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The Leader.

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

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News of the Week.

KOSSUTH is still the hero of the day. Wider, deeper, broader spreads the manifestation of English sympathy, stretching away into the sturdy Northern districts from the central fire here in the Metropolis. Kossuth has gradually made his way into a freer atmosphere. He has been undeceived in his estimate of the value of municipalities. He has found that the English Nation is not represented by the English Corporations, but rather, as in Manchester and Birmingham, misrepresented by them. But the pretext of Sir John Potter and the Mayor of Birmingham will not hinder either of those boroughs from displaying their sympathy with the cause of Hungary. Most remarkable, indeed, is the progress of the movement, extending itself to all places and most men of mark in the Liberal camp. The political weight of the assemblage in Copenhagen-fields is felt all over the country; the point to be noted being, that since Kossuth fairly threw himself upon the People his support has enormously increased. There was no mistake about the demonstration of Monday. It was such a pronouncement of the working classes in behalf of European liberty and the rights of nationalities, as has not been made for any cause since the great meeting in behalf of the Dorsetshire Labourers.

Not less decided will be the manifesto of Lancashire, the West Riding, and the Midland Counties. Unquestionably there is a vast upheaving of the long dormant political feeling of the British mind. It is not only directly serviceable to the Hungarian cause, but also indirectly serviceable to our own; for the noble unselfish instincts and passions come into play as motives of action, and there is a rapprochement of all shades of Liberals within the broad circle of a generous sympathy for defeated greatness. Not only, however, in Copenhagen-fields has Kossuth this week addressed a body of Englishmen. The presentation of the address of the Society of the Friends of Italy elicited from him a noble and satisfactory reply, delivered with a familiar ease and quiet dignity which it was delightful to witness. He has seen Mazzini; they have understood each other; the cause of Italy is recognized as the cause of Hungary; each having a similar aim—Independence and Nationality. For three reasons, therefore, the proceedings of Kossuth this week are important to us: first, because he has fairly shaken hands with the People of London; secondly, because he has publicly acknowledged the absolute identity of the cause of Italy and Hungary; and thirdly, because there is now every likelihood that the sympathy of England will shape itself into active measures for the rescue of European freedom.

But while there is an oppressed Hungary suffering under Kaiser Joseph, there is also an oppressed, war-ridden, and deceived Colony of

[TOWN EDITION.]

England in a Southern latitude, suffering under a Kaiser Grey. The news from the Cape is more disastrous than ever. Two severe conflicts, with very great loss falling on the British forces—and no decided advantage gained over the Kafirs. The Bush on the frontier literally swarming with savages; Graham's Town threatened by immense masses of them, volunteers called out, and a parade of force to frighten off, and, if not, to drive off, the on-coming natives. Intelligent men are of opinion that the war is still very distant from a termination. The Kafirs are in excellent spirits, well supplied with ammunition and provisions, and well acquainted with the movements of the troops. Meanwhile the feeling of dissatisfaction,—to use a weak term,—increases among the Colonists. Where, say they, are the representative institutions you so ostentatiously promised us? How long will you play the autocrat—unto the verge of what—rebellion, for instance? It may be. Governor Smith is assuredly burying Chancellor Wood's surplus in the kloofs of Kafria!

The movement in Lancashire, headed by a respectable knot of members of Parliament, to procure an act for the better controul of the County Rates and Expenditure, is significant of the progress of true democratic ideas in middle class quarters. It is asking for popular controul over local taxation and local expenses; a controul which would be fatal to game laws and many other abuses. What is the Government about? Does Sir George Grey really mean to give other than treacherous assistance to the agitators?

The St. Alban's Bribery Commission discloses too much for the repose of Parliament-street and Pall-mall. Mr. Coppock has alarmed all the bribery interest. Defences, palliations, and explanations away have been as plentiful as quack advertisements. English boroughs nearly all bought! this is too great a scandal—the people will actually believe it after a while. It is a pretty comedy. Mr. Coppock is the Affable Hawk of electioneering agents. Mr. Bell should immediately rehearse for the part of Simple; Sir Robert Carden would figure well in a tableau vivant as Injured Innocence, or Simplicity Betrayed; and Edwards would be certain to succeed in Captain Macheath, turned Queen's evidence. Jesting apart, it is a ludicrous and painful spectacle this of St. Alban's. The oddest phenomena are that the Conservative Knight is the paladin of purity of election, the Whig Reformer the victim of electoral corruption, and the Reform Bill party its staunchest supporters and professors. Dare Lord John Russell peddle with reform after these revelations of how the Whigs concoct majorities?

Louis Napoleon's new Ministry have been beaten on their first proposal. The President sent a long message to the Assembly, which was read on Monday. The kernel of it is—repeal the law of May, and vote the revision as a quid pro quo; repeal the law of May, and "substitute a

right for a revolutionary fact;" repeal the law of May, and disarm the demagogues of their great grievance. At the same time satisfy legitimate interests, that is, repress political liberty, maintain the state of siege, let terror reign and call it order, keep up the army as the praetorians of privilege, persecute the press, and—Elect me your President in 1852! Another noticeable feature is the utter subserviency of French national policy to the policy of the Northern Powers; and the evidence the Message affords of the unity of will and design existing between M. Bonaparte and M. Schwarzenberg. But how did the Assembly meet the proposition to repeal the hated law? The Ministry demanded the "urgency," and were defeated by an immense majority without a formal division! M. Berryer was the spokesman of the Reaction, and Emile de Girardin displayed unwonted ability, as an orator, in a close and vigorous reply to the great Legitimist. The able editor of *La Presse* seems disposed to lead the Left. He spoke most admirably; and if he acquire a command over his tongue equal to that he possesses over his pen, he will soon become a power in the Assembly. The next scene will be a close combat and death struggle between the President and the Assembly—unless, at the last moment, M. Bonaparte should give way (*flechir*).

Austria, diplomatically, entered the Thames Police Court, to demand that certain Italian sailors should be put under the care of the police—for what? Displaying sympathy for Kossuth, and refusing to sail in the Austrian ships. Additional evidence this, if any were needed, of the inextinguishable hatred borne against Austria by all Italians. Of course, Mr. Yardley properly informed the Austrian agent that English laws were not quite so repressive of personal liberty as those of the Usurper of Hungary, the Assassin of Poland, and the Gaoler of Italy.

The memory of Hardy, Horne Tooke, and Thelwall annually gathers around a festal board, a body of gentlemen who have great reverence for trial by jury. Some of the after dinner speeches of this year were rather too strong for a certain portion of the company. Dr. Tausenau's spirited address was too able not to be applauded, and too thorough to be wholly relished by all. Mr. Thornton Hunt was not quite so happy in his allusion to employment on waste lands and to self-government; but elicited some hot interruption. Mr. W. J. Fox made an excellent speech on Parliamentary Reform; and Mr. Peter Taylor won a general applause in explaining the alliance of Italy and Hungary against the despots. Dr. Epps made a cordial and effective chairman.

The name of Fairley, the yeoman who so gallantly defended his house against midnight burglars, who stood a regular siege, and was only smoked into submission, deserves more than "honourable mention" for his cool courage and cheerful daring.

KOSSUTH'S WELCOME.

THE WORKING MEN'S DEMONSTRATION.

The welcome prepared by the working men of London for the Hungarian Chief was equal to the great occasion.

Early on Monday morning, the members of the Central Committee met in great numbers at the office in Wellington-street; and, accompanied by banners and a band of music, marched in procession to Russell-square. Here, at the appointed time, vast numbers arrived, until the square was not large enough to contain them, and they began to encroach on the adjacent streets. About half-past eleven, the procession formed, and, defiling round the square, started by Keppel-street for Copenhagen-fields. The men assembled were the flower of the working classes of London, composed chiefly of the Trades' Unions, and marched banded together by their respective crafts. Three horsemen led the van, followed by the footmen five abreast.

The flags and banners took the following order:—"Welcome Kossuth! the Patriot;" "There is no obstacle to him that wills;" the Turkish ensign, surmounted by a gilded crescent; the American stars and stripes; "Kossuth, Mazzini—Italy, Hungary;" "The men of Marylebone;" "What is life without liberty?" surmounting a harp; "A tear for Hungary," surmounting a shield; Union Jacks; "The Notting-hill Financial and Parliamentary Reform Association;" the *Observer* newspaper on a pole, with a eulogistic inscription appended; the *Times* crumpled up and swinging at a gibbet, accompanied by the words, "The fate of liars," on one side, and "Mentiri est turpe," on the other; Hungarian colours; Union Jack; red flag, surmounted by a cap of liberty; flag with the inscription, "Disobedience to tyrants our duty to God;" Tower Hamlets flag, containing, "Welcome to Kossuth, the leader, the statesman, the soldier, and the patriot, who, having conquered the armies of Austria, fell a victim to internal treachery and Russian despotism;" another Tower Hamlets flag, with the words, "A speedy triumph to Democracy." Hungarian favours were worn on hundreds of breasts, and not a few arms were encircled with badges, bearing upon them, "Liberty, equality, and fraternity."

The procession left Keppel-street at one o'clock, marching to the stirring notes of the "Marseillaise," "Mourir pour la Patrie," and other kindred airs. It proceeded up Tottenham-court-road, along the Hampstead and the Camden roads, to Copenhagen-fields, the place of meeting. Enthusiastic cheering broke out ever and anon along the entire route, where masses of people had turned out to witness the display. Windows, balconies, and roofs were all put in requisition, many shops were shut, flags waved from numerous eminences, and the whole line presented an unwontedly gay and spirited scene.

The fields in front of Copenhagen-house were crowded with spectators; their numbers being variously estimated as low as 25,000 by the *Times*, and as high as 150,000 by a gentleman at the High-bury-barn banquet.

At half-past three Kossuth appeared on the platform accompanied by Mr. Thornton Hunt, Chairman of the Committee; M. Wucowicz, ex-Minister of Justice in Hungary; M. Gorove, late Secretary to the Diet; Colonel Count Bethlen, M. Pulzsky, Colonel Count Teleky, M. Kajlich, late Prefect of Police; Colonel Thaz, late aide-de-camp to M. Kossuth; Colonel Kiss, M. Asztalos, Major Count Vay, Colonel Gal, Captain Tür, M. Roney, M. Simonyi, Captain Török, late aide-de-camp to M. Kossuth; General Vetter, Colonel Kemeny, and General Czca. Kossuth was dressed in a black velvet frock coat, with blue cloth cloak. His appearance was the signal for an enthusiastic burst of cheers from the assemblage, round following round, and every hat waving the salutations of its owner, whilst flags bearing inscriptions of welcome, amongst the rest that highly decorated, with the Hungarian colours and the words, "Welcome, Kossuth, the exiled Hungarian statesman, leader, soldier, and patriot," were advanced to meet his eye. With head uncovered, he stepped forward and gracefully acknowledged the plaudits of his admirers, bowing twice to the front and as often to the right and left. When comparative silence had been restored,

Mr. Pettie, Secretary of the Committee, read the address, which was very elegantly engrossed on parchment, and bound on a roller covered with figured crimson velvet. The following is a copy:—

"TO LOUIS KOSSUTH, THE ADDRESS OF THE INHABITANTS OF LONDON, REPRESENTED BY THE UNDERSIGNED.

"Patriot citizen and worthy representative of a great people,—We approach you with sentiments of hopeful joy; we hail with satisfaction your restoration to freedom and to your country's service, as we heard with sorrow the tidings of your expatriation. In the war so heroically sustained by the Hungarian nation, against the united armies of Russia and Austria, the sympathy of the people of England, and the sympathy of the people of Hungary was so united, as to be historical, but we desire to state that, had our wishes received the intervention of Russia would not have been upon paper, but upon

the field of action by the force of British arms. Our regret for the past is mingled with humiliation for the futility of our desires, but it is alleviated by our hopes and our resolves for the future. Chosen as the guide of a brave people in the path of freedom, your liberation gives hope not alone to Hungary, but to humanity. In the brotherhood of peoples rest the hope of civilisation, the assurance of our progress in the peaceful arts, and the free development of man's noblest faculties. In the brotherhood of peoples there also exists the certainty of success in resisting the encroachments of despotic powers. Distinguished alike for wisdom as for integrity, if we have said so much to you, it is because your name and that of your country are linked in our hopes and our prayers to the names of other men and other nations. Need we name them? No; your true heart has already responded—Italy, Poland, Germany, and—there is a nation which for half a century has expiated its love of freedom in bereavement of its best sons, in the tears of its mothers and daughters. Its cup of bitterness is full. Whilst the arms of the people were extended to embrace you, you were repelled from their shores. As we believe in a future for Hungary, so also do we believe in a future for France. Whilst congratulating Hungary, and you, Sir, freely chosen governor, on your liberation, we turn with sentiments of fraternal gratitude to that nation which, despite of menace and intrigue, shielded you in the adverse hour, and has restored you to free action and fresh hope in the fulfilment of your glorious mission. To the citizens of the great Republic which has thrown its flag around you—linked, as we are, by ties of kindred—we are more closely linked in our mutual esteem for you, and sympathy for your country. We rejoice with them in the honour they have won; but we lament that we should have deserved that honour less. Welcome to our country! Our words are but the poor echo of a million voices which, from the extreme limits of our land, bless your name, and, in blessing you, bless Hungary."

Kossuth, on receiving the address, pressed it to his breast amid the thundering shouts of the crowd. When silence was somewhat restored, he spoke as follows:—

"Gentlemen,—I most warmly thank you for your generous sentiments of active and operative sympathy with the freedom and independence of my native land, so closely connected—as you have rightly judged—with the freedom and independence of other nations on the European continent. (*Cheers.*) It is to me highly gratifying to know that a large part of the present meeting belongs to the working classes. (*Cheers.*) It is gratifying to me, because, if to belong to the working classes implies a man whose livelihood depends on his own honest and industrious labour, then none among you has more right to call himself a working man than I so to call myself. I inherited nothing from my dear father, and I have lived my whole life by my own honest and industrious labour. (*Cheers.*) This my condition I consider to have been my first claim to my people's confidence, because well they knew, that being in that condition, I must intimately know the wants, the sufferings, and the necessities of the people. And so assuredly it was. It is, therefore, that I so practically devoted my life to procure and to secure political and social freedom to my people, not to a race, not to a class, but to the whole people; besides, I devoted all my life for many years, by the practical means of associations, to extend the benefit of public instruction to the working classes, and to forward the material welfare of the agriculturists, of the manufacturers, and of the trading men. (*Cheers.*) Among all the enterprises to that effect of that time of my life, when I was yet in no public office, but a private man, there is none to which I look back with more satisfaction and pride than to the association for the encouragement of manufacturing industry—to its free schools, to its exhibitions, to its press, and to its affiliations. Besides conferring immense material benefits, it proved also politically beneficial by bringing in closer contact and more friendly relations the different classes of my dear native land, by interesting the working-classes in the public political concerns of our nation, and by so developing a strongly united public opinion to support me in my chief aim, which was conserving the municipal and constitutional institutions of my country—to substitute for the privileges of single classes the political emancipation of the whole people, and substituting freedom to class privileges—to impart to the people the faculty of making the constitution a common benefit to all—for all—in a word, to transform the closed hall of class privileges into an open temple of the people's liberty. (*Loud cheers.*) This being my early connection with the working classes, I had at Southampton already occasion to say, that among all the generous testimonials of English sympathy which honour me and my nation's past struggles, which console our present sufferings and assure our future, there is none dearer to my heart than when I see that those classes, whose only capital is their honest labour and their time, stop in their work and sacrifice that valuable time for the purpose, openly and resolutely, of expressing that the great principles of freedom can reckon upon the sympathies, the coöperation, and the support of the people of England. (*Cheers.*) In the streets of London, a few days ago, and here on the present occasion, this great phenomenon presents itself on a still larger scale, in a still higher degree; the more it is therefore gratifying to me, and consoling to my country, the more have I the pleasureable duty to acknowledge the high value of it, and to thank you the more fervently

for it. I said at Southampton that in these demonstrations of the operative classes I recognize that natural instinct of the people, before which every individual greatness must bow down with respect. (*Cheers.*) The same acknowledgment I have to make on this occasion, only on a larger scale, and in a higher degree. Allow me, first, to congratulate you on the attention which you have hereby proved that you devote to public matters, to the glory as well as to the interests of your country, and to the freedom and interests of humanity. May this public spirit never decrease! may every Englishman for ever feel that it is the basis of all constitutional organization, be it under a republican or a monarchical form, that it is the public opinion of the people which must give direction to the policy of the country, and that it is, therefore, not only the right, but also the duty, of every honest citizen to contribute to the development and expression of that public opinion, of which the legislative as well as the executive authorities are, and must be, faithful representatives. Allow me, secondly, to congratulate you on the just and happy instinct with which, bestowing your attention on public concerns, you have seized the very point which really is the most important among all in which the mind and heart of Englishmen can be interested. That point is the freedom of the European continent. I said it in the Common Council of the city of London, I repeat it here; there is none among your internal questions which outweighs in importance the external. (*Cheers.*) And how may be summed up the external interest of the British empire on the European continent? It is to be summed up in this question—by which principle shall the continent of Europe be ruled, by the principle of freedom, or by the principle of absolutism? Can England, or can it not, remain indifferent to the approaching struggle and final decision of this question? and, if it cannot remain indifferent without losing its position in the world, endangering its own freedom, and hurting its own interests, with which principle shall England side—with the principle of freedom or with the principle of aggression? Shall it support the rights, freedom, and happiness of nations, or the oppressive combinations of arbitrary Governments? (*Cheers.*) That is the question—a question the more urgent and the more important that (*i.e.*, because) no man of whatsoever party can dissimulate, still less deny, that the situation of France, of Italy, of Germany, of Austria, of Hungary, of Poland, and of Russia is so unnatural, so contrary to the human and national interests of the respective people, that it is utterly impossible it can endure. Yes, no man can dissimulate the conviction that France, Italy, Germany, Austria, and Hungary, are already on the eve of those days when the great, and I hope final battle of these adverse principles will be fought out. (*Loud cheers.*) Now, the people of Great Britain, by its loudly proclaimed sympathy with the cause of freedom and independence of Hungary, has pronounced itself willing not to remain indifferent, and to side not with absolutism, but with liberty, by supporting and protecting against all interference of foreign Governments the sovereign right of every nation to dispose of itself. You yourselves have pronounced by this demonstration and by your generous address in favour of this principle; so, thanking you most fervently for it, I beg leave to congratulate you on the sound judgment and on the comprehensive views you give and that you entertain on the duties of England towards Europe, and on the proper interests of England itself. You have rightfully considered that the freedom of England, and that happy condition which you feel assured that your institutions, your freedom, and your public spirit, will go on peacefully developing—morally, materially, and politically—that all this is intimately connected with the victory of the principle of freedom on the European continent. In a word, you have pronounced for that truth I, since in England, on no occasion have omitted to express, viz., that there is a community in the principle of freedom as there is an identity in the destinies of humanity. (*Loud cheers.*) Besides, you have duly considered that the material welfare of Great Britain is also in the highest degree dependent on, and connected with, the victory of the principle of freedom in Europe. And truly it is so. On several occasions I have discussed already this important topic, and will do so more amply yet on another occasion. Here I beg only leave to state briefly a few plain facts. You live by honest labour. You have your manufactured products to dispose of, for which you want large free markets and free trade. (*Great cheering.*) Now, it is as obvious as that two and two make four, that without Europe becoming free, England can have no free trade with Europe. I will show you by stating the facts that the amount of trade with absolutist Russia and Austria is 7d. per head, whereas the amount of the trade of England with a free country, with the republic of the United States of America, is 7s. per head. What a difference! Absolutism gives to your trade and industry a market of 7d. per head, freedom gives a market of 7s. per head! (*Loud cheers.*) Is not the freedom of England, then, a question of vital interest to you? Let us look to consequences. Suppose the price of the bread which one of you consumes be £3 or £4; upon this price you have, by the repeal of the corn laws, probably not gained more than from 15s. to £1. Certainly a great benefit. But suppose the 120 millions who inhabit Russia, Austria, Italy, and Hungary, to become free, and, being free, to consume as much of your manufactures as the United States (though in part highly manufacturing themselves) consume per head; that would give a market of at least £60,000,000 sterling to England, which would prove a benefit of £2 or £3 a-year per head to you. I will not, with my aching chest, dwell further upon this subject now, but will cheerfully acknowledge that you were animated in this noble demonstration by higher motives—by such generous sentiments as betoken the noblest feelings, and by that moral dignity of man which is the revelation of mankind's Divine origin. You say, in your kind address, that it is the brotherhood of the people in which rests the hope



of civilization, of our progress in the peaceful arts, and of the free development of man's noblest faculties. Now, these are noble sentiments told in noble words. I thank you that you have expressed so nobly what I feel so warmly. It is my heartfelt creed. You say that in the brotherhood of people is the certainty of success of resisting the encroachments of despotic power. Truly, it is so; take the interference of Russia in Hungary, of the French in Rome, of Austria in Romagna and Government in Schleswig-Holstein, and of Austria and Russia in Hesse Cassel, which made only the most loyal, the most moderate, the most lawful opposition to the absolutist encroachments of its petty tyrant, and yet was crushed by Austro-Russian arms—take all this together, and the fact is clear that the despoticisms are leagued against the freedom of the world, so that there is no hope against them but in the brotherhood of people headed and protected by England and the United States of America, by uniting in the principle of acknowledgment of the natural rights of every nation to dispose of itself, and uniting in the principle not to admit any interference of whatever foreign Power in the domestic concerns of whatever nation against its own will. (*Loud cheers.*) By taking such a view of the brotherhood of people you are the interpreters of my most warm desires, and by assuring me to hope and to be resolved for the future, that Russian intervention in the domestic concerns of whatever country shall by England not be permitted more. (*Loud cheers.*) By this you have anticipated all that I, in my humble quality of a representative of the principles of freedom, in the name of my country, and in the interests of all oppressed nations, have again and again entreated from the people of England since I have been here. And here I meet again another noble idea of your address, where you say that the name of my country is linked in your prayers and in your hopes with the name of other nations. Bless you for that word! You ennoble my name and my country's by it. Yet you speak truth. The very moment that Russia first interfered in Hungary our struggles grew to an European height; we struggled no more for our own freedom, our own independence, but altogether for the freedom and independence of the European continent. Our cause became the cause of mankind. My nation became the martyr of the cause of European freedom in the past; of other nations it will be the faithful champion of that freedom for the future. I, for my own humble part, whom my people and the public opinion of the world took for the personification of my people's sentiments, I know where my place is. I know what duties are entailed upon me. I shall insure the sympathies of England by my devotion to my country's European cause. England will find me faithful to that place and to those duties which my people's confidence having assigned to me, foreign violence could hinder me from exercising, but whose legitimate character no violence could destroy. Let me also hope that, while Hungary and I are aware of the solidarity of our cause with the cause of European freedom and independence, and while Hungary is resolved to stand manfully in its place, the other nations, and England itself, will not forget that the freedom and independence of Hungary are indispensable to the independence of Europe against Russian encroachment and preponderance, and so neither the other European nations nor England will allow Russia again to interfere in order to uphold that detested House of Hapsburg, with which, eternally alienated, Hungary will never, through time, have any transaction, unless to ban it, expulse it, or to hurl it in the dust. (*Loud cheers.*) Among the nations linked to my country in your hopes and prayers your address especially names France, Poland, Germany, and Italy. To be sure there are some of those events which may be scented already in the air. As to France, my sentiments are known—I have declared them openly. (*Loud cheers.*) I will be true to those sentiments; and can only add that it is a highly important step in mankind's destiny to see brotherly love between nations so substituted for the unhappy rivalries of old as to elicit in England also such brotherly welcome to the French as was seen at the late Great Exhibition, and to elicit such sentiments in England. And so certainly it should ever be. The French nation is great enough for the pulsation of its heart to be, and to have been always, felt over the greatest part of the European continent. Till now it is true that the expectations have never been realized which Europe's oppressed nations had in France, but it must be remembered that the French nation has fallen short in the realization of its own domestic hopes also. It would, therefore, be unjust to make a reproach of that which was a misfortune, which they themselves deplore most deeply. I attribute their mischance to the unfortunate propensity to centralization which the French nation during all its trials conserved—centralization, which leads ever to the oppression of liberty—centralization, with which the guarantees of liberty rest rather upon personalities than upon principles. And when an omnipotence of power is centred, be it in one man or in one assembly, that man must be a Washington, or that assembly be composed of Washingtons, not to become ambitious, and, through ambition, dangerous to liberty. Now, Washingtons are not so thickly sown as to be gathered up everywhere for the reaping. (*Hear, hear.*) I would, however, solemnly protest, should whatever nation attempt to meddle in the domestic concerns of my fatherland; so, of course, I cannot have the arrogant pretension of mixing with the domestic concerns of whatever other nation, and, least of all, of the great French nation, which is powerful enough to come at last triumphantly out of its trials and sufferings. I have only the warm wish and hope that the glorious French nation will soon succeed in making that which is now but a name, the Republic (*great cheering*), a reality, and will succeed soon to achieve that work so as to see upon the basis of common liberty established the contentment of the people, and, secured by that contentment, a lasting social order,

which cannot fail to be secured when it is founded upon liberty, but which, without liberty, is impossible; and, secondly, I hope that the great French nation, in case it realizes the name which it bears, will not forget that it is to her, to England, and to the United States, to check the encroaching spirit of absolutism wherever it should dare to threaten the independence of nations and their right to dispose of themselves. That is what oppressed humanity expects from the French Republic, as well as from England and the United States. As for Poland, that sad martyr to the most sacrilegious of ambitions, it is enough to say that Poland and Hungary are neighbours and have a common enemy. (*Hear, hear.*) [Here a considerable secession from the meeting, which had, indeed, been dwindling away from the outskirts for some time before, took place in favour of a game at football, which was pursued with great relish by some hundreds of persons.] Though it is utterly false to call our past struggles a Polish conspiracy, still I can own loudly, in the name of my country, that there is no people on the earth which could feel more interested in the future of Poland than the Magyars. We feel also highly gratified to see ourselves united in your prayers and hopes with Germany. We are kindred in sufferings, united in hopes, united in your sympathies. Germany and Hungary must feel united in aim and in design. Now, as to Italy—Italy, in so many respects dear to my heart—I will not dwell upon its terrible woes; they are known and appreciated through the world, and elicited even in those quarters where it was least expected, the strongest indignation of generous men, proving that questions of humanity can in England be no party question. (*Cheers.*) I will not dwell upon the horrors of Naples, out of which even your Government publicly foretold that a revolution must arise. I will not dwell upon the scaffold which Radetzky reared 3742 times in three short years in Lombardy. (*Groans;* after which a copy of the *Times* was burnt.) I will not dwell upon the just hatred of Venice, nor upon the intolerable humiliation and nameless sufferings of Rome. I will only say that it is not even possible to imagine a stronger identity of interests between two nations than that existing between Hungary and Italy. The freedom and independence of these two nations have the same enemies. They are like two wings of a single army ranged against one enemy; the victory of one wing is a victory to the other, the defeat of one a misfortune to the other. One cannot become independent and free without the other also becoming so, else there would be no security to their freedom and independence. So it is not even possible to imagine a stronger link of brotherhood than that which between the two nations needs must exist. I confidently believe that this imperious necessity must be equally felt on both sides, and that both nations must be penetrated by the conviction of it as strongly as myself—the more because there is a happy incident which must further strengthen the harmony, hopes, feelings, and wishes between Hungary and Italy. I will tell it to you. There are new doctrines agitated in certain countries, which, by what right it is not mine to investigate, are considered by many to be incompatible with social order and with the principle of security of property. Now, Hungary has, and will have, with these doctrines nothing to do, for the most simple and more decisive reason, because in Hungary there is no occasion, there is not the slightest opportunity for them. We have not the disease, so we want no medical speculations about the remedy. We want freedom and independence, and we will be rescued from the evil—the Austrian dynasty. But we want no theoretical speculations about property—we want them as little as the citizens of the United States, whose institutions we wish to have established in our country, with the difference that Hungary is, and will not be divided in states, but will be one country, composed of free municipalities. And I am confidently assured that all this is the very case also with Italy. Italy has also no occasion to share those doctrines, therefore, neither its people nor its popular leaders have whatever to do with them; and I am, therefore, glad by my own feelings to know that this happy coincidence of circumstances can only strengthen the harmony, brotherly love, and union which between these two nations must exist, in consequence of the identity of their interests. So, in response to your wishes, hopes, and sympathies, I will only say that my restoration to personal freedom I value chiefly on account of seeing myself restored to activity and to my country's service. I have the full conviction of my country's freedom and independence being intimately identified with the freedom and independence of Europe, and even with some very important interests of England itself. Resolutely I accept in my position all duties as well as all dangers of this persuasion; and my country, as well as all other peoples who share this identity, will always find me faithful to them. I wish only to see them having some confidence not only in my frankness but also to my mind, which, though feeble in faculties, will for ever conserve the merit of unwavering consistency and of disinterested resignation. (*Cheers.*) I unite with you unchangeably in the fraternal sentiments which you express in this, your address, towards Turkey, and I decidedly declare that I never will join any combination, however promising, which might do that country injury. I will rather promote its interests, fully aware that Turkey is not in contradiction with the interests of Europe, as the Czar and the Hapsburgs are, but rather in several respects necessary to Europe, and chiefly to England and to Hungary. Turkey is a neighbouring country to my fatherland. We have enemies enough. I am no impractical theorist, to make of a neighbour a new enemy, instead of respecting his interests; but would have him, if not an ally, at least a friend for his own interest's sake. As to the glorious Republic of the United States, which has thrown its protecting flag around me, let me hope that the common sympathy which these two kindred nations, England and the United States, bear to the cause of my country and to myself, will be the first link of a closer union of the politics of the two countries in respect to Europe, which

union, convenient as it is to both your great, glorious, and free countries, would make a happy turning point in the destinies of humanity. I should not have lived in vain should I have lived to be the opportunity of such a consummation. And here I would not, were it not my duty to reflect upon certain circumstances which I consider so extraordinary as to feel obliged to avail myself of this first opportunity which offers itself to meet openly. The circumstance is, that I considered, and consider it still, to be my duty not to mix with any great party question of England, or of any other country. I wish the non-admission of foreign intervention in my own country, so I must have clean hands myself in respect to other countries. That is my position, to which I will conscientiously adhere. I consider, therefore, that my duty, as well as the respect to your law, honesty as well as prudence, oblige me not to play here the passionate part of an agitator, not to coquet with the reputation of being a revolutionist. (*Hear.*) In fact, I came hither not to get this reputation, but rather I declare my conviction to be that England wants no revolution at all—(*a few cries of 'hear, hear.'*)—because, first, it wishes but a progressive development, and, secondly, because England has sufficient political freedom to be insured that whatever England may still need it will not only carry out, but will carry it out peaceably. Now, this being my duty and my resolution, I act consistently—my ground was, is, and will be in England, this; such and such are the true facts of the past struggles of Hungary. These facts, I confidently hope, are certain to secure the generous sentiments of England to my country's cause. I stated that, in my opinion, the form of government can be different in different countries, according to their circumstances, their wishes, and their wants. England loves her Queen, and has full motive to do so; England feels great, glorious, and free, and has full motive to feel so; but England being a monarchy that can be no sufficient reason to her to hate and discredit republican forms of government in other countries differing in circumstances, in wishes, and in wants. On the contrary, the United States of America, being likewise a great, glorious, and free country, under republican government, the circumstance of being Republicans cannot give them sufficient motive to hate and discredit monarchical government in England. This must be entirely left to the right of every nation to dispose of its domestic concerns. Therefore, all I claim for my country, also, is, that England, seeing out of our past that our cause is just, should acknowledge the sovereign right of every nation to dispose of itself, and, by acknowledging this, England should not interfere, but also not allow any Power whatever to interfere with the domestic matters of my country, or of whatever other nation. The rest should be left to the respective nations themselves, the more because it is worthy of that independence for which we struggled. I, therefore, thought that this was not the place for me to speak about the future organization and form of government of my country, because that is a home question of ours, with which nobody ought to interfere. (*Loud cheers.*) But my behaviour was not everywhere appreciated as I hoped. I met rather in certain quarters the remarks that I am slippery, and evade the question. Now, on the sense of sincerity I am particularly susceptible. I have the sentiment of being a plain, honest man, and I would not be charged with having entered by stealth into the sympathies of England without displaying my true colours. (*Loud cheers.*) Therefore, I must state clearly that in our past struggle we made no revolutions. (*Hear, hear.*) We began to transform in a peaceful, legislative manner, the monarchico-aristocratical constitution of Hungary into a monarchico-democratical constitution; we conserved our municipal institutions as our most valuable treasure, but gave them, as well as to the legislative power, for basis, the common liberty of the people; instead of the class privileges of old we established the personal responsibility of Ministers; instead of the Board of Council of old, which being a nominal body, was of course a mockery, to that responsibility of the Executive, which was our chartered right on paper, but not in reality. However, we but conserved that which was due to us by constitution, by treaties, by the coronation oath of every king, to be governed as a self-consistent, independent country, by our own native institutions, according to our laws. We established the freedom of thought, of the word and pen, and secured the freedom of conscience. We introduced, with the abolition of exemptions, equality in duties and rights before the law. We obliged all to contribute to the public necessity, every man according to his faculties; we emancipated the peasants, or rather gave them the land they tilled to be their free property. We made the soil free, the labourer free, the industry free, trade free; but we spared all existing material interests of every class, and resolved full indemnification for every material loss. We established trial by jury, provided for independent administration of justice, cared for cheap government, and took care that the national army should not become a tool of ambition among ourselves or an instrument of oppression against foreign nations. All this we did peacefully by careful legislation, which the king sanctioned and swore to maintain. But this very dynasty, in the most perjurious manner, attacked these laws, this freedom, this constitution, and our national existence by arms. (*Cheers.*) We defended ourselves by arms victoriously; and, after the perjurious dynasty called in the armies of Russia to beat us down, we resolved to defend ourselves against this tyrannical invader also, but, of course, declared the perjurious Hapsburgs not to be more our sovereigns; deposed them; banished them; and declared ourselves a free and independent nation, but fixed no definite form of government—neither Monarchical nor Republican—declaring ourselves rather to be willing to follow the advice of the European circumstances. These are facts which cannot be altered, because they are facts. By this you see that in the past we made no resolution at all as to the future. Every just man must acknowledge that

Hungary has fairly exhausted every peaceful means of self-preservation; it is not under the rule of the king, but under the iron oppression of a tyrant, who conquered Hungary by calling in sacrilegiously to his aid the armies of the Czar. So Hungary is not under government, but under a foreign intruder, who is not King of Hungary, being neither acknowledged by the nation nor sanctioned by law. Hungary is, in a word, in a state of war against the Hapsburg dynasty. Hungary can in no other way regain its independence and freedom, but in that way in which it was deprived of it—by war—as every nation which is free and independent conquered its deliverance from its oppressors, like Switzerland, Belgium, Spain, Portugal, France, Sweden, Norway, Greece, the United States, and England itself—(cheers)—that is by a revolution, as some would call it—by a war of legitimate defence, as I call it. I will ever respect the laws of England, and do nothing here contrary to them; but so much I can state as a matter of fact, that my nation will never accept and acknowledge the perjured house of Hapsburg to become again lawful sovereigns of Hungary—never will it enter into any transactions whatever with that perjurious family, but will avail itself of every opportunity to shake off its yoke. Secondly, that though the people of Hungary were monarchical for 1000 years, yet the continued perjury of the Hapsburgs during 300 years, the sacrilegious faithlessness by which it destroyed its own historical existence, with the historical existence of my nation, as also my country's present intolerable oppression, have so entirely plucked out of the heart of my nation every faith, belief, and attachment to monarchy, that there is no power on earth to knit the broken tie again; and, therefore, Hungary wills and wishes to be a free and independent republic; but a republic founded on the rule of law, securing social order, security to person and to property, and the moral development as well as the material welfare of the people—(cheers)—in a word, a republic like that of the United States, founded on institutions inherited from England itself. This is the conviction of my people, which I share in the very heart of my heart. I confidently hope the people of England will appreciate the justice of these remarks, and the honest convictions of my heart; and that it will not falter in its attachment to that cause which it honoured with its sympathy, which it judged to be righteous and true, and which it consoled by its wishes and hopes. All I entreat is that the people of England may not give a charter to the Czar to dispose of the world; but rather make, by its powerful position, respected the right of every nation to dispose of itself. With this hope I thank you once more for your sympathy. I beg leave, fatigued as I am, to retire, confidently trusting your noble-minded feelings cannot have the will to divert this demonstration of your sympathy into any party discussions whatever, in which I consequently could not participate, but which still could not fail to increase the difficulties, and do harm to my country's cause, which you honour by your sympathy."

The cheering, waving of hats, and clapping of hands were renewed for some moments, and M. Kossuth bowed his thanks all round. Then turning towards the window, he proceeded to the withdrawing-room between the lines of the crowd which filled the large room. After a short delay he drove off as he came, and was greatly cheered on his way to the road. The meeting began to disperse very rapidly, and in good order, about four o'clock, but many of them were glad to avail themselves of the creature comforts of the tavern after so long an exposure to a very cold and biting wind.

The day's proceedings were wound up by a dinner at Highbury-barn. Mr. Thornton Hunt presided over a company numbering from six to seven hundred. Letters apologizing for absence for various reasons were read from Lord Dudley Stuart, W. J. Fox, George Dawson, Joseph Mazzini, and other distinguished friends of the popular cause. The toasts of the evening were spirited and appropriate, and were proposed and spoken to by Gerald Massey, Louis Blanc, David Masson, William Coningham, of Brighton, G. J. Holyoake, Arnaud Goeg, Bronterre O'Brien, &c. The demonstration was completely successful.

KOSSUTH AND THE FRIENDS OF ITALY.

A deputation from the Friends of Italy, consisting of the following gentlemen, waited on Kossuth, at 80, Eaton-place, on Wednesday, to present an address from the society to him. Messrs. P. A. Taylor, chairman of committee; David Masson, secretary of the society; the Reverend George Armstrong, of Bristol; W. H. Ashurst, Jun.; John Bainbridge, W. D. Bruce, W. A. Case, C. D. Collet, J. Corss, William Coningham, of Brighton; Frank Crossley, of Halifax; John Davis, Frank Dillon, T. Donatty, Dr. Epps, Charles Furtado, the Reverend Dr. Giles, of Bampton; S. M. Hawkes, T. K. Hervey, G. J. Holyoake, George Hooper, Thornton Hunt, Henry Ferson, A.M.; Dr. Lankester, Reverend J. P. Malleon, B.A., of Brighton; M. E. Marsden, E. F. Smyth Pigott, T. J. Serle, William Shoen, John Saunders, William Simpson, James Stansfeld, W. Strudwick, Lord Dudley C. Stuart, Peter Stuart, of Liverpool; Ebenezer Syme, H. Taylor, W. Taylor, N. Travers, J. Watson, E. T. Weller, Thomas Wilson.

Mr. P. A. Taylor, before reading the address of the society, made a speech of some length, entering fully into the principles of the Society of the Friends of Italy, principles which are well known to our readers, and reverently alluding to Joseph Mazzini as the man who resumed Italy in himself, who represented her fully in convictions and aims. He pointed out

how completely identical were the causes of Italy and Hungary, not only in their relation to Austria, but in the fact that the Chief Man of both countries was an exile. One passage in the address of Mr. Taylor is worth preserving:—

"They agreed with him in the justice, rightly understood, of that much-abused term—non-intervention. They recognize no right in one nation to interfere in the domestic concerns of another. In fact, the very statement of their principles, of the right of every nation to independent development, precluded at once the idea of intervention. It was true, as he (M. Kossuth) had lately said, that liberty might exist under many forms of government. It might even be that liberty was best attained by one form of government in one country, and by another form in another. But be this as it might, that liberty could hardly be worth having which should be the mere result of foreign interference. (Hear, hear.) But what became of the principle of non-intervention when it was made merely the excuse for non-interference with the intervention of another foreign state—an intervention made in the interests of tyranny and wrong? It became but a wicked and sordid conspiracy of the strong against the weak at the bidding either of sordid interest or of a dastardly and feeble policy. Such was not their reading of the term non-intervention. They were the advocates of peace; all Englishmen value it most highly. A whole generation of them had been born since the peace of thirty-six years which England had enjoyed. By that peace they had largely benefited. Under its influence England had grown as well in external power as in internal wealth—a wealth not aggregated in masses by our aristocratic and middle classes only, but largely spreading its blessings—moral, intellectual, and physical—over the great masses of the labouring community. They would not willingly peril these blessings. They knew that a war, however righteous, might inflict suffering on whole masses of their fellow-countrymen; they knew that a war, however pure and noble in its origin, must carry with it some seeds of demoralisation and retrogression. They knew that it might throw back their own reforms, and for so long retard a progress which, without presumption, they might term European. England, therefore, never can contemplate a war but at the bidding of stern material necessity, or, what Englishmen were not yet sunk so low as not to value still more highly, at the call of national duty or national honour. They were not, however, so blind as not to perceive the utter difference of his position. They were not of those who thought that they serve the cause of peace by crying 'Peace, peace!' when there was no peace. They did not term that peace which was but the desolation which the tyrant made, and called it order. It might be that they deemed themselves the truest worshippers of the goddess of peace who hold her benignant sway can permanently be fixed upon bases no less everlasting and noble than those of truth, justice, and liberty."

After concluding his prefatory remarks, Mr. Taylor read the following address of

"THE SOCIETY OF THE FRIENDS OF ITALY TO LOUIS KOSSUTH.

"Sir,—As members of the Society of the Friends of Italy, we desire to add our voice to the many which, in this country, have greeted your deliverance from captivity, and your restoration to a life of freedom and action.

"The intelligence of your release has been received with rage and consternation in the camp of the enemies of European liberty.

"It brings new hope and confidence to oppressed nations now preparing for the struggle which must precede their emancipation. They hail in you a man in whom the will of a whole nation is embodied; a leader whom an overwhelming preponderance of organized military force could not dismay; a patriot who now re-enters the field of European action with the distinct purpose of regaining the liberty and independence of his country. They feel that, in seeking to accomplish this object, you necessarily bring into the common cause the power of the Hungarian people, as organized and directed by your own genius and energy.

"The society of which we are members has been founded to promote, by such means as are open and legitimate, within the limits of our own country the cause of the national independence and liberty of the Italian people. We regard the cause of Italy and that of Hungary as in reality identical. Both countries make the same simple and rightful claim to free national existence; both have to contend with the same hostile power; both alike have been repressed for a time by the lawless intervention of foreign force. Your own Hungarian soldiers are now encamped in Italy; Italian soldiers are on the banks of the Danube—both under the flag of a common oppressor. The simultaneous action of both countries is necessary for the triumph of liberty in either.

"In you, Sir, we recognize the impersonation of the cause of Hungary. And we are enabled the more vividly to realize the identity of this cause with that of Italy by the fact, that we have already in the midst of us, driven hither by causes similar to those which have made you an exile, an Italian patriot, who has concentrated largely on himself the confidence and affection of the Italian people, and who commands our admiration by the genius, the purity of purpose, the devotion, and the humanity which he has ever shown in his country's service, and which were preëminently displayed in the heroic defence of Rome.

"As there is no other European cause ranking more closely in the English mind with the cause of Hungary, in respect of its simplicity and justice than the cause of the Italian people, so there is no other European name which you will find more closely linked with your own, whether in the general heart of the English people, or in the express appreciation of Englishmen of high intelligence, than the name of Joseph Mazzini.

"We hail your liberation, therefore, not only for the sake of justice and humanity, which have been outraged in your person; not only for the sake of Hungary, to whose service you have dedicated your life; but also because we long earnestly for the emancipation of Italy, whose fortunes are indissolubly connected with those of the land you labour for, and because we are interested in that common cause of liberty and national independence which demands the closest alliance of all patriots and all oppressed peoples. Signed for the Society,

"P. A. TAYLOR, Chairman of Committee.
"DAVID MASSON, Secretary.

"Offices of the Society of the Friends of Italy, 10, Southampton-street, Strand, London, November 5, 1851."

M. Kossuth addressed the deputation in a familiar and confidential tone at some length. He admitted an identity of views between himself and the society, which he said placed him in a situation rather favourable with respect to his answer. The first substantial point he made was in reference to public opinion. Public opinion was not an end, but only the means to an end. To be effectual, it must be prepared to carry itself out by active practical measures; and those against whom it is directed must be made to feel that it would carry itself out and not stop short at barren expressions. And if the people of England suffered it to be known that they never intended to go further than expression, then their public opinion would have no weight at all.

"When the sentiments of a people take for their aim the principle of non-intervention, it should not be unilateral non intervention, which would mean that England would interfere in no case. That would be to abandon her position in the face of the world. (Cheers.) If, whatever may be done with respect to other nations, England is to weigh nothing in the destinies of humanity, then England may be a happy island as it is; but it would cease to be a member of the human family—cease to be the brother of other nations. In short, it would not realize the idea, which is the chief principle and foundation of the Christian religion, that, having one Father in heaven, that very doctrine declares us to be brothers—and that brothers have a duty to one another. (Loud cheers.)

I wish public opinion to take such a direction as that every nation, as well as all despotic powers, should be sure of this—that when public opinion in England declares itself willing to side with the principles of freedom, those inclinations and those declarations of public opinion will be more than mere signs; they will come to realities, with war or without war, as circumstances may require. (Hear, hear.) In short, that it will be a more active participation in the destinies of mankind, and not merely the passing emotion of noble hearts; not such compassion as we give to the memory of the dead, whom we cannot help, cannot restore to life, but that the public opinion of England, declaring the sovereign right of every nation to manage its own affairs, will be enforced with all the weight of its moral power and its material power. (Hear, hear.) It is not necessary to discuss what power I mean; but it is to be hoped that, according to circumstances, England will be as good as the word of an Englishman, and become the England of deed and of action as well as the England of sentiment. (Cheers.) I am firmly persuaded that if you declare it to be the intention of the people of England to come to a practical result, in each case I am firmly persuaded that to carry out your principle will not cost England one drop of blood or one shilling of money. (Hear, hear.) Why? Because every absolute power upon the earth will consider the material forces of England, and will pause before he runs the risk of encountering them. (Hear, hear.) But if you say that in no case you will go to war, that will be the surest mode of provoking war; because the absolutist powers will consider that they have a free charter to dispose of the fate of nations, and I must fairly state my belief is, that in that case the concessions of Europe would come home to England, and that the material interests of England herself would be hurt; because to injure England it is not necessary that the Cossacks should water their horses in the Thames. There are many interests in India, in the colonies, and all over the world, that may be injured. There are so many arteries that feed the power of England; and if one of them were cut, England would be no longer what it is. (Hear, hear.) Therefore, I believe that, should England declare her intention in no case to speak the word 'stop,' with the intention of keeping her word, in a very short time England would be obliged to go to war for the purpose of upholding her own interests; because it is not possible that for long, in different parts of the world, the two principles of absolutism and freedom can go on in parallel directions, but the contrary."

With respect to Italy and Mazzini, he said what he had said before, that Italy and Hungary were the wings of one army arranged against one enemy. It was a happy thing for a nation to have a representative in one man. That was the case, vanity apart, with respect to himself and Hungary:—

"Now, supposing events to go on with gigantic steps, I consider it rather a favourable circumstance for the cause of Hungary that my poor people should have centred their hopes and desires round one man; and having heard, not by unilateral information, not from Italians, or from particular friends of Mazzini, because I consider it would be as mischievous as it would be dangerous to rest on one-sided information, and, therefore, I tried to get knowledge of the situation of Italy, not only from his friends, but from sources which I considered entirely disinterested, not friends, not enemies of the man, but men who went with the duty to get every information and exact knowledge of

the state of Italy. On such information I declare that, besides myself as regards Hungary, I know no man of any nation in the whole world who more fills the same situation of being the representative of the hopes of Italy than Joseph Mazzini. (*Loud cheers.*) That is not my belief, that is my knowledge, founded not on unilateral information, but on disinterested investigations in which some honourable Englishmen had given assistance. (*Hear, hear.*) This is my knowledge of the situation of Mazzini with respect to Italy. (*Hear, hear.*) I will not say that there is not one or another party which does not concur with him and his aims; I will not say that the whole Italian nation is included in his individuality; but this I know, that a very large party—the only party that has a future in Italy—is returned in his person. (*Loud cheers.*) And of course this conviction points out the necessity, not only to be on a good understanding with him, but, if possible, to combine the direction of the exertions of both nations, as there is an identity in their causes. I consider, therefore, it is a happy circumstance that there is a man who when we speak to him we speak to Italy, as in my case when you speak to me you speak to Hungary. With these opinions I can desire nothing more than frankly to give my hand to combined honourable action for the independence of Hungary and the independence of Italy. (*Hear.*) As for the rest, as for Hungary, I have declared publicly that I believe my people share my conviction that the future organization of our country—provided circumstances beyond the reach of man do not intervene—must rest on a Republican basis. That is my wish, because all our monarchical inclinations have, by the repeated falsehoods of the house of Hapsburg, been completely destroyed. (*Hear, hear.*) I know that it is not so much the form of government that makes the happiness of the people, as it is the goodness and morality of the governors. (*Hear, hear.*) Therefore, no government can be good wherein people have not full confidence in the governors and security for the future. (*Hear, hear.*) That is the case with Hungary. As to Italy, although I am not unacquainted with the aim of the Italian nation as resumed in the person of Mazzini, still, as I stand here to claim the sovereign right of every nation to choose its own organization, and as I will not permit any foreign nation to interfere in the affairs of Hungary, neither will I interfere with the internal affairs of Italy. Where people obtain power by obtaining independence, let them regulate their own affairs; and then if they do not, when masters of their fate, do what is best for the happiness of a nation, then I say that such a nation does not deserve to be happy. (*Hear.*) Therefore, I mix not with the internal affairs of Italy. We have a common aim and a common enemy, and we must work in brotherhood to throw off the enemy of our mutual independence, and to dispose each of our home affairs, in an independent position. Acting on that basis, I declare that I will do everything possible to accomplish such unity in action with the Italian nation, and I believe, that in saying so I am speaking the sentiments of my whole nation. For the rest, I believe that Italy will feel the duty of not hurting the sovereign right of Hungary to dispose of itself; and I, on my part, give the assurance that I will have nothing to do with the interest or home questions of the Italians."

M. Kossuth then alluded to Socialism and Communism, and said that Hungary had nothing to do with these doctrines, because the people did not want them. He entered at length into an explanation of the reasons why Hungary did not want them, which were satisfactory. The people have the land; and had he remained longer in power, he would have distributed the public lands among the people. He wound up by a few hearty words, delivered with great force and feeling, thanking the deputation from the heart of his heart, and promising a written reply to their address.

After a few minutes the deputation departed.

IN THE PROVINCES.

Manchester is not to be put down. Sir John Potter, Mayor, of that borough, refused to call a special meeting of the council to vote an address, although the requisition was signed by fifteen councillors. At once, in a very short space of time, a large and distinguished committee was formed to undertake the onerous but graceful duty; and representatives of the industry of the great towns of Lancashire rapidly sent in adhesions. On Wednesday they reached 400 in number; and on the 11th instant a banquet will be given at the Free Trade-hall, at which Kossuth has promised to attend, when addresses in shoals will be presented to him. Manchester is to be made the great centre, it appears, of the district, and bodies of people are coming to present addresses from many of the neighbouring towns. Amongst the first of these is Liverpool, from whence the deputation includes Mr. Robertson Gladstone, Mr. W. Rathbone, and other eminent men. Bradford is sending an address by a deputation, including Mr. Robert Milligan, M.P., Mr. Titus Salt, and Mr. Wm. Rand, Mayor. Then, amongst other towns sending deputations with addresses, are Ashton, Oldham, Rochdale, Clitheroe, Bolton, Burnley, and Gadsley.

On Monday Kossuth will meet the men of Birmingham on his way to Manchester; on Wednesday addresses will be presented from Cheltenham, Kidderminster, Derby, Coventry, Walsall, Wolverhampton, Athelstone, Grantham, and many towns in the Midland districts at a great banquet to be held in the Town-hall of Birmingham. The surplus funds arising from the banquet will be devoted to the Hungarian cause, and placed at the disposal of

Kossuth, to be applied by him as may seem most advantageous. At the banquet the chair will be taken by Mr. Scholefield, M.P., and a most influential committee and list of vice-presidents have been formed.

The Mayor of Dover presided over a public meeting in that city on Monday, at which an address was, on the motion of Mr. R. Friend, voted by acclamation to Louis Kossuth. The address was yesterday forwarded to Mr. Thornton Hunt, with a request that he would present it to the illustrious Exile.

INTENDED DEPARTURE OF KOSSUTH.

The following communication has been received by the American consul at Southampton:—

80, Eaton-place, October 30, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have seen the telegraph despatch addressed by you yesterday to Lord Dudley Stuart; I write to say that I will certainly proceed to New York on board the Washington, if you can make arrangements for that ship to sail from Southampton on the 14th of November next, in the afternoon.

I am, my dear Sir, yours truly,
J. R. Croskey, Esq. L. KOSSUTH.

M. KOSSUTH AND WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Winchester, October 25.

SIR,—It is with peculiar satisfaction that I accept the address from the citizens of Bath, at the head of whose names I find one so distinguished, and so long familiar to me, as your own. Be assured that the sentiments you express are those which have ever animated me in all my efforts, and in every trust which my countrymen have confided to me. "Social order" I believe to be consistent alone with constitutional freedom. I have sought to insure the one by strengthening and enlarging, in peaceful and legal methods, the other. In this I have been consistently supported by my countrymen; it has been all we aimed at. Your allusion to the potentate to whose firm and upright demeanour I owe so much, touches feelings of respect and gratitude which can never be effaced. I have the honour to be, Sir, with feelings of the highest esteem, your obedient servant,
Walter Savage Landor, Esq. L. KOSSUTH.

Bath, October 28.

SIR,—The chief glory of my life is that I was first in subscribing for the assistance of the Hungarians at the commencement of their struggle; the next is, that I have received the approbation of their illustrious leader. I, who have held the hand of Kosciuszko, now kiss with veneration the signature of Kossuth. No other man alive could confer an honour I would accept.

Believe me, Sir, ever yours most faithfully,
WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

KOSSUTH AND THE FRENCH EXILES.

A deputation of proscribed Frenchmen now in England, headed by Louis Blanc, waited on Kossuth on Thursday, and presented an address of sympathy. The following passage in Kossuth's reply is very important.

"My address to the city of Marseilles has made known that in my heart I should not make France responsible for the inhospitality of Louis Bonaparte. I have also affirmed in that address that I wish for my country the government of a republic. I am convinced that there is nothing possible henceforth in Europe, but the republic based on universal suffrage, with the principle of the solidarity of peoples and the independence of nations. I ought to add that I did not think the opinions which are now discussed in France can be applied elsewhere, for the present. As for me, I do not wish to occupy myself with those ideas which divide France. I ought only to occupy myself with that which is of a nature to insure the independence of Hungary. If I have not manifested in England that thought which I expressed at Marseilles, it is because I do not wish to interfere in the affairs of a country which gives me hospitality, and whose assistance I desire for the future of Hungary, for which, I repeat, I wish the republic based upon universal suffrage. You speak of temptations which will be offered to detach me from the cause of democracy, and of homages which will be rendered me. It is right to tell you that I have seen none of these homages, and that, if temptations were tried to separate me from the cause of the people, the attempts, of which I have seen no sign, would fail with me."

On hearing that the English papers had stated that the address to the city of Marseilles was not his, Kossuth appeared much surprised, and said, with marked emotion, that not having time to read the newspapers, he was entirely ignorant of what he had just heard, and added, that he would send to the papers a formal contradiction.

An admirable address has been published in the morning papers from Kossuth to the people of the United States. It was written a year ago, in captivity, at Broussa. It is an eloquent exposition of the policy of the Magyars, the animus of Austria, and the advance of Russia. One paragraph on the latter subject we quote:—

"Though my dear native Hungary is trodden down, and the flower of her sons executed or wandering exiles, and I, her Governor, writing from my prison in this distant Asiatic Turkey, I predict—and the Eternal God hears my prediction—that there can be no freedom for the continent of Europe, and that the Cossacks, from the shores of the Don, will water their steeds in the

Rhine unless liberty be restored to Hungary. It is only with Hungarian freedom that the European nations can be free; and the smaller nationalities especially can have no future without us."

KOSSUTH HUNG—IN EFFIGY.—The Austrian Government have taken an imbecile revenge on Kossuth and other Hungarian patriots, who "failed to appear" before the court-martial at Pesth on the 22nd ultimo, to which they had been summoned. They were all condemned in contumaciam, and hanged in effigy; that is, a black board with the thirty-six names inscribed thereon in white letters, was affixed to the gallows. Such an affix on an Austrian political gallows is as good as a statue in the temple of Liberty.

The anti-republican Government of France have followed up their rigorous persecutions of the press by refusing to Kossuth permission to pass through France, in obedience to the wishes of Austria and Russia.—*Boston Transcript*, October 16.

M. Kossuth called on Wednesday at Morley's Hotel, Trafalgar-square, to return the visit of Mr. Foldsom, Minister of the United States at the Hague (Holland). He was met there by several American gentlemen (among whom was the Honourable Mr. Rhett, of South Carolina, a member of the United States' Senate), who had been invited to be present at the interview, which lasted an hour.

CONTINENTAL NOTES.

The last meeting after a recess of the French Legislative Assembly, and the last Message of the first President of the Republic, are events to be remembered, after the one has disappeared and the other is forgotten. M. Louis Napoleon, after playing fast and loose with the factions who had not elected him, and whose tool and tyrant he has been by fits and starts, now, at the last gasp of his prostituted ambition, remembers the Voice of the People, of the five million workmen and peasants to whom he owed his election, and there millions of whom he disfranchised, and proposes the abrogation of the law which he had borne aloft as the banner of his policy, and to which more than one retrograde Ministry has fallen a sacrifice! Believe in the patriotism, the self-denial, the disinterestedness of the Prince-President after this latest proof of his devotion to France! Did not the Emperor express his readiness to serve France on the eve of becoming Consul for life? And how shall your mere Emperor's nephew not be willing to bear the burden of office for France's sake? The beginning and the end of the Message are alone worth notice. The rest is the leather and prunella of "cooked" Governmental statistics, and a strange mixture of blind executive optimism and a pessimist exaggeration of "subversive antisocial tendencies." Our first extract is a morsel of what may be called genuine "Russian Bear's grease." How the French People will appreciate such a dictation, time and the hour of reparation will show:—

"It appears, however, imprudent to flatter ourselves with illusions on this appearance of tranquillity. A vast demagogical conspiracy is now organizing in France and Europe; secret societies are endeavouring to extend their ramifications even into the smallest communes. All the madness and violence of party is brought forth, while these men are not even agreed on persons or things: they are agreed to meet in 1852, not to construct, but to overthrow. Your patriotism and your courage, with which I shall endeavour to keep pace, will, I am sure, save France from the danger wherewith she is threatened. But to conquer those dangers we must look at them without fear and without exaggeration, while we are convinced that, thanks to the strength of the administration, to the enlightened zeal of the magistrates, and to the devotion of the army, France will yet be saved. Let us therefore unite our efforts to deprive the spirit of evil even of the hope of a momentary success."

In what respect M. Louis Napoleon has endeavoured to encourage those institutions destined to develop agricultural and commercial credit, to come by means of charitable institutions to the assistance of all poverty, which he declares to "have been and still to be his first care," France knows already. We, at this distance, are unable to discover.

The following brief and compendious résumé of the interior administration of the country affords an interesting glance at the high degree of social and political liberty and comfort with which M. Louis Napoleon's Executive has endowed the citizens to whom he so confidently appeals for a prolongation of his powers.

"In the greater part of France ordinary measures have sufficed to insure order, but the state of siege maintained in the sixth military division has had to be extended to the department of the Ardèche, stained with the blood of frequent collisions, and more recently still to the departments of the Cher and Marne, terrified by a commencement of *Jacquerie*. At Lyons a strong and unique system of police has been organized, embracing twelve towns or suburban communes, which the law has comprehended under the denomination of the Lyonnese agglomeration.

"Political refugees entered into dangerous affiliations. Some it was necessary to expel, but hospitality has continued to be extended to very large numbers. A sum of more than 486,000*fr.* has been divided among 2000 refugees.

"The vices of the municipal organization spring from the necessity under which the Government found itself of in one year revoking, on the advice of the Council of State, 601 elective functionaries, of whom 278 were mayors, and 123 adjoints. The dissolutions

of Municipal Councils have amounted to 126, those of National Guards to 139."

We fear the five millions who elected him must be considerably reduced in number by these "vigorous" measures.

Great efforts have apparently been made to find employment for the working classes during the winter. This is, of course, in itself a laudable policy, however selfish the purpose in the present case. Our next paragraph is, therefore, one of the most satisfactory in the whole document.

"The municipal administration of Paris has adopted two vast projects, which at one and the same time present the advantage of facilitating the supply of provisions to the capital, and of adding to its beauty; I mean the construction of the markets and the prolongation of the rue Rivoli. The impulse soon spread from Paris to the departments, which have devoted considerable sums to works of utility."

A recommendation to determine the indemnities due to those citizens who have suffered material losses in consequence of the events of February and June, seems rather out of date. Is it intended as a warning to the bourgeoisie against barricades? Then comes a touch of the "Emperor."

"There is, moreover, another project of law of which I spoke to you in my last Message, and to which I attached the greatest importance, namely, the assistance to be tendered to the old remnants of the armies of the Republic and the Empire."

"Circumstances which were independent of my will have hitherto prevented the presentation of this project. I trust, however, that you will soon be in a position to give it a favourable reception; for I entreat you not to forget that in all parts of this country there are men covered with scars, who have sacrificed themselves to the defence of the country, and who are now anxiously waiting for you to help them. Their time is short, afflicted as they are by age and misery."

It is pleasant to turn for a moment from a lesson of political falsehoods and intrigues to a paragraph which expresses a national pride most honourably gratified. England can well afford to let France speak for herself:—

"The superiority of certain branches of our industry has been confirmed or revealed by the London Exposition, as is proved by the numerous prizes awarded to our exhibitors. In fact, France has proportionably gained more than all the other countries, including England herself. And it is not only by our works of art, taste, and luxury that we have obtained this success. Our machines, our scientific instruments, our chemical products, our works in copper and hardware, as well as our preparations of our raw material, and our fabrics and dyes, have earned for us an honourable distinction. The Universal Exposition will have added a glorious page to the annals of French industry."

Our readers may remember the description of the Valley of Nohahiva, in the Marquesas, to which political exiles are now "deported" as a mild substitute for death. The conduct of some recent political trials at Lyons and elsewhere may also be remembered. How cheerful is the irony of these sentences!—

"The last Message spoke also of projects of law relative to the rehabilitation of convicts, and the repression of crime committed by the French in foreign countries. The Council of State is occupied with a proposition, emanating from the Initiative Committee, on the subject of transportation. Great difficulties arose as to the appointment of a place. These seem to be removed, and the law which is requisite for the peace of society and the reform of convicts, will soon receive the double examination of the Council of State and the Assembly."

"The administration of justice has been everywhere prompt and enlightened."

The Message on Foreign Affairs reads as much like a Royal (or shall we say Imperial?) speech as even his Imperial Majesty Soult could desire. Here is a correct account of the French occupation of Rome on behalf of liberal institutions:—

"At Rome our situation remains the same, and the Holy Father is unceasing in his demonstrations of solicitude for the prosperity of France and the comfort of our soldiers. The work of the organization of the Roman Government proceeds but slowly; nevertheless, a Council of State has been established. The Municipal and Provisional Councils are gradually organizing themselves, and they will serve to form a consulta, whose duty it will be to take a share in the administration of finances. Important legislative reforms follow one after another, and great pains are taken with the creation of an army which would promote the retreat of foreign forces from the territories of the Church."

On Germany could Schwarzenberg or Nesselrode speak more prudently?—

"The dangers which a year ago threatened the peace of Germany, have been dispelled. The Germanic Confederation in its total has returned to the forms and the rule which prevailed previous to 1848. It attempts to protect itself against new convulsions by application to an inferior reorganization to which we ought to remain perfect strangers."

M. Louis Napoleon, if he were still capable of one noble impulse, would rather have his own tongue withered than give utterance, even through the mouth of a Thoiry, to this bitter comment on the gratitude of the man for whom Switzerland once dared all the threats of despotism rather than drive the exile from his refuge.

"Switzerland has removed from its territories the greater part of the refugees who abused its hospitality. In supporting that measure we did a service to Switzerland and to its contiguous States."

About freedom of instruction, it is not true that it is given up *pieds et poings* to the Jesuits, for says the President:—

"I feel justified in saying that freedom of instruction, which has been developed in a remarkable manner, is without danger, because it will be confined within proper limits. The non-Catholic sects have also their due share in the care of the Government."

And, under the "care of the Government," the Bishop of Luçon (as we stated in a recent number) condemns the reading of such impious books as *Robinson Crusoe*.

Another bishop declares every marriage not solemnized according to Roman Catholic rites to be a mere "illegitimate concubinage." And the nephew of a Jew Representative of the People is obliged to be married by a Protestant minister to a Catholic lady, for want of a Catholic priest to bless the union! So much for "their due share in the care of the Government."

Lastly, M. Louis Napoleon, after considerable flourish and alarm, fires his heavy gun of "Abrogation of the law of the 31st of May." He has some difficulty in explaining how he first proposed and carried and trumpeted this law, and now urges its repeal by the same arguments which he, or his organs, once called the specious inventions of anarchists. The pith of the explanations is in the subjoined extracts:—

"Since Universal Suffrage again raised the social fabric, by the substituting a right for a revolutionary fact, is it wise in us to continue narrowing its basis? And, lastly, I have asked myself if, when new powers shall preside over the destinies of the country, we should not from the first compromise their stability if we left a pretext for questioning their origin, or for misrepresenting their legitimacy?"

"No doubt was possible; and, without wishing for a single instant to swerve from the policy of order, which I have always followed out, I have been obliged in many respects to separate from a Cabinet which had to the full my confidence and respect, in order to choose another, which, equally composed of honourable men, and whose Conservative sentiments were publicly known, was contented to admit the necessity of reestablishing universal suffrage on the broadest possible basis."

"You will, therefore, have presented to you the draught of a law which restores the principle in all its fulness, in retaining from the law of the 31st of May everything which winnows universal suffrage from impure elements, and which makes its application now moral and regular."

Ah! here is the key of the mystery; but see how dexterously we let the cat out of the bag:—

"The law of the 31st of May has its imperfections, but even were it perfect, should it not nevertheless be repealed, if it is to prevent the revision of the Constitution, the manifested wish of the country?"

But the misery of this "honest, honest Iago," is to be always suspected; or at least to be always suspecting himself to be suspected:—

"It is objected, I am aware, that on my part these proposals are inspired by personal interest. My conduct for the last three years ought to repel such an allegation. The welfare of the country, I repeat, will always be the sole moving spring of my conduct. Thus, then, gentlemen, the proposal I make to you is neither a piece of party tactics, nor an egotistical calculation, nor a sudden resolution; it is the result of serious meditation, and of a profound conviction. I do not pretend that this measure will banish all the difficulties of the situation. But to each day its appointed task. To-day to reestablish universal suffrage is to deprive civil war of its ensign, the Opposition of its last argument. It will be to furnish France with the possibility of giving itself institutions which may insure its repose. It will be to give back in future to the powers of the State that moral force which can only exist so long as it reposes on a consecrated principle and an incontestable authority."

So ends the last Message of the first President of the French Republic. We shall be much astonished if the French People have not by this time well made up their minds that, "in order to give the country institutions which may insure its repose," they have only to get rid—once and for ever—of *Prince-Présidents*; with whom "perseverance" means usurpation, and "abnegation" a coup d'état.

The following is from a letter published in *La Presse*, and dated Frankfurt, the 27th ultimo:—

"A complete change is imminent in the financial world. Whilst the moneyed aristocracy of England, amongst which Messrs. Rothschild figure on the second rank, are preparing for Kossuth a reception such as no king has obtained, the new Austrian loan has entirely failed. It is well known that the Austrian Government has been unable to realize more than forty-five millions of florins instead of the eighty-five which it expected. Of these forty-five millions, forty were raised at home, and five only abroad. But besides the fact that the communes were forced to contribute to the loan, Trieste, to wit, under pain of losing her rights as a free port, the Austrian Government consented to take in payment, instead of cash, old obligations for war expenses of divers provinces which had almost lost their value. The forty millions thus raised in Austria are in the main, therefore, but

fictional, and destined to serve as a bait for foreign capitalists. We learn now from a certain source that Austria has charged the great houses of Sina and Rothschild to sell at any price the remaining forty millions of scrip. But an important loan cannot be made without bankers' assistance, and the bankers are abandoning Austria. This circumstance seems to be the real cause that has led to the meeting in this city of the four representatives of the Rothschild house. The object of consultation has been also to advise as to the means proper to adopt to cover the losses which this house has already had, and is likely to have, in consequence of the present financial position of Austria."

Our readers have not forgotten a first letter in a recent number on some "Mysteries of the Austrian Money Market." We now learn that the Government at Vienna have resorted to a last and most ludicrous attempt to cover the running sore of inevitable bankruptcy. The Minister of Finance, acting on a supposed requisition, has appointed a commission to deliberate upon the measures necessary and expedient for regulating the business on "Change." The professed object is to suppress speculations; the real aim, to throw dust in the eyes of the Money Market and of Foreign Exchanges. But it is too late!

"The *Constitutionelle Zeitung* of Dresden of the 27th ultimo, which published a report of the Westminster meeting in honour of M. Kossuth, was seized and suppressed by the police, by order of the Minister of the Interior. The journal states that it gave only an abstract of the proceedings, and expressed no opinion of its own on the subject of the debate, and denies that the matter seized comes under the provision of the law on the authority of which the Minister issued the order. The official *Dresdener Journal* condenses all the reports of the proceedings in England, at Southampton and elsewhere, to half a line, stating that 'M. Kossuth had landed' at the above-named port. Within a month five different works, published by the firm of Otto Wigand and Co., at Leipzig, have been seized, and the sale prohibited. Among them is the work of General Klapka on the War in Hungary and in the Siebenbürgen. M. Wigand intended to make a strong representation to the Government of the ruin such seizures would bring on the publishing business, which employs in Leipzig an immense number of individuals. Immediately after Klapka's work had been seized and put under the seal of the police, an order for it arrived from Marshal Radetzki. In the month of June last no less than thirty-two German works were prohibited by the Russian Government, some of them the same as those recently prohibited in the Papal States."

Letters from Naples speak of the serious illness of Poerio in the dungeons of Ischia.

It has occasioned, says the correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*, some indignation, but no surprise, to the friends of Kossuth in Vienna, to find that the papers say nothing, now that he is free, on the subject of the breach of trust story got up against him when he was not in a position to defend himself.

We are glad to hear of English (or Irish) honesty and courage rewarded by foreign Governments. Our letters from Florence of October 28 announce the promotion of Mr. Burke Honan, junior, from the post of attaché of the Naples Legation in that city to the more distinguished position of "attaché" to the embassy of his Gracious Majesty the King of the Two Sicilies at Paris.

It may not be generally known that Mr. Burke Honan, senior, is the distinguished correspondent at Naples of our "leading journal": one of the estimable corps on whose operations the author of the *Revelations of Russia* has lately thrown some light. Now, we understand in what sense this "leading journal" explained the fact of the popular antipathy by the reason that it was "too English, and too plain spoken." We should rather say "More Irish and less nice."

From a notification of the 25th ultimo, published at Venice, we learn that Count Agostino Guerrieri, of Verona, late of the Ninth Regiment of Austrian Hussars, convicted of having (two months ago) received an anonymous letter from revolutionary parties, and of not having given it up to the authorities, and Baron Lutti, convicted of having advised Count Guerrieri to burn the said letter, and aided him in so doing, have been condemned, on the count of high treason, the former to ten, and the latter to two years' imprisonment in a fortress.

A happy augury of religious liberty in the north of Italy. The first stone of a Protestant Church was laid at Turin, on the 29th ultimo, with great solemnity, in the presence of the British Ambassador, Sir R. Abercromby, the American Minister, Mr. Kinney, Count Rodern, the Prussian Minister, and M. Bert, a pastor at Turin.

But in the south! On the 25th ultimo the Jesuits took possession of the convent of St. George, at Verona.

MONEY FAILURE OF EUROPEAN MARKETS.

[From the *Times* of Wednesday, City Article.]
The Continental accounts continue to represent a state of stagnation and discouragement in all departments of business. At Vienna another unfavourable rise of nearly one per cent. has taken place in the foreign exchanges, while the premium on silver and gold continues also rapidly to advance.

The prospect that the steady increase in the bul-

lion of the Bank may continue for a lengthened period is regarded in the City as giving additional urgency to the question of the law of partnership. With Consols already approaching par, it is evident that, if a further accumulation of capital should go on for several months, some new outlet will be forced. It is equally evident, from the condition of Europe, that that new outlet must be found either at home, in the colonies, or in the United States. Whether each shall enjoy its healthy proportion will depend much upon the boldness and promptitude of our commercial legislation. No one can have mixed in business during the last four years without arriving at the conviction that the day of joint-stock companies, under their old form, is at an end, and consequently that, if capital is to be diffused and employed at home, it must be under some new conditions. The system of foreign loans has equally received a deathblow. Sardinia and Denmark are, perhaps, the only two borrowing States in Europe that could now raise even small amounts in our markets, and these have already been supplied to the extent their resources warrant. Austria and France indicate respectively an annual want of about £8,000,000 sterling; but it has been demonstrated that, although if the present state of things in those countries is to continue, the money must be raised in some manner, it will be impossible for the smallest fraction of it to be obtained here. The fate of the recent proposals connected with the Western Railway of France shows that, as regards public works in that country, the prospect is the same; and that hence the scheme for the Lyons and Avignon line, which is to be one of the earliest measures before the Assembly, will fail to derive any support from this side. Thus, while enterprise at home is checked by the state of the law, it is shut out from the entire Continent by political causes. As regards the colonies, the Cape can afford no field while it is the scene of war, and capitalists will not venture their money in Australia when they must wait eight months to hear even of its arrival. In India Government interference and supervision is inconsistent with the possibility of commercial progress, and Canada can never compete on a large scale with the attractions of her immediate neighbours. Under these circumstances it is plain that, when the next external rush of capital takes place, it will be to the United States. Indeed, for the past five years, the value of money in the two countries has been so disproportioned that all who were conversant with the opportunities that presented themselves, were surprised the natural course of operations which was sure, sooner or later, to bring about a nearer adjustment of the rates, was so long delayed. A knowledge of the way in which our partnership law operates to discourage individual enterprise, and to dam up capital till it breaks all bounds in a sympathetic mania, is sufficient, however, to explain the anomaly. There is no reason why the rewards of enterprise should not be almost as great in this country as in America, and they would become so if capital were equally free. That the undertakings which have been carried forward in the various States for the past five years have yielded high rewards which have had nothing to do with any artificial excitement, has been proved by the fact of the rate of money during the whole time having ranged from 5 to 12 per cent., a period of some months having, moreover, just been passed with safety in which it was as high as from 12 to 18 per cent. With the growing intercourse between the two countries it will be impossible that such a disparity can much longer continue. The thing to be desired, however, is that enterprise should be so facilitated in England as to render it worth while to pay high rates for money here, in place of letting the equalization be effected by a sudden drain to the other side. There are, it is true, abundant openings in the United States in which English capital might, in moderate supplies, be constantly employed, and still more numerous are the projects in which a union of the two nations would be advantageous; but a violent and indiscriminate outpouring is ruinous alike to both, since it corrupts the one and enrages the other by all the consequent loss. Whether this result, which was witnessed in 1839, is again to be seen a few years hence must, therefore, very much depend upon the course of legislation meanwhile; but if such should be the case, it is to be hoped, when we experience its inconveniences, we shall be sufficiently just to bear in mind that the reproach at our own doors will be heavier than any we can be entitled to throw elsewhere.

ST. ALBAN'S BRIBERY COMMISSION.

The St. Alban's Commission promises to be the cause of greater revelations than were either anticipated or will be pleasant to its authors. The Commission are bound to carry out a very stringent Act of Parliament, and the secrets which have come out substantiate the well founded suspicions of every reflective politician, that the foundations of the House of Commons are laid pretty deeply in bribery and corruption. It is obvious from the evidence of the Edwardses, father and sons, that one mode of bribery is the promise of Government situations; while for the mass

of electors, corruption in the grossest form, "head money," is resorted to. The Edwardses had been engaged to further the cause of the late Mr. Raphael and Mr. Benjamin Bond Cabbell. In short, the Edwardses were the efficient and willing instruments of corruption in the borough of St. Alban's. But their evidence chiefly bore upon the local question. A new witness appeared before the commission on Tuesday, Mr. James Coppock, the well known Parliamentary agent, of Parliament-street, whose evidence from its breadth has a national interest. Mr. James Coppock had first, before he thought of obeying the summons of the Commission, written to Mr. Bell for permission to give evidence. Had Mr. Bell withheld his permission, no power on earth could have made Mr. James Coppock speak, as he held that no ex post facto Act of Parliament could compel a solicitor to violate the confidence reposed in him by his client. However, Mr. Bell had given his permission to tell whatever he chose; Mr. Bell being desirous to aid the Commission to the utmost of his power. The part that Mr. Bell plays is singular: he is the immaculate dupe who put down £2500 as the expenses of a seat, quite innocent of any idea that the money was intended to bribe the electors of St. Alban's. The gist of Mr. Coppock's examination is as follows.

"Mr. Coppock's profession led him very much in connection with parliamentary matters, and this had been so for the last fifteen or sixteen years. Shortly after Sir Robert Peel's celebrated speech, 'register, register,' an association was formed by the Liberal party, in 1835, which comprised several hundred people of the Liberal party, and shortly after he became secretary to the association. The object of the association was to attend to the registrations generally throughout England in the different boroughs, and to promote the Liberal cause generally. That led him into communication with nearly every borough and county town in the Kingdom; and from that time to this he had been in some way connected with the Liberal party whenever a vacancy occurred. He had constantly watched them, and knew something of most places in England; and if, instead of going through the register of voters as Mr. Edwards had done, and marking the name of every man who sold his vote, he were to go through the list of British boroughs returning members to Parliament, beginning with the first on the list—say Abingdon, down to Stafford—and if he were to put opposite the name of the respective members 'bought his seat,' he should make more extraordinary disclosures than that of Mr. Edwards himself. (Loud applause, and cries of 'Order!') He did not make that statement for applause; but he stated it to show the system, and no man in the kingdom had a greater horror of the system than he had. When the vacancy occurred, and Mr. Bell was anxious to get into Parliament, a Mr. Thorby, an old friend of Mr. Coppock's, said he had a friend who was anxious to get into Parliament—did witness know a vacancy. Coppock asked who his friend was, and what was his position and circumstances, and if he was what was called a 'produceable man'—(laughter)—if he was an orator. Mr. Thorby replied, 'Oh, yes, I will give you the information, but I only want to know if there is a vacancy, and then I will introduce you to him, but I have no authority to give his name.' Coppock also required his politics. Never was employed by any but one side, and never would be. He took time to consider, and Thorby returned in three weeks and gave the name of Mr. Bell. Coppock requested Mr. Bell to call on him. Mr. Bell did so, and made a memorandum of his name in his pocket-book, having made inquiries as to Mr. Bell's politics, and as to the expense he would be willing to incur, because it was absolutely necessary to know the depth of a member of Parliament's pocket as well as the nature of his politics. (Laughter.) Coppock inquired the amount of money he (Mr. Bell) would be willing to expend. Mr. Bell told witness that his only object in getting into Parliament was to promote some views relative to the medical profession, which for years he had laboured to bring forward, and he thought he could better carry them out by obtaining a seat in Parliament. Mr. Bell stated that he had no ambitious views, that he asked for nothing—that money was not to be an object—that he should not mind a proper expenditure. Coppock asked him what he would expend, and when asked, in reply, what would be sufficient, said from £1500 to £2500, according to the place that was sought, and Mr. Bell authorized him to send word to him whenever a vacancy occurred. Twelve months elapsed before anything did occur, and then on Mr. Raphael's death Coppock negotiated with parties at St. Alban's, and amongst the number with Mr. Edwards, and he told him that £2500 would be the expense if there was a contest, but if there was not a contest it would be considerably less. There was also a probability at this time that the Honourable Mr. Craven would become a candidate; and a person of family like Mr. Craven always had an advantage over a man from the ranks, but ultimately Mr. Craven declined to stand. At this period Coppock found that St. Alban's was in the market in London in three different channels, and by three parties connected with the borough, each of them anxious to promote a candidate, and witness had peculiar means for knowing the movements of all three, and it was in this way he heard that with Sir Robert Carden £1500 was the limit, and that he did not like £2500. (Loud laughter.) The third party in the borough made every effort to get a candidate, simply for the sake of the expenditure, and utterly regardless of principle or politics. (Hear, hear.) This sort of thing had been the case at St. Alban's for the last one hundred years. The principle of 'bleed and bribe' had always been the ruling principle. There were some respectable men in St. Alban's who knew nothing of that system; but the great majority of the

voters had always been bought and sold without regard to principle or anything else. Mr. Bell having at the last election arranged that £2500 should be the maximum, it was agreed that the money should be supplied, and it was sent to Coppock's office in Parliament-street, by somebody. He never opened the 'packets,' or saw one farthing of the money. Did not know from whom, or from whence they came, but knew for what they were intended. In all these matters inquiries were never particularly made. The packets went as they came, as was the case in all transactions of the kind, in any borough for which he was ever concerned. Coppock never had anything to do with the arrangement or disposition of the money, and derived no advantage or benefit, except a political one. The £2500 went in that way, and it was well known and notorious that St. Alban's was to be bought and sold. Coppock's bill, on the occasion of the petition to the House, and committee of inquiry, was £1000, all of which Mr. Bell had paid."

In cross-examination other small facts were elicited; but from the above specimens the reader may form a pretty good notion of how an unambitious gentleman gets himself elected for St. Alban's, and how ambitious and unambitious in general get into the House of Commons. One other morsel of Mr. Coppock's evidence we must extract.

"There was nothing to be done at St. Alban's without 'headmoney.' When the present Sir H. G. Ward some years ago stood for St. Alban's, it cost him £2400; but when he went to Sheffield, a town with a constituency of some thousands, Sir Henry Ward wrote to witness to say that his total electioneering expenses only cost him £150—(loud laughter),—and he thanked Mr. Coppock for sending him there from St. Alban's. The expense of the last election for St. Alban's might have been done for £200, including hustings, clerks, &c., and that would leave £50 for the manager of the election. 'You cannot,' said the witness, emphatically, 'prevent this species of expenditure until you allow the ballot, which would be the only preventive against bribery.' (Loud applause.) In his mind, measures of this kind could come to no result.

"Mr. Commissioner Slade: We cannot go into that. Many people have different opinions. There are many people who think that the ballot would increase bribery very much, and I am one of those. (Laughter.)

"Witness: But until Parliament does something more than attempt to put down bribery by punishing a single borough, they will never effect it. (Applause.)

"Mr. Commissioner Phinn: But we must go by steps.

"Witness: They are very slow ones."

Mr. Low, local agent for Sir Robert Carden, proved that bribery had been practised on his side, and that Conservatives were as corruptible as Liberals in the borough.

The examination continued on Wednesday. The witnesses were Mr. Low, Mr. Blagg, the Town Clerk, and Sir Robert Carden. The facts elicited from these gentlemen were all alike. Bribery and corruption were everywhere prevalent. Only Sir Robert Carden declared that he had had nothing to do with it; that he was in a manner forced into being nominated; that he stood on "purity" principles; that he wrote cheques for £200, £200, and £500 for expenses; that he thought some of the charges, especially that for wine, enormous; but that he himself had nothing whatever to do with any bribery.

THE KAFIR WAR.

The Bosphorus, which arrived on Wednesday brings papers from the Cape up to the 1st of October inclusive. The information is still disastrous. The position of the colony still the same—menaced by large bodies of Kafirs.

We find that on the 9th of September Colonel Mackinnon marched with a large patrol to the Fish River Bush; upon arriving there he divided his force to scour the valleys. One of these detachments consisted principally of the Second Queen's, and unfortunately this gallant regiment met with another and still more lamentable loss; for the grenadier and light companies, while searching for the enemy, got separated from a detachment of the levies, under Commandant Davies, who accompanied them into the bush, and were scattered in their endeavours to extricate themselves; from their ignorance of the locality they only got more entangled, and while so embarrassed, they were set upon by the whole force of the Kafirs and Hottentots, who cut off the small parties in detail. The officer in command, Captain Oldham, was struck down and slain, along with two or three sergeants, who rushed to his rescue. This catastrophe occurred near Committee's Drift. During this patrol both Colonel Mackinnon and Colonel Eyre were warmly and successfully engaged with the enemy, who suffered great loss. The troops returned to King William's Town on the 17th. On the 12th, the place where the brave men of the Second were killed, was thoroughly traversed, and many dead Kafirs found, who had fallen in the sanguinary struggle. The loss of the different detachments in killed, wounded, and missing was seventy-eight!

On the 7th of September, Macomo continuing to ravage the colony at Waterkloof, representations were made to Colonel Fordyce upon the subject by Colonel Sutton and various inhabitants. Colonel Fordyce, in consequence, made an effort to repress their devastations by marching, in conjunction with that officer, as strong a force as he could com-

mand upon the Kroome range, which in some parts overlooked and commanded the position. He appears to have made his dispositions skillfully, and so far to have succeeded as to reach the summit; but his further progress was stopped by a broad belt of bush stretching across it, which was strongly occupied, and he was fiercely attacked by a large number of Kafirs, who suddenly made a dash upon the column while the men were refreshing after their long and fatiguing march. The enemy suffered severely in consequence of departing from his usual cautious tactics, and was most steadily repulsed by the Seventy-Fourth and the other troops, scarcely a man of them being touched, while from the precision of their fire they must have done much execution. Apprehending an attempt would be made to occupy the pass by which he had ascended, the colonel retraced his steps to the head of the pass, just in time to prevent it; but whilst descending, the gallant Highlanders, who had so well maintained their renown, lost eight of their number through the misconduct of the Fingoes, who, struck with a panic, rushed headlong down the kloof, throwing the rear companies into confusion, and preventing them from using their arms to defend themselves. This untoward event is graphically related by the colonel in his despatch to which we refer our readers. The Kat River Hottentots also misbehaved on this occasion.

The inhabitants of Graham's Town, threatened by large bodies of Kafirs, had mustered in military array. The colonial frontier swarmed with Kafirs. It was said that Kreili and Umhala intended to join Seyolo and Stock. Altogether, the war is looked upon as farther than ever from a termination.

A NEW RUSSIAN MARTYR.

John Bakúnin, of whom we have several times spoken in our columns, has been executed by the Russian tyrant. In informing our readers of this event, we communicate a Necrology of the martyr, which we find in a Polish weekly paper published in Belgium, the *Demokrata* :—

"The foreign papers state that our political co-religionist, our friend, for though a Russian, he was a sincere friend of Poland—a fellow-worker in our efforts to render all the Slavonians worthy of the brotherhood of our nation, by inducing them to desert the camp of despotism and pass over to that of liberty, viz., John Bakúnin, after having expiated his noble endeavours, first in a Saxon prison for two years, then in an Austrian dungeon, and finally in a Muscovite one at Schlüsselburg, has crowned his apostolic life by the death of a martyr. It is well known how intrepidly, though laden with irons and horribly tortured, he affirmed before his executioners rather than judges, his faith, which he in exile defended both by his pen and spoken word, and by the sword on the barricades of Dresden. It is also known how basely the Austrian bombailiffs delivered him to the Muscovite hangman. Wishing to convey to our readers both the grief and the admiration that overpowers our hearts for the martyr, we will simply remind them of the hearty and remarkable speech he delivered on the occasion of one of the anniversaries of the 29th of November, commemorated in Paris, and his address to the Slavonians, which, though uninfluenced by our Democratic Centralization, was a development of its fraternal appeal to them. We will here acquaint our readers with the homage the French Republicans rendered him, by communicating to them the following lines which appeared in the *National* :—

"The important part Bakúnin took in the last European revolution, his sincere devotion to the cause of liberty, his high degree of intrepidity, of which he gave unquestionable proofs in all dangerous emergencies during his political career, and, above all, the melancholy fate his executioners prepared for him, insure him for ever the sympathy and grateful remembrance in the bosoms of all true Republicans, enlisting him into the holy phalanx of their martyrs, who assuredly will not forget his memory in their days of triumph."

DARING BURGLARY AND GALLANT DEFENCE.

Two men, named John Titman, of Yaxley, and James Stokes, of Ramsey, were charged before the magistrates of St. Ives, on Monday, with having broken into the house of Mr. Fairley, shooting at him with intent to kill him, and carrying off sundry articles of his property. The narrative of the burglary, as told by Mr. Fairley, is extremely interesting.

"I am bailiff to Mr. Hussey, and live in a lone farmhouse at Raveley. On the night of Friday, October 24, I went to bed between nine and ten o'clock, leaving all fast. I was awakened about eleven o'clock by a noise outside resembling a clap of thunder; the door was down in a moment. I jumped out of bed and went to the window looking into the yard; I could not see the door; I called out, but received no answer; I turned round and got my pistols, and then saw a light at the stair-foot. I always sleep with the door open. I went to the door and cried 'Beware!' The light was then withdrawn, but speedily returned, and I saw a man and fired at him. The man said, 'O, you keep those things, do you? We've got plenty of those;' and in a minute or two he returned the fire, but missed me. I called out to know what they wanted, as I could hear by the whispering that there were more than one. They said they wanted money, and I said I had none, I had paid it all away that morning. They said, 'Come down,' and I replied that I would not. I said, 'Come up, two of you, you cowardly rascals, if one's afraid.' They again desired me to come down,

saying there were ten of them; and I said, 'I don't care if there were twenty of you, I am prepared for you,' and fired at the man I could see. They returned the fire. They fired five shots at me in all. The man I could see was under cover in a room below. After they had fired three times, they said they would fire the house; but I did not think they would come that. One said, 'Bring in the straw;' and they lit a fire with some bean straw, and fed it with the leaves of a large Bible, the barometer, and the clock case. They then fetched the instrument they broke the door with, and knocked out the window sash of the room below, and broke the door into the passage. The smoke nearly suffocated me, and I went to the window, and found a man had command of it with a pistol. He threw some stones in. My wife could stand it no longer, and rushed down stairs. They then pushed her into a closet, and shut her in. I fired once after she went down, and one of them called out, 'If you fire again, we will shoot Mrs. Fairley where she stands.' I was then obliged to give up, calling upon them for God's sake to have mercy on my wife. They then came up stairs. I had put the revolving I had used away; but it was some time before the rascals would believe that I had no fire-arms. They said to me, 'Go down stairs, you old —.' I can speak positively to the prisoners. My wife screamed just before I fired the last shot, and it was then they threatened to shoot her. There was a much larger man than Titman there—a great lumbering fellow. They wetted the bean straw to make more smoke. There were five men in all. They all had masks on their faces. They ransacked the drawers and the bed, looking for property. When I went down, I found one man in the kitchen ransacking my desk, and James Stokes keeping guard over the closet door. Stokes had no mask on then. He had a gun and a pistol in his hand. I sat down on a chair, and Stokes said to me, 'I reaped a week with you last harvest.' He did not, however. My pistol was loaded with ball. I was slightly wounded by a shot in the thigh. They remained about half an hour after I surrendered; while I was on the stairs they said, 'Come down, and we will give you a glass of wine.' They had got the liquors when I went down. When the men came down that had been up stairs, I and my wife were ordered up stairs; they came down with their masks on. Titman struck me three times with a poker as I was going up stairs; he hit me once across the kidneys, and I have a bruise there yet. I said, 'You have got my property; for God's sake spare my life.' I and my wife sat down on the edge of the bedstead when we got up stairs. I asked for a light, but no answer was returned. Titman and Stokes then came up stairs without their masks and asked where the bread was. I know the smile on Titman's ugly face. My wife told them to look about for it. Titman and Stokes then went into the next bedroom, and then went down again and returned with a light, and took my gun away. I had hid the revolver. They wanted to know where it was, and I said I had flung it into the garden. The men then went down stairs and enjoyed themselves, and I saw no more of them till we saw them leaving the house—that was about three o'clock. I asked my wife if she dare sit alone while I went for assistance. She said, yes; and I then saddled my horse and rode to Upwood (about a mile), and soon returned with Mr. Wright, the constable, and other parties. The walls at the side of the staircase are marked with shot as though there had been a siege. The balls from my pistol lodged at the bottom of the stairs. They drank and carried off about a dozen and a half of (currant) wine. The waistcoat produced (taken off Titman) is my property. (Mr. Fairley identified a box and bag of powder, found on Titman, some cheese, a bottle and a half of currant wine, and a gun, produced by Wright.) There was no wine in the house but currant wine. There was some brandy, and I should have been glad if they had got hold of that, as, perhaps, we might have caught the other men. My wife and I were the only persons in the house."

The two men were captured the next morning drunk, and fully committed for trial. The coolness and courage of Mr. and Mrs. Fairley have deservedly won for them the admiration of all the county.

THE ANIMUS OF AUSTRIA.

Mr. Thurgar, a gentleman belonging to the Austrian Consul-General's office, accompanied by an Italian interpreter and the captain of the ship *Ida Kiss*, from Trieste, came before Mr. Yardley, on Tuesday, for the purpose of requesting his advice and assistance in repressing a spirit of insubordination which existed among the crews of several Austro-Italian ships in the West India Dock, and which appeared to have arisen from sympathy with the cause of Hungary and Kossuth.

From the statement made by Mr. Thurgar it appeared that the crew of the *Ida Kiss*, consisting of Italians, had demanded their discharge from the captain, and on his refusal to comply with their request, because their contract did not terminate until the ship returned to their own country, they became very abusive and riotous, and drew their knives. The captain was for some time apprehensive of being murdered by them, and the officers of the dock had much trouble to restore quiet and calm their rage. The crews of other Italian vessels in the docks had also been guilty of great insubordination, and had refused to obey the orders of their captains, while some of them had declared they would not sail any longer under the flag of Austria, and had expressed their sympathy with Kossuth, whose name they used as a pretext for very disorderly conduct. The Italians, directly they came to this country, fancied they could do just as they pleased, and were guilty of all manner of excesses, which they would not dare to commit in any of the territories of Austria, where they were under the control of laws strictly carried out and enforced.

Mr. Yardley said he had no power whatever to interfere with the internal discipline of a foreign ship, or to prevent the crew leaving her, if they thought proper; but

as far as he could protect the captain from violence and prevent a breach of the peace, he would do so. He directed Mr. Holmes, an inspector of the K division, to accompany the Austrian Consul-General's agent and the captain to the *Ida Kiss*, and see what he could do in the shape of remonstrance and advice, and also to speak to the dock officers on the subject. The Italians must be told that any breach of the peace, or anything leading to a breach of the peace, would be noticed and severely punished, and that they must neither threaten the captain nor draw their knives upon him.

In the afternoon Mr. Thurgar, with the Italian interpreter, again waited upon the magistrate, and Inspector Holmes said the Italians were extremely submissive and repentant when he spoke to them through the medium of one of the gentlemen present, and promised not to misconduct themselves again. They also stated that they should not have acted as they had done on Monday if they had not been intoxicated.

Mr. Thurgar said, that he feared more restraint would be necessary to prevent the Italians from committing acts of violence and disorder, and that already there had been two cases of stabbing in Cork, and a terrible case of a similar nature in Gloucester very recently, among the Italian seamen.

Mr. Yardley said, if any one presumed to draw a knife on another in this country, and the case was made out, he would be punished.

Mr. Thurgar intimated that the Italians ought to be under the surveillance of the police during their stay here, and taken out of the ship and punished.

Mr. Yardley said the Italians, as subjects of Austria, were entirely on the same footing as the subjects of her Majesty, except as regarded the contract they had entered into, which he had nothing to do with. Foreigners were not only subject to the English laws while they were here, but were under the protection of the English laws.

Mr. Thurgar: Why, the Italians drew their knives yesterday upon the captain.

Mr. Yardley said that was a breach of the peace for which the parties were liable to severe punishment, and if the captain were here, and would make a statement of the occurrence, he would issue his warrant for the arrest of the men, and they would be dealt with according to law.

Inspector Holmes: The Italians have faithfully promised not to misconduct themselves or draw their knives any more.

Mr. Thurgar: There is a party of men among the Italians who declare their sympathy for Kossuth, and state they will not sail under the Austrian flag.

Mr. Yardley said he had nothing to do with that. If the Italian seamen drew their knives on the captain, or any other person, for any purpose, or with any view whatever, he would call upon them to find bail, or commit them to prison. It was a thing not to be tolerated for an instant. If the captain were under any fear for his personal safety, he would issue process, but it must be on his personal application.

Mr. Thurgar then retired with the Italian interpreter, and intimated that an application would be made to Lord Palmerston regarding the law on the subject, and the discipline on board foreign ships in English ports.

POLITICAL PERSECUTION BY A GOVERNMENT CONTRACTOR.

An incident connected with the hearty demonstration of goodwill to Kossuth, has come to our knowledge, which ought to be widely known.

A compositor, a good workman, employed by a firm engaged in supplying certain Government offices with forms, desired two hours' holiday on Monday morning. Another asked the same favour, stating that he wanted to see Kossuth. The foreman communicated with the manager of the firm. Meanwhile the first applicant had donned his hat and coat and was preparing to depart, when up rushed the said manager, red with rage, exclaiming, "Any one of my men who dares to leave this place to run after any political humbug, shall not return to work here." Nothing daunted our hero quietly went his way, and faithful to his promise returned in two hours. The Head man was as good as his word, and the workman was dismissed there and then.

We know that this is a fact. We could name the parties. Three workmen had been previously discharged by the same firm for the same offence. Are we to take it as a specimen of the animus of the Government, or not? Anyway it is a specimen of petty tyranny in England worthy of Paris or St. Petersburg, Naples or Vienna.

TRIAL BY JURY.

The annual gathering of the friends of Trial by Jury, who make the names of Horne Tooke, Hardy, and Thelwall their rallying cry, took place on Thursday night, the fifty-seventh anniversary of the acquittal of the members of the Corresponding Society. Dr. Epps presided. The first toast, after the removal of the cloth, was "The Sovereignty of the People," drunk standing, with three times three. Then "The Queen." Mr. Thornton Hunt gave "Trial by Jury." Mr. W. J. Fox, M.P.; "The Memories of Hardy, Tooke, and Thelwall." As marking the enthusiasm of the present time, this toast was drunk, we observe, with loud cheers and three times three, contrary to the usual custom. Mr. Parry gave the "Scottish Martyrs, Muir, Palmer, Parry gave the "Radical Reform of Margaret." Mr. David Masson gave "Radical Reform of all abuses, and a full and true representation of the people in Parliament." Dr. Tausenau admirably spoke to the toast, "The Struggling Peoples." The Chairman was duly toasted, and the company separated.

OWLS VERSUS RATS.

The following singular story of the doings of the Jockey Club at Paris has been published in the morning papers.

The long-talked of fight between Lord H.'s two owls, Iron Beak and Young, and twelve rats, came off at midnight on the 27th of October, in the drawing-room of the Jockey Club. The bets on the side of the rats, amounting to £1250, were all taken by Lord H., who backed his plumed champions. The most perfect order prevailed in the drawing-room. The place of every spectator was assigned to him by the judges of the battle, whose orders were implicitly submitted to. Lord H. had on his right M. Méry, the poet of Marseilles, who, while the warlike preparations were going on, improvised a dozen strophes inspired by the singular occasion. At about half-past eleven, Victor Couturier introduced the rats. The large cage in which they were contained was placed upon a table in the middle of the room, in order that the inmates, who had fasted for twenty-four hours, might be publicly fed. The dish chosen to sustain their strength and animate their ardour was a pasty of Perigord truffles, prepared by that worthy successor of Vatel, the head cook of the club. In three minutes these delicacies were disposed of, with an evident relish and appreciation which could hardly have been predicated of rats. Lord H. then ordered his falconer to bring in the owls. Iron Beak and Young were born in Scotland, upon an estate of his lordship's, where for two years they inhabited an old tower, in which they were one day surprised and captured by William Perkes, the falconer. They are owls of the largest kind. They are each two feet high; their eyes of a ghastly transparency; their plumage a mixture of various shades of grey; their talons remarkable for their form, strength, and flexibility. As the clock struck twelve the signal for the combat was given. Victor Couturier let loose the twelve rats. They had previously occupied each a separate compartment in the cage, and finding themselves on the floor of the drawing room, while the digestion of the truffles was going on, were about to fall foul of each other, when William Perkes turned the two owls into the arena. At this moment a religious silence prevailed among the spectators. Nothing was heard but the piercing cries of the rats and the gnashing of the beaks of the owls. Iron Beak opened the war by flying at Robert Macaire, *alias* the Greek, and seizing him by the haunches, pounded him as completely as a boa constrictor would a calf that he was about to swallow. Young at the same time as effectually disposed of the unlucky Coquard, *alias* the Book-keeper. Prince Petulant *alias* Chamouski, Rodillard *alias* the Vagabond, and Brisquet *alias* Cut-Knuckles, fell altogether upon Young and hung on to his claws. Young caused Rodillard and Brisquet successively to bite the dust, but Prince Petulant obstinately renewed his attacks upon Young's posteriors, and broke his thigh in two places. By this time Iron Beak had slain Voltaire *alias* the Enemy of Obscurity, the brave Ratapoil *alias* the Vexer, and Darkness *alias* the Pancake-eater. But he had sustained the injury of a broken claw. The chances were now nearly equal. The two owls were seriously wounded, but five rats only, more or less injured, survived. The interest of the battle was at this moment at its height, Poulastril *alias* the Wig-maker, who had hitherto cowered in a corner as if ashamed of himself, suddenly rushed upon Young, threw him upon his side, and literally eat out his eyes. The owl uttered a horrible scream, but in his dying struggles tore open the bowels of Poulastril with his beak, and the two enemies expired side by side at the same moment. Iron Beak was now singly opposed to Tourlourou, *alias* the Brush-maker, the Marquis, *alias* Hide-your-Love, the Parisian, *alias* the Chaffer, and Prince Petulant. The latter, who had eaten more truffles than any other rat, was furious beyond measure. He clung to the sound leg of Iron Beak, and continued to gnaw it, while the owl killed all the remaining rats. Of all the gallant combatants, Iron Beak, the owl and Prince Petulant, the rat, alone survived, both mortally wounded, disabled, but still flashing sparks of fury at each other from their eyes. The judges at this stage declared the battle a drawn one for the present, but decided that the stakes are to be handed to the owner of the combatant that shall live the longest. Upon this announcement, Victor Couturier carried off Prince Petulant to be doctored and nursed. William Perkes, the falconer, took care of Iron Beak, and the backers on either side are now awaiting with anxiety the result of the skill of the respective medical attendants of the mutilated heroes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Queen is still at Windsor. The notable event of the week there being the investiture of Earl Fitzwilliam with the Order of the Garter.

The gossip in the town is still Bloomerism. No less than six ladies were lecturing on Monday night in this metropolis: one, Mrs. T. C. Foster, superior in her coadjutors in many respects, lectured at the Hanover-square Rooms, but was disappointed in her audience. She is a semi-Bloomer. We understand that Mrs. Brougham is going to lecture against Bloomerism. Mrs. Tracy has written to the *Chronicle* to state that no respectable Bloomers participated in the famous Bloomer ball.

The Bishop of Oxford delivered a charge on Thursday at Aylesbury.

M. Kossuth had an interview with M. Mazzini on Tuesday.

The Polish-Hungarian ball will take place at the Guildhall, on Thursday next. It will be combined with a concert. Kossuth, it is reported, will be present.

Sir James Clark, the Queen's physician, waited on Kossuth and his family on the same day.

The statue of the late Lord George Bentinck has been placed upon the pedestal in Cavendish-square.

A court of directors was held at the East India-house, on Wednesday, when Captain Sir Henry J. Leeke, R.N., was appointed Superintendent of the Indian Navy.

A general assembly of the academicians was held at the Royal Academy, on Monday, when Mr. William Boxall, Mr. Edward Wm. Cooke, Mr. Frank Stone, and Mr. Henry Weeks, were duly elected associates of that institution.

The Grand Duke of Tuscany has conferred the Grand Cross of the order of St. Joseph upon M. de Baumgartner, Minister of Commerce at Vienna.

The funeral of the Duchess d'Angoulême took place on the 28th ultimo, in the Franciscan Convent at Goritz. The cortège, which was very numerous, was headed by the Count de Chambord, Don Carlos of Spain, and his two sons; and in it were the Count de Montbel, Duke de Levis, and Count de Blacas. Waiting in the church were the Countess de Chambord, the Duchess of Parma, the Duchess de Berry, Count Lucchesi Palli, and Marshal Marmont.

It was reported in the *Cologne Gazette* that Lord Palmerston had apologised to the Austria Government for the Kossuth "mania." The *Globe* of Tuesday denied the rumour point blank.

A letter from Leipzig says, "The catalogue for the book-fair of Saint Michael has just been published. It results from it that, during the short space of time which has elapsed since the fair of Easter last, not less than 3860 new books have been published in Germany, and that 1150 others are in the press. More than one-half of these works relate to scientific subjects."

The fifth of November was celebrated this year with considerable éclat. The Guys were numerous, large, and ridiculous. Some wore mitres, others high conical hats, others cocked hats, and not a few paper head dresses of an indescribable and unknown variety. The Pope and Cardinal were not forgotten, nor were Marshal Haynau with his whip, and the young Kaiser of Austria, appropriately accompanied by a notorious morning paper. Czar Nicholas also appeared in disguise, and a gigantic Bloomer astride a wooden horse completed the infinite variety of grotesque ugliness. But of the original Guy, with dark lantern and gunpowder barrels, few likenesses were seen.

The judicial inquiry into Mr. Ramshay's case is now pending before Lord Carlisle, at Preston. The proceedings are very prolix, uninteresting, and confused.

At the recent municipal election for Scarborough five Liberals displaced five Tories, and among the latter were three of the warmest supporters of George Frederick Young.

An influential meeting of the supporters of Mr. Gibson's bill on County Rates and Expenditure was held at Newton-in-the-Willows, on Monday. Eight members of Parliament, of all shades, except the thorough Tory, took part in the proceedings. The object of the movement is to place the expenditure and local taxing power under popular control.

Letters signed "Clancarty" and "Westmeath" addressed to Lord John Russell, appear in the papers from the lords bearing those titles. They complain of the enforced repayment of advances; but, as they were written before the publication of the Treasury Minute quoted last week, they are of no importance, except as additional remarks of the extent of the feeling against wholesale and immediate repayment.

The Marquis of Londonderry, in reply to an article in the *Northern Whig*, has issued from his office at Newtownards a list of thirty-three tenants, who alone, out of 1600 on his lordship's estates in that quarter, attended the recent tenant-right meeting. Of the thirty-three, twenty-six are in his lordship's debt in sums varying from £5 to £125, and seven only appear clear on the rent-books of the noble marquis.

Certain preliminary proceedings in the action brought by the editor of the *World*, Dublin, against Sir William Somerville, took place on Monday. The action is brought to recover a balance due for work and labour in writing in support of the existing administration from July, 1848, to January, 1851, a period of two years and a half, and the goods sold and delivered were copies of the *World* newspaper sent to the defendant, or forwarded to other parties at his request. The sum claimed is £6700. The counsel for Sir William applied for a new bill of particulars. The bill offered appeared to the judges illusory, but a technical difficulty arose on the affidavits, and the decision was adjourned.

Another murder has been perpetrated in the Queen's county (says the *Leinster Express*). In this instance the victim is a small farmer, holding about six acres of land; and his offence the supposition that his wife gave Mr. Jelly, Mr. Kemmis's agent, information that the principal in the murder was about to sell off and go to America, which led to a seizure on his property for a year and a half's rent, up to the 25th of March. The following are the particulars of the atrocity:—Between six and seven o'clock on Saturday evening, Edward Horan, a stone-mason and farmer, accompanied by a number of men, entered the "bawn" of John Flynn, of Brittas, near Mountmellick, and commenced levelling an out-house, to which he had set up an imaginary claim, though it is two years since he had been dispossessed of it. Flynn came out to resist the work of demolition, when the party turned on him in a ferocious manner, and beat him with sticks and pitchforks to such a degree as to leave him unable to stand. Flynn's wife was also beaten severely, and received two stabs of a pitchfork. The party having levelled the out-house left the scene of outrage in triumph. Flynn having been removed to bed, lingered in great agony a short time when he died.

Mr. Stone gave his farewell lecture on electro-biology at Cork, on the 27th ultimo. He explained the difference between electro-biology and mesmerism, the first great difference being that mesmeric experiments were performed upon persons in a state of utter unconsciousness, and

electro-biological, on the contrary, upon persons in a waking state, and perfectly conscious of what they were doing, though unable to resist the influence of the operator. Another difference was that mesmeric subjects were influenced by the will alone, and that their minds became as it were one and the same with that of the mesmeriser; but, on the other hand, the biological patient requires to be told what he is to do, and cannot be influenced by the will alone. Having made this preface, the lecturer then informed the audience that there were amongst them several persons upon whom he had before experimented, and requested those persons to keep their seats if by any means they could do so. Five persons then came forward, as if dragged on by some means or other; but one still remained. The lecturer, perceiving him, told him he would find the room too hot to hold him, and immediately he rushed forward with the appearance of one escaping from a fire. The lecturer then asked each of the six separately whether they were able to keep their seats, and they replied "They were not." The lecturer requested them to shut their eyes, which they did; he then told them they could not open them, which was the case; he then told them they could, and they did. He performed a great number of similar experiments upon them, making them suppose that the house was on fire, that they were seasick, that their seats were hot, that it rained, that they were attacked by snakes, that they were actors or opera singers, and a variety of other experiments. He concluded the lecture by mesmerising two little boys and bringing them from the midst of the audience by mere volition.

A dreadful boiler explosion occurred on Thursday. A steam tug employed on the Kennet and Avon Canal near Bristol blew up and four persons were killed.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

On the 17th of October, at Hôtel d'Europe, Alexandria, the wife of Alfred Fowler, Esq.: a son and heir.

On the 29th, at Lowndes-square, the Lady Mary Egerton: a daughter.

On the 30th, at the Vicarage, Corby, the wife of the Reverend C. Farebrother, S. C. L., rector of Irnham-cum-Corby, Lincolnshire: a son.

On the 30th, in Sackville-street, Dublin, the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Farrant, Eighty-first Regiment: a daughter.

On the 31st, at Frittenden, the Lady Harriet Moore: a son.

On the 31st, at Bryanston-place, the Lady Charlotte Watson Taylor: a daughter.

On the 1st of November, at Colwood-house, Sussex, the wife of Saint John Bennett, Esq.: a son and heir.

On the 2nd, at Upper Norton-street, Portland-place, the wife of Signor A. Ferrari: a daughter.

On the 3rd, at Ickworth, the Lady Authur Hervey: a son.

MARRIAGES.

On the 22nd of October, at St. Matthew's Church, in the Island of Jersey, the Reverend Nowell Twopenny, rector of Little Casterton, in the county of Rutland, to Mathilde Anaise, youngest daughter of Captain Marcus Louis, of Avranches, France, late Fifth Royal Veteran Battalion.

On the 23rd, at St. George's, Catesby Paget, Esq., to Adelaide, daughter of the late Honourable and Reverend Miles Stapleton.

On the 28th at the Roman Catholic Chapel, Pierrepont-place, Bath, and afterwards at St. James's Church, Bath, D. H. Safe, Esq., London, to Georgiana, eldest daughter of the late Colonel Granby Hely.

On the 28th, at Mildenhall, Henry St. Quentin Isaacson, Captain First Austrian Imperial Dragoon Guards, second son of the late Stateville Isaacson, Esq., R.N., to Elizabeth Mary, only daughter of Woolton Isaacson, Esq., of Mildenhall.

On the 28th, at Ardington, Berks, the Reverend Newton Barton Young, Fellow of New College, Oxford, to Laura, second daughter of the Reverend Frederick Barnes, D.D., Canon of Christ Church.

On the 29th, at Landevenlog, Carmarthenshire, John Thirlwall, Esq., of Lincoln's-inn, nephew of the Bishop of St. David's, to Anne d'Arcy, only daughter of John Wilson, Esq., Judge of County Courts of Glamorganshire and Brecknockshire, and Recorder of Carmarthen.

On the 29th, at the Abbey Church, Malmesbury, William R. O'Byrne, Esq., the Naval Biographer, to Emily, eldest daughter of the late John Troughear Handy, Esq., of Malmesbury, Wilts.

On the 30th, at the parish church of Clifton, the Reverend Robert Augustus Maunsell, youngest son of the Venerable the Archdeacon of Limerick, to Frances Erskine, youngest daughter of F. T. Hall, Esq., of Brunswick-terrace, Brighton.

On the 30th, at the Catholic Chapel, Spanish-place, H. Conte Pad di Bruno, to Agnes, youngest daughter of Edward Huddleston, Esq., of Sawston-hall, Cambridgeshire.

On the 30th, at St. Anne's Church, Dublin, Charles Edward Barry Baldwin, Esq., son of Charles Barry Baldwin, Esq., M.P. for Totness, to Jane Frances, fourth daughter of John Warburton, Esq., Justice of the Peace, of Crinkle, in the King's County, Ireland.

On the 30th, at Herriard, Hants, Oliver Galley Codrington, Esq., of Dean-house, near Alresford, Hants, to Henrietta, eldest daughter of the late George Marx, Esq., of Eaton-square, London.

On the 31st, at St. George's Church, Hanover-square, Major Frederic Brownlow, to Mary Essington, widow of the late William Essington, Esq., the Firs, Great Malvern.

DEATHS.

On the 26th of October, aged sixty-eight, the Reverend Thomas Coker Adams, Rural Dean, Vicar of Ansty, Warwickshire.

On the 26th, at the Close, Norwich, Susan, widow of the Reverend Edward South Thurlow, late Canon of Norwich.

On the 29th, at Brighton, William Wyon, R.A., chief engraver of her Majesty's Mint.

On the 30th, in his eighty-seventh year, the Reverend Nathaniel George Woodroffe, A.M., forty-eight years vicar of the parish of Somerford Keynes, Wilts.

On the 31st, at his residence, at Brighton, Joseph Schofield, Esq., in his eighty-third year.

On the 1st of November, at Torrington-square, Thomas Galway, F.R.S. and F.R.A.S., Registrar of the Amicable Society, aged fifty-five.

On the 1st, at Gloucester-gate, Regent's-park, Lady Buller, in her seventy-eighth year.

On the 1st, at his residence, No. 8, Newington-place, Kennington, Surrey, Lieutenant John Lewis Manners, of the Royal Marines, in the seventy-second year of his age.

On the 2nd, in Warwick-square, Belgrave-road, London, Edith, second daughter of Sir James and Lady Emerson Tennent, aged eleven years.

On the 4th, aged one year, Fanny, the infant daughter of Charles Klingemann, Esq., Secretary to the Hanoverian Legation, of 4, Hobart-place, Eaton-square.

At Broughton-hall, in the county of Stafford, the Reverend Sir Henry Delves Broughton, Bart., in his seventy-fifth year.

Postscript.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8.

Lambeth pronounced for Kossuth yesterday at the Horns Tavern, under the presidency of Mr. W. Williams, M.P. The spirit of the meeting was warlike and aggressive in the highest degree. Mr. Williams said, politicians affirmed that Austria must be sustained to keep up the balance of power:—

"He would say, perish the balance of power, if the price was to be the upholding of tyranny. (Cheers.) Let all these despotic powers crumble in the dust, and there was no danger but that England would at least be able to protect her own rights and liberties. (Loud cheers.)"

Mr. F. Doulton, who moved the address, though bitten by Palmerston, has a right notion of the kind of support Hungary requires, but which Palmerston won't afford.

"Such expressions of opinion must have a powerful effect on our foreign policy, and we had a man at the head of our Foreign-office who would be ready to endorse that opinion. (Cheers.) We did not want a European war; we had suffered too much from one already; but the time might come when we should have to choose between action and the destruction of the liberties of Europe. (Hear, hear.) Two great nations, he had almost said the only free nations of the earth, were now united against despotism, and would resist it, whether it appeared in the person of a crowned emperor, or under the milder presidential sway. (Cheers.)"

Mr. Webber supported Kossuth, "because he represented a great principle." Mr. Slack attacked Russia, and wound up with a story.

"A few days since a foolish bull had butted against a railway train, and was soon smashed to atoms. He believed the two red emperors were in the position of that foolish bull. They were butting their heads against the great train of human events. That train might be guided by Mazzini, or it might be by Kossuth, but it would soon be in motion, and then let the red emperors beware. (Loud cheers.)"

Mr. Rose was very emphatic. He said.

"They were told to wait for France; but his advice to the two great Saxon races was, to go on and not wait for France, which seemed as if she never could settle her own affairs. (Cheers.) He (Mr. Rose) was not for war if it could be helped, but public opinion was of no use in deterring despots unless it held war in perspective."

The address was carried unanimously, and also an address to the Sultan.

A similar meeting, under the presidency of Mr. James Wyld, M.P., was held at Islington.

Manchester is resolved to retrieve its honour, outraged by the Mayor. The crowds of applicants for tickets for the approaching banquet to Kossuth actually block up the streets. They are men of all classes, sects, and opinions.

Yesterday, the examination of "bribed" voters took place before the St. Alban's Commission. Here are a few specimens of the Voters of St. Alban's, men who come by votes under the rational, intelligent, and common-sensical brick and mortar qualification!

Neptune Smith, a tall, brawny, and black bushy-bearded "independent" elector, said he had received £5 or £6, he did not exactly know which, "for his services."

The Chief Commissioner: Well, Mr. Smith, what services can you render? Witness: Fighting, Sir. (Laughter.) Oh, that's it, is it? Yes, Sir, I can do a little in that way. (Renewed laughter.) I am one of those as keeps the peace at election times; and when there's a row, I goes in amongst 'em, and says, "Come, my lads, let us have a pot of beer," and I finds that they had sooner fight a quart of beer than have a punch or two. (Great laughter.) I'm reg'larly employed to keep the peace.

Kentish, an old man, who gave his age as seventy-six, said: I received £5 last election from Mr. Edwards. He laid it down on my table, and I picked it up. (Laughter.) He did not say it was for my vote; he only said, "Oh, you look as you did twenty years ago." (Renewed laughter.) He did not say it was for my vote, but for a Christmas dinner. (Laughter.) I voted for Mr. Bell.

Francis Brown examined: I received £5 from Mr. Edwards a little before the last election. It was not for my vote. I sell songs, and Mr. Edwards came to my house to buy music. He gave me the £5 for the songs. He did not say anything about my vote. Cannot say what the songs were worth. Think they might have been of the value of 5s. or 10s., but I left the payment entirely to him.

George Taylor, a big, robust, "navvy"-looking man, examined: Mr. Blagg and Mr. Edwards gave me £25 between them at the election of 1847.

The Chief Commissioner: what for?—Witness: To keep me still, so that I should not bring a third man down—(laughter)—and I had to go away to fetch a voter, and I went to Hertford for him, and I came back with 7s. 6d. in my pocket, but I had bought a good new handkerchief, Sir. Mr. Blagg, who behaved always like a gentleman to me—(laughter)—said I was the most useful man of them all.

Lord John Russell visited the President of the French Republic on Wednesday.
Mr. William Wyon, the famous medal-die engraver, expired on the 29th of October, at Brighton.

Sir Robert Kane delivered an admirable address on Monday, on the opening of the third session of the Queen's College, Cork, of which he is president. His closing words are remarkably decisive and satisfactory.

"Recurring to the proper subject of this day's proceedings, and by which I was led to those observations on the necessity for a thorough reform in school education, and in those schools of public endowment through the coöperation of which the University Colleges may effect material improvement in our general education, I now beg, in conclusion, to express my sense of the excellent conduct and conformity to discipline which characterized our students during last session. To this matter the authorities of this college attach the greatest importance. In no way can the calumnies—(hear, hear)—hurled against these colleges be more triumphantly refuted than by the steady diligence and moral conduct of our students. And that refutation has been abundantly afforded. (Loud applause.) Now, for two years have we been subjected to the keen supervision of the inhabitants of this great city—this population, which, although ardent for knowledge, although prizing educational progress as only those can prize it who are themselves participators in its enlightenment, would not yet purchase the proudest wreaths of literary and scientific glory for their sons by danger to moral purity or Christian faith—this population has, since our first opening, closely observed our course. And the authorities of this college may honestly take pride in the result. (Applause.)"

The following strong and emphatic sentences are the opening words of a leader on the same subject in the *Times* of this morning:—

"The gigantic system of godless education now firmly established in Ireland is bearing fruits which ought to cover with shame its bigoted detractors and opponents, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant. Not merely are the Queen's Colleges educating together in feelings of mutual amity and good-will those who a few years ago would have been trained in reciprocal hatred and contempt for each other's creeds and persons, but the time-honoured and orthodox routine of certain denominational establishments seems likely to be materially altered and improved by the standard of excellence thus reluctantly admitted."

The *Corriere Italiano* confirms the report that the Government of Tuscany is about to entrust the Austrian Ambassadors and Consuls with the affairs hitherto transacted by Tuscan Ministers at foreign Courts. All the Tuscan embassies and consulates are consequently to be suppressed. What a farce is all the talk about "respecting the settlement of 1815," "abiding by the pledged word of our ancestors," &c. &c.! The Treaty of Vienna is the real Charter of Despotism, and the spirit which conserves it, whether found in the city of London or the city of Westminster, is the main ally of that unscrupulous absolutism which carried the Cossacks into Hungary, the French to Rome, and the Austrians to Florence.

Every journal in Madrid, on the 31st of October, except the ministerial *Orden*, condemned in the strongest terms the arbitrary act of the Ministry in suppressing the evening paper, the *Europa*. They rightly suppose that the measure is but the beginning of a *razzia* upon the public press. The *Nacion* concludes a very effective article on the subject with the parting words of the gladiator "Caesar, morituri te salutant." The *Europa* had strongly but fairly criticised the late Allocation of the Pope, and the clerical question generally.

The next day the *Orden* came forward to defend the conduct of the Government in suppressing the *Europa*. It tacitly admits that the Government have overstepped the law; but it says that if they have done so, it is because the law never foresaw such a case as the establishment of an "irreligious" journal in a country eminently and exclusively Catholic; and it observes that Spain has never professed indifference, nor even tolerance, in matters of religion.

The Atlantic arrived at Liverpool yesterday from New York. Her papers are to the 26th ultimo. The chief point of interest for us, is the progress of the German Liberation Loan which Kinkel is endeavouring to raise, and the enthusiasm with which the project is received. It has been denounced as *flibustero* by the Government organ, the *Washington Republic*. Verily, the Government must take care. There are reasons for suspecting that President Fillmore and his Ministry are bitten by diplomacy, and have not acted faithfully up to the spirit of the people of the States, even in the liberation of Kossuth.

THE KOSSUTH FUND.

In our last Postscript we mentioned the project for raising a fund for the furthering of the Hungarian cause. Steps have been already taken to carry out that project, and a committee organized and composed of the following gentlemen:—

W. H. Ashurst, Esq., F. Bennoch, Esq., R. Cobden, Esq., M.P., Charles Gilpin, S. M. Hawkes, Esq., J. A. Nicholay, Esq., Thomas Prout, Esq., Robert Russell, Esq., James Stansfield, Esq., Lord Dudley Coutts Stuart, M.P., William Arthur Wilkinson, Esq., David Witton, Esq., Trustees: R. Cobden, Esq., M.P., Lord Dudley Stuart, M.P., Charles Gilpin, Esq., David Witton, Esq., Bankers: Currie and Co., Cornhill; Coutts and Co., Strand; Commercial Bank of London.

The Leader.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1851.

Public Affairs.

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

THE CHALLENGE OF AUSTRIA ACCEPTED.

THE Alliance of the Peoples against the Despots is growing into form with a rapidity and power that the most sanguine of us could not have hoped. The danger, indeed, against which it is directed also becomes, in some respects, more formidable and more imminent: the Austro-Russian conspiracy is preparing to contend for its existence, and it will not expire without a struggle. Not that there is the slightest cause to be apprehensive if this country, knowing its own position, should make its Government act for the national interest. The fact that Austria and Russia, with their miserable bondman Prussia, are now entering upon the death fight, cannot but fill the Despots with gloomy forebodings; and despair is a poor councillor.

As the position of Kossuth becomes more fully explained, its strictly practical character becomes more appreciated; at the same time, in the present mood of this country, the very fact that the adhesions to his cause so multiply, will help to bring him more adhesions. The demonstration in Copenhagen-fields has formally added the great body of the working classes in this country to his followers; its influence, we know by letters from the North, is already felt in Birmingham, Manchester, and the immense fields of activity which those two towns represent. The middle classes have spoken out pretty freely wherever they have had the opportunity—at Southampton and Winchester: in London they are moving; municipal clogs—which Kossuth now knows how to appreciate, cannot keep them back in Birmingham or Manchester.

The United States may be said to have pronounced, through many channels, but not the least emphatically through the noble speech of the Honourable Mr. Walker, at Southampton. We believe that we shall not be found far wrong when we say that the two great parties in America will be at one on this subject. We know that some of the Whig party have hesitated; but it will, we think, be found that their hesitation has been superseded. The Democratic party seizes on the idea with a natural sympathy and a natural pride in the lead which the crusade will give to the Republic in Europe; and it is by adopting the idea that the Whig party avoids being in a minority, and neutralizes an additional "cry." But we do not impute the adhesion of Whigs exclusively to party policy; far from it; they cannot fail to see the interest of their beloved country in the general vindication of freedom; they cannot fail to be moved by a generous sympathy for oppressed and patriotic communities.

In his unstudied remarks on receiving the address from the Friends of Italy, Kossuth, as representing Hungary, declared that he accepted the alliance with Joseph Mazzini as representing Italy; a declaration which will strike terror at Vienna—for it means that Hungarians will no longer be available for the coercion of Italy, nor Italians for the coercion of Hungary. It will be observed that the leaders of the combined European movement are resting the basis of their operations on the simple and naked facts, and that their policy is as frank and open as that of Austria is secret, and crooked, and cruel.

The astounding declaration in the *Times* of Wednesday will contribute, not only to shake the tottering power of Absolutism, but still further to open the eyes of the English people. "Stagnation" is the phrase applied to financial affairs all over the Continent; not, be it observed, because there is no demand for money—quite the reverse. Austria, we know, has been begging so importunately that at last the Duke of Modena became the nominal lender, to save the credit of the repulsed beggar. The enormous premium on gold and silver at the Vienna "continues," to use the words of the *Times* in its Sacred Column, "rapidly to advance!"

And then the Leading Journal proceeds to explain the state of the money market in London.

"The system of foreign loans has received a death-blow. Sardinia and Denmark are, perhaps, the only two borrowing States in Europe that could now raise even small amounts in our markets, and these have already been supplied to the extent their resources warrant. Austria and France indicate respectively an annual want of about £8,000,000 sterling; but it has been demonstrated that, although if the present state of things in those countries is to continue, the money must be raised in some manner, it will be impossible for the smallest fraction of it to be obtained here."

The application of these facts to the actual state of politics is remarkable. The *Times* is showing that English capitalists will suffer great embarrassment from the failure of markets in Europe, through the failure of credit; that in the colonies they suffer various impediments—the results, let us observe in passing, of bad official arrangements—and that the main outlet for English capital must be the United States. This confirms Kossuth's argument at Copenhagen-fields, when he told the people that their trade with despotical Europe averaged only seven pence a head, with the free United States seven shillings a head. The *Times* shows how desirable it is to maintain a good understanding with the United States, and also how completely the alliance with despotical Europe is failing the English capitalist and producer. There can be no doubt, however, that the emancipation of the countries now held in bondage by the oppression of Austria and Russia would open enormous fields for English capital, with the very best of all guarantees—landed security and trading reciprocity. Agricultural Hungary to bring into the market, and to help in establishing herself; Italy to set up in business, and fertile Sicily; Poland to set up again—but it is useless to continue the catalogue: England would be engaged in setting emancipated Europe up in business: can capitalists desire a more magnificent field of enterprise?

Now, the people of this country, traders and workers, are beginning to understand that the choice lies between a broad alliance of the free nations, with that magnificent opening for British enterprise, or a separation of England from America and free Europe, a submission to the encroachment of Austria and Russia, with Cossacks watering their horses in the Thames. Nay, English statesmen, even of the "upper classes," are not so far behind the day as not to perceive the bearing of that great question, which is no longer a matter of speculation, but is becoming ripe for practical solution. England has her choice—to continue investing on the side of Russia and Austria, both of which will require immense subsidies to save them from annihilation, even if that be possible, or to begin investing on the side of Europe and America.

THE HOUSE OF CORRUPTION, OTHERWISE THE "HOUSE OF COMMONS."

MR. COPPOCK has done yeoman's service by his straightforward evidence before the Bribery Commission sitting at that head quarters of corruption, St. Alban's. Edwards, the Newgate prisoner during the session, went through the Register of Voters, and named every man whom he had bribed with "Bell metal." Mr. Coppock says:—"If, instead of going through the Register of Voters as Mr. Edwards has done, and marking the name of every man who sold his seat, I were to go through the list of British boroughs returning members to Parliament, beginning with the first on the list—say Abingdon down to Stafford—and if I were to put opposite the name of the respective members—'bought his seat,' I should make more extraordinary disclosures than those of Mr. Edwards himself." Can any evidence be more decisive of the taint—the infectious canker—the rottenness which pervades the British system of so-called "representation"? Mr. Coppock is the highest authority. He has been the instrument, since 1835, in the buying of seats. He knows "the system" by heart; and, according to his own account, "no one has a greater horror of it" than he. Thoroughly up in all the dramatic action of the process of Member-making, a master in the slang of "the system," no one could give more trustworthy evidence that the whole thing, ludicrously styled representation, is a "mockery, a delusion, and a snare."

When a gentleman is anxious to get into Parliament and the Parliamentary agent is applied to, the first thing to be ascertained is, whether the aspirant be "a producible man," it being as necessary to know the "depth of the pocket" of the

would-be member as to know his politics. This being satisfactorily made out, negotiations are entered into with the agents of corruption, "packets" of cash are sent "by somebody," whence, no one inquires, the only thing known being their destination. The golden contents of said packets are not seen. They are sent to the appointed borough, and not counted even there; the prime agent sits in state with the golden store before him, voters are admitted "in the dusk of the evening," they take their "head money," and the member is declared duly elected. The "seat," it is notorious to everybody except an election committee, is bought and sold; the borough is said to be "in the market," and the man who bids highest becomes a legislator. Is not this a sickening spectacle? Not only St. Alban's, but scores of boroughs are in the same predicament. And this is called representation of the people! and the men who know that this iniquitous system is, and has been, carried out from one end of the island to the other, profess to fear universal suffrage and annual parliaments, because property and intelligence would not be represented! The plain truth is now out; the House of Commons is not a representation of the People; but a representation of the Edwardses, and the Coppocks, and their coadjutors.

Mr. Coppock stated a conclusive fact. When Sir Henry Ward stood for St. Alban's, a *small* constituency, it cost him £2400; when he was elected for Sheffield, a *large* constituency, the whole of his electioneering expenses amounted to only £150.

Nothing but the ballot will prevent bribery, remarks Mr. Coppock; the ballot would *increase* bribery, rejoins the sapient Commissioner Slade. The audience at St. Alban's cheered the former sentiment, uttered, be it remembered, by the primary agent in the general bribing business of the United Kingdom; they scornfully laughed in the face of Commissioner Slade when he gravely uttered the latter.

The Tories may say—Oh, Mr. Coppock is well-known to be a Liberal agent, his strictures do not touch us. But they are not allowed to go scot free. Mr. Edwards had been *previously employed* for Mr. Benjamin Bond Cabbell—a name outwardly symbolizing purity itself—a man once member for St. Alban's. "The Conservatives of the town" as far as Mr. Low, local agent for the defeated candidate, Sir R. Carden, knew "were as open to bribery as the Liberals."

With Sir Robert Carden, said Mr. Coppock, "£1500 was the limit, he did not like the £2500." Mr. Low again said that he had paid voters for "services" sums varying from £10 to £30. "The voters were paid by the Carden party according to their station in life, but Mr. Low 'could not say' that the vote formed an element in the payment."

All parties come out as the paragons of purity! And this national disgrace, pursued from end to end of the island, is defended and maintained by the champions of *intelligent* representation! Verily, in the words of W. J. Fox, "The banner of the constitution is a bank note, its basis a beer-barrel;" and, we may add, the constituency of the Commons is the tribe of Coppock!

THE LAST MESSAGE OF THE FIRST PRESIDENT.

M. LOUIS NAPOLEON has made up his mind to die, Presidentially we mean, as he has lived. Having, like a thankless child, cajoled, insulted, and betrayed the Revolution, he is now the used-up and discarded outcast of the Reaction, to whose fatal blandishments he has sold a name, a country, and a People. His latest and last Message is not worse than the first. It is a fitting sequel, a most just and proper climax, to his past achievements.

The length of the Message is on the American model; but the spirit and the language,—what a pitiable contrast to the straightforward and fearless documents of the successors of Washington! It is nothing that the word "Republic" should be studiously excluded from the text of a Republican State Paper; but we look in vain for one single thought, or one solitary expression, to strike a chord of sympathy in the great heart of the People of '48, '30, and '89.

It is not enough to cower before every breath of faction, and to be the mannikin and the mask of impossible restorations; it is not enough to give the lie to every hope of a confiding and generous democracy; to falsify every promise of the captive of Ham, and every aspiration of the exile of Switzerland; it is not enough that the dishonesty, the lust of power and pelf, the incapacity for all but ostentation and intrigue, should dissipate the last illusions

of France, and make the experience of princes and pretenders complete in its falseness and disgrace; in this his last Message to the National Representatives, the elect of five millions of the working classes (for it was neither the bourgeoisie nor the aristocracy that carried him to power) denounces to the coalition of crowned despotisms, the organization of the coming world-wide struggle of Freedom as "a danger" with which France is threatened. He throws a sop of servility to his Cossack protectors, and to his Austrian advisers; to his approving accomplices at Naples and Milan, and to his imperial allies in the Romagna.—"Religion; Family; Property:" the old tune set to new baseness! Of these sacred principles M. Louis Napoleon and Co., of the Elysée, are to be the champions in the Holy War of '52. To these disinterested partisans of great principles, to whom power is a burden, the comforts and splendours of a Palace a weariness, and dotations an infliction, France will sacrifice her past glories, her traditions, her freedom at home, her dignity abroad, her dearest national sympathies. After a three years' lease of power, what is the account of the administration of Home Affairs? Whole Departments under martial law; decimated municipalities; dissolved legions of National Guards; the second city in France held in terror by a police force, in itself an army; freedom of speech, thought, movement, association, proscribed and punished; exiles denied a refuge; the Hungarian patriot refused a "passage"; education handed over to spiritual slavery; religion made an instrument of violence and repression; and all that M. Louis Napoleon may bed and board at the Elysée—by the grace of Nicholas and the Royalist Factions!

How long, indeed, will France tolerate this humiliation?

Six months before the expiration of his office, the President bethinks him of the 3,200,000 electors disfranchised by a measure of "public safety": say rather, of reactionist revenge. He sees the danger of narrowing the basis of the national will; he desires to abrogate the law which his recent Cabinet had made the banner of their policy, and the Majority, their strength and safety; he appeals at the last hour to the universal suffrage he betrayed and confiscated when it suited his purpose, for a reconsecration of his wasted and degraded office! But if neither of his Royalist accomplices will grant the abrogation, nor the Republican minority assent to the revision, as seems probable enough, into what an isolation will have fallen this mean ambition!

In any case the reaction is used up; for if the Royalists refuse to appeal to universal suffrage, what faith have they in the national consent? If they grant it at the eleventh hour, tardily and with an ill-grace, how will the People regard an act of repentance extorted only by fear. To claim a right is not to take a gift. The 3,200,000 electors are for ever divorced from the reaction.

The Republic alone has nothing to fear, come what may: abrogation first, then total revision, or none; but no revision without abrogation. Whilst the royalist conspirators are agitating, disturbing commerce, paralyzing industry, propagating alarms, spreading odious calumnies, the Republic sits with folded arms, in an attitude of serene expectation, calmly confident of the future, of the heart of France, of the confidence of free Europe: hoping a peaceful issue, ready even for a struggle. M. Louis Napoleon, "my uncle's nephew," is ever ready to sacrifice himself to France—but France waives the boon and offers it to his creditors instead: it may be that the Nemesis of his treachery is now almost ripe, and that in the hour when he shall have finally lost the support of a disdainful majority, he will find to his cost that he has failed to win back the forfeited affections of a deceived but awakened People.

PROGRESS OF ASSURANCE

THE PROPRIETARY PRINCIPLE.

IN a recent article on the Mutual System of Assurance we expressed a fear that, while people were debating upon which of the various systems of Life Assurance they should adopt, a state of things might arise that would prevent their taking advantage of any. We hasten to refer more particularly to the Proprietary Principle. We have said that both systems are equally safe, and that the assured are always secure in any office which has the semblance of integrity, whether conducted on the Mutual or the Proprietary System. In the Mutual there is always a guarantee and a nucleus of interested assurers formed before the "outsiders" are appealed to. In most Mutual offices

the rates are higher, but they also have tables for assurers who are specially guaranteed by the Mutual fund, which thus becomes equivalent to an assurance in a Proprietary Company.

The disadvantages of a large capital, and the absurdity of offices endeavouring to throw discredit upon the younger associations by pointing to their immense funds, we have already shown. The time will come when these large accumulations will be rather matter of reproach than of boasting. Their utter uselessness and disadvantage to the assured we shall refer to in future articles.

The peculiar use of a proprietary in the opening of an assurance office we regard to be simply this. The issue of a number of shares, on which a small sum only is paid up, is the means of forming a number of agents interested in the success of the undertaking, and whose various spheres of influence are enlisted in the service of the young office. But when years have passed, and the association is in full and successful operation, the tendency will be sooner or later to the Mutual System.

The "Mitre Life Assurance Association" was established as a proprietary office, on the principle of offering to assure at the lowest possible premium consistent with the security of the assured. Whenever the assurance is for a short period it is unquestionably to the advantage of the assured to choose that office which offers the lowest tables; there being in such a case no bonus, whether the tables are high or low. But when the assurance is for life, the use of a participatory system will depend upon individual views and intentions, and when this is desired the "Mitre" has provided a "Mutual Branch." In addition to lowness of premium it offers several schemes of a peculiar character. Short term policies may be renewed for the whole of life on equitable terms, a privilege offering essential advantages to assurances effected by borrowing on mortgage or other security for a term of years. The attention of this association has been much devoted to education and endowments by which sums may be secured to children at given ages by a small annual payment, two-thirds of which are returned in the event of the child dying in the interval.

With all the advantages, however, held out by this and similar institutions, not one-twelfth of the insurable families have yet availed themselves of the system. Yet we are living in a country where poverty, if not a crime, is a leprosy from which men flee. With money a man may do many a dirty and dishonourable, if not dishonest, action, and still look the world in the face. But virtue in rags staggers to and fro, finding no countenance amongst us. What man can tell to what depths of ignominy and disgrace his family may be reduced when he bequeaths to them his empty purse? There is no more fruitful cause of misery and crime than the sudden downfall of those born to position, and nursed in wealth and luxury. Yet, such is the continual picture presented to the eyes of those who look beneath the surface of society. The beggarly money-box makes its daily round among relatives, who, as they drop in the coin, obliterate their acquaintance with the unfortunate recipient; and the muttered imprecation too often hovers over the new-made grave of him, who passed away bequeathing contempt and scorn to those it was his duty to protect.

HOW TO DEAL WITH MANCHESTER PAUPERISM.

THE Manchester Captains of Industry have gained a high character throughout the world for the admirable manner in which they manage the great business of life under our present system—the acquirement of money. It would be pleasant to add—did truth permit—that they also excel in their knowledge of how to spend it; but that will perhaps come in another generation. Meantime it is undeniable that nowhere have capital and labour been so marvellously organized for the production of all manner of wares, yielding a reasonable profit; and that in no English town or city has the ordinary local business been carried on with more strict regard to economy and the public good. Why, then, does it happen, at a period of unusual manufacturing prosperity, when the demand for labour is much brisker than it has been for many years, that we hear complaints from the Manchester parochial authorities of an alarming increase of pauperism? Comparing the September quarters of 1846 and 1851, it appears that Manchester has now to maintain 1212 more families than it had five years ago, at an increased weekly expense, notwithstanding the cheapness of food, of no less than £139. 10s.,

equal to £7254 per annum. Of this increase the greater portion has come from Ireland, the Irish poor having increased from 427 to 1478 families; while the cost of supporting them has advanced from £48. 0s. 11d. to £179. 18s. 3d. per week. Here is a gigantic grievance, which will rapidly increase under the joint operation of the "Irremovable Act" and the clearance system, and yet no one proposes any practical remedy. Will the Manchester Captains of Industry attend for a few seconds while we venture to propound a scheme by which the plague may be arrested, if not cured altogether?

The evil they have to deal with is idle, able-bodied pauperism; for we must conclude that a large portion of these 1478 Irish families consists of able-bodied men and youths, who would willingly work if they could find employment. No one can believe that any considerable number of these poor people would prefer pauperism to honest industry. The wretched pittance they receive—averaging little more than a penny a day per head—would never tempt any one who can work, to live in idleness. The question then is, how to provide profitable employment for all who can handle a spade. The work we should propose would be the reclaiming of some of the waste lands in the neighbourhood of Manchester. But then it must not be done in the slovenly manner in which most schemes of that kind have hitherto been carried out. Agricultural operations by means of pauper labour can only be successful under the management of an intelligent, energetic taskmaster; one who knows what each labourer ought to perform, and who will rigidly enforce due discipline among the motley regiment under his charge. Such a man will require a liberal salary; nor ought there to be any hesitation on that score, seeing that it is mainly upon him that the success of the experiment must depend.

Having secured a thoroughly efficient overseer, the next step will be to obtain a lease of waste land within as short a distance from Manchester as possible. Of course, thorough-going, political economists of the old school, will laugh at the idea of making pauper labour profitable, or even of making it anything else than loss. For our part, we cannot see why it should not be as profitable in Lancashire, if properly organized, as it has been in various parts of Ireland, and as it might be in every part of it, but for indolence, ignorance, and absurd official fallacies regarding the evils of employing the able-bodied poor in reproductive labour. We lately saw an interesting account of certain improvements which have been carried out in the county of Cork, by an enterprising landlord, who had thus converted the barren industry of the paupers of one poor law union into a comfortable living for them and a handsome profit for himself. From the statement of a gentleman who had visited the spot while the improvements were going on, it appeared that the landlord had undertaken the reclaiming of 250 acres of bog land, and that he expected to realize a nett profit of no less than £10,000 upon the transaction. Now, we do not suppose that the Lancashire improvers would make any such profit as this. But, granting that they were merely enabled to convert the whole of the able-bodied paupers now receiving relief from the Manchester guardians into independent labourers, they might well be proud of their success. Such an experiment conducted to such an issue would soon be followed by other and more extensive plans for the organization of agricultural industry, with a view to the permanent benefit of those engaged in it.

We do not expect that the Manchester Board of Guardians will pay a willing attention to our proposal. They are official gentlemen, and consequently more in the habit of starting every possible difficulty when any new scheme is proposed, than of assisting to carry it out. Some time ago, however, a society was formed in that town for the purpose of promoting such a reform of the poor law as would provide employment for all able-bodied paupers in reproductive labour. If that society is still in existence, the members of it have now an excellent opportunity of reducing their theory to practice, and of showing what can be done by a body of benevolent, practical men, towards removing the foulest blot in our social system.

CHEAP BLOATERS!

THE other day a company of fishmongers from Billingsgate established themselves in Birmingham, aggravating into a fever thereby the competition in the sale of fish. Whereupon a grotesque, but not unusual development of the competitive principle ensued. One of the original tradesmen of the town engaged a van, garnished its interior with a stertorous brass band, set a man with a tremendous vocal development in the bow of the vehicle,

and sent forth this curious agglomeration of noise and oddity to parade the streets—the fishy Stentor crying aloud, "Yarmouth bloaters thirty for a shilling"! This is the development of native industry with a vengeance!

SOCIAL REFORM.

"NOTES OF A SOCIAL ECONOMIST."

THE COÖPERATIVE ASSOCIATIONS OF ENGLAND.

VIII.

"Que les ouvriers le sachent ou l'ignorent, ce n'est point dans leurs petits intérêts de société que git l'importance de leur œuvre; c'est dans la négation du régime capitaliste, agioteur et gouvernemental, qu'a laissé après elle la première révolution."—PROUDHON.

"There was literally (in 1825) a whole population, with food in abundance staring them in the face, unable to procure it, as nothing but gold would be taken."—FRANCIS. *History of the Bank of England*.

In his *Letters to the Human Race* Robert Owen has said that the United States of America* are woefully deficient in their social arrangements and political institutions; and these quite unequal to the well-forming and good governing of mankind: and that the promoters of the late French revolution, seeing that a republic based on politics was a failure, superadded the term "social," taking that term from some confused notions of St. Simon and Fourier, who had promulgated in France what they believed to be advanced systems of society.

"These systems," says Mr. Owen, "were a compound of some new true ideas, based on the fundamental errors of old society, thus making a heterogeneous mass of true and false opposing principles, forming systems so inconsistent as to be impracticable. Both these founders of advanced systems—inasmuch as they abandoned extreme competition—were men desirous of improving society. They were alive to the innumerable errors and evils of all past systems, and their faculties were stretched to the utmost to devise and introduce effective remedies; but they had not the knowledge and experience requisite to enable them to proceed far enough in tracing backward cause and effect, or to dive deep enough to ascertain whence the source of the errors and the evils which they wished to overcome; and, failing, they sacrificed themselves, as many other prime minds of past times had previously done. Nevertheless these sacrifices have not been in vain. In all these cases more or less permanent good has been attained, and although in the case of St. Simon and Fourier they could not accomplish by their sincere endeavours to benefit mankind all they desired, yet they have mainly assisted to attack and diminish old-established errors, which, while they remained unassailed and in full vigour, closed the mind against the introduction of the first elements of knowledge, of consistency, or of any approach to rationality. These men were profound thinkers upon a wrong principle; and not being practical men, nor possessing power to unravel human nature, were unable to discover the cause of the world's errors in principle and practice. They approached some of the great truths of society; but, for the reasons mentioned, they could not work them to their foundation, nor discover the cause of all human error. They have, however, greatly assisted to clear away many obstacles in the path of progress, and to raise up many ardent disciples, who are now very active in the cause of humanity. But these men do not yet see the whole truth; and being filled with modern learning, and not experienced practical men of the world, are divided among themselves, and, therefore, less powerful in doing good, than they would be were they agreed among themselves, and could they teach their followers those true principles and practices which alone can create rational liberty, a just equality, and a beneficial fraternity. The principles and practices which will attain one of these, will secure also the other two; all the three are so closely linked they cannot be separated."

Henri de St. Simon may be described as a kind of Platonist. He deserves to be distinguished, chiefly, as an advocate for the social and political enfranchisement of women. Nature, herself, has assigned to women a peculiar, yet an enlarged and rational, sphere of free activity, in the division of human employments; but under the prevailing irrational systems of education, they are habitually trained up in idleness and in hypocrisy as the natural and legitimate defence of weakness against force and injustice. Condemned, hitherto, by the selfishness of mankind to a life either of vacant inactivity or of abject dependence, they have been deprived of the means of useful and rational occupation; and the increasing amount of female prostitution, madness, suicide, and infanticide, clearly proves how impossible it is to violate, with impunity, the laws of our moral and physical nature.

* Cost of general and local government per head:—
In England..... £2 10 6
In France..... 1 13 4
In the United States..... 0 9 11½

Charles Fourier, the author of the *Nouveau Monde Industriel*, has been surnamed the Ariosto of Utopists. His system is based upon agriculture, combined with the voluntary association of capital, talent, and labour, in "séries" or "groups" of workers. While the principle of equality is to be kept in view, individualism and the rights of private property are to be respected; *communism* in theory, *individualism* in practice. Labour is to be rendered as attractive as possible, and may be divided into works of urgency, utility, and agreeableness—"L'association en passionnel comme en matériel." According to Fourier, "*La fausse industrie morcellée, repugnante, mensongère,*" is to be superseded by "*L'industrie naturelle, combinée, attrayante, véridique, donnant quadruple produit;*" and his agricultural colonists are to be located in vast edifices, called "phalansteres," of which M. L. Reybaud has given a lively description in his *Etudes sur les Réformateurs modernes*.*

The great "socialist" movement which took place in England, Scotland, Ireland, and America, in the early part of the present century, was in its highest state of activity some five-and-twenty years ago; and the father of Queen Victoria and other members of the Royal Family were among its promoters. On the 1st of January, 1826, the first number of *The Coöperative Magazine and Monthly Herald of the New System of Social Arrangements, founded on Principles of Mutual Coöperation and Equal Distribution*, was published by Messrs. Knight and Lacey, Paternoster-row; and a regular correspondence was opened (London being the active centre) with Liverpool, Manchester, Exeter, Brighton, Leeds, Huddersfield, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, Cork, and Belfast. The immense importance of this movement, and its ultimate influence upon society, are as yet only vaguely suspected. Before the end of this century it will have brought about a gradual, peaceful, and rational revolution in the social and political condition of the whole population of Great Britain. Robert Owen found many ardent disciples in France; and, among others, M. Joseph Rey, of Grenoble. But, with your permission, I shall return to the history of "Socialism," in 1825, and must now dive into the heart of the great manufacturing capital of England, with its vast warehouses and mills, which thrust forth their lofty chimneys topped with dense clouds of *unconsumed* smoke; indicating that oeconomy, in the consumption of the "black diamond" of Lancashire is not yet the order of the day in Manchester, the giant growth of a single century. How curious and interesting would be a history of the rise and progress of the English cotton trade—a marvellous social revolution effected by the ingenuity and enterprise of a few obscure individuals! Without this enormous wealth, created by machinery, England could never have carried on the wars against Napoleon in defence of despotic principles. But if war were thus maintained upon cotton, the rapid growth and expansion of the manufacturing system may be attributed, indirectly, to war; to the English loans and subsidies to German princes, which in twenty-two years, from 1793 to 1814, amounted to £46,289,459, besides £1,582,045 in arms, &c., sent abroad in 1814. The interest of these loans and subsidies was paid by all classes; but the manufacturers reaped the largest share of *profit*. At one period foreign subsidies were granted to such excess that *paper* (gold being out of the question) could not be obtained to send abroad; so that the Jewish and Dutch money dealers were compelled to make their remittances in manufactures; and at times such was the demand for cottons, that the bales were opened for the choice of patterns, only, at fixed hours of the day, lest any preference to buyers should be given. *Children* rose to a premium; and *cartloads* of them were drafted into Lancashire, from the parishes and workhouses of London and the south of England. English *paper* was then selling on the Continent at 30, 40, 50 per cent. loss. An English pound note could be bought in Holland for ten shillings; therefore, adding freight and expenses, a piece of cotton purchased in London for twenty shillings could be sold for ten in Holland; which ten shillings would buy an English pound. The low state of the exchanges upon London acted as a *bounty* for the export of our manufactures; so that the English taxpayers not only gave an extra price for their home consumption of cottons, but they were also paying interest on the loans and subsidies which gave the

manufacturers this *bounty*. By contracting the circulation and returning to cash payments, all this depreciated *paper* was converted into *gold*, then rising, from various causes, in its exchangeable value; and, instead of taking off those taxes which pressed more immediately on the labouring part of the community, the *property* tax was repealed.*

Yet the old system of fictitious prosperity based upon *credit* or *paper*, continues unchanged to this day with the same effect—failure, ruin, and PANIC which recurs at limited intervals of time—spreading misery and destitution among all classes of the community: Panic, by which the gamblers and swindlers who carry on their nefarious traffic at the great "PAPER-HELL" in London alone profit. During the commercial crisis of 1847-8, the number of failures in Great Britain amounted to 334; and the bankruptcies, insolvencies, suspensions of payment, and compositions of that "black" autumn, will barely realize a dividend of 20 per cent. One firm closed its doors with liabilities exceeding a million sterling, having literally commenced with nothing but "*a connection*;" another failed for £660,000; a third for £600,000; two more for £500,000 each; one for £480,000; another for £400,000; the liabilities of six reached as far as £300,000 each; three more sunk beneath debts amounting to £1,500,000; and seven-and-twenty failed for sums reaching from £100,000 to £200,000 each. Here, then, we find forty-two commercial houses (chiefly in London), failing with gross liabilities to the amount of eleven millions sterling; and the total amount of the failures in Great Britain and Ireland from August, 1847, to February, 1848, have been estimated at not less than £24,000,000 † although the Whig *Doctrinaire* journal boasted on the 10th of April, 1847, that the commercial classes "were never in a sounder state," and that "any severe losses" were rendered "impossible." But as Mr. Thomas Wilson, the author of *Partnership en Commandite*, ‡ sarcastically observes, the effusions of the *Economist* appear more remarkable for words than ideas. "Brevity is the soul of wit," but in the *Economist* there is little soul, less wit, and no brevity.

One of the greatest obstacles to the success of coöperative association in England, arises from the unsatisfactory state of the law of partnership. If partnership with "limited liabilities," according to the practice of the continent of Europe and the United States of America, were sanctioned by the Legislature, a large portion of the enormous capital of the middle classes, which is now found ready for investment in foreign speculations, would then be employed in our home and colonial trade, and in manufactures: thus greatly augmenting the *circulation* of wages. But the progressive development of the coöperative principle is inevitable; for as Bastiat says, in his *Harmonies Economiques*, "Aux douleurs de la concurrence l'humanité apprend, chaque jour, à opposer deux puissants remèdes: la *Prévoyance*, fruit de l'expérience et des lumières; et l'*Association*, prévoyance organisée."

Under the present system of internecine competition, the employers and the employed are divided into two hostile camps; although masters, when their interests clash and it suits their immediate purpose, will support the workmen on strike, and aid them with money in their combinations against rival employers. The operatives, having gained wisdom by dearly bought experience, now carry on a kind of guerilla warfare, and cut off the *enemy* in detail. But permit me to cite the authority of Mr. McCulloch, the political economist, as to the nature of the social compact by which these two classes are linked together. This description applies to Manchester more particularly, and to the large manufacturing towns, rather than to the *rural* factories, such as Mr. Greg's at Quarry

* In 1813, the expenditure was £109,054,125, or allowing for 22½ per cent. depreciation, £84,863,697. In 1819, the expenditure was only £48,438,396.

† It was stated in evidence before the Bankruptcy Commission of 1840, that out of 300 London bankruptcies, the average of dividends was only 4s. 9½d.; of these 105 paid 2s. 6d., and only two paid 15s. in the pound. William Hawes, Esq., in his evidence before the Parliamentary Committee on the Law of Partnership, stated the amount of the annual insolvencies, bankruptcies, and compositions, to be "not less than £50,000,000 sterling per annum;" that £1,200,000 are paid annually in dividends by the Court of Bankruptcy; and that, while bankruptcies were in number as one to ten to compositions and assignments, the dividends of the latter varied from 5s. to 7s., whilst those received under bankruptcy were only 3s. in the pound!

‡ Commandite, from commandare, to commit into the hands of another for some expressed purpose, with directions or orders.

Bank, Mr. Ashton's at Hyde, Mr. Ashworth's at Turton, or Mr. Bright's at Rochdale. But in Manchester itself there are note-worthy exceptions; Sir Elkanah Armitage, for instance, of whom, in connection with the coöperative Whit-lane Weaving Company's Mill at Pendleton, and Warehouse in Manchester, more anon:—

"Notwithstanding this identity (?) of interest says Mr. McCulloch, there is, it must be admitted, but little sympathy between the great capitalists and the workpeople. This is occasioned by the great scale on which labour is now carried on in factories; and by the impossibility of the manufacturers becoming acquainted with the bulk of the people in their employment. They do not, in fact, so much as know their names; they look only to their conduct in the mill, and are wholly ignorant of their mode of life when out of it, and of the condition of their families. The affections have nothing to do in an intercourse of this kind; everything is regulated on both sides by the narrowest and most selfish views and considerations; a *man* and a *machine* being treated with precisely the same sympathy and regard. It is not to be denied that this is a state of things fraught with considerable danger; and that no society can be in a really sound and healthy state where the bond of connection between the different ranks and orders is such as now prevails in Manchester and other great towns. Indifference, on the one hand, necessarily produces disrespect, insubordination, and plotting on the other. The whole tendency of society, in modern times, is to make interest, taking the term in its most literal and sordid sense, the link by which all classes are held together; and should any circumstances occur to make any considerable portion of society conclude that their interest is separate from, or opposed to, that of the others, there would, we apprehend, be but few other considerations to which to appeal to hinder the *DISSOLUTION* of such society."*

Within a radius of twelve miles from the Manchester Exchange there is a population of above one million, of which the greater proportion is engaged, directly or indirectly, in manufactures. The wages of this population are liable to great interruptions and fluctuations, yet the *improvidence* of the operatives in prosperous times is proverbial; and whole families are to be met with whose joint earnings are very considerable, yet who appear to be in a state of abject poverty; their dwellings filthy; their children half clothed; the husband without a single enjoyment except the pot; and the wife unable, if willing, to make her household a happy home. Many of the women are engaged in factories, and know nothing whatever of their domestic duties: their children are left to the care of a hired nurse—frequently a little girl or superannuated female—and are thus neglected from their earliest infancy. The number of persons frequenting the gin-palaces, † which vie in splendour with those of the metropolis, is astonishing. Wretchedness and misery appear to create a kind of rage for the excitement of GIN; and on the 13th of March, 1842, 484 persons were seen to enter one dram-shop in one hour: the greater part were women, some decently dressed, and others almost naked, carrying in their arms a squalid infant.

"There appears," says an intelligent observer, describing the state of Manchester, "a *necessity* for institutions of a totally different character from any now existing" (I must except the Industrial School at Swinton), "institutions where young people would be taught, not algebra, trigonometry, and the art of making speeches in public, but reading, writing, arithmetic, and the *useful* arts; the boys shoemaking, tailoring, gardening, &c., and the girls sewing, knitting, washing, and cooking."

And, above all things, temperance, providence, self-respect, self-dependence, and the principles of coöperative association. But, when wives frequent gin-palaces, husbands on leaving work proceed straight to the beer-shops. Home becomes hateful; and, wife and children once forsaken, the career of crime frequently commences. The Emperor Napoleon one day said to Madame Campan, "The old systems of education seem to be worth nothing. What is there yet wanting in order to train up young people properly in France?" "MOTHERS," replied Madame Campan. "Well," said the Emperor, "therein lies at once a complete system of education. It must be your endeavour, Madame, to form MOTHERS who will know how to educate their children."

WILLIAM CONINGHAM.

N.B. By some error the corrections contained in the revised proof of my former letter were omitted.

W. C.

* GEOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY. "Manchester." † In 1838, there were 1762 beer-shops and 625 public-houses in Manchester.

* M. Baudet Dulary, at Condé-sur-Vesgres, and a M. Arthur Young, at Cîteaux, sank nearly their whole fortunes in phalansterian experiments.

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*.

It is with books somewhat as with puns; after the very best rank the very worst. If you cannot with expanded pinions reach the sublime, fly dauntlessly at the ridiculous, and your courage meets with jubilant reward. As an example, take Mr. WARREN'S *Lily and the Bee*. On reading it, a witty friend of ours declared, that the only explanation he could offer of such a phenomenon was, that "the author had gone mad from *unmerited success*." Well, this inexplicable piece of inflated nonsense has gained the distinction of being "talked about." It is only mentioned to be laughed at, but it is mentioned; nay, gossip is big with illustrations of the "eminent men" who have written to the author to express their admiration, one adroit old flatterer evading the delicate ground by declaring it to be "above criticism." (We thought it below notice, and, therefore, left it to die in peace.) But, as you know, the value of private criticism on presentation copies, such praises will not astonish you. If you wish to see the lengths official Criticism can go we advise you to read the two pages of "critical opinions" Messrs. BLACKWOOD are advertising—selected from the London and Provincial Press. They form a literary curiosity. All authors should study these two pages—they may learn there to be modest under eulogies, and patient under blame. If these journals vaguely praise you, say to yourself, *They praised the LILY AND THE BEE!* if these journals vaguely blame you, say to yourself, *They praised the LILY AND THE BEE!*

This is Magazine week, and,

"Laughter holding both her sides,"

drags us away from *Punch's Pocket Book* to ALBERT SMITH'S amusing *Month*, and A'BECKETT'S immense burlesque upon *Roman History*. That is enough for one evening, the more so as the Drama of *A Wife to be Sold*; or, *Les Noces de Champ-de-Smith* in *Punch's Pocket Book* will bring tears of laughter into your eyes. Next evening you can in graver mood begin with *Blackwood*, in which you will find a criticism on HENRY TAYLOR'S works, of the highest order; it treats HENRY TAYLOR as a classic, and is itself a study of art. In *Fraser* a new story is commenced which promises well; it is evidently written by an officer; and is not the article on *Colonial Wars* written by CHARLES ADDERLEY? A *History of the Hungarian War* is also commenced, which interested us so much that we felt disappointed at being obliged to wait till next month for the continuation. In *Poets and Players* the writer sets forth an ancient paradox on the unfitness of SHAKESPEARE for the stage; he does it skilfully, but we remain wholly unmoved by his arguments. *Tait* concludes its paper on HEINE, and gives us an excellent paper on CARLYLE'S *Life of Sterling*.

Having gone through the Magazines, here are three Quarterlies to solicit attention. The *British Quarterly* opens with a remarkable paper, *Monarchies and Nationalities*; which is followed by a pleasant discourse on the *Pleasures of Literature*. The *Doctrine of Sin*, as expounded by German theologians, will be attractive to a certain class—to us decidedly not attractive; we prefer wandering with the gossiping antiquarian through the *Old English Houses and Households*, or following the scientific writer of that excellent paper on *Geological Observations*, who, by the way, makes a confession which will startle all true philosophers, viz., that there are few geologists who have paid that attention to physical science which is necessary to insure a correct interpretation of phenomena; hence we find, in many geological works, speculations which are at variance with the real operations of physical causes. After all, what is this but the

same vicious method of study which allows Physiology as a science to be commenced with Man? It is as if in learning Greek one were to commence with ÆSCHYLUS, and finally descend to the *Analecta Minora*! The *Duke of Argyll's Twofold Protest*,—*Bushnell's Discourses*,—*The Rise and Development of Popery*,—and *Martineau on Apostolic Christianity*, are four polemico-theological papers, all directed against what the editor of the Review distinctly sees and aptly expresses as the condition of our Churches, viz., "According to a certain class of high churchmen, the only way by which you can hope to save some sort of Protestantism is by becoming all but a Papist; and, according to a certain class of Unitarians, the only way by which you can hope to save some sort of Christianity is by becoming all but infidel." Truly: Roman Catholic or Spiritualist—there is the alternative men are daily choosing from! Besides this theology we have a paper on *Modern French Historians*, and two bold, thoughtful articles on *English Statesmanship with regard to Italy*, and on *Louis Kossuth and Lord Palmerston*.

The *North British* and the *Prospective Reviews* we have still to read. Apropos of reviews, the Italians are holding out their hand to us. In Tuscany they have established a journal on the policy of the late *Revue Britannique*, to which they have given the title of *Rivista Britannica*. Their purpose is to select articles from our great and small periodicals, and offer them to their countrymen in good Italian versions. French newspapers, novels, and magazines come in freely, too freely into Italy. The good ones will sometimes be seized at the frontier, or at the post-office, by the jealous police of Rome, Naples, and Tuscany: but against anything that is corrupt and debauched no Italian despot, prince, or priest, was ever known to shut his door. French literature, such as it is under most circumstances, can only have the most baneful influence in that enslaved country, and, unfortunately, scarcely an Italian is to be found in the country able to read, who has any difficulty in understanding the French language. As an antidote to this Gallic poison, the Editors of the *Rivista Britannica* have thought of ministering copious draughts of sober, healthful English. The difficulties they have to contend with are immense. The Tuscan Government has so framed its laws on the "free" press as to exercise the most galling censorship on all periodical literature. Consequently, the *Rivista Britannica* has come to a sudden death almost at its birth; and only the first and second numbers were allowed a limited and precarious circulation. The persevering patriots, however, have tried to evade the stupid law by bringing out their journal in the shape of a series of separate pamphlets; and in this new shape the *Review* has managed to reach its third or fourth number. Its present title is, *Scritti Inglesi di Politica Contemporanea* (English writings on political topics of the day). The translation seems accurate, and the selection such as may be expected of a similar enterprise on its first start. The subscription to English periodicals and newspapers, and the postage or carriage, must occasion a very heavy expenditure, and the precariousness of the sale in a country where literary property is at the mercy of most unscrupulous Governments, must needs be hazardous in the extreme.

Nevertheless, the Editors seem bent on doing battle vigorously; and, if driven out of Tuscany, they have always a safe refuge at Turin and Genoa, where the press, at the present moment, enjoys the most unlimited freedom.

This good and honourable undertaking seems to us well worthy of the serious consideration of all serious men in England—especially of those who declare themselves "Friends of Italy," whether bound by any social compact or otherwise. A great deal is written in England concerning Italy: much that is merely rhetorical and sentimental: not a little that is outrageously harsh and un-

charitable; but much also that is fair and candid, and very much to the purpose. Let the Italians have the benefit of our strictures, good, bad, or indifferent. Any man who will send to the Florentine Editors an English paper or magazine, or any book or pamphlet worth a reproduction in Italian garb, may both contribute to the enlightenment of a people that is left in utter darkness, or only dazzled by a false glare worse than Cimmerian night, and to the good understanding of two nations which have so many reasons for mutual sympathy and cordiality, and none for jealousy or "hereditary" hostility.

The *Rivista Britannica* has hitherto chosen its papers from the two Great Reviews, *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh*, from *Chambers's Journal*, the *Globe*, and *Daily News*. It reproduces Miss Martineau's *Adventures on the Fiord*, Thackeray's *Ode on May-Day*, and other light pieces, aiming at a due admixture of the *utile dulci*. Those, however, who have spent a sufficient time in any Italian cities, must have been struck with the incredible difficulty of obtaining any English reading beyond a stray copy of *Thompson's Seasons* or the *Vicar of Wakefield*. Viessieux's *Gabinetto Letterario*, at Florence, is the only honourable exception throughout the Peninsula; but even there, none but the old-established daily papers and quarterly journals are even seen; our more youthful and vigorous Literature has actually no chance of making its way into the country.

Could the "Society of the Friends of Italy" do nothing for a set of men who have virtually organized themselves into a "Society of the Friends of England"?

KOSSUTH naturally sets many pens at work. In our reviews, magazines, and journals his name has a "damnable iteration" in it. Germany gives us the first volume of a biography, *Ludwig Kossuth: der Agitator und der Minister*, by one HORN; and Mr. CHARLES PRIDHAM lures us into reading a very strange volume of travels by calling it *Kossuth and Magyar Land*, though it has little or nothing to tell us about KOSSUTH. Then the Author of the *Revelations of Russia* publishes a stinging pamphlet called *Kossuth and "the Times"*, which every one should read who has read the "Leading Journal's" magnanimous attacks—which attacks are believed to have very materially damaged its circulation of late. While on this Hungarian question, let us not forget to add that KLAPKA has just published two volumes, *Der National Krieg in Ungarn und Siebenbürgen in den Jahren, 1848 und 1849*.

CARLYLE'S LIFE OF STERLING.

The Life of John Sterling. By Thomas Carlyle. Chapman and Hall.

IT is a vulgar error that the lives of authors are necessarily uninteresting; the fact being that the sort of interest which lies in the subject requires a more delicate handling than that of mere "adventures" or "public services"; and hence it lies more with the biographer to make it interesting. Proof, if proof were needed, might be seen in Carlyle's book. What had John Sterling done that he should have this monument? He had won the love of a noble soul. For anything that he with his gifts had achieved in Literature, Sterling's name was "writ in water"; now it is graven on marble. Compare this biography with that of some illustrious men recently published; compare it with the miserable trash called a *Life of Wordsworth*; with the rambling patchwork of incompetence the *Life of Southey*; with the *Life of Coleridge*, which might have been so high and tragic a picture of wasted life and baffled speculation; with the *Life of Shelley*, which ought to have been intensely interesting; and then compare Sterling's worth with that of these men, no less than the poverty of his life in biographic materials. As a specimen of biographic art this volume will always be referred to with interest. It will also claim attention as a picture of Carlyle himself under aspects less familiar to the public. But this, and many other points, have been so beautifully touched on already in this journal, that we, coming afterwards, feel it prudent to pass on; and as so many Reviews have already appeared of the book, we give up our intention of

formally setting forth its contents: a few extracts illustrative of Carlyle are all we shall venture on.

No one doubts Carlyle's pathos, but somehow in these pages it has a more real, a more homely look, inexpressibly charming, and the simple solemnity of the language in which it utters itself is quite Biblical. Take as a specimen this conclusion of his last interview with his friend:—"We parted before long; bedtime for invalids being come; he escorted me down certain carpeted back stairs and would not be forbidden; we took leave under the dim skies; and, alas! little as I then dreamt of it, this, so far as I can calculate, must have been the last time I ever saw him in the world. *Softly as a common evening, the last of evenings had passed away, and no other would come for me evermore.*" Is not the rhythm of that closing sentence beautiful? Read this:—

"Here, from this period, is a letter of Sterling's, which the glimpses it affords of bright scenes and figures now sunk, so many of them, sorrowfully to the realm of shadows, will render interesting to some of my readers. To me on the mere letter, not on its contents alone, there is accidentally a kind of fateful stamp. A few months after Charles Buller's death, while his loss was mourned by many hearts, and to his poor mother all light except what hung upon his memory had gone out in the world, a certain delicate and friendly hand, hoping to give the poor bereaved lady a good moment, sought out this letter of Sterling's one morning, and called with intent to read it to her: alas, the poor lady had herself fallen suddenly into the languors of death, help of another grander sort now close at hand; and to her this letter was never read!"

How prettily painted is the picture of the lonely Mother in this sentence:—

"Troubled days for the poor mother in that small household on Blackheath, as there are for mothers in so many households in this world! I have heard that Mrs. Sterling passed much of her time alone at this period. Her husband's pursuits, with his Wellesleys and the like, often carrying him into town and detaining him late there, she would sit among her sleeping children, such of them as death had still spared, perhaps thriftily plying her needle, full of mournful affectionate night thoughts,—apprehensive too, in her tremulous heart, that the head of the house might have fallen among robbers in his way homeward."

It has already been hinted how interesting this book is in glimpses of the biographer; here is a touch which in after times will be classed with the traits of gentle tenderness in dear old Johnson—"the sweetness that Samson found in the Lion's mouth," as Leigh Hunt somewhere says of Skakspere: Sterling, in a postscript, sends a message from his daughter Charlotte about her doll's shoes. "As to little Charlotte and her doll," writes the rugged Ishmael, "I remember well enough and was more than once reminded this bright little creature, on one of my first visits to Bayswater, had earnestly applied to me to put her doll's shoes on for her, which feat was performed." Mulready, Leslie, Frith, Webster, do you want a subject? Take this of the stern Titan, bending his shaggy brows and deep and thoughtfully tender eyes over the difficulties of shoeing a doll—the bright little eager creature standing by, watching the philosopher clumsily performing the feat!

Turning to other considerations, let us not forget to note the plain and emphatic language in which at last he speaks out his deep-rooted antagonism to all Established Churches. Much abuse, much hatred, this will probably draw down. Is not the *Times* article an alarm? To all orthodox minds Carlyle must now unhesitatingly stand confessed as not of them. Hitherto he has written on religious subjects, as if he hated Cant and Shams; but somehow, by the very ambiguity of his language, he has always seemed to have a *Bishop in tow*. Now he has fairly cut cables, and leaves the Bishop to tow himself as he best may. Our readers are too much interested in the cause of free utterance, not to welcome such accession. Not that Carlyle has passed over to our camp. We cannot accurately determine what his religious opinions are; but we do not suppose they are such as we hold. In the greater cause, however, in that which transcends all forms and formulas, and gives to every creed its rights of utterance and organization, Carlyle is working by his powerful denunciations against the *make-believe* which reigns at the present day. For it is in the want of due recognition of free thought that so much hypocrisy lives; men pretend to believe what they do not believe, because that belief is called respectable. Carlyle exclaims:—

"Speedy end to Superstition,—a gentle one if you can contrive it, but an end. What can it profit any

mortal to adopt locutions and imaginations which do not correspond to fact; which no sane mortal can deliberately adopt in his soul as true; which the most orthodox of mortals can only, and this after infinite essentially impious effort to put out the eyes of his mind, persuade himself to 'believe that he believes'? Away with it; in the name of God, come out of it, all true men!"

He speaks of those simple persons "who are afraid of many things and not afraid of hypocrisy, which is the worst and one irremediably bad thing." It is a delicate question, no doubt, to settle what you shall believe. All we ask is that you simply hold to what you do believe, and not give that sacred right up to any pretence of belief. "What the light of your mind," says Carlyle, "which is the direct inspiration of the Almighty, pronounces incredible—that in God's name leave uncredited; at your peril do not try believing that." Elsewhere, "To steal into heaven—by the modern method of striking your head into fallacies on earth is for ever forbidden. High treason is the name of that attempt; and it continues to be punished as such."

Besides the picture given of John Sterling and his Life, there are two fine portraits—one of Captain Sterling, "an impetuous man, full of real energy, and immensely conscious of the same; who transacted everything not with the minimum of noise and fuss, but with the maximum," who as the *Thunderer* of the *Times* made himself famous in his day—the other of Coleridge, by far the most graphic portrait that has yet been painted of him, not omitting the real beauty which assuredly there was, and touching gently, though significantly, on the source of his weaknesses.

"Coleridge sat on the brow of Highgate-hill, in those years, looking down on London and its smoke-tumult like a sage escaped from the inanity of life's battle; attracting towards him the thoughts of innumerable brave souls still engaged there. His express contributions to poetry, philosophy, or any specific province of human literature or enlightenment, had been small and sadly intermittent; but he had, especially among young inquiring men, a higher than literary, a kind of prophetic or magician, character. He was thought to hold,—he alone in England,—the key of German and other transcendentalisms; knew the sublime secret of believing by 'the reason' what 'the understanding' had been obliged to fling out as incredible; and could still, after Hume and Voltaire had done their best and worst with him, profess himself an orthodox Christian, and say and point to the Church of England, with its singular old rubrics and surplices at Allhallowtide, *Esto perpetua*. * * * He distinguished himself to all that ever heard him as at least the most surprising talker extant in this world,—and to some small minority, by no means to all, the most excellent. The good man, he was now getting old, towards sixty perhaps; and gave you the idea of a life that had been full of sufferings; a life heavy-laden, half-vanquished, still swimming painfully in seas of manifold physical and other bewilderment. Brow and head were round and of massive weight, but the face was flabby and irresolute. The deep eyes, of a light hazel, were as full of sorrow as of inspiration; confused pain looked mildly from them, as in a kind of mild astonishment. The whole figure and air, good and amiable otherwise, might be called flabby and irresolute, expressive of weakness under possibility of strength. A heavy-laden, high-aspiring, and surely much-suffering man. His voice, naturally soft and good, had contracted itself into a plaintive snuffle and sing-song; he spoke as if preaching, you would have said, preaching earnestly and also hopelessly the weightiest things. I still recollect his 'object' and 'subject,' terms of continual recurrence in the Kantian province; and how he sung and snuffled them into 'om-m-mject' 'sum-m-mject,' with a kind of solemn shake or quaver, as he rolled along. No talk, in his century or in any other, could be more surprising.

"Sterling, who assiduously attended him, with profound reverence, and was often with him by himself for a good many months, gives a record of their first colloquy. Their colloquies were numerous, and he had taken note of many; but they are all to gone the fire, except this first, which Mr. Hare has printed, unluckily without date. It contains a number of ingenious, true, and half-true observations, and is, of course, a faithful epitome of the things said; but it gives small idea of Coleridge's way of talking. This one feature is, perhaps, the most recognisable,—'Our interview lasted for three hours, during which he talked two hours and three-quarters.' To sit as a passive bucket and be pumped into, whether you consent or not, can in the long-run be exhilarating to no creature—how eloquent soever the flood of utterance that is descending. But if it be withal a confused, unintelligible flood of utterance, threatening to submerge all known landmarks of thought, and drown the world and you! I have heard Coleridge talk, with eager musical energy, two stricken hours, his face radiant and moist, and communicate no meaning whatsoever to any individual of his hearers,

—certain of whom, I for one, still kept eagerly listening in hope; the most had long before given up, and formed (if the room were large enough) secondary humming groups of their own.

"He had knowledge about many things and topics,—much curious reading; but generally all topics led him, after a pass or two, into the high seas of theosophic philosophy, the hazy infinitude of Kantian transcendentalism, with its 'sum-m-mjects' and 'om-m-mjects.' Sad enough, for with such indolent impatience of the claims and ignorances of others, he had not the least talent for explaining this or anything unknown to them; and you swam and fluttered in the mistiest, wide, unintelligible deluge of things, for most part in a rather profitless, uncomfortable manner. Glorious islets, too, I have seen rise out of the haze; but they were few, and soon swallowed in the general element again. Balmy, sunny islets, islets of the blest and the intelligible; on which occasions those secondary humming groups would all cease humming, and hang breathless upon the eloquent words, till once your islet got wrapt in the mist again, and they could recommence humming. One right peal of concrete laughter at some convicted flesh and blood absurdity, one burst of noble indignation at some injustice or depravity rubbing elbows with us on this solid earth, how strange would it have been in that Kantian haze-world, and how infinitely cheering amid its vacant aircastles and dim-melting ghosts and shadows! None such ever came. His life had been an abstract thinking and dreaming, idealistic one, passed amid the ghosts of defunct bodies and of unborn ones. The mourning sing-song of that theosophico-metaphysical monotomy left on you, at last, a very dreary feeling."

From the report of Sterling's friends this *Life* seems to convey a true and generous notion of what John Sterling was. The world will regard the book as being in itself deeply interesting—one of the most interesting Carlyle has written.

HERMAN MELVILLE.

The Whale; or, Moby Dick. By Herman Melville, author of *Typee*, *Omoo*, &c. 3 vols. Bentley.

WANT of originality has long been the just and standing reproach to American literature; the best of its writers were but second-hand Englishmen. Of late some have given evidence of originality; not absolute originality, but such genuine outcoming of the American intellect as can be safely called national. Edgar Poe, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Herman Melville are assuredly no British offshoots; nor is Emerson—the German American that he is! The observer of this commencement of an American literature, properly so called, will notice as significant that these writers have a wild and mystic love of the supersensual, peculiarly their own. To move a horror skilfully, with something of the earnest faith in the Unseen, and with weird imagery to shape these Phantasms so vividly that the most incredulous mind is hushed, absorbed—to do this no European pen has apparently any longer the power—to do this American literature is without a rival. What romance writer can be named with Hawthorne? Who knows the terrors of the seas like Herman Melville?

The Whale—Melville's last book—is a strange, wild, weird book, full of poetry and full of interest. To use a hackneyed phrase, it is indeed "refreshing" to quit the old, worn-out pathways of romance, and feel the sea breezes playing through our hair, the salt spray dashing on our brows, as we do here. One tires terribly of ballrooms, dinners, and the incidents of town life! One never tires of Nature. And there is Nature here, though the daring imagery often grows riotously extravagant.

Then the ghostly terrors which Herman Melville so skilfully evokes, have a strange fascination. In vain Reason rebels. Imagination is absolute. Ordinary superstitions related by vulgar pens have lost their power over all but the credulous; but Imagination has a credulity of its own respondent to power. So it is with Melville's superstitions: we believe in them imaginatively. And here we will take the occasion to introduce the reader to a splendid passage from our greatest prose writer, descriptive of the superstitious nature of sailors—(you divine that we are to quote from De Quincey). He says they are all superstitious. "Partly, I suppose, from looking out so much upon the wilderness of waves empty of human life; for mighty solitudes are generally fear-haunted and fear-peopled; such, for instance, as the solitudes of forests where, in the absence of human forms and ordinary human sounds, are discerned forms more dusky and vague not referred by the eye to any known type, and sounds imperfectly intelligible. Now, the sea is often peopled amidst its ravings with what seem innumerable human voices, 'ancestral voices prophesying war'; often times laughter mixes from a

distance (seeming to come also from distant times as well as distant places) with the uproar of waters; and, doubtless, shapes of fear or shapes of beauty not less awful are at times seen upon the waves by the diseased eye of the sailor. Finally, the interruption habitually of all ordinary avenues to information about the fate of their dearest relatives; the consequent agitation which must often possess those who are reëntering upon home waters; and the sudden burst, upon stepping ashore, of heart-shaking news in long-accumulated arrears—these are circumstances which dispose the mind to look out for relief towards signs and omens as one way of breaking the shock by dim anticipations."

This passage is a fit prelude to the thrilling pages of Melville's *Whale*. The book is not a romance, nor a treatise on Cetology. It is something of both: a strange, wild work with the tangled overgrowth and luxuriant vegetation of American forests, not the trim orderliness of an English park. Criticism may pick many holes in this work; but no criticism will thwart its fascination. As we mean you to read it and relish it, we shall give no hint of the story: an extract or so by way of whet to the appetite is all you must expect.

Here is a picture of

AHAB WITH THE IVORY LEG.

"So powerfully did the whole grim aspect of Ahab affect me, and the livid brand which streaked it, that for the first few moments I hardly noted that not a little of this overbearing grimness was owing to the barbaric white leg upon which he partly stood. It had previously come to me that this ivory leg had at sea been fashioned from the polished bone of the sperm whale's jaw. 'Ay, he was dismasted off Japan,' said the old Gay-Head Indian once; 'but, like his dismasted craft, he shipped another mast without coming home for it. He has a quiver of 'em.'

"I was struck with the singular posture he maintained. Upon each side of the Pequod's quarter-deck, and pretty close to the mizen shrouds, there was an augur-hole, bored about half an inch or so into the plank. His bone leg steadied in that hole; one arm elevated, and holding by a shroud; Captain Ahab stood erect, looking straight out beyond the ship's ever-pitching prow. There was an infinity of firmest fortitude, a determinate, unsunderable wilfulness, in the fixed and fearless, forward dedication of that glance. Not a word he spoke; nor did his officers say aught to him; though by all their minutest gestures and expressions they plainly showed the uneasy, if not painful, consciousness of being under a troubled master-eye. And not only that, but moody stricken Ahab stood before them, with an apparently eternal anguish in his face; in all the nameless, regal, overbearing dignity of some mighty woe.

"Ere long, from his first visit into the air, he withdrew into his cabin. But after that morning he was every day visible to the crew; either standing in his pivot-hole, or seated upon an ivory stool he had; or heavily walking the deck. As the sky grew less gloomy—indeed, began to grow a little genial—he became still less and less a recluse; as if, when the ship had sailed from home, nothing but the dead wintry bleakness of the sea had then kept him so secluded. And, by and by, it came to pass that he was almost continually in the air; but, as yet, for all that he said, or perceptibly did, on the, at last, sunny deck, he seemed as unnecessary there as another mast. But the Pequod was only making a passage now; not regularly cruising, nearly all whaling preparatives needing supervision the mates were fully competent to; so that there was little or nothing, out of himself, to employ or excite Ahab now, and thus chase away, for that one interval, the clouds that layer upon layer were piled upon his brow, as ever all clouds choose the loftiest peaks to pile themselves upon.

"Nevertheless, ere long, the warm, warbling persuasiveness of the pleasant, holiday weather we came to, seemed gradually to charm him from his mood. For, as when the red-checked, dancing girls, April and May, trip home to the wintry, misanthropic woods; even the barest, ruggedest, most thunder-cloven old oak will at least send forth some few green sprouts, to welcome such glad-hearted visitants; so Ahab did, in the end, a little respond to the playful allurings of that girlish air. More than once did he put forth the faint blossom of a look, which, in any other man, would have soon flowered out in a smile."

There is a chapter on the "Whiteness of the Whale" which should be read at midnight, alone, with nothing heard but the sounds of the wind moaning without, and the embers falling into the grate within. From it we quote this on—

THE ALBATROSS A BIRD OF TERROR.

"I remember the first albatross I ever saw. It was during a prolonged gale, in waters hard upon the Antarctic seas. From my forenoon watch below, I ascended to the overclouded deck; and there, dashed upon the main hatches, I saw a regal, feathery thing

of unspotted whiteness, and with a hooked, Roman bill sublime. At intervals, it arched forth its vast wings, as if to embrace some holy ark. Wondrous flutterings and throbbings shook it. Though bodily unharmed, it uttered cries, as some king's ghost in supernatural distress. Through its inexpressible, strange eyes, methought I peeped to secrets not below the heavens. As Abraham before the angels, I bowed myself; the white thing was so white, its wings so wide; and in those for ever exiled waters, I had lost the miserable warping memories of traditions and of towns. Long I gazed at that prodigy of plumage. I cannot tell—can only hint—the things that darted through me then. But at last I awoke; and turning, asked a sailor what bird was this. A goney, he replied. Goney! I never had heard that name before: is it conceivable that this glorious thing is utterly unknown to men ashore! Never! But, some time after, I learned that goney was some seaman's name for albatross. So that by no possibility could Coleridge's wild rhyme have had aught to do with those mystical impressions which were mine, when I saw that bird upon the deck. For neither had I then read the rhyme, nor knew the bird to be an albatross. Yet, in saying this, I do but indirectly burnish a little brighter the noble merit of the poem and the poet.

"I assert, then, that in the wondrous bodily whiteness of the bird chiefly lurks the secret of the spell; a truth the more evinced in this, that by a solecism of terms, there are birds called grey albatrosses; and these I have frequently seen, but never with such emotions as when I beheld the Antarctic fowl."

Here you have a glimpse into—

THE MERCILESS SEA.

"But, though to landsmen in general, the native inhabitants of the seas have ever been regarded with emotions unspeakably unsocial and repelling; though we know the sea to be an everlasting terra incognita, so that Columbus sailed over numberless unknown worlds to discover his own superficial western one; though, by vast odds, the most terrific of all mortal disasters have immemorially and indiscriminately befallen tens and hundreds of thousands of those who have gone upon the water; though but a moment's consideration will teach, that however baby man may brag of his science and skill, and however much in a flattering future, that science and skill may augment;—yet for ever and for ever, to the crack of doom, the sea will insult and murder him, and pulverize the stateliest, stiffest frigate he can make; nevertheless, by the continual repetition of these very impressions, man has lost that sense of the full awfulness of the sea which aboriginally belongs to it.

"The first boat we read of, floated on an ocean, that with Portuguese vengeance had whelmed a whole world without leaving so much as a widow. That same ocean rolls now; that same ocean destroyed the wrecked ships of last year. Yea, foolish mortals, Noah's flood is not yet subsided; two-thirds of the fair world it yet covers.

"Wherein differ the sea and the land, that a miracle upon one is not a miracle upon the other? Preternatural terrors rested upon the Hebrews, when under the feet of Korah and his company the live ground opened and swallowed them up for ever; yet not a modern sun ever sets, but in precisely the same manner the live sea swallows up ships and crews.

"But not only is the sea such a foe to man who is an alien to it, but it is also a fiend to its own offspring; worse than the Persian host who murdered his own guests; sparing not the creatures which itself hath spawned. Like a savage tigress, that, tossing in the jungle, overlays her own cubs, so the sea dashes even the mightiest whales against the rocks, and leaves them there side by side with the split wrecks of ships. No mercy, no power but its own controls it. Panting and snorting like a mad battle steed that has lost its rider, the masterless ocean overruns the globe.

"Consider the subtleness of the sea; how its most dreaded creatures glide under water, unapparent for the most part, and treacherously hidden beneath the loveliest tints of azure. Consider also the devilish brilliance and beauty of many of its most remorseless tribes, as the dainty embellished shape of many species of sharks. Consider, once more, the universal cannibalism of the sea; all whose creatures prey upon each other, carrying on eternal war since the world began.

"Consider all this; and then turn to this green, gentle, and most docile earth; consider them both, the sea and the land; and do you not find a strange analogy to something in yourself? For as this appalling ocean surrounds the verdant land, so in the soul of man there lies one insular Tahiti, full of peace and joy, but encompassed by all the horrors of the half-known life. God keep thee! Push not off from that isle—thou canst never return!"

Let us first tell you that the sharks are in fierce shoals tearing away at the flesh of a dead whale fastened to the ship, and you will then listen with pleasure to—

THE NIGGER'S SERMON TO SHARKS.

"'Fellow-critters: I've ordered here to say dat you must stop dat dam noise dare. You hear? Stop

dat dam smackin' ob de lip! Massa Stubb say dat you can fill your dam bellies up to de hatchings, but by Gor! you must stop dat dam racket!"

"'Cook,' here interposed Stubb, accompanying the word with a sudden slap on the shoulder—'Cook! why you mustn't swear that way when you're preaching. That's no way to convert sinners, cook!"

"'Who dat? Den preach to him yourself,' sul-lently turning to go.

"'No cook; go on, go on.'

"'Well, den, Belubed fellow-critters:—

"'Right!' exclaimed Stubb, approvingly, 'coax 'em to it; try that,' and Fleece continued.

"'Dough you is all sharks, and by natur wery voracious, yet I zay to you, fellow-critters, dat dat voraciousness—'top dat dam slappin' ob de tail! How you tink to hear, 'spose you keep up such a dam slappin' and bitin' dare?"

"'Cook,' cried Stubb, collaring him, 'I won't have that swearing. Talk to 'em gentlemanly.'

"'Once more the sermon proceeded.

"'Your voraciousness, fellow-critters, I don't blame ye so much for; dat is natur, and can't be helped; but to gobern dat wicked natur, dat is de pint. You is sharks, sartin; but if you gobern de shark in you, why den you be angel; for all angel is not'ing more dan de shark well goberned. Now look here, bred'ren, just try wonst to be cibil, a helping yourselbs from dat whale. Don't be tearin' de blubber out your neighbour's mout, I say. Is not one shark dood right as toder to dat whale? And, by Gor, none on you has de right to dat whale; dat whale belong to some one else. I know some o' you has berry brig mout, brigger dan oders; but den de brig mouts sometimes has de small bellies; so dat de brigness of de mout is not to swallar wid, but to bite off de blubber for de small fry ob sharks, dat can't get into de scrouge to help demselves."

"'Well done, old Fleece!' cried Stubb, "that's the right sort; go on."

"'No use goin' on; de dam willains will keep a scrougin' and slappin' each oder, Massa Stubb; dey don't hear one word; no use a preachin' to such dam g'uttons as you call 'em, till dare bellies is full; and dare bellies is bottomless; and when dey do get 'em full, dey won't hear you den; for den dey sink in de sea, go fast to sleep on de coral, and can't hear not'ing at all, no more, for eber and eber."

"'Upon my soul, I am about of the same opinion; so give them a blessing, Fleece, and I'll away to my supper."

"Upon this Fleece, holding both hands over the fishy mob, raised his shrill voice and cried—

"'Cussed fellow-critters! Kick up de damndest row as ever you can; fill your dam' bellies till dey bust—and den die.'"

Although this is not a set treatise on Whales, it contains a large amount of information on the subject, and the materials for a treatise evidently were collected. We have no room for a tithe of the curious things he tells us; but we must give a passage from his chapter on the "Monstrous Pictures of Whales." He expresses the most emphatic disapprobation of almost all the portraits that have been published of his favourite fish. Nay, even these given by such eminent naturalists as Lacépède and F. Cuvier, are pronounced monstrous absurdities. He adds, however:—

"But these manifold mistakes in depicting the whale are not so very surprising after all. Consider! Most of the scientific drawings have been taken from the stranded fish; and these are about as correct as a drawing of a wrecked ship, with broken back, would correctly represent the noble animal itself in all its undashed pride of hull and spars. Though elephants have stood for their full-lengths, the living Leviathan has never yet fairly floated himself for his portrait. The living whale, in his full majesty and significance, is only to be seen at sea in unfathomable waters; and aloft the vast bulk of him is out of sight, like a launched line-of-battle ship; and out of that element it is a thing eternally impossible for mortal man to hoist him bodily into the air, so as to preserve all his mighty swells and undulations. And, not to speak of the highly presumable difference of contour between a young sucking whale and a full-grown Platonian Leviathan; yet, even in the case of one of those young sucking whales hoisted to a ship's deck, such is then the outlandish, eel-like, limbered, varying shape of him, that his precise expression the devil himself could not catch.

"But it may be fancied, that from the naked skeleton of the stranded whale, accurate hints may be derived touching his true form. Not at all. For it is one of the more curious things about this Leviathan, that his skeleton gives very little idea of his general shape. Though Jeremy Bentham's skeleton, which is preserved in the library of one of his executors, correctly conveys the idea of a burly-browed utilitarian old gentleman, with all Jeremy's other leading personal characteristics; yet nothing of this kind could be inferred from any Leviathan's articulated bones. In fact, as the great Hunter says, the mere skeleton of the whale bears the same relation to the

fully invested and padded animal as the insect does to the chrysalis that so roundly envelopes it. This peculiarity is strikingly evinced in the head, as in some part of this book will be incidentally shown. It is also very curiously displayed in the side fin, the bones of which almost exactly answer to the bones of the human hand, minus only the thumb. This fin has four regular bone fingers, the index, middle, ring, and little finger. But all these are permanently lodged in their fleshy covering, as the human fingers in an artificial covering. 'However recklessly the whale may sometimes serve us,' said humorous Stubb one day, 'he can never be truly said to handle us without mittens.'

"For all these reasons, then, any way you may look at it, you must needs conclude that the great Leviathan is that one creature in the world which must remain unpainted to the last. True, one portrait may hit the mark much nearer than another, but none can hit it with any very considerable degree of exactness. So there is no earthly way of finding out precisely what the whale really looks like; and the only mode in which you can derive even a tolerable idea of his living contour is by going a-whaling yourself; but by so doing you run no small risk of being eternally stove and sunk by him. Wherefore, it seems to me you had best not be too fastidious in your curiosity touching this Leviathan."

BARRY CORNWALL'S SONGS.

English Songs, and other Small Poems. By Barry Cornwall. A new Edition, with Additions. Chapman and Hall.

LAMARTINE, in that little glimpse of autobiography which he calls *Les Confidences*, tells us that "the Abbé Dumont, as well as many superior men whom I have known and loved the best during the course of my life, had no taste for poetry. Of written words he appreciated only the sense, and but little the music. He was not gifted with that species of intellectual materiality which associates in the poet's mind a sensation of harmony with an idea or a sentiment, and which thus gives it a double hold on man through the ear and through the mind. It seemed to him, and it has often since seemed to me, that there is, in fact, a sort of childishness, humiliating to reason, in this studied cadence of rhythm, in this mechanical chiming of verses which addresses itself only to the ear of man, and which associates a delight merely sensual with the moral grandeur of a thought, or the manly energy of a sentiment. Verse appeared to him the language of the childhood of nations, prose the language of their maturer years. At the present day I think his view was a just one."

A cruel sentence to be passed by one who was himself a poet. But the opinion which M. de Lamartine here very happily expresses, and in language more accurate and complete than he usually employs when conveying his opinions—(when he deals with facts and details he is marvellously distinct)—is one which is gradually gaining ground. The form of poetry, its verse, its metre is more and more giving way to prose. Nevertheless, whatever may be the fate of other classes of poetry, we may confidently predict that the song or the brief lyric will always be a general favourite. From its brevity it can never weary or cloy the ear, and from its presumed association with music it will maintain its prescriptive right to tune or melody. A few verses, conveying in the tersest and most harmonious language a sentiment we all have felt, is a composition which will never cease to please.

The *English Songs* of the public's old acquaintance, Barry Cornwall, are here again presented to us with some additions. We need not say at this late hour how much poetic beauty is scattered throughout these pieces; and, perhaps, it would be as useless now to express a regret at the inequality and haste and fragmentary appearance they frequently present. Far from estimating his songs or lyrics too highly, our author has only failed to perceive how very precious such brief compositions may become when every verse, and every line of every verse, stands out clear, succinct, melodious. There are some half-dozen of the lyrics of Wordsworth to which we should more confidently entrust his reputation in future ages than to the *Excursion* itself; and a living author, W. S. Landor, who has written some of the most beautiful prose in the English language, and much admirable poetry beside, has also given to the world some of those perfect lyrical effusions, which, small things as they seem, the world never lets fall, and to which alone he might confide his name and immortality.

Reperusing the collection before us of *English Songs*, a sad thought steals over the mind—they are, alas! too true a reflection of the times in which the author has lived. Our "Merry England" has given to her poet no more frequent subject than the

miseries of pauperism, the workhouse, the gaol, the famished or ill requited labourer. Everywhere we are reminded that the author has lived in an age when poor laws and the insufficient remuneration of labour had become the absorbing topics of society. We are very far from blaming the poet—we rather applaud him—for throwing his sympathies in this direction; but it cannot be denied that the prevalence of such topics as "The Song of the Outcast," "The Pauper Jubilee," and "The Complaint of an Outlying Christian," give an air of distressing melancholy to his volume of poems. It is bare misery not subdued by poetic imagination or tenderness. He tells us himself in one of his happiest strains:—

"Song should breathe of scents and flowers,
Song should like a river flow;
Song should bring back scenes and hours
That we loved—ah, long ago!

"Song from baser thoughts should win us;
Song should charm us out of woe;
Song should stir the heart within us,
Like a patriot's friendly blow.

"Pains and pleasures, all man doeth,
War and peace, and ill and wrong—
All things that the soul subdueth
Should be vanquished, too, by song.

"Song should spur the mind to duty;
Nerve the weak, and stir the strong:
Every deed of truth and beauty
Should be crowned by starry song!"

But our quotations should rather be made from the additional poems that we have here for the first time presented to us. They quite sustain the well merited reputation of the author. There is no failure of the poetic fervour. "A Journal of the Sun," the poem which first greets us on opening the volume, fully deserves to bear the now familiar name of Barry Cornwall. Day breaks:—

"And yonder, high-tossing his antlers
In play or in scorn,
Stands the stag, and beside him, outstretching
His limbs, is the fawn.
How lightly he springs o'er the heather!
How lazily slumber the kine!
How still are the old giant forests!
And above, how divine
Is the sun! He awakes in a glory:
His path is arrayed
With hues like the flush of the rainbow:
He scatters the shade—
He has scattered the dews and the vapours,
Where'er he has trod;
And now he uncloudeth his beauty,—
All over a God!

"He hastes—high away to the zenith;
Clouds, shadows—they fly:
High, higher,—he touches—he treads on
The arch of the sky!

"Now already his lustre
Is far in the west:
But he calms the fierce beams as he neareth
The isles of the Blest."

These are touches of great beauty. The next piece, "Autumn Verses," opens very prettily:—

"The summer past, what dreams are over!
The incense of the air hath fled:
The carpets of the golden meadows
Are torn by tempests, shred by shred:
The rose hath lost her fragrance;
The lily hangs her head,—
Dead—dead!"

We could wish to expunge one expression from these lines, "The carpets of the golden meadows." Were we making the quotation, we should certainly drop this word, and read the passage thus:—

"the golden meadows
Are torn by tempests, shred by shred."

But we have no space for verbal criticism, nor indeed for further extract; we can only commend the volume to all who know the kindly heart and genuine poetic beauty that shelter themselves under the name of Barry Cornwall.

ספר עדות ה'.

Jewish School and Family Bible. The First Part, containing the Pentateuch, newly translated under the Supervision of the Reverend the Chief Rabbi. By Dr. A. Benisch, Professor of Hebrew, &c. Darling.

The excellence of the Anglican version of the Scriptures is universally admitted; we are, nevertheless, not surprised at finding a new English translation of the Bible undertaken for the use of the Jews; that body holding views on

certain points quite at issue with Christian doctrines. This new translation, however, does not entirely depart from the common version, but differs only in those passages where changes were rendered necessary in accordance with the principles ably set forth, developed, and exemplified in an elaborate preface prefixed to the work. These principles are fidelity, uniformity, and independence. The departures from the common version are so numerous that there is scarcely a verse free from them. We shall just quote a few by which we were struck. Genesis 4th chapter, 15th verse (authorized version), "And the Lord set a mark upon Cain lest any finding him should kill him." Dr. Benisch, "And the eternal appointed a sign for Cain, that none finding him should smite him."

Verses 22nd, 23rd, 24th, in the same chapter, which in the authorized version are unintelligible, and apparently alluding to circumstances not stated in the Bible, make perfect sense in the new translation. They run thus:—"And Zillah she also bare Tubal Cain, the father of every sharpener and of every artificer in copper and iron; and the sister of Tubal Cain was Naamah (23rd verse). And Lamech said unto his wives Adah and Zillah, hear my voice, ye wives of Lamech, give ear unto my speech: Now that I can slay a man by a wound of mine and a child by a stripe of mine (24th verse). If Cain be avenged seven fold, truly Lamech seventy and seven folds." The meaning evidently is, that after Tubal Cain had discovered the art of working metals and, consequently, of making deadly weapons, Lamech, his father, said boastfully to his wives, that henceforth he had no occasion to be afraid of any aggressor, and that, if the defenceless Cain could avenge himself sevenfold, he, provided with arms, by a single wound of which a man might be slain, would be able to avenge seventy and seven fold any insult that might be offered to him. Genesis 14th chapter and 18th verse, is translated, "And he (Melchizedek) was a priest of the most high God." The authorized version translates "the priest." It is unnecessary to point out in how far this slight difference affects the view which represents that king as the type of Jesus. It is not our province to decide which of the two versions is the more correct; but this much we can say with confidence, that the translation under review fully deserves the attention of the student of the Bible, and is curious enough to justify the present excursion into a department of Literature seldom entered by Journals not professedly theological; and as we have so very many clergymen among our subscribers—(partly from sympathy with our views, and partly from a natural desire to see what is going on in the opposite camp)—this brief notice may be said to be intended more peculiarly to them.

BOOKS ON OUR TABLE.

History of the Training and Planting of the Christian Church. By Augustus Neander; also his *Antignostikus*. (Bohn's Standard Library.) H. G. Bohn.

With this volume we have the conclusion of Neander's *History of the Training and Planting of the Church*, and, what most readers will consider far more interesting, his *Antignostikus*, or review and analysis of Tertullian's writings. The latter, indeed, is unusually curious; giving in half a volume the sum and substance of all the Father's works. We especially direct attention to the chapters on Baptism, Monogamy, Chastity, Education of Women, and the Soul.

The Rhymer's Family. A Collection of Bantlings. By Thomas Watson. Arbroath: Kennedy and Ramsay.

This little volume of poems, by a working man, is far more worthy of notice than scores of those that come before us. Thomas Watson has humour and feeling, and if not original, at any rate he strives to express his actual thoughts and feelings. In the preface he speaks modestly of his bantlings, and implies that even if they are worth "cutting up," he shall feel complimented. The Scotch poems seem the best.

Olympus and its Inhabitants. A Narrative Sketch of the Classical Mythology. For the Use of Schools and Private Families. By Agnes Smith. Edited by John Carmichael, M.A., one of the Classical Masters of the High School, Edinburgh. Oliver and Boyd.

Really an excellent and much-needed little work. Mythology meets us on every hand: in all literature, in almost all art. The books specially devoted to it are numerous enough; but we know of none suited to the young or uneducated that can so well answer its purpose as this. Besides the Greek and Roman Mythology, this work contains a brief sketch of the Egyptian; it also furnishes a sketch of the Festivals, Oracles, Sacrifices, Priesthood, &c., of Greece. We found children pleased with it—a good sign.

Portfolia.

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

THE USEFUL AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

(Continued from our last, p. 1022.)

PART II.

The greatest passion of man is and has been the love of female beauty. Pursued as the main business of life by a great portion of the race, it is not for us in this place to tell the train of good and evil that has followed it, but to tell how everything has given way before its vehemence: every advantage of every kind has been weighed as nothing before it, and this world and the next given up for a beautiful face. Better for us often that it were suppressed, at least at long periods of our life, and that the useful could receive more encouragement from us. This has been the theme of sages in all times; and whilst poets have sung of beauty, graver men have spoken of its vanity, and the devotion of nations to hearts has been the distinction of some and the revolutionizing of others. Here it stands before us all, a moving power, infusing madness and energy into man, silent in none, but commanding some amount of obedience in all. If there be any power which can be said to be paramount in society, it is this power; sung as an idle song, but no idle song, it is a force like gravitation itself, making every fragment respond to every surrounding fragment. Before it the useful stands ashamed—a dumb waiter, a mere receptacle for food to suit the beautiful. Before it armies and nations have stood, and still stand, using language which we can only recognize as mad, except when we give allowance for the homage of the beautiful. For it grave historians will write books, and a woman without character and without beauty of soul will have lives without number written of her, and millions of people in successive generations sympathizing with her, merely because she was beautiful. This prime passion of man is the direct loving of the beautiful in form, and proverbially destructive of all love of the useful as long as it endures in violence. For it men work and encourage the useful as a pain, and few see the grand meaning that it begins gradually to reveal.

One other most powerful passion in man is beauty of sound; it persuades almost all men, it turns as it were the soul to itself, and man becomes actuated by the spirit of the player. For this whole countries will any day leave their work, leave their most important occupations, and give way to a vague feeling of delight, a feeling which deeply enervates if much pursued, and takes from the power of the useful. So much, indeed, is this true that a great worker is rarely a musician; and only with uncommon breadth and harmony of power is he likely to be so without loss to his work. It has become a curse to nations who have made it an end instead of a means, and has prevented civilization from growing with vigour. It diminishes though often by increasing emotion, and whilst it expands the feelings it refuses to concentrate the intellect. So true are these charges against music and to some kinds of poetry, that men whose opinion is not to be undervalued, have decried them altogether, judging from a true point of view, but not recognizing them as great portions of the general intellect which never acts vainly; however, it is a passion which interferes with work and is a pleasure. It is one which wants seldom to be encouraged, except as a lesson to learn; and another instance of the way in which the beautiful comes first in our thoughts whilst the useful, as a troublesome thing, is kept out of sight.

There are few more common and more striking examples of the excitability of man entirely disconnected with the useful, than that of music; it is itself a powerful passion, and plays upon his other passions as he himself does on an instrument. It is a strange and unseen power holding him in his grasp, moving him at its will, bending him into beautiful postures, or whirling him about in violent action. Men have sung and danced since creation, I suppose; these passions are frequently mere excess of spirits, whether acquired by natural or artificial means; savages and children begin with-

out teaching in their own way, and civilized men give much attention to them. Yet, how much better for us had it been if the ancients who sung had worked better, or if many of the poets, instead of giving us their vanities, had told us how the people round them worked. I am no despiser of poetry, but I certainly would rather have read an account of the trades of Rome from Virgil than his musical verses which make up the *Æneid*. It would have been better for us if he had told us how they built bridges, forts, or piers, than told us his ideas about people about which he knew very little. How much better too for Italy would it have been, had he left such a record of work done to guide it in after times! He did guide it, and they copied him, and left behind the works of Rome, giving him great glory, but losing all that rendered their own country and civilization stable. The love of the beautiful lived on when the useful was forgotten, and there, as in other places, became to the country a disgrace and a crime.

What are called the nobility of all countries have a steady instinct towards the beautiful; because when necessity is supplied, the instincts have free scope, but the necessity is a power raised for the useful which has been neglected, whilst the higher classes have covered themselves and their houses with glitter, with a bare stratum of necessity below it. They have, as it were, covered their savage bodies with gold dust, and made themselves gay mansions when rags were around their doors, and whilst even they had not what we call the conveniences of life, like all others seeking the end too fast—catching the moon. It is painful to look at the state of things in many cities and countries where vanity puts down the useful, where they are so ignorant of it, that they imagine to have attained it by keeping a thousand apparently useful slaves. When all Nature is full of power, under their feet and around them full of wisdom and ingenious devices, they stand contented with a clumsy and dangerous machinery, badly ministering to their unsatisfied wants. The beautiful, like the life of man, is to a certain limit profusely scattered around us, and the useful, like a higher life, is revealed only to him who is content to learn.

Merchants may be said to have best known the useful in past times; but even they must not be supposed to have seen it clearly. With a short-sighted view of their own powers only, they have moved slowly, nor is it until late times that it has become clear that merchandise is to the civilized man as the scholastic debate to the sharpening of the wits. He has hitherto been obliged to minister to the beautiful until invention began; he has not seen the valuable portion of civilization, nor has he seen the elevation of the species, by his endeavours. He has imitated the nobles, and they have run the same race blindly in catching the moon and the rainbow. And men have admired both, only wishing to imitate them, thinking that the great end of their labours was attained when they got wealth and had fine houses, whereas that was merely the wages which Providence gave them for their trouble.

Even the workmen and mechanics are only learning the value of the useful, and in this and a few other countries only few delighting in their work as a science, or an occupation of the mind, but merely as a weary mode of getting their living. As soon as one sees the value of his work he begins to see also improvements, and he that does so takes a position above his fellows so rapidly, that a few years change entirely his social relations. This clear idea of the useful which has become so distinct in later times has entirely mixed society, and blood is now forgotten, for the best blood is that which produces the best brains. Still here also among workmen there is an admiration of the beautiful to such an extent that they undervalue their own position, and are not aware of their value in the world as individuals, nor of the great rank that as a whole they take as practical students of the forces of nature, making experiments daily to bring out its character. They do not know that every engine, as well as every pickaxe of a mine, or spindle, or telegraph, develops to us gradually the character of creation, and as a consequence reveals to us the mind of the Creator. It is true that in great conquering armies the private soldiers have been found bent on the most trivial or degrading amusements, but the best deeds have been done by those hands in whom the spirit of the general and aim of the engagement was imbibed by every individual.

(To be continued.)

Organizations of the People,

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL.

The Executive Committee of the National Charter Association met as usual. Mr. G. J. Holyoake said he had been requested by Mr. C. D. Collet, the active secretary of the Committee for the Repeal of the Taxes on Knowledge, to state that that committee were desirous of obtaining the aid of the Executive Committee in getting up a vigorous agitation for the purpose of effecting the entire abolition of all restrictions which act as a barrier to the progress of free thought and intelligence. A long conversation ensued on the propriety of carrying out a series of public meetings calling the attention of the people to the various political questions of importance in which the body politic were deeply interested; and it was ultimately agreed, on the motion of Messrs. Holyoake and Le Blond, "That the Secretary be instructed to invite Mr. Collet to attend the next meeting of the Executive, in order to explain his views." After the transaction of financial and other business, the Committee adjourned to Wednesday, November 12.—Signed, on behalf of the Committee, JOHN ARNOTT, General Secretary.

CHARGES AGAINST THE NATIONAL AND PARLIAMENTARY REFORMERS.

Many of our Chartist readers have been looking for some notice of Mr. Harney's letter from Troon, which appeared in this paper on October 18. It is not the intrinsic force of the kind of remarks there indulged in that demands for them any formal notice, but the usefulness of discussing errors which still have the fascination of truth for great numbers, whose experience in politics should before this have undeceived them. If, however, one like Mr. Harney is untaught by time, how can it be expected that those to whom he is an oracle, can be better informed? If one of Mr. Harney's race so reasons through the passions, no wonder that Mr. Ernest Jones, a native of a more ardent nation, should still continue with his greater talent to maintain those conscientious obstacles to that nationality of action we all desire to see brought about.

Mr. Harney tells us that because of the "present nothingness of Chartism" the game of political *humbag* will, as heretofore, be successfully played by *sham* reformers, through the want of a more powerful body to spoil that *game*.

The truth is that the National and Parliamentary Reformers, to whom Mr. H. refers, have agreed to demand a larger measure of Reform than the middle class of this country ever demanded before, which indeed is so near the Charter's own dimensions as to be mistaken for it by the upper class. Indeed, what the Parliamentary Reformers demand makes so valid a whole that it would, as the editor of this paper has asserted (Nov. 1.) enable us to complete the Charter "easily" after the enactment of their plan. But, at this point, the real question is, not what is the value of their proposed Bill of Rights, but are they *sincere* in demanding it? The men who compose that Association are individually as honourable as those who compose the Charter Association. By what right then does Mr. Harney sit in suspicious judgment over them, and declare their programme a "game of political *humbag*"? If they are to be stigmatized as "*sham* reformers" because they do not come up to Mr. Harney's point, why should not they stigmatize Mr. Harney and his colleagues as "*sham* reformers," who demand what is less likely to be carried, and are therefore open to the imputation of betraying reform by demanding what seems to our enemies a wilful exaggeration of it? The probability is, that the Parliamentary Reformers and the Chartists both demand those measures which, in their respective estimates of the nation's temper and intelligence, seem likely to lead to practical good. The course each pursues is an honest policy, and a conscientious duty, and ought not to be represented by the offensive epithet of being a "*game*."

For myself, I coincide with Mr. Harney as to the nature of the measure wanted. I have held the conviction as long as himself, and have no more swerved in its advocacy than himself. It is, however, a pleasure to me to witness a growing and powerful party in the state coming so near to what I think the truth, and I ventured to express my gratification at the fact. It proves to all to express my gratification at the fact. (The Chartists) cautious and reflective politicians that we (the Chartists) have not mistaken the road of national improvement when so many other persons, formerly doubtful or adverse, publicly set out on the *same* road, and almost come up to us. To comprehend the value of this fact, and to announce it, Mr. Harney mistakes for "glorifying" and "trumpeting" the Parliamentary Reformers—whereas it is only an honest thankfulness for the support they render us by their advances in our direction, and (proportional) adoption of it. Why do we speak and write to win our fellowmen to our views, if we are to be denied the expression of wholesome satisfaction at the progress of our principles?

In the course of Sir Joshua Walmsley's speech at Manchester, he explained how on one hand they had to deal with "unliberal Conservatism, on the other with untractable Ultraliberalism." This was rather a statesmanly com-

prehension of their difficulties. It was a touch of French perception rather unusual in that stolid party. Mr. Harney sees in this only a "fling" at Ultraliberalism. Mr. Harney does not rest at this, but adds—"As to honest tone, boldness of speech, broadness of sympathy, vigorous and warmer spirit—old birds understand this kind of chaff. Let them give bold measures, broad principles, and details in accordance therewith, and then I will trust them."

Does Mr. Harney mean to tell us that nothing is to be considered by the people, as bold, broad, or genial, which does not come up to the Chartist standard, and is not accompanied by Chartist details? This is the way a man might write who wished Chartism to become an arrogance and a contempt in the land. Mr. Harney doubtless writes what is the truth to him, but he writes of his fellow labourers in the cause of popular reform as though an enemy had lent him a pair of spectacles to see them through.

Mr. Harney does not comprehend how "Ion" can continue to sit upon the Executive, if he believes the measure of Reform, mapped out by Sir Joshua Walmsley, to be "the largest practicable measure." Because "Ion" believes that the temperate exertions of the Executive may yet make a larger measure practicable. The phrase "the largest practicable measure" does not imply the largest measure which is right—but the largest measure which can be carried at this time. We all know that that which is theoretically just cannot always be realized as soon as it is discovered. There is always a long, arduous, unthanked duty to be performed—that of advocating unfriended truth, till it become popular truth. This is why I sit (and "consistently" sit) upon the Executive, advocating a larger bill of rights than is just now "practicable." But this does not prevent me coöperating with all who are endeavouring to realize a great approximation to the views I wish to prevail. How far I understand the position I occupy on the Executive, or am faithful to its political faith, shall be seen, as I will publish in these columns an address to the public, which I drew up, and read to Sir Joshua Walmsley and his colleagues at the Manchester Conference, as indicative of the attitude Chartism ought to maintain towards the Parliamentary Reformers.

Mr. Harney makes one of those declarations which only one omniscient should venture upon. He says, without qualification, it "is not true that the overtures of these men are generous and truthful." I wrote trustful, but it may stand as above. I am at least more likely to know the views of these politicians than Mr. Harney; for I have been among them to judge for myself, which is more than Mr. Harney, I believe, has done. All who know Mr. Harney in the distance, only believe him to be a very different man from what he is, and never caring to mix with him personally, they continue deceived, and think ill of him and of his confederates. Conscious how men are thus misled, and how much personal knowledge corrects public impressions, I went down to Manchester, and accepted an opportunity of introduction to the Parliamentary Reformers through my friend Robert Le Blond, and what I reported to the editor of this paper I reported from personal observation, not from prejudice, hearsay, conjecture, or public impression. So few men succeed in explaining themselves fully, or with exactness, that the rich fail to understand the poor, and the poor the rich, because they never mix together in friendship.

For myself I am glad that the editor of this paper accorded insertion to the letter of Mr. Harney. Nothing would be so likely to persuade a person of Mr. Harney's suspicious turn of thought, that he was in the right as the omission (suppression Mr. Harney would call it) of his letter. Doubtless the editor of the *Leader* no more than myself has any conviction, or cares to have any conviction, which will not bear discussion, and I am glad that Mr. Harney has not suffered the fact of my being one of his colleagues to exempt me from the advantages of his friendly criticism.

ION.

REDEMPTION SOCIETY.—The principal subject which engages the attention of the directors at present, is the desirability of taking larger premises; so that the Co-operative Store—which is progressing favourably—the society's meetings, and weekly meetings for lectures and discussions—not confined to social topics merely—may be accommodated in the same building. A committee are now making inquiries, and will give in their report on Wednesday, November 5. Moneys received for the week:—Leeds, £3. 19s. 10d.; Hyde, per Mr. Bradley, 13s. 2d.; Manchester, per Mr. Bloomer, 3s. 5d. Building Fund:—Leeds, 1s.; Hyde, 9s. 3d.; Manchester, 2s. Propagandist Fund, 5s. 10½d.—J. HENDERSON, Sec.

CO-OPERATION IN BIRMINGHAM.—Our co-operative efforts here, though on a small scale at present, promise much. The Flour Society now numbers 1000 members, and the balance-sheet for the half year shows a clear gain of £248. 10s. 2½d., although a considerable sum has been expended upon the premises, and the members have been supplied with pure flour at 2d. per peck under the retail prices. The committee have now secured the mill and premises on a lease of fourteen years, at a rental of £110 per annum. The cost of a share is £1; we only require a bakehouse, building in connection with the mill, to give competition and adulteration one of the heaviest blows yet aimed at them. Our Coke and Coal Society, though of younger growth, is progressing in a generally satisfactory manner. The shares are 10s. only, and the society now numbers upwards of 500 members, with a rolling stock capable of supplying at least double that number. We expect to add considerably to our numbers this winter, being able to supply our friends at from 12 to 15 per cent. under the ordinary retail prices, and to give much better weight. We are now making an effort to establish a general Grocery Store on the same plan as the London Central Agency, we think with the best prospects of success.



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.

TO JOSEPH MAZZINI.

London, November 3, 1851.

FRIEND AND BROTHER.—Let me now come back to the original argument: If Italy can only be rescued and regenerated by the unanimous effort of her own children, by what principle or on what ground are the Italians to be brought to act together with that oneness and steadiness of purpose, which has power to overcome all obstacles and burst the chains of fate?

A negative answer is always the first that suggests itself. The Italians should do exactly the opposite to what you have been doing hitherto.

It was not without momentous reasons, Mazzini, that I first undertook to address you, five or six weeks ago. Rumours had reached me of a split amongst the members of your Italian committee. I had heard that two of your noblest supporters, Sirtori and Saliceti, had departed from you, more in sorrow than in anger, truly, as always is the case with those who approach you—but still irretrievably parted from you. The name of Sirtori was unknown to me; but Saliceti is a man highly revered by honest men of all parties in Italy, and I grieved to hear of this new division. I wondered to what fraction of a fraction you would reduce your own Republican party by your inexorable exclusiveness, by your narrow bigotry and absolutism of opinion.

I was unable at that time to form any estimate of the matter at issue between you and your former associates. But more lately a letter, addressed to you and to your remaining colleagues, by Sirtori, and entitled "Al Comitato Nazionale ed agli Italiani," has made it plain enough to me that it is to your own darling scheme of a European democracy, to your new friends Ledru Rollin and Co., that you have sacrificed old friends, countrymen, and, what is more, your own bravest fellow-labourers in the cause of democracy at Rome, as true and staunch republicans every one of them as yourself.

And I need not remind you that whilst these leave you on the one hand, because they find you too extreme and uncompromising, others, like Cattaneo, Cernuschi, &c., fall off from you on the other hand, because you are in their eyes a retrograde, whom they have long since outstripped in their headlong career.

If I tell you frankly that it is my firm conviction that your party and your name never were at a lower ebb in Italy than at this moment, it is merely because I am aware of a latent power in you, of a prestige which you exercise over the mind and hearts of your countrymen, which may at any moment turn the tables in your favour; because I know that the hearts of the Italians, even whilst blaming and protesting against you, are ever secretly yearning towards you, ever ready to love and worship you—if you would only let them.

I have often before witnessed the ebb and flow of your popularity, and never more plainly and forcibly than in 1848; first in January, and then again at the close of that year. In the earlier period the Italians thought at last that you were inclined to such reasonable compromise as would enable you to meet all other parties half way, and, in the later moments, they began to look upon their national cause as desperate, and joined you at Rome with the eagerness of a drowning man catching at a straw.

If I can trust the reports that reach me from many quarters, more especially from Piedmont and Tuscany, I must come to the conclusion that the immense, and, what is more, the same, majority of the Italians are at the present moment estranged from you. The Constitutional, or what you like to call sneeringly, the Savoyard, party carries the day most triumphantly. Nor is it matter of wonder; for we have in Piedmont the rare phenomenon of a *Re Galantuomo*, king, honest man, and the still greater wonder of a people conquering its liberties without a battle, and yet proof against the intoxication of too easy a victory.

In the eyes of the most moderate men in Piedmont

and Tuscany, you are now nothing better than a wild and mischievous dreamer. Were the world to go on this present footing you would do no good and but little evil in those countries.

But I look far into the future. Piedmont is not all Italy. The Austrians are still there, masters of twice the ground they occupied in 1848, and with them the French, and with them Grand Dukes and Little Dukes, Popes and Bourbons, all of them doing their utmost to keep your memory green, to cause you to be regretted, playing your own game and preparing the day for your signal *revanche*.

Mazzini, I feel confident, your own day will come again. Popular or unpopular, alive or dead, your influence is indestructible in Italy—or else I would not lose time and waste ink in addressing you. The day of retribution, of conflict, of long-treasured revenge, is sure to dawn again for Italy, and may God speed it and make it full and decisive! But how shall Italy be prepared for the great day? What shall you have done to enable her to be equal to the emergency?

A similar day dawned in 1848. The signal of battle was given. On one side was Austria dismayed, perplexed, but still compact and unanimous—one Austria—on the other, alas! was not one Italy but two! The Italy of Charles Albert, the "Italy of the People"—Mazzini's Italy. Suppose a declaration of war to be ventured upon again, suppose the Milanese once more to fall on their oppressors and grapple with them, what forces can Italy bring forward to her aid? Charles Albert's Italy, or the Italy of Victor Emanuel would probably again take the field. There would be a King, a tolerably unanimous army and people. But where would Mazzini's Italy be? Rome and Naples—supposing your name to be still omnipotent there,—could only march against the foreign enemy after having rid themselves of their domestic foe: national warfare must there begin by civil bloodshed, by local revolution; supposing that revolution to be successful, supposing the South of Italy to be organized into a republic after your own heart, the Italians would then not only march against Austria under two different standards, but those two different parties would too probably forget the great work on their hands to indulge blind internecine animosities.

Now, I ask, Need these principles, however different, be antagonistic? Has not the Roman Triumvir as great an interest in turning out the Austrians as the Piedmontese king? And if they could, on an emergency, act in good faith together towards a common end, could they not even now prepare for such contingencies by a good understanding between them?

Mazzini, I ask you to step forward and hold out a friendly hand to all honest Italians. To the honest King of Sardinia, to his honest ministers, to his sober, earnest, manly, though not democratic, people; it is never too late for a reconciliation between brethren. I do not ask you to renounce your principles, not to despair of their ultimate success. There is no man in the world at the present time that can see only two inches into the future. It may be that you have been right all this time; that kings—such kings as Austria, and Prussia, Naples, Rome, and Tuscany—will weary Heaven with their folly and brutality; it may be that their days are numbered, and that they will drag the good ones, the Victor Emanuels, the Queen Victorias, along with them in their fall. It may also be that the bad ones, or else their children and descendants, be forced to acknowledge the omnipotence of human progress; that they may be compelled to play an honest part in spite of themselves; that they may, as in 1848, be brought to doff their hats to the multitude in order to save their heads. We are now so very near to the extreme of a "Cossack Europe," that we may well look forward to the opposite extreme. But it behoves us, in the mean while, to proceed on analogical principles—from the well-known present to the great shadowy future. Freedom has a *piéd à terre* on Italian land. Nationality has gained a firm ground in Western Italy. Let that be made the basis of all future operations. Mazzini, I adjure you to become a Piedmontese. I am not aware that any of your ideas or principles—that any of your partisans—is proscribed from the Sardinian territory, or even excluded from the Sardinian parliament. Are not Brofferio, Radice, and many ardent Republicans, living, writing, preaching in Piedmont, even some among those who think yourself lukewarm or backward in the People's cause? Is not the freedom and even the licentiousness of the press tolerated on a footing unexampled in Europe, without exception of England itself? Is not your own journal, *L'Italia del Popolo*, allowed to lie side by side with the *Piedmontese Gazette*, in any café that chooses to patronize it? Does any of your world-redeeming ideas meet with any obstruction in Piedmont, so long as it makes its way into the country fairly and openly, relying for its success on truth and reason?

It may not suit your convenience to go and take up your quarters in Turin, or in your own native Genoa, and to give in your name as a candidate for any of the Ligurian contingencies. Nay, France and Austria might make your presence there a *casus belli* against Piedmont; and that country is as yet weak enough

to bow to their bullying demands. I do not ask you to reside in Piedmont. Keep up your own independence in blessed England, as I do; but unite in spirit, and in word, with those who are so generously and so honourably guiding the destinies of Piedmont, and there upholding the hope as well as the honour of Italy.

Mazzini, be at peace with the Piedmontese; Austria, Rome, and Naples, are a sufficient field for the most unweary activity. Turn all your efforts against them, and leave Piedmont alone. This I ask, not that Piedmont has any longer ought to fear from you, but because it is a crying shame and scandal to Italy and to Europe, that men like you and D'Azeglio should not go hand in hand, because you two, or rather the principles that you two represent, if combining in one mighty effort, would still save us; whereas, as yet you have only been neutralizing each other.

Be a friend to Piedmont! Behold, that land is now the refuge of all that Italy can boast upright and generous. Turin has become the capital of all houseless Italy, of thinking, suffering, militant Italy. You have still partisans there: it depends on you alone to have none but friends: it is never too late for you. It can never be derogatory for you to stoop to reconciliation and compromise. The Italians may disagree with your opinions, but never questioned the uprightness of your motives. None of your bitterest adversaries but bows to the superiority of your genius, the excellence of your heart. The day that should announce a good understanding between you and the Moderates, would be hailed in Italy as half a battle won. I repeat: a good understanding with Piedmont need not imply a renunciation of a little of your Republican views. It is lawful for a man (witness that terrible Brofferio) to be a democrat, as lawful as in England itself. Nay, I am not sure but a reconciliation with Piedmont may not be the speediest means of bringing about the triumph of your own dearest views. I am not at all sure but the day may come when Farini, D'Azeglio, nay, Victor Emanuel himself, though his trade is to be a king—may be fain to declare themselves Republicans. All I ask of you is: let the Democratic question be at rest for the present. Let us all with one mind work at the other great question: the national one. Democracy, Socialism, Chartism, are being debated in other more competent communities, under more favourable auspices. Let them be adjourned amongst us for the present—adjourned till the revindication of our national rights enables us to discuss them in a calm, peaceable manner. Let the cause of Italy be uppermost with you now, as it was in 1831, when we first met both young exiles at Marseilles, when your beaming countenance and fiery speech won all men to you for life.

First amongst my countrymen—having my own views, but as I believe not bigoted to them—I offer your my hand. Mazzini, I have never done you wrong. I have done nothing towards you or towards Italy that should prevent your accepting once more the pledge of a friendship that has so long existed between us. I have been, and I defy any one to assert the contrary, a frank, truthful, independent friend to you, as well as an upright honourable opponent. You are now estranged from me—you do not answer the letters I privately address you—you force me to this public mode of appeal.

It is not for my own sake that I would solicit a renewal of our former intercourse. I have learnt to suffice to myself. But it is in behalf of Piedmont and Italy that I offer you my hand, with some hope that I may be instrumental in reconciling you with men who are worthy of you. What concerns me alone matters but little. Only join hands with D'Azeglio, with Mamiani, with Salicetti, and Sirtori; be a friend to those who would fain build up an Italy in Piedmont, and I shall not feel aggrieved if you do not condescend to think any more of your friend and brother,

L. MARIOTTI.

HOMOEOPATHY.

November, 4, 1851.

SIR,—I find that to some extent you advocate homoeopathy, your liberality prompts you to give free utterance to everything, and your love of progress to advocate all that seems most forward. The reasons I admire, but I think the cause in question belongs to the backward. We must make some exceptions, we must stop our liberality somewhere. Miss Canary's dignity stopped at taking in the cat's meat. My liberality is small towards homoeopathy, and I will give only a few short reasons why yours should be so too.

1. It denies all the established laws of physics and chemistry. When anything does this, we at once call it a delusion. It asserts that matter of a certain kind, and almost of every kind, increases in power as it decreases in bulk. We know the contrary. We know that the greater the quantity the greater the power, and in exact proportion. By this law, and its related laws, a planet was found out. This makes the horologe of the heavens keep better time than the newest patented clock. Also, if a man can carry only 1 cwt. of coals, he never finds that by adding

another the weight becomes lighter; it is always the contrary.

Homoeopaths assert the contrary; that the minuteness gives power. But if they leave their original principle and say that it is the dynamizing by minute division, then, again, they are wrong and further wrong, because they are ignorant that almost all the elements are to be found everywhere. When the earth of a field has been examined, arsenic has been often found. Copper, gold, silver, arsenic, have been found in ordinary and wholesome plants; copper in men's bones, silver in the ocean, dynamize more thoroughly than any homoeopathist would insist on, and by their own means. In fact, we can prove that every element is in all places by the wear and tear it undergoes in society. Matter acts physically in proportion to its quantity.

2. Chemically, a drop of sulphuric acid makes a pleasant draught if put into a tumbler of water; but use much and you are killed, use more and you are made into a cinder. The more used, the more determined the result. How can it be otherwise? even chemical equivalents cannot get over the fact that the more there is of one thing, the more its effect will predominate. If five grains of arsenic kill one man, ten grains will kill two.

But the fact is, we have more sulphate of soda and phosphates in our saliva than would dose a score of homoeopathic patients according to the rule, whereas we are not dosed. We have more silica in our food in a wonderful state of division, than would put a patient into convulsions; and every drop of water we drink has as much silica in it as would drive scores into a strange homoeopathic state. But ignorance of this causes their strange blunders. Neither can they say it is not dynamized. It happens to be beautifully so, better than they can do it, as far as their meaning of dynamizing goes; and we have it in their own propositions, and in every conceivable proportion.

3. I can find no true homoeopaths who believe what their faith is founded on, and who deny what I say in practice. They use small quantities, but of the most powerful medicines, as much of them as the faculty dare to do. They do not trust to their principles; but as small quantities make an essential, they keep to that, and leave out the essence of their principle by using such powerful medicines that small quantities are alone possible.

4. They diet very well, but attribute its effects to their medicines. Although they have advanced far in the knowledge of diet, at least in Germany, they never apply their principles to it, nor endeavour to fatten an invalid on water diluted with a drop of soup.

In conclusion, I for one refuse to call that a science which has avowedly a mere theory for its foundation, not yet supported by facts, but contradicting known facts; and I believe that, in our great readiness to give ample justice, we often place ignorance, superstition, and inefficiency on a level with knowledge and sound judgment.

HEPIAISTOS.

November 1, 1851.

SIR,—In to-day's "Open Council" I find a short and angry note from "Video," censuring you for devoting so much consideration to homoeopathy, and condemning that system "as an insane idea or a vile deception."

I, Sir, will not discuss this question with "Video," because, from the uncourteous tone of his first note, I am led to believe him abler with slander than argument, with abuse than refutation. It does not palliate his harshness that Liebig was dogmatic, for authority even in science is often wrong. But I can assure him, from personal experience and experiment, that homoeopathy is more potent in treating the diseases incident to animal life than allopathy, even in the hands of its most successful practitioners.

Being neither professional nor learned, I am neither confounded by the subtleties nor influenced by the authorities of medicine. I judge from observation alone; and from observation I must consider allopathy to be, in the mass of human ailments, powerful to destroy and impotent to save. Whilst I am compelled to believe, on the other hand, that homoeopathy cannot injure and will often cure.

I do not contend for principles, but for facts. Logic cannot destroy success; and that homoeopathy does succeed is, in the language of the Jew, "sufficient."

Yours truly,

EARNEST.

HEALTH OF LONDON DURING THE WEEK.

(From the Registrar-General's Report.)

The week ending last Saturday exhibits a considerable decrease in the mortality, compared with the amount in any of the three previous weeks in October. Lately, the deaths in London have never been less than 950, and they have generally risen much above that number; but last week they declined to 861. In the ten corresponding weeks of the years 1841—50 the average was 956; and, if this average be raised in proportion to the greater amount of population at the present time, it will become 1052, compared with which the last return shows a decrease of 191. The epidemic class of diseases exhibits a decline on the preceding week, having fallen from 268 to 222. Births for the week:—Boys, 759; girls, 721; total, 1480 children were registered. The average number in six corresponding weeks of 1846—50 was 1387.

Commercial Affairs.

MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

SATURDAY.
Consols closed on Monday and Tuesday at 97½. The variations on Wednesday were curious. Consols, for money, were first quoted 98 to ½. They then touched 97½, again advanced to 98½, at which price there were buyers, and finally receded to 97½ to 98 for money, and on 98 to ½ for the 11th of December. This was imputed to the defeat of the new French Ministry. On Thursday the closing prices were 97½ 98. Yesterday they closed at 97½ 98.

The fluctuations have been, Consols, from 97½ to 98½; Bank Stock, 214 to 215; Exchequer Bills, from 51s. to 51s. premium.

Foreign Stocks yesterday were officially reported at the following prices:—Brazilian, new, 86½; Buenos Ayres, 41½ and 42; Granada, 14½; Mexican, for account, 25½; Portuguese Four per Cents., 33½ and ½; Sardinian Five per Cents., 81; the Scrip, 3½ discount; Spanish Five per Cents., for account, 20½, 20, and 20½; Passive, 5½; Spanish Three per Cents., 39 and 39½; Venezuela Deferred, 12½; Belgian Four-and-a-Half per Cents., 90 ex div.; and Dutch Two-and-a-Half per Cents., 58½.

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

	Satur.	Mond.	Tues.	Wedn.	Thurs.	Frid.
Bank Stock	—	214	214	214	214	214
3 per Ct. Red ..	—	97	97½	96½	97½	97½
3 p. C. Con. Ans.	—	97½	98	97½	98	98½
3 p. C. An. 1726.	—	—	—	—	—	—
3 p. Ct. Con., Ac.	—	97½	98	97½	97½	98
3½ p. Cent. An.	—	98½	98½	98	98½	98½
New 5 per Cts.	—	—	—	—	—	—
Long Ans., 1860.	—	7½	6	7	6	7
Ind. St. 10½ p. ct.	—	—	—	262	264	264
Ditto Bonds ..	—	60 p	63 p	61 p	59 p	59 p
Ex. Bills, 1000l.	—	54 p	57 p	51 p	54 p	55 p
Ditto, 500l. ...	—	54 p	57 p	51 p	54 p	55 p
Ditto, Small!	—	54 p	57 p	51 p	54 p	55 p

FOREIGN FUNDS.

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

Austrian 5 per Cents.	—	Mexican 5 per Ct. Acc.	25½
Belgian Bds., 4½ p. Ct.	90	Small ..	26½
Brazilian 5 per Cents.	87	Neapolitan 5 per Cents.	—
Buenos Ayres 6 p. Cts.	42	Peruvian 4½ per Cents.	87½
Chilian 6 per Cents. ...	104	Portuguese 5 per Cent.	—
Danish 5 per Cents. ...	101	4 per Cts.	32½
Dutch 2½ per Cents. ...	52½	Annuities	—
4 per Cents. ...	90	Russian, 1822, 4½ p. Cts.	101½
Ecuador Bonds ..	3½	Span. Actives, 5 p. Cts.	20½
French 5 p. C. An. at Paris	90.70	Passive ..	5½
3 p. Cts., July 11, 56.10	—	Deferred ..	—

CORN EXCHANGE.

MARK-LANE, November 7.—For corn on the spot prices remain unaltered since this day week. Floating cargoes and cargoes for shipment rather easier to buy.

Arrivals from November 3 to November 7.

	English.	Irish.	Foreign
Wheat ..	2010	—	9240
Barley ..	2990	—	570
Oats ..	950	15870	11680
Flour ..	1450	—	3140

GRAIN, Mark-lane, Nov. 7.

Wheat, R. New	33s. to 35s.	Maple	30s. to 32s.
Fine	35 — 37	White	27 — 28
Old	36 — 38	Boilers	30 — 31
White	36 — 38	Beans, Ticks ..	25 — 27
Fine	38 — 40	Old	28 — 30
Superior New	40 — 41	Indian Corn ..	27 — 29
Rye	25 — 27	Oats, Feed	17 — 18
Barley	23 — 24	Fine	18 — 19
Malt	27 — 28	Poland	19 — 20
Malt, Ord.	48 — 52	Fine	20 — 21
Fine	54 — 58	Potato	19 — 20
Peas, Hog	28 — 29	Fine	20 — 21

FLOUR.

Town-made	per sack	37s. to 40s.
Seconds	—	35 — 38
Essex and Suffolk, on board ship	—	33 — 36
Norfolk and Stockton	—	31 — 34
American	per barrel	19 — 22
Canadian	—	19 — 22
Wheaten Bread, 6½d. the 4lb. loaf.	Households,	5½d.

GENERAL AVERAGE PRICE OF GRAIN.

WEEK ENDING NOV. 1.

Imperial General Weekly Average.

Wheat	36s. 6d.	Rye	24s. 10d.
Barley	25 7	Beans	28 6
Oats	17 5	Peas	27 5

Aggregate Average of the Six Weeks.

Wheat	36s. 2d.	Rye	24s 5
Barley	25 2	Beans	28 1
Oats	17 5	Peas	27 1

AVERAGE PRICE OF SUGAR.

The average price of Brown or Muscovado Sugar, computed from the returns made in the week ending the 4th day of November, 1851, is 23s. 8d. per cwt.

Just published,

THE PROSPECTUS OF THE

CENTRAL CO-OPERATIVE AGENCY.
Containing the necessary means for obtaining further information. May be had at the following places:—The General Office, 76, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square; the Marylebone Branch, 35, Great Marylebone-street; the Manchester Branch, 13, Swan-street, Manchester; the Publishing Office of the Society for Promoting Working-Men's Associations, 183, Fleet-street. Gratis, if by personal application; if by letter, one Postage Stamp.

THE GRAND POLISH and HUNGARIAN BALL and CONCERT, in aid of the Funds of the Literary Association of the Friends of Poland, and of the Hungarian Committee, will take place at Guildhall, on THURSDAY next, the 13th instant.—Tickets (refreshments included) for a Lady and Gentleman, 21s.; for a Lady, 10s. 6d.; for a Gentleman, 15s.; may be had of Mr. Hill, at the Mansion-house; of Mr. Josiah Temple, at Guildhall; at the London Tavern; at the Polish Association, 10, Duke-street, St. James's; at the Guildhall Coffee-house; of Mr. Holt, Chairman, St. Paul's-churchyard; of the Gentlemen of the Committee; of Messrs. Keith, Frowse, and Co. 46, Cheapside; of the several Musicians in the City and at the West End of the Town; and of Mr. James R. Carr, Honorary Secretary, 11, Liverpool-street, City.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.—**M. JULLIEN'S ANNUAL SERIES OF CONCERTS**, NEXT MONDAY, November 10, 1851.

M. JULLIEN has the honour to inform the nobility, gentry, and public, that his ANNUAL SERIES of CONCERTS will commence on MONDAY NEXT, November 10.—In announcing the Series of Concerts for 1851, M. Jullien begs to assure his numerous patrons that his endeavours are still constant to enlist in the service of these Annual Entertainments the most renowned Executants of Instrumental Music, and thus, while insuring an Orchestra the ensemble of which is totally unrivalled, he is enabled to present to his audiences some of the greatest musical celebrities in Europe. M. Jullien, in carrying out these views, has entered into engagements with

Signor SIVORI, Signor PIATTI, and Signor BOTTESINI. The success of the first-named artistes, at a former Series of M. Jullien's Concerts, is too well known to need comment; Signor Bottesini, however, will perform at them for the first time—the nature of the engagement of the great Contrabassist securing his exclusive services. The appearance of Signor Bottesini at the various Concerts of the past extraordinary season created a sensation in the musical circles of the metropolis, as well as among the numerous Continental musicians then assembled in London, but very rarely excited by an instrumental performer; in fact, musicians and amateurs, as well as the public press, universally regarded the success of this young artiste as alone equalled by that of the great Paganini.

The ORCHESTRA will be complete in every respect, and include the following celebrated Solo Performers:—Band, Bizet, Collinet, Cooper, Crozier, Defolly, Deloffre, Doyle, Frelon, Godfrey, Handley, Harper, T. Harper, C. Holt, Howell, Janza, Jarret, Koenig, Kreutzer, Lavigne, Lazarus, Lutgen, Mori, Payne, Phillips, Piatti, Pilet, Pratten, Sonnenberg, Thirlwall, Vogel, Winterbottom.

Conductor, M. JULLIEN. Principal Cornet à Pistons, Herr KOENIG, Who, being exclusively engaged by M. Jullien during the whole year, can only be heard in his Concerts.

Several of the Instruments to which were awarded the Council Medals at the Great Exhibition having been purchased by M. Jullien, they will be introduced during the Concerts.

Notwithstanding that Instrumental Music has always been the special characteristic of M. Jullien's Concerts, he has, as during former seasons, secured the services of an eminent Vocalist, and this year he has made an engagement with

Miss DOLBY, Who will appear on the Opening Night.

The repertoire of M. Jullien, already one of vast extent, will this season be increased by the addition of several most important works of the great Masters. M. Jullien has also arranged a Grand Selection from Mozart's celebrated Opera, "Il Flauto Magico," and another from Beethoven's grand work, "Fidelio."

Among the lighter portions of the Music will be presented the new Waltzes, Polkas, and Quadrilles, which M. Jullien last year had the distinguished honour of composing for her Majesty's State Balls, and also several entirely new Pieces, composed expressly for the present Series of Concerts, among which will be found THE INDIAN QUADRILLE, composed on East Indian Melodies, and exhibiting the peculiar characteristics of the Instruments of the Native Indians, used in their dances, festivals, sports, wars, religious ceremonies, &c.

The Decoration of the Promenade will be entirely new, and the whole Theatre well warmed and ventilated. The Grand Crystal Curtain will also be exhibited.

The Reading Room will contain six well-lighted reading tables, on which will be found six London morning papers, three evening papers, twenty-three weekly papers, and twenty provincial papers; besides the Irish, Scotch, German, American, Italian, Swiss, Dutch, Indian, Chinese, Australian, New Zealand, Malta, Portuguese, Ionian, Canadian, Belgian, and Spanish newspapers, magazines, and other periodicals.

The Refreshments will be provided by Mr. G. Payne, and be of the best quality and at the most moderate prices. The Concerts will on each Evening commence at Eight and terminate at Eleven o'clock.

Prices of Admission:—Promenade, Boxes, and Galleries, One Shilling; Dress Circle, 2s. 6d.; Private Boxes, 19s. 6d., 21s., and 31s. 6d.

Places, and Private Boxes, may be secured on application to Mr. O'Reilly, at the Box-office of the Theatre, which is open from Ten till Five; Private Boxes also at Mr. Mitchell's; Mr. Sams's; Messrs. Leader and Cook's; Mr. Chappell's; Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s; Messrs. Campbell, Ramsford, and Co.'s; Mr. C. Ollivier's; and at Jullien and Co.'s establishment, 214, Regent-street.

N.B.—The Theatre being let at Christmas for Dramatic Performances, the Concerts can continue for one Month only.

ENAMELLED DAGUERREOTYPES, by Mr. BEARD, 85, KING WILLIAM-STREET, CITY; 31, PARLIAMENT-STREET; and the ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION, REGENT-STREET; also 34, CHURCH-STREET, LIVERPOOL.

Mr. B. BEARD has recently introduced an important improvement, by which his Daguerreotype Miniatures are enamelled, and thereby secured from that susceptibility to tarnish and become obscured, which all others are liable to; the colours also attain the brilliancy, depth of tone, and permanency of an oil painting.

LOUIS ROSSI, HAIR-CUTTER and COIFFEUR, 254, Regent-street, opposite Hanover-square, Inventor of the TRANSPARENT HEAD-DRESSES and PERUKES, the Hair of which is singly attached to a thin, transparent fabric, rendering the skin of the head perfectly visible; and being attached to a foundation constructed on geometrical principles, renders them superior to all others hitherto invented.

Sole proprietor of the CELEBRATED PERUVIAN BALM, which is universally approved and admired. This BALM, containing neither ardent spirit, pungent essential oils, nor other injurious materials, cleans the Hair expeditiously, renders it beautifully bright, and imparts to it the delicate fragrance of Flowers. The Hair when washed with this Balm soon becomes pleasantly soft, and luxuriant in growth; and although by improperly employing injurious extracts to clean it, the Hair may have been rendered harsh, or turned grey, it will soon be restored to its Natural Colour and Brilliancy by using the PERUVIAN BALM.

THE LECTURE ON THE WEEK.

To-morrow (Sunday) Evening, Mr. THORNTON HUNT will deliver a LECTURE on the WEEK, its Events, Achievements, Spirit, and Progress; the First of a Series which he will continue every Sunday Evening in the Lecture Theatre of the Western Literary Institution, 47, Leicester-square. To commence at Seven. Admission, 1s.; reserved seats, 2s. 6d.; and (to facilitate the attendance of the Working Classes), a large number of comfortable seats at 3d.

OFFICE FOR PATENTS, BRITISH AND FOREIGN, and REGISTRATION OF DESIGNS.—Conducted by Mr. J. G. WILSON, C. E., 18, Great George-street (opposite the Abbey), Westminster. Every description of business connected with Patents transacted daily. Inventors assisted in ascertaining the novelty of their Inventions and with Capital when required. Office hours, Ten to Four o'clock.

CENTRAL CO-OPERATIVE AGENCY, INSTITUTED UNDER TRUST, TO COUNTERACT THE SYSTEM OF ADULTERATION AND FRAUD NOW PREVAILING IN THE TRADE, AND TO PROMOTE THE PRINCIPLE OF CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION.

Trustees—Edward Vansittart Neale, Esq. (Founder of the Institution); and Thomas Hughes, Esq. (one of the Contributors). Commercial Firm—Lechevalier, Woodin, Jones, and Co. Central Establishment—76, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-sq, London. Branch Establishments—35, Great Marylebone-street, Portland-place, London; and 13, Swan-street, Manchester.

The agency is instituted for a period of 100 years. Its objects are to counteract the system of adulteration and fraud now prevailing in the trade; to deal as agents for the consumers in purchasing the articles for their consumption, and for the producers in selling their produce; to promote the progress of the principle of Association; to find employment for co-operative associations by the collection of orders to be executed under especial guarantee to the customers.

A commercial firm, acting under the permanent control of trustees, has been found the safer and more acceptable mode of carrying out these objects according to law. The agency consists, therefore, of trustees, contributors, subscribers, and a commercial partnership.

The capital required for the wholesale and retail business having been supplied by the founder and the first contributors, no express call is made at present, either for contributions or subscriptions. The capital will be further increased after the public have been made acquainted with the objects of the institution, and have experienced its mode of dealing.

Customers, after three months' regular dealing, are entitled to a bonus, to be fixed according to the amount of their transactions by the council of the agency, consisting of the trustees and partners.

After payment of all expenses, salaries, profits, and bonuses returned to contributors, subscribers, and regular customers, the general profits are to be accumulated, part to form a reserve fund, and part to promote co-operative associations.

Business transacted wholesale and retail. Subscribers, Co-operative Stores, Working Men's Associations, Regular Customers, and the Public supplied.

The Agency intend hereafter to undertake the execution of all orders for any kind of articles or produce; their operations for the present are restricted to GROCERIES, WINES, and ITALIAN ARTICLES, as a specimen of what can be done with the support of co-operative customers.

Rules have been framed and printed to enable any number of families of all classes, in any district of London, or any part of the country, to form themselves into "Friendly Societies" for enjoying the benefit of Co-operative Stores. To be sent by post to parties forwarding four stamps.

Particulars of the nature and objects of the Central Co-operative Agency, with a Digest of the Deed of Settlement, are to be found in the printed report of a meeting held at the Central Office of the Agency. To be sent by post to parties forwarding 4 stamps.

A list of articles with the wholesale prices for Co-operative Stores, and a detailed Catalogue for private customers, will also be sent by post on payment of one postage stamp for the Wholesale List, and two for the Catalogue.

Particulars, Rules, List, and Catalogue will be forwarded immediately on receipt of ten postage stamps.

All communications to be addressed to MM. Lechevalier, Woodin, Jones, and Co., at the Central-office, 76, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square.

ORDERS FOR THE ASSOCIATIONS OF WORKING MEN ALREADY IN EXISTENCE—BUILDERS, PRINTERS, BAKERS, TAILORS, SHOEMAKERS, NEEDLEWOMEN—CAN BE SENT THROUGH THE AGENCY, AND WILL RECEIVE IMMEDIATE ATTENTION.

THE ROYAL EXHIBITION.—A valuable

newly invented, very small, powerful WAISTCOAT POCKET GLASS, the size of a walnut, to discern minute objects at a distance of from four to five miles, which is found to be invaluable to Yachters, Sportsmen, Gentlemen, and Gamekeepers. Price 30s.; sent free.—TELESCOPES. A new and most important invention in Telescopes, possessing such extraordinary powers, that some, 3½ inches, with an extra eye piece, will show distinctly Jupiter's moons, Saturn's ring, and the double stars. They supersede every other kind, and are of all sizes, for the waistcoat pocket, shooting, military purposes, &c. Opera and Race-Course Glasses, with wonderful powers; a minute object can be clearly seen from ten to twelve miles distant. Invaluable, newly invented Preserving Spectacles; invisible and all kinds of acoustic instruments, for relief of extreme deafness.—Messrs. S. and B. SOLOMONS, Opticians and Astruts, 39, Albemarle-street, Piccadilly, opposite the York Hotel.

GREAT WESTERN and FOREST of DEAN COAL COMPANY.

Capital, £25,000. In 25,000 Shares, of £1 per Share, paid-up. Provisionally registered pursuant to the 7th and 8th Vic., cap. 110. Temporary Office—No. 3, Bridge-street, Westminster.

Colonel Salwey, M.P., Egham-park, Surrey. James Harner, Esq., Ingress-park, Greenhithe, Kent. Messrs. Lind and Rickard, No. 3, Bank-chambers, Lothbury.

Messrs. Coombe and Nickoll, No. 3, Bridge-street, Westminster. This Company has been formed for the purpose of working some of the most valuable property in the Forest of Dean. The well known capabilities of the coal fields in this district have long been known and partially worked.

The recent opening of the South Wales Railway, which skirts the Forest of Dean, will give this Company great advantages in supplying not only the entire district in connection with the South Wales Railway and the Great Western Railway, but in the great metropolis itself.

Applications for the remaining Shares to be made, in the usual form, to the Brokers, as above, and the Secretary, at the Office of the Company.

By order of the Directors, HENRY CAPPEL, Secretary.

November 3, 1851.

CASE of DEEP DISTRESS.—The following

Case of Deep Distress has come to the knowledge of Mr. Charles Mitchell, Publisher, of Red Lion-court, Fleet-street, London, who can vouch for it in its most minute particulars. Thousands would contribute to such cases, he is well aware, if they could be substantiated, and it is only the numerous impositions so frequently practised, that makes them withhold their mite. To those he appeals for one who has known better days, and who, in her depression, will gratefully acknowledge the smallest sum that beneficence may award:—

The person for whom he appeals is a female,—respectably born and educated, she married the son of a flourishing tradesman at Norwich, and for sometime all went well. But misfortunes overtook them,—after various struggles, they removed to Hull, and about four years since the Husband died, leaving his Widow and EIGHT CHILDREN totally unprovided for. Since that period the Widow has struggled through every degree of poverty and privation, labouring to support her children and to bring them up honestly and as respectfully as her position allowed, and now finds herself utterly unable to provide for them. One child, the youngest, died since the death of its Father; the eldest is a teacher in an infants' school; the next is a milliner's assistant; the OTHER FIVE are unable to do anything for their support, and one of them, the youngest, is now lying in a state of dangerous illness from dysentery, which has brought on ulcerated bowels. Under this state of complicated ills, to which may be added arrears of rent, it is hoped that the charitable and humane will contribute to the relief of this distressed family. Mr. Mitchell will gladly receive the smallest sum (in postage stamps or otherwise) for their assistance, as it is not the amount of individual subscriptions, but the number whom he hopes to enlist in this cause of real benevolence, that he trusts to raise a sum adequate to the alleviation of the woes of honest poverty.

A MUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.—

The public are admitted, without charge, to the British Museum, National Gallery, East India Company's Museum, London Missionary Society's Museum, and to the Splendid Exhibition of Art and Industry, on view from 8 in the morning till 8 at night, at Benetfink and Company's Emporium for Furnishing Ironmongery, 89 and 90, Cheapside, London. The splendid stock comprises every variety of Electro-plated Wares, Chandeliers, Lamps, Tea-urns, Tea-trays, Cutlery, Iron Bedsteads, Baths, Stoves, Fire-irons; in short, every requisite either for the Mansion or the Cottage.

At this establishment you cannot be deceived, because every article is marked in plain figures, and at such prices as can be offered only by a house whose gross sales are so enormous as to enable them to sell the best articles at 10 or 15 per cent. less than any other house in the kingdom. That we can furnish a mansion, is demonstrated by the continued patronage of the nobility and gentry; and to prove that we can also suit the necessary and judicious economy of those moving in a more humble sphere, we are enabled actually to furnish an eight-roomed house for £5, and the articles, too, of the best quality and workmanship. This may appear incredible; but as we are the largest buyers of iron goods, to say nothing of those of our own manufacture, in London, we can do it, and subjoin a list of the requisites:—

1 Hall-lamp	0 10 6
1 Umbrella-stand	0 4 6
1 Bronzed Dining-room Fender and Standards	0 5 6
1 Set of Polished Steel Fire-irons	0 3 6
1 Brass Toast-stand	0 1 6
1 Fire-guard	0 1 6
1 Bronzed and Polished Steel Scroll Fender	0 8 6
1 Set Polished Steel Fire-irons, Bright Pan	0 5 6
1 Ornamented Japanned Scuttle and Scoop	0 4 6
1 Best Bed-room Fender and Polished Steel Fire-irons	0 7 0
2 Bed-room Fenders, and 2 Sets of Fire-irons	0 7 6
Set of Four Block-tin Dish Covers	0 11 6
1 Bread-grater, 6d., Tin Candlestick, 9d.	0 1 3
1 Teakettle, 2s. 6d., 1 Gridiron, 1s.	0 3 6
1 Frying-pan, 1s., 1 Meat-chopper, 1s. 6d.	0 2 6
1 Colfeepot, 1s., 1 Colander, 1s.	0 2 0
1 Dust-pan, 6d., 1 Fish-kettle, 4s.	0 4 6
1 Fish-slice, 6d., 1 Flour-box, 8d.	0 1 2
1 Pepper-box	0 0 4
3 Tinned Iron Saucepans	0 5 0
1 Oval Boiling-pot, 3s. 8d., 1 Set of Skewers, 4d.	0 4 0
3 Spoons, 9d., Tea-pot and Tray, 3s.	0 3 9
Toasting-fork	0 0 6

NOTE.—Any one or more of the articles may be selected at the above prices. And all orders for £5 and upwards will be forwarded free to any part of the kingdom. Note, therefore, the address, BENETFINK and Co., 89 and 90, Cheapside, London; and if you are about to furnish, and want to buy economically and tastefully visit this establishment.

STEAM TO INDIA, CHINA, &c.—

Particulars of the regular Monthly Mail Steam Conveyance and of the additional lines of communication, now established by the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company with the East, &c. The Company book passengers, and receive goods and parcels as heretofore for CEYLON, MADRAS, CALCUTTA, PENANG, SINGAPORE, and HONG KONG, by their steamers, starting from SOUTHAMPTON on the 20th of every month, and from SUEZ on or about the 10th of the month.

The next extra Steamer will be despatched from Southampton for Alexandria on the 3rd of April next, in combination with an extra Steamer, to leave Calcutta on or about March 20. Passengers may be booked, and goods and parcels forwarded, by these extra steamers to or from SOUTHAMPTON, ALEXANDRIA, ADEN, CEYLON, MADRAS, and CALCUTTA.

BOMBAY.—The Company will likewise despatch from Bombay, about the 17th of December and 17th of February next, a first-class Steam-ship for Aden, to meet there the Company's ships between Calcutta and Suez, in connection with their Mediterranean Steamers leaving Alexandria about the 6th of January and 6th of March, affording direct conveyance for passengers, parcels, and goods from BOMBAY to Southampton. Passengers, parcels, and goods for BOMBAY and WESTERN INDIA will also be conveyed throughout in the Mail Steamers leaving Southampton on the 20th of December and the 20th of February next, and the corresponding vessels from Suez to Aden, at which latter port a Steam-ship of the Company will be in waiting to embark and convey them to Bombay.

Passengers for Bombay can also proceed by this Company's Steamers of the 29th of the month to Malta, thence to Alexandria by her Majesty's steamers, and from Suez by the Honourable East India Company's steamers.

MEDITERRANEAN.—MALTA—On the 20th and 29th of every month. Constantinople—On the 29th of the month. Alexandria—On the 20th of the month.

SPAIN AND PORTUGAL. Vigo, Oporto, Lisbon, Cadiz, and Gibraltar, on the 7th, 17th, and 27th of the month.

N.B. Steam-ships of the Company now ply direct between Calcutta, Penang, Singapore, and Hong Kong, and between Hong Kong and Shanghai.

For further information and tariffs of the Company's recently revised and reduced rates of passage-money and freight, and for plans of the vessels, and to secure passages, &c., apply at the Company's Offices, 122, Leadenhall-street, London, and Oriental-place, Southampton.

APPLICATIONS OF GUTTA PERCHA.

DOMESTIC, &c.—Soles for Boots and Shoes, Lining for Cisterns, &c., Picture Frames, Looking-glass Frames, Ornamental Mouldings, Bowls, Drinking Cups, Jars, Soap Dishes, Vases, Ornamental Ink-stands, Noiseless Curtain Rings, Card, Fruit, Pin, and Pen Trays, Tooth-brush Trays, Shaving-brush Trays, Window-blind Cord, Clothes' Line, Drain and Soil Pipes, Tubing for Watering Gardens, &c., Lining for Bonnets, Watch Stands, Shells, and Lighter Stands. **SURGICAL**—Splints, Thin Sheet for Bandages, Stethoscopes, Ear Trumpets, Bed Straps, and Bedpans for Invalids. **CHEMICAL**—Carboys, Vessels for Acids, &c., Siphons, Tubing for conveying Oils, Acids, Alkalis, &c., Flasks, Bottles, Lining for Tanks and Funnels. **MANUFACTURING**—Buckets, Mill Bands, Pump Buckets, Felt Edging, Bosses, Shuttle Beds, Washers, Round Bands and Cord, Breasts for Water-Wheels. **FOR OFFICES, &c.**—Wafers, Holders, Ink-stands, Ink-cups, Pen Trays, Cash Bowls, Washing Basins, &c., Tubes for Conveying Messages, Canvas for covering Books, &c., and Plan Cases. **AGRICULTURAL**—Tubing for Liquid Manure, Lining for Manure Tanks, Traces, and Whips. **ELECTRICAL, &c.**—Covering for Electric Telegraph Wire, Insulating Stools, Battery Cells, and Electrotypes Moulds. **ORNAMENTAL**—Medallions, Brackets, Cornices, Mouldings in imitation of Carved Oak, Rosewood, &c., and Picture Frames. **USE ON SHIPBOARD**—Life Buoys, Buckets, Pump Buckets, Hand Speaking Trumpets, Drinking Cups, Waterproof Canvas, Life Boat Cells, Tubes for Pumping Water from the Hold to the Deck, Round and Twisted Cords, Lining for Boxes. **MISCELLANEOUS**—Suction Pipes for Fire Engines, Buckets, Communion Trays, Tubing for Ventilation, Hearing Apparatus for Deaf Persons, Balls, Police Staves, Life Preservers, Railway Conversation Tubes, Miners' Caps, Thread, &c., Official Seals, &c., Powder Flasks, &c. &c.

The Gutta Percha Company, Patentees, 18, Wharf-road, City-road

THOMAS COOPER, Author of "The Purgatory of Suicides," &c., delivers Oration on the following subjects:—

The Genius of SHAKESPEARE, as displayed in his "Hamlet;" with Readings and Recitations from the Play, the Music of Ophelia's Songs, &c.

The Life and Genius of MILTON; with Recitations from "Paradise Lost," &c.

The Life and Genius of BURNS; with the Music of some of his Songs, Recitations of "Tam o' Shanter," &c.

The Life and Genius of BYRON; with Readings and Recitations from his Works.

The Life and Genius of SHELLEY; with Readings and Recitations from his Works.

CIVILIZATION: What it was in the Past—What it effects for Man in the Present—and the Universal Human Happiness it must produce in the Future.

THE ENGLISH COMMONWEALTH: Founders of the Struggle—Coke, Seldon, Eliot, Pym, Hampden, &c.—Despotism of the King, and Tyranny of Laud—Civil War—Death of Hampden—Battle of Naseby—Imprisonment, Trial, and Execution of Charles 1st.

THE ENGLISH COMMONWEALTH: Government by Parliament and Council of State—Cromwell in Ireland, and in Scotland—Battles of Dunbar and Worcester—Protectorate and Character of Oliver Cromwell—Lessons to be derived from the great Commonwealth Struggle.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1789: Its Causes, and Progress of Events from its commencement to the Execution of Louis 16th.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1789: Events from the Death of the King to the Fall of the Directory.

The Life and Character of NAPOLEON.

The Life and Reign of LOUIS PHILIPPE; with a Retrospect of the late Revolution.

COLUMBUS; and the Discovery of America.

CORTES; and the Conquest of Mexico.

PIZARRO; and the Conquest of Peru.

WASHINGTON; and the Independence of America.

WILHELM TELL; and the Deliverance of Switzerland.

RIENZI the Tribune; and the "Good Estate."

MASSANIello, the Fisherman of Naples, and "Captain of the People."

Kosciusko; and the Struggles for Polish Independence.

WICKLIFFE, and the Lollards.

LUTHER, and the Reformation.

Life, Character, and Influence of GALVIN; including a Sketch of the Life and Character of SERVETUS.

GEORGE FOX, and Quakerism.

MAHOMMED, and Mahomedanism.

The Age of CHIVALRY, and the Crusades.

Sir WALTER RALPH, and the Age of ELIZABETH.

MARLBOROUGH, Court Influence, and the Reign of ANNE.

Philanthropy: as exemplified in the Lives of BERNARD GILPIN; OBERLIN, and JOHN HOWARD.

Persistence and Independence of Character; as exemplified in the Life-struggle of DANIEL DEFOE, the author of "Robinson Crusoe."

The Life and Genius of Sir ISAAC NEWTON.

The Life and Genius of Sir WILLIAM JONES.

The Life and Genius of Dr. JOHNSON.

The Life and Genius of VOLTAIRE.

The Life and Genius of ROUSSEAU.

Administration of PITT; and its Influence on our own Times.

The Life and Character of the late Sir ROBERT PEEL: his Influence on our Age; and a Glance at Coming Events, which "Cast their Shadows before."

The Wrongs of IRELAND.

The Life and Genius of HANDEL.

The Lives and Genius of HAYDN, MOZART, and BERTHOVEN.

With numerous Serial Discourses; such as, Four on Astronomy, Ten on the History of Greece, Sixteen on Roman History, Twelve on British History, Six on Papal History, Four on the German People, Four on the Slavonic People, &c. &c.

TERMS, TO WORKING MEN ONLY.

(Paying my own Travelling* and other personal Expenses.)

For One Oration, Two Pounds.

For Two Orations—the one delivered on the night following the other—Three Pounds.

For any number of Orations, delivered on successive nights, Thirty Shillings each.

5, Park-row, Knightsbridge, London.

* N.B. When the distance from London is great, and a special journey has to be made from the Metropolis, of course, some allowance for extra travelling expenses will be expected.

[I am open to engagements after Christmas: until then, my appointments are as follows:—November 2, John-street, London; 3, Winchester; 4, Salisbury; 5 and 6, Southampton; 9, City-road, London; 10, 11, and 12, Portsmouth; 13 and 14, Hastings; 16, John-street; 17, 18, and 19, Nottingham; 20 and 21, Derby; 23, City-road; 24, Worcester; 25 and 26, Pershore; 27 and 28, Reading; 30, John-street. December 1, Cheltenham; 2 and 3, Evesham; 4 and 5, Reading; 7, City-road; 8, Leicester; 9 and 10, Wakefield; 11 and 12 (); 14, John-street; 15 and following days, Norwich, Lowestoft, &c.; 21, City-road; 25 and 26, John-street.—T. C.]

REDEMPTION SOCIETY.—Notice is hereby

given, that an Election of two Shoemakers for location on the Society's Estate, will take place at the Society's Room, 162, Briggate, Leeds, on Monday, the 17th of November, at Eight o'clock, P.M. One of the above must be competent to "click," keep accounts, and manage the shoe trade; and the other a good man's man. One may be a married man whose wife has been accustomed to bind shoes, &c.

Applications and testimonials of character and ability must be sent to the Secretary, on or before Monday, the 10th of November.

All branches to hold the election on the 17th of November.

By order of the Directors, J. HENDERSON, Sec.

REDEMPTION SOCIETY.—The Directors have determined to send two more Shoemakers to the community, as it is found that there are more orders coming in than can be executed by those already located. Moneys received for the week—Leeds, £1. 12s.; Mr. Reed, Epworth, 5s.; Coventry, per Mr. Shuffelbotham, £1. 5s. 4d.; Longton, per Mr. Riley, 2s. 4d.; building fund, Leeds, 5s. 6d.; Coventry, 3s.; Mr. Reed, Epworth, 10s.; Propagandist fund, 7s.

J. HENDERSON, Sec.

162, Briggate, Leeds.

MITRE GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE, ANNUITY and FAMILY ENDOWMENT ASSOCIATION, 23, Pall-mall, London.

The sum usually charged at the age of 25 to assure £1000 in such Offices as adopt the principle of granting Bonuses at stated intervals, will, in the MITRE, assure nearly £1400. Here is an IMMEDIATE BONUS of what requires more than twenty years to attain in other cases.

Endowments granted on liberal terms for School and College Education, Professional Premiums, Marriage Portions, &c.

Oct. 1851. WILLIAM BRIDGES, Actuary and Secretary.

TRAFALGAR LIFE ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.

Every description of Life Assurance business transacted.

Loans granted on personal and other securities.

Detailed Prospectuses, containing the names and addresses of nearly seven hundred shareholders, rates of premium, an explanation of the system now originated, together with useful information and statistics respecting Life Assurance, may be had on application at the offices.

Parties desirous of becoming Agents or Medical Referees are requested to communicate with the Secretary.

By order of the Board, THOMAS H. BAYLIS.

Offices; 40, Pall-mall, London.

TRAFALGAR LIFE ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the FIRST ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders of this Association will be held at the Offices, No. 40, Pall-mall, London, on MONDAY, the 24th of November next, at Eleven for Twelve o'clock precisely, for the reception of the Annual Report, for the declaration of a Dividend, the election and reelection of Directors, and for any other general business usually transacted at an annual general meeting.

By order of the Board, THOMAS H. BAYLIS, Manager and Secretary.

Offices, 40, Pall-mall, London.

PROFESSIONAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

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

Capital—TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND POUNDS.

Chairman—Major HENRY STONES, LL.B.

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With upwards of Fourteen Hundred Shareholders.

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

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

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

All policies indisputable and free of stamp duty.

Rates of premium extremely moderate.

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

Medical men in all cases remunerated for their report.

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

A liberal commission allowed to agents.

Annual premium for assuring £100, namely:—

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

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

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THE MERCHANTS AND TRADESMAN'S MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, 5, Chatham-place, Blackfriars, London; 53, Dale-street, Liverpool; and all the principal Towns in the Kingdom.

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Assurances on Lives and Survivorships; Annuities for Old Age; Endowments for Children; and every description of Life Assurance may be effected in this office.

Policies indisputable, except in cases of Fraud.

All the Profits go to the Members.

Prospectuses may be had at the Offices, or of the Agents.

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* Active persons required as agents where they are not already appointed.

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From the commencement of the present year 500 New Policies have been issued, making the total number since the establishment of the Office, in 1840, more than 5700.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES.

Lower Premiums than in most other Offices.

The Entire Profits divisible among the Assured.

Claims paid to Widows and Children free of Legacy and Probate duty.

The Lowest Rate of Mortality of any Office in England.

Annuities, Immediate and Deferred, Assurances for the whole of Life, for Short Terms, on Joint Lives, and every other description of Business.

Prospectuses and Forms of Proposal may be obtained on application to the Secretary or any of the Agents.

N.B. Active and respectable Agents wanted in every town where none are appointed.

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH OF THE

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

Incorporated by Act of Parliament, 7 and 8 Vic., cap. 110.

With a Guarantee Fund of Fifty Thousand Pounds.

Chief Office, 34, Moorgate-street, Bank, London.

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Henry Annesley Voysey, Esq., Guildford-street, Russell-square.

MANAGER—J. W. Sprague, Esq.

The Directors of this Society, in addition to the ordinary business usually transacted by Life Assurance Societies, have formed a distinct Branch for the Industrial Classes, embracing every system of Life Assurance, and for that purpose have caused extensive tables to be prepared, combining the interests of every class of Assurers, in a manner more comprehensive than has hitherto been attempted by any similar Society.

The system of Life Assurance hitherto propounded, although admirably well adapted to the means and circumstances of the middling and higher classes of society, nevertheless is not available to the ever-varying condition of nearly nine-tenths of the people of this great commercial country, viz., the Industrial Classes.

Ninepence per Month, or the cost of one pint of beer per week, will secure £30 to the wife and family, at the death of a man aged 25 next birthday; or,

One Shilling and Three Pence per Month will secure to a person of the same age the sum of £25 on his attaining the age of 60, or the same sum would be paid to his family should he die before attaining that age.

NON-FORFEITURE OF MONEY PAID.

DEAFNESS—SINGING in the EARS.—

Extraordinary Cures are effected daily, in cases long since pronounced incurable by the Faculty. Even in cases of total deafness, which have existed a lifetime, a positive cure can be guaranteed without pain or operation, by a newly discovered and infallible mode of treatment, discovered and practised only by Dr. FRANCIS, Physician, Aurist, 40, Liverpool-street, King's Cross, London. Dr. F. has applied this new treatment in the presence of and on several of the most eminent medical men of the day, who have been utterly astonished at its magical effect. All martyrs to these distressing complaints should immediately consult Dr. Francis, as none need now despair, however bad their case. Hours of consultation daily from Eleven till Four, and Six till Nine. Country patients, stating their case by letter, will receive the means of cure per post, with such advice and directions as are guaranteed to render failure impossible.

DR. CULVERWELL ON NERVOUSNESS, DEBILITY, AND INDIGESTION; also on Urinary Derangements, Constipation, and Hæmorrhoids. 1s. each; by post, 1s. 6d.

WHAT TO EAT, DRINK, AND AVOID.

"Abstinentia multi curantur morbi."
A popular exposition of the principal causes (over an careless feeding, &c.) of the above harassing and distressing complaints, with an equally intelligible and popular exposition of how we should live to get rid of them; to which is added diet tables for every meal in the day, and full instructions for the regimen and observance of every hour out of the twenty-four: illustrated by numerous cases, &c.

Vols. 2 and 3, companions to the preceding,
THE ENJOYMENT OF LIFE. | HOW TO BE HAPPY.
"Jucunde Vivere."

ON URINARY DISORDERS, CONSTIPATION, and HÆMORRHOIDS; their Obviation and Removal.
Sherwood, 23, Paternoster-row; Mann, 39, Cornhill; and the Author, 10, Argyll-place, Regent-street: consultation hours, ten to twelve; evenings, seven till nine.

HERE IS YOUR REMEDY!

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.—A most miraculous CURE of BAD LEGS, after forty-three years' suffering.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. William Galpin, of 70, St. Mary's-street, Weymouth, dated May 15, 1851.

"To Professor HOLLOWAY.
"SIR,—At the age of eighteen my wife (who is now sixty-one) caught a violent cold, which settled in her legs, and ever since that time they have been more or less sore and greatly inflamed. Her agonies were distracting, and for months together she was deprived entirely of rest and sleep. Every remedy that medical men advised was tried, but without effect; her health suffered severely, and the state of her legs was terrible. I had often read your advertisements, and advised her to try your pills and ointment; and, as a last resource, after every other remedy had proved useless, she consented to do so. She commenced six weeks ago, and, strange to relate, is now in good health. Her legs are painless, without seam or scar, and her sleep sound and undisturbed. Could you have witnessed the sufferings of my wife during the last forty-three years, and contrast them with her present enjoyment of health, you would indeed feel delighted in having been the means of so greatly alleviating the sufferings of a fellow creature. (Signed) WILLIAM GALPIN."

Sold by the Proprietor, 244, Strand (near Temple Bar), London, and by all respectable Venders of Patent Medicines throughout the Civilized World, in Pots and Boxes, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each. There is a very considerable saving in taking the larger sizes.

N.B.—Directions for the guidance of Patients are affixed to each pot or box.

BEAUTIFUL HAIR, WHISKERS, EYE-

BROWS, &c., may be with certainty obtained by using a very small portion of ROSALIE COUPELLE'S PARISIAN POMADE, every morning, instead of any oil or other preparation. A fortnight's use will, in most instances, show its surprising properties in producing and curling Whiskers, Hair, &c., at any age, from whatever cause deficient; as also checking greyness, &c. For Children it is indispensable, forming the basis of a beautiful head of Hair, and rendering the use of the small comb unnecessary. Persons who have been deceived by ridiculously named imitations of this Pomade, will do well to make one trial of the genuine preparation, which they will never regret. Price 2s. per pot, sent post free with instructions, &c., on receipt of 24 postage stamps, by Madame Coupelle, Ely-place, Holborn, London, or it may be obtained of the Agents.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—None is genuine unless the signature, "Rosalie Coupelle," is in red letters on a white ground on the stamp round each package of her preparations.

TESTIMONIALS, the originals of which, with many others, may be seen at the establishment:—

Mr. John Bottomley, Southwam—"Your Parisian Pomade is very superior to anything of the kind I ever met with." Mr. Fieldsend, Hainton, Wrugby—"Your Pomade has greatly benefited my hair; I would not be without it on any account." Coventry—"Mrs. Ogilvey is anxious to have the Pomade by return, as her hair is much improved by its use." Miss Jackson, 14, Lee-street, Chorlton, Manchester—"I have used one box; my hair in one place had fallen off, it is now grown surprisingly." Lieutenant Holroyd, R.N., writes—"Its effects are truly astonishing; it has thickened and darkened my hair very much." Mr. Winkle Brigg—"I am happy to inform you my hair has very much improved since using your Pomade." Mr. Canning, 120, Northgate, Wakefield—"I have found your Pomade the best yet; the only good about the others is their singular names." Mr. Yates, hairdresser, Malton—"The young man has now a good pair of whiskers; I want you to send me two pots for other customers."

PURE LIQUID HAIR DYE.—Madame Coupelle feels the utmost confidence in recommending her LIQUID HAIR DYE, which is undoubtedly the most perfect and efficient ever discovered. It is a pure liquid, that changes hair of all colours in three minutes to any shade required, from light auburn to jet black, so beautifully natural as to defy detection; it does not stain the skin, is most easily applied, and free from any objectionable quality. It needs only to be used once, producing a permanent dye. Persons who have been deceived by useless preparations (dangerous to the head, hair, &c.), will find this dye unexceptionable.

Price 3s. 6d. per bottle. Sent post free on receipt of forty-eight postage stamps by Madame Coupelle, or of the Agents.—James Thompson, Esq., Middleton—"I have tried your invaluable Dye, and find it to answer the highest expectations." Mr. J. N. Clarke, Killinick, Wexford—"Your Liquid is a most excellent and immediate Dye for the Hair, far preferable to all others I have purchased."—N.B. Any of the above will be sent (free) per return of post, on receipt of the price in postage stamps, by Madame Coupelle, 35, Ely-place, Holborn, London; where she may be consulted on the above matters daily, from two till five o'clock.

NERVOUSNESS, and all its attendant miseries

and distressing symptoms, positively CURED, without the least inconvenience or danger to the most delicate constitution, by a new and infallible remedy; guaranteed to effect a perfect cure in the most inveterate case; even in cases of complete prostration of nervous energy its success is certain. Dr. ALFRED BEAUMONT, M.D., M.R.C.S., and Consulting Physician, having long used it in his private practice without a single instance of failure, begs to offer it to the Public, from benevolence rather than gain; and will send it carriage free, with full directions, upon receipt of 7s. 6d. in postage stamps, addressed to him at 6, Beaufort-street, Strand, London.

HOMOEOPATHY.—All the Homœopathic

Medicines, in Globules, Tinctures, and Trituration, are prepared with the greatest care and accuracy by JOHN MAWSON, Homœopathic Chemist, 4, Hood-street, Newcastle-on-Tyne; and 60, Fawcett-street, Sunderland; from whom they may be obtained, in single tubes, neat pocket cases, and boxes, suitable for families and the profession. "Laurie's" and all other works on Homœopathy, together with cases and tubes, sent post-free to all parts of the kingdom. Dispensaries and the profession supplied on liberal terms.

Just published, and may be had free of charge, a small pamphlet on Homœopathy, by J. Silk Buckingham, Esq.

MAWSON'S HOMOEOPATHIC COCOA.—The Cocoa-nut, or nib, contains a very large proportion of nutritive matter, consisting of a farinaceous substance, and of a rich and pleasant oil. This oil is esteemed on account of its being less liable than any other oil to rancidity. Homœopathic physicians are united in their recommendation of cocoa as a beverage; and the testimonials from other sources are numerous and of the highest character. It was so highly esteemed by Linnaeus, the chief of Naturalists, that he named it Theobroma—"Food for the Gods."

Dr. Pereira says, "It is a very nourishing beverage, devoid of the ill properties possessed by both tea and coffee."

Dr. Epps, the popular lecturer on Physiology, says:—"Mothers, while suckling, should never take Coffee; they should suckle on Cocoa. I have the testimony of mothers who have so suckled, and they state that they found, with Cocoa without Beer, they produced quite sufficient milk, and the children suckled with such diet were in better health than those suckled on a previous occasion, when Beer, and Coffee, and Tea formed the liquid part of their diet." The same author adds:—"Cocoa is the best of all flavoured drinks. It is highly nutritious."

Many persons have been turned against the use of Cocoa and Chocolate from having tried the many, and very generally inferior article vended at the grocers' shops under that name. The preparation here offered by JOHN MAWSON, contains all the nutritious properties of the nut without any objectionable admixture. It is, therefore, recommended as an agreeable and wholesome substitute for Coffee; to which it is certainly much superior, as it is also to the Cocoa sold as "Soluble Cocoa," "Flake Cocoa," &c. It is light, easy of digestion, agreeable, nutritious, and requires little time or trouble in preparing for use.

TESTIMONIAL.—"Having used the Homœopathic Cocoa prepared by Mr. Mawson, I have no hesitation in giving it my fullest recommendation."—Thomas Hayle, M.D.

Sold, Wholesale and Retail, by JOHN MAWSON, Homœopathic Chemist, 4, Hood-street, Newcastle, and 60, Fawcett-street, Sunderland.

AGENTS.—North Shields—Mease and Son, druggists. Sunderland—Mr. John Hills, grocer, South Shields—Bell and May, druggists. Penrith—Mr. George Ramsay, druggist. Stockton—John Hodgson and Co. druggists. Durham—Scavin and Monks, druggists. Darlington—Mr. S. Barlow, druggist. Carlisle—Mr. Harrison, druggist. Agents wanted!

PAINS in the BACK, GRAVEL, LUMBAGO,

RHEUMATISM, GOUT, INDIGESTION, DEBILITY, STRICTURE, GLEET, &c.—DR. DE ROOS' COMPOUND RENAL PILLS, as their name, Renal (or the kidneys), indicates, have in many instances effected a cure when all other means had failed, and are now established, by the consent of every patient who has yet tried them, as also by the faculty themselves, as the most safe and efficacious remedy ever discovered for the above dangerous complaints, discharges of any kind, retention of urine, and diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs generally, whether resulting from imprudence or otherwise, which, if neglected, frequently end in piles, fistula, stone in the bladder, and a lingering death. For gout, sciatica, rheumatism, tic douloureux, erysipelas, dropsy, scrofula, loss of hair and teeth, depression of spirits, blushing, incapacity for society, study, or business, confusion, giddiness, drowsiness, sleep without refreshment, fear, nervousness, and even insanity itself, when (as is often the case) arising from or combined with urinary diseases, they are unequalled. By their salutary action on acidity of the stomach they correct bile and indigestion, purify and promote the renal secretions, thereby preventing the formation of stone, and establishing for life the healthy functions of all these organs. ONE TRIAL will convince the most prejudiced of their surprising properties. May be obtained at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., and 33s. per box, through all Medicine Venders in the Kingdom; or should any difficulty occur, they will be sent free on receipt of the price in postage stamps by Dr. DE ROOS.

CAUTION.—A self-styled ten shilling doctor (unblushing impudence being his only qualification) who professes to cure rupture, deafness, and other incurable complaints, is also advertising under a different name, a highly injurious imitation of these Pills, which, to allure purchasers, he incloses in a useless abbreviated copy of Dr. De Roos' celebrated "Medical Adviser," slightly changing its title; sufferers will, therefore, do well to see that the stamp round each box is a "Königliche Fide Government Stamp" (not a base counterfeit), and to guard against the truthless statements of this individual, which are published only for the basest purposes of deception on invalids and fraud on the Proprietor.

TO PREVENT FRAUD on the Public by imitations of the above valuable remedies, her Majesty's Honourable Commissioners of Stamps have directed the name of the Proprietor, in white letters on a red ground, to be engraved on the Government Stamp affixed to all his Medicines, without which none is genuine, and to imitate which is forgery and transportation.

AUTHENTIC TESTIMONIALS.

"Abersychan, Pontypool, May 2, 1850. Dear Sir,—After taking a box of your Renal Pills, I am so much better that I am induced to send for another, as I want to drive the pain quite away.—I remain, yours respectfully, John Andrews." "Furnes, June 26, 1850. Dear Sir,—Please forward a 4s. 6d. box of your Renal Pills; they are the only medicine I have met with that have been of service.—Yours, &c., Milton Welch." "Limekiln-street, Dover. Sir,—Please to send a few more of your wonderful Pills. My wife has nearly taken all you sent before, and feels great relief already.—T. Bloom." "4, Market-street, Manchester. Your medicines are very highly spoken of by all who have purchased them of me.—Yours truly, George Westmacott."

One person informs Mr. Smith, Times Office, Leeds, that these celebrated Pills are worth a guinea a box.

N.B. Persons wishing to consult the doctor by letter may do so by sending a detail of the symptoms, &c., with the usual fee of £1, by post-office order, payable at the Holborn Office, for which the necessary medicines and advice will be sent to any part of the world.

Address, WALTER DE ROOS, M.D., 35, Ely-place, Holborn-hill, London, where he may be consulted from 10 till 1, and 5 till 8, Sunday excepted, unless by previous arrangement.

RUPTURES**EFFECTUALLY CURED WITHOUT A TRUSS!**

DR. BARKER continues to supply the afflicted with his celebrated remedy for this alarming complaint, the great success of which, for many years past, renders any further comment unnecessary. It is easy and painless in use, causing no inconvenience or confinement, and is applicable to every variety of single or double rupture, however bad or long-standing, in male or female of any age. The remedy, with full instructions for use, &c., will be sent post free to any part of the world on receipt of 7s., in cash, postage stamps, or Post-office Order, payable at the General Post-office, to ALFRED BARKER, M.D., 48, Liverpool-street, King's-cross, London, where he may be consulted daily from Nine till Three o'clock (Sundays excepted). All communications being strictly confidential, Dr. B. does not publish cases or testimonials, a great number of which, with old trusses, have been sent to him by persons cured, as trophies of the success of this remedy; they can, therefore, be seen by any sufferer at the establishment only.

DEAFNESS, NOISES in the HEAD, EARS, &c.—Dr. Barker's remedy permanently restores hearing in infants or adults, whether deficient from cold, illness, or any accidental causes; and has been successful in thousands of cases, where the most eminent of the Profession have failed in giving relief. It removes all those distressing noises in the head and ears, arising from nervousness, deafness, or other causes, and by its occasional use, will preserve the important faculty of hearing to the latest period of life. In every case of deafness, &c. (without an exception), a perfect cure is guaranteed. The remedy, with full instructions for use, &c., will be sent post free to any part of the world, on receipt of 7s. 6d., in cash, postage stamps, or Post-office Order, payable at the General Post-office, to ALFRED BARKER, M.D., 48, Liverpool-street, King's-cross, London, where he may be consulted daily from Nine till Three o'clock (Sundays excepted).

A NEW MEDICINE.

FRANKS'S SPECIFIC CAPSULE—A form of Medicine at once safe, sure, speedy, and pleasant, especially applicable to urethral morbid secretions, and other ailments for which copaiba and cubeba are commonly administered.

Each Capsule containing the Specific is made of the purest Gelatine, which, encased in tinfoil, may be conveniently carried in the pocket, and, being both elastic and pleasant to take, affords the greatest facility for repeating the doses without intermission—a desideratum to persons travelling, visiting, or engaged in business, as well as to those who object to fluid medicines, being unobjectionable to the most susceptible stomach.

Prepared only by GEORGE FRANKS, Surgeon, at his Laboratory, 90, Blackfriars-road, London, where they may be had, and of all Medicine Venders, in boxes, at 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. each, or sent free by post at 3s. and 5s. each. Of whom, also, may be had, in bottles, at 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each.

FRANKS'S SPECIFIC SOLUTION OF COPAIBA.**TESTIMONIALS.**

From Joseph Henry Green, Esq., F.R.S., President of the Royal College of Surgeons, London; Senior Surgeon to St. Thomas's Hospital; and Professor of Surgery in King's College, London.

"I have made trial of Mr. Franks's Solution of Copaiba, at St. Thomas's Hospital, in a variety of cases, and the results warrant my stating, that it is an efficacious remedy, and one which does not produce the usual unpleasant effects of Copaiba. (Signed) JOSEPH HENRY GREEN."

"Lincoln's-inn Fields, April 15, 1835."

From Bransby Cooper, Esq., F.R.S., one of the Council of the Royal College of Surgeons, London; Senior Surgeon to Guy's Hospital; and Lecturer on Anatomy, &c.

"Mr. Bransby Cooper presents his compliments to Mr. George Franks, and has great pleasure in bearing testimony to the efficacy of his Solution of Copaiba. Mr. Cooper has prescribed the Solution in ten or twelve cases with perfect success. "New-street, April 13, 1835."

* These medicines are protected against counterfeits by the Government Stamp—on which is engraved "GEORGE FRANKS, Blackfriars-road"—being attached to each.

BEAUTIFUL AND LUXURIANT HAIR,

WHISKERS, &c., can only be obtained by the use of Miss DEAN'S CRINILENE, which has a world-wide celebrity and immense sale. It is guaranteed to produce Whiskers, Moustachios, Eyebrows, &c., in three or four weeks, with the utmost certainty; and will be found eminently successful in nourishing, curling, and beautifying the Hair, checking greyness in all its stages, strengthening weak Hair, preventing its falling off, &c., &c. For the reproduction of Hair in Baldness, from whatever cause, and at whatever age, it stands unrivalled, never having failed. One trial only is solicited to prove the fact. It is an elegantly scented preparation, and sufficient for three months' use will be sent (post free) on receipt of twenty-four postage stamps, by Miss Dean, 48, Liverpool-street, King's-cross, London. At home daily from ten till one.

For Children it is indispensable, forming the basis of a beautiful head of hair.

Persons are cautioned against imitations of this preparation, under French and other ridiculous names, by persons envious of its success.

AUTHENTIC TESTIMONIALS.—"I constantly use your Crinilene for my children. It restored my hair perfectly."—Mrs. Long, Hitchin, Herts. "I have now to complain of the trouble of shaving; thanks to your Crinilene."—Mr. Grey, Eaton-square, Chelsea. Professor Ure, on analyzing the Crinilene, says:—"It is perfectly free from any injurious colouring or other matter, and the best stimulant for the hair I have met with. The scent is delicate and very persistent."

CURE YOUR CORNS AND BUNIONS.

Those who wish to walk with perfect ease will find Miss DEAN'S ABSORBENT the only radical Cure for Corns and Bunions. It is guaranteed to cure them in three days, without cutting or pain. One trial is earnestly solicited by all suffering from such tormentors.

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