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The Leader.

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

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No. 24.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1850.

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News of the Week.

ROYAL or quasi-royal excursions have been engaging public attention in various countries and in various fashions. Queen Victoria has delighted her beloved Scots by making Edinburgh her residence, and has disappointed them by a brief and secluded sojourn. Prince Albert, however, made some amends, by figuring on "the Mound" as leading mason in laying the first stone of the new gallery; a very handsome building, altogether, throwing the gallery of Trafalgar-square into the shade. "Henry the Fifth," for the first time proclaiming himself "King" of France, has taken leave of his beloved subjects—the holiday-makers at Wiesbaden; and the party has dispersed—like its hopes. Louis Philippe has made his last journey, or rather has begun his last journey, and attained a provisional home in the private chapel of a Roman Catholic lady at Weybridge. His epitaph announces his subsequent departure for the land of his forefathers. The veritable King of France pro tempore, Louis Napoleon, has found his popularity tour so profitable that he has already set out upon, another with very good promise. The King of Denmark has made an unexpected sally into the region of left-handed marriage. The Sovereigns of Northern Europe have lately made free in a similar direction, but the Danish King's proceeding is the more remarkable, since it effectually cuts off the direct succession. Politicians are mystified; but it is not impossible that the active patronage of Russia might have been given with a view to this unaccountable step.

In the absence of any great political news of a metropolitan kind, whether at home or abroad, prominence is given to some questions of outlying territory. The United States, for example, own some anxiety just now on the score of the Texan boundary; but there can be no doubt that the federal Government, which has really made large concessions, will bring the overweening Texans to reason. In India the Affreedies are causing irritation on our border; jealous, it would seem, about our gun roads; and the Sikh chiefs are said to be plotting for their own escape. In the West Indies we see that dissatisfaction is taking a more political turn. The Colonists feel that an effective representative Government will give them a hold on attention in Downing-street which they do not yet possess. But the most startling announcement is Dr. Lang's project of agitation to separate the Australian Colonies from the mother country, with the consent of the Crown, and to erect them into a federal Republic. Although Dr. Lang's influence is diminished by the fact that he is an indiscreet man, alarm has been created in London, not only by the knowledge of his great vigour and ability, but also by the extent of popular support which he receives in Melbourne. The attempt to turn his private

[TOWN EDITION.]

difficulties into account, by casting him into prison, can only serve to give his opponents an air of meanness: and the same untoward effect is produced by the letter of a correspondent in the *Times*, disparaging the doctor's personal character and position. There is this one element in the agitation, which ought to be formidable to the Government in Downing-street: an opinion is gaining ground among Colonists in various parts of the empire, that the English race acquires new characteristics with the peculiarities of the new regions and varying communities in which it is dispersed; and that each colony thus acquires a sort of distinct nationality for itself. It is a serious, and possibly may prove a fatal defect in our colonial administration, that it makes no provision for this varying nationality. The fact, however, is unmistakable, and we suspect that several efforts at independence have erroneously been ascribed to special quarrels, when they ought to have been traced to this general source. But the Government of Downing-street is the very beau ideal of a London martinet red-tapery: having no respect whatever for these branching nationalities, Downing-street is continually striving to keep each colonial family on the Procrustes bed of routine; and, so long as that vain effort is continued, we run a chance of seeing some important group of colonies break loose from the empire, as the only means of breaking loose from the official tormentor. This is the system which creates and strengthens such men as Lang and Papineau, such bodies as the Anti-Convict Association of the Cape, and the Separation League of Canada.

The Canterbury Colony, whose members are about to leave our shores, must thus far be regarded rather as a project of home improvement than as a colonial fact. The colony is composed of members of the Church of England, under the idea that companions selected from one particular sect will start in a great measure free from religious discords. The Colonists are also picked for good character. It is not to be expected that the exclusive nature of the settlement will be practically maintained unbroken; and we have yet to see how far the plan of a single religion can be made to work. Could it really be kept up, we should fear, not so much discord, as a fixed and stationary opinion in the colony; but we do not believe that it can be maintained. Meanwhile, at the outset, it does tend to obviate some of the distractions of early colonial life.

Social improvements may be noted advancing. The Commissions to enquire into the two Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, their studies and practice, have been gazetted. The members are all University men, with no infusion of new blood; a fact that casts some doubt on the searching character of the enquiry. The institution of a public library at Liverpool is an excellent example. The accident to the submarine telegraph, from Dover

to Cape Grisnez, will of course be repaired: the practicability of the scheme has been fully proved. The attempt to suppress Doncaster races is an improvement of a doubtful kind. We do not respect horse-racing as the best of all sports; but manly sports are so fast disappearing amongst us, that we are loth to spare any one of them; and there is some comfort in seeing cant so effectually exploded by direct outspokening as it was at the Doncaster meeting.

Parliamentary vacancies seem to be multiplying in the early part of the recess. Cambridge is still agitated by the vain effort to find a fitting candidate. Mr. Walpole and Sir John Herschel are understood to have declined. Mr. Macaulay is said to hold back from public life altogether, sticking to his pen; but perhaps he has not been pressed enough. The names before the electors at present are, Loftus Wigram, Turner, and James Parker—all Chancery barristers of some eminence. Charles Wynn, the patriarch and routine-authority of the Commons, has been removed from the familiar scene; and a younger relative offers himself to the electors of Montgomeryshire.

Our criminal records are rather voluminous this week. Among the most prominent incidents is the renewal of the Essex poisonings—at least, Ann Chesham, a woman previously implicated in some accusations of the sort, has again been arrested, for a poisoning at Claveringe. The sentence on two officers whose neglect and recklessness occasioned the wreck of the Orion, has startled the public by its severity. If severity were the established rule, some check might be put upon offences of the kind; but the result of such trials has been as irregular as the result of gambling, and the moral effect is annulled.

Among several personal matters, the most striking of fashionable arrivals is the presence of the sea-serpent on the coast of Ireland. This excites more wonder than the secession of Viscount Feilding from the Church of England to Rome, or the spectacle of a Napier in hot water. Sir Charles, the General, is at issue with the Government of India, on some point which his brother William makes unintelligible by his explanation; and he has incurred public odium by his persecution of Colonel King, on imputations unproved. Marshal Soult is ill, and is, perhaps hastily, presumed to be sinking towards the tomb. General Haynau has had a taste of the English feeling towards him. Hewas mobbed by Barclay's sturdy brewers, and had difficulty in making his escape with life and heard uninjured. There is some talk of punishing the men, but the spirit which animated their irregularity was a good old English feeling which we have no wish to see declining to a lower pitch than it has done. There is more genuine sincerity and heartiness in this brewers' chace of "the Austrian butcher" than in the proclamation that "Nottingham is coming forward" for Hungary, or Lord Palmerston's "spirited" protests.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO EDINBURGH.

Friday was observed as a close holiday in Edinburgh; and the shops being shut from an early hour, the town would have worn rather a sombre appearance than otherwise but for the crowds of well-dressed people that thronged all the principal streets—the principal stream of the population setting in towards Holyrood, in the hope of seeing her Majesty drive out, as it had been intimated that she meant to do.

At an earlier hour, however, than most people calculated upon—soon after ten o'clock—the Queen, the Prince, and the four Royal children, accompanied by the Marchioness of Douro and Colonel Gordon, left the palace in two carriages, and drove round the new carriage drive that has within these few years been formed through the Queen's-park, and which has been named the Queen's-drive. They proceeded to the highest point attained by the road, at a place called Dunsapie, where the whole of the Royal party clambered up to the topmost peak of Arthur's Seat, and under a clear and brilliant atmosphere surveyed the magnificent panorama that was spread before them. They returned to the palace about half-past eleven, and fortunately their ascent to the summit—about 800 feet above the level of the sea—was not generally known, or at least the inhabitants had the good taste not to interrupt them, as very few persons at the time were about the hill. In the course of the day, while Prince Albert was laying the foundation-stone of the New National Gallery, the Royal children were taken in a carriage, accompanied by the Marchioness of Douro and Sir James Clark, to the Castle, and visited most of the objects of interest in that grim fortress. About four o'clock in the afternoon, the Royal Family and suite again left the palace on a visit to Donaldson's Hospital—a magnificent new building, which was erected from funds left by a gentleman of that name, for the education of children.

The only proceeding of a formal and public character which took place was the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the proposed National Gallery on the Mound. This ceremony was performed by his Royal Highness Prince Albert at one o'clock, and drew together an immense concourse of spectators.

The ceremony was a very fine one. Prince Albert was loudly cheered as he passed in procession along Prince's street, attended by an escort of cavalry. On alighting at the Institution, a royal salute was fired from the frowning battlements of the castle, and with grand effect. The halfmoon battery opened its fire, and from that point battery after battery took up the salute in order, the flash of each report being visible several seconds before the sound was heard, and the smoke of the discharges as they took place being swept athwart the stern and warlike mass of the lofty old fortress till the mimic cannonade seemed to grow into a reality. On all sides, wherever the eye turned, countless multitudes of human beings were assembled. The whole space southward sloping upwards to the many storied houses of the old town was filled with a perfect sea of heads. On the flat roof of the Bank of Scotland, and on the graceful galleries of the Scott monument and far up on the battlements of the Castle,—in fact, everywhere whence a commanding view could be obtained, groups of spectators were clustered. The enclosed space had several stands erected within it; one at the northern extremity of the new building connected with the Institution by a canopied passage, and set apart for the board of trustees and their friends. Through this, after the members of the board, and those of the Board for Fisheries, had been presented to him, his Royal Highness passed to the foundation-stone, recognizing and shaking hands on his way with several of the distinguished personages assembled there.

On the west side of the area was another stand, capable of containing 1300 persons, and within which were also seated the magistrates and town-council, and the professors of the University in their robes. There was a platform south of this for the students attending the School of Design, and beyond some galleries left nearly untenanted, from the extravagant price charged for admission into them by a set of hungry speculators who bought up the tickets. Such being the preparations for the ceremony, the Prince Consort entered the area, and, amidst loud cheers, took his position close to the foundation-stone. The Reverend Dr. Lee, Principal of the University, then stood forward, and offered up a fervent prayer for the success of the proposed edifice. The Lord Justice-General then advanced, and, taking up the trowel, which he afterwards presented to the Prince, accompanying it with an address, in which he assured him that the people of Scotland rejoiced to see the Queen and her children reposing in the ancient palace of her ancestors, and to know that his Royal Highness continues to manifest his predilection for Scotland and its sports by his recent acquisition of a portion of its Highland territory. The usual masonic rites having been duly complied with by his Royal Highness, who was assisted by his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, Sir George Clerk, Sir John Watson Gordon, and Sir William Gibson

Craig, Prince Albert addressed the Lord Justice-General and those more immediately around him:—

"Let us hope," said his highness, "that the impulse given to the culture of the fine arts in this country, and the daily increasing attention bestowed upon it by the people at large, will not only tend to refine and elevate the national tastes, but will also lead to the production of works which, if left behind us as memorials of our age, will give to after generations an adequate idea of our advanced state of civilization. It must be an additional source of gratification to me to find that part of the funds rendered available for the support of this undertaking should be the ancient grant, which, at the union of the two kingdoms, was secured towards the encouragement of the fisheries and manufactures of Scotland, as it affords a most pleasing proof that these important branches of industry have arrived at that stage of manhood and prosperity that no longer requiring the aid of a fostering Government—they can maintain themselves independently, relying upon their own vigour and activity, and can now in their turn lend assistance and support to their younger and weaker sisters, the fine arts. Gentlemen, the history of this grant exhibits to us the picture of a most healthy national progress: the rudiments connected with the necessities of life first gaining strength; then education and science supervening and directing further exertions, and, lastly, the arts, which only adorn life, becoming longed for by a prosperous and educated people. May nothing disturb this progress, and may, by God's blessing, that peace and prosperity be preserved to the nation, which will ensure to it a long continuance of moral and intellectual enjoyment."

This concluded the ceremony, and his Royal Highness almost immediately after returned to the Palace, followed by the acclamations of the multitude.

The Royal Family left Edinburgh for Balmoral on Saturday morning. Her Majesty and Prince Albert descended the steps to the railway station arm-in-arm, the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal walking by their side. The two young princes wore Glengarry bonnets, and were dressed in tartan kilts and plaids. Some change in the arrangements were made on this journey—the two younger children did not accompany their Royal parents, but were taken in a separate carriage in the train by the Marchioness of Douro. Some uncertainty seemed to prevail respecting the particular compartment which they were to occupy, and they had occasion repeatedly to pass the royal carriage in search of a place, evidently to the amusement both of her Majesty and Lady Douro.

All preparations having been completed, the train started about twenty-five minutes to nine o'clock, amidst the acclamations of the assembled crowd. A few hundred yards brought them to the central station at the north bridge, where they entered upon the Edinburgh and Glasgow line, where the Lord Provost was in waiting on the platform with several of the officials of that railway. In a few minutes the train entered the tunnel on the Earthen Mound amidst the cheers of the crowd assembled in that neighbourhood, and who gave the Royal party a parting cheer as they left the Edines. The train arrived at Greenhill, where it turned upon the Scottish Central Railway, at half-past nine o'clock, and then proceeded by way of Bannockburn to Stirling and Perth, and finally arrived at Cupar-Angus, about half-past eleven. Here the Royal party entered the carriages which were there in waiting to receive them, and proceeded on their way to privacy and retirement at Balmoral.

The royal party arrived at Balmoral at a quarter to seven in the evening. Coming after the bustle of Holyrood, the retirement of Balmoral cannot fail to be grateful to her Majesty. The district is thinly peopled, and the coming of royalty, therefore, failed to attract a large number of persons. About a dozen people were stationed at the entrance gate to greet her Majesty, a very few domestics were within the enclosures, and half-a-dozen men in the Highland costume upon the lawn made up the whole assemblage.

THE VISIT TO CHERBOURG.

Louis Napoleon left Paris by the Rouen railway, on Tuesday morning, on his journey to Cherbourg, accompanied by the Ministers Baroche, Rouher, Lahitte, and Desfosses. The affairs of the Government are entrusted during his absence to the three Ministers who accompanied him on his journey to Lyons. MM. Fould and Parieu are absent on leave. He intended on his way to stop at a village near the station of Meulan, called Juziers la Ville, to partake of a collation at the country residence of M. Baroche. This seems to disprove the reports that have been circulated during the last day or two, to the effect that the Minister of the Interior was about to resign, owing to a difference of opinion with the President and his colleagues respecting the line of policy to be followed by the cabinet on the re-assembling of the Legislature.

The reports from Cherbourg give flaming accounts of the preparations making to receive the President, and of the arrival of holiday folks from all parts of the country. Every coach and steamer that arrives brings an accession to the number to the great aggravation of hotel and lodging-house tariffs. The Cherbourgeois appear to perfectly understand the importance of making hay while the sun shines, and this visit of the President and the fleet will be a re-

gular God-send for them. The programme of the *fêtes* is a very elaborate one, consisting of boat races and sailing matches, in addition to the evolutions of the fleet, grand naval sham fight, banquets, illuminations, and all the other customary shows.

The President, it appears, has resolved, in compliance with some pressing invitations, to remain three days in Cherbourg instead of two, as originally designed. The Princess Mathilde Demidoff, the President's cousin, has promised to accompany him to Cherbourg, to attend the ball to be given by the city. M. de Niewenkerke, the director of the museums of the state, will also be of the presidential party. The Czar is said to have ordered Count Demidoff to increase the Princess Mathilde's allowance, which already amounts to 200,000*fr.*, by an additional sum of 300,000*fr.*, which will make her pin-money £20,000 a-year.

LOUIS PHILIPPE'S FUNERAL.

The remains of Louis Philippe, ex-King of the French, were removed from Claremont on Monday, and were deposited in the vault of a Roman Catholic chapel attached to the residence of Miss Taylor, in Weybridge. The obsequies of the ex-Monarch were conducted with the utmost simplicity, and there was an entire absence of that pomp and state which might almost have been expected to mark the funeral procession of an individual of such distinguished rank. Indeed, the arrangements for the funeral scarcely differed from those which would have been observed in the case of a wealthy country gentleman.

The seven-o'clock train on the South-Western Railway conveyed from London many gentlemen, most of them foreigners, and several ladies, who were anxious to pay the last sad tribute of respect to the deceased ex-Monarch. The train debarked this portion of its freight about half-past seven o'clock at the Esher station, and every available vehicle was at once placed in requisition to convey the pilgrims to their destination. The carriage accommodation was, however, but scanty, being confined to some half-dozen "flys;" and, as these were at once engaged, from forty to fifty ladies and gentlemen were compelled to perform on foot the journey from the station to Claremont, a distance of between two and three miles. This inconvenience, which was, however, rendered less irksome by the fineness of the weather, was cheerfully submitted to, and by half-past eight o'clock the travellers had assembled in the entrance-hall of Claremont, where they were received by Generals Dumas and Chabannes, and other gentlemen connected with the household of the ex-King. Here they remained, their numbers being augmented by others who arrived by a later train, until nine o'clock, the time appointed for the commencement of the religious ceremony. Among the gentlemen present were the Prince Castelcicala, the Sicilian Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary; M. Isturitz, the Spanish Minister; M. Ribeiro, Portuguese Secretary of Legation; M. Van de Weyer, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary for Belgium; the Count de Jarnac, Mr. Raphael, M.P., and Mr. Cooper, Q.C.

Soon after Louis Philippe became the occupant of Claremont a temporary chapel was formed for celebrating the services of the Roman Catholic church, by partitioning off a portion of an apartment which had been previously used as a picture-gallery. The dimensions of this chapel, which is of an oblong form, do not exceed thirty feet by twenty feet, and considerable space is taken up by the altar with its paraphernalia. In the centre of the chapel a platform was raised, ascended by two steps each about half a foot in height, upon which was placed, on trestles, the coffin containing the body of the ex-King. The coffin was surrounded by twenty-four lighted wax tapers, and was covered by a black velvet pall, fringed with silver, and in the centre of which a cross, extending the length of the coffin, was worked in silver. The walls of the chapel were hung with black cloth, and the external light was carefully excluded. On one side of the chapel a bench was placed for the accommodation of the Countess de Neuilly and the female relatives of the ex-Monarch; but the space within the chapel was so limited that none but the members of the late King's family and their immediate attendants could be admitted within its precincts. Seats were, however, placed in an adjoining room, into which a small door opened from the chapel for the strangers who attended the solemnity; but they could merely catch a glimpse of the tapers burning on the altar, and hear occasionally the low tone of the officiating priest chanting in solemn cadence portions of the mass for the dead.

At nine o'clock precisely the celebration of mass commenced. Three masses were celebrated, the last being said by the Very Reverend Dr. Whitty, in which the Psalm *Miserere* was chanted, and the ex-Queen, the members of the Royal family, and the other persons present in the chapel, passed round the coffin, sprinkling it with holy water. The attendants then retired, and the Queen, with the Prince de Joinville, the Dukes de Nemours and d'Aumale, and the immediate relatives of the late King remained

in the chapel for about ten minutes, engaged in private devotion. At a quarter past ten o'clock it was intimated that the body was about to be removed to the hearse, which had previously drawn up at the principal entrance to Claremont. The visitors immediately formed a double line from the door of the chapel along the vestibule, and the melancholy procession, which had been arranged in the chapel, passed between them. The pall was borne by the Duke de Montmorency, General Count d'Houdetot, General Baron de Berthier, General Count Dumas, General Count Chabannes, and General Count Friant. The Count de Paris, the Duke de Nemours, the Prince de Joinville, and the Duke d'Aumale walked as mourners. Such was the weight of the coffin that ten stout men had some difficulty in bearing it safely down the flight of stone steps leading from the mansion to the lawn. The hearse, which was drawn by eight black horses, was destitute of ornament, save the sable plumes by which it was surmounted, and a shield on either side, in which were worked in gold upon a blue ground, the initials "L. P.," beneath a crown. The coffin having been deposited in the hearse, it moved slowly off towards the public road, preceded by the clergy, crossbearer, and acolytes, and followed by the royal mourners, their attendants, and about 200 other persons, all on foot and uncovered. The procession proceeded in this manner, at a walking pace, to the outer gate of the park, a distance of nearly a mile, where the mourning-coaches were stationed. The mourners having entered their several carriages, the cortège was arranged to proceed to Weybridge.

Soon after the funeral procession had quitted the park, the ex-Queen, her daughters, and their attendants, left Claremont for Weybridge in three carriages and four, and by proceeding along the byroads they arrived at that village long before it was reached by the procession. The first carriage contained the Queen, the Duchess of Orleans, and the Duchess de Nemours. In the second carriage were the Princess de Joinville, the Duchess de Saxe Coburg, and the Duke de Chartres. The third carriage contained Madame la Comtesse Mollien, Madame la Marquis de Vins, Madame Angelet, M. le Comte de Montesquieu. The royal party went at once to the residence of Miss Taylor, and after walking for some time in the grounds of that lady they proceeded to the seats which had been prepared for them in the organ-gallery of the chapel.

Meanwhile the funeral procession, after passing the gates of Claremont-park, was to some extent altered. The clergy, bearers, and acolytes headed the cortège in two mourning coaches, then came the hearse, followed by the carriages containing the invited mourners, and the rear was brought up by about a dozen private and several hired carriages. At the park gates many of the pedestrians quitted the procession, and, being unable to obtain conveyances to Weybridge, returned to town from Esher. Between Esher and Weybridge the procession was joined at different points by many gentlemen on horseback, who fell in before the hearse, riding three abreast.

The procession moved slowly towards Hersham along the narrow lanes, fringed on either side by almost continuous groves of elm, oak, chestnut, and beech trees. At Esher the whole population seemed to have turned out to witness the spectacle, and the pretty village green was crowded with rustics, who maintained here, as well as along the whole line of route, a gravity of demeanour befitting the solemnity of the occasion. Many of the inhabitants evinced their respect for the ex-King by closing the window-shutters and blinds of their shops and houses. After leaving Esher the cortège proceeded at a quicker pace, which was, however, slackened on approaching a village or hamlet. At Hersham, a little village about three miles beyond Esher, the street was lined by persons who received the sad procession with every demonstration of respect, many of the men remaining uncovered while the hearse passed. At various points of the road groups of persons were collected, many of whom had evidently been tempted by the fineness of the weather, and the hope, perhaps, of witnessing a grand and imposing spectacle, to come from a considerable distance; but, although some of them appeared disappointed at the almost severe simplicity of the funeral accompaniments, the utmost decorum was exhibited.

About a mile from Weybridge a large concourse of persons was collected, who accompanied the procession towards the village. Upon arriving at Weybridge-common, half a mile from the chapel in which the interment was to take place, the mourners quitted their carriages, and, the procession having been formed in the same order in which it had moved from the mansion at Claremont, the hearse proceeded towards the village, followed by the sons and grandson of the late King, their attendants, and the other persons who had joined the cortège, on foot and uncovered. Numerous carriages were drawn up on either side of the road, and crowds of persons were assembled from the village and the neighbourhood to witness the spectacle.

The chapel in which the remains of Louis Philippe have been deposited is the private chapel of a lady named Taylor, and was intended merely for the use

of her family and domestics. It is a circular building, and will only afford accommodation to from thirty to forty persons; and it was, therefore, impossible, during the performance of the last funeral rites, to admit any but the family of the late King, their suites, and some of the more distinguished persons, including the foreign ambassadors, who attended the obsequies. The coffin having been conveyed from the hearse into the chapel, which was hung with black cloth, was placed upon trestles in front of the altar, and low mass for the dead was then celebrated. The vault in which the body was interred is about sixteen feet square. Two bodies have already been deposited in it—the father and brother, we believe, of Miss Taylor. After the conclusion of mass, the coffin was borne from the chapel to the vault, when it was placed in a tomb which had been erected in the centre of the vault, and immediately under the dome of the chapel. When the coffin had been deposited in the tomb the Count de Paris, the Dukes de Nemours and d'Aumale, and the Prince de Joinville, entered the vault, and the Reverend Dr. Whitty read the prayers for the dead, the other clergymen giving the responses. The tomb was afterwards sprinkled with holy water by the officiating priests, the Royal Princes, and the other persons present. The sons and grandsons of the late King then severally knelt down and fervently kissed the coffin; they were most deeply and painfully affected, and it was not without some difficulty that they were eventually induced to quit the vault. The ex-Queen, the Duchess of Orleans, and the other ladies of the late King's family and household, remained for a short time in the chapel, and returned to Claremont shortly after one o'clock. They were soon afterwards followed by the Royal Princes and their suites.

Upon the slab covering the tomb in which the coffin was deposited was placed the subjoined inscription, surmounted by the arms of the Orleans family and the royal crown of France:—

"Depositæ jacent
Sub hoc lapide,
Donec in patriam
Avitos inter cineres,
Deo adjuvante, transferantur,
Reliquiæ
LUDOVICI PHILIPPI PRIMI,
Francorum Regis,
Claremontii, in Britannia,
Defuncti,
Die Augusti xxvi,
Anno Domini MDCCCL.
Ætatis 76.
Requiescat in pace."

The following inscription was engraved upon a silver plate on the lid of the coffin:—

"LOUIS PHILIPPE PREMIER,
Roi des Français,
Né à Paris
Le 6 Octobre, 1773;
Mort à Claremont
(Comté de Surrey, Angleterre),
Le 26 Août, 1850."

THE CANTERBURY COLONISTS.

A leave-taking dinner to the working-class emigrants about to proceed to the Canterbury Settlement was given at Gravesend, on Monday, in a spacious tent erected on the green adjoining the fort known as the "Captain's field." At the upper end of the tent was placed a cross-table, on which covers were laid for fifty. From this table extended down the tent four tables, each calculated to accommodate 150 persons at dinner. The cross or top table was furnished forth with a cold collation, whilst on the emigrants' tables were hot rounds of boiled and sirloins of roasted beef in profusion, with an appropriate number of plum puddings. At one o'clock the whole of the colonists having disembarked in good order at Wate's Hotel pier, proceeded to the tent, accompanied by a large concourse of the inhabitants and visitors of Gravesend, and took their seats at the tables prepared for them without the smallest confusion. The number that sat down, men, women, and children, who all appeared to be of the labouring class, and of staid and orderly demeanour, might be about 600.

It was a pleasing, yet also a touching spectacle. "Here," says the *Times* report, "was a large body of our fellow countrymen with their wives and children, about to become voluntary exiles from their native land, and to seek at the Antipodes a better reward for their labour than the competition, which is the inevitable result of a high state of civilization, will enable them to obtain in the place of their birth. How interesting a volume would the history of these emigrants make! What an instructive picture would it present of struggles and privations—of high aspirations and heart-sickening disappointments, terminating in the resolve to begin life anew, as it were, on the other side of the globe! This is no light matter. Even the humblest are not without friends and connections whom it must pain them to part from for ever—for in the great majority of cases the separation must be final. Long after the vessels shall have borne their living freight to New Zealand many an old familiar face will be missed from its usual haunt, and men will

note the absence of the accustomed greeting from friendly lips. Let us hope that the modern Canterbury pilgrims will find in the land of their adoption an ample and lasting recompense for any sacrifices they may have made in leaving their own country."

Dinner being over, the company was addressed by the Reverend Dr. Jackson, and several other gentlemen. Mr. Sewell, deputy-chairman of the association, read a portion of a despatch recently received from the settlement, which gave a very favourable view of the condition of the working-classes in that colony. Lord Lyttelton, in the course of some remarks, said:—

"It augured well for the success of the undertaking that many of those who had been most useful in the committee were going out themselves to take part in this new settlement. It might be difficult to fill their places in the committee, but he would venture to promise that that body would continue to do all in their power to promote the permanent prosperity of the colony. Perhaps he might be excused for observing that it was the characteristic of this undertaking that the characters of all the labourers and the members of their families about to proceed to Canterbury had been subjected to strict enquiry. It had been too long the custom to associate emigration with an idea of inferiority, but it was the distinction of the Canterbury settlement that its colonists would form the best specimens of their respective classes which this country could furnish. (Applause.) He trusted that the colonists would bear in mind that the maintenance of a good character was that which the promoters of the undertaking were most desirous of observing amongst them, and that the bitterest disappointment the founders of the colony could suffer would be any well-founded allegation of misconduct on the part of its first settlers. (Hear, hear.) For the first time in the history of colonization the labourer proceeding from this country to a distant settlement would find around him the church, the clergyman, and the schoolmaster he had been used to at home. (Applause.) This was an advantage which the colonists would not fail to appreciate. He could not avoid on this occasion expressing his sense of the devotedness of his friend Dr. Jackson, the future bishop of the colony, who had not only given up his comforts and prospects in this country to proceed to the colony, but was resolved to cross the ocean again if it should be necessary for him to return to England to be consecrated. (Applause.) The emigrants had been selected not only for their physical powers but for their religious and moral qualifications. They were going to a country which would furnish few temptations to vice and many incitements to honourable industry, and under those circumstances he hoped they would not belie the hopes which had been formed of them."

Mr. Forsyth, one of the earliest and best friends of the association, said the undertaking they were met to celebrate was without parallel in modern times:—

"Ancient Greece, it was true, occasionally sent forth expeditions to people the shores of Asia Minor; but he would answer for it that no Greek colonists ever sat down to as substantial a dinner of roast beef and plum pudding as the Canterbury colonists had partaken of. (Cheers and laughter.) It was pleasing to think that old English fare and old English feeling would coexist in New Zealand a thousand years hence. (Applause.) He hoped he should be pardoned for offering a few words of advice to the labourers present. Let no one go to the colony with highly raised expectations. If any man imagined that he would find a land flowing with milk and honey he would be grievously disappointed. The colonists, however, were going to a country where they would be able to get a fair day's wages for a fair day's labour, and what Englishman would desire more?" (Applause.)

Previous to the end of the proceedings, Lord Lyttelton intimated his intention to visit the colony ten or fifteen years hence.

TRIAL OF THE OFFICERS OF THE ORION.

The trial of Mr. Thomas Henderson, captain of the Orion, Mr. George Langlands, first mate of that vessel, and Mr. John Williams, second mate, for the shipwreck of the Orion, in June last, off Portpatrick, took place before the High Court of Justiciary, at Edinburgh, last week. Special defences were lodged for the captain and second mate, but none for the first mate. In these the captain alleged that he had gone below to take a little rest, leaving the vessel in charge of a competent officer; and that after this the accident arose, from causes which he could not control. The second mate set forth that he had steered the vessel to the best of his judgment, and that the accident had arisen from the deficient state of the ship's compasses or other machinery; and that he, therefore, was not liable. The prisoners pleaded "Not Guilty." The following are portions of the evidence given:—

David Walker, seaman, came on to steer between ten and twelve. It was a fine night, but a little cloudy. There was a haze hanging over the land towards the Mull of Galloway. They made the Mull a little before twelve. There was a light there, which he saw through the fog. Left the helm near Dunman-head, which is between the Mull of Galloway and Portpatrick. At that time he thought they were unusually near in-shore. It was in George Langland's (the first mate's) watch that he had charge of the helm. Could not see in front of the vessel when steering. When he was steering there were two on the look-out from the paddle-bridge.

There was no look-out at the bows. In steering they steered by the compass when hazy. They took their courses from the officer in charge of the watch. The land was visible all the way between Dunman-head and the Mull of Galloway.

John Kelly, a seaman, took the helm from Walker, the former witness. The night was calm, and observed no fog. The vessel was to the south of Dunman-head when he took the helm, at ten minutes past twelve o'clock. The vessel was close to land at the time; particularly so. Never was so close before. The captain came on deck about ten minutes after witness took the helm, and looked at the compass. The captain remained on deck about five minutes after. The captain gave witness no course while he was on deck; but the second mate gave witness a course after the captain went forward. The second mate had changed the course before the captain came on deck N.W. $\frac{1}{4}$ West. The second mate changed it again before the captain came up, telling him to keep her N. by W., which was more in-shore. He changed it again to North half-west, a point nearer shore. All this was before the captain came on deck. The captain examined the compass, but said nothing. The captain said something to the second mate, but the witness could not say what. Did not see the captain again before the vessel struck. The wheel was about a third over when the vessel struck. The vessel went straight over when she struck. Witness did not let go the helm."

Several persons belonging to Portpatrick were next examined. Their evidence went to show that they had seen the vessel passing close to Portpatrick just before the wreck. They thought she was coming into the harbour, as she was so close to the shore, and as they had never seen any large vessel so close in before. They expected her to strike on the rocks from the course she was steering, and ran out of their houses to give the alarm in the event of their fears being realized. On finding she had struck, they put off a boat for the wreck to render assistance.

Captain Edward Hawse, R.N., said it was neither safe nor proper to have the lifeboat covered, as was the case in the Orion. It was also more safe to have plugs in the holes of the boat, or fastened by a lanyard, and also to have the oars in the boat. In the naval service, when a vessel was running along the coast, it was the duty of the captain to be on deck along with the second mate.

The Solicitor-General, having withdrawn the charge against the first mate, Langlands, the jury returned a verdict of "Not Guilty" against him.

Exculpatory evidence for Captain Henderson was given, which was favourable to his character and abilities. The witnesses, however, only succeeded in proving that it was the opinion of several of the Clyde and Mersey captains of steamers, that he was not responsible for what took place when he was down below. Officers of the navy, masters of merchantmen, captains of steamers, sailing between London and the Frith of Forth, concurred in declaring that on such a voyage as the greater part of that from Liverpool to Glasgow it was the captain's duty to be constantly on deck. The evidence respecting the condition in which the boats of the Orion were found when the ship struck, also goes to prove the existence of culpable, customary, and systematic negligence. The boats were not in a condition for immediate use: the plugs to the holes in their bottoms could not be found; the covers of the lifeboats were so stiff that they could not be removed by ordinary means; the boats had been allowed to lumber the deck so long without being moved, that it was scarcely possible to hoist them out.

The trial, which lasted three days, was brought to a close on Saturday. The Lord Chief Justice Clerk having summed up, the jury retired for about half an hour, and returned into court with a verdict, finding, by a majority, Thomas Henderson (the captain) "Guilty" of culpable neglect of duty, and John Williams (the second mate) unanimously "Guilty." The Lord Justice Clerk then, in an impressive address, sentenced John Williams, the second mate, to seven years' transportation, and Thomas Henderson, the captain, to eighteen months' imprisonment.

THE TEXAN QUESTION.

The news from America by the last mail is not calculated to allay the apprehensions entertained regarding the dispute between Texas and the United States Congress. Telegraphic despatches, dated Galveston, August 18th, had brought reports of an unpleasant nature from Texas relative to the policy of that state towards New Mexico. The substance of the despatches was to the following effect:—

"The Legislature met on the 12th. The Governor's message was received. It proceeds to speak of the unwarrantable assumption of power of the Federal Executive, by direct interference with the municipal affairs of the Sovereign State. It pronounces disunion useless; no reliance must be placed on the delusive hope of justice to Texas, but we must assert and maintain our rights at all hazards and to the last extremity. The only course left is the immediate adoption of necessary measures for the occupation of Santa Fe, with ample force to repel the arrogant and rebellious spirit existing. Should such measures produce a conflict with the present authorities, unlawfully established, and shake the confederacy to its centre, Texas will stand exonerated before the world. Authority is asked to raise supplies for two mounted regiments for the occupancy of Santa Fe, also for a military force sufficient to enable the civil authorities to execute the laws. It says, however willing Texas

may be to dispose of a portion of her north-western territory, no respectable party could accept of the propositions embraced in the Compromise Bill; but, if a proposition had been offered to purchase that part north of 34 deg. latitude, with proper guarantees and observance of the rules of annexation, it would have been satisfactory. The news of the engrossment of Pearce's Senate Bill, with the President's message respecting Governor Bell's letter, was received at Galveston on the 17th, and produced great dissatisfaction. The papers say the message will arouse feelings of indignation throughout the States not easily allayed."

It ought to be understood, however, that, at the date of the Governor's message, the Senate had not passed the 10,000,000 Dollars Indemnity Bill to recompense Texas for the country surrendered to New Mexico.

AUSTRALASIAN INDEPENDENCE.

Earl Grey's contemptuous treatment of the Reverend Dr. Lang has produced the result which might have been apprehended. The Australian papers which have come to hand by the India mail bring intelligence of his having commenced an agitation for the severance of the Australian colonies from the mother country. Dr. Lang, as most of our readers are aware, is a Presbyterian minister, and was formerly a member of the Legislative Council of New South Wales. Previous to his departure from London he published a strongly-written letter to the Colonial Secretary regarding the misusage of their colonies by the Colonial-office. He is the leader of an active section of the New South Wales public. He has delivered a long lecture on the subject at Melbourne, breathing respect for the Queen and general good-will to England, yet strongly advocating separation and independence. He recapitulates the leading instances of misusage under which the colonies have suffered, and likewise puts forward other reasons of a cogent description for the adoption of that step, to which he believes Great Britain will assent, "on a proper representation of the case." While in England he had consulted men of eminence in the political world, and received from them assurances to that effect. His idea of forming a great political league, in order to bring about the desired release, was cordially approved by the friends of colonial reform, and they informed him that England was now fully prepared for such a movement on the part of her colonies generally, those of them especially that were able and willing to govern themselves, and to offer proper terms for the future, and that the day for sending forth British troops to put down insurgent colonies, and to hold them against their will, was past for ever. Dr. Lang goes on to recommend the immediate formation of an "Australian League," to consist of all colonists who pay an entrance fee of five shillings, with a yearly subscription of not less than ten shillings. The executive powers of this body, he proposes, shall be entrusted to a president, vice-president, one or more secretaries, and a council of fifteen, who will pursue the objects set forth in the four following resolutions:—

1. To unite, in one grand political league for mutual protection and defence, and for general advancement, the five Australian colonies of New South Wales, Van Diemen's Land, South Australia, Port Phillip, and Cooksland, or the Moreton Bay country; that the inhabitants of these colonies may henceforth feel and know that they are no longer isolated and detached communities—to be governed and oppressed separately and independently by ukases from Downing-street, with none to interfere for them from without—but one people, having common interests and common objects, the nucleus and elements of one great Australian nation.
2. To prevent the degradation of any one of these colonies into a mere receptacle for the convicted felons of Great Britain and Ireland; and to remedy, as far as may be practicable, the enormous evils that have already resulted from the prevalence and abuse of the transportation system in certain of these colonies.
3. To encourage and promote, by every legitimate means, the influx of an industrious, virtuous, and thoroughly British population into these colonies, that their vast and inexhaustible resources may be duly and fully developed, and that they may be fitted as speedily as possible for taking the high and influential place which they are evidently destined to hold in the civilized world, as the great leading power of the southern hemisphere.
4. To achieve, by moral means exclusively, and with the full approbation and concurrence of Great Britain, the entire freedom and independence of these colonies, and their incorporation into sovereign and independent states; to be incorporated into one great political federation, like the Swiss cantons of Europe, or the United States of America, under the style and title of "The United Provinces of Australia."

Assuming that England will agree to the erection of the proposed republic, Dr. Lang's scheme descends to the minor arrangements for its government, which he would commit to the hands of a president, with a salary of £3000 per annum. A general legislature would assist and control the president, whose functions it is designed to assimilate to those of the American chief magistrate.

On all matters of internal legislation, education, religion, police, public works, and so forth, Dr. Lang recommends that the respective states of the federation should be left perfectly free. Dr. Lang entered into the details of the scheme at great length, which

was received with great approbation by the large audience assembled to hear him.

THE WIESBADEN CONGRESS.

A letter has appeared in the *Univers* stating that the Count de Chambord, after having received at private audiences the Frenchmen who had lately arrived, and whom he had not before been able to see, signified that at four o'clock he would hold a reception for the last time before his departure. No one failed to be present, and the Prince, after having gone to every part of the room, conversing with the persons around him, suddenly stopped and addressed those before him as follows:—

"Come forward, gentlemen, come close to me, that I may once more grasp your hands, and take my leave of you, and thank you for having quitted your families and business to visit me. I have informed many of you of my wishes and intentions, of the line of conduct which I conceive ought to be followed, and what men possess my confidence. I desire to once more repeat to you that if you wish to bring about the triumph of our noble and holy cause, which is that of France, union and discipline are necessary. Be immovable as to principles, but moderate and conciliating as to persons. *Be whom you regard as your head, as your King*, and who, I can affirm, is also the best of your friends, will always set you an example of conduct; and if society, if France, should ever be in danger—ah! say to all your friends, how happy and proud I should be to fly with you to her defence!"

The Count de Chambord passed through Frankfurt on Saturday last on his way to Wurzburg.

COPENHAGEN COURT GOSSIP.

The marriage of the King with the Countess Danner, the *ci-devant* Court milliner, has given great offence. The solemnity was performed in the Palace Chapel, and two Countesses were commanded to attend—the Countess Von Ahlefeld (the lady of the Chief Clerk of the Closet) and the Countess Knuth. The youthful bride was led to the altar by Baron Lewetzan, Marshal of the Royal Household. The ceremony was performed in the presence of the whole Court, who were attired in Court dresses. After the marriage there was a grand dinner at the Palace. The Hereditary Prince Ferdinand led the Countess Danner to the table, and the King the Countess Von Ahlefeld.

A few days after the King and the Countess Von Danner paid an unexpected visit to his stepmother, the Queen Caroline Amelia. The Queen Dowager, the widow of Frederick VI., forbade the visit that the King and the Countess intended to pay her. The ladies who attend Court, and who are highly indignant at this marriage, are under great apprehensions lest they should receive commands to wait upon the Countess Von Danner. This apprehension is the greater because it is known that the lady in question has declared that nothing will give her more satisfaction than to see the ladies upon whom she waited as their dressmaker now come and pay their court to her.

ANOTHER INDIAN DISTURBANCE.

The Overland Mail brings intelligence of an unpleasant kind regarding the Affreedies, that wild mountain tribe who have lately been threatening to give "John Coompany" some trouble. Besides preparing traps to waylay Lieutenant Pollock, they are said to have committed several open acts of general plunder. Some of the Indian papers call for prompt measures to put the rebellious highlanders down; some even go the length of invoking military execution upon them. The following statement, however, which has appeared in the *Delhi Gazette*, suggests a suspicion that the Affreedies are not altogether in the wrong. Their first outbreak was attributed by some to the raising of the price of the salt they obtained from the mines in the salt range upon them by our Government. If this were true, the smuggling of salt on their part was a very natural and not a very heinous offence:—

"We understand that a large party of Affreedies, consisting mainly of women and children, have been captured by Captain Coke, whilst engaged in smuggling salt in the Kohat country. As a matter of course, this has roused the marauding tribes into activity, and they threaten an outbreak which it may cost much trouble to subdue. The time will come when we shall have to choose between the adoption of stringent measures with regard to these restless neighbours of ours—for they cannot be called subjects—or falling the employment of force, to retire from a contest which, as matters are carried on, bids fair to become perpetual."

THE GOLD DIGGINGS.

The latest accounts from San Francisco, which come down to July 17, state that emigration to California is still on the increase. Hundreds were daily flocking to the diggings by way of Panama and across the plains from the southern states of America. At the beginning of the dry season in May dams were commenced across the different rivers, with the intention to turn them completely from their course; but the dams as soon as formed were washed away.

It is in the beds and on the banks of the rivers that most gold has hitherto been found. Labourers, it is said, can earn at the diggings wages averaging from eight dollars to twelve dollars *per diem*: so soon as they have accumulated sufficient funds to purchase the necessary implements for mining they generally desert their employers and work on their own account. The mode of appropriating land is a curious one, each person being allowed on arrival to stake off ten paces of ground, till the whole river or ravine is taken up. Provisions and all the necessaries of life could be obtained at a reasonable rate. Flour was selling at the diggings at thirty cents per pound, while in January three dollars per pound was the common price. Any one going now to California (says a correspondent just returned thence) should at once proceed to the highest lands, as it is the opinion of the old miners that the gold is washed down from the mountains to the rivers and valleys. At Dew Creek, emptying into the Yuba river, gold has been found in the highest mountains to an enormous extent; after digging some eighty or ninety feet a vein of gold was struck yielding from six to eight ounces per man per day, and with every prospect of its continuing. One man sold his claim (ten paces) for 20,000 dollars. The mountains near the Sierra Nevada have also proved very rich, two men having averaged seven pounds a-day for several days.

The Paris correspondent of the *Courier des Etats Unis* gives two amusing anecdotes relating to the amazing fortunes which are said to be made so easily in California:—

"A year or two since a young man of one of the first families of Paris became very much involved in the double gambling of stocks and lansquenets, and suddenly fled, leaving his 'debts of honour' with his other debts unpaid. As he left a young and beautiful wife, who was ardently attached to him, the sensation in their circle of acquaintance was very great, and every effort was made to discover his retreat and look into the means of restoring him to his position. After a year had elapsed the family went into retirement, and this summer they had removed to a small country house in the neighbourhood of Paris. The unhappy wife was recently walking alone in the garden and brooding over her habitual melancholy, when a swiftly-driven caleche stopped at the gate, and the long-lost rushed in, and enfolded her in his arms. He had returned enriched from the mines of gold, the discovery of which was just announced at the time of his ruin, and was there to repair his obligations, and return once more to the life he had been compelled to abandon.

"The Baron de St. G——, who has long shone in the luxurious and fashionable spheres of Paris, was lately obliged, by the consequences of the revolution, to reduce his establishment. His splendid house, in the Faubourg St. Honoré, was advertised for sale, and meantime he occupied it as usual. Breakfasting alone, lately, and in melancholy humour, with his fork in one hand and the newspaper in the other, he received the card of a gentleman who wished to bargain for the premises. The name was unknown to him, but he bade the servant show the stranger up. 'Ah! you scoundrel—but the baron stopped with the word half pronounced by which he was about to designate one whom he recognized as his former valet, and whom he remembered last by a parting kick with which he had sent him down stairs. It was evidently the same man, but the baron recollected that he presented himself as a bargainer for a house worth six hundred thousand francs, and might, therefore, be entitled to more care in an epithet. 'Is it you?' asked the baron, after a moment's survey of his countenance, to make sure. 'Michael, your former valet, but somewhat changed, at least in social position, monsieur le baron, if not in style and features.' The ex-domestic drew himself up with a look of offended consequence, and proceeded to explain that he had been to California. In the two years that had elapsed since he had taken leave of the baron and his unceremonious slipper he had succeeded in becoming enough of a millionaire for his ambitions, and had returned to enjoy life in Paris. He called the baron's attention to the fact that his manners had shown that he was not suited to the station he formerly occupied, and he declared that now, for the first time, he felt himself in his element. On his arrival he had seen the advertisement of his former master's house, and, well acquainted with its luxuries, he had hastened to make an offer for it. It was doubtless painful, he suggested by way of sympathy, to part with luxuries long enjoyed, but it was the common lot of this life of two buckets in a well, one mounts and the other descends. The baron heard out his ex-valet, but finally concluded that he would enjoy one more luxury in his house before he gave it up, that of turning out of doors, as an impudent rascal, one who was worth seventy-five thousand pounds a-year. And he did so."

The *California Courier* of July 1 states that there are nearly one thousand Chinese in San Francisco, and that they are the orderly, industrious, and prudent of any class in that city. As mechanics they are said to be quite a match for the wooden nutmeg-makers down East:—

"They are generally very good mechanics; some of them keep restaurants and a few trade in nick-knacks and curiosities. When lumber was scarce in the market a large quantity was brought from Chinese ports, ready framed and matched for ten-footers. These made quite comfortable little cribs when a man was satisfied to sleep under a carpenter's bench or creep into a crockery crate for protection against the weather; but now, when lumber is a drug, people much prefer larger space to breathe in, and American carpenters infinitely prefer to

labour upon square timber to the picayune process of coaxing together the round, crooked sticks of the Celestials. We saw, the other day, some American carpenters trying to put up a Chinese frame, but it wouldn't do. As fast as one side rose to a perpendicular, the other side tumbled over. At last they gave it up in despair, when a gang of Chinese were sent for, and, presto! the building went up like magic. The thing was done. No man can put up a Chinese frame, who does not understand the lingo. It is necessary to talk to it to coax it into shape, and to pat it patronizingly upon the pate to keep it in shape, until the last nail has been driven home. It would be as impossible for an American carpenter to put up a Chinese frame as it would be for him to make a perfect pyramid of the twenty-two hundred letters of the Chinese alphabet. Now that Chinese frames have gone out of date, the Celestials are turning their attention to a competition with our own carpenters in American material; and, from their known ingenuity, we doubt not that in a few weeks they will be found perched upon every embryo house-top, and going into the shingle and clap-board business with a perfect rush."

THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH BROKEN.

The wire so successfully submerged last week has been cut asunder among the rocks at Cape Grisnez, where the physical configuration of the French coast has been found unfavourable for it as a place of hold-fast or fixture. All communication between coast and coast has consequently been suspended for the present. The precise point where the breakage took place, is 200 yards out at sea, and just where the 20 miles of electric line that had been streamed out from Dover joins on to a leaden tube, designed to protect it from the surge beating against the beach, and which serves the purpose of conveying it up the front of the cliff to the telegraph station on the top. This leaden conductor, it would appear, was of too soft a texture to resist the oscillation of the sea, and thereby became detached from the coil of gutta percha wire that was thought to have been safely encased in it. The occurrence was, of course, quickly detected by the sudden cessation of the series of communications that have been sustained since the first sinking of the electric cable between Dover and the Cape, though it was at first a perplexing point to discover at what precise spot the wire was broken or at fault. This, however, was done by hauling up the line at intervals, a process which disclosed the gratifying fact that since its first sinking it had remained *in situ* at the bottom of the sea, in consequence of the leaden weights or clamps that were strung to it at every 16th of a mile. The operation was accomplished by Messrs. Brett, Reid, Wollaston, and Edwards, who have been attending to the management of the telegraph without intermission, and who are now, with their staff, removing the wire to a point nearer Calais, where from soundings it has been ascertained that there are no rocks, and where the contour of the coast is favourable. It is thought that for the leaden tube a tube of iron must be substituted, the present apparatus being considered too fragile to be permanently answerable. The experiment, as far as it has gone, proves the possibility of the gutta percha wire resisting the action of the salt water, of the fact of its being a perfect waterproof insulator, and that the weights on the wire are sufficient to prevent its being drifted away by the currents or sinking in the sands. During the period that the wire was perfect messages were daily printed by Brett's Printing Telegraph, in legible Roman type, on long strips of paper, in the presence of a numerous French and English audience; but it is not intended to make use of the wire for commercial and newspaper purposes until the connection of it with the telegraphs of the South-Eastern and that now completed on the other side from Calais to Paris is effected. Should the one wire answer, it is intended eventually to run out twenty or thirty more, so as to have a constant reserve in the event of accident in readiness. This huge reticulation of electric line will represent 400 miles of telegraph submerged in the sea, and, as each will be a considerable distance apart, a total water width of six or eight miles in extent.

PROPOSED SUPPRESSION OF DONCASTER RACES.

A "monster" meeting of the inhabitants of Doncaster was held in the Guildhall on Tuesday night, for the purpose, according to the intention of the promoters, of hearing addresses delivered in deprecation of the evils attendant upon races in general, and the Doncaster races in particular. The meeting was convened by several clergymen and gentlemen of the town and neighbourhood, with whom were associated also the ministers of various denominations of Dissenters. It was appointed for half-past seven o'clock in the evening, and the inhabitants were "invited to attend." They did attend, and in such numbers as have never before been witnessed in the Guildhall. The assemblage was, however, chiefly composed of the working classes, and it was evident from the very first that they were bent upon "smashing the meeting." Long before half-past seven o'clock the hall was filled from one end to the other, and before the meeting commenced was crammed to suffocation, there not being less than from 1500 to

2000 persons present. Great excitement prevailed in the body of the meeting, and, as the promoters of it successively made their appearance upon the platform, they were received with hooting, yelling, and other noises, varying in degree according to their unpopularity. The great weight of indignation, however, fell upon the Reverend C. R. Alford, Incumbent of Christchurch, who has rendered himself especially obnoxious to many in the town by his having, ever since he came to reside in Doncaster, annually raised, in his pulpit and elsewhere, a protest against the races.

In accordance with previous arrangements, Mr. R. Baxter, solicitor to the Great Northern Railway, who had taken the chair, presented himself to the meeting, but in vain essayed to get a hearing. He called upon the meeting, if there was any difference of opinion, to discuss the question fairly. He was proceeding amidst great clamour, when a Mr. Charles Buckley, well known in the town, mounted the red-baized bench on the platform, and demanded to know whether Mr. Baxter was self-appointed chairman, whether the meeting was not a public one, and whether they would not choose for themselves a chairman from it. Mr. Baxter attempted to make some observations in reply, but was prevented by the noise of the meeting. Mr. Buckley proposed that Mr. Robert Milner (Councillor) do take the chair—a proposition which, being at once seconded and carried, left Mr. Baxter no alternative but to resign the chair to Mr. Milner, which he did amidst the jeers and derision of the meeting.

The Reverend C. R. Alford and Mr. Halliday, an Independent minister, attempted to address the meeting against the races, but they could not obtain a hearing. Mr. Buckley denounced the promoters of the meeting as selfish hypocrites, who were duly provided for out of the state funds, and therefore independent of the pecuniary advantages of the races, which they wanted to suppress, in order to deprive the working classes of a great national amusement. He concluded, amidst great applause, by proposing "That this meeting do stand adjourned to this day twelve months," which was carried almost unanimously.

Mr. Alford and his friends were received in the street by a party in waiting, who escorted them home, hooting and yelling all the way. At the residence of Mr. Denison, M.P., in Hallgate, Mr. Alford and party were joined by that gentleman, who accompanied them to Mr. Baxter's house, on the Thorne-road. On getting beyond the last gas-lamps stones were thrown at them. One hit Mr. Baxter on the head, and another entered the drawing-room of his house, but no material injury was sustained.

MARSHAL HAYNAU IN LONDON.

Three foreigners, one of whom was very old and wore long moustachios, presented themselves at the brewery of Messrs. Barclay and Company, on Wednesday morning, for the purpose of inspecting the establishment. According to the regular practice of visitors they were requested to sign their names in a book in the office, after which they crossed the yard with one of the clerks. On inspecting the visitors' book the clerks discovered that one of the parties was no other than Marshal Haynau, the late commander of the Austrian forces during the attack upon the unfortunate Hungarians. It became known all over the brewery in less than two minutes, and before the general and his companions had crossed the yard nearly all the labourers and draymen ran out with brooms and dirt, shouting out "Down with the Austrian butcher!" and other epithets of rather an alarming nature to the marshal. A number of the men gathered round the marshal as he was viewing the large vat, and continued their hostile manifestations. The marshal being made acquainted by one of the persons who accompanied him, of the feeling prevailing against him, immediately prepared to retire. But this was not so easily done. The attack was commenced by dropping a truss of straw upon his head as he passed through one of the lower rooms; after which grain and missiles of every kind that came to hand were freely bestowed upon him. The men next struck his hat over his eyes, and hustled him from all directions. His clothes were torn off his back. One of the men seized him by the beard, and tried to cut it off. The marshal's companions were treated with equal violence. They, however, defended themselves manfully, and succeeded in reaching the outside of the building. Here there were assembled about 500 persons, consisting of the brewers' men, coalheavers, &c., the presence of the obnoxious visitor having become known in the vicinity. No sooner had the marshal made his appearance outside the gates than he was surrounded, pelted, struck with every available missile, and even dragged along by his moustache, which afforded ample facilities to his assailants, from its excessive length, it reaching nearly down to his shoulders. Still battling with his assailants, he ran in a frantic manner along Bankside until he came to the George public-house, when finding the doors open, he rushed in and proceeded upstairs into one of the bedrooms, to the utter astonishment of Mrs. Benfield, the land-

lady, who soon discovered his name and the reason of his entering the house. The furious mob rushed in after him, threatening to do for the "Austrian Butcher;" but, fortunately for him, the house is very old-fashioned, and contains a vast number of doors, which were all forced open, except the room in which the marshal was concealed. The mob had increased at that time to several hundreds, and from their excited state Mrs. Benfield became alarmed about her own property as well as the marshal's life. She accordingly despatched a messenger to the Southwark police-station for the assistance of the police, and in a short time Inspector Squires arrived at the George with a number of police, and with great difficulty dispersed the mob and got the marshal out of the house. A police-galley was at the wharf at the time, into which he was taken, and rowed towards Somerset-house, amidst the shouts and execrations of the mob. Messrs. Barclay have suspended all hands, in order to discover the principals in the attack. It appears that the two attendants of the marshal were an aide-de-camp and an interpreter. He had presented a letter of introduction from Baron Rothschild, who had therein described him as "his friend Marshal Haynau."

LOVERS' QUARRELS.

An action for trover was brought on the 22nd August in the Lincoln County Court, the plaintiff being a Miss Hawson, pawnbroker, and the defendant a gentleman named Pickering, whose inconstancy had led to the proceedings. Plaintiff and defendant both resided in the Strait, Lincoln. Defendant having returned from a long residence abroad, formed an attachment, in December, 1848, to Miss Hawson, or rather (so said her counsel) to Miss Hawson's worldly goods, some considerable portion of which he contrived to possess himself of, under the name of love-gifts. The attachment having been broken off, Miss Hawson demanded the restoration of her goods, which being denied her, the present action was brought. The lady's complaint was that the articles had been given at different times under the assurance of the defendant that he intended marriage; but as he had disclaimed all purpose of fulfilling his engagement, she considered that the law would enforce a generally received rule in respect to presents under such cases.

In a letter to defendant's mother, written by the plaintiff a week before the trial, some very good feeling appeared. She was willing to restore her former confidence to him, although it must have been evident that he had trifled with her feelings for sordid ends. A point in reserve was happily hit by Mr. Quilter, the counsel for the plaintiff. "On going abroad," said he to Pickering, "did you pay your own expenses?" An evasive reply was offered. "For how many years did you continue to reside abroad?" enquired the insatiable Mr. Quilter. "Was it for seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years?" Whereupon the unpleasant fact was elicited that Mr. Pickering had sojourned at a penal settlement for fourteen years, having been transported thither, but only for dining off an appropriated chicken in rather dubious company. The conclusion of this dramatic affair, does credit to the common-sense of a Lincolnshire jury. After a very brief consultation, the verdict for the full amount claimed, was given in, and received with loud applause.

THE VERITABLE SEA SERPENT.

The people of Ireland seem determined to prove that the famous monster of the deep which has played its pranks along the American coasts, for so many years, has at last taken up its quarters in the vicinity of Ireland. We lately gave the evidence of two parties who affirmed that they had seen "the *Ictheus Megacoddensis*," as it has been christened by a member of some learned society, and we have now much pleasure in corroborating their testimony by the evidence of another eye-witness.

The following letter has been addressed to the *Cork Constitution* by a gentleman, who, sailing in his own yacht, had the apocryphal pleasure of seeing the monster solacing his idle moments by a comfortable scratch against a neighbouring lighthouse, with a view, it would seem, of ridding itself of its old and useless scales:—

"Courtmarsherry, August 29, 1850.

"SIR.—The following particulars, the accuracy of which need not be questioned, will, I doubt not, interest many of your readers:—

"The different fishing establishments on the shore of this extensive bay, extending from the Old Head of Kinsale to the Seven Heads, have been within the last few days abundantly supplied with fish of every description, and the greatest activity prevails to profit by the bounty which has been thus sent to us literally in shoals. It has been noticed too, that some description of fish, hark for instance, been captured further within the limits of the inner harbour than was ever known before. In fact, as I heard it observed, the fish was literally leaping ashore.

"These novel appearances, however, it was my lot to see fully accounted for yesterday. At about one o'clock a.m., when sailing in my yacht, with a slight breeze off shore, about two miles to the south of the beacon erected on the Barrel rocks, one of the party of four gentlemen

on board (Mr. B., of Bandon) drew attention towards the structure mentioned, with the interrogatory of 'Do you see anything queer about the Barrels?' In an instant the attention of all on board was rivetted on an object which at first struck me as like the upheaved thick end of a large mast, but which, as it was made out plainer, proved to be the head of some huge fish or monster. On bearing down towards the object we could distinctly see, with the naked eye, what I can best describe as an enormous serpent without mane or fur or any like appendage. The portion of the body above water, and which appeared to be rubbing or scratching itself against the beacon, was fully thirty feet long, and in diameter I should say about a fathom. With the aid of a glass it was observed that the eyes were of immense size, about nine inches across the ball, and the upper part of the back appeared covered with a furrowed shell-like substance. We were now within rifle-shot of the animal, and, although some on board exhibited pardonable nervousness at the suggestion, it was resolved to fire a ball at the under portion of the body whenever the creature's unwieldy evolutions would expose its vulnerable part. The instant the piece was discharged the monster rose as if impelled by a painful impulse to a height which may appear incredible, —say at least thirty fathoms, and, culminating with the most rapid motion, dived or dashed itself under water with a splash that almost stopped our breaths with amazement. In a few moments all disturbance of the water subsided, and the strange visitor evidently pursued his course to seaward. On coming up to the beacon we were gratified to find adhering to the supports numerous connected scaly masses, such as one would think would be rubbed from a creature 'coating,' or changing its old skin for a new one. These interesting objects can be seen at the Horse Rock Coast Guard station, and will repay a visit.

"These particulars I have narrated in the clearest manner I am able, and if others, in other boats, who had not so good an opportunity of seeing the entire appearance of the animal as those in my boat had, should send you a more readable account of it, I pledge myself none will more strictly adhere to the real facts. I am, Sir, your very obedient servant, "ROGER W. TRAVERS."

A second letter from Mr. Travers gives an account of his having seen the serpent again, on Saturday last, off Dunwilly Head. It was busily employed "bolting conger eels," after which it lay down on the surface of the sea and fell asleep. Four shots were fired at the monster, upon which it shook its head, "winked one eye in a rapid manner," and dived under water.

THE ESSEX POISONINGS.

Much sensation has been caused in Newport, in Essex, of apprehension of the notorious Sarah Chesham, on another charge of poisoning. This woman lived at Clavering, a small village some three or four miles from Newport, and in the autumn of 1847 was arrested on a charge of having endeavoured to poison the illegitimate child of Lydia Taylor, who lived servant to the mother of Mr. Newport, a farmer in the neighbourhood, who was alleged to have been the father. Mysterious rumours then gained circulation in the village as to the death of two children belonging to Sarah Chesham. Mr. Lewis, the coroner for the county, moved in the matter, and, after several lengthened enquiries, Professor Taylor, the chemist of Guy's Hospital, having detected arsenic in the bodies, the prisoner was committed for trial on the charge of murder. She was, however, acquitted of that serious crime, and the charge which related to the infant of Lydia Taylor fell to the ground. The child subsequently died, but there was no proof that death had resulted from any poisonous matter administered to it.

After the prisoner's acquittal she returned to the village, and, from what has since transpired, there appears to have been much gossip about the poisoning, and "how bad husbands could be got rid of." About three or four months ago the husband of Sarah Chesham was suddenly taken ill. He was a farm labourer, and, according to the statement of the neighbours, was generally considered a healthy sort of man. Mr. Lewis, the coroner, made another attempt to unravel the mystery attending these secret and diabolical acts of poisoning. The contents of the body were forwarded to Mr. Taylor for analysis, and at the sitting of the coroner's jury there was a vast amount of prevarication, with a view apparently to screen the guilty party. A bag of rice was found in the house, which, on being analyzed, was found to contain arsenic mixed with it. The woman had been seen giving her husband rice four days before he died, and his illness had been accompanied by symptoms like those caused by action of arsenic. The stomach of the deceased had also been submitted to analysis, and traces of arsenic, but not in sufficient quantity, it was said, to cause death. The testimony of Professor Taylor was that the administration of small doses, so as to excite pain and sickness and purging, to a person labouring under consumptive symptoms (there were traces of such disease), and wasting and exhausting the strength of the patient, might have hastened fatal results. In this difficult position the jury did not feel themselves justified in returning such a verdict as would send the case elsewhere. The coroner suggested, however, that the magistrates might probably proceed against the prisoner for administering the poison with intent; and in order to carry that into effect, the depositions were forwarded to them.

The magistrates then resolved upon making an effort to solve the mystery. The conduct of the different persons was watched, and at length an important piece of information was elicited from Hannah Phillips, a witness formerly examined. She admitted that she had not told all she knew, in consequence of being intimidated in a manner which it is not necessary to describe. She stated, that in course of conversation Sarah Chesham alluded to the ill-treatment she (Phillips) had received from her

husband, and said that she (Sarah Chesham) would not have lived with her husband if he had treated her in the same way. She added that she ought to do what she had done, make him up a pie of sheep's liver, lights, &c., and that if she brought it down to her she would season it for her. In consequence of this evidence, and certain other facts which had come to light, the woman was arrested on Monday evening. When taken before the magistrates she exhibited much uneasiness while Hannah Phillips was giving her evidence. She asserted her innocence, however, and charged Phillips with wishing to poison her own husband, and with having come to her (Sarah Chesham) for a poisoned pill for that purpose. The prisoner has been remanded in the meantime, till some important witnesses can be brought forward. It is said that she is of a Methodistical turn, and that she applied for a bible on being taken to gaol.

SUICIDE OF AN OFFICER.

The suicide of Colonel King, commanding her Majesty's Fourteenth Light Dragoons, on the 6th of July, has excited a painful sensation in India. The circumstances which led to the rash act were as follows:—A private of the regiment was sentenced some time back to receive corporal punishment for charging the colonel with cowardice, stating that he ran away at Chillianwallah. The prisoner was brought on parade for punishment in a state of palpable intoxication, having been allowed to get drunk in the guard-room of the Fourteenth while under sentence; the punishment was, nevertheless, proceeded with. When freed from the triangles the prisoner, infuriated by pain and drink (he had drunk in the guard-room near two bottles of spirits), becoming, as might have been foreseen, outrageous and abusive, rushed up to the colonel, and, in the presence of the whole regiment, repeated his former charge, for which he was again placed in confinement and sentenced by a court-martial to transportation for seven years, which sentence the Commander-in-Chief refused, under the circumstances of the case, to sanction, and ordered the man to return to his troop. The remarks of the Commander-in-Chief on this trial, added to what he formerly said at Lahore ("that the men of the Fourteenth would go anywhere if properly led"), stung Colonel King so deeply as to induce him to commit suicide.

A CHLOROFORM ROBBERY.

Ann McCarthy, Jane Hales, and Betsy Batsyar, were brought up at the Mansion-house, on Wednesday, charged with having robbed a gentleman of five sovereigns and some silver. The case excited much interest, in consequence of the belief that the complainant had been thrown into a state of insensibility by the sudden application of chloroform.

The complainant's statement was that he met Ann McCarthy in Whitechapel about a fortnight ago, and was induced by her to accompany her to a coffee-house in Somerset-street, kept by Jane Hales. They went into a room on the second floor, and very few minutes elapsed before he found her hand in his pocket. He charged her at once with having robbed him, and opened the door and called for assistance. He then heard footsteps on the stairs, and saw McCarthy swallow a sovereign. At that moment Jane Hales, the landlady of the coffee-house, came up to him, followed by the third person, and put her hand across his shoulder. The effect of the movement was instantaneous. He became at that moment insensible, and continued in that state until six or seven o'clock next evening. He then found himself at home at Stepney, in bed. He had lost five sovereigns and twelve shillings in silver, and a white pocket handkerchief. He did not know who had taken him home, but he understood that he had been found lying in a state of insensibility in a place called Lady Lake's-grove, near his residence. He had ever since been trying to find out the woman who had beguiled him, and at last fell in with her, while disguised, on Tuesday night. She took him to the same coffee-house in Somerset-street, where she had robbed him. He had a policeman at hand, with whom he communicated, and had them apprehended. They all denied most strenuously that they had ever seen him before. They were all remanded.

A CASE OF LUNACY.

A singular-looking man, named Weston, about fifty, a tailor, who was at one time a Chartist orator, was brought before Mr. Paynter, on Saturday, charged under the following circumstances:—On Friday afternoon the prisoner went to the Surrey County Lunatic Asylum, of which he has been an inmate on two occasions, and asked to see Mr. Steele, one of the keepers. He was shown into the waiting room, not being recognized at the moment, and, being left alone, made his way to the centre of the building, where he found Mr. Diamond, the medical attendant of the female patients. He told that gentleman it was the last day he intended to live, and that he had provided himself with a razor to cut off his head, but he meant to cut some one else's off first. Weston then produced from his pocket a few razor, and opened it. Mr. Diamond rang for assistance, and Steele attended, and at once recognized the prisoner as having been twice received at that asylum as a criminal lunatic. In both instances he was received from Hanwell, his parish being St. George's, Southwark. The first offence he was charged with was threatening to shoot the late Sir Robert Peel, Bart., and he was confined on that occasion for two years, when he was set at liberty by the Secretary of State. The second act for which he was confined as a criminal lunatic, was for threatening to kill the late Lord George Bentinck. He was apprehended in the lobby of the House of Commons by the same constable in whose hearing he made use of threats towards Sir Robert Peel, Bart. The prisoner was in their charge the second time about a year and a half ago, when he was set at liberty by Sir George Grey. Mr. Hall took the prisoner over to

the police station-house at Tooting, and gave him in custody. On the way he said he should like to lay hands on Lord John Russell. The police surgeon having stated that there was no doubt of the prisoner's insanity, an order was made for his admission into the County Lunatic Asylum.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Queen, after viewing the gigantic Tweed viaduct at Berwick, to be called henceforth, by her Majesty's command, the "Royal Border Bridge," was pleased to testify her sense of the eminent scientific skill of the engineer, Mr. Stephenson, by offering him, through Sir George Grey, the honour of knighthood. Mr. Stephenson, no doubt, fully appreciated the honour so gracefully tendered by Royalty to science, but gratefully and respectfully declined it.

A few days after Queen Victoria left Ostend an order arrived to the effect that no alteration was to be made in the state of the apartments temporarily occupied by her Majesty. It was thought that, in consequence of this order, a second visit might be expected. On Monday, however, it was reported that the Queen of the Belgians, in accordance with the advice of her medical attendants, will visit the town for the benefit of sea bathing. It is added that the widow of Louis Philippe will also visit Ostend, to pass a few weeks with her daughter.

A package has arrived at the port of Southampton by the vessel Pacha, from Lisbon, containing pictures for the Queen, which have been forwarded to Buckingham Palace.

The Duchess d'Orleans, who at present resides, and will do so for a month, at Richmond, with the Count de Paris and the Duke de Chartres, has just rented a house in the village of Esher for six months from the 1st of October, in order not to be any more separated from the Royal Family. Esher is only a quarter of a league distant from the residence of the Queen. This decision of the Duchess d'Orleans proves that she is in accord with all the Princes of her family in the resolution they have taken to remain closely united. The Queen consents to remain in England, unless her health should render a change of climate absolutely necessary.—*Galignani*.

Madame de Chabannes, formerly *dame d'honneur* attached to the person of Marie Amelie, has arrived in Paris from Claremont, and gives fresh details concerning the death of the ex-King. This lady states that the Queen knelt continually by the body with a Prayer-book in her hand during twenty-four hours, without taking any nourishment. Her sons did not quit her for an instant. The Duchess of Orleans was deeply dejected. The family were extremely grateful for the orders given by the English Government that all the wishes of Marie Amelie relative to the funeral should be complied with, as well as for the deference shown to the house of Orleans in the mourning of etiquette adopted by the English Court.

The *Evenement* mentions a report that the Duchess d'Orleans has written to M. Thiers to inform him that the Queen, her mother-in-law, and the other members of the family, are desirous of his presence at a *conseil de famille*, to be held at Claremont in the course of the present month.

A parcel of pictures have arrived at Folkestone, by a steamer from Boulogne, for the Duchess of Orleans, which has been forwarded by the authorities at that place to the metropolis for delivery at their destination.

Lord Clarendon and suite left Dublin, on Saturday, for Caledon, in the county of Tyrone, where his Excellency was to remain until Wednesday, when he would proceed to Crom Castle, the seat of the Earl of Erne, in Fermanagh. From Friday to Tuesday the noble earl will be the guest of the Marquis of Londonderry at Garron Tower, in the county of Antrim; and on the Wednesday following he pays his promised visit to Belfast, where he will stay until Friday, when his Excellency will be for a second time the guest of Lord Londonderry at Mountstewart, the noble marquis's residence in the county of Down. This will complete the tour to the north, and on Saturday next Lord Clarendon will arrive in Dublin.

Tuesday night's *Gazette* announces the appointment of the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Norwich; the Very Reverend Archibald Campbell Tait, D.C.L., Dean of Carlisle; the Reverend Francis Jeune, D.C.L., Master of Pembroke College, in the University of Oxford; the Reverend Henry George Liddell, M.A., Head Master of St. Peter's College, Westminster; John Lucius Dampier, Esq., M.A., Vice-Warden of the Stannaries of Cornwall; the Reverend Baden Powell, M.A., Savilian Professor of Geometry in the University of Oxford; and the Reverend George Henry Sacheverell Johnson, M.A., of Queen's College, in the University of Oxford; to be her Majesty's Commissioners for enquiring into the state, discipline, studies, and revenues of the University and Colleges of Oxford. Also the appointment of the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Chester; the Very Reverend George Peacock, D.D., Dean of Ely; Sir John Frederick William Herschell, Bart.; Sir John Romilly, Knight, her Majesty's Attorney General; and the Reverend Adam Sedgwick, M.A., Woodwardian Professor of Geology in the University of Cambridge; to be her Majesty's Commissioners for enquiring into the state, discipline, studies, and revenues of the University and Colleges of Cambridge.

A set of richly embroidered lace curtains, manufactured on a novel principle, has been presented to Lady John Russell by a number of operatives residing at Snenton, in testimony of their approbation of Lord John Russell's ministerial policy, and their admiration of him as a public man.

Lord Stanley has consented to lay the corner-stone of a literary institution in the manufacturing town of Bury, where the Derby family have large landed possessions.

The Baroness Rothschild died on Thursday afternoon at Gunnersbury-park, near Ealing. Baron Lionel Rothschild,

who was on the Continent when the baroness was taken ill, on the receipt of the news instantly returned, and had the gratification of reaching home before his mother's death. Sir Anthony Rothschild, Baron Nathaniel, and Mrs. Fitzroy, wife of the Right Honourable H. Fitzroy, M.P., were also present at her dissolution. The deceased baroness, who was in her 68th year, was widow of the celebrated capitalist, and third daughter of Mr. L. B. Cohen. By the baron, who died in 1836, she leaves issue four sons and two daughters—Baron Lionel, Sir Anthony, Baron Nathaniel, and Baron Meyer, Baroness Anslem and Mrs. Fitzroy.

The Reverend Mr. Bathurst, late Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, has resigned the benefice of Kibworth Beauchamp, worth £1500 a-year, and joined the Roman Catholic Church. Lord Fielding, a leading Puseyite, has also gone the same road.

The *New York Herald* mentions two distinguished arrivals in the persons of the wives of two governors-general. Lady Elgin, and the Countess Alcoy. Both have arrived there without their husbands, and both are in search of health. Both are understood to be on their way to the seaside for the purpose of bathing.

We regret to announce the death of the Right Honourable Charles Watkin Williams Wynn, M.P. for Montgomeryshire, which melancholy event took place at half-past four o'clock on Monday afternoon, at his residence in Grafton-street. He was the father of the House of Commons, having sat for Montgomeryshire since 1797, and for about a year previously for Old Sarum. He held the offices of Secretary at War (in the Grey administration) and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, from December, 1834, to April, 1835. The right honourable gentleman was in his seventy-fifth year. His death makes the fourth vacancy in the House of Commons since the close of the session.

It is said that Captain Herbert Wynn, of the Seventh Fusiliers, will offer himself as a candidate for the county of Montgomery, on Protectionist principles, in consequence of the death of his uncle, the late Right Honourable Charles Williams Wynn.

Louis Napoleon is said to have expressed himself in terms of deep regret at the death of Louis Philippe. He also stated that he could not forget the magnificent funeral given by the Government of Louis Philippe in December, 1840, when the remains of the Emperor were brought from St. Helena to be buried in France, and expressed an intention of taking the initiative in proposing to the Orleans family that the remains of the illustrious deceased should be brought into France, in order to be laid with those of his family in the royal vault at Dreux.

It is reported that considerable changes will take place in the President's household. M. Chevalier, the Secretary-General, is to be replaced by M. Romieu, author of the *Ere des Césars*, a pamphlet which demonstrates the necessity of military despotism.

M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire has been appointed Professor of Natural History at the Sorbonne.

A solemn service for the repose of the soul of the late King Louis Philippe will be celebrated on Tuesday, in the Cathedral of Amiens.

The Ambassador of Nepal and his two brothers were received on Friday by the President of the Republic at the palace of the Elysée. Napoleon received them with courtesy, and conversed with them for some time through their interpreters, Captain Cavenagh and Captain James. The President observed that the costume of the Ambassador's suite were much more brilliant than those of France, to which the Ambassador replied that they served to mark the distinction of class, but that, though more splendid than those of France, France was the first nation in the world, by her science and enlightenment, and the organization of her government, &c. The Ambassador was proceeding in the same strain, when one of the interpreters cut him short by reminding him that France was under a Republic.

The *Moniteur* publishes a decree of the French President, declaring the Professorship of Mathematics in the Colleges of France, held by M. Libri, to be vacant, in consequence of his absence, and that the amount of salary due to M. Libri is to be returned to the Treasury. A second decree declares that the seat in the Academy of Science (section of geometry), hitherto occupied by M. Libri, is vacant, in consequence of his having quitted France on the 28th of February, 1848.

An English gentleman, named Bowes, has contracted for the lease of the Theatre des Varietes at Paris for a number of years, for an enormous sum, the French papers say £60,000, but other accounts say that it is only £40,000 or thereabouts. This dramatic Mæcenas, intends, say the Paris journals, to confide the management of the theatre to Mdle. Delorme, an actress of reputation.

The French Opera-house, which has been so long closed, reopened its portals on Monday. Alboni was to appear in the *Favourite*. Frederick Lemaître is going to migrate still higher up the Boulevards, and is going to act at the Gaité during the winter.

From some law proceedings before one of the Paris courts, reported in the newspapers, it appears that M. Ledru Rollin has had to bring an action against the purchaser of the copyright of his famous *Decadence of England*, to recover payment of the bills of exchange given for the work. The unfortunate purchaser has pleaded in his defence that the work has not sold at all, and that he has got whole rooms full of copies, or, as he expressed it, "nightingales" (the technical term of French publishers for unsaleable works).

Letters from Vienna state that the coronation of the Emperor, which was to have been celebrated during the present month, is to be postponed. At the accession of a new Emperor the provinces used to send deputations of the States to take the oath of allegiance; but these, being abolished by the new charter, have been replaced by the provincial diets, which ought to be assembled

simultaneously, and this simultaneous assemblage cannot take place until after the promulgation of the constitutions of Italy and Hungary.

The Prince of Prussia, on his return from Frankfort, last week, was stepping into the waiting-room on the Baden railroad, a traveller, a Swiss, from the canton of Berne, with his paletot in one hand and travelling cap in the other, saluted the Prince. The Swiss, respectfully addressing his highness, said that Prussia was greatly respected in Switzerland, and only one word need be pronounced in order to win the sympathies of the whole population. The Prince enquired what that word might be? "Renunciation," was the reply, the claims of Prussia on Neuenberg being intended. "You'll never hear that word, then," said the Prince, drily, and turned into the waiting-room.

The Spanish Court will go into mourning for one month, as a mark of respect for the late King of the French.

The Vienna journals announce the arrival of Count Etienne Batthyany from Constantinople. The count returns under the provisions of the amnesty recorded to political offenders.

The *Deutsche Reforme* states that the house of L. Behrends and Son, well known for its extensive smuggling transactions, has again been mulcted in 840,000 marks, with forfeiture of its rights of transit. In Leipsic, also, where this house has a branch establishment, its right of importation has been withdrawn. The house must have been fined in all to the amount of nearly half a million marks.

Rossini is carrying on the rehearsal at his residence, and with great secrecy, of a new *chef-d'œuvre*, to which it is said he attaches the highest importance. A great portion of his time is occupied with the tenor Donzelli in the perfection of this work. It is thought it will be produced at Bologna in the course of the ensuing month.—*Globe*.

Professor Webster has made another and full confession, in which he admitted the premeditated murder of Dr. Parkman, thus falsifying his previous statements. This confession was in the hands of the authorities, but was not to be made public until after the execution, which was to take place on the 31st ultimo.

The criminal Court of Strasbourg has published a hue and cry after two individuals accused of having conspired against the life of Louis Napoleon.

The Parisian hawkers of journals, the sale of which in the streets is prohibited, resort to numerous tricks to evade detection. Many of the men wear very large trousers, lined with journals; others make false calves with them, and some increase their natural rotundity. The other day a female hawker, who appeared to be in an interesting situation, was arrested. She was searched by a woman, and safely delivered of forty-eight copies of the *République* and the *Evenement*.

A man committed suicide in Paris, on Monday, by throwing himself from the top of the column of the Place Vendôme. A young lady who was passing at the moment narrowly escaped being crushed by his fall. The guardian of the monument immediately brought the police to the spot. The body of the unfortunate man, dashed to pieces on the asphalt pavement, was borne away amid a dense crowd of people, who hurried to the spot.

The Civil Tribunal of Le Mans has just condemned a person named Designé and his son, of Parigné l'Eveque, department of the Sarthe, to pay 10,000*fr.* to M. Foy, the well-known marriage negotiator, for having negotiated the marriage of the son with a Mademoiselle de Bruc, niece of the Marquis de Maestroit. M. Foy was applied to by the father and the son to find a wife for the latter; Foy introduced them to Mademoiselle de Bruc, who was possessed of a certain fortune, and the son eventually married her. By an agreement duly drawn up before the marriage, the father and son bound themselves to pay M. Foy 12,500*fr.* for his services. This, however, they on different pretexts subsequently refused to do, and so Foy brought his action, but reduced his demand to 10,000*fr.*, he having consented, after some negotiation, to accept that sum. After hearing counsel at great length on both sides, the Tribunal gave judgment in Foy's favour for the full amount claimed. It appeared in the course of the proceedings that M. Foy is specially licensed to act as a marriage agent.—*Galignani*.

The operative carpenters of Angouleme, in the Charente, have struck for higher wages.

Letters from Vienna of the 29th ultimo, say that in several provinces of Russia the peasants are in insurrection against the nobles, and that in fact a veritable *jacquerie* is raging.

The *Kolner Zeitung* has a telegraphic despatch from Frankfort, of the 3rd instant, stating that the Danish Plenipotentiary has summoned the Federal Committee sitting in that city to ratify the treaty of peace of the 2nd of July. Another despatch from Kiel of the same date states that the Holstein Diet has been convoked by the Stadtholder. The Diet is to meet at Kiel on Monday, the 9th instant.

By an ukase of the Emperor of Russia, it is ordered that in future all Jews liable to serve in the army shall commence military service at the age of thirteen. From that age till eighteen they will be educated in special schools; from eighteen to twenty-five they will serve in the navy, and from twenty-five to thirty-six in regiments of the line.

Letters from Prague announce that the elections for the common council of that city have terminated in favour of the Czech party—that is, of the Slavonian or anti-German party in one district, and the Middle party in two others.

Lucerne, in Switzerland, was visited with a violent hurricane on the 23rd ultimo, which blew down a house in construction as if it had been built of cards, carried away carts, uprooted trees, &c. One man was killed.

A consistory is to be held at Rome in the first fortnight of the present month, for the appointment of the batch of cardinals. The Romans regard with much jealousy the great number of foreigners to be admitted into the Sacred College on this occasion. As already stated, there are to be three French cardinals—the Archbishops of Rheims, Besançon, and Toulouse; three German cardinals—the Archbishops of Cologne, Innsprück, and the Primate of Hungary; two Spanish cardinals—the Archbishops of Seville and Toledo; one English cardinal—Dr. Wiseman; one Neapolitan cardinal—M. Corenzi; and three Roman cardinals—Monsignori Fornari, apostolic nuncio at Paris, Roberto Roberti, vice-president of Rome and the Comarca, and Pecci, the Bishop of Gubbio, who distinguished himself by his resistance to the revolution. A new creation of cardinals will take place in December.

The Ottoman Government has made energetic demands on the Russian Cabinet to withdraw the Russian troops from the Danubian principalities, or to declare its intentions; whereupon Russia has enquired of the Hospodars whether they consider that tranquillity is sufficiently reestablished to allow of the dispensing with this occupation. Prince Ghika hesitated; but Strirbey, who is under the influence of Russia, demanded two years for reflection. Accordingly, Moldavia will remain occupied by 6000 Russian troops, and Wallachia by 7000.

Upwards of 50,000 acres of New Orleans cotton are said to be laid down this season within the Bombay presidency, or nearly double that of last year. The natives are using the saw-gins with alacrity, and all that is wanted to revive this branch of industry is the settlement of Europeans in the interior, and the sale of lands or concession of leases of large districts by Government. Here is a field for Manchester surplus capital and enterprise.

Gold washing has commenced at Adelaide with sufficient prospect of success to stop emigration to California. Experiments have been made on the sands from the bed of the Unkarapunga, a stream south of Adelaide, with a newly-invented machine, capable of washing from twenty-five to thirty tons per day. Two ounces of gold were obtained from 160lb. of sand.

A newspaper in the German language, called the *Sued Australische Zeitung*, has been established in Adelaide, and appears to be conducted with great ability. It circulates chiefly among the German immigrants, whose numbers are increasing fast.

A great storm occurred at Wuzerabad, on June 22, which has been most destructive to the newly-finished houses and barracks, scarcely a single one having escaped the loss of roof or verandahs, and windows and doors were strewn thick as strawberries anywhere but where they ought to have been.

An hydropathic establishment is about to be opened by an English surgeon at Alexandria, on the Graefenberg system. It will derive its main support from invalids arriving from India.

By the American mail we learn that Mr. Webster has had a conference with the Portuguese Minister resident in Washington, the result of which is the settlement of the disputed question:—Portugal to make provision for the payment of four claims admitted by Count Tojal in his note to Mr. Clay, the United States' Chargé at Lisbon, and the reference of the General Armstrong to the arbitration of Sweden.

Letters from Richmond of the 22nd ultimo, give the following details relative to a remarkable slave insurrection:—"An insurrection, in which 400 slaves were to be engaged, was discovered at Lowndes County, Alabama, last week. The rendezvous of the negroes was fired upon by the whites, killing one slave and wounding twenty others. The slaves then fled. It is said that the slaves were incited to the insurrection by an abolitionist, for whose apprehension a reward of 6000 dollars has been offered. Large parties are in pursuit of him. He is supposed to have fled towards Charleston. A general massacre is supposed to have been intended."

Perhaps the most remarkable feat ever recorded in the way of newspaper enterprise was that which was performed by the Associated Press of this city, a few days ago, in boarding a steam-ship a hundred miles at sea, rifling her of what later news she had on board, and then sending it off on the wing of the electric telegraph, from Halifax to the Gulf of Mexico, a whole day and more before the steamer herself arrived at her wharf. When the passengers on board the steamer came ashore, some of them could not be made to comprehend that the news they brought was old news; news that the Associated Press had got possession of two days and a half before they came in sight of land.—*New York Ledger*.

The intended road across the Isthmus of Panama from Navy Bay has been commenced by the American Company, hundreds of labourers having arrived there from Carthage and the surrounding country.

There was a general delivery of letters and newspapers throughout the metropolitan districts and the provinces on Sunday. In the majority of cases the delivery commenced shortly after nine o'clock, and terminated at half-past ten in the forenoon; and although in some instances it began rather later, in no case was it permitted during the hours of divine service. It is generally understood by the authorities that no future modifications on points of detail will affect the existing regulations in the London district (country) department, though further orders will be shortly issued with reference to the Sunday duty in many of the more distant post towns.

The new Wesleyan Normal School and College in the Horseferry-road, Westminster, has been opened by the Conference. It cost £30,000. The building is very extensive, containing five school-rooms for children, dining-hall, lecture-hall, and 120 dormitories for 60 male and 40 female students as teachers and attendants. The schools will accommodate 1000 scholars, and in the play-ground is a gymnasium.

The Lords of the Treasury have accepted the offer of James Laming, Esq., to convey the mails to the Cape of Good Hope for £30,000 per annum, in screw-propelled steam-vessels, that gentleman's tender having been lower by £20,000 per annum than a tender from a Glasgow firm. Mr. Laming, it is said, will not limit the horsepower to 200, but intends to have vessels of 2000 tons, with machinery of about one-sixth steam-power of the tonnage.

It is rumoured amongst military circles that the Army and Ordnance Committee did not make their report at the close of last session, although the evidence was completed, in consequence of a considerable difference of opinion which existed amongst the members. This, we believe, chiefly relates to the system of agencies. Sir James Graham was strongly opposed to the arrangement at present in existence, whilst the Secretary-at-War was decidedly in favour of its continuance.—*United Service Gazette*.

In pursuance of ancient charter, the Lord Mayor and other civic authorities, proceeded to Smithfield on Tuesday, when the usual proclamation for holding Bartholomew Fair was made. The ceremony, although legally necessary, is now a mere farce. The "Fair" consisted of only three booths for the sale of gilt gingerbread, and some dozen barrows of itinerant dealers in apples, nuts, and children's toys.

There are now four seats in the House of Commons vacant by deaths, since the close of the parliamentary session. They are—the University of Cambridge, the borough of Poole, and the counties of Hereford and Montgomery.

An experiment is making by the Midland Railway Company to carry first-class passengers at a penny per mile, and second-class at a halfpenny. So far it has proved very satisfactory, and, if it continue, it will be tried between Derby and Nottingham. Success here will cause a further trial.—*Herapath's Journal*, of Saturday.

The Right Honourable Fox Maule, Secretary at War, has given orders that all those pensioners who had deposits in the Rochdale Savings Bank, shall have their dividend made up to 20s. in the pound.

Four hundred members have already joined the Liverpool Freehold Land Society.

The fourth annual conference of the Evangelical Alliance will be held at Liverpool on Tuesday, the 1st of October, and following days.

A log of mahogany was being cut into veneers, a short time ago, in the timber yard of Mr. Henry Deslandes, cabinet-maker, Jersey, when his attention was attracted by the appearance of a most remarkable and striking profile of her most gracious Majesty in a knot of the wood. The likeness is so true that all who have yet seen it acknowledge the resemblance.

W. B. Walton, a poor miner, living near Aldstone, was, last week, left by will, heir and executor to the property and estate of William Bell, Esq., High Shield, near Hexham, estimated to be worth about £100,000. The fortunate heir of this magnificent property is a respectable man, with a large family.

A servant girl, who had removed from a neighbouring parish to another, called, a few Sabbaths ago, upon the session-clerk of her former parish for a certificate of character. The worthy official hesitated, demurred, and at last refused to grant the certificate on the Sabbath-day. The young woman expressed her regret, as, in her position, she had not time to call on a week-day. It was finally arranged that the certificate should be sent on by post, and, on the gentleman being asked if he would take the fee there and then, he at once consented, and the girl paid him a shilling. He strained at the work, but pocketed the wages, on the Sabbath-day.—*Perth Advertiser*.

The *North British Mail*, of Monday, mentions that forgeries have been committed by an agent in Glasgow upon an extensive tea firm in London, to the amount of nearly £1000. The alleged forger is supposed to have sailed for America.

An accident, occasioned by fire-damp, occurred at the works of Messrs. Kenworthy's, Heys Colliery, Ashton-under-Lyne, on Thursday week, by which three persons were killed. At the inquest the jury returned a verdict that there was no evidence to satisfy them how the explosion was produced.

A very fine bloodhound has lately been purchased by the members of the "Association for the Protection of Property in the City, Bail, and Close of Lincoln, and the Villages within Twelve Miles Thereof," and an experimental trial of the dog's capabilities was made on Saturday last, on the farm of Mr. Godfrey Fothergill, at Broxholm, near Lincoln. Early in the morning of the day above mentioned Mr. Fothergill was kind enough to allow a sheep to be slaughtered in one of his fields. The skin, head, and entrails were left in the field, just after the mode adopted by the midnight marauders who have so often perpetrated their outrages upon the unprotected property of the farmers. The carcass of the sheep was carried a distance of about two miles, on the back of a man who had killed it, to the shepherd's house. Some hours afterwards Mr. John Mason, superintendent of the city police, in whose care the bloodhound is placed, arrived at the spot where the sheep had been killed, and at once the dog was put upon the scent. The sagacious animal no sooner found himself right than off he started, turning and twisting along the circuitous path pursued by the shepherd who had carried the slaughtered sheep. Backward and forward he went, crossing in all directions, according to the route taken by the man. He went over fields of both fallow and stubble, and the superior scent of the dog in this difficult task soon became apparent, for in the end he reached the very spot where the mutton had been taken.—*Lincolnshire Chronicle*.

A party of some twenty young men and women were enjoying themselves at a pic-nic party within the walls of Hastings Castle, one day last week, when a melancholy accident put an end to their mirth. After tea they were having a game at "whoop hide," when a young

man, named Joseph Beck, to avoid being caught, jumped over the fence at the brow of the cliff, which rises perpendicularly above Saint Mary's Chapel, about 200 feet. He fell on the top of St. Mary's Chapel and was killed on the spot.

Another of those melancholy accidents which have gained for the Ben Nevis a rather ill-omened reputation, happened there on Monday week to a young gentleman named Henry Grant, son of Duncan Grant, of Newhall, Glasgow. He had started with a party of friends from the Caledonian Hotel, to ascend the mountain, and on the way down, regardless of their remonstrances, preceded them by some distance. They followed more leisurely, and on arriving at the glen about eight o'clock, were surprised at not finding him there before them. A search was at once instituted, and about seven o'clock on Tuesday morning, his body was found lying on the foot of a precipice at the turn of the glen. From the injuries received the unfortunate gentleman must have expired instantaneously.

William Coates, an innkeeper at Darlington, having fallen into a state of despondency, owing to his discovery of the infidelity of his wife a few days previously, put an end to his life on Sunday night by blowing his brains out. In his pocket was a letter addressed to the coroner, in which he alluded to his intended act and the cause, and requesting that his possessions might be divided equally between his two children. The jury returned a verdict of "Temporary Insanity."

Louisa Dorvil, aged thirty-two, the wife of a labourer, died on Sunday last, from severe injuries she received in a murderous attack made upon her by her husband, with a scythe a few weeks previously. She had asked him for some money, as he was returning from his work, and he offered her 6s., which she refused to take, as he had received 20s. for mowing. She continued to ask him for more money, till at last he became so irritated that he caught hold of the blade of a scythe with both his hands and struck her across the head with all his might, by which the skull was fractured. An inquest has been held upon the body, but was adjourned in consequence of the absence of the only person who had witnessed the murderous assault.

A man named George Burley was committed to Norwich Castle, on Saturday, by the magistrates of Thurlton, near Norwich, for the wilful murder of Caroline Warnes, aged thirteen, by beating her skull in with a blacksmith's hammer. The dying declaration of the unfortunate girl was to the subjoined effect:—George Burley had been a lodger of her father's three or four years. They resided at Thurlton, and she was in the habit of sleeping in a room adjoining his bedroom. They had never quarrelled, nor had he made any improper overtures to her. On Friday, the 23rd ultimo, about six in the morning, she was in bed in her own room awake, playing with a cat, when he opened her door, and, entering, asked her if she was going to get up. She said, "Not just yet," and lay down, and covered over the cat, not wishing him to see it. He immediately came up to the bedside and struck her two heavy blows on the side of the head, and then caught her up in his arms and carried her down stairs, where her screams attracted the attention of the neighbours, who came in and found her covered with blood. At the time he struck her she did not know what it was he struck her with. She afterwards saw, while in the kitchen, that it was a large hammer. The poor girl died of the injuries on the following Monday. Burley absconded, but on the following day was apprehended. Nothing is known regarding what made him attack the girl.

At the meeting of the Repeal Association on Monday, the week's collection of rent amounted to £8. Mr. John O'Connell announced that, unless within four weeks some arrangement could be made to meet the responsibility of rent and taxes for Conciliation-hall, he could not, in justice to himself and his family, continue to incur the expense of keeping it open. The Association would be enabled to enjoy the use of it, provided the people gave the means of paying about £60 rent and £30 taxes.

The alarmists and croakers in Ireland are in a sad dilemma. All the crops are universally admitted to be of the best that have been produced for many years; and the potato, that according to the prognosticators of a dearth, was the other day totally gone, proves never to have been finer in quality nor so abundant in quantity. The finest potatoes that were ever used in Dublin (a comparatively dear market) are now selling in abundance at 3d. a stone.

Mr. Smith, the magistrate of Clare, who has been charged with a conspiracy to get his mother murdered, has been admitted to bail by one of the judges of the Queen's Bench.

The *Armagh Guardian* states that on Friday morning upwards of fifty persons from the county of Fermanagh, consisting of farmers and their families, all Protestants, with scarcely an exception, proceeded from that city by the early train to Belfast, on their way to "the land of the West."

The excursion trains have filled Killarney with visitors from England and other distant places. There never was a season when these beautiful lakes and surrounding scenery were so thronged with strangers. One night last week the proprietor of one hotel alone was compelled to fit up thirty-six beds for temporary accommodation besides his ordinary supply; and on all the other hotels there was a similar pressure.

A poor-rate collector, named Kelly, in the county of Galway, and a man named Murray, his assistant, were so severely beaten on Wednesday last by a party whose cattle they had seized for rates, that they are both said to be in a dangerous condition. It appears that the cattle seized, belonging to some poor people, were grazing on some waste land, and that they were not seized for any rates due by the owners, but by the proprietor of the soil, and under these circumstances they were rescued, and in the conflict Mr. Kelly had £50 in bank notes taken out of his pocket.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE enlargement of our Portfolio department, to make room for the wood engraving of the Moore Raphael, and the pressure of interesting news towards the latter part of the week, have so closely packed our space that we are obliged to defer consideration of several letters for our "Open Council" which would otherwise have received immediate attention. The same reasons have obliged us to omit some news of secondary interest, and to defer for a week all the matter in type for the department of "Associative Progress," which is less transitory in its nature than much of the news.

POSTSCRIPT.

SATURDAY, Sept. 7.

The latest accounts from Balmoral come down to Wednesday, on which day Prince Albert went out shooting, accompanied by the Prince of Leiningen. In the afternoon the Queen drove out in an open carriage, and the younger members of the Royal family took walking exercise. Sir George Grey left Balmoral on Wednesday morning for Northumberland, and the Earl of Carlisle arrived at Balmoral in the evening.

The papers of this morning contain an account of the loss of a large East India vessel, called the Indian, 500 tons burden, on her outward voyage from England to Bombay. The wreck, which took place on the 4th of April, on a reef of rocks named Cargados Garayos, or Nararett Bank, was attended with a melancholy loss of life. A gentleman who was on board when the vessel struck gives the following account of the sufferings of the survivors:—

"We saw in a moment that all hopes of saving the vessel were at an end, as she heeled over to the leeward suddenly, the sea making a clear breach over her every roller. This was the work of a few minutes only. Three parts of the crew were by this time on their knees, crying and making the most frantic appeals to Heaven for aid. All order and discipline were now at an end. The carpenter and two seamen attempted to cut away the masts, but owing, I suppose, to the excitement of the moment, they cut away the weather rigging only. The masts of course went by the board, but, being still attached to the vessel by the lee rigging and falling over to seaward, they served as a battering-ram, beating the vessel to pieces every successive roller. After the first burst of excitement was over a simultaneous rush was made for the boats, but we found the only one that was available was the starboard quarter boat; the other two had been staved to pieces by the wreck. The captain was not slow in taking to our only apparent chance of escape—the remaining boat—eight of the seamen speedily following him. They shoved off, but pulled back once or twice near to the vessel, asking for water and bread, which of course it was out of our power to supply them with. He then pulled away altogether, which was the last we saw of him. The ship by this time was breaking up fast; the stern-frame burst out and was thrown up on the starboard-quarter, and in a few minutes afterwards she parted amidships, leaving thirteen persons exposed to the fury of the surf on the forepart of the starboard-side, where we remained till the morning broke. The tide turned about this time from ebb to flood, when the rollers came in with redoubled violence, and dashed the remainder of the wreck into pieces. All were immediately buffeting with the waves. Sharks innumerable surrounded us on all sides, which very much increased the terrors of our situation. Owing to my being hurled on the rocks by the surf two or three times, I lost my senses, and was perfectly unconscious as to what occurred till I found myself resting on a spar with a sailor. I found the ship had gone to pieces, and that five of our comrades had perished. Water surrounded us in every direction, with nothing in view but one or two small sandbanks, and those a long distance off. By night we had constructed a rude kind of raft, on which we slept, but as the tide ebbed we grounded, and, with the exception of our heads, we were literally sleeping in the water, cold and wretched, but still, comparatively speaking, safe. We remained on the raft in this state two days and nights, the sun scorching us by day, and the wind, owing to our being wet, making us dreadfully cold at night. On Sunday, the third day, having found a small quantity of oatmeal, we determined to start for the nearest sandbank. A sixty-gallon cask of beer, two six-dozen cases of wine, a piece of bad pork, and the oatmeal, were the only things saved from the wreck. We turned the raft, and after a severe day's work reached the bank about sunset, and once more put our feet upon dry land. We had only eaten once, and then but sparingly. Thus we lived fourteen days and nights, subsisting on sharks' flesh and the wine and beer we saved. Not a drop of water was to be had. On the 20th of April we saw a vessel to the leeward of us, and endeavoured to attract her attention by means of a boathook and a shirt attached; but she did not or would not see us. The next day, about one hour before sunset, another vessel hove in sight, and about the same spot the ship of the previous evening was seen. We again hoisted our signal, and walked about the bank, to show there were living creatures on it. We thought she did not see us, and after taking our allowance of oatmeal and shark's flesh we lay down for the night's rest. In a short time, however, we were alarmed by the barking of our dog, and on getting on our legs discovered, to our delight, a boat close in upon the sands. She belonged to the vessel we had seen in the evening. The mate and one of the passengers went on board that night, and the rest of the survivors were taken off the next morning, when we were conveyed safely to the Mauritius."

Mr. John Ellis, a greengrocer and stable-keeper in the Commercial-road East, has just received from Wel-

lington, New Zealand, the melancholy tidings of the murder of his son John, aged twenty-five, on board the ship General Palmer, in Port Nicholson, in the early part of the month of April last. The crime is only equalled in atrocity by the appalling murders in this country by Good, Greenacre, and the Mannings, whose crimes have found imitators in the infant colony of New Zealand. It appears that Ellis, who had served an apprenticeship to Messrs. Somes, the shipowners of Ratcliffe, and had been out of his time about ten months, was appointed to take charge of the General Palmer, after the crew had quitted her, and she was laid up in Port Nicholson, in consequence of her leaky condition. Great confidence was reposed in Ellis, who was a young man of much promise. He had charge of all the stores on board, and was in the practice of coming on shore every morning, to transact business with Mr. Kenneth Bethune, a merchant and agent of the ship, residing in Wellington. He became acquainted with four men, named William Good, alias William Frederick Henderson, a deserter from the Sixty-fifth Regiment, M'Coslen, John Jones, and Thompson, and they were in the practice of visiting him on board ship. Knowing that he had above £20 wages and other property in his possession, they resolved on his murder, and the unfortunate young man fell a victim to their treachery and cupidity and to his own misplaced confidence in their integrity. After he had been missing for a week, the body was discovered in a beef barrel, steeped in brine. The four persons above named have been committed for trial.

The mother and wife of William Chadwick, who was lately sentenced to death for the murder of his uncle, Samuel Tunnicliffe, by administering poison to him, have been committed to prison on the charge of having been equally guilty with Chadwick.

For several days past the houses in the City and Hackney roads, and the vicinity of Kingsland, have been plundered in a most mysterious manner. Among others the residence of Mr. George Long, 14, Blenheim-terrace, Mortimer-road, De Beauvoir Town, Kingsland, was entered and robbed of £220 in Bank of England notes, eighty-two sovereigns, and upwards of £150 worth of silver plate. Yesterday morning, about seven o'clock, Mr. Catarn, stationer, City-road, hearing a noise in the drawing-room, proceeded to ascertain the cause, and as he was going down stairs two men rushed out and succeeded in making their escape, leaving a quantity of property packed up ready for removal. They had effected an entry by passing from the roof (which they reached through an adjoining empty house) down the chimney flue, and their is no doubt that the other robberies were perpetrated in a similar manner.

The porters and draymen at work in the goods-yard at the Midland Railway Station, Nottingham, were suddenly astonished by observing flames issuing from a vast number of bales of cotton-wool, stacked under an overhanging roof on the outside of one of the sheds. Mr. Pettifor, the station-master, and other officials were instantly apprized of the circumstance, and a messenger was despatched to the police station for assistance. In the meantime great effort was made to stay the raging of the flames, but without any great success; the only thing to be done effectually was to remove the contents of the shed to a distance, and limit the destruction to the locality in which the fire first broke out. By dint of hard labour some fifty or sixty sacks of beans, wheat, and flour, belonging to Seeley and Co., factors, of Lincoln, were conveyed from the shed to a considerable distance; many tons of timber that lay around were also carried off, and some twenty or thirty trucks laden with coal, all within reach of danger, were likewise removed out of harm's way. In this manner contagion was avoided, a considerable range of sheds were preserved, and their contents, chiefly manufactured articles of very great value, remained free of even the slightest damage. It was otherwise, however, with the shed near which the flames were first seen to issue, and with the bales of cotton, the spontaneous combustion of which it is supposed originated the calamity. Every effort proved unsuccessful, for the building itself was completely destroyed in little more than an hour, and not a single pound of cotton was preserved from damage, either by fire or water.

A letter has been received from an official in the Home-office by the sheriff of Gloucester, intimating that the sentence of death passed on the woman Hannah Curtis, who was found guilty at the last Gloucestershire Assizes of murdering her husband, Thomas Harris, by administering arsenic to him, has been commuted to transportation for life. It will be remembered that the alleged object of the prisoner was to get rid of her husband in order to marry a man named Curtis, who led her to the altar within a month after Harris's death. It is now said that she was never married to Harris, and therefore could have married Curtis during Harris's life. The announcement has created some surprise, as, if she be innocent, she should be entirely acquitted and set at liberty.

The President of the Republic made his entry into Caen at a quarter to seven o'clock on Wednesday evening. He was received by the prefect and the authorities at the Demilune, the junction of the three roads leading to Lisieux, Pont l'Eveque, and Trouville, and which forms a crescent. At that spot a magnificent triumphal arch was erected, with banners and suitable inscriptions. The President was received with cries of "Vive le Président!" "Vive Napoléon!"

Letters from Madrid of the 1st instant announce the capture and death of the Centralist Chief Balarzo, who for the last three months had kept the troops of the Province of Barcelona in movement. He was found concealed in his mother's house, about two miles from Barcelona. It was only after a desperate resistance, and after killing two of his assailants, that he was taken. He was at once put to death.

The Leader

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1850.

Public Affairs.

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

SCHOOL OF REBELLION.

THE colonies are teaching their parent how to carry on political action. It is they who are obtaining from our do-nothing Government compliance with their demands. It is in colonial affairs that our own politicians, under cover of the heavy artillery from the distant provinces, are making something like progress. The reason is, that the politicians so engaged have a clear insight into the object of their movement, have sufficient zeal for that object to merge their individuality in organization, and, as the consequence of zeal and insight arrayed against blindness and imbecility, they are prepared to go great lengths towards carrying their point. The success of vigorous action in colonial affairs is a wholesome rebuke to the recreant state of politics in other matters.

Proofs in corroboration of our statement crowd upon us this week. We have Mr. Adderley's letter to the *Morning Chronicle*, showing what the Colonial Society has done even through a comparatively small number of men in Parliament. We have the report of Dr. Lang's movement to agitate for the independence of the Australian colonies. We have from the West Indies public expression of an increasing opinion against the institutions of those colonies. The position of the West Indies is peculiar. They were deprived of their slavery by the will of the British Government, and compensation for the slaves was given; but it was confessedly inadequate, and, as a make-weight, the colonies were promised a continuance of protective duties on sugar. Their case, said Mr. Deacon Hume, the shining authority of Free Trade in the anti-corn-law agitation, had placed them without the category of free trade. Nevertheless, to win popularity in England, the Government reduced the differential sugar duties, and finally placed them in course to disappear altogether. The West Indies remonstrated, and have demanded freedom of obtaining African labour under guarantees which might easily have been devised against the possibility of renewing slavery. This demand was refused, partly in reference to misconstructions which might have been put upon it, and still more in deference to certain crotchets in favour of continuing the hopeless attempt to put down slavery by an armed blockade on the coast of Africa. These things and some petty squabbles about salaries and civil lists, have turned the attention of the Colonies to their political institutions, and they are inspired with great hopes of succeeding in that direction by the remembrance that Canada obtained all she wanted when she rebelled.

Dr. Lang came over from Eastern Australia to negotiate a plan of taking out emigrants, who are much wanted. The colonists had also been much offended; in the first place by Lord Grey's insidious attempt to renew convict transportation without the sanction of the colonists; in the second place, by that preposterous official trifling which has offered to them the project of a Constitution, but changed it in every possible way before it became a Parliamentary Act, and has passed in such a state as to be not odious to the Australian Colonies, only because it is believed to be impracticable. It is a Constitution octroyed from Downing-street for Downing-street purposes, and it is open to objection from every section of the great Australian Continent. Dr. Lang has been accounted a troublesome, impracticable, hot-headed, unscrupulous, sectarian fanatic; and we will not undertake his unequalled defence on the score of any one epithet; but he is one of the ablest men in Australia, one of the most daring; with many personal foibles, one of the most earnest; and, although strongly opposed by a large body, also strongly supported by a large body. He has set on foot this movement to procure a se-

paration of the Australian colonies from the mother country. His Australian League is to agitate by means of lectures and publications. Means have been found to fetter Dr. Lang by casting him into prison for debt: some untoward friend of the Government has converted the political agitator into a persecuted man. When he last sailed from England he sent a letter to the *Spectator*, setting forth the grievances of his constituents, and declaring that he left the shores of England like another Franklin; by which he implied that the United States of America are to be reflected in history by the United States of Australia. The Government has done the utmost to give him the opportunity and the aspect of a Franklin.

Mr. Adderley is a country gentleman belonging to the Liberal Conservative section of members; his history is equally remarkable and instructive. He has gained his eminent position by acting as the volunteer representative of the Cape of Good Hope in its quarrel with the Government. The case in dispute between the colony and Downing-street was this. Some sessions back Lord Grey announced that, as convict transportation to Australia in the lump had been discontinued, and as it was necessary to provide in some way for the redundant convict population of Great Britain, he had resolved to distribute some portion of that population among the colonies to which it had not hitherto been sent—among others, to the Cape; but he declared that the step would not be taken without previous communications to ascertain the feelings of the colonists. The Cape has had a standing quarrel with the Colonial-office. The descendants of the Dutch farmers had sustained two practical grievances of the most serious kind; they had been deprived of their Negro slaves, and, although they necessarily submitted to the decree from home, their stable minds bore a grudge against the English office for that act of power. Living chiefly on the border, they have been subject to the inroads of the aboriginal tribes around; but the "humanity" of the Government at Cape Town has prevented their acting with vigour against the marauders. Under the name of humanity, therefore, the angry Dutch farmers were constrained to see their cattle driven away before their eyes, and prevented from using the arms in their hands. Many of them rebelled against the Government, and, after much vain contest, they attempted to pass the English border, in order to establish an independent settlement at Port Natal. They were reduced by a large military force. It is this colony which receives Lord Grey's announced intention, in breach of former pledges, that convicts are to be sent, if the colonists are willing to receive them. The colonists make up their minds that they will not receive them, and they call upon the English Government to stand by their previous pledges, more than once repeated. What is their surprise and disgust when the announcement of Lord Grey's intention is followed up, without allowing any time for reply, by an order upon the Government to receive a ship full of convicts from Bermuda. The colonists at once form an Anti-Convict Association, which provisionally governs the colony upon sufferance. They take a pledge to employ no emigrants from England while the order for admitting convicts should be in force, lest they should employ convicts, to hold no communication with anybody who employs convicts; and when the convict-ship actually arrives they declare to the Government that they will not furnish Government with provisions or supplies of any kind so long as the convict-ship remains in the bay. They not only demand that the Governor shall forbid the convicts to land, but that he shall order the ship to sail. He pleads his technical incapacity to do so,—which is unquestionable. They stand by their demand. Some few leading men who show a disposition to flinch are mobbed. The recusants are officially told that their conduct is "rebellion"; but the recognition of their desperate resistance only makes them persevere the more. Ultimately, under orders received from Downing-street, the Government abandons its position; and the convict-ship sails from the bay.

The Cape has rebelled, and is conquered. To this colony, thus rebelling and thus conquering, Lord John Russell proposes a *bonâ fide* constitution like that of Canada. It appears that while the Whig Government boldly defies its friends at home, snubbing even the most subservient of its most radical supporters, it is generous in patronizing its rebel colonies abroad. The more rebellious, the better treated. It appears from Mr. Adderley's

letter that the Colonial Reform Society, established to concentrate and direct the representation of colonial interests in this country, has been very successful in modifying the course taken by the Government. It has forced Ministers to pay an unusual attention to colonial interests, it has obliged Lord Grey almost to reverse his contemplated policy in the Australian Colonies Government Bill. Mr. Adderley, the original promoter of the Society, as we have said, attained his eminent position by the vigour and determination with which he enforced the resistance of the Cape; because, with the consciousness of the important matters at stake in the colonies, the actual conflict, and the resolute determination with which the colonists braved every extremity, his speech acquired the force of an effective influence almost forgotten in Parliamentary oratory.

The colonies, North and South, East and West, perfectly understand the uses of that extreme form of opposition which is dislogistically termed rebellion, and they employ it with a readiness which may alarm our rosewater politicians. In our day men dread the very thought of anything so violent even as a riot, not because they are timid, but because, in the rationalistic view, the idea of "physical force" is ill-bred, unpolite, not *comme il faut*. It has been almost expressly declared that, whatever Ministers choose to do or not to do, resistance to them shall be purely verbal not practical. Opposition in our time is becoming a shadow of traditions without practical weight or force. People talk of "pressure from without," but it is a pressure devoid of a weight upon the screw. Therefore is it that we get nothing; we cannot even obtain the most paltry and confessedly just extension of the suffrage. The Whig Ministers will not even do that which they allow to be expedient and necessary. The "pressure from without" is too feeble to carry them even up to their own intentions. Talk of obliging to fulfil their pledges, and they laugh at you. The very Jew Bill which Lord John Russell volunteered to carry, stands over indefinitely. The Colonists it is that recal to us the true meaning of "pressure from without," a pressure having some substantial weight on the end of the lever. They teach us that the true position of command for one who would coerce the Government is, *to stand on the verge of rebellion*.

We do not say so in bravado: the conclusion is one inevitably drawn from the facts before us. We have practically given to the Whig Ministry a blank acceptance which they are filling up with noughts session after session. The Colonies rebel—the Colonies obtain what they want; and knowing the profit of that course they are persevering in it. In England we are degenerate; it is in the Colonies that we find the true spirit of Englishmen.

THE PROGRESS OF THE NATION.

In a late article on this subject we called attention to some of the more striking phenomena which present themselves upon taking a general view of the increase of wealth, in Great Britain, since the commencement of the manufacturing system, and the wretched condition of the poor, notwithstanding all this marvellous accumulation of property. From a table in the last number of *McCulloch's Commercial Dictionary* we showed that the rent of land has increased from £17,200,000 to £45,600,000 since 1775; that our shipping has increased from 697,300 to 4,052,160 tons during the same period; that our consumption of cotton rose from 5,000,000 lb. in 1775 to 586,400,000 lb. in 1848, and the production of iron from 50,000 to 1,850,000 tons; all proving, as we remarked, how enormously the wealth, property, and production of the country have been increased, what a vast development of its resources has been effected, what an immense increase of available income, of comfort and luxury.

But this increase of wealth and property, as we conceive, does not represent that corresponding improvement in the condition of the great mass of the people which many persons imagine. "On the contrary," as we stated, "the condition of the English people is in many respects worse." For example, as regards the amount of taxes per head on the entire population, it is double what it was in 1775. As regards employment and rate of wages, the most recent information would lead us to believe that a very great deterioration has taken place in most trades during the last twenty or thirty years.

In a very able letter, which will be found in our Open Council, Dr. Smiles, of Leeds, contends

that we are altogether mistaken in supposing that the condition of the working class is worse than it has been at any former period. He insists that "the farther we recede from modern times the more miserable and hopeless has been their lot." If he will look a little more closely into the evidence on the subject he will find that as regards the largest single section of the industrious poor—the agricultural labourers—their present condition is very much inferior to what it was during a considerable part of last century. In many of our agricultural counties the money-rate of wages is very little higher than it was a century ago, while rent, butcher's meat, milk, butter, cheese, beer, and other articles of food are from 100 to 150 per cent. dearer than they were at the former period. Or, taking a shorter range for the sake of comparison, let him inspect the poor-law returns for the last ten years, and he will find that, notwithstanding all our prosperity, the burden of pauperism is much greater now than it was ten years ago. In 1839 the total amount expended for the relief of the poor was £4,406,907; in 1849 the sum expended for the same purpose was £5,792,963. Here we have an increase of £1,386,056 in the cost of pauperism in ten years. Now, an increase of more than thirty per cent. in that ugly item of our national accounts, does not square very well with a statement that the condition of the poor is improving.

Taking the other side of the picture—the enormous accumulation of wealth during the last forty years—we are forced to conclude that our social institutions are greatly to blame when we find so much of that wealth possessed by a comparatively small class of the community. Take the income-tax returns, for example, and compare the gross income of the trading and professional classes a short time before the end of the war with what it is now. In 1812, as we learn from a paper read by Mr. Porter before the British Association, the total amount of income possessed by persons having incomes from £150 to £20,000 a-year and upward was £21,247,621; in 1848, the gross income possessed by the same class was £56,990,224. In thirty-six years it had increased nearly two hundred per cent. But this is only a portion of the wealth possessed by the more fortunate classes. Let us now turn to the class deriving their incomes from property. In 1812, the amount of real property assessed to the income-tax was £55,784,533; in 1843, the amount assessed had increased to £95,284,497, an increase of £39,499,964 in thirty-one years. It is thus evident that the gross income of the trading, professional, and property holding classes, excluding those under £150 per annum, is £75,242,567 greater than it was in 1812. Nor is this all the difference. Money is now much more valuable than it was forty years ago. The prices of almost all the auxiliary comforts of life have been very much reduced since 1812, so that we might safely estimate the real increase of income to the wealthier classes as at least £100,000,000. Now, the very fact that this large portion of the national wealth is absorbed by a comparatively small portion of the community might suggest a fear that something was wrong, even had we not arrived at the painful conclusion by looking into the actual condition of the working classes. Let any man enquire among tradesmen, and he will find the universal complaint is, that very few succeed in making more than a bare living, that hundreds are continually sinking down into pauperism, or adding to that enormous and constantly-increasing unseen poor rate, with which most of the middle classes are so familiar, in the shape of aid for dependent relatives who have been unfortunate in business, and are unable to procure a living in any trade or profession.

If we turn to the artisan class, the whole of the evidence furnished by the indefatigable commissioners employed by the *Morning Chronicle* goes to prove that, whatever the nominal rate of wages may be, nearly every trade is greatly overstocked with hands; that few have constant employment, except those who are willing to work at wages far below the rate fixed by the trade; and that an immense number are altogether without employment. Now and then, indeed, a case may occur in which a few people make good wages; but, looking at the principal trades,—those of tailors, shoemakers, joiners, carpenters, and similar occupations,—it seems beyond all doubt that the total amount of wages earned per thousand men, taking the whole of those connected with any particular trade into account, is very much smaller now than it was in 1812.

But these remarks relate chiefly to the material aspect of the great Condition of England Question. Did space permit, we should have much more to say on the moral results of this enormous accumulation of wealth in the hands of the rich, and the increasing impoverishment of the poor. This is by far the most important part of the question, and it is one to which we are sure the heart and the intellect of Dr. Smiles would equally prompt his attention. He must have seen how much the discontent and sufferings of the poor have been aggravated by finding their privileges and pastimes curtailed or abolished one after another; while the progress of wealth and luxury has been, all the while, continually adding fresh means of relaxation and enjoyment to the rich. Nor is this the worst evil connected with the tendency of capital to gather into mischievous heaps. The small tradesman, who embarks his capital and skill in any branch of business where the leviathan capitalist is his competitor, must do so, in almost every instance, with the hopeless feeling that his chances of failure are every year becoming greater. He cannot help seeing that the large capitalist, if his wealth is not already great enough to enable him to swallow up the small capitalist's business by the ordinary strife of competition, can easily borrow more money. The rate of interest is only two per cent.; and when it comes to a struggle of that kind it is easy to see how the struggle will end.

Still we do not say that the progress of the nation is backward. What we contend for is, that the whole question should be stated. When we look at the increase of £75,000,000 in the gross annual income of the upper and middle classes, let us not forget that this has been accompanied by a vast multiplication of the wretched, a great increase of discontent. Such a state of things, we contend, is unhealthy, is dangerous. It teaches the industry of the nation the habit of looking at the prosperity of the nation.

WONDERS.

THE sea-serpent once more! He has shown himself again in one of his accustomed haunts, the coast of Ireland. Is it a fable, or is it not? Professors are obstinately sceptical, while the most respectable people are fully prepared to make affidavit on the subject. This conflict of affidavit and professional dictum has been going on for some generations. Scepticism alternately rules the public, and we seem to be precisely where we were when the mind was swayed alternately by faith or disbelief in the stories of the Kraken. Two incidents, indeed, in the new experience will tend to set the public against even the enlightened dictum of Professor Owen. Not only does the story of the last appearance bear many marks of verisimilitude, but the witnesses belong to a fresh class, the highly-respectable yacht-keeping class. And one would suppose that a man who could afford to keep a yacht must have an opinion on ichthyological subjects worth attending to. Secondly, a veritable piece of the monster has been found, at least where he was seen to rub himself against barrels, there, sticking to those barrels, was a piece of skin, and that skin the people of the yacht secured. It is on shore. It quite upsets Professor Owen's idea that the monster is a seal, for it is not the skin of a marine beast, but the scaly integument of a fish or serpent. The monster was moulting it would seem. The public feeling, therefore, would incline for the present to the existence of sea-serpents.

Perhaps the most remarkable incident of this long-continued controversy is the imperative necessity under which the pensive public seems to feel itself to come to some conclusion. It seems to be thought that the matter is too interesting to be left in suspense. Even learned Professors share in the necessity. The data are very imperfect, but they are so suggestive that the mind is eager to piece them out with assumptions; and so, instead of stopping at the provisional conclusion that something has been seen in various places of a very impressive and not thoroughly comprehended aspect, the mind strives to snatch from the future the final conclusion that there is a sea-serpent frequenting the deep seas, and occasionally showing himself near Ireland or Norway; or else the opposite conclusion, not only that there is no sea-serpent, but that such a creature is impossible to the Creator. Not long ago the sudden appearance of frogs rained from the atmosphere was esteemed a fable. The phenomenon is still chronicled as something wonderful, and we see it reported this week, even in the railway region of Greenwich and Woolwich. The fable of a former generation is becoming the com-

monplace of this, and philosophers have made some progress in "accounting" for the phenomenon. Who shall pronounce it impossible that the sea-serpent may not be a commonplace to our children; may perhaps be tamed, or even domesticated—possibly taught to draw our great passenger-ships across the ocean? It is to be hoped in such day that we shall have a Professor Owen to act as coachman, sitting like a civil Neptune on the prow, and waving his whip of seaweed over the prancing serpent.

A SHORT CROP BUT PLENTY OF FOOD.

FROM a report of the state of the crops throughout the kingdom, which appears in the *Gardener's Chronicle*, we learn that a large portion of the wheat crop has been seriously injured, and that "a return much under the average will be the general experience in our principal wheat-growing districts." Before the repeal of the corn-laws such an announcement would have filled the nation with alarm; now, however, it makes little or no sensation. It will be seen from the following account of the American crop, as given by the *New York Herald*, that, should our own supplies fall short, there will be no difficulty in getting ten or twelve millions of quarters of grain from the United States:—

"According to the accounts which are daily reaching us from the grain-growing districts of the United States, there can be no doubt that the yield for the year 1850 will be the most abundant that the country was ever blessed with, and that breadstuffs will be as cheap, if not cheaper, than they ever were. The west, the great granary of the country, is one vast storehouse of corn, wheat, and oats, while in the southern and eastern states the product will be far above that of past years. We have no means of ascertaining the yield of last year, but for 1848, according to the report of the Commissioner of Patents at Washington, the quantity of wheat harvested was 126,364,600 bushels, and of Indian corn 583,150,000 bushels. It is acknowledged on all hands that a much larger breadth of these cereals have been sown this year than ever, and this, together with the enormous yield, satisfies us that the wheat product this year will not fall much short of two hundred millions of bushels, and that of corn seven hundred millions of bushels. Estimating the population of the United States at twenty millions, this would give ten bushels of wheat, or two barrels of flour, to every individual—man, woman, and child—to say nothing of the corn, which is much more than is required for their consumption. Of course, however, there will be a large quantity exported, but not as much as in former years. Heretofore we have depended upon Great Britain for a market for a large portion of our surplus crops, but, according to recent accounts from them, the demand will not be near so great as it has been in past years; although the harvest promised to be later than usual, there were no fears entertained of a short crop. In addition to that, the yield on the Continent promised to be abundant, and there was very little danger of damage to the potato in Ireland occurring from the rot. The surplus, over and above what we will require for home consumption, and what will be probably exported, will, therefore, be unusually large this year, and must bring the price down to a very low figure—as low, perhaps, as we have ever seen it in the market."

The *Herald* is mistaken in supposing that the demand from this country will not be so great as in former years. Although last year's harvest was very abundant, we have imported and consumed some eight to ten millions of quarters altogether during the last twelve months. If so much has been needed with an abundant harvest, what an enormous increase must we require with a deficient one!

SOCIAL REFORM.

EPISTOLÆ OBSCURORUM VIRORUM.

No. VI.—THE LAND: ITS SLAVERY.

TO DAVID MASSON.

September 5, 1850.

MY DEAR MASSON,—Starting from the point indicated in my last letter, and turning to the actual state of the People in this country, the one great fact stares us in the face—the *People of England is kept off the land of England*.

Do not say that it is "revolutionary" and "anti-social" to give voice to such a fact: we must be in a very bad state indeed if a simple assertion on a matter of fact cannot be made, without its tending to overturn Government and society. If the assertion is false, it will merely crush itself against the rock of facts: and, if a true assertion cannot be made, the fault lies amongst those who live so that they shrink from truth. In sticking by the truth alone is perennial safety; and the first step towards knowing the truth is to be frank and open.

The land of England is not for the People of England, but is reserved to a very small section of that People—the "landowners." By the most preposterous "fiction of law" the owning of land

is said to be a "trust"; but "may not a man do what he likes with his own"? The land of England belongs, not to its People, but to a section of its gentry and a few nondescripts; and, if the People were to attempt to go upon it, the law would chastise the "trespass."

I am only stating facts.

Now, what, excluded from free access to the face of the planet on which it is born, is the condition of that People? Do not say I am getting "abstract": I am dealing simply with the great essentials of life among our fellow-creatures here within the four seas. What is the state of the working classes? You have seen the reports in the *Morning Chronicle*—that admirable inquisition which originated with Henry Mayhew, and has done more to unsettle the thickset old prejudices on the subject than any one labour. You will find, everywhere, with no exceptions, the working classes living in a constant strain of exertion; with very few exceptions indeed, they are obliged to waste their whole days in labour, for necessities all too scanty; even in the exceptional cases of enormously high wages the condition of the working classes, as compared with that of the middle class, which enjoys political power and commercial consideration, is one of privation. I need not stop here, where I am only indicating broad truths and recalling facts already before you, to describe the struggles of the artisan, the despairs of the hand-loom weaver, the faint, musty rag of life which remains to the needlewoman, the rude existence of the labourer, the bondage of the domestic servant. Nor do I leave that subject here, as finally disposed of; I will hereafter recur to the bondages of industry. Call it what you will, I only ask you to look at the actual state of the working classes,—look on the picture, and never mind the words,—and compare that state with what civilization has done for more fortunate classes. You will not answer that it is "the lot" of those less fortunate classes, for that begs the very question I am mooting—a question hitherto assumed in the affirmative. Is it their lot?

Their hardships are aggravated by their being compelled to live in towns—away from the unaltered face of earth, away from the unpoisoned winds—forced to live in streets not constructed for their comfort, low, close, ill-built streets—crowded, badly ventilated, and worse drained.

And even on the land, what is the fate of the People? "hired" to cultivate their own mother earth, repaid like the hunting dog with scraps and offal of what their labour earns, struggling to keep above that slough of despond "the parish," and often struggling in vain: the actual tiller of the soil is half-starved, dejected, ignorant, stupid—a reproach and a slight.

Is this misery of the People compensated by the comfort of its less unfortunate section, the middle class? I doubt it; but this is a point I must deal with when I come to the subject of trade. I find the fact to be, however, that with the middle class life is a struggle against "sinking in the scale of society"—society being wisely built, it seems, on a steep, over a swamp, and perpetually in danger of subversion and destruction, unless every man of us lends half his days to propping it up with makeshift devices! A struggle solaced with homely luxury, but having little leisure for enjoyment, either of the natural pleasures or the arts of civilization. Scarcely a man is mature in this class ere he has seen through "the illusions of life"—which means that he has unlearned his instincts, and is resigned to settle down in unbroken dullness; relieved perchance with half-despairing, half-malignant conclusions touching this "vale of tears," and the ultimate fate of those gayer beings who are not thus consigned to present gloom.

For there are those who are not doomed to that November existence. And who are they? They are, chiefly, the small class not debarred from the land, and another small class whose labour belongs in some way to Art—a vagabond class, of whom I shall have to speak more by-and-bye. These classes are not wholly alienated from Nature or Art, and with all their troubles they are not doomed to abject hardship or homely dullness.

Is it that we live in a sterile and gloomy land? Walk forth and look upon it—green in every part; blessed with temperate airs; clothed, even where the plough goes not, with a natural agriculture. It is pleasant and fruitful. But it belongs not to the English, and they must not trespass upon it nor take its fruits, under pain of imprisonment and transportation. Even the starving must not turn to the earth on which they are born: no, the child

is taken from its natural mother Earth, and put out to nurse in the care of Trade; and we see in what fashion it thrives. Now, I do not know under what religion it can be that man dares to keep his brother off God's earth in this way—I do not know how he dares to do it—how he has the heart. Is this "the Expulsion?"

We might be reconciled to it, if we found the exiled man flourishing in plenty and fatness, or the land rioting in a plethora of fertility. But we find, in fact, that the exiled multitude is living in wretchedness, or at the best in discomfort; that those who have the land "in trust"—the landowners and their adherents, the practical agriculturists, are always complaining of "distress"; and persons learned in agriculture are ever declaring that the trust is very ill performed, the land not being encouraged to do a tithe of the work that it is ready to do. The agriculturists exile their fellows to live on trade in the towns, and then clamour that trade must not be free; they so clamour because they find that their share of the bargain is anything but easy or profitable, that their possession is "distress." So the artificial system does not answer.

The People is not allowed access to its land; the land is not allowed to feed its People, the sons of the soil: the exilers murmur, agitate, perhaps revolt, because the trade to which their brothers are exiled is free; the exiled complain that the trustees are negligent, idle, and stupid in their trust. It is all reproach and ill-feeling—dictated by harsh discomfort. The sons of the soil, most of them, are sent to toil in dark unwholesome depraved streets; and the "chaw-bacon" that actually works the "trust" of the landowner is a laughing-stock, an opprobrium, the butt of sarcastic toasts about "a bold peasantry." Such is the actual condition of society under the circumstance of the divorce between People and Land.

I know that I have not described all that civilization has done—I well know what "the progress of society" has been: I know that we weave infinitely superior loom stuffs, and have carried locks and keys, and ironmongery in general, to the highest perfection; I know that statistical works glow with figures, and "account" for the misery of the poor—the *mankind* of our day—by ascribing it to improvidence, drink, pigeon-fancying, neglect of saving—"saving" out of short commons!—I know that a crowd of merchants, *very* wealthy, dwell in Belgravia rather than Mecklenburg Square; that millowners possess enormous wealth—if they were to sell out in lucky times; that gentry get huge rents, and that Regent-street, ministering to all that wealth, both supplies and enjoys luxury. But the gentry and the professions, their retainers, the merchants and millowners, and the fashionable slopsellers, are *not* society, unless "society" means something distinct from mankind: mankind consists, in its bulk, of these, my brethren, working in field or factory, mine or shop, in great discomfort and privation. What do I care for the "progress" of a packed party? I repudiate it. The feast makes me sick at heart: I look for the mark of the collar round the neck of my tamer fellow; I go back from the mansion of wealth to the home of hardship, where the numbers live, and I am the more discontented,—*disaffected*, if you will,—for the luxury which is vain for these my countrymen in the multitude. Even in the mansion they talk of the danger of speaking out these things to the working classes: now, I do not enjoy wine and cake if I must whisper while I eat, lest the hungry multitude should find me out in my pleasure. I am not so humble, Masson; I have not the heart. Therefore, so far as my voice can reach, I will say to these enjoyers of a precarious luxury, to those sufferers under needless hardship, to those chaw-bacons "trespassing" on the land they till, and to those dwellers of unwholesome towns, and to such as you whose special business it is to have knowledge, that this is an unsound state of things, unsafe, not necessary, not pious; that it cannot last, and ought not: that the sufferers by it will one day find it out, and that, before they do, we ought to take counsel on the modes of turning to better courses, gradually and smoothly. Meanwhile, I will not take part in hushing up the truth.

I call not for "redistribution of wealth,"—I know the wealth which exceeds the wealth of former days has not been taken from a defrauded industry, but has accrued through mechanical and economical improvements—all that is true. But I say it is not the whole truth. I do not demand the abnegation of "property." I recognize property as the needful protection of industry against that disturbance which would not only rob it of its fruits,

but in so doing rob it of its motives. What I say is, that in the actual condition of things, industry is not allowed to do its utmost, that property is in a rude and imperfect state, that wealth is made by haphazard—much of it made to waste, much of it which is needed to eke out the means of the poor is not created. And, in order to find the issue for that unhappy and unsafe state of things, I insist that we must look beyond that empirical science which confounds the natural laws of economy with its mistakes, to the natural needs, opportunities, and capacities of our race. Art can never depart from Nature, but can only develop and multiply the use of natural resources. And in looking thus back to natural standards, I say we must search until we come to such great primary facts as this one which I have pointed out in my present letter, namely—

That the land of England is withheld from the people of England: that those who profess to hold it in trust exercise their trust so ill that they are forced to confess even their own "distress"; and that the unnatural arrangement is practically condemned as bad by the broad facts that our agriculture lags behind the progress of our day, that the dwellers of towns are needy and comfortless, and that the so-called "science" of this licensed chaos covers up its own imperfections, and scrambles over its difficulty by audaciously stigmatizing an unnumbered portion of the people as "surplus."

Ever yours, THORNTON HUNT.



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.

IS OUR "PROGRESS" BACKWARDS.

Leeds, August 20, 1850.

DEAR SIR,—Your account of the "Progress of the Nation," in last week's *Leader*, is a very lugubrious, but fortunately, as I think, a one-sided view of the present state of things. It appears to me that you exclude the good features of our times and exaggerate the bad ones. You are decidedly Calvinistic in your Socialism, for I perceive you firmly believe in the fall of man from some state of happiness and prosperity enjoyed by him in past times.

For my part, I have never been able, in the records of man now extant, to fall upon any authentic account of that Golden Age from which editors of newspapers (ever since they came into existence) have pronounced us to be constantly falling. Had their prophecies and enquiries been at all correct, what a tremendous way down the pit we must have been by this time!

The more carefully I look into the history of the working classes, the more satisfied do I become that the further we recede from modern times the more miserable and hopeless has been their lot. You must remember, my dear Sir, that there were no *Morning Chronicle* reporters in past times, giving to every suffering class a voice, and dragging misery to the light from even its most poetic recesses. No, no! Nobody troubled their heads in the Golden Age about misery—it simply hid itself from the public sight and, for the most part, quietly lay down and died. As for poverty, it was branded with hot irons on the cheek and the breast, lashed at the cart's tail, or, like "Poor Tom" in *King Lear*, was "whipped from tything to tything, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned." As recently as the time of the "good Queen Anne," sturdy rogues, found begging and unable to give an account of how they lived, were liable to be adjudged felons and suffer death. At a more remote period they were bought and sold like cattle, and were liable to suffer death if they ran away from their masters. The further back I go into the pages of history the more wretched do I find the lot of the poor to have been; and all the liberty and well-being which the working classes now enjoy appears to me

to have begun with the growth of towns, and steadily kept pace with the march of modern civilization.

But you do not, for the purpose of your comparison, go so far back as the period when the working classes of England were an actual slave class. You start from 1775. Well, I have had the curiosity to look into the state of the times then, and I am unable to come to any other conclusion than that the working class has made decided progress ever since that date. Take the following as a social feature of the Golden Age of 1775:—

"Dec. 5. The Norwich stage-coach was attacked by seven highwaymen in Epping Forest, three of whom were shot dead by the guard, but his ammunition failing, he was shot dead himself, and the remainder of the gang robbed the passengers."

In the following year, 8000 debtors were confined in the different gaols of England. About the same time, the crimping of men for the colonies, and the impressment of seamen for our ships, were regular practices on the part of the paternal Government. There were occasional brutal outbursts of bigotry, such as the Gordon riots in 1780; and the petition from the inhabitants of London against the Papists had attached to it no fewer than 120,000 signatures, or "marks of men as outrageously zealous as grossly ignorant." Certainly, I would not exchange the working class of this day for the populace of the Golden Age!

Then, about the same period, I find frequent corn-riots and meal-mobs occurring, which do not argue a very comfortable condition of the working classes. In 1772, wagons laden with corn entering London were seized by the mob, and the corn was sold among them at low prices; for there was "great distress" then prevalent among the poor. There were serious meal-mobs at Dundee and other towns in Scotland in 1773. A few years before, in 1770, there were general riots on account of want of food all over England; the military were called out, many lives were lost, and special commissions were issued for the trial of the rioters. About the same time, the weavers in the country districts were rioting and breaking looms; sometimes they could only be quelled by the military after considerable slaughter; the Spitalfields weavers were engaged in violent disturbances, ending occasionally in the seizure and execution of the ringleaders, and sometimes by the more summary method of dispersion by the bullets and swords of the soldiers. Indeed, for many years about this time, the Spitalfields weavers seem to have been in a state of constant riot. Then, there were the sailors and coal-heavers, who used to meet armed with deadly weapons in Stepney-fields (in 1769), when dreadful fights ensued, in which some were killed and many wounded. There were also militia riots, riots because of reductions of wages, bigotry riots, toll-bar riots, machinery riots, and motions in Parliament "to enquire into the causes of the present discontents," indicating a state of the working classes by no means comfortable and satisfactory. And yet, that was a period immediately preceding the war with the American Colonies, of comparative prosperity among the commercial and working classes! Even at that time, however, there were lugubrious prophets crying, "Woe! Woe!" For we find, in 1783, Sir John Stair concluding a pamphlet on the state of the nation in these words:—"The inevitable conclusion is, that the nation is a bankrupt, and those who have entrusted their all to the public faith are in imminent danger of becoming (I die pronouncing it!) BEGGARS!" A prophecy, like most others of the same kind, happily not yet fulfilled.

You also give out that "wages have not advanced," and that "the continued tendency of wages is to diminish." Well—how stands the fact here? on referring to the return of contract prices of provisions and wages at Greenwich Hospital, I find that the wages of the mechanics employed there (and we must presume that their wages represent the average of those paid in the metropolis) have been steadily advancing up to the present time. In 1775 mechanics were paid from 2s. 6d. to 2s. 10d. a-day; and the same mechanics are now receiving from 4s. 10d. to 5s. a-day. I am also informed by living witnesses that in Scotland, at the same time, mechanics were glad to get only from 8d. to 1s. a-day, who are now paid from 4s. to 5s. a-day. There is also another most important circumstance which you entirely overlook, and that is, that the workman's wages now go much further in the purchase of all the necessities of life—food, clothing, and so on—than they did formerly. Mr. Sidney Smirke, a good judge of matters touching the condition of working mechanics, informs us, in the *Builder*, that the wages of a good mason in London, in the year 1800, were only 16s. a-week, with wheat at 90s. 6d. a quarter; whereas the same labourer now receives from 30s. to 33s. a-week, with wheat at under 50s. a quarter, and all other necessities of life very much reduced in price.

Nor is there any reason to believe that the wages of the agricultural labourers are lower now than in former periods. In all the manufacturing neighbourhoods they have considerably advanced; and the prices of food being lower, they are able to enjoy on the whole a greater share of the necessities of life.

I find that the wages of agricultural labourers in 1770 were 7s. 4d. per week, but in Lincolnshire they are now about 10s. a-week, and in all the counties to the north they are not lower—in some parts they are as high as 12s. a-week. Mind, I am not arguing for the sufficiency of these wages, or that there is not distress (for, alas! it is still far too prevalent), but only that the condition of the workman is not becoming rapidly worse, as your article would represent.

In the cloth-manufacturing districts, there has been a considerable advance of wages, and a great improvement in the condition of the operatives. About sixty years ago, the average wages of men, women, and children, were from 5s. to 6s. each per week; they are now from 9s. to 10s. each per week, with food and all other necessities greatly lower in price. Around Leeds a clothweaver can make from 18s. to 20s. a-week, and his children wages in proportion. At Bradford, a family, consisting of a workman with a grown up daughter, and a boy and girl, can make from 32s. to 36s. a-week. About the same amount can be made by an operative family at Manchester. In the flax and cotton trades men make from 15s. to 20s. a-week, and young women from 8s. to 10s. When there is a large family, their united gains will sometimes amount to as much as £130 to £150 per annum, an income considerably higher than the average salaries of our working clergy, the curates, and dissenting ministers. The wages of miners and operatives engaged in iron-rolling and other descriptions of iron manufacture, have increased in a still greater degree. It appears, from an authentic statement published in the last number of the *Edinburgh Review*, that at a colliery situated in one of the mid-land counties, "the income of a working collier, and his wife and family, consisting of two sons and two daughters, one of each being grown up, would, in 1846, amount, at constant work, to £273 per annum." At the same time "the income of a rail or sheet-roller, or ball-furnace man, or puddler and his family, could not be less than from £300 to £400 a-year!"

But I need not cite further instances of the actual gains of the working classes. The fact which I am about to state goes to prove, more emphatically than any other that could be cited, that the working classes are not so miserably poor and down-trodden as your article would lead us to suppose—and it is this, that besides living better as to food, and having higher notions of physical maintenance than the working class of any other nation in Europe, they now afford to spend *about fifty millions a-year on tobacco and intoxicating drinks!* The average amount expended on drink alone by the family of each working man in England is estimated to be not less than £15. Seven millions and a half sterling are spent on tobacco and snuff; twenty-five millions on beer, porter, and stout; and twenty-four millions on gin, rum, brandy, and other spirituous compounds.* Of this enormous and monstrous expenditure, by far the largest part is incurred, voluntarily and deliberately, by the working classes. If they are going down the pit, as you seem to infer, I fear it is the porter-pot and the noggin of gin, and the gill-stoup, that are carrying them there, far rather than their poverty of means and the oppression of the monied classes.

You may plan model institutions—social and political—for the people; Sir Joshua Walmsley may invest them with complete or manhood suffrage; Mr. Morgan may devise Church of England self-supporting institutions for them; and Mr. Owen may project New Harmonies; but what will these do for a people who are thus enslaved to the porter-pot and the gin bottle?

As everybody now offers his panacea for the cure of urgent evils, I will humbly offer you mine. But I have no model institution—only THE SCHOOLMASTER. I fear the grown-up men are too far gone to be reclaimed; but I would, if possible, get hold of their children, and train them up carefully to order, discipline, self-control, and industry. We must act on the individuals composing the mass, and mould their characters while the elements thereof are yet plastic. Once let us make good men and we may safely leave to them the making of the good institutions.

Notwithstanding this frightful self-indulgence in drink on the part of the people at large, I do not believe that we are growing worse even in this respect, but that we are daily growing better. I entertain the hope and belief that the temperance movement is gradually impenetrating the mass of society, and that as education spreads we shall gradually overcome the evil. I will not cease to believe in the progressive character of man and of society, even though there are dark depths in it which when looked into, make us sometimes ready to start back in sudden affright and despair. I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

S. SMILES.

A REFORMATION.

Sept. 4, 1850.

SIR,—Having read in your last week's number an article upon the subject of a Reformation, the thought

* See the interesting paper on this subject read by Mr. Porter before the last meeting of the British Association at Edinburgh.

has occurred to me that the principles there enumerated may be more easily understood by the following line being inserted as third in the list—*Self-examination, being a condemnation or approval by conscience.*

And as the opinion of the most enlightened theologians of modern times is that future punishments will not be vindictive and eternal, but remedial and limited, will it not be in accordance with truth to assert that man's last religious duty is "Atonement, being the expiration of offences," instead of recording so joyless, hopeless, endless a word as "expiation?"

With these few remarks I have the honour to remain, Sir, yours respectfully, BENEFILUS.

London, Sept. 4, 1850.

SIR,—The insertion in your next week's *Leader* of the following remarks upon a Reformation will much oblige me.

The Unitarian writer of last week has, in my humble opinion, omitted from the enumeration of moral principles the most important doctrine it is possible to mention, one that is sanctioned by Revelation and Reason, and which, if unperformed, would soon bring society to a stand-still, I mean the social or relative duty—"To generate, rear, and establish a family."

Let me honestly entreat Antichrist to place this excellent principle first in the moral section, and after it can come his second duty—"To promote virtue and prevent vice."

The first moral principle respecting the Laws might be dropped down third, and then followed by the Anti-Slavery, and the Peaceful duties last.

Hoping these brief hints may not be permitted to pass unnoticed, I remain, Sir, yours truly,

PATER-FAMILIAS.

PAUPER FARMS.

St. Austell, Cornwall, Aug. 29, 1850.

SIR,—Nothing can prove more the enlightenment of the present day than the publishing of the *Leader*, a paper advocating one of the highest principles of man—Humanity. Hence I am emboldened to send you the following statement:—I wrote a letter on Mutual Supporting Farms for Paupers, which was published in the *Royal Cornwall Gazette* of the 16th instant, shewing that if paupers, cows, and pigs are placed on a farm, their manure would support the land, the land give food to them, the cows, skimmed milk to the paupers, and the paupers, wash and bran to pigs; also shewing how the capital was to be raised for establishing these farms, and the great profits arising therefrom, independent of doing away with poor-rates. The editor, amongst others, made the following observations:—"In the first place, the vast majority of the inmates are helpless from the feebleness of early childhood and the infirmities of age or sickness, while a great proportion of the able-bodied have brought themselves to destitution through their idleness or vice. When all these are deducted there will remain but a small proportion of the able and willing. . . . The authorities who would exact from paupers the exertions and toils which the independent poor, even the weak and aged, will voluntarily submit to, and inflict the privations and hardships which they cheerfully endure, would be mobbed for barbarians. . . . At the same time it is certain that much might be done with the greatest advantage to ratepayers and paupers; greatly is it to be desired that the boys in our union workhouses should be trained early to field work."

To these observations I have sent him the following answer:—

"Sir,—In your observations on the question of the poor being put in a position to maintain themselves, you make four classes of them. In the first class you have the old and helpless, whom you seem to consider would be of no value on a poor self-supporting farm; I grant this as far as labour goes, but, then, their manure, and their being placed in conjunction with cows and pigs, each supporting one another, I do contend is all that is required to make such a farm pay; *although all work on it is done by hired labourers.* In the second class you have the worthless poor, which you seem to think incorrigible, but, before we come to that conclusion, let us have fair play, and give them the same chance as the County Courts give to their debtors, for, before they are condemned to prison as *fraudulent* debtors, it must be proved to the satisfaction of the court that they *can* but will *not* pay. Then offer employment to the worthless poor on these mutual self-supporting farms; this would be unexceptional labour to satisfy any mob. No white slavery. No unhealthy in-door labour, but mere farm labour as though a hired servant. And then, if he would not work, apply the principle of the County Courts; and as these courts are clearing the country of fraudulent labour, so these farms would clear the country of worthless poor. As to the third class, the able poor and willing to work, and the fourth class, the young paupers, I think you agree that some such farms would be desirable. Unfortunately, this most important question of benefiting

the poor and doing away with poor-rates is everybody's, therefore the business of nobody; otherwise, if landowners and ratepayers would duly consider the matter, they would find that poor-rates are an evil when compared to the benefits mankind would receive from these mutual supporting farms."

The humanity of these farms must appear evident; as the old and helpless will have a comfortable asylum in the bosom of nature, where they may enjoy "that jewel dropt from Heaven"—Health, instead of being crammed up in a union workhouse, or narrow and filthy alleys of a town. Those that can work will have a comfortable home until they can better themselves, and the young brought up to education and industry. If these farms are once established, there will be an end of any surplus population, because the *yield* from these farms, from the nature of their compost, will convince farmers of the importance of human and cattle manure, of manufacturing their own compost, and having no carriage labour off the farms, reduce their horses, and employ more labourers. I beg to remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant, JOSEPH WOOD.

THE ROMANS AND THEIR REVOLUTION.

Miteseide, Aug. 27, 1850.

SIR,—In last Saturday's *Leader*, in a review of Mr. Cochrane's *Young Italy*, the following passage occurs:—

"In Rossi's murder, in the acts of violence against the person of the Pope, in none of the *worst deeds of the revolutionary party*, can he (Mazzini), therefore, be said to have had any direct part. In the defence of the city * * in all that is brilliant and heroic in that supreme struggle, Mazzini shines almost alone."

"He must be the noblest and purest of beings, since he can manage to pass incontinent amongst such scenes of horror and depravity."

If I rightly comprehend this passage, it means that the Roman Republicans were guilty of "scenes of horror and depravity," and that, in the defence of Rome, there was scarcely anything brilliant and heroic except the conduct of Mazzini. I utterly deny the truth of such a representation.

I need not defend the death of Rossi, since your reviewer allows that "it has been utterly impossible to trace it to any person or party whatever"; but I challenge the reviewer to state what were "the scenes of horror, and depravity," "the worst deeds of the revolutionary party," from which he is so careful to dissociate Mazzini, and for passing amongst which "incontinent" he so admirably praises him. Having somewhat carefully studied the history of that heroic defence (in which Mazzini did not stand alone), having also had frequent conversations since with Mazzini, and with several others well acquainted with the particulars of that defence, I am at a loss to guess what could be characterized, either by Mr. Cochrane or his reviewer, as "scenes of horror and depravity." Let the reviewer name them in vindication of his attack upon Republican Rome under cover of an exceptional compliment to its illustrious triumvir. W. J. LINTON.

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Linton's letter containing some remarks on my review of Cochrane's *Young Italy*, allow me to observe that I believe your correspondent needlessly warm on the subject.

Deeds of violence and blood were actually committed at Rome—against the Pope's secretary, at any rate. The other scenes of horror and depravity, the massacres of priests, the scenes of debauchery in the hospitals, rest on the authority of Mr. Cochrane and the other abler and more dreaded opponents of the revolutionary party. I had no means of testing their veracity save by the plainest rules of common criticism. Accustomed to honour and love truth myself, I am rather at a loss to understand how mere calumnies may spread so far and sink so deep. If Mr. Linton has it in his power to disprove them—otherwise than by mere negation—no one will exult in his success more heartily than myself. But the fact adverted to in my article was merely that of all these aspersions, true or false—against the republican party, not a word was ever intended seriously to affect Mazzini's character; and this silence and forbearance, this exception in his favour, on the part of his professed opponents, does certainly amount to the most positive eulogy.

For the rest it was not my intention, at the present time, or in that article, to express any opinion of my own either for or against "the Romans and their Revolution."

THE REVIEWER OF COCHRANE'S *Young Italy*.

THE POST OFFICES AT NEW ZEALAND AND SOUTH WALES.—The aggregate receipts of the Post-office department of New Zealand, including the northern and southern provinces, for the three years ending the 5th of January, 1848, was £4326, and the expenditure £3088 17s. 3d.; leaving a total net revenue of £1237 10s. 4d. The revenue of the Post-office department of New South Wales for the three years ended the 31st of December, 1848, was £20,712 13s. 1d., and the expenditure, £21,899 3s. 0d.

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*.

ALTHOUGH the week has produced no novelties, and the publishers' announcements raise no keen anticipations, there are, to those behind the scenes, several topics of gossip. A new edition—the fourth—of *Mary Barton* is in the press, testifying to the continued interest created by that remarkable work; and the public will be glad to know that, in spite of her many "firm resolves" never to write again, the authoress has written a Christmas Book, which will be published by the time we draw the deep-folded curtains and wheel the arm-chair close to the blazing fire—by many thought the only time to enjoy a book!

THACKERAY also has just made an agreement for a new Christmas Book. And we hear that he intends tearing himself away from admiring Duchesses and dinner-giving Lords to visit America, there to deliver lectures on English Character and Literature. That the Americans will flock to hear our greatest satirist there can be little doubt. But will that grave and quiet smile, so fine and full of meaning, be fully appreciated by them? And can THACKERAY himself restrain his irony from glancing at his audience? One of his peculiarities is to excite your laughter at some absurdity, and then suddenly turn round upon you inculcating you in the ridicule. Will the sensitive Americans like that? America seems to be the "Diggins" for Artists just now; and we hear that ALBERT SMITH is to carry his Entertainment there, and also produce some novelties of the same genus.

There seems no end to the industrial ramifications of this colossal Industry of all Nations: the copyright of a Descriptive Catalogue is now to be tendered for by daring publishers, the highest bidder to have the right of bringing it out how he pleases, but a shilling catalogue of humbler pretensions will be sold at the doors. A moment's reflection will set forth the immensity of this scheme. Fifty or sixty wood-engravers must be simultaneously employed with the illustrations—for the work must not only be done rapidly, but well—and there will be no time to spare. When you think of the trouble and expense involved in getting permission to copy the works, and in producing the Catalogue, you will perhaps be less sanguine of the very great advantages to accrue from the speculation. CHARLES KNIGHT announces for 1851 a *Cyclopædia of the Industrial Arts*—a timely publication, and one which, if he exerted some extra labour and ingenuity, might almost supersede this said Catalogue.

JOHN RUSKIN, the eloquent critic, has a volume on Architecture in the press, which is to prepare the way for his elaborate work, formerly announced by us, on the *Stones of Venice*. He is one of the few writers on art who open new vistas to the mind; vehement, paradoxical, and one-sided he may be, but no other writer clears the subject in the same masterly manner—no other writer suggests more even to those of opposite opinions.

Talking of art, let us notice the anxious discussion agitating artistic circles as to the choice of a President. It is said that LESLIE will not accept the office if offered him; PICKERSGILL is mentioned as likely to be appointed; but it is understood that the general desire is for EDWIN LANDSEER. And why, think you? Because he is the greatest animal painter that ever lived—the one who has most depicted the mental and moral life of animals—because he has elevated Low Art into High Art? Amiable simplicity! as if Academies or other corporate bodies ever placed excellence in the first rank! No, you adorably naïve Reader! not because he is EDWIN LANDSEER, but because he "stands well at Court"! To the profound snobbishness of nature there is a blinding grandeur about a Court, any reflex of which on some favoured mortal circles him like a halo; and JONES—yes, even JONES—who carved the famous Literary Monument of CHANTREY, if he "stood well at Court" would take precedence of TITIAN or PAUL VERONESE.

In *Fraser's Magazine* we have observed a paper on TENNYSON, written by a thoughtful and delicate critic, which we recommend for several reasons, and, among them, as indicating, though briefly, what may be called the new phase of the poet's mind, viz., the distinctly religious tone of

his muse. Indeed, the rapid strides taken within the last few years in the emergence from mere doubt or indifference into the free air of active Belief is one of the signs of the times; and we see it typified in BROWNING and TENNYSON. Among our own acquaintances we observe the same tendency. We observe it also in the increasing and rising class of publications, which, while throwing off the yoke of mere formulas with as stern a spirit as that which actuated the negative philosophy of the eighteenth century and the opening years of this century, recognizes the necessity of no longer living in the arena, of no longer wasting energies in nothing but combat, but of endeavouring to bring forth whatever there is of positive and vital in opinions, and of acting upon them; recognizes the necessity of a Creed as the ruler of life; recognizes the fact that this life, and all our endeavours in it were mean, ignoble, unworthy of a care, did we not ennoble it by the grandeur of our aspirations. Of this growing tendency towards a new religious development the whole age speaks; the most careless glance must detect the unequivocal signs that Society is in the travail-throes of some great new-birth of Thought, and that it cries out for that Church of the Future which this Journal has so often demanded. To use the noble language of GIORDANO BRUNO, "Con questa filosofia l'animo mi s'aggrandisce e mi si magnifica l'intelletto"—"with this philosophy my soul enlarges and my intellect grows great."

In Germany some little stir is made by the announcement of a republication of SCHILLER's *Anthologie* for 1782, which for the last sixty years has altogether disappeared from the bookmarket. It was printed by SCHILLER on his own account, immediately after the publication of *The Robbers*. Only a few copies were struck off. The *Anthologie* is said to have been one of the causes of his flight to Mannheim. All the poems were not by SCHILLER; but he contributed by far the greater proportion, fifty-two in number, and of these fifty-two only two-and-twenty were reprinted in his collected works.

We mentioned some time ago that GRIEPENKERL was reading his tragedy of *Robespierre* to admiring audiences in the various towns, like a modern STATIUS; he has now sent it to press, and on the 1st of November commences reading his second drama, *Die Girondisten*. Those unhappy Revolutionary Heroes! how they must darken Hades with their frowns to know themselves caricatured as they are now by every *ignobilis verborum opifex* in want of a subject!

A *Life of Sir Robert Peel*, in two vols., giving an historical account of his public career and his best speeches, is announced by Professor KUNZEL, of Darmstadt. HANS HOLBEIN'S *Altes Testament* has just been republished, the engravings are on a reduced scale, but very well executed. LUDWIG STEIN has brought out a third volume of his *Sozialismus und Communismus des heutigen Frankreichs*; and Lady MORGAN has a rival in the field about to detail more *Germanico* the whole history of *Woman and her Master*: the first volume of this *Geschichte der Frauen* has appeared, but what HERR JUNG makes of the subject we cannot as yet say.

In France we hear of nought stirring; articles on BALZAC continue to appear, and all laudatory; the death of LOUIS PHILIPPE affords JANIN the subject for one of his ultra feuilletons, in which he asserts with the air of a man uttering incontestable truths, that France was at the height of prosperity, security, and reverence when the catastrophe of 1848 overturned the dynasty of Orleans!

One gem from the last *Revue des Deux Mondes* we must rescue. Our readers have often had occasion to admire the incomparable felicity with which every Frenchman blunders when he touches upon English subjects, great or small, so that they will understand the following. Speaking of Barbadoes the writer says, "La Barbade, en Anglais Barbadas (prononcez Bébédés)." This delightful explanation how to pronounce the word will be thoroughly appreciated. Indeed, in respect of English, one may apply to any French Litterateur the eulogium of JOHNSON upon GOLDSMITH—(with a trifling variation)—"nihil tetigit quod non maculavit!"

PHILOSOPHY AT CAMBRIDGE.

A Discourse on the Studies of the University of Cambridge. By Adam Sedgwick, M.A., F.R.S. Fifth Edition, with Additions, and a Preliminary Dissertation. J. W. Parker.

In the study of ancient Literature, Professor Sedg-

wick tells us, we are to seek for models of taste. This is the commonplace most current among those who seem least to have acted on the maxim; and the Professor's work is a curious example of how little academicians fulfil their own precepts: for a volume less artistic in its construction, or less careful and deliberate in its plan, we seldom stumble against. It is composed of three parts: a preface of 442 pages, a discourse of 94 pages, and appendix and notes of 228 pages. This slovenly and inexcusable construction is not compensated by any intrinsic value. The monstrous Preface flounders through various questions of Natural Theology, but is principally devoted to an intemperate and illogical attack upon the *Vestiges*; and having waded through those arguments, we naturally ask, What has all this to do with the University studies? If the Professor, having discharged his bile in "The Edinburgh Review" upon the *Vestiges*, still felt called upon to crush that book, no one would have questioned his right to do so in a separate treatise. But, why select this Preface for the attack? Was it because that form absolved him from a systematic and comprehensive work on the subject? Or was it—and this we believe to be the case—that the Preface grew and grew under his hands till it equalled in bulk the work it attacked, and, after all, fell far short of a systematic answer? In either case we see a manifest want of that classic taste, that ancient art, which Academic Studies make it their chief boast to instil into the pupils.

Has it intrinsic value? Frankly, it has little. Professor Sedgwick has a respected name in Geology, and friends speak of him as a man richly endowed by nature; his acquirements are considerable, and altogether he impresses you with the sense of his being a man of great capacity for the acquisition and retention of facts and arrangements, with a certain lucidity in his modes of exposition, but destitute of the creative, originative faculty, and not above the average in ratiocination. He strikes us as singularly deficient in the power of grasping the thoughts of others when opposed to his own conclusions; and betrays in every other page that tendency, commonly remarked in women, to fly off from severe logic into redundant rhetoric, to judge a theory by the consequences arbitrarily thrust upon it by himself, and to imagine he has settled an opinion by calling it "shallow, base, and degrading." He is in truth a great master of the Vituperative Syllogism; he reasons with epithets. He is fond of discrediting opponents by coupling some offensive epithet with their opinion. Yet this same Professor is found complaining of "brawling and ignorant declamation," and declaring that the author of the *Vestiges* (usually considered a singularly mild and courteous writer) "braves out a bad cause by insulting language, and a confident tone of superior intelligence." Certainly, if ever man deserved that to be said of him, Professor Sedgwick is the man. Intemperate language and assumption of superiority are on every page. If anything in the work is more characteristic of it than vituperation, it is its flippant profundity. As a pleasant specimen of his habit of quiet assumption in argument, varied with side hits, let us quote a passage on

PUBLICATION OF OPINIONS.

"I have a moral right to publish my opinions if I do so in sincerity, and try not to enforce them by dishonest means—by evasion and suppression—by impurity—or by scorn and mockery, not levelled merely against absurd conclusions, but put on in the very aim of distorting or concealing truth. Were it not so, civilized society would be but a great band of slaves, and religious men would be degraded into the mere unthinking creatures of a despotic authority; without any power of obeying the high command of God—of honouring him by a reasonable service.

"On the other hand, I have no right to toss out into the turbid whirlpool of debate any fantastical hypothesis that may have started into life within my brain; more especially, if thereby I put myself in collision with the faith and feelings of the sober men around me. If this be true in questions of physics, still more is it true in questions bearing on our social conduct or religious belief. When a man offends in this way, he deserves and meets with very little mercy. Because men are equal in the sight of God, the socialist or the robber may hold that therefore in society they should have all good things in common—that property is usurpation—and that one who has less than his share has a right to help himself. We deny his principles, and we wage open war with their application."

The delightful ease with which he classes the Socialist and the Robber, in the above, is only a glaring example of the spirit which dictated the whole passage, and which may be translated thus: I, Adam

Sedgwick, have a right to publish my Geological speculations, though the bigoted assail them, and my metaphysical speculations, though thinkers laugh at them, because I have a right to my own convictions; but you, audacious scribbler, and rank materialist, have no right to publish your *Vestiges*, the mere turbid whirlpool of a fantastic brain, because you come into collision with my opinions, and my opinions are those of all sober men. That our translation is true to the spirit, the entire book assures us; but in one of his notes he has given unmistakeable evidence of it. He complains of the attacks made by the bigoted upon his discourse, and we select this passage for its exquisite conclusion:—

"In illustration of this point, I will give two more extracts from this rash and intolerant author. On his own literal explanation of the opening verses of the Mosaic records, he tells us that they are 'simple, plain, divinely majestic, and self-explanatory.' And yet (he adds) it is in this fair, pure, luminous, holy field of everlasting truth, that the impious progeny of infidelity has ever delighted to deposit their accursed spawn! It is beneath this self-evident surface of heavenly verity that infernal policy has ever exulted in sinking its hell-deep pitfalls of satanic interrogation!..... Abhorrent mortal impiety has ever reasoned and interrogated thus—Well! but if this world only began at the first day of Creation, where was God, and what was he doing, all the eternity before? But what is the answer to this most profane and idle question? The author gives it in the form of a quotation, which he tells us is bold, true, and comprehensive—'God was decreeing from everlasting a hell for all infidel enquirers.'"

This is a gem of malignant theology! What an exalted idea of God that clergyman must have! A God occupying eternity with devising a Hell for infidel enquirers! We must do Professor Sedgwick the justice to say that nothing of that spirit is manifest in his attacks; arrogant and intemperate he may be, he is never malignant.

The attack on the *Vestiges* will be read with great interest, for there are here marshalled together hosts of curious facts in natural history, all lucidly and adroitly stated. To lovers of facts little used to the severe processes of logical induction, to those who come prepared to agree with him, we can safely say this preface will be read with unmingled delight. The philosopher will smile at its inconclusiveness. We are not disposed to regard the *Vestiges* as more than a plausible hypothesis, convenient as all hypotheses are when used as such, but far from being an established truth; nevertheless, Professor Sedgwick has altogether failed to make the slightest impression on it, because he strikes the air. We can imagine his opponent sitting in receipt of all this "demonstration" with the serenest possible air; for all that the Professor's facts establish—granting them their full force—is, that the development hypothesis has not explained a variety of anomalies in the creation: a position which, we presume, the *Vestiges* would very readily accept. It would exceed our limits to examine any portion of this argument, but we unhesitatingly say that, as an example of inconclusive reasoning, it surpasses what we are accustomed to expect from men of such pretensions. The truth is, Professor Sedgwick's mind is that of a naturalist, not of a philosopher: he delights in science, and can do good service in his own speciality, but that speciality is limited, and he only quits it to betray weakness. In philosophy we know not whether to marvel most at his shamelessness in uttering platitudes, or his ignorance of what has been written on the subject. As a sample of the former we will quote but one passage, though twenty solicit us, and it is sufficiently long not to look garbled; the phrases in italics are strongly recommended:—

"Ignorance ever has been the parent of much mischief, and there seems no safer way of putting down the father of lies than by setting up the empire of truth and reason. But how is this to be brought about? By the diffusion of sound knowledge. On this point there seems to be little difference of opinion in the world. There is, however, in the human breast that which, on social and moral questions, too often gives the apostles of mischief a mighty advantage over the honest and sober teachers of truth: and if that appetency for knowledge which our Creator has made a part of ourselves, must and ought to have its fruition through a good training brought within the reach of every member of the state, whether high or low, it is also true and certain that knowledge, like everything else, may be turned to moral evil and social mischief: and it is no mere allegory, but a truth of religion, confirmed by historical experience, that the miseries of the human family first sprang from a search after knowledge by unlawful means, and by overleaping the fences set round it by the God of nature."

Respecting the *Discourse* itself, as this is the fifth edition, we must presume that some readers at Cambridge regard it as philosophical and instructive: there is no saying what some minds can convert to

pabulum; but, as far as we have any acquaintance with philosophy, such a *Discourse* seems far from an honour to the University.

We are fortunately not forced to identify Cambridge with this *Discourse*; and if a number of the pupils look up to it with that reverence usual in pupils regarding the productions of their masters, we are quite sure that no inconsiderable portion of the students are able to appreciate it at its just value. The worst is, that the book comes forth to the world with an University authority, which will have its weight with the public, and authority which the strong array of facts and opinions on matters of science will greatly aid.

One more extract and we have done. Speaking of the Royal Commission, he says:—

"May Providence forbid that any rude hand should break these historical links, and, within our ancient walls, disconnect the present and the past! I would deprecate any great organic change, or any radical change in our principles of teaching, as pregnant with revolution, irreligion, and a decay of sound learning; and, therefore, a grievous loss to the manners and state of England."

Ever the old story! Touch my sinecure and the world crumbles; reform my Institution, and Religion perishes; touch my old carcass and the next day the streets will be riotous with barricades!

DAVID HOLT'S POEMS.

A Lay of Hero Worship, and other Poems. By David Holt.

W. Pickering.

"SHAKESPEARE'S Birthday" would be the more accurate title; but modern writers delight in affixing titles which do not indicate the contents, and Mr. Holt has perfect liberty to sin with the vulgar in this respect if the fancy seize him. In two other respects he sins with them where the sin is less venial: we mean in laxity of versification and complacency of commonplace. He is a writer worthy of the compliment of criticism, for he has undeniable faculty, which (we assume his youth), well-trained, may achieve distinguished success. On these two points we will make a few remarks.

Versification: Strange it is to observe the increase in quantity of those who possess "the accomplishment of verse" with the diminution in quality of the verse. In no age of the world was more verse written, in no age so carelessly written. The principles of versification are mysteries except to a select few. Hazard or instinct presides over this most delicate process of art. The consequence is, that the verse, when not in open violation of rhythmic law, is but too often the vulgar street tune played on every organ. Seldom do our poets assort their forms of verse to the subject, still seldomer do they keep within the limits of the form they choose. Macaulay and Tennyson have made certain tunes popular; and these tunes our versifiers set to any sentiments they please. In what has just been said we leave out of view the profound harmonies dependent upon variation of the vowels and subtle distribution of pauses, and confine ourselves to what may be called the simple melody of the stanza. Thus, when Mr. Holt writes:—

"Whose intense glory baffles mortal sight,"

he means us to read "whose intense glory," if we are to preserve the rhythm; but, as this reading is purely arbitrary and made to cover his defect, it is only discovered when too late. Again, he chooses this stanza:—

"In the night season I beheld a vision,
A pure creation of most sweet delight;
A dream of beauty from the world Elysian,
An emanation bright."

Now, it is obvious that a *retardation* like that of the fourth line requires a certain vigour and precision in its rhythmic construction in order to produce the effect, and such we observe in the stanza above; but the second stanza following it ends thus:—

"Such peace that ye might deem she ne'er had been
Anywhere but in Heaven."

Observe, for an iambic opening is substituted the feeble "anywhere," and the whole music of the stanza is destroyed. We need cite no more instances. Perhaps we have already incurred the charge of pedantry from those who, unaccustomed to analyze works of art, are unaware of the various necessary conditions; but Mr. Holt is too enamoured of poetry to misconceive the drift of our criticism; so that we will further suggest for his benefit how modern poets have misused blank verse—he among the number—by not distinguishing between the verse which is

adapted to *dramatic* purposes, and the verse adapted to *meditative* or *descriptive* purposes. Blank verse, seemingly the easiest, is from that very cause the most difficult to write musically; the ear has no accompaniment, as it were, in the absolute structure of the verse, but takes advantages of the licences—to be licentious. Milton and Shakspeare are perhaps the only great writers of blank verse we have had. Nothing can be more striking than the contrast of their management of it: the one, in sustained grandeur, the other in varying dramatic impulse. The *accelerations* whereby Shakspeare's verses of twelve, thirteen, and even fifteen syllables, and the *retardations* whereby verses of nine syllables are made musical and effective, belong to *dramatic* recitation, but would not be admissible in a narrative or didactic poem. Such a line as:—

"Tott'ring 'neath great and unimaginable grief,"

Mr. Holt must know requires at least the hurry of speech to become a proper verse, and is out of place in a calm reverie. But this subject is too vast to be entered upon here. We merely wished to call his attention to his own lax blank verse. He may quote the example of Wordsworth, who wrote a nondescript blank verse, and if the authority contents him, well and good. What we say is, that blank verse to be musical and artistic demands a closer attention to the principles of its structure than he appears to have bestowed on it.

Commonplaces: These are of two kinds, some very patent, as when he talks of "draining the bitter cup of woe," a cup which has surely been already drained to the dregs! and when "world" insists upon being followed by some "banner unfurled;" some less obvious in the shape of similes, phrases, and reflections, which one has met so often in poetry that their faces have lost all charm from familiarity with them. Mr. Holt is too well contented with the first thought that presents itself, and that thought is apt to be one already well worn in the service of poetry. This absence of originality—of that freshness which is as if a new mind were opening to us new vistas into the loveliness of nature and the mysteries of emotion—may arise from youth or from defective power, we know not which in this case; but it takes the volume from the category of *poetry* to place it in that of *verse*.

Having said so much in the way of abatement of Mr. Holt's present claims, let us now praise him for the merits he exhibits. In spite of what has been said respecting his sins in versification, he has a musical ear and a mastery over the forms of verse which, with a little study, would satisfy severest exigencies. Fancy he has, too, both airy and tender; a delicate feeling for Nature, and an exuberance of imagery which argues facility and fecundity. We will give a sample:—

"THE WOODLANDS.

"O 'tis sweet, 'tis sweet to wander in the greensward-paven
alleys,
With the laden boughs above us, and the moss-clad trunks
around;
Or to lie and dream with Nature mid the fern-clad hills and
valleys,
In a harmony of silence far surpassing sweetest sound."

"O the woodlands, O the woodlands, O the sweet and shady
places,
Lone romantic hollows haunted by the wild bird and the bee,
Ye may gaze for hours together on the sweet upturned faces
Of the flowers, whose gentle smiling it is almost heaven to see."

"And they smile upon you ever with the pure and holy smiling
Of their lovely human sisterhood; and ever, as ye pass,
Look up to you beseechingly as though they were beguiling
You to take your seat beside them on the warm and sunny grass."

"And think you they will answer if with gentle words ye woo
them?
O, believe me! they have voices sweet as any singing bird;
But they speak to those who love them and who lean their souls
unto them;

And by such, and by such only, are their gentle voices heard."

"They will tell you tales of fairy bands that come and dance
around them,
And sing them songs of joyance through the livelong summer
night,
Tracing circles in the greensward when the quiet moon hath
bound them
In the mystery of beauty with a veil of silver light."

"And the merry, merry streamlet, as it plays amid the pebbles,
Chiming in with happy chorus to the wild bird's sunny song,
With its softly murmured tenor and its liquid-trilling trebles,
Makes the woodlands ring with music as its light waves dance
along:"

"Ye may almost dare to fancy that ye will behold the issue
Of some Naiad from the waters with her eyes of liquid blue,
With rounded form of beauty and with lips of vermeil tissued,
Sent expressly by the Muses to hold converse sweet with you."

"Or, if graver mood be on you, from the antique trunks all
hoary
Ye may list for Dryad-voices, with their sad and solemn strain;

Each bemoaning to the passing winds its far and faded glory,
And lamenting days departed which may never come again.

"O! to couch on beds of violet in a foliage-curtain'd pleasure,
There to feast upon their beauty and to breathe their sweet perfume,
Meet to be inhaled by angels, so ethereal is its essence,
While they are meet for angels' gaze, so holy is their bloom.

"T were a joy almost too blissful for mere mortal to inherit,
Yet a simple joy, and Nature hath a thousand such in store
For all those who woo her beauties with a pure and constant spirit,
And for every fresh revealing, love those gentle beauties more.

"Yes, to live mid leafy shadows, and to note the hours flit by us
By the sunbeams on the foliage, were a happy life to lead;
And a life according sweetly with a pure and natural bias
Of some hearts devote to Nature and well skilled her lore to read.

"But the world hath claims upon us, and our social duties ever
Call us forth to crowded cities, there to jostle with the throng;
Yet methinks it were much happier to depart from Nature never,
But to dwell amid the wild woods and to pass our life in song."

Here is the opening of a poem which might have
been written by Keats, whose style it resembles:—

"It were a blissful thing, if on a day
When we were wandering far, far away
Adown the mazes of a joyous brook
That fills with melody each leafy nook,
A spirit of the waters were to rise,
A river nymph or naiad passing fair,
And look upon us with her large black eyes,
And dazzle us with rays of golden hair.

"It were a blissful thing, if on a night
When earth is sleeping in the pure moonlight,
A band of angels were to come, and stand
Beside our lonely couch on either hand,
Bringing sweet looks of charity and love
From their god-lighted palaces above;
And we could hold discourse with the bright throng
In their own speech whose ev'ry word is song,
And clothe our struggling thoughts in a new dress
Of rare and unimagined loveliness,
Until we won upon their love to take
Our souls to their companionship, and make
Them worthy of acceptance in those bowers,
That never feel the weight of rolling hours."

In summing up, our verdict is that Mr. Holt has a
faculty which may hereafter produce poems; the
present volume can only be accepted as poetic exer-
cises.

EUGENE SUE'S LAST NOVEL.

Les Enfants de l'Amour. Par M. Eugene Sue. W. Jeffs.

LOVERS of "thrilling incident," who are at the
same time not over critical, will be amused by this
publication of the celebrated French romancist. It
introduces us to a circle not the most amiable; nor
can we contemplate with pleasure its picture of life.
Libertines, assassins, ladies of remarkably easy virtue,
Corsicans with ultra-Corsicanesque ideas of ven-
geance, and husbands such as one meets with only in
French literature, form the principal figures moving
through its scenes. The purport of the book is
never lost sight of for a moment: it is to show the
terrible consequences of adultery. Were we in a
combative mood we might break a lance with the
author on the manner in which he handles this sub-
ject; but it scarcely seems worth while, it would
lead us too far for our present purpose: a rapid
outline of the story, with a translated scene, must
suffice.

We have a fascinating Colonel, whose life is passed
in "bonnes fortunes." Three of his victims are in-
troduced in the first chapter. One, a Corsican girl
whom he has seduced, and who is now, with a child
in her arms, selling bouquets on the Boulevard;
the other, a Madame Delmare, whose husband
idolizes her, unaware that his adored boy is the child
of the said Colonel; the third, a Madame de Bour-
gueuil, whose husband complains she no longer loves
him, which is very true, inasmuch as she loves the
Colonel. This is tolerably strong for a beginning!
Then we have Pietri, the quondam lover of the
Corsican girl, who has saved the Colonel's life in
order to secure a more perfect vengeance hereafter!
This Pietri now writes to M. Delmare, informing
him that the child of his wife is a "love-token" from
the Colonel; and at the same time writes to M. de
Bourgueuil, informing him that his wife is at present
closeted with the Colonel. The two infuriate hus-
bands arrive together at the house of their Lovelace.
You may imagine the scene which takes place; but
you can hardly imagine the resolutions which are
adopted by the two husbands. M. de Bourgueuil de-
clines demanding satisfaction; he prefers killing his
wife by slow degrees, taking her home with him and
perpetually reminding her of her guilt! M. Delmare
is more brutal but less cruel: he demands satisfac-

tion, but he insists on the duel being fought with—
butchers' knives! The Colonel at first refuses, but is
forced to yield his consent, and the duel takes place.
We translate this portion:—

"The night was so dark that they could hardly see
three steps before them.

"On leaving the garden the four personages, still
silent, found themselves in the midst of a vast extent of
desert land.

"Afar off the faint light of a lamp was seen almost
hidden in the night fog.

"We shall be as well here as anywhere," said the
trembling voice of Monsieur Delmare; "quick—off
with your coat—off with your coat!" "Well, let it be
here!" replied Colonel Roland. And he threw his coat
and waistcoat down at his feet.

"M. de Bourgueuil, groping his way in the dark, ap-
proached Major Maurice, and said courteously:—

"Here are the two knives; choose one, and take care
not to cut yourself; but it is so dark one can hardly see."

"It is arranged, Monsieur, that when the two ad-
versaries are armed, they shall stand at a distance of
three feet from one another," said the major, taking one
of the knives; "they will await the signal; three claps
of the hand."

"Quite right," replied M. de Bourgueuil, with ill-con-
cealed delight, "and at the third clap they begin."

"So saying he returned to M. Delmare.

"Here, Adalbert," said the major, in a whisper to his
friend, as he put the knife into his hand, and gave it a
friendly pressure for the last time. The latter then en-
deavoured to discover the shape of the blade by gently
touching it with his fingers.

"It was a butcher's knife, with a wooden handle eight
or ten inches long, a thick blade, wide at the shaft,
slightly curved, and ending in a very fine point, but ex-
cessively sharp in its entire length.

"The colonel shuddered in spite of himself as he
touched this weapon.

"Monsieur," said the voice of M. de Bourgueuil, ad-
dressing himself to the major, "I think the signal may
now be given. . . . The gentlemen are doubtless ready?"

"I am waiting," said the voice of M. Delmare. "I
am ready," added the colonel's voice.

"Major Maurice clapped his hands three times.

"The last of these three sounds had scarcely died
away in the profound silence of the night before the
two witnesses heard a loud hollow noise of footsteps, the
sound of irregular, panting breathing, but not one word
pronounced by the two adversaries!

"Nothing could be distinguished through the darkness
but a black confused mass engaged in furious conflict.

"The struggle lasted fifteen or twenty seconds at the
utmost.

"Suddenly one of the combatants uttered a strange
sound, between a rattle and a hiss.

"The black mass staggered, sunk; the two bodies fell
heavily to the ground, and moved about for an instant in
convulsive starts.

"Whatever the result, I declare this horrible combat
ended!" exclaimed the major; "help me to separate
them if there is still time to do so."

"I beg your pardon, M. Delmare wishes to fight
until one falls," replied the impassible M. de Bourgueuil.
"If he is only wounded, he wishes to begin again."

"And how do you know that he is not dead?" ex-
claimed the major falling on his knees in terrible agony,
for it seemed to him as if the two combatants no
longer moved nor breathed.

"Adalbert," whispered the major in an altered voice,
and feeling among the two bodies, which seemed joined
in a convulsive and last embrace. "Adalbert, do you
hear me?"

"My dear M. Delmare," said almost at the same
time M. de Bourgueuil, "well, how goes it?"

"No voice replied.

"The major suddenly drew back his hand, which was
wandering at random, and murmured, 'Ah! what a
quantity of blood.'

"Suddenly he saw the glimmer of a lantern at the
little garden-gate. Supposing that Pietri was there,
awaiting the result of the combat, he called out,

"Pietri, is that you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Make haste here with your light."

"Pietri hastened.

"The surgeon?" asked the major.

"I have brought him with me, he is in the house,"
replied Pietri, as with a trembling hand he threw the
light of his lantern on the place of combat.

"It was a fearful, a hideous spectacle, the sight of
these two bodies enveloped in darkness save where the
light of the lantern fell. M. Delmare was stretched on
his back; it was impossible to know the number of his
wounds, his shirt and chest were as red as if he had been
in a bath of blood.

"You could see that his throat was half cut through
by a gaping wound.

"He had died of that last wound, uttering that sound
between a rattle and a hiss. Between the clenched fingers
of his left hand he still held a piece of his adversary's
shirt, and in his right hand, convulsively shut, and
already cold, he still held his knife. When Pietri brought
the lantern, Colonel Roland was lying on his face. The
major and Pietri raised him up; He still breathed.
His chest and arms were almost hacked. A little below
the left breast was a deep wound which appeared mortal.

"M. Delmare had kept his promise—he had tried to
reach the heart."

The Colonel, though dangerously wounded, sur-
vives, and thus closes the Introduction. When the
curtain again rises the Colonel is a General, Pair de
France, and on the point of being made ambassador.
His daughter, whom he idolizes, is about to be mar-

ried to M. Charles. We will not follow the imbroglia
of events; but briefly state that this M. Charles is
the illegitimate son of the Colonel, that another ille-
gitimate son has turned forger and robber, and that his
illegitimate daughter by the Corsican, who has
turned *aventurière*, nearly seduces her own father, mur-
ders her lover, et cetera, et cetera; and Pietri's plan
of vengeance is, after demoralizing the whole family,
to expose the Colonel! Imagine such materials in
the hands of Eugene Sue, and you have *Les Enfants
de l'Amour*.

BOOKS ON OUR TABLE.

The Nicomachean Ethics of Aristotle. Translated by R. W.
Browne, M.A. (Bohn's Classical Library.) H. G. Bohn.

This volume of the classical library contains: *first*, an
analytical introduction of eighty pages, very success-
ful in its resumé of the work to follow, and very useful
to the student; *secondly*, a translation of the *Ethics*,
based indeed upon former versions, but rendered with
greater closeness as far as the meaning is concerned,
though, Aristotle being of all authors the one whose style
least admits of imitation, it will not be expected that the
manner should here be given; the notes are brief and
to the purpose; *thirdly*, questions on the various
chapters; and, *fourthly*, a small index. Altogether it is
decidedly a volume for the shelves of a serious library.

Social Position; or, Our Recommendations. A Satire.

W. Pickering.

The absurdities of conventionalism, and the sufferings
which it involves upon its victims, are set forth and ex-
posed in this spirited poem; in which we find much
goodness of heart, an ample recognition of the woes of
the oppressed classes, and considerable satiric power,
combined with a vigorous and somewhat rugged versifi-
cation. The author has gone the round of society, and
finds food for his satire or his commiseration in every
one of them. Potent as may be the former, we confess
the latter has our preference; and we would especially
instance the indication towards the close of the poem, of
women in all her varied relations, and his determined
protest against her wrongs.

Red Republican. Parts I. and II.

Collins.

This publication is better written and better got up than
any similar one of the same school which has appeared
in this country before. The red wrapper with its em-
blematical design is both characteristic and picturesque.
The articles are written with energy, and the translations
from Mazzini and Ledru Rollin add both to the variety
and interest of the paper. The circumstances under
which Mr. Harney seceded from the *Northern Star* do
him great credit, and we hope that the approvers of poli-
tical consistency will not fail to give the editor of the
Red Republican that support to which he has established
an unqualified claim.

Cholera and its Cures: an Historical Sketch. By J. Stevenson
Bushnan, M.D., &c. &c.

Orr and Co.

Cholera again excites interest by its again occupying a
place in the Registrar-General's reports. Dr. Bushnan
offers a useful book, for it contains a digest of nearly
everything that has been written on the subject. The
most valuable part of his book is that in which he en-
larges upon the removable conditions favouring the
attack and ravages of the scourge, and this part well
deserves the attention of all parties in authority. It
cannot be too frequently and impressively reiterated that
proximity to drains and cesspools, living in damp, over-
crowded, ill-ventilated abodes in alleys, courts, and
cellars, deficiency of the materials for good blood, all
invite the attacks of cholera. Dr. Bushnan parades the
amplest statistical evidence of this. With respect to the
professional merits of the work we have not much to say.
Dr. Samuel Dickson is the most original and philosophical
theoriser in medical matters of the present day: how
is it that in this "Historical Sketch" his views, nay,
even his name, is ignored? We know that the practice
based on his theory is the most successful. The specific
disorder called cholera is primarily in the nervous system.
The practice Dr. Bushnan's book seems to have been
written to advocate, is based on the theory that the im-
mediate cause of the disorder is in a vitiated condition of
the blood, to be altered by charging the system with
certain saline ingredients. When this treatment, first
recommended by Dr. Stevens, fails, it fails because it is
inadequate to rectify in every case the established dis-
order of the nervous system. We recommend the book,
however, for its very valuable matter.

Talbot and Vernon. A Novel in 3 vols.

George Routledge and Co.

This is a reprint of an American work written with a
view of illustrating the force of "circumstantial evi-
dence," the author believing that convictions upon cir-
cumstantial evidence are, *except in extremely rare cases*,
always warrantable and never erroneous. He says that
an improper conviction on circumstantial evidence is as
rare as burying alive. Perhaps so; but his story,
though it may illustrate such a position, is useless as an
argument, and for two reasons: 1st, it is *made up* for
the purpose; 2nd, the story is so wearisome that even
adventurous novel readers give it up with a yawn.

The British Controversialist and Impartial Inquirer. No. V.

Houlston and Stoneman.

*The Mosaic Sabbath; or an Enquiry into the Supposed Present
Obligation of the Sabbath of the Fourth Commandment.* By a
Layman. Chapman and Hall.

Fraser's Magazine for September.

Peter Parley's New Monthly Journal.

The Rambler for September.

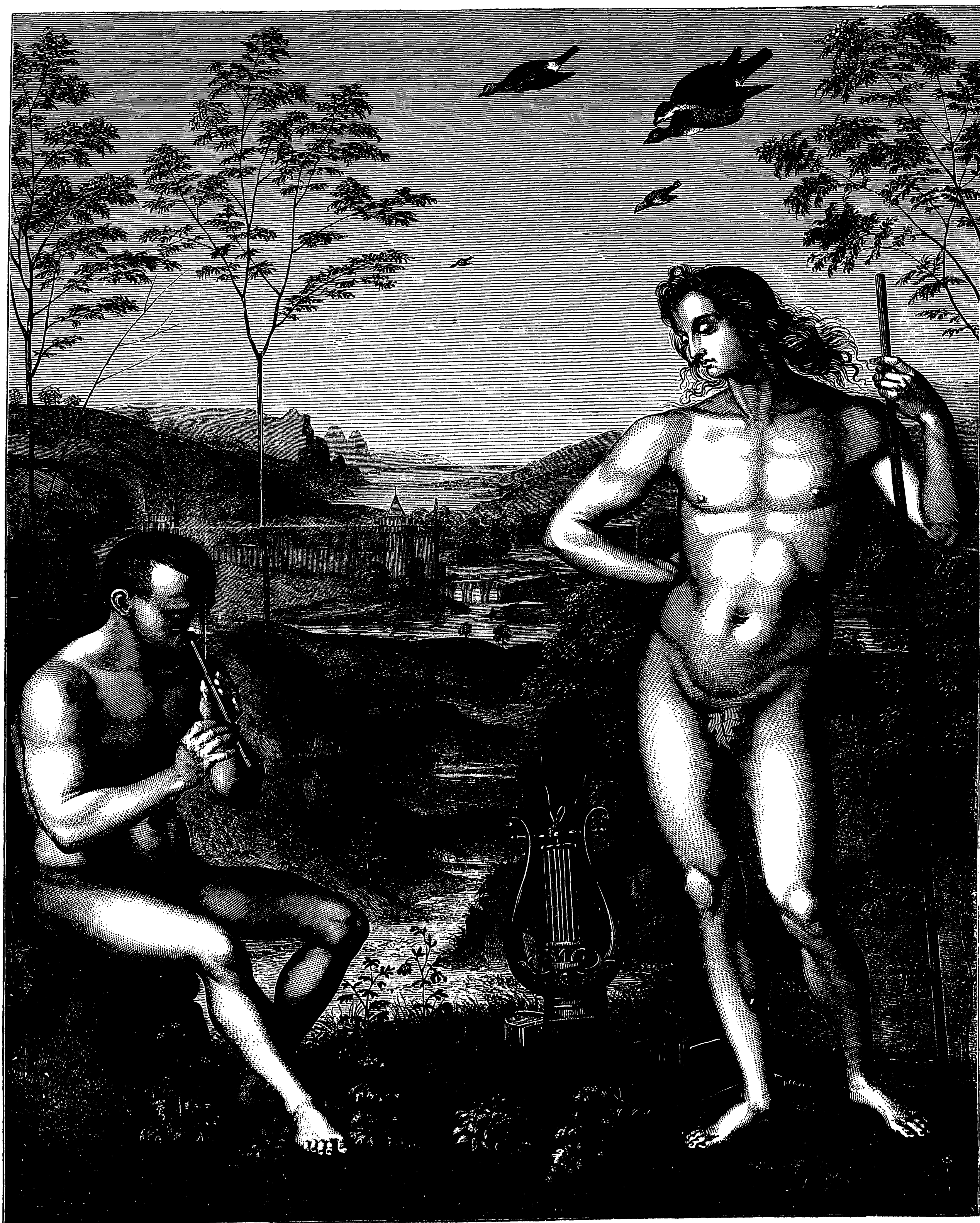
Mirror of the Times. Part II.

The Looker On. Edited by Fritz and Liolett. Parts 4 to 9.

Favorite Song Birds. Part IV.—*The Skylark.*

Household Words.

Household Narrative.



The Moore Raphael.

APOLLO AND MARSYAS.

Portfolio.

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

THE MOORE RAPHAEL.

APOLLO AND MARSYAS.

THE beautiful picture, of which we present an engraving in another page, has recently been added to the list of Raphael's known works. It was exhibited in the rooms of Messrs. Christie and Manson before their sale, on the 2nd of March. In the Catalogue it was ascribed to Andrea da Mantegna; "hidden in that conspicuous place," and disguised by a name not popularly appreciated, it escaped the notice both of critics and purchasers until it was detected by the lynx eye of Morris Moore—the "Verax" of the "Times," well known for his sagacious vigilance over the works of the old masters in this country, and his manful defence of them against the ravages of the official "cleaner." The picture had belonged to the collection made by the late Mr. Duroveray, a city man; he had probably bought it of a dealer; its anterior history is unknown.

The work has escaped from its obscure career in a marvellous state of preservation: vermin of the *cleaner* and *restorer* tribes have scarcely touched it; a good fortune accounted for, perhaps, by the very obscurity. If the illustrious authorship of the picture had been known, unquestionably it would have been "cleaned" to the panel, and "restored" into a perfectly modern painting.

The size of the picture is $15\frac{1}{2}$ inches high by $11\frac{1}{2}$ broad; but that breadth includes a dark band painted down each side, diminishing the measure by a considerable part of an inch. It is painted on panel, in oils; and is most carefully and elaborately finished in every part. The highest lights, on the hair, on the lyre and bow, and even on some parts of the foliage, are touched with gold; but in so delicate a manner, that, although the practice is not sanctioned by Raphael's latest works, the harmony of the picture is not disturbed.

Our copy was drawn on the wood, from the original picture by John Waller, who will be remembered as a successful competitor for the National Cartoon Prizes. It was cut by W. J. Linton, already known as a master of his art. The size of the engraving is $10\frac{7}{8}$ inches in height, and nearly $7\frac{3}{4}$ inches in breadth. If the reader will open our paper, so that two pages shall be before him, place it sideways, and exclude the surrounding margin and one column, he may take the three columns of type in one page, the blank part between the two pages, and the two continuous columns of the other page, as giving together an area very nearly corresponding with the size of the original picture; the measurement across the five columns with intermediate blank representing the height; the total length of a column, the breadth.

Those who are acquainted with the painting will observe a departure from the original which all who have a sound and cultivated judgment in Art will condemn. We distinctly recognize the breach of true decorum; the alteration has been made on this principle: in the case of a separate engraving offered for sale, every individual can take his choice of purchasing or not. In the case of an engraving included in a journal, the work is as it were forced into the hands of a class, of which only a portion may view it with the familiar eye of a cultivated taste; and it is in deference to the views of those who are less familiar that we have caused the alteration to be made. The separate impressions which we have had taken of the engraving, on paper of a better quality than that which suffices for our ordinary printing, have been taken before the alteration was made.

Most of our readers will retain the subject in their memory. Among the authors ready to our hand, the fullest account is given by the pedantic and tedious Natalis Comes. Marsyas, he says, was a son of that Thyagnis who first of all mortals adjusted musical laws to the praises of the Gods. Dwelling in a country fertile in reeds, Marsyas is said to have invented wind instruments; and he became so expert in their use that he excelled all in the beauty and expression of his music. By some he is described as having picked up the fife which Minerva had thrown away, because the blowing disfigured her face. Marsyas formed a very tender friendship with the goddess Cybele, an attachment which survived her subsequent infidelity, and even consoled her under the retaliation inflicted by the instability of his rival. Before that catastrophe, however, Marsyas wandered with Cybele to Nysa, and there also Apollo happened to be. Marsyas challenged him to a musical combat, on the audacious condition that the victor should do with the vanquished what he pleased. "Nothing," replied Apollo, "could be more just," and they fell to. Those bores, the rationalists, will have it that this contest is to be explained by a squabble which raged among the inhabitants of Nysa—like that between the Gluckists and Piccinists of Paris—as to the comparative merit of the fife which Marsyas had invented, and the lyre to which, as Comes says, "Apollo accommodated his song." Apollo was the victor, and he enforced the condition of the combat in a cruel mode; tearing off his rival's skin. Ovid describes the agony of the sufferer:—

"Quid me mihi detralis? inquit.
Ah piget: ah non est, clamabat, tibia tanti!
Clamanti cutis est summos derepta per artus:
Nec quicquam, nisi vulnus, erat. Cruor undiq; manat;
Detectique patent nervi: trepidæque sine ulla
Pelle micant venæ. Salientia viscera possis,
Et pellucentes numerare in pectore fibras.
Illum ruricolæ, silvarum numina, Fauni,
Et Satyri fratres, et tunc quoque clarus Olympus,

Et Nymphæ fierunt: et quisquis montibus illis
Lanigerosque greges, armenta que buccera pavit.
Fertilis immaduit, madefactaque terra caducas
Concepit lacrymas, ac venis peribit imis.
Quas ubi fecit aquam, vacuas emisit in auras.
Inde patens rapidum ripis declivibus æquor,
Marsya nomen habet, Phrygiæ liquidissimus amnis."

Thus translated by the rough and close Sandys:—

"Me from myself, ah why do you distract?
(Oh!) I repent, he cry'd: Alas! this fact
Deserves not such a vengeance! Whilst he cried;
Apollo from his body stript his hide.
His body was one wound, blood every way
Streames from all parts; his sinews naked lay;
His bare veins pant: his heart you might behold;
And all the fivers in his breast have told.
For him the fauns, that in forrests keep;
For him the nymphs, and brother satyres weep.
His end Olympus (famous they) bewailes
With all the shepherds of those hills and dales.
The pregnant Earth conceiveth with their teares;
Which in her penetrated womb she beares,
Till big with waters: she discharg'd her fraught.
This purest Phrygian streame a way out sought
By downfalls, till to toyling seas he came;
Now called Marsyas of the Satyre's name."

The period taken by Raphael for his design is that in which Apollo is listening to Marsyas. The design is conceived with that directness and simplicity which characterize all the works of Raphael, from the earliest that we have by his hands to that which his death left scarcely finished—from the "Annunciation," which he drew in outline at twelve years of age, to the "Transfiguration" that hung over his death-bed. Marsyas is seated on a bank in a perfectly natural posture; easy, with just so much constriction of the frame as would necessarily follow from the steadied action of the hands, and even of the lips and lungs. The hair is closely cropped; the general contour of the figure is that of a compact rustic vigour. The general idea of the Apollo, even to the attitude and the dressing of the hair, is taken from the antique; but into the countenance is thrown all the living force of Raphael's expression. The inspired marble is turned to flesh and blood still more inspired; as when Art and Love, uniting in the hand of Pygmalion, worked out, not a statue, but a being of life. Although the wood-cut is a masterpiece in its kind, it is impossible for the cutter to mould the stubborn wood as Raphael has moulded the living flesh. The expression depends in great part upon the contraction of the minuter fibres and folds in the cheek; it is, therefore, represented in the painting by a very minute following of undulations and shades on the surface. This can only be effected in a material capable at once of the most forcible tints and the softest blendings; the wood can but give a general idea. In the painting, Apollo listens with a countenance of superiority approaching almost to indifference: his attention is implicitly given to his rival; but over the divine and beautiful countenance flickers the most delicate shade of scorn. Although Marsyas drew such sweet sounds from the reed, that the birds flew to listen—so says the fable, and so we see them in the picture,—what was the flute against the diviner song of the string?

From the picture the judges are absent; unless you, the spectator, are supposed to be standing among them. The fable variously represents them as the Muses, or some jury of Nysa. In either case there can be no doubt of the judgment. While the headlong swoop of the birds proclaims the kindred song which he of the race of Sileni is warbling, the figure of Apollo is in itself an embodied music with all its flowing grace, its harmony, its passion, and its force of beauty. It is painted music.

The period at which the work was executed may be assigned with a tolerable approximation to certainty; we have already noticed certain crudities in the materials which were rejected by Raphael's mature judgment, and there are imperfections in the modelling of the figures, judged by the high standard of Raphael's perfected works, which indicate an early year. The legs of Apollo, for example, have a certain slenderness, like that of Perugino, which is familiar to the observers of Raphael's early works; and the right foot is more turned out than it would have been in his later designs. At the same time, it must have been painted after he had gone to Florence, and had become acquainted with the masters of that city—with their bold, firm drawing, their strength of simplicity, and their broad daylight style of colouring. This would fix it somewhere about the year 1504. The exquisite finish of the picture we have already mentioned. It is handled in every part as a jeweller might handle a gem. An ingenious guess has been thrown out, that it was the young painter's offering of gratitude to the Lady Giovanna della Rovere, Duchess of Sora and sister of the Duke of Urbino: she had supplied Raphael, on his leaving Rome for Florence, with a beautiful letter of introduction to the Gonfaloniere Soderini.

Like all great and fertile geniuses, Raphael was perfectly unscrupulous in copying others, and even himself. As Ariosto and Spenser, Rossini and Mozart, have appropriated whole passages from their compeers, or themselves, so has Raphael used the creations with which other masters have peopled the world of Art; and he has not scrupled to repeat his own ideas, though always with a variation which attested his marvellous command over invention. He took the right thing for the occasion, whether it was suggested by a new inspiration or by a reminiscence. The present work is interesting for provoking many of these comparisons. The landscape, which is among the most beautiful that we have from his hand, will recal that of the "Vision of the Knight" in our National Gallery. The general treatment of the picture resembles the "Espousal of the Virgin"; the plants in the foreground

finished with the painstaking of a botanical student and a Titianesque mastery of colour, are all but identical with those of the "Entombment of Christ" in the Borghese Palace at Rome. The head and shoulders of the Apollo form a companion to the head of a young man, wearing a cap, in the "Adoration of the Magi" at Berlin. In type, in the moulding of the features, in the form and fall of the eyes, in the basis of the expression, the growth of the hair, the set of the head, the depression of the right shoulder, and the pose of the figure, the Apollo is the same with the St. John in the cartoon of the "Gate Beautiful." The chief differences naturally flowing from the subject are, that in the cartoon the countenance of the St. John expresses a kind of passive tenderness instead of scorn; that the set of the hair is simplified, and its growth lengthened; the composition more filled out, and the figure draped. But the minute critic will trace the same hand in every detail, even in the high lights of each particular hair, and in the most delicate inflections of the soft and mobile cheeks.

The spirit of the whole design is the same that animated Raphael from first to last—a perfect simplicity and directness in the purpose of the design. That perfect faith in the sufficiency of the simplest and directest impression which enables the painter to carry out the one idea; the force, the mastery over modelling and composition, the complete development of the purpose, the beauty of the forms, the perfection of the finish, the amplitude of the light, endow the picture with a fulness of design and an openness of effect that cheat the sense. Instead of looking upon a cabinet miniature, you look through the narrow opening of the frame across the broad plain of Nysa, where the Olympian godhead stands waiting to fulfil his doom upon the audacious mortal, the denizen of that reedy plain, who is vainly contending with divinity.

CHAUNTS OF THE ANGELS.

Living to-day

With God's Book before thee,
What book of yesterday
Shall have rule o'er thee?
Let the soul's voice be heard:
This is the LIVING WORD;
This is the Holy Ghost, whom men blaspheme;
This was the prophets' guide—
Tried, tempted, crucified;
This was Christ's glory, his stay, and his theme.

Seeing to-day

Fresh advents of Beauty,
What man of yesterday
Knoweth thy duty?
Let the soul's voice be heard:
This is the LIVING WORD;
This is the Holy Ghost, whom men blaspheme;
This was the prophets' guide—
Tried, tempted, crucified;
This was Christ's glory, his stay, and his theme.

Waiting to-day

A new Revelation,
What creed of yesterday
Brings thee salvation?
Let the soul's voice be heard:
This is the LIVING WORD;
This is the Holy Ghost, whom men blaspheme;
This was the prophets' guide—
Tried, tempted, crucified;
This was Christ's glory, his stay, and his theme.

K. B.

CONFESSIONS OF A TIMID LOVER.

Gli amori
Le cortezia l'audace imprese io canto.—ARIOSTO.

PART I.

Note Preliminary by the Editor of this MS., narrating how it came into his Possession.

TRUTH obliges me, though with infinite compunction, to confess that there is nothing romantic in the way I came possessed of the manuscript which I now hand over to the columns of the *Leader*. It was not—I pledge you my honour—discovered in an old chest. It was not found scarcely legible from the damp and mildew, while I ransacked an old family vault. In no long neglected lumber-room did I alight upon it and greedily devour its contents. Two horsemen were not seen riding up the brow of a distant hill, the elder of whom, &c. &c.

In fact, disheartening and prosaic to the last degree is the history of my discovery. No emotions in the least touching are connected with it. There are positively no traces of tears. There is no affluence of

under cover of which one may pathetically write "here the manuscript becomes illegible." The story is this:—

Sunning myself in Kew-gardens this spring, I lounged up against Jasper Meek, whom I had occasionally encountered in crowded rooms. We soon began talking of literature, and he said—

"I've been doing a little in that way myself lately; I wish you would let me show it you—it's devilish good!"

I smiled a vague, unhappy smile.

"It's my confessions!" he added. "Just giving a sketch of my experience with women, and all that sort of thing, you know. Now your practised eye would be of service to me; and I think the thing would amuse you."

Meek's offer was but indifferently flattering to me. I winced dreadfully. My estimate of his talents was by no means lofty; and although I had seen him at literary parties—boring Bulwer, questioning Disraeli, contradicting Carlyle, breakfasting with Milnes, or leaning against the mantelpiece at Lady Gorgon's—although he breathed, as it were, the atmosphere of literature, and was supposed to have had a hand in the *Women of England*, yet I was reasonably suspicious of his capacity for writing an amusing work. But it is difficult to refuse point blank, and he talked down my feeble objections with "I will send it you to-morrow, and you can glance over it in your leisure moments."

He was as *bad* as his word! On the morrow his servant appeared, bearing a neat brown paper parcel. As he had given me carte blanche with respect to time, I laid it aside, hoping some wet afternoon to have an hour's leisure, during which I might run through it. But leisure! who has leisure in these fast-living days of ours? I never found the hour—or the inclination; and so time slipped away.

About three weeks ago, reading the deaths in the *Times*, my eye casually fell on this paragraph:—

"On the 16th instant, at his residence in South Audley-street, Jasper Meek, Esq., in his 39th year."

Philosophers will understand how it was that on reading this announcement my first thought was of Jasper's manuscript. What was to be done with it? He had left no will. He had no relations. His heir-at-law was a mouldy old widow, living at Brompton. I called on her, and politely requested her instructions. So little interest had this benighted person in literature that she begged me to light fires with it! It happened that I was just out of pipelights, and my faithful Slave who attends to that department had the day before asked me for some MS.—that being the service to which my burning thoughts are condemned after their passage through the compositor's hands. I opened the parcel to take a first and farewell glance at poor Meek's "imaginings." As I read on, it so interested me that I could not set it down. It was obviously a genuine autobiography; and believing that all autobiography is interesting, I carried the MS. to that mysterious entity who presides over the destinies of the *Leader*. Ushered into his awful and majestic presence, I.....

But thrilling as that interview was, and worthy of eloquent record, I must not forget myself so far as to record it. My task is done. The reader will now be introduced to Meek—I only beg to add that what follows is unadulterated—I have not "mounted" the sketches of my friend.

CHAP. I.—MY FIRST FLUTTERINGS.

I suppose I must do it; but it is very difficult. To write about oneself is a trial to one's modesty. If I am candid, and tell you what I think of myself you will call me conceited. If I affect modestly to depreciate myself you will see through the affectation. I will be frank and truthful. Think of me as you please, I will speak of myself with noble impartiality.

Frankly, then, I, Jasper Meek, am rather good-looking. As reflected in my own looking-glass I am decidedly handsome; but glasses differ so! You shall judge. I have raven black hair; soft intelligent eyes; a nose which, if not in perfect proportion (it has been called a snub, but I knew the motive!) is nevertheless distinguished; mouth expressive, though with imperfect teeth; a smile not without its charm; and a general *something* which has usually produced an effect, more especially on the gentler sex.

In figure—a great deal depends on figure—though large I am beautifully proportioned.

The inner man is a still more delicate matter to touch upon. I will mention two peculiarities; one an ardent love for what Mrs. Slipslop calls the "frail sect;" an irresistible tendency to fall in love; the other, a constitutional timidity, or shyness, or reserve—I don't know what to call it—which always puts the curb-rein on my impetuosity. I know I must be shy, because I have been so frequently told of it; but it must not be supposed that my shyness has anything at all *ridiculous* in it—there is nothing of that I am sure. I should perhaps more aptly style it an *elegant reserve*: an Englishman's quiet unobtrusiveness.

Of my talents it would ill become me to speak; but I may add in passing that I can turn a pretty enough stanza, and I play delightfully on the German flute.

"Mon fils va entrer dans le monde," said Madame de Montmorin once to Chamfort, "comment le sauver de la première traversée?" To this the wit replied, "Recommandez lui avec ferveur d'être amoureux de toutes les femmes." The advice might have been excellent in dissolute France, but I have not found it so in England, although my native sensibility has led me spontaneously to do that which Chamfort recommends as a matter of calculation. I have always been in love. Among my earliest recollections beam the sweet faces of women; they smile upon me from out the distant years, they beckon to me, they lure me still. I have lived only by my affections; yet how have those affections been treated! how has this yearning heart been wasted! Love has been the chronic malady of my life. Yet, why should I call it malady? Why not health and strength, since to me it has been happiness and occupation?

I remember as a child of about six or seven years old being fiercely in

love with a girl of nineteen. Her bright black eyes and dancing ringlets bewitch me still, as I see them in memory. I felt tortures of jealousy as I saw the men hovering round her, or turning over the leaves of her music—tortures as fierce as ever beat within the heart of a grown man.

I met her in after life, when I was twenty and she two-and-thirty: she was then a smiling, easy, dark-eyed, perfectly stupid mother of four children. Yet there was a certain halo thrown about her by the remembrance of what she had been once; and I asked her to sing me "Cherry Ripe," with which she was wont to ravish all hearers, and make me mad with rapture. She sang it, in a poor, thin, nasal tone that made my heart ache with pity. Was this the being I adored? Was this the voice which had to me been the spell of a syren? I shut out the Present, and wandered back again into the dreamland of the Past!

Let me not dally thus at the threshold: other fairy forms await me. My second *grande passion* made an epoch in my history.

I was then thirteen, and had come home for the midsummer holidays. We were living in Gloucestershire, among the clothiers. One of our neighbours, Mr. Singleton, a wealthy clothier, had become very intimate with my father, and constantly invited me to spend the day in his house, where I had unlimited credit on the garden. But the fruit was not the real attraction to me. I used that only as a pretext to be oftener with Mrs. Singleton, who was certainly the most majestic woman I had ever seen. She was at that time about three or four-and-thirty; tall, calm, dignified, and tender. Her large languishing eyes, her luxuriant drooping curls, her placid brow and aquiline nose made an indelible impression on me. She was the belle of the county, but was not in the least haughty on that account. Indeed, she treated me with a familiarity which would have been mortifying had she not made a mistake respecting my age—thinking me only twelve, when I was fully thirteen. After my explanation I thought I perceived a little more reserve in her manner, as if she felt I might be dangerous. She invited me, however, to come and see her; so it was quite clear that I had not betrayed my sudden passion.

I went often; at last I went daily. My shyness prevented my speaking to her; but I worshipped her silently—at a distance. While at home I was constantly framing speeches—and admirable speeches they seemed to be—which I resolved to address to her when we were left alone. Unhappily no sooner did she appear than all my courage fled, and I blushed, trembled, stammered, and looked foolish. It was no use: I was only bold in her absence; in her presence I was abashed.

Nothing gave me more pleasure than the delight of doing anything for her. She would sometimes entrust me with small commissions for Stroud. I did not walk, I flew to execute them. One day she reprimanded me for something I had done: gently, indeed; but, oh! a reprimand from her lips! a serious reproach in those lovely eyes! She told me what I had done was not manly. I left her sick at heart—enraged at myself—in anguish of conscience and humiliation I threw myself undressed upon my bed, and tossed about through a long sleepless night in tortures. I went there next morning to beg forgiveness. I saw she was touched by my aspect.

Mr. Singleton and her friends began at last to joke me about her. They brought the colour violently into my cheeks by telling me I was in love with her. And she herself (the hypocrisy of woman! I exclaimed) would join in the laugh, declaring that I was a Don Juan, an Amadis, the Lovelace of the nineteenth century. She used to pat me on the head and declare I was quite a dangerous character.

Were it my cue to moralize I would place a remark here on the carelessness with which people are wont to hurt a boy's feelings by jesting with him on his passion. They fancy he is only aping love; as a girl with her doll apes the maternal care: But boys when not altogether indifferent to women love, and love ardently. I have often loved; but never did my heart beat so strongly for any woman as for Mrs. Singleton, who was my ideal of all that was grand and majestic in woman.

As to their fiction about my boyhood, I scorned the imputation. A boy indeed! Did I not shave every other morning (with a penknife)? Did I not make them feel how rough was my beard? Were not my trousers strapped tight over my boots? Did I not read poetry, and write it too? I felt myself—I knew myself a man!

I remember, as a delicate attention, sowing in Mustard and Cress the name of Arabella: it was hers! Whenever she came into our garden I was in a mingled state of fear and delight, of anticipation and dread, lest she should walk round to that part of the garden where her name was so lovingly characterised. I wished her to see it, I wished her to read that indirect avowal of my passion; yet the blood rushed throbbingly to my temples as I pictured her reading it.

It came to pass at last. I stumbled upon her at the very moment when she first discovered it. She was reading it as I came up. She raised her eyes—those lustrous eyes!—to me and said—

"Jasper, what Arabella is this?"

I coloured violently—trembled—and scampered away as fast as I could down the shrubbery, through the house out into the dusty lane, and down the high road for three miles at least.

I seated myself panting and heated upon a bank, and there, while wiping the perspiration from my brow with a huge cotton handkerchief, gave myself up to the terrors of imagination. An enraged husband stood before me demanding an explanation; my father indignantly reproving me. There I sat drawing figures on my dusty boots, with a bit of stick, and revolving in my

mind plans for future action. My fears subsided as my body became cooler. I recalled the jests about my passion. I remembered that at home I was still looked upon as a boy—one is always a boy at home!

I strolled homewards through the fields. The lark was rioting in the sunny heights of heaven, and showering forth the rapture of his song; the bees were murmurously musical; the cows were reposing under the branching shade of spreading trees, or standing knee deep in the cool ponds, switching the torment-flies with their lazy tails. There was peace around me, and soon peace was within me. I reached home, and slunk into the house unobserved.

Mrs. Singleton dined with us that day. It was long before I dared to look at her. She said nothing about the morning's discovery. I fancied there was a tender reserve in her manner, but that was the only shade of difference I could detect.

"She loves me!" I mentally exclaimed. "She approves of my passion. She shares it."

There was a ringing in my ears, a dizziness in my head, as I thought of this. I could not eat. They remarked it. I said I was not well. I left the table, and wandered out into the garden, there to master my emotions.

I was to go back to school on the morrow: it was to be my "last half." This, then, was the last time I should see her for six months; six long intolerable months I was to be separated from my Arabella! My only consolation was that she knew of my passion and returned it.

"Oh! she must return it. After so open a declaration as that of the Mustard and Cress—there can be no doubt!"

I returned to tea, but was very silent all the evening. Indeed I generally am silent in company. Not that I am deficient in conversational powers: by no means; but it is always offensive to me to see people thrusting themselves forward and trying to shine. I am reserved, modest, and prefer sitting quiet. Some people, I know, think me dull. Nothing can be farther from the truth. I have great vivacity—only I keep it restrained.

As Mrs. Singleton rose to depart she held out her hand to me, and said—

"Jasper, you will run over to-morrow and say good bye before you go, will you not?"

Tears came into my eyes, and I could not answer.

Before I had recovered myself she was gone.

What a night I passed! Could Mr. Singleton be blind? Did he not observe her evident partiality? Was he not jealous, or was he stupid? Stupid. He was a mere clothier—with no poetry in his soul—what could he know of love? How could he appreciate such a divinity as Arabella? And she—was she suffering the remorse of a guilty passion? Did she bedew her pillow with tears—silent, scalding tears—in that drear and endless night? Was she vainly endeavouring to cover with a vacant smile the agonies of a distracted heart? Wretch that I was to cause such misery! Wretch that I was to bring sorrow and disunion into that home—to bring guilty thoughts and sorrowing remorse to that domestic hearth, where I had been received as a friend! They had nourished a viper, and now—now it stung them!

Next morning I rose early, sharpened my penknife on a new hone bought the day before, shaved myself very carefully with it (that is, the penknife, not the hone), put on my shortest straps and most splendid waistcoat, and, after a rapid breakfast, ran over to the Singletons.

Arabella met me with her accustomed majesty; a serene smile brightened her lovely face, and the acutest observer could have detected no traces of the sufferings of last night. I had learned by heart a most poetic and pathetic farewell speech; but, as usual, I was dumb. After sitting a painful half hour, scarcely uttering a word, I rose abruptly, and with a spasm of courage said:—

"Now we must part; but it is not for ever."

I blushed at my audacity.

"Good-bye, my dear Jasper!" she replied, "and don't forget your friends."

She stooped and kissed me. It was like a flood of fire pouring down my veins, as her lips touched my cheek. I trembled like a leaf; she must have observed it; but, placing something wrapped up in paper into my hand, she whispered:—

"There, Jasper, take that to school with you."

It was a locket! I felt that it was a locket, containing one of her own majestic curls! Its place should be upon my heart, I mentally vowed. Overcome by my emotion, I ran out of the house. No sooner was I in the garden than I tore open the paper . . . A sudden sickness arrested me as I saw there, not a locket, but—two half-crowns!

I turned to look back. Mrs. Singleton was at the window nodding and smiling. Indignantly casting the money upon the ground, I burst into tears, and ran home.

To be treated as a boy! and by her! To affect to consider me as a child who could be "tipped" with half-crowns—I who had offered her the homage of a heart! Was that the answer to my declaration? Had my Mustard and Cress come to that?

I reached home sobbing. I indignantly tore up by the roots the herby tenderness of which I had been guilty, and told my father all. He burst out laughing, and told me I was a fool to have thrown away the money. My father had no sentiment!

Matters of Fact.

SITTINGS OF THE HOUSE.—A return, which was ordered to be made on the motion of Mr. B. Herberton, and which has just been printed, gives the number of days on which the House of Commons sat in the session of 1850, stating for each day, the date of the month, and the day of the week, the hour of meeting and the hour of adjournment, and the total number of hours occupied in the sittings of the House, and the average time; and also showing the number of hours on which the House sat each day, and the number of hours after midnight; and the number of entries in each day's votes and proceedings. We have not room to give the details of each day's sitting, but the following is the summary:—

Months.	Number of days of sitting.	Number of hours of sitting.	Number of hours after midnight.	Number of entries in votes.
Jan. and Feb.	21	156	84	1399
March	18	140	127	1079
April	17	140	112	1204
May	18	149	174	1430
June	20	181	234	1164
July	23	236	254	1563
August	12	99	94	726
Total ..	129	1104	1084	8571

Average time per diem.....8 hours, 33 minutes, 35 secs.
The longest sittings were on the 22nd of July, 15 hours; July the 9th, 14½ hours; and on the 25th of that month and the 1st of August, when the House sat 14½ hours each day.

RAILWAY COMPANIES.—The following is a return showing the amount of income-tax paid by railway companies for the year ended the 5th day of April, 1849:—

England and Wales	£168,886
Scotland	16,035

Total £184,921

EMIGRATION TO AMERICA.—The emigration for the last month has been unusually large. The arrivals are 34,464, being nearly treble as great as in the preceding month, when the amount was 12,763, and greater by far than in any month this year, except May, when the number was 45,948. The number of arrivals for the month of July, 1849, was 31,634, so that it is nearly 3000 greater for the same month in the present year, though there is a vast falling off in the emigration during the last seven months, as compared with the same period in 1849. The decrease in the seven months of the present year, as compared with the seven months of last year, is nearly 20,000. The following are the exact numbers:—

First seven months of 1849	151,945
First seven months of 1850	132,930

Decrease 19,915

—New York Paper.

FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.—A return has been made of the amount and value of the stock and other securities held by the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt on account of Friendly Societies from 1828 to 1849. The following is the yearly amount of the value during that period, from which it will be seen that these institutions have increased in importance every year:—

Year.	Val. of Stock.	Year.	Val. of Stock.
1828	£135,909	1839	£1,049,455
1829	183,685	1840	1,151,958
1830	227,782	1841	1,231,610
1831	272,155	1842	1,418,624
1832	326,712	1843	1,587,031
1833	400,032	1844	1,759,702
1834	519,983	1845	1,792,352
1835	588,728	1846	1,782,613
1836	642,184	1847	1,576,899
1837	798,529	1848	1,644,348
1838	945,221	1849	1,850,733

It will be observed that in 1846, 1847, and 1848 there was a falling off in the amount as compared with 1845 and the preceding year. That was attributable to bad trade and insufficient employment; but it is gratifying to observe that there was an improvement in 1849 over the best of the preceding years of nearly £100,000.

THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.—A return just made by the India House gives the particulars of the remittances from India to the Court of Directors from the years 1844-5 to 1848-9. It appears that during this period the deficiency of remittances has amounted to £1,472,686, which has been met by an increased issue of India Bonds. For the current year, 1849-50, the requisition was £3,900,000, which was to be obtained by the sale of bills in London upon the Indian Government for £3,000,000, and by the shipment of hypothecated produce on that side to the amount of £900,000. According to a despatch dated the 18th of December last, it was, however, announced that the remittance of the full sum thus specified would not be required, £236,400 having been received here from the two railway companies. For the coming official year, 1850-1, the total required by the India House for the home payments is estimated at £3,600,000. Of this £400,000 is expected from the railway companies, £3,000,000 is to be raised by the negotiation of bills upon India, and the remaining £200,000 is to be remitted from Calcutta, either by advances upon goods or in bullion, as may be thought advisable.

POPULATION OF GERMANY.—The late Parliamentary census of the German States shows the following figures: Prussia contains 16,112,948 inhabitants; Bavaria, 4,504,874; Saxony, 1,836,433; Hanover, 1,758,856; Wurtemberg, 1,743,827; Baden, 1,349,930; Electoral Hessen, 723,073; Grand Duchy of Hessen, 852,679;

Saxony-Weimar, 257,373; Saxony-Coburg-Gotha, 147,195; Saxony-Meiningen, 160,515; Saxony-Altenburg, 129,589; Brunswick, 268,943; Nassau, 418,627; Mecklenburg-Schwerin, 528,185; Oldenburg, 278,909; Anhalt-Dessau, 63,082; Anhalt-Cöthen, 43,120; Anhalt-Bernburg, 48,844; Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, 68,711; Schwarzburg-Sondershausen, 58,682; Reuss-Major, 35,159; Reuss-Minor, 77,016; Lippe, 108,236; Schaumburg-Lippe, 28,837; Waldek, 57,604; making a total of 31,670,237 inhabitants of Germany, exclusive of the German provinces of Austria, Holland, and Denmark. of the Free Hanse cities, and the petty principalities of Hessen-Homburg and Lichtenstein.—*Kölnischer Zeitung.*

THE COLONIES OF SPAIN.—The following curious statement of the gradual loss by Spain of her colonial possessions has appeared in a Madrid journal:—"The Spanish dominions once occupied an eighth of the known world. Our country has been the greatest of the globe, and in the days of its splendour, neither the gigantic empire of Alexander, nor the vastness of that of the present Czar, could be compared to it. The sun never set upon our territory, which contained 80,000 square leagues, and 60,000,000 inhabitants. Of so much richness and power we have lost more than two-thirds in the course of a couple of centuries, as will be seen by the following data:—In 1565, we ceded Malta to the Order of St. John. France afterwards took possession of it, and ultimately the English. In 1622, Louis XIII. incorporated Lower Navarre and Bearn with France. In 1649, our Government recognized the conquest of Roussillon, made by the same monarch. In 1640, Portugal emancipated herself, with all her transatlantic possessions. In 1581, we began losing the Netherlands. In 1648, they made themselves independent. The English took from us in 1626, the island of Barbadoes; in 1655, Jamaica; 1704, Gibraltar; 1718, the Lucayas; 1759, Dominica; 1797, Trinidad. In 1635, the French made themselves masters of Martinico; in 1650, of Granada; 1685, of Guadaloupe; in 1697, we shared St. Domingo with France. In 1821 we lost our half. In 1790, we abandoned Oran, after the earthquake. In 1791, we ceded our rights over Oran and Mazalquivir to Morocco. In 1713, we ceded Sardinia to the Duke of Savoy. Parma, Placentia, Luca, and other districts in the north of Italy, were ceded to princes of the reigning family. In 1759, we lost Naples and Sicily, in consequence of the Infante Don Charles selling them to occupy the Spanish throne. In 1800, we ceded Louisiana to France; and in 1819, Florida to the Americans." The South American Colonies emancipated themselves by turns, from 1816 to 1824.

HEALTH OF LONDON DURING THE WEEK.

(From the Registrar-General's Returns.)

The health of London is now better than it usually is at this season of the year. 882 deaths were registered; the average of the ten corresponding weeks (1840-9) is 1078; or, corrected for the increase of population, 1176. If the week of 1849 is omitted—when 2796 persons died—the corrected average is 968; and the deaths last week are less by 86 than this number.

In the last week of August, 1849, cholera carried off 1663, diarrhoea 234 lives; in the corresponding week of this year the deaths from cholera were 4; from diarrhoea, 118; and at the present time there is no trace of Asiatic cholera in London. A costermonger, with diseased kidneys, died of English cholera in Walworth, on August 21; three cases of cholera infantum were also registered in the week.

In addition to diarrhoea, the two zymotic diseases that deserve attention are typhus and scarlatina; typhus was fatal to 14 children, to 23 adults between the ages of 15 and 60, and to 3 old people—in all to 40 persons; scarlatina and putrid sore-throat to 28 children under the age of 15, to four adults and to one person in advanced life. Scarlatina which is so fatal to young persons, has been advancing slowly for the last thirty weeks; it was fatal in the three series of ten weeks in 146, 185, and 212 cases. It will be observed in the registrar's notes that, as is usually the case, the disease has prevailed with severity in particular localities.

The prevalence of intolerable fetid exhalations from the sewers during the week appears to have attracted attention. What would be thought of the arrangements of a city in which the smoke was poured from the street level: yet it is known that smoke is much less noxious than the poisonous vapours that are still suffered to ex-hale from the gullyholes into the streets and houses of the metropolis.

Commercial Affairs.

MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

SATURDAY.

We are unable to report any new or remarkable feature in the transactions of the Money Market during the present week. Since Saturday last English Funds have maintained the same inanimate position as they have held so long, the report of one day being little more than an echo of that of the day previous. On Monday, as we learn from the diurnal notices, "the market was steady and quiet;" on Tuesday "there was no change;" on Wednesday "the market for Public Securities was rather heavy;" and on Thursday the heaviness was rather aggravated. But all this heaviness, though it lasted for two days, has not been sufficient to alter the price of Consols, which have only varied one-eighth throughout the whole week. The extent of the fluctuations in the price of all kinds of English Stocks has, indeed, been very limited, as will be seen from the following table:—Consols, 96½ to 96¾; Three-and-a-Quarter per Cents., 98½ to 99½; Bank Stock, 214 to 215½; Exchequer Bills, 64s. to 67s. premium.

In the early part of the week the foreign stock market shewed little activity. On Wednesday more business was done, but with little difference in prices. Yesterday the briskness continued and prices were rather better. The actual transactions in the official list comprised—Brazilian, 91½ and 92; the Small, 92½; Buenos Ayres, 59½; Danish Five per Cents., 100 and 100½; Ecuador, 3½; Mexican Five per Cents., 29½ for money, and 30, 29½, and ¼ for the account; Peruvian, for account, 82; the Deferred, 34; Portuguese Converted, 34½; the Four per Cents., 34½, 33½, 34, and 34½; the Small, 34 and 34½; Russian Four-and-a-Half per Cents., 96½, 96¾, and 97; Spanish Five per Cents., 19½ and ¾; Passive, 4½; Spanish Three per Cents., for account, 37½; Dutch Two-and-a-Half per Cents., 57½, ½, and ¼; and the Four per Cent. Certificates, 90.

MARK-LANE, FRIDAY, Sept. 6.

The supplies of Wheat, both English and foreign, since Monday are moderate; of Barley, very short; of English New Oats, small; and of foreign Oats, liberal, chiefly from Archangel. The weather during the week has been so favourable for the harvest, that no animation whatever has been excited in the Wheat, which remains in precisely the same state as at the date of our last report. Barley is held firmly for an advance, and though the buyers are unwilling to comply, the little business doing is at 6d. to 1s. over the late rates. Fine Oats are very scarce, and 6d. to 1s. dearer. Archangels are held firmly at 16s. to 16s. 6d.

Arrivals of grain since Wednesday:—

	English.	Irish.	Foreign.	Flour.
Wheat	2850	—	6990	2270
Barley	70	—	1110	—
Oats	1080	130	25,410	—

BANK OF ENGLAND.

An Account, pursuant to the Act 7th and 8th Victoria, cap. 32 for the week ending on Saturday, the 31st of August, 1850.

ISSUE DEPARTMENT.

Notes issued	£	Government Debt, 11,015,100	£
30,103,815		Other Securities ..	2,984,900
		Gold Coin and Bullion	15,883,857
		Silver Bullion	219,958
	£30,103,815		£30,103,815

BANKING DEPARTMENT.

Proprietors' Capital, 14,553,000	£	Government Securities (including Dead-weight Annuity)	£
Rest	3,536,662	Other Securities ..	14,430,847
Public Deposits (including Exchequer, Savings Banks, Commissioners of National Debt, and Dividend Accounts) ..	8,261,281	Notes	10,421,070
Other Deposits	9,281,099	Gold and Silver Coin	665,758
Seven-day and other Bills	1,305,014		
	£36,937,056		£36,937,056

Dated Sept. 5, 1850.

M. MARSHALL, Chief Cashier.

BRITISH FUNDS FOR THE PAST WEEK.

(Closing Prices.)

	Satur.	Mond.	Tues.	Wedn.	Thurs.	Frid.
Bank Stock	215	215	215	214½	214½	215
3 per Ct. Red ..	97	97½	97½	97½	97	96½
3 p. C. Con. Ans.	96½	96½	96½	96½	96½	96½
3 p. C. An. 1726.	—	—	—	—	—	—
3 p. Ct. Con. Ac.	96½	96½	96½	96½	96½	96½
3 p. Ct. An.	98½	99	99½	99½	9½	98½
New 5 per Cts.	—	—	—	—	—	—
Long Ans., 1860.	—	8 5-16	8 5-16	8 5-16	8 5-16	8
Ind. St. 10 p. ct.	265	—	—	265	—	—
Ditto Bonds ..	86	84	84	84	84	84
Ex. Bills, 1000l.	67 p	64 p	67 p	64 p	64 p	64 p
Ditto, 500l. ..	67 p	64 p	67 p	64 p	65 p	64 p
Ditto, Small:	67 p	64 p	67 p	64 p	65 p	64 p

FOREIGN FUNDS.

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

Austrian 5 per Cents. 96½	Mexican 5 per Ct. Acc. 29½
Belgian Bds., 4½ p. Ct. —	— Small .. —
Brazilian 5 per Cents. 92	Neapolitan 5 per Cents. —
Buenos Ayres 6 p. Cts. 59	Peruvian 4½ per Cents. 82
Chilian 6 per Cents. 103	Portuguese 5 per Cent. —
Ecuador Bonds .. 33	— 4 per Cts. 34½
Danish 5 per Cents. 109½	— Annuities .. —
Dutch 2½ per Cents. 57½	Russian, 1822, 5 p. Cts. —
— 4 per Cents. 89½	Span. Actives, 5 p. Cts. 19½
French 5 p. C. An. at Paris 96.37	— Passive .. 4
— 3 p. Cts., Sept. 6, 57.90	— Deferred .. —

SHARES.

Last Official Quotation for the Week ending Friday Evening.

RAILWAYS.	BANKS.
Caledonian 8	Australasian 28½
Edinburgh and Glasgow .. 25½	British North American .. —
Eastern Counties 5½	Colonial —
Great Northern 10½	Commercial of London .. 27½
Great North of England .. 243	London and Westminster .. 18½
Great S. & W. (Ireland) .. 30½	London Joint Stock .. —
Great Western 64½	National of Ireland .. —
Hull and Selby 96	National Provincial .. —
Lancashire and Yorkshire .. 43½	Provincial of Ireland .. —
Lancaster and Carlisle .. 56	Union of Australia .. 32½
London, Brighton, & S. Coast .. 81	Union of London .. 12½
London and Blackwall .. 57	MINES.
London and N.-Western .. 110½	Bolanos —
Midland 35½	Brazilian Imperial .. —
North British 6½	Ditto, St. John del Rey .. 15½
South-Eastern and Dover .. 17½	Cobre Copper .. —
South-Western 66	MISCELLANEOUS.
York, Newcastle, & Berwick .. 15½	Australian Agricultural .. 15
York and North Midland .. 17	Canada 38
Docks.	General Steam 27½
East and West India .. 113	Penins. & Oriental Steam .. 78½
London 121½	Royal Mail steam .. —
St. Katharine 81	South Australian .. —

GRAIN, Mark-lane, Sept. 6.			
Wheat, R. New	40s. to 42s.	Maple	32s. to 33s.
Fine	42 — 44	White	28 — 30
Old	40 — 42	Boilers	30 — 33
White	42 — 44	Beans, Ticks	26 — 28
Fine	41 — 43	Old	28 — 30
Superior New	46 — 48	Indian Corn	27 — 29
Rye	24 — 25	Oats, Feed	18 — 19
Barley	20 — 21	Fine	19 — 20
Malt, Ord.	25 — 27	Poland	19 — 20
Fine	50 — 52	Fine	20 — 21
Peas, Hog	28 — 29	Potato	18 — 19
		Fine	19 — 20

GENERAL AVERAGE PRICE OF GRAIN.

WEEK ENDING AUGUST 31.

Imperial General Weekly Average.			
Wheat	43s. 6d.	Rye	23s. 4d.
Barley	22 4	Beans	28 11
Oats	17 9	Peas	26 11
Aggregate Average of the Six Weeks.			
Wheat	43s. 7d.	Rye	22s. 11d.
Barley	22 6	Beans	28 0
Oats	18 0	Peas	27 0

FLOUR.

Town-made	per sack	40s. to 43s.
Seconds		37 — 40
Essex and Suffolk, on board ship		32 — 34
Norfolk and Stockton		30 — 32
American	per barrel	23 — 25
Canadian		22 — 24
Wheat Bread, 7d. the 4lb. loaf.	Households, 6d.	

AVERAGE PRICE OF SUGAR.

The average price of Brown or Muscovado Sugar, computed from the returns made in the week ending the 3rd day of September, 1850, is 25s. 7½d. per cwt.

BUTCHERS' MEAT.

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

* To sink the offal, per 8lb.

HEAD OF CATTLE AT SMITHFIELD.

	Friday.	Monday.
Beasts	1032	4703
Sheep	10,650	32,810
Calves	491	330
Pigs	310	304

PROVISIONS.

Butter—Best Fresh, 10s. to 11s. per doz.	
Carlow, £3 11s. to £3 14s. per cwt.	
Bacon, Irish	59s. to 60s.
Cheese, Cheshire	42 — 60
Derby, Plain	44 — 54
Hams, York	60 — 70
Eggs, French, per 120, 4s. 9d. to 5s. 6d.	

HOPS.

Kent Pockets	110s. to 130s.	York Regents per ton	s. to ..
Choice ditto	126 — 210	Wisbech Regents	.. — ..
Sussex ditto	100 — 108	Scott Red	.. — ..
Farnham do.	.. — ..	French Whites	.. — ..

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

CUMBERLAND.		SMITHFIELD.		WHITECHAPEL.	
Hay, Good	74s. to 78s.	78s. to 80s.	65s. to 70s.		
Inferior	50 — 75	55 — 65	0 — 0		
New	50 — 75	50 — 68	45 — 63		
Clover	78 — 84	86 — 88	78 — 84		
Wheat Straw	26 — 30	23 — 27	22 — 25		

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

Tuesday, September 3.

BANKRUPTS.—G. NORTON, Codford St. Mary, Wiltshire, plumber, to surrender Sept. 13, Oct. 18; solicitors, Messrs. Venn, Naylor, and Robins, Tokenhouse-yard, Lothbury, and Mr. Chitty, Shaftesbury; official assignee, Mr. Cannan, Birch-lane, Cornhill—A. CRANSTON, Wimborne Minster, Dorsetshire, cabinetmaker, Sept. 13, Oct. 18; solicitor, Mr. Taylor, South-street, Finsbury-square; official assignee, Mr. Cannan, Birch-lane, Cornhill—S. C. LAKEMAN, St. Mildred's-court, commission agent, Sept. 10, Oct. 18; solicitor, Mr. Patteson, Lincoln's-inn-fields; official assignee, Mr. Graham—J. PRIESTLEY, Radcliffe, Lancashire, cotton spinner, Sept. 16, Oct. 8; solicitor, Mr. Whitehead, Bury; official assignee, Mr. Pott, Manchester.

CERTIFICATE.—To be granted, unless cause be shown to the contrary, on the day of meeting.—Sept. 26, J. Barker, Manchester and Salford, victualler.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.—W. Paterson, Milngavie, victualler, Sept. 6 and 27—J. Riddel, Aberdeen, cabinetmaker, Sept. 7, Oct. 5—T. Cuthbertson, Glasgow, banker, Sept. 10, Oct. 1.

Friday, Sept. 6.

DECLARATION OF DIVIDEND.—J. Jones, jun., and T. Oakes, Kingwinford, Staffordshire, ironmasters; first div. of 2s. 1d., on any Thursday, after the 12th of October; Mr. Christie, Birmingham.

BANKRUPTS.—T. BRADLEY, Ranelagh-road, Pimlico, lard refiner, to surrender Sept. 13, Oct. 18; solicitors, Messrs. Morgan, Old Jewry; official assignee, Mr. Whitmore, Basinghall-street—G. FRIEND, Kidderminster, bookseller, Sept. 21, Oct. 19; solicitor, Mr. Tudor, Kidderminster; official assignee, Mr. Valpy, Birmingham—W. T. SOUTHWORTH, Gloucestershire, baker, Sept. 19, Oct. 17; solicitors, Messrs. Stanley and Wasbrough, Bristol; and Mr. Frankum, Abingdon, Berkshire; official assignee, Mr. Acraman, Bristol—J. STORK, Kingston-upon-Hull, wine merchant, Sept. 25, Oct. 16; solicitors, Messrs. Phillips and Copeman, Hull; official assignee, Mr. Carrick, Hull—W. WARD, Liverpool, dining-room-keeper, Sept. 18, Oct. 24; solicitor, Mr. Yates, jun., Liverpool; official assignee, Mr. Turner, Liverpool.

DIVIDENDS.—Sept. 27, R. Fennings, Chancery-lane, law stationer—Sept. 27, J. Gale, New Burlington-mews, Regent-street, jobmaster—Sept. 27, R. Campling, Norwich, haberdasher—Oct. 3, W. E. Smyth, Plymouth, shipwright—Oct. 11, J. Hunt, Bath, victualler—Oct. 9, A. Guy, Chippenham, money scrivener—Oct. 10, G. Jameson, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, mercer—Oct. 4, J. E. Todhunter, Darlington, bookseller—Sept. 30, A. Duranty, Liverpool, merchant—Oct. 1, J. Wareing, Liverpool, draper—Oct. 1, E. and M. Hart, Northwich, Cheshire, drapers—Sept. 30, J. Jaffa and J. Willis, Liverpool, tailors.

CERTIFICATES.—To be granted, unless cause be shown to the contrary, on the day of meeting.—Sept. 28, W. Haslam, Hertford, chemist—Sept. 27, J. Welch, Westbury, Wiltshire, innkeeper—Sept. 27, B. Campling, Norwich, haberdasher—Oct. 16, H. Thurstan, Cheltenham, innkeeper—Oct. 16, T. Bailey, Gloucester, saddler—Oct. 8, G. Hornsby and R. P. Mould, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, builders—Oct. 8, J. H. Veitch, Durham, printer—Oct. 3, G. A. Von Dommer, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant—Oct. 3, D. H. Haley, late of Stafford, ironmonger.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.—W. Moncur, Kettle-bridge, Fifeshire, merchant, Sept. 9 and 30—D. M'Queen Moore, Birneyknowes, Haddingtonshire, farmer, Sept. 13, Oct. 4—C. Manson and W. Wighton, Perth, drapers, Sept. 12, Oct. 3.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

On the 2nd ult., at Madeira, the wife of C. Bewicke, Esq., of Hallaton-hall, Leicestershire, of a son.
On the 30th ult., at Newton, near Chester, the wife of E. H. Roscoe, Esq., of a son.
On the 22nd ult., at Gibraltar, the wife of Captain Nicholson, Cameronians, of a daughter.
On the 30th ult., at Pickering, near Fulmer, the Honourable Mrs. Frederick Holland, of a son.
On the 30th ult., at Carlton-terrace, Edinburgh, the lady of C. Garstin, Esq., Bengal C. S., of a son.
On the 30th ult., at the Rectory, Staplegrave, Taunton, the wife of the Reverend S. W. King, of a daughter.
On the 30th ult., at Hodsock Priory, Notts, the wife of W. L. Mellish, Esq., of a son.
On the 31st ult., in Upper Harley-street, the wife of the Reverend J. Horner, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On the 29th ult., at Bristol, the Reverend Edward B. Turner, incumbent of Wortley, Yorkshire, son of Major-General Turner, to Maria, youngest daughter of the late Reverend John Venour, rector of Bourton-upon-Dunsmore, Warwickshire.
On the 29th ult., at St. Ann's Church, Belfast, John Cooper, Esq., of the Oaks, Penwortham, Lancashire, to Mary, second daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Wright, C.B., Thirty-ninth Regiment.
On the 31st ult., at St. Peter's Church, Pimlico, the Earl of Darnley, to Lady Harriet Pelham, eldest daughter of the Earl of Chichester.
On the 30th ult., at Hornchurch, Essex, Chas. R. Vickerman, Esq., of Blackmore, in the same county, and of Gray's-inn, to Jane Dorothy, elder daughter of the late Reverend B. Harvey, rector of Doddington and vicar of Blackmore.

DEATHS.

On the 28th of June last, at Calcutta, Mr. Linton, organist of St. John's Cathedral from 1814, the appointment of the first Bishop, aged 61.
On the 17th of July, at Bombay, aged 28, Anna, wife of the Reverend J. D. Gibson, M.A., one of the H.E.I.C.'s chaplains at the presidency.
On the 24th ult., aged 67, Lieutenant-Colonel E. Cruttenden, late R.A.
On the 26th ult., at Brighton, aged 61, the Reverend Timothy Conyers, of Guyers-house, Corsham, Wilts.
On the 26th ult., C. Ross, Esq., formerly of New Broad-street, City, and late of H.M. Office of Stamps and Taxes, aged 67.
On the 30th ult., at Han. House, Isabella, wife of the Honourable F. Tollemache, in her 33rd year.
On the 30th ult., at Ryde, aged 71, Elizabeth, relict of the Reverend T. Bowreman, late rector of Brooke, Isle of Wight.
On the 31st ult., in London, J. Bailey, Esq., of Easton-court, M.P. for the county of Hereford, aged 38, eldest son of J. Bailey, Esq., M.P. for the county of Brecon.
On the 1st inst., in Devonshire-square, aged 88, Hannah, relict of J. Laurence, Esq., formerly secretary to the corporation of the London Assurance.
On the 2nd inst., in Grafton-street, the Right Honourable C. W. Wynn, M.P., aged 74.
On the 1st inst., at Dalkey, near Dublin, aged 84, Admiral B. D. Oliver.

THE NORTH LONDON NEEDLE-

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