whom we have authorized certain Diplomatists, little known to us, to deal? Lord Palmerston, the liberal member for Tiverton, has told us that he invites suggestions and will at all times listen, if not defer to the recommendations of his countrymen; Lord Palmerston, the Diplomatist, has not such confidence in our instincts or in our wisdom, and has illustrated the distinction which he draws between our acquaintance with Foreign and Domestic affairs, by postponing his applications for our advice till a time when refractory Cabmen, instead of wily Potentates, are the parties dealt with in his department. He, and his colleagues, rapturously cheered by flunkey burgesses, are talking out-of-doors liberalism and reforms of the Sewerage, as if England ignored the universe and had no higher destinies than to become a model of parochial excellence, and no greater duty than to keep her citizens ignorant and healthy. Lord John Russell, who approved of the Queen's superintending Lord Palmerston's despatches, is considered to be more confiding: for he, vindicating the honour of his country and the determination of the Cabinet, talked pompous platitudes at Greenock about England's position, and declared her ready, with a well-spurred warhorse, to go forth with a Brumm'gum "Ha! ha!" if she could by no possibility avoid it. Mr. Gladstone, who was well drawn, and who has written in times past very considerable liberalism to his present Chief, was more mincing. He would not commit himself to anything except an assurance that his colleagues were "wise and eminent men," and a compliment to the people on their "thoughtfully confiding in their rulers." So far, this is all we know of the "Eastern question." A self-governing people, a commercial people, and a great Power, know only that Diplomatists are mystically arrauging their destinies, and that their gracious Queen, but not their beloved Houses of Parliament, is probably controlling the tendencies and correcting the mistakes of the loyal nobleman who is her,—and they say, our,—Secretary for Foreign Affairs. We have for some time been in possession of this information.

At one time it was hoped that Mr. Layard,—Ex-under Secretary of State—smarting at the government's neglect of his claims, and knowing enough of Nineveh to be conceived,—by some extraordinary process of reasoning—intimate with, Constantinople, would penetrate the mystery and set the people and the Stock Exchange at rest. Independent members, reverencing an ex-official and a travelled liberal, postponed their anxieties and awaited, week after week, the explanations which the author of the great book on marbles and mummies was to start. At length the questioning, and what must be called the answering, came; a full house, representatives of the people, listened. They heard contentedly a shambling interrogation, and, still smilingly, a shuffling reply. Since then they have drawn their predictions from the morning papers, and diverted their doubts by grouse-shooting. Diplomacy, they know, is a secret and a gentlemanly craft. They are too well-bred to interfere with it; and there certainly is an apology for their acquiescence in the indifference of their constituencies.

To us it seems that this staring, *quidnunc* way of looking at a great question, this submission to an entire dependence on the wisdom and uprightness of a bureau is an absolute symptom of national decline. We cannot understand a free people being less interested in the relations of their country than a constitutional Queen, nor understand why, when diplomatists can safely bow to the interference of a royal mistress, they cannot also give ear to the voice of an educated nation. They are not merely the servants of courts and cabinets. They are, according to our national self-delusion, the servants of the people. As servants, they should be responsible: and we forget, what they full well remember, that secrecy is irresponsibility. It is, however, our own fault. England has lost her solicitude for everything that does not visibly affect her interests, and blinded by selfishness as well as ignorance, knows not what her own interests are. She has but one principle—that war is to be avoided; but one object—the acquisition of wealth; and what have these to do with the advances of distant despotisms and the craft of secret diplomacy? Hereditary monarchs may be anxious to maintain a useful, or a proud position, in the world's eyes; a comfortable people requests and leaves God to save its Queen, and valuing its birthright of independence only as a means of being idle, forgets that the estate has been entailed, and asks, if pressed, What posterity has done for it? Diplomacy triumphs, diplomatists prosper, and courts are well pleased; the people look on, enquiring into the use of the collective wisdom, understanding that the Eastern Question is important, and being informed that the Earl of Clarendon manages that department. They will prime another independent member soon, and in February, if the crisis is over, we shall know what dangers we have been running, and be able to guess what treacheries our secret servants have been endeavouring to perpetrate, and what further contributions Russia has made to the chapter of "accomplished facts." Meanwhile the Cabinet is not divided; but amateur and talkative diplomatists say that Turkey is to be.

THE APPEAL AGAINST CHOLERA.

Portents which alarmed our ancestors were not always phantoms. Visitations of calamity have not always been wrongly called judgments. It often happens that the scepticism which first laughs at the portent, or denies the judgment, discovers in the one a sign, and in the other the consequence of infringing a law belonging to the code which sustains the divine government of the universe. It happened a week or two back, that a girl in Berlin placed her candle near to the spout of a pump, and she was horror-stricken by a sudden gush of flame, apparently from the midst of the water, as though she had set fire to the stream. A local writer observes, that if such an occurrence had happened two centuries back, all the Jews in the place would have been tortured, for having poisoned the springs, and cursed the city with cholera. It is probable, also, that they would have been fined for that offence, and thus the exchequer would have benefited through the supposed infliction upon the people. For it was always the most refined species of torture for the Jew to squeeze money from him. Fifty years back probably the story would have been denied, as incredible, and the girl would have been laughed at for her delusion. In the present day we look a little deeper, and discover the source of the flame in some buried corruption, which sends up hydrogen gas with the water; and we discover in the filthy neglects of a community, how it has been stirring up for itself the sources of disease. It is not always that hydrogen gas presents itself exactly in the proportion to take fire, but it can be detected by the senses brooding over many a collection of stagnant water, and pointing to the existence of gases even more noxious to human life.

If we break the laws by which life is sustained, we shall be punished for it—there is no escape from that sentence. If we construct society, and the homes in which society lives, in such manner that we leave in existence, or create, brutal ignorance, mercenary disregard of the welfare of others, crowding of the poor, and accumulations of domestic filth; and if, above all, we regard these defiances of sense and duty with indifference, then we harden ourselves into disobedience against the laws which cannot be broken with impunity, and the judgment comes upon us in the shape of cholera. This is only a description of what we have actually been doing; nor do we awake to it for the first time. The great black ditch which runs through the low grounds at Battersea, has been black and noisome year after year. It has been denounced many times; but besides leaving that ditch as a notorious conduit of pestilence, we have left the population in a condition of such stolid ignorance, that there is found a farmer Graham in that neighbourhood to defend the old black ditch, and to assert some right which he has in its passage through those grounds. It is moral as well as material filth that we have suffered to remain, and we are undergoing the punishment.

Nor is Farmer Graham alone. It has been remarked that cholera, as well as typhus, plague, and other pestilences, which are less feared because they are more familiar, although more fatal, take their centres in those parts of our towns that are the most crowded with the poor and ignorant. Under some supposed necessity, we blindly adhere to such rules of law making and public polity as pre-supposed the necessary existence of very poor persons in the midst of wealth; and we have deferred the task of enlightening the ignorant on the laws of divine government until we can settle the exact form in which we shall mingle with practical instruction a particular instruction on "the Three Persons," or the accurate explanation of "Baptismal grace." We have, it is true, made no progress whatever towards settling these very recondite questions. The more we examine, the more we differ; on the other hand, we *have* made some progress, not in arriving at final causes, but in understanding the march of the laws which regulate life. Nevertheless we postpone the duty of enlightening the people upon these laws, which we begin to understand, and which are essential to our obedience under the divine rule, until we have settled how we shall teach those very obscure points, towards which we have not made the slightest progress in comprehending ourselves. For that perverse transposition of duties we are undergoing a judgment in the shape of the visitation which is now upon us.

It is not only in poor neighbourhoods that pestilence appears to lodge and flourish with a peculiarly favourable development; there are spots also in better parts of the town which have been visited in a similar manner. We say that there is an appearance of "caprice" in this course of the pestilence; but there is no caprice in the laws of nature. There is a reason for it, perhaps a reason not very difficult to discover. It has been suggested in more than one of these cases, that the site which appears so peculiarly unhealthy is an old burial ground, in some instances the burial ground where people were interred in the time of the plague. Here the soil, however long decomposed, has been preserved as it were in an enclosure; and as a grain of musk will diffuse its sensible particles for an indefinite period, so the many grains of corruption here impacted are ever diffusing a noxious atmosphere. Where there are not any of these traditional repositories of corruption, there are depositories of another kind. Houses,—nay, we suspect whole rows, or even districts, are built upon swampy ground, where the infirm earth has been strengthened by throwing in rubbish, the rubbish often comprising corruptible refuse. Here again a compost is laid down to be for ever a storehouse of pestilence for those who are miserable enough to live above it. Not only this has been done, but it is doing at the present moment. There is in the suburbs of London a pond lying upon "eligible" building ground; it has been suggested that this pond should be drained, but the commercial views of the person in possession are different; he proposes to fill it in with rubbish—to make a mash of refuse, corruptible or not, in this pond, and then to build human habitations upon it! To us, who have been taught to watch the laws which regulate health or death, this act appears an impious defiance of divine laws; and surely the judgment will follow: the habitations will be the abode of premature death. Nor is it only these mercenary traders who are at fault: their responsibility is shared by society, by the Legislature, by Ministers who know better and yet connive at these social crimes.

When the visitation comes upon us, we are panic-stricken; we run helplessly to the public officers, whom we have reviled for "centralising" their power; we rush into church to offer up prayers to be delivered from a punishment which we have incurred by our own disobedience. That is not the spirit to meet the infliction. The punishment we must undergo, and we shall undergo it the less terribly to ourselves, if our spirit do not succumb under the burden. If we have any reliance it must be in those laws which we have infringed. If we have any help to ask, the petition must be presented in the form of our own enlightened industry to restore the free working of

the divine laws. If we are to have any release it must be by conforming in act to the divine rule, and making ourselves the instrument to carry forth the laws by which alone we can live. If love of lucre, indolence, complicity with ignorance, or strife with crude opinion, make us continue to neglect these laws, it is but the mockery of piety to pray that we may be exempted from the consequences.

USE OF NATIONS TO STATESMEN.

"THE fatal incubus which weighs heavily on the foreign policy of your Government, is not so much love for the Czar, as fear and hatred of democracy. It would be vain to dissimulate that aristocracy and plutocracy, as leading elements, will always less fear the despot than popular liberty." There is much truth in this assertion of Kossuth's; although its truth was, perhaps, more evident some months back, than it is now. Certainly there is no present fear of democracy in England. The quietude of the country, the general slumbering of political subjects, has not only lulled the energies of the working classes, but also the alarms of the Governing Classes. Nevertheless the feeling lies at the bottom of much that cramps the energies of our public men. To say the truth boldly, public men, who, in former times, used to claim the support of the people, are now *afraid* of the people.

It is not easy to understand the rationale of this fear, especially as applied to continental politics. There have no doubt been revolutions; but, of all the revolutions effected within living memory, none have been so permanently deplorable, so sanguinary, so subversive, as the revolutions conducted by Absolutist sovereigns. The terrible upheaving of the French nation, at the close of last century, with all the confiscation of property and the terrorism that followed, cannot compare with the chronic rebellion, the sweeping confiscations of property, for the humble as well as the rich, and the constant destruction of life, carried on under the Absolute monarchs of Austria and Naples. They imprison thousands in dungeons, they confiscate property without mercy, they cause men to be slain by gun or gallows, or to pine away their lives in poisonous dungeons, by wholesale; and they continue to do so year after year;—crimes which the worst of revolutions cannot excel, and to which republican rule, in any part of the world, within the present generation, has presented not a parallel, but a contrast. Why, therefore, the lovers of order should fear the people, and not these crowned atrocities, it is difficult to understand.

The more difficult, since experience, in our own country, teaches us how wholesome and safe is the reliance on an entire people. We have some reluctance to employ, so freely as many writers, the word "democracy," since it signifies a principle which tends to separate men into classes. Properly speaking there is no democracy, in an exclusive sense, where the whole body of the nation has its full influence upon its own government, and upon the conduct of the State towards other States. All the supreme victories of opinion gained in this country, have been gained neither in the name nor for the benefit of a class. Magna Charta could not have been won by the Barons, if they had not been supported by the people; and the best enactment in that statute, which secures for every man trial by his peers, makes no distinction of class. That Bill of Rights, which secures many rights for the English people, and has been the great statute of our liberties, secures its benefits, without limitation to any particular classes.

It could not have been attained by the country gentlemen—the Hampdens and Cromwells, who were the officers of the long contest which resulted in its ratification, if they had not been supported by the great body of the people; nor could the people have recorded that statute without the leadership of the Hampdens and Cromwells in the field, and of a Somers in the Council and the Cabinet. These measures have been attained by national means, and for national advantage.

If we, in England, have learned to fear the means by which we achieved our own greatness, perhaps it is because we have ceased to fill the measure of the armour which we made for ourselves. We have shrunk to something *less* than the liberties secured to us by the Bill of Rights. Feeble and partial statutes subsequently past have abridged the rights which that great statute secured. Our latest grand political achievement, although national in the movement that strove for it, was, by a want of generosity in its active authors, an *abridgment* of the rights that it professed to confirm. The body of the people aided the middle class and the liberal leaders, in obtaining the Reform Bill; the Liberal leaders responded to that national movement, by granting the franchise to a *limited* class. No wonder that the excluded class felt that they *were* a class, and that they, like the leaders, ceased to have faith in the existence or influence of the whole nation.

Nevertheless the virtue has not gone from the English people. It has been remarked that, out of Ireland, the Irish are industrious, and it may be remarked that, out of England, the English people are once more national in their action, and prompt to recover the freedom and self-government which they have lost at home. It was a national action in Canada, that gained for the colonists the fullest measure of enfranchisement and local self-government. It was the same movement, at the Cape of Good Hope, which defended the colony against convictism, and has secured to it an English constitution—English after the model of better times than now exist for England herself. The English people, therefore, still retains its thew and sinew, and its spirit, if only classes at home would cease to mistrust one another. This experience of what the natural leaders of a people may do, by trusting the people and using the support of the people, deserves to encourage our statesmen to depart from the narrow course of class government and secret diplomacy, and to have some faith in the sympathy and the help of nations.

THE GRAVES OF A CITY.

THE disposal of the dead is difficult and delicate. People in grief are ever unreasonable, and it is with them we have to deal when we compass the putting away of a corpse. It may not be blameable in lonely persons to cling foolishly to the body they once linked with loving thoughts: and the most cold may feel with those who do not like to see the form once cherished done away with speedily in a decisive way. But the wholesomeness of our daily life demands in all cases the quick and final removal of the body from the homes of the living. Our aim then should be to effect the removal by an easy and effectual process—not forgetting the olden habits and superstitious feelings of the people—but not unmindful of the more imperative necessity of caring for the public health. It is not a small or narrow topic. The city of London has black and busy streets, and life rushes through them daily all the year round; but each year some three thousand of the citizens die in their houses. In many cases the dead bodies are kept too long. The wealthy keep them from a reluctance to part with the "cast off garment" of their friend, and the poor have the same feeling, and a wish to postpone the burial "until next Sunday." In all cases this delay of burial is bad—but in cases of contagious disease it is positively the manufacture of ready made death. It is hard to persuade the ignorant of this. In Lambeth the other day some low Irish friends of a person dead of cholera would not suffer the removal of the corpse, although infection was sure to spread through the neighbourhood. And this flagrant impropriety is repeated in many localities in a form more or less mitigated according to the intelligence of the people. It is calculated that at any moment you may say while walking through "the city," "There are now thirty or forty corpses lying in the rooms where living persons spend the whole day." The corpses of the poor are closed up in thin coffins, and a week is the average term of retention. "Beside them in their sleep, before them at their meals," is the corpse—not inactive for it actually deals deadly poison around. More serious than the skeleton at feasts of old, for it reminds the people of death by slowly killing them on the spot. It was thought a terrible thing in the Latin tyrant to bind together the living and the dead—but if necessity and bad laws do that to-day, in the city, the reality is as fearful for us as it was in days of old.

A public officer has drawn up a plan designed to destroy this evil. To each corpse he would give twenty-eight square feet of ground for twenty years. In twenty years a corpse has quite turned to common earth, and a new body may be put into the grave. As sixty-four thousand London citizens die in twenty years, sixty-four thousand graves will be required: and instead of the monotonous rows of plain head stones, the burial-ground of one hundred acres will be diversified with mounds, trees, walks, and varied monuments. It is also intended that the body acting as a Burial Board should undertake the conveyance of the corpses by rail to this cemetery outside the city, and include in one charge for the grave the price of such service. Through this agency and by proper tact, the authorities could compass the ready burial of the dead. Decent buildings for religious rites would also satisfy the superstitions of the people, and reconcile friends to the business-like removal of the body by officials. The projector of this plan is Mr. John Simon, a gentleman of rare intelligence and public merit.

There is great need of an institution on this plan. Cholera corpses are so dangerous, that for them alone we require an organization for the timely burying of the dead out of our sight. But the details of the system will be minute and complicated in the carrying out. To find out and put down all the corpses of the citizens will require a minute local agency, having a nice sense of the delicacy of the duties. To make the citizens properly bury their own dead would be the best system. It would suit the public usages of the country, and habituate the people to that useful education, the doing of their own work. No nonsense, however, must be allowed. If an Englishman is a fool, his house is not his castle. If any citizen keep a corpse too long, his rights as a man must be put down, that the neighbours may not suffer hurt. It would reconcile the poor very much to this encroachment on their bad, but old, habits, if there were the same law for the rich and poor. Even if a body is covered up in a well-sealed coffin, one rule should be enforced, and its deposit in the ground compelled within a fixed number of days. Touching the construction of the burial ground, hints might be taken from the Necropolis of Glasgow, built with varieties of architecture, on the side of a steep hill, and thus easily drained, while the airiness of the elevation gives to the usual associations of the grave a thoughtfulness, having less of pain and more of resignation. The Roman Catholic cemetery at Cork, with its flower-grown graves and pretty little tombs, is also not unpleasing.

Akin to a sanitary and convenient system of burial is the question of funeral processions. Good taste should cut short their extent and pomp. It is a habit, induced by human envy, that reserves for death its loudest tribute of respect. The friend to whom we seldom spoke a kind word, is followed to the grave with an expensive show; and we speak his praise when he is no longer our competitor. When Peel lived, Whig politicians were reticent of their admiration; when he could be no longer "sent for," they praised him to the skies. This morality has led to our long trains of funeral followers. A man whose marriage, or other happy event of life, we scarce attended to, is honoured at his death by a crowd of friends, free to confess his virtues. In Germany and France, weddings and christenings are made more of than with us, and the good fellowship of the people is thus happily shown. We reserve our resources to come in at the death. Why should we thus honour the surrender of life? Why celebrate with any show the fact that a man has gone away, and is actually worthless? And why should living and lively people be bored with slow bodies of black people treading along suburban pathways, or stopping our highways with gloomy coaches? When a man is active and useful amongst us, let us love and honour him; but when he leaves the house of his body, let us look on it as coldly as on any house "to let," where once we dined and chatted around a pleasant table, with a friend still living in our memory, although we see him not.

LORD CLARENDON BELIEVES IN SPAIN AGAIN!

THERE is one country whose relations towards our own have been but too notorious. Spain has accepted from us a monarch, national independence, political freedom, loans of money, loans of armies, and friendly aid of other kinds. She has promised to reciprocate our friendliness—to pay us, to help us in suppressing the slave trade, and in short to be our friend, our ally. She *has* herself traded in the smuggling of slaves; her court has profited by the fees of that illicit commerce; our officers have been insulted by her officers. She has broken her word in the court, on 'Change, at sea, and has marked her bad faith more especially on the coasts of that island which her Minister begged

our Government to guarantee to his court, even against the disaffection of the colonists. When questioned on the subject lately in Parliament, Lord Clarendon confessed that Spain had broken her treaty pledges, and that Cuban Governors had profited by her bad faith; but, he said, the Ministry of General Lersundi had promised better behaviour in future, and he claimed credit for the reformed intentions of Spain.

Since that claim we have had two examples of Spain and her conduct towards England: a piece of ground has been given, after forty years' entreaty, in which England may bury away her dead like dogs; and the slave trade is kept up in Cuba with as much activity as ever.

Lord Clarendon appears to be a Minister doomed to express his trust in foreign potentates, only to prove the extent of his credulity at the expense of his sagacity. Very early in the Turkish affair he declared that the word of the Emperor Nicholas, in disclaiming his intention of aggression on Turkey, was sufficient. Lord Clarendon has had six months' experience, and he is accused of again making experiments in reliance on the Russian Emperor. He has declared his faith in Spanish good intent, with what practical result we have seen. Under these circumstances it is that we learn the existence of a curious report in Madrid. We are told by a correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* that "M. Calderon de la Barca had come to some understanding with Lord Clarendon on various matters in which English interests are concerned." This is alarming. We do not like this "understanding" between our mysterious Minister and the Minister of a Power which alternates between begging and repudiation. If "English interests" are concerned, why not state out before Englishmen the nature of the arrangements that are made? England should understand the "understandings" by which she is to be pledged. But the report is chiefly interesting to us as suggesting how diplomatists, English and Spanish, are disposing of national interests at the expense of all countries, as if they were personal matters.

GENERAL HAUG'S AUSTRALIAN EXPEDITION.

Our readers will be glad to hear that General Haug, whose proposed expedition to examine the northern part of Australia we explained in our number of 11th June last, has succeeded in obtaining the most important assistance towards the accomplishment of that project. The Treasury has consented to make a grant of £2500 for his expenses. Nothing, we think, can be more creditable to everybody concerned than the result of this affair. Having proved his zeal and ability in the service of his Sovereign, having subsequently proved a deeper political conviction and a frank sincerity in the service of European freedom, Ernest Haug has now, in the present doubtful state of public affairs, transferred his keen intellect, his good heart, and vigorous constitution, to the service of practical science. He has received material help from the Geographical Society, and especially from Sir Roderick Murchison, the president, who has not only lent that easily given thing, his countenance, but has taken much personal trouble to bring about an enterprise manifestly so beneficial to science, and especially to science as applied to the welfare of important communities. The Duke of Newcastle has understood his true mission as a minister, and instead of limiting himself to that signal exercise of his power, the conferring upon our most important colonies the crowning measure of their free constitutions, has now, moreover, placed his seal upon a proposition to extend the scientific knowledge of our colonial dependencies. In this he emulates the intellect of Jefferson, who combined the ablest administration, the most statesman-like faculty for organizing constitutions, with an enlightened patronage of scientific discovery.

It is expected that General Haug will set out upon his expedition in the beginning of November, for Singapore, whence he will proceed to the northern coast of Australia. The most active steps are taken to complete the arrangement of the expedition within the few short weeks allotted to the task. But the same energy which has been shown in bringing the proposition to its present successful stage, ensures the completion of the preliminaries as well as the vigorous prosecution of the real work on the untrodden lands of Australia.

A JUDGE'S IDEA OF A JUDGE.

We were mistaken in supposing that Mr. Norton would not perceive the impolicy of adding to his voluminous works on the subject of his own matrimonial vicissitudes: he has written another letter, professing to be an answer to Sir John Bailey. Into this letter we shall not enter; we have one sole remark to make upon it. He explains that he appointed Sir John arbitrator between himself and his wife; Sir John being, to use his own expression, "my sole legal adviser." After that appointment Sir John "continued for a short period to have my implicit trust and confidence, and I at that time wrote him several letters of the most private nature." These letters have subsequently been printed, and they constituted evidence on the other side; but into that point again we do not enter, except to observe that Mr. Norton avows having written letters to the arbitrator, in whom he reposed his own implicit trust and confidence, in the expectation that they would be kept private, and apparently under the supposition that they were to be treated as friendly communications. Mr. Norton then saw that the arbitrator had become "completely infatuated by a beautiful and talented woman;" an influence, certainly, which it is not competent to us to deny on abstract grounds, for we remember the rule which is said to have prevailed in the Areopagus. "My intercourse," says Mr. Norton, "with Sir John Bailey then terminated." Down to this point Mr. Norton had believed "my sole legal adviser" to be also "my friend;" a phrase used in a manner which implies vexation that Sir John no longer acted as might have been expected from "my sole legal adviser" and "my friend." We must remember that this implied complaint is levelled at a person whom Mr. Norton had at all events permitted to assume the office of judge between himself and wife.

The extraordinary light thus thrown by Mr. Norton upon Mr. Norton's view of the judicial position is rendered the more surprising when we remember that he is himself a judge, and has to decide in questions between husband and wife.

The method in which Mr. Norton acquired his position may perhaps account for the apparent discrepancy between his occupying it and his entertaining such views. He had been in possession of an office which it was proposed to abolish, and he resigned it when he became assured that he should obtain another by favour of Lord Melbourne. From Mr. Norton's own account of the affair, it is evident that in this delay to surrender the condemned office, unless he should have a substitute, and in accepting as a provision to himself a position entailing judicial responsibilities, he regarded himself as not stepping beyond the bounds of correct regard to his own interests. The public will perhaps see reason to regret that offices involving judicial responsibilities should ever be conferred with reference to the necessities of a private individual, instead of being reserved for those men alone who are especially suited for the service. Some men, during the many years of occupying such a position, under whatever circumstances they might have entered it, would have rendered themselves competent to the duties: Mr. Norton's letter, complaining that the judge, in the case of himself and his wife, no longer acted as might have been expected from "my friend," is dated on the 23rd of September, 1853.

THE BARBARIAN TURK AND THE "ORTHODOX" CHRISTIAN.

Our vigilent French contemporary, *La Presse*, has the following just and well-timed tribute to the conduct of Turkey as a contrast to that of Russia the "orthodox," and even of her western allies, the "civilized" Powers. Daily powerful journals in the Russian interest are stigmatizing Turkey as "barbarian," "savage," "infidel," and those officious instruments of Russia who are agitating for a Christian Greek-Empire—the pet idea of the Czar—are scarcely less unmeasured in their vituperations against the patriotic Mussulman, in the fever of their admiration for those ideal Athenians who so deftly unite the practice of highwaymen with the theory of constitutional government.

"The noble conduct" (says the *Presse*) "of the Ottoman population has not perhaps been sufficiently held up to our admiration. Turkey is at this moment traversing the most critical trial that a State can experience, and yet since last March—for the last six months—there has not been a symptom of disorder, not a single outbreak, not an insult against the freedom of Christian worship. A population ardent, intense, bigoted, let it be said, in its faith, attacked as it is in its religion and in its patriotism, has conformed with an admirable unanimity, if we may believe the confession of even semi-official Austrian journals, to the recommendations of generous toleration which have emanated from the Sultan. This result is at once an honour to the nation and the government. What more or what better could have been done by any strong government, any just government, placed at the head of a Catholic, Protestant, or Greek Christian population?"

GRAND "COO" D'ETAT.

The solution so often expected by our traders may come now that a Conference for Peace is to meet—not at St. Petersburgh, not at Vienna, not at Constantinople, but at Edinburgh. And the heroes of the demonstration are to be Mr. Cobden, Mr. Miall, and Mr. Bright—any one of them a match for Prince Gortzschakoff. The modern Athens may bring forth some new notion of protecting the Greek Church, and befriending its orthodox Czar—but it was not an old Scotch habit to preach peace to an outraged nation. Turkey, too, has its border land, and its "land debateable," and a Peace Conference at Edinburgh will have as little heed on the Danube as a Brahmin's sigh for peace would have had from Robert the Bruce.

Open Council.

IN THIS DEPARTMENT, AS ALL OPINIONS, HOWEVER EXTREME, ARE ALLOWED AN EXPRESSION, THE EDITOR NECESSARILY HOLDS HIMSELF RESPONSIBLE FOR NONE.]

There is no learned man but will confess he hath much profited by reading controversies his senses awakened, and his judgment sharpened. If, then, it be profitable for him to read, why should it not, at least, be tolerable for his adversary to write.—MILTON.

THE MORMONITES IN SOMERSETSHIRE.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

Sir,—The extraordinary success of Mormonism in Wales has within the past few weeks tempted the intrepid followers of Joe Smith to hazard a visit to the highly "evangelical" town of Weston-super-Mare. The treatment which they have received here may be taken, I believe, as a very fair sample of what has been meted out to them elsewhere in England. As some interest may pertain to these meetings, in illustration of the extent of human credulity and ignorance, as of the vindictiveness and tyranny of the unchristianized heart in matters of difference in religious belief, I shall, with your permission, trouble your readers with a brief outline of one or two Mormonite gatherings.

Three or four Sundays ago I was induced by a friend to go and hear a discourse announced to be delivered in the open air, by a gentleman connected with the sect called the Plymouth Brethren. He was to hold forth at his usual place on the Lower Esplanade. By some means, however, accidental or otherwise I have not learnt, when I reached the spot it was found that the Mormonites had stolen a march upon our Christian brother, and had succeeded in stealing away from him not only his pulpit pedestal, but the greater part of his pious orthodox hearers. The Mormonite for sometime passed muster exceedingly well, and with Bible in hand, found shelter and a quiet hearing through the mistake of his audience. Passages substantiating the latter-day order of the priesthood, were descanted upon with fluency, and saving a shower of grammatical blunders with considerable power for one who had never darkened the portals of priestly Oxford or Cambridge. The apostle having at length sufficiently, as he imagined, strengthened the gullibility of his auditory, proceeded to tell them that he had been visited by an angel from God, who had directed him to go forth and preach the Gospel, and also among the faithful to cure diseases.

Here an indescribable torrent of ridicule and abuse followed this announcement; ladies poked the apostle with their parasols; indignant *brethren* foamed at the mouth with righteous indignation; and a score of voices in vain sought to be heard amid the noise and tumult of the evangelicals. Attempt after attempt was made by the poor Mormonite to proceed with his discourse, till at last Captain Hewitson, chivalrous in the pulpit as in the field, succeeded in giving a death-blow to the day's proceedings at Weston, by sending these "agents of the devil" helter-skelter to the bottomless part of the bottomless pit.

During the week following this exhibition rumours were rife that a second visit of the Mormonites would take place on the ensuing Sabbath. The town was declared in a state of siege. Tracts, those powerful auxiliaries in fighting the battle of the sects, were freely distributed. Donkies and donkey-drivers were alike put in requisition to await the conflict. And when Sunday arrived nothing could exceed the enthusiasm which the *Plymouth Brethren* especially manifested.

About three o'clock each party made their appearance on the Esplanade, and each began their harangues at a short distance from each other, the Mormonites having by far the greatest number of hearers. As before the Bible was made the text book, and to many minds present the peculiarity of the doctrines divulged was, we believe, scarcely recognised. The name of Joe Smith was never mentioned except by the crowd, who ever and anon kept vociferating questions respecting his wives. Then would follow a shower of stones and burrs, till at last the latter stuck so thick upon the apostle's head that he became the subject of considerable fun and merriment. A milkman passing forced his way into the crowd, and out of the lid of his pitcher asked him to drink, which the poor Mormonite good-naturedly declined. During the intervals of such scenes a few words only were audible, and were invariably followed by vehement exclamations of "blasphemy, impostor, thief, liar," or such like coarse expression. The persecution and vile treatment of the men became such that I could no longer quietly remain a spectator. Two policemen and one or two constables were quietly looking on. I accosted them, and inquired why they suffered such disorderly proceedings; these Mormonites as preachers were entitled to their protection. Interference was followed by insult and abuse, till at last the brass-buttoned and blue-coated official, running as I thought to their rescue, made his way into the crowd, and ruthlessly pulled the unoffending Mormonite to the ground. Here a scuffle for a little ensued; but on the production of a magistrate's license to preach the policeman relinquished his hold, and received, amid a storm of hootings and yellings, instructions to be present on the following Tuesday for the purpose of granting protection. The meeting broke up, the Mormonite promising to the crowd to bring with him on the night mentioned a disciple, who being personally acquainted would be able to give every particular relating to his lord and master Joe Smith.

In the interim, feeling curious to know something of this latter-day worthy, and of his whereabouts, I discovered that this intrepid apostle was no less than a tailor, named Jacob West, belonging to the quiet village of Wrington, hitherto, and until now, only celebrated by its local connexion with such names as Locke and Hannah More. To those who may desire to know a little of the personality of Jacob I may state that he is a pleasant, sincere, meek-looking little man, about twenty-three years of age. Dressed as apostolic tailors ought to be, in a good suit of black clothes, and perfectly becoming and complete in his ministerial costume, save and except in the trifling affair of a black instead of a white neckerchief. The most noticeable peculiarity in his person is his long sleeky yellow hair, plentifully anointed with pomatum shining like a dollar, with the side locks carefully disposed behind the ear. There were many points in his character most commendable, and I confess it was no small sight to witness the little fellow, with an amiability, calmness, and forbearance worthy of a better cause, suffering quietly a torrent of abuse, insult, and wrong; all, as he ignorantly and credulously supposed, for *righteousness sake*. Accompanying Jacob were two brothers, named Harris, of Worle, one a labourer, and the other John, I believe, a fisherman, late preacher among the Bible Christians in this neighbourhood.

Tuesday evening's meeting followed, which had been looked forward to with even greater curiosity than any former occasion. It proved almost a repetition of previous meetings. The promised champion and *quondam* friend of Joe Smith, a Mr. Curtis, a citizen of America, duly made his appearance, and physically produced no inconsiderable impression. In startture we should think he stood fully six feet high, proportionately well built, rather under middle-age, features well defined, forehead massive, underneath which twinkled a pair of expressive black eyes. Altogether from his countenance and general bearing we were quite prepared, as were the crowd generally, for something unusually grand. He commenced with uplifted hands and a posture we could only tolerate in a great orator, but no sooner did he open his mouth than he seemed to fall instantly into the ridiculous, and all were plunged to disappointment. His grammar and general ignorance proved most deplorable, when instantly one was reminded of the fable of the fox in the tobacco shop. "What a pity," we exclaimed with Reynard, "*that so pretty a face should have so little brains!*" He proceeded amidst almost constant interruption to speak on certain passages of the Bible, especially on that part of Scripture history setting forth God's dealings with man. Among other things he stated that Enoch gathered together a people, which was flatly contradicted by a Plymouth brother. A considerable noise here ensued, and as usual ended with cries of "Tell us about Joe Smith and the Mormonites."

"If you will listen," he said, "I will give you some information about 'them. I have been with them, and worked with them, and knew Joe Smith personally, and knew him to be an upright and good man."

This announcement was followed by the greatest uproar and confusion, during which a drunken fellow, named Fry, rushed into the crowd, with a short pipe in his mouth, and exhibited his antics before the speaker, much to the annoyance of some and the amusement of others in the meeting.

One or two other opportunities were given to the Mormonite to satify the curiosity of his excited hearers about Joe Smith, but nothing beyond a simple repetition of the above general statement could be elicited.

Mr. Ball, of Taunton, a tall military-looking gentleman, afterwards succeeded in obtaining a hearing. He retorted upon the American for speaking of the want of liberty in England, advised him to come for the future with clean hands in making such an accusation. He next gave an outline of the Book of Mormon, with several illustrations of the ignorance and profligacy of Joe Smith, which was received with unusual relish by the crowd. He said that Joe was himself wont to remark, "If I don't get drunk sometimes my followers will worship me."

A few other speakers, including the gallant Captain already mentioned, had their "say," and the mob dispersed. The Mormonites were followed through the town by a disorderly rabble evidently bent on mischief; they kept up hooting, yelling, and making all sorts of noises, till at length the lecturer and his friends were compelled to seek for shelter in the Public Library, which being refused they availed themselves of the protection of the police, but not before one of their party was violently beaten in the street. They were escorted by these functionaries across the boundary of the parish on the way to Worle, and report states that scarcely had the police left them when some vagabonds attempted to put the Mormonites—four in number—into sacks, which had been prepared for the purpose. Failing in the attempt the American and one of his comrades were seized, and rolled into the ditch adjoining the road; on attempting to get out they were again instantly ducked.

Nothing daunted, however, we have heard on good authority that these heroic disciples of the redoubtable Joe have promised another visit to Weston, when if their preaching continues to be rejected they will "shake the dust from their shoes," and give the place up to the terrible judgments of the Almighty."

A few general observations touching these proceedings may be offered, should they meet with your approbation, in your next number, by your obedient servant, A SPECTATOR.

THE SUNDAY NEWSPAPER—ITS USES TO THE WORKMAN.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—We have in Glasgow what is called an Athenæum leading-room. The admission is only a penny. A long succession of rooms is occupied by readers. The place is supplied by a great variety of newspapers and magazines, and frequented by great numbers of persons. It is said to be the best conducted newsroom anywhere, and it is always open on the Sunday from ten in the morning till ten at night, and on this day it is literally crowded by persons who find Sunday their only opportunity of learning the news of the week. So great is the demand for the *Leader*, that three copies always lie upon the table, and when we have an article upon the "Emperor," six copies are required.

I was lately one of eight or nine persons who made an excursion on the seventh day up the banks of the Tay. It was the first day upon which the early edition of the *Leader* appeared in the town where I then was; and that number happened to contain the first article upon the "Emperor." We sat in a group on a ledge of a rock, and one of us read the article to the others, very glad to find that public opinion in England is exerting itself to give working men a more cheerful and useful Sabbath than they have hitherto had in Scotland. Since that time, articles have appeared in the *Daily News* and several London journals, upon the secular uses to which the Clyde has been put on Sundays.

I can testify from the experience of my own working circle, that artisans are beginning to take the advice somewhere given by Mr. Thornton Hunt, of consulting the wages-market as the capitalist does the Share-list or the fluctuations of the Funds. The opportunity of reading a newspaper on Sunday is of very great service to us. On Saturday night we are too tired, and on Monday morning we have to go to work, and on Sunday to read is our only chance. If, therefore, as a workman, I do not know the state of the labour-market at home or abroad, if I miss the opportunity of emigrating when I might improve my condition, or work for wages which will not support myself and family, or remain out of employment in Scotland when I might have work in England, I suffer pecuniarily and also religiously, for want, it may be, of reading the Sunday newspaper. I say I suffer "religiously," for no man can be religious in the best sense while he is poor and distressed. The poor man can only be religious negatively. He may be devout, but he can hardly be useful. A poor man can't perform works of charity, he can't appear decently, he can't preserve his home in comfort, he can't educate his children properly, he can't discharge the duties of a good citizen, and as for national spirit, which you say every citizen, however humble, ought to possess, poverty renders that almost impossible both as a matter of feeling and means. If, therefore, the Sunday newspaper, by giving me political and industrial information, enables me to avoid any of these evils, it enables a man to live religious in the best sense; therefore, a sound, faithful Sunday newspaper is to him worth all the newspapers of all the days in the week.

If you can do me the honour to insert this in your "Open Council," I shall be obliged.

Yours respectfully, PEARL WILCOX.

ANOTHER ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.—At nine o'clock on the morning of the 21st ult., Mr. Albert Smith, Lord Killeen, Captain de Bathe, Mr. W. Russell, Mr. Burrowes, Mr. John Macgregor, Mr. Shuldham, Mr. Fanshawe and thirty-four guides, left Chamounix, and after seven hours walking, reached the Grands Mulets. There the night was passed in a hut constructed to hold twenty at the most. As early as one o'clock, Mr. Shuldham, Mr. Macgregor, and a string of twenty-three guides, proceeded to the summit by the light of the moon, the remainder of the party, who were to return to Chamounix, making the solitudes of the snowy range to ring with three hearty British cheers.

"The cold," writes Mr. Macgregor, "had not been of sufficient intensity to freeze the snow into the proper consistency for supporting the feet. At each measured step, therefore, we sank nearly to the knees, and after about three hours of this tiring process we attained the grand plateau, where the effects of a rarified atmosphere begin to be felt by the traveller. Two of the gentlemen, who had kindly accompanied us during part of the night, now returned to their companions, still jovially packed in the little hut, and Mr. Shuldham and myself, with our guides, continued the march. The night was so perfectly clear, and the moonlight so bright, as to make the aid of lanterns superfluous. A large number of stars became visible, which could not be seen under other circumstances; and when, about four o'clock, the east became rosy with the rays of the rising sun, the whole scene was at once awful and beautiful. The passage of the Mur de la Cote was somewhat tedious, as nearly every step had to be cut by the axe in the ice. Here even the guides became overpowered by the sleepy air of the great dome above us. Out of thirteen persons only two did not succumb to this potent influence. At ten o'clock I sat down on the very summit, and soon afterwards Mr. Shuldham, whose unconquerable pluck had sustained him through all the difficulties, attained the same height, though compelled by indisposition immediately to return. The Queen's health, and that of the King of Sardinia, were duly pledged in champagne, drunk out of a leathern drinking-cup. We ate chocolate and prunes, the provisions most acceptable in those lofty places; but sleep rather than hunger seemed to prevail. The view was magnificent beyond description. From Lyons to Constance and Genoa all was clear. Beyond that a faint horizon could be distinguished, bounded by unknown mountains, but wholly unobscured by clouds, or even fog. After spending nearly an hour on the summit, eating the icicles, which, in the form of large cuttle-fish shells, constitute the great dome of Mont Blanc, the descent commenced. In five minutes, by sliding on the soft snow, we attained the spot which from below was an hour from the top, and thus passing rapidly over the ground, with the aid of our alpenstoks, we reached the Grand Mulets, and, finally, the valley below. The bells rung a merry peal—we were Nos. 33 and 34 of those who had ascended Mont Blanc—then the cannon boomed, and the damsels of Chamounix presented bouquets. Seldom had there been so propitious an ascent; and, with Mr. Albert Smith as chairman, the whole party sat down next day to an excellent dinner in the open air, and with all the travellers then in Chamounix, as admiring spectators of the very characteristic scene. The bridge was illuminated, the guns were fired at intervals, the Englishmen made speeches, and the guides sang lugubrious songs. The moon looked on, too, brightly, but with a calm radiance; and an immense soup-tureen full of capital punch was distributed among the guests with an enlivening effect. Thus ended the last ascent of the highest mountain in Europe; and I cannot conclude this account of the proceeding without the observation, that a repetition of the enjoyment is within the reach of every one who has good weather, good guides, a good head, and sufficient energy for a walk of twenty-four hours chiefly over deep snow, and without sleep."

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, though more inactive than usual even at this "dull season," has, nevertheless, some agreeable prospects. Meanwhile cholera forms the great topic of conversation, and almost rivals hotel charges in epistolary inspiration of the public press. Every one who has a remedy to propound, propounds it as a panacea. We may take occasion to give the simple rationale of one of those remedial means almost universally prescribed, namely, *warmth.*

It has long been known that sudden lowering of the temperature to a certain degree, causes death in all mammalia. It is also known that in cases of poisoning there is a remarkahle lowering of the temperature. Connecting these facts with the known diminution of temperature resulting from wounds, from diarrhœa, from cholera, &c., it occurred to the celebrated physiologist, M. BROWN SEQUARD, that diminution of temperature was in all these cases the proximate cause of death. He tested this hypothesis by experiment, and in the first vol. of *Les Mémoires de la Société de Biologie,* p. 102, the reader will find a communication he addressed to the society in July, 1849. We give briefly his results. He found that a dose of poison, which would, under ordinary circumstances, destroy an animal, was ineffectual, if the animal's normal temperature could be maintained. Thus, a dose given to an animal, kept in an atmosphere of from eight to ten degrees centigrade (46 to 50 deg. Fahrenheit), destroyed it, in periods varying from 4 to 48 hours. But a similar dose, given to a similar animal, whose temperature was maintaíned by keeping it in an atmosphere of 28 to 30 deg. centigrade (82 to 86 Fahrenheit) did not take effect. The animal survived.

Not only did diminution of temperature in these cases, appear the proximate cause of death,—temperature being the only condition which was varied in the experiments,—but M. BROWN SEQUARD proved it in another way. It had repeatedly been shown, by MAJENDIE, BRESCHET and others, that animals entirely covered with coatings of oil or varnish, which prevented transpiration, were invariably killed, poisoned, as it was supposed, by the substance eliminated from the blood, which could no longer pass away through the skin. Now M. BROWN SEQUARD performed this experiment, varying the condition of temperature; and he found that, when kept in an atmosphere of 82 deg. Fahrenheit, they invariably survived. These experiments demonstrate the fact, that the diminution of temperature resulting from poisons and many other disturbances of the system, is the proximate cause of death. The reader therefore will understand the indispensable necessity of attending to the maintenance of temperature on the very first symptoms of cholera. The physician will tell him to do so; we have told him *why.*

We were thought somewhat irreverent in speaking recently of the British Association as a réunion for twaddle and gossip, redeemed from utter frivolity by streaks of seriousness. That a great deal of serious and very interesting discussion takes place, it were idle to doubt; but in the sections that we look to with most interest, we are painfully struck with the poverty and laborious frivolity often displayed. In the last report, for instance, there occurs this specimen:

"On a curious Exemplification of Instinct in Birds," by the Rev. F. F. Statham.—The author commenced stating that his communication partook more of the nature of an anecdote than of any elaborate disquisition,—but that he apprehended that a great portion of the science of Natural History consisted in the careful collation of such anecdotes, with the inferences to which they naturally led. He made some references to the theory of the facial angle, as indicative of the amount of sagacity observable in the animal race—but expressed his conviction that this theory was utterly at fault in the case of birds: many of those having a very acute facial angle being considerably more intelligent than others having scarcely any facial angle at all. Size also seemed to present another anomaly between the two races of beasts and birds—for while the elephant and the horse were among the most distinguished of quadrupeds for sagacity and instinct, the larger birds seemed scarcely comparable to the smaller ones in the possession of these attributes. The writer instanced this by comparing the ostrich and the goose with the wren, the robin, the canary, the pigeon, and the crow; and made some amusing allusions to the holding of parliaments or convocations by birds of the last species, while the ostrich is characterized in Scripture as the type of folly. The author then proceeded to describe in detail the particular case of instinct which formed the burden of his paper. It referred to the poisoning of two young blackbirds by the parent birds when they found that they could neither liberate them nor permanently share their captivity. The two fledgelings had been taken from a blackbird's nest in the garden of S. Swonnell, Esq., of Snrrey-square, London, and had been placed in a room overlooking the garden in a wicker cage. For some time the old birds attended to their wants, visited them regularly, and fed them with appropriate food; but at last, getting wearied of the task, or despairing of effecting their liberation, they appear to have poisoned them. They were both found suddenly dead one morning shortly after having been seen in good health: and on openlng their bodies, a small leaf—supposed to be that of *Solanum nigrum*—was found in the stomach of each. The old birds immediately deserted the spot, as though aware of the nefarious deed befitting their name."

We are told that the reading of this paper "led to the notice of several instances of instinct amongst animals;" but we are *not* told that any one present rose up to protest, in the name of zoology and common sense, against so preposterous and far-fetched an explanation. The facts are, that the blackbirds fed their young, and that one morning these birds were found poisoned; and upon such a slight basis as this, we are asked to believe—1st, that the parent birds had such high republican sentiments, that they thought death preferable to imperfect liberty, and, Brutus like, destroyed their offspring for a principle; 2nd, that they knew the poisoning properties of the deadly nightshade; and 3rd, that aware of the imperfect republicanism of "S. Swonnell, Esq., of Surrey-square, London," which would induce him to look upon such *ornithocide* as criminal—or, to quote the reverend and learned reporter, "as though aware of the nefarious deed befitting their name,"—the old birds immediately deserted the spot! Surely a simpler explanation would be, that they poisoned their fledgelings by mistake; and their own disappearance would be caused by their having poisoned themselves at the same time? At any rate, the explanation offered, and tacitly accepted by men calling themselves men of science, is worthy of a passing comment.

Among the remarks which this anecdote drew forth. there is one so eminent in absurdity, that we paused in incredulity, and were slow to believe it possible that any one could utter such remarks in such a place, and not be called to order:—

"Dr. Redfern drew attention to the distinction to be made between instinct, intelligence, and reason. Instinctive actions were dependent on the nerves, intelligence on the brain, but that which constituted the peculiar qualities of the mind of man had no material organ."

This sentence is very remarkable. Instinctive actions being dependent on the nerves is a novelty as great in physiology as in psychology. And on *what* nerves does Dr. REDFERN think instinct is dependent? On the solar plexus? on the pneumo-gastric? or the glosso-pharygeal? Instinct dependent on the nerves! What charming precision in a man who draws attention to the distinction between instinct, intelligence, and reason! Not satisfied with this novelty, Dr. REDFERN tells us that intelligence is dependent on the brain; but he makes a distinction between intelligence and mind, and tells us that the mind has no material organ, for which fact we ought to be grateful, it being so entirely novel. Many men believe that the mind uses the brain as its organ, but we do not remember even the most rabid immaterialist maintaining that the mind had *no* material organ. In short, when we read such reports as these, we cease to wonder at the low state of biology in this country!

POPE AND THE 18TH CENTURY.

The Poetical Works of Alexander Pope. Edited by Robert Carruthers. Illustrated by portraits and original designs. In four volumes. Vol. I. Ingram, Cooke, and Co.

THIS promises to be both a cheap and excellent edition of the works of our great Satirist. It is designed to occupy "a middle place between the expensive and elaborate editions of Warton, Bowles, and Roscoe, and those ordinary reprints in which no attempt is made to illustrate the text, and from which most of the author's own notes are excluded." The volume now published contains the life of Pope, by the editor, Mr. Robert Carruthers; its careful compilation, impartiality, and literary merit, gives us every hope of finding in him an accomplished editor.

In reading over this Life we are again struck with the painful picture Literature presented during the whole of the 18th century. With abundant cleverness, there was an utter want of chivalry, a want of that delicacy of sentiment, earnestness of purpose, candour, and high nobility of tone, which is at any rate the ideal of our own period, as it notoriously was of the 17th century. When these 18th century authors are not distinctively blackguards, they are painfully and deliberately mean, spiteful, slanderous, reckless, and *ungentlemanly.* The way they lampoon each other from reckless love of mischief, or from irritability exasperated into malignity by the most trivial offences—the dirt and personality in which they indulge—the cowardly frauds under which they endeavour to shield themselves—their indelicacy, which is not at all voluptuous, but purely indecent—and the low

tone of morality pervading not only their conduct of Literature, but their *views* of it, as if, indeed, they had no conception of Literature being anything else than an arena for the display of wit, dexterity, learning, and personal spite,—all these traits mark but the Literature of the 18th century, circumscribing it from the passionate, poetical, and thoughtful Literature of the 17th century, and the *consciously* moral Literature of the 19th. Whatever may be said against our age, this much at least must be said for it, that Literature is looked upon as a thing noble and ennobling; not as an amusement only, but as a means of educating *through* amusement, as a means of expanding and directing the souls of our generation.

Pope, who was the culmination of that literature, exhibits one and all of its vices. The brightness and felicity of his talents need not here be insisted on; they are familiar wherever the English language is read. But we must pause for a moment to point to those defects which he shared in common with almost all the writers of his age; and besides those already noted, there is one which may be said to imply them all, implying as it does the absence of the very principle of chivalry—we mean his opinion of and treatment of women. It is worthy of note that the two greatest satirists of that age, Swift and Pope, both wrote degradingly of women, and both treated them with horrible selfishness, which was in each case repaid by untiring devotion. Swift's conduct to Stella and Vanessa was, perhaps, more like madness, than Pope's to Teresa and Martha Blount; and Swift was at least guiltless of the infamy of having publicly flung filth and calumny upon the woman he had once loved. There is something inexplicable in Pope's mean selfishness: after for a long while dallying with the two sisters, unable, apparently, to determine on a choice, and wishing certainly to preserve both to himself, he, not being of a polygamous turn of mind, forced Teresa to consent to celibacy for six years, allowing her, meanwhile, an income of forty pounds a year, and by the time that period expired, he had settled his Platonic preference on her sister. Now, explain this connexion how you will, nothing could rescue it from the charge of the basest selfishness, but its standing as an isolated act in a generous, unselfish life, which Pope's was not. Read by light reflected from the episode with Lady Mary its despicable nature is evident.

Lady Mary may have used him ill. We do not see much evidence for such a supposition: she may have liked his wit and conversation, but, to judge from her letters, she never encouraged his passion—rather the reverse; and although (if it be true that she did burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter when he declared his passion,) she behaved with cruel, and most unwomanly levity, yet not even *that*, nor any other wrong she might have done him, nor any sorrow she might have caused him, could ever justify his unmanly attacks upon her. "The coarsest lines he ever wrote," says his biographer, "and the most bitter of his personal attacks, were directed against the lady on whom he had lavished every epithet of admiration and praise." And the fact, significant of the absence of chivalry characterizing the age, and not therefore to be taken as an individual defect, is, that the man who notoriously committed this outrage on the woman he had loved, was not held up to public scorn for it, but was courted and admired, as if the outrage were no more than the flagellation of a Curll, a Dennis, or a Theobald! It formed the topic of scandal, a bit of piquant gossip; tickled the enemies of Lady Mary, and found admirers among lovers of satire for the venom of its sting and the polish of its verse! Is not that evidence of a tone of moral feeling pervading the age which to our age is revolting?

Mr. Carruthers has given us material for more moralizing in this agreeable volume, had we time and space to avail ourselves of it, for he paints a vivid picture of Literature and its professors. But we can find room only for one specimen passage:—

"The Homer subscription had brought the poet honour, wealth, and troops of friends. The year 1714 may be considered as marking the commencement of the gayest period of Pope's life. It was the beginning of a decade of prosperous years, in which, through all circumstances, his spirit was sanguine, exultant, and defiant. He had not yet assumed the philosopher's robe, or hardened down into severe satire and ethics. His wit was sportive; and his enemies—for he always supposed himself to be surrounded by a cloud of enemies—he could afford to smile at. His pen was the sword with which he had cut his way through the world, and it was bright and trenchant, ready for any service. At first his good fortune seems to have transported him into excesses foreign to his real character. He set up for a bon-vivant and rake—frequented the October Club and gaming-houses (but was never known to bet)—boasted of sitting till two in the morning over burgundy and champagne—and grew ashamed of business. Poor authors, of course, were his special aversion. He sketched plans and architectural designs with Lord Burlington; lounged in the library of Lord Oxford; breakfasted with Craggs; talked of the Spanish war with the chivalrous Mordaunt, Lord Peterborough, the English Amadis; or, in the evening joined in the learned raillery of Arbuthnot. With young Lord Warwick and other beaux-esprits he had delicious lobster-nights and tavern gaieties—how different from life in Windsor Forest! At the country seats of Lords Harcourt, Bathurst, and Cobham, he was a frequent visitor—criticising groves, walks, glades, gardens, and porticoes; and he may claim the merit of having done more than any other poet to render English scenes classic ground—a distinction in which he was followed by Gray and Walpole, the latter acting as historian of patrician improvement and rural beauty. In the society of ladies of rank and fashion the diminutive figure of the poet might be seen in his suit of black velvet, with tie-wig and small sword, discoursing on topics of wit and gallantry, his fine eye and handsome intellectual face soon making the defects of his person forgotten; for in company entirely to his mind Pope then possessed the art and gaiety that could 'laugh down many a summer sun.' The accomplished Lady Mary Wortley Montagu had recently quitted her retirement at Wharncliffe, and shone 'a bright particular star' in the brilliant circles of the metropolis. Pope was often by her side, whispering flatteries that were afterwards to be changed to curses. The Duchesses of Queensberry, Hamilton, and Montagu smiled graciously on the laurelled poet, and carried him to their concerts and pleasure parties on the Thames. The Maids of Honour in the court of the Princess Caroline—the beautiful Mary Bellenden, Mary Lepell, Miss Griffin, and Mrs. Howard, admitted him to their confidence—'took him into their protection, contrary to the laws against harbouring Papists'—and instructed him in the *tracasseries* of the Court, or joined him in ridiculing pompous Ministers of State and sage Doctors of Divinity."

In the way of objection we must note, as very disfiguring, the various "portraits" inserted in these pages; they are more like signboards than portraits, and depreciate the volume. A remark also is called for by the following passage:—

"'Considering how very little I had when I came from school, I think I may be said to have taught myself Latin as well as French or Greek, and in all these my chief way of getting them was by translation.' He afterwards said of himself,

'Bred up at home, full early I begun
To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son.'

No critical scholar, however, has given Pope credit for proficiency in the language of Homer, or pronounced his schemes of self-instruction to have been a perfectly successful experiment. He forced his way into the chambers of ancient literature, but he never obtained complete possession of the treasures with which they are stored. His case may be held to support the argument in favour of public schools; but at the same time it affords an animating example to the young student who has been denied the inestimable advantages of early academical training and discipline."

This we take to be a complete misapprehension. Pope was not a critical Grecian, but he learned by his method precisely what he *wanted* to learn; he had no scholarly ambition; poets seldom have; but if he had desired to attain critical knowledge, does Mr. Carruthers suppose he could not have done so unaided by "public schools?" So far from this case affording an argument in favour of public schools, it affords, if anything, an argument against them; for however low we may estimate Pope's mastery of Greek, it was surely immeasurably greater than that of nineteen out of twenty who have received the advantages of "academical training?"

COMTE'S PHILOSOPHY OF THE SCIENCES.

Comte's Philosophy of the Sciences: being an Exposition of the Principles of the *Cours de Philosophie Positive of Auguste Comte.* By G. H. Lewes. (Bohn's Scientific Library). H. J. Bohn.

In looking about us to remedy as best we could the effects of the disaster which consigned our weekly work prematurely to the flames, it was of course natural that we should alight upon those subjects which most readily admitted of treatment. Hence, although there are obvious reasons which make a notice of the work at the head of this article a somewhat delicate task, the *one* reason of facility overpowers all the rest.

This volume purposes to be an attempt to popularize the leading principles of Comte's Positive Philosophy, forming a systematic introduction to the study of the eleven volumes of Comte's works; and to supply, for those readers who have not sufficient leisure, the place of such study. The readers of this journal will remember that last year a series of articles with this purpose appeared in our columns. It was our intention to have completed the design by a second series; but the difficulty of finding space for a series extending over more than three months, forced us to relinquish that intention. The articles which appeared form about half the present volume; they have, however, been revised and greatly enlarged, three new sections having been added; one on the Mathematical Sciences, and one propounding a theory of the Passage from the Inorganic to the Organic. Besides these additions, there is an outline of Comte's Cerebral Theory, and the second half of the volume is devoted to a condensation of his three volumes on Social Science, and a very brief analysis of his *Politique Positive*.

We have now made our readers aware of the scope and structure of the book: and the two extracts we shall take from it are from the additions made to the old series. After illustrating in various ways Comte's fundamental law of evolution, by means of the three Methods, Theological, Metaphysical, and Positive, Mr. Lewes adds:—

"The history of any science will furnish examples of the three Methods, and Comte, in the course of his work, has given several: let me add one from *Teratology*, or the 'Science of Monstrosities,'—a science only possible within the last century, since the discoveries of Geoffroy St. Hilaire.

"At first, when an unhappy mother brought forth one of those 'organic deviations' we name 'monsters,'—such, for example, as a child with two heads, or a child with no head, the ready explanation was, that such a monster came as a 'token of God's anger;' sometimes it was said that the Devil had seduced or violated the mother, and this monster was the result! Here we have the spontaneous explanation suggested by the Theological spirit. In later times, this explanation was relinquished as ridiculous. It was then believed,—as, indeed, it is still very generally believed,—that the acorn *contained* the oak, and the germ *contained* the man. This Metaphysical conception of primitive germs, *potentially* containing all that may subsequently be developed from them, naturally led men to argue that a

monster was *originally* a monster—that the deformation existed potentially in the primitive germ—and the curious student who may consult the works of Serres and Isidore Geoffroy St. Hilaire will find many of the ingenious arguments which have been from time to time advanced in favour of the primitive deformity of the germ. The third or Positive conception of Epigenesis, or gradual organic development in accordance with conditions, has finally routed the metaphysical conception of 'pre-existent germs;' and by considering monsters as simple cases of 'organic deviation,' has, with the aid of Geoffroy St. Hilaire's great law of 'arrested development,' made monstrosity a branch of positive embryology.

"Thus we have God's anger, or the Devil's lust, representing the Theological spirit; *Potential* pre-existent germs, representing the Metaphysical spirit; and, finally, 'Arrest of development,' representing the Positive spirit.

"Having multiplied examples from Science, let me close these illustrations by one from Politics. So completely are men in the Theological and Metaphysical stages, with respect to the Science of Society, that, ignoring all laws and conditions of growth and development, they almost universally believe in the absurd notion of a political *change* being wrought by an alteration in the Government, or by the adoption of some scheme. For example, they believe that to make society Republican, we must adopt the forms of a Republic; not seeing that when these forms of government are *given* to a nation, instead of *growing out* of the national tendencies and ideas, they are merely new names given to old realities. The belief is a remnant of the old theological, *mechanical* conception, which supposes men to be external to the social organism, instead of being an integral portion of it. We must replace this mechanical by a dynamical conception, and understand that the social organism has its laws of growth and development, like the human organism.

"And here let me illustrate Comte's fundamental Law of Evolution by an analogy taken from the human organism. To do this, it will be necessary first to explain one of the laws of Embryology.

"*Every function is successively executed by two (sometimes more) organs: of which one is primitive, transitory, provisional; the other, secondary, definitive, permanent.*

"There is always a relation between these two organs,—a relation not only of function, but of development and duration. The *provisional* organ first supplies the place of the permanent organ, then coexists with it, during the earlier phases of the latter's evolution; and, finally, when the permanent organ has acquired due development, the provisional organ either ceases its function altogether, or performs it incompletely. Some of these provisional organs, such as *milk* teeth, and the *down* which is afterwards replaced by hair, separate themselves from their successors, falling away to make room for them. Others are absorbed, and become diminished to a rudimentary condition or mere zero: such are the *branchiæ*, always present in tadpoles, and now known to coexist with the lungs of many of the higher vertebrata; such, also, are the optic lobes of the brain, at first the principal organs of the encephalon, but which gradually diminish as the cerebral hemispheres develope, and finally present the rudimentary condition observed in the human brain as the corpora quadrigemina; such, also, are the *thymus* gland and the fœtal tail, which disappear, and the renal capsules and thyroid gland, which diminish.

"Again, in the development of the embryo we distinguish three forms of circulation entirely different; the first form of circulation is coincident with the formation of the blastoderma and the umbilical vesicle; the second form commences with the first appearance of the allantoid, and development of the placenta; the third form with the development of lungs, intestines, and organs of relation. These three forms, be it observed, are characterized by the creation of new vascular systems, and the atrophy of those which preceded them.

"These examples might be multiplied, but it will be enough to sum up the results of embryological research on this point in the two following propositions:—

"1. *That everything which is primitive is only provisional*, at least in the higher animals; *and everything that is permanent has only been established secondarily, and sometimes tertiarily.*

"2. *That, consequently, the embryo of the higher animals successively renews its organs and its characteristics, through a series of metamorphoses which give it permanent conditions, not only different, but even directly contrary to those which it had primitively.*

"Now, among the innumerable striking analogies between the development of the Human and the Social Organism it seems to me we must place this law of provisional development. The three phases, Theological, Metaphysical, and Positive, through which Humanity *necessarily* passes in its growth, represent the Primitive, Transitory, and Permanent phases of the organism. The analogy is perfect in all its details, and I invite the student to follow out its various applications: he will then arrive at the full conviction of what can only here be indicated,—namely, that the Theological and Metaphysical phases are *provisional* organs in the development of Humanity."

The second shall be a rectification of a common error respecting the inability of animals to convert inorganic matter directly into their own substance:—

"It may be well here to state one of the fundamental laws of assimilation, which we owe, I believe, to Chevreul:—

"*There is an intimate relation between the chemical composition of an aliment and the organism which it nourishes.*

"A plant or an animal may be nourished in two ways: 1st, when attached to the parent as seed or embryo; 2nd, when separated from the parent, and drawing its food from the surrounding medium. On analyzing the *proximate principles* contained in the seed or egg, we find them belonging to the principal types subsequently found in the developed being. And if—in passing from oviparous to mammiferous animals—we examine the young animal in reference to the milk which for a long while forms its entire nourishment, we find a perfect correspondence between the aliment and the structure. The proximate principles of milk are 'fitted to combine molecule to molecule with the principles—exactly corresponding or analogous—already existing in the organs they are to nourish.'

"If we consider the plant separated from its parent and the animal separated from its parent, we detect at once a capital distinction in their power of assimilating substance from the external world. The plant, simpler in its organization, is able to assimilate water and gas; on the other hand, the manure necessary for its complete development presents organic matters, more or less altered at the moment of entrance.

"In passing from the plant to the animal, we observe that the more complex the organization, the more complex are the aliments which nourish it, and the more analogous are their proximate principles to the principles of the organs they sustain. Thus we see that plants are nourished by water, carbonic acid, and other gases and organic matters (in the shape of manure, that is to say, reduced to simpler and more soluble principles); on the contrary, animals more complex and more elevated in the organic scale need matters more complex in proximate principles, and consequently more varied in properties.

"A slight modification of the foregoing statement is necessary, and one which leads me to correct an error almost if not quite universal; the error, namely, of supposing that Animals are distinguished from Plants by their inability to nourish themselves directly with the materials furnished by the external world. That Plants can convert inorganic substances into their own substance, but that Animals have no such power—requiring the intervention of plants for that purpose,—is a proposition to be met with as beyond a doubt in every book on physiology.

"The proposition is erroneous; it is too absolute. The portion of truth it contains is this: animals cannot nourish themselves solely by materials taken directly from the inorganic world, in the way plants nourish themselves by the air, water, and alkalies directly furnished them.

"But does this mean more than that complex structures, by reason of their complexity, cannot be built up in the same way as the simple? If animals were nourished in the same way and on the same materials as plants, we should not find such immense differences between them.

"Ordinary experience is sufficient to show—when once the idea is started and the old assumption which men have received unquestioned, is questioned—that animals, *besides* converting organic substances into their own tissue, do also convert inorganic substances into their own tissue with a precision and an abundance scarcely surpassed by plants. They take the oxygen directly from the air to vitalize their blood; they take the water directly from the spring; they take salts in their food and out of it; they take up iron, and various mineral substances, indirectly, if you will—*i. e.*, in their food; but, nevertheless, if you deprive the food of its inorganic substances the animal will perish. Nay, we see by the example of Birds that chalk is necessary to life. In M. Chossat's experiments, pigeons were deprived of all chalky substances not actually *in* the corn he fed them with. At first they fattened and grew heavier. At the end of three months they augmented their quantity of drink—as much as eight times their previous quantity. They suffered from diarrhœa *par insuffisance de principes calcaires*. Finally they died, being utterly unable to sustain life without a certain amount of chalk!

"Every physiologist knows the large proportion of inorganic substances in the organic tissues; especially water and phosphate of lime. Water forms nearly eighty per cent. of our bodies; and there is no *evidence* that any portion of this water is formed *in* the body.

"We have only to consider what the Law of Assimilation is, to see at once the real nature of the proposition respecting Animals and Plants. The Law of Assimilation depending on the chemical relation between aliment and structure, it follows that the more complex the structure the more complex must be the food: hence the reason why Animals cannot nourish themselves *solely* wish the aliments which suffices for the simpler structures of Plants.

"The gradation is as follows:—The simplest plants need only anorganic substances; the *higher* plants need those substances, and also certain merogamic substances, the débris of organic matter—manure. The lower animals need anorganic, merorganic, and teleorganic substances—air, water, salts, plants, &c. The higher animals also need these, but in different proportions—with greater preponderance of the teleorganic in proportion as the organization of the animal is more complex—(Herbivora, Carnivora). So that we must modify Comte's definition of animals, 'organized beings nourished by matters which have once lived,' as distinguished from Plants, 'organized beings nourished by matters which have not lived,' and insert the word *mainly* into the definition.

"Following out this Law of Assimilation, we see the reason of the results obtained by Magendie—viz., that no organic substance will by itself suffice for aliment; nor, indeed, will all the organic substances together suffice if deprived of the other proximate principles—*i. e.*, the inorganic. It is obvious that the body, which is composed of three classes of principles, cannot be nourished by an aliment containing only one of these. Hence the fallacy of Liebig's celebrated argument respecting the non-nutritive properties of gelatine—an argument, moreover, in direct contradiction with the principles he has himself laid down; gelatine alone is not nutritive, nor is albumen alone, nor fat alone, nor salts alone.

"Finally, it is owing to the relation between Aliment and Structure that the organism separates the food into two portions, one of which it absorbs into its interior, the other it rejects as unfit for use. And we trace the operation of the same law in the formation of the special tissues. The blood is the blastema from which one and all select their nourishment; but each selects that only which bears the due relation to it."

Portfolio.

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

A BLACK PHILOSOPHER.

"My name? Coster. Age? Fifty-four. When I am twelve, sold by uncle, 'long wid my brother, to white man, and put in ship's hold.—Know what white man going to do with me? Expected he was going to eat me. Dey gave us no food first three days of the voyage; we wonder if white man going to eat us, he no keep us fat. Fourth day offered corn to eat; no eat it one of us, saying, 'we no fatten to make nice dish for white man.' Juck! juck! No think what 'come of us if they eat us. Think we be no more. We say, 'course, if they eat us, we be in white man's belly!' Juck! Juck!

"Where we think we go to when we die? To the ground, and then all over! Am a Christian now, and know other than that. Well, it was comfable to think it all over! Uncle no sell me, if he think him roast—juck! juck!—What him sell me for? Every one sell him he can. Think

I would have sold my uncle—O, damn!—juck! juck! Me cuss! Well, dat's bad. I'm always forgetting his Maker!

"Had we a god on the Gold Coast? Well, not a *god* 'xactly. We 'specks something stronger than ourselves, but don't know for certain. Neber thought much of him. When him weather long dry and hot, hot, make a kind of prayers to him for rain.—Answer us? No; neber answer us, that we know: but 'specks that's the way with him. Been a Christian twenty years, and prayed thousand times—neber he'erd me once!—juck! juck! Parson says he hears me his own way. Like him hear me my way sometimes.

How long a slave? Nine year in Jamaica; dey make a flunkey ob me, and I hab fine livery. At last, master come to B—— in England. Calculates I—I'll bolt. Came to N——; saw—not saw but heerd—50*l.* for Coster! So calculates I—fact I became a militiaman—juck! juck! Guess he no catch me den. Catch me—militiaman? No; king's servant—servant to de country. Catch Coster—juck! Him go home to Jamaica, minus Coster—juck!

"My brother?—never heerd o'm to this day. Isn't it awful? Often think what my uncle sell me for; but all white man's fault; no white man buy, no black man sell.

"Better in N—— than on Gold coast? Well, not sure; parson says nothing can compare with de blessed light. Now, parson say, too, him's judged by his priveledges; now, priveledges no a damn on de Gold Coast—juck! juck! What him be judged by? Isn't it awful? Here hab ebery privilege, and no use; and he judge by what be ob no use! Isn't it awful? I lib alone, and often think of this; I say to myself, 'Coster, make use ob de priviledges.' Den sit down and smoke all alone, and say to myself, 'Coster, you hab a black skin, and a black eye, and black hair; you hab a black heart, too'—see it in the blessed light. Den I smoke, forget it all, and sleep: and rise, and get a job, and its old Coster wid de black heart right on. Isn't it awful?

"When I hear of Saviour? In the militia; dere I swear in by him. Often swore by God in Jamaica—wonder what God mean. Master swear by God.—'God damn!' I think it be English language. No hab idea of Maker in it, till in the militia. Was baptized in de militia. I now no serve my Maker half—not half! Isn't it awful? Trying always, too, when I think of it. *Guess we'll all come to de scratch some day—no shirking it! Dere will be Massa Brown from Jamaica—dere my uncle—dere my brother—dere the parson—dere me—dere you. Isn't it awful?* ALL AT DE SCRATCH, PUNCTUAL BY DE GREAT CLOCK!—juck! juck! 'Specks it won't do to say, 'PLEASE, SIR, I OVERSLEPT MYSELF!!!' Isn't it awful?

"What I think of de white man? Well, hard's to say. Maker show partiality to white man. Often say to myself, 'Coster, what for de Maker tell de joyful tidings to de white man, and not a word to de black? Why de loud voice in Europe, and not a whisper on de Gold Coast? Often think that no fair. Parson—I ask de parson—parson say, 'dis is de inscrutable way,'—says, am de vain, presumptible nigger, with de black heart; and say, 'what for him pry where dere be no light?'

"But what I think of de white man? Like him—look nicer than de nigger—but him hab de worse nature. Know dere be in N—— uncles would sell dere friends—anything for money. Isn't it awful? Dey lie, dey steal, dey cheat, dey sing, dey preach, dey pray, dey make de slave, dey go in him passion, dey lie in de name of dere Maker, dey screw the poor, and kill him rich; dey break de houses open, dey make de wars—all for de money! Den"— Here Coster had to leave on an errand, and the conversation dropped.*

LETTERS OF A VAGABOND.

XVII.

Seven Hills, April 27th, 1852.

SINCE I last wrote, my dear friends, we have had absolutely no events, and the object of our coming down here appears to have been at last attained. At least, so far as it can be in England. But here, where the machinery of life exceeds, in the attention of the living, life itself, repose seems absolutely impossible. Of us all, there are but two, perhaps, that repose—Walter and Margaret; the two whose condition most nearly approaches to what it might be in Valperduta. For what is there to harass Walter's mind beyond the two things which completely fill it—art and love; what to divert Margaret from that settled purpose which is to be seen in all she does, although she never alludes to it? To them the day breaks to a round of labour, and of loving leisure, and sinks to a twilight of thought and converse, and a night of repose; each hour satisfied with itself. This is true life. She is rapidly recovering her full health, and, with the rounded outline of a Cybele, she developes a voice as deep and full as her own eyes.

Edwardes and Conway both typify the great unrest of England—"the transition state," as they call it, when they desire to excuse their acquiescence in unworth, and their own wild fancies. Yseult is resting with a suspended mind—I can see in her eye the postponed question. The great Markham plots his Napoleonic schemes of trade in the intervals of talk; and Julie rests as the light rests on water. For my own part, I shall not again know repose until I am once more in Valperduta.

It is not that trouble keeps me in unrest—for trouble, dear friends, I have known—and you. But I remember when last we beat out the corn from the ear in the orange-house—with the primitive tools which would so amuse our new English philosophic farmers; I remember missing that fourth one, who used to do a larger share of duty than any of us; I remember in the heat of the day lying down to rest, where the creeping sun seized me by the feet as I lay still, half remembering, half listening to the intense, brazen fervour of the insect atmosphere, conscious how the sun was scorching my bare ancles, yet too drowsy to move—remembering, suffering life, yet absolutely reposing. There is no such rest here—Markham would be enterprising or casting up his accounts; Edwardes would rise to ascertain the species of mantis that had strayed into his hair; Conway would be reconciling his convictions and his conduct; Yseult her divine sense, which seeks truth by the direct path, with her experiences and her suspicions. Yet, I say, there would be repose, for Walter has too much of the great spirit of art in him to supersede life by labour—which is execution without inception; and with Margaret repose is as absolute as action.

Still we have had at least physical rest—suspense of compelled action. We have been able to watch the passing day, and to be witnesses of the daily duty of the plants which toil not, neither do they spin.

"Nor yet," said Markham, "do they pay poor-rates;" for I had attempted to silence his obtrusive commerce by holding up to him the example of a young acacia, which did its mission most perfectly, without spoiling its digestion by thoughts of business.

"But you are mistaken," said Edwardes, "if you suppose that the tree itself is absolutely quiescent at any time—at least not at this season. To say nothing of the circulation of the sap, the leaves——"

"And doesn't your sap circulate, Mr. Edwardes," asked Julie, "without your telling it, or taking thought for it?"

What is it, Elena, which makes us men know so much pleasure in witnessing the exercise of power in women, *especially* when it is conscious? I could draw you a useful contrast between the three women of our party, or between them and you, and show you the same truth in all its forms, never failing of the test. Here is Julie—is she lovely, or is she not? I cannot tell. At all events, bright as a spring morn, and to all of us seen in a different light. As a brother, I am proud to see how her pretty audacity compels a willing submission. Edwardes doats upon all she does in an undisguised, disinterested admiration; Markham is as proud of his own slavery as if it were his most unmixed success, and often leaves her "*quiproquos*" unretorted, through sheer, gaping delight. To Walter she is but a "subject," and yet he shows for her that affection which the true artist always feels for a perfect type. Were she, indeed, tyrannical or unkind, she would abate her power; but her caprices are seized as opportunities which her servants delight to enjoy. Margaret—as different from Julie as the purple grapola hanging darkly under its broad leaf from the bright, light, white-and-red cherry dancing in a gusty sunlight—who so seldom speaks, speaks the more seldom because each one of us anticipates the wish of her very eye. This I understand. There is something so perfectly simple in all she does, that it is as a final truth. Whether it is her love for Walter, her love, deep and reverential almost, yet so strangely protecting *towards* Yseult: or her frank friendship for the rest of us, her motives, her acts, her language, her aspect, are as plain and direct as the movements of the elements. When she speaks, I believe they all feel, as I do, that although her words do not labour out her intent, there is no more than that which she desires to understand—no reservation, no after-thought. As for Yseult, I can speak less critically. There is none of Julie's unstudied coquetry about her—not a trace; far less of Margaret's grave self-possession; infinitely more of emotion, which will not be concealed, although it tries to disguise itself. Perhaps, universally, a respect is shown to her more solicitous, more tender, than to either of the other two. How anarchical must be the state of society which places perplexity athwart the path of such a woman!

It is thoughts such as these that keep *me* from repose, and in one way or other they come out. Depraved by long absence from Valperduta, I have fallen into the incessant critical habit of "thinking" men in this unhappy land.

"It is," said Conway, "not the fault of society that we are in the disturbed condition of our transition state, but the impatience of reformers. They tear open the rosebud, and it will not bloom for them."

"They cut the flower from its stalk," I said, "to put it in bouquets and jars, and it withers."

"Say rather," said Edwardes, "that they do not study the science of culture—do not calculate the laws, or live upon system."

"As the flowers do!" cried Julie.

"As the flowers do," retorted Edwardes, doggedly.

"How well he knows! He speaks with all the sage experience of a cabbage!"

"Edwardes is right," said Conway; "we must study the laws and live by system; and till we do we shall never attain to happy life."

"And in the meanwhile?" I asked.

"In the meanwhile, I suppose," said Stanhope, "life is to be suspended."

"I fear so," said Conway, with that melancholy that never failed to infect others.

"Why then," cried Julie, "we had better not be, until Mr. Conway and the gentlemen of suspended animation have settled the laws upon which we are to live. I decline to exist upon those terms of annihilation."

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* The foregoing is a report of an actual conversation held with a Negro, and the correspondent to whom we are indebted for it guarantees it as a faithful report.—ED.

"No, Julie," said Conway, "we must live on,—and suffer."

"I decline that too,—and so do all of us. Mr. Edwardes himself would not wait for his egg at breakfast until he had analyzed it. He eats first, and analyzes afterwards."

"And then I eat more wisely after."

"I am not so sure of *that*. I notice that science and study make men 'dyspeptic,' as you call it. Who ever heard of a dyspeptic voyageur?"

"Because, if the Canadian voyageur becomes dyspeptic, Julie," continued Edwardes, "he relinquishes his calling; as Quakers keep virtuous by denying that erring mortals are Quakers."

"Nonsense; depend upon it that life is better arranged for you than you could arrange it for yourselves. I would not accept either of you as a lieutenant Providence; certainly not you, Mr. Edwardes, for all you eat so wisely; nor yet you," casting her brilliant eyes at Markham, "for all you look as if you thought I should. Heaven defend me from a universe on commercial principles."

"Yet they are the very principles of the universe," said Markham, bravely.

"Of the universe!" cried Edwardes, with an unwonted show of amazement: "how can you make that out, Markham?"

"Markham's law of the universe!" cried Julie. "Listen; it will be as instructive as Markham's history of England."

Conticuere omnes; but Markham did not speak.

"Joking apart," said Edwardes, "I should like to hear how you make that out."

"You may as well relieve his curiosity," said Julie, carelessly laying her hand on his shoulder, to atone for her ridicule, and enforce her mandate.

"If you must discuss principles," I said, "let us do it thoroughly, Markham; and there is no doing that unless each man says out his thought."

"Tell us how we should live," cried Yseult, "for I think we do not know how yet; and then Alfred shall tell us, and Edward—each one of you."

"By Jove, I never meant to be lawgiver," exclaimed Markham, "but if I am only to be the preface to such a flood of wisdom, why I will give you the law, on one condition—that one whom I shall name shall finish."

"Oh, Tristan will take his turn," said Yseult.

"Nay, I was not thinking of Tristan, much as I respect the distinguished ability with which he ties up every parcel that he passes over the counter. I will do it on condition that at the end Margaret will tell us how we ought to live."

We all looked at her for her reply; but Markham said that she need not answer—he knew she would.

"I must take my postulate to begin with; I suppose you will all agree that nothing is made out of nothing?"

"I'll agree to anything," cried Julie, "if you wont talk about postulates, as if you were going to lecture on small-pox! Don't use words that *we* cannot understand."

"Why, then, most lovely and cruel Princess, you stop the very utterance of science: but I suppose you must be obeyed, even in making bricks without straw."

"And the most essential truths of science," observed Edwardes, "are always capable of being put in intelligible language, in which they differ from some other 'essential truths.'

"If nothing can be made out of nothing, to produce more than you have already, you must add to that which is."

"You are begging the question," said Conway; "for what you say would deny the obvious phænomena of genesis and growth. We know nothing of the nature of dynamic forces."

"I have forbidden dynamics, and I forbid the pentateuch, or any 'ism' at all," cried Julie.

"You forget nutrition, Conway," said Edwardes. "But go on, Markham."

"What I mean is, that you cannot create anything out of nothing. If you obtain any return, it must be in virtue of something done. If it is more or better, it must be the equivalent of additional or more skilful exertion. The gross result will be in proportion to the original outlay, plus the sagacity of the investment. It follows that the guiding principle should be to invest where there is the largest return; and to let failures be failures. Death is but the bankruptcy of nature. The true philosophy of life is to encourage success, and to leave failure to its fate. That is the principle of trade. They call it 'selfish;' but what is selfishness, save the division of employments by which each member of the human race is set to watch over the welfare of that one in whom he is most nearly and keenly interested, and through his well-directed exertions the happiness of the whole is increased."

Markham was silent, and his countenance, as well as that of the "able thinkers" who sat before him, wore the expression of a man who is discussing an old tale, with a sense of its staleness and inefficiency.

"Your plan," said Edwardes, paying to his friend the tribute of a respectful opposition, "has the twofold disadvantage of being impracticable, and, if it were practicable, self-defeating. The most selfish man in the world can scarcely concentrate himself upon himself; certainly no man of full faculties, decently cultivated. And if all could do it, society would be dissolved into its elements, or rather segregated into its atoms. The doctrine has been preached, and we have tried to follow it; and we rush back into opposite extremes, such as Socialism or Puseyism."

"We will begin it," cried Julie, "when Mark sets us the example."

"I *have* begun it."

"Concentrating your first care upon yourself?"

"Yes."

Julie gave him her hand to kiss. Surprised at the unexpected and unwonted graciousness, he looked for an instant in her eyes, and then kissed the fair hand with fervour; Julie looked round at us, and smiling her triumph as we laughed at the ease with which the casuist fell into the trap.

The Arts.

BROOKE AS VIRGINIUS.

On Saturday night I went to see Gustavus Brooke play *Virginius*, which was not a very lively entertainment, though a more successful performance—if boisterous applause can constitute success—has not made the walls of old Drury resound for many a long year. There was something half comical, half painful, in the stupid genuine delight of that eminently British public at the Boanerges of the Drama, as he "split the ears of the groundlings." There is a story of Power entering the green-room of the Haymarket Theatre, dressed for *Teddy the Tiler*, who, as he stood against the mantelpiece, cool and pleasant, remarked to that spluttering tragedian, Charles Kean, who sat panting and perspiring, with all the dust and failure of Bosworth field upon him, "you seem hot, Mr. Kean." "Yes," replied Charles, with withering sarcasm, "there is some *difference* between playing *Richard the Third* and *Teddy the Tiler*." "Yes," replied Power, adjusting his neckcloth, "physically."

To make this story more perfect, the reader should be told, that not only is the story itself literally true, but that Charles Kean tells it *against* Power,—which is a pleasing illustration of his general quickness of perception.

"Physically," then, Gustavus Brooke is the greatest tragic actor on the stage, and as, except Phelps, all the other tragic actors known to me are not what I should call eminently intellectual, what I have just said amounts very much to saying that Brooke is, with that single exception, the greatest tragic actor on our stage. Nevertheless, he is "a man who, take him for all in all," I have no wish "to look upon his like again." The paradox of his success is intelligible as soon as one watches his audience. When he is violent,—and he is magnificently violent, with a certain leonine, sometimes bovine, power,—the audiences are in ecstacies. When he runs up his voice in alt, and drops to a double *G*, with the stretch of compass, if not with the *àplomb*, of an Alboni, the audiences are naïvely startled by the vocal feat, and, not troubled with critical misgivings as to sense, thoroughly give themselves up to the sensation. And thus a physical actor is applauded by a physical audience. The question of intelligence never comes into consideration. So undeniably was this the case on Saturday night, that the audience, uproarious when Brooke was roarious—uproarious when Davenport was spasmodic and noisy—manifested so high a relish for the sensation of sonority, that they loudly cheered even the mob, when the mob was tumultuous in its shilling-a-night republicanism. Why not! if Brooke and Davenport, stunning their lethargic ears, could earn their applause, why not ungainly "supers," with a body of sound surpassing that of any single pair of lungs? One or two passages which Brooke delivered finely, with a quiet, manly pathos, passed unheeded; a British audience criticizes acting as the dustman did the unadulterated beer: "There's no headache in it!"

From this you may gather that I am neither surprised nor swayed by Brooke's success. I see in him the magnificent half of an actor, perhaps even (considering acting as *representation*, and that in representation the means are even more important than the intellect) one may say two-third, of an actor; a noble person, a powerful voice, immense physical energy and a certain breadth of style, "if style it can be called which style is none," an elocution careful (somewhat too careful), and a thorough familiarity with stage business and stage tradition: these are his qualities. Now, if you think of these qualities, and bear in mind that an audience always "takes for granted," believing when a man says "I love you," that he feels and looks what he says, you will understand how, with such an audience, the success of such an actor must be assured. At any rate, there is no disguising the fact that the audiences gathered within the walls of Drury Lane do greatly admire and enjoy Gustavus Brooke, and that every cultivated person you meet is lost in wide astonishment at such success being possible.

Vivian.

THE DISCIPLINE OF ART.

"An artist," it has been said in these pages, "should be a strong man."

There is a feeling, too universal to be wholly groundless, that artists are egotistical, headstrong, lawless persons—very unreasonable in expecting to be countenanced and indulged more than "their even Christians," and very inconsistent in affecting to despise worldly precept. True is it that among the thousand young "men of genius" who, in the most spirited way, have kicked against office-stool and counter; who have shown wondrous "firmness" in resisting the common-sense counsel and earnest entreaties of parents or friends; many have become more remarkable in their self-prescribed career for *want* of spirit and firmness than for any positive quality whatever. The story of such as these is old and trite. A different story is that of Charles Summers, a young sculptor of *proved* genius, who is now quit-

ting England under circumstances which invest his act with an air of true dignity. Born to the humble lot of a country stonemason, he gave signs, at an early age, of his divine gift; and it was by the friendly encouragement and aid of a discerning patron that he left Somersetshire, and came to study the best models in the metropolis. He soon carried off the two medals of the Royal Academy, and has since exhibited works of conspicuous merit. The sculptor's profession, however, requires more of ready means than any other branch of practical art, and Mr. Summers finds the difficulty interfere with his plans of study. He goes, therefore, instead of folding his arms and rating a tasteless public for their neglect of his merits, to seek work—his old humble kind of work—where it is to be found, in Australia; taking with him several members of his family, whom, by the strength and cunning of his right hand, he hopes to place in a position of independence. God grant it! Meanwhile no one will suppose that art has lost a follower. There is too much evidence of clear, straightforward purpose, and of true courage, about this step, for us to doubt that he will return to accomplish his course with honour. Let our young struggling artists take heart of grace, from the example of their brother, CHARLES SUMMERS. Q.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

On the 16th of August, at the Piræus, the wife of W. B. Neale, Esq., Her Majesty's Consul for Continental Greece and Negropont: a daughter.

On the 14th of September, at Washington, United States of America, the wife of Edwin Corbett, Esq., Attache to Her Britannic Majesty's Legation: a daughter.

On the 16th, at Bordeaux, the wife of Victor Amedee, Comte de Malet: a daughter.

On the 23rd, at Holgate-lodge, Gloucester-road, Regent's-park, Mrs. F. L. Slous: a daughter.

On the 25th, at 1, Cambridge-terrace, Regent's-park, the wife of Sir Charles Isham, Bart,: a daughter.

On the 26th, at 12, Norfolk Villas, Westbourne-grove, West, Mrs. Daniel Chapman: a son.

On the 26th, at St. Audries, Lady Acland Hood: a son.

On the 27th, at Millichope-park, Shropshire, the wife of C. O. Childe Pemberton, Esq.: a son and heir.

MARRIAGES.

On the 3rd of August, at Coonoor, Neilgherry Hills, Charles D. Currie, Esq., M.D., third son of Claude Currie, Esq,, late Physician-General, Madras, to Ann Isabella, only child of Abraham Goodall, Esq., Surgeon, Madras Army, and niece of Sir Henry Lawrence, M.C.B.

On the 8th of September, at St. Paul's, Charlotte-town, Prince Edward Island, B. N. America, the Hon. Joseph Hensley, Her Majesty's Attorney-General, to Frances Ann Dover, only daughter of the Hon. Robert Hodgson, Chief Justice of Prince Edward Island.

On the 21st, at Sledmere, the Hon. Thomas Alexander Packenham, brother of the Earl of Longford, to Sophia Frances, third daughter of Sir Tatton Sykes, Bart.

On the 22nd, at the British Embassy, in Stuttgardt, the Baron Barthold de Questorp, officer in the service of His Majesty the King of Prussia, to Anna Gordon Spence, eldest daughter of Patrick Spence, Esq. of St. James, Jamaica, and grand-daughter of the late William Gordon, Esq,, Member of Council in that island.

On the 22nd, at All Souls' Church, Langham-place, Walter Francis Baynes, Esq., second son of Sir William Baynes, Bart., of Portland-place, to Amelia Sarah, younger daughter of the late William Malton, Esq., of Wimpole-street.

On the 23rd, at Lindridge, Worcestershire, Charles G. Shaw, Esq., to Elizabeth, second daughter of the late Sir C. S. Smith, Bart., of Eardiston, Worcestershire.

On the 27th, at Danbury, John Joliffe Tufnell, jun., Esq., of Langley-park, Essex, to Eleanor Margaret, youngest daughter of the Lord Bishop of Rochester.

On the 28th, at St. Mary's, Peckham, Thomas Atherton, Esq., of Northampton, to Margaret Maria, eldest daughter of the late Hon. Maurice Jones, Custos Rotolorum of Portland, Jamaica, and member of the House of Assembly in that island.

At Bexley, Kent, the Hon. Claude Bowes Lyon, of the Second Life Guards, to Frances Dora, daughter of Oswald Smith, Esq., of Blendon-hall, Kent.

DEATHS.

On the 15th of July, at Rangoon, Lieutenant W. B. Mason, R.N., Flag-Lieutenant of H.M.S. Fox, youngest son of Vice-Admiral Sir Francis Mason, K.C.B., of Wheler-lodge, Welford, drowned by the upsetting of his boat, while assisting the E. I. steam-frigate Moozuffur, wrecked off the mouth of the Rangoon River.

On the 19th of September, at her residence, in the Crescent, Bath, Sarah Maria, relict of Sir John Palmer Acland, Bart., in the seventy-ninth year of her age.

On the 20th, suddenly, at Therfield Rectory, Emily Weber, the second daughter of the Venerable Archdeacon Robinson, D.D., Master of the Temple, and rector of Therfield.

On the 23rd, at Swanton-house, Thetford, Henry Delaval, infant son of the Hon. and Rev. Delaval Astley.

On the 25th, at Brighton, the Hon. and Rev. Somerville Hay, in his thirty-seventh year.

On the 26th, Ernest Bulkley Mackworth, youngest child of Bulkley J. M. Praed, Esq., aged nineteen months.

On the 27th, at No. 30, Welbeck-street, in the twenty-fifth year of his age, John William Newby, only son of T. C. Newby, Esq.

On the 27th, Susan, wife of Mr. John Gliddon, and daughter of the late Mr. William Gilbert, of Fenchurch-street, and Woodford.

Commercial Affairs.

MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

Friday Evening, September 30, 1853.

THE fluctuations in the funds during the week have been very considerable. The news from the East having been gloomy enough to send Consols down to 90¾, all the daily journals have predicted in their money articles further depression. Yesterday was, however, marked by a considerable rise in the funds, and in the heavy railway shares, until the unlooked-for announcement, at two o'clock, was made, that the Bank had raised the minimum rate of interest to 5 per cent., whereupon down tumbled Consols again 1 per cent. This morning, the "Bulls" seem to have slept away their fears, and are coming in again to purchase; and Consols are now at the advanced price of 93¼ ⅝. But the aspect of the money market is not encouraging, rumours of heavy over-trading to Australia on credit resources, the still firm belief in the rise of wheat, and the prospect of foreign exchanges going against us, make all prudent men wary about investing largely for a rise. Heavy shares have, of course, followed Consols in their fall; and London and North Western have been down below par. To-day, there is a better feeling in the heavy market. Prices close as follows:—Consols for Account, 93⅛ ⅜; Consols for Money, 93⅛ ⅝. Birminghams, 104, 105; Great Westerns, 81, 82; South Western, 76, 78; York and Norths, 47, 48; Midlands, 60, 61; Eastern Counties, 11⅞, 12⅛; Dovers, 59, 61; Great Northerns, 73, 74; Leeds, 64, 65; Berwicks, 60½, 61½; Edinburgh and Glasgow, 59, 61; Caledonians, 50, 51, x. d.; Oxford and Worcester, 38, 40; Great Southern and Western of Ireland, 99, 101. Paris and Lyons, 16¼, pm., 16¾ pm.; Northern of France, 34, 34½; Paris and Strasburgs, 37⅜, 38¼; Centrals of France, ½, 1 pm.—Very little doing in Mines, Nouveau Monde would still seem the favourite of the Californians. Money is said to be very tight: 10 per cent. for short accommodation. It is not improbable, unless very decided news from the East should alter the present appearance, that we may see Consols 95 again, before the end of the week—but beyond that they will not go.

CORN MARKET.

Mark Lane, Friday, September 30, 1153.

The news which was published in last Saturday's papers of part of the English and French fleets having passed the Dardanelles caused an advance of 3s. per quarter in the value of Wheat on Monday, and since then, though nothing more is known as to the chances of war, the prices of that day are firmly maintained, and even exceeded in some cases by about 1s. per quarter. Holders of Wheat generally demand much higher rates, and refuse to sell unless they can be obtained, but the buyers were, perhaps, less eager than on Monday, and the business done is, as we have said, at 3s. to 4s. over the currency of this day week.

The country markets held during the week have advanced 3s. to 6s. per quarter. Barley is 2s., Oats 1s. to 2s., and Beans and Peas are 2s. dearer than last Friday. Wheat has further advanced in the Baltic ports about 3s. per quarter, but holders are more willing to sell at the improved rates.

The American markets were also quiet at the date of our last advices, after the great advance caused by the news from here. The value of Wheat continues to rise in France, but the demand from there for cargoes on passage from the Black Sea is not so active as it was a week ago.

THE GOVERNING CLASSES,

No. V., THE EARL OF CARLISLE,

IS UNAVOIDABLY POSTPONED TILL NEXT WEEK.

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