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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.

PARLIAMENT has met; and, while we write, is getting through its first week without a break up of either Ministry or Commons, and that is as much as can be said. The opening was expected with a curiosity growing in force until the event, and then rebuked by the ludicrous issue. The public wanted to know the causes, nature, and results of the "Ministerial crisis," the development of which had eliminated Lord Palmerston. Of course nothing was to be learned from the Queen's speech, which, in these days, is considered to be beyond the pale of criticism; and criticism only pauses to say of this last, that it is the most incoherent, the most oracular, and the most empty, that a Cabinet Council ever succeeded in concocting. Neither was anything to be learned from the speeches of the movers and seconders of the address, to which no amendment was proposed: both Houses resolving, out of respect for the Crown, to echo the nonsense which Members had expressly devised for the utterance of the Crown. Strange barbaric spectacle—the solemn meeting of fifteen gentlemen to compose fifteen paragraphs of nonsense for the lips of their royal mistress, and solemn meeting of Imperial Parliament to repeat, in its own name, with altered number, person, case and gender, the same fifteen paragraphs! Debate begins, and Lord Stanley discloses the fact that the Protectionists still have indignant hopes; that they disapprove of the Ministerial course in the Cape of Good Hope; and that they wholly dissent from the feeling of abhorrence uttered by the English press at the conduct of Louis Napoleon. Ministers concur with Lord Stanley in that untoward avowal; so do Peers generally, with the noble exception of Lord Harrowby. After which parade of debased feeling, the Peers duly resolve to reecho the fifteen paragraphs.

In the Commons, Sir Benjamin Hall drags forth the explanations on the Palmerston affair; and when they are obtained, all honest Members are ashamed at dragging out anything so paltry. It turns out that there was little, if any, difference between Lord Palmerston and his colleagues about the acts of Louis Napoleon; the alleged reason of Lord Palmerston's expulsion was not his expressing approval of the coup d'état, but his expressing any opinion at all. His triumphant reply is, that on the same day when he expressed an opinion, an opinion was also expressed by his censor, Lord John, also by the Lord President of the Council, also by every other leading Cabinet Minister, also by the late Vice-President of the Board of Trade—now Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. After all, therefore, expression of opinion is not the reason; but that reason appears to be some dislike at Court of Lord Palmerston's free and easy independence—which was thought "disrespectful"; and so Lord John, like a respectable housekeeper as he is, turns away the careless Palmerston,

[TOWN EDITION.]

just as the good lady in black silk gown and white apron would turn away a footman who laughs at table, or a forward minx who won't wear caps. That is the spirit of the great Ministerial crisis.

And what then? Oh! nothing. Lord Palmerston, being out of office, has lost some of his prestige. Members are as little heedful of his broken fortunes as flies about a sugar pot are of a crushed fellow fly. His position is not yet determined. As to the rest, Russell, Hume, and other veteran Members, vie with the official and ex-official Peers in disclaiming the language of the English press towards Louis Napoleon, and in deprecating all that may exasperate "France." They seem to be ignorant that France herself really glories in the expression of opinion denied to herself. They are incapable of understanding an honest suspicion which has made even the Stock Exchange take up arms. Both Houses of Parliament have succeeded in reaching a lower deep than they ever did before: they sympathize with the meanest success of the meanest adventurer that ever committed violence upon an unfortunate nation; they show themselves wholly alien to the feeling of their own nation; they avow a craven motive for truckling; they enter into a paltry Cabinet squabble and Court scandal with zest.

As for business, while we write it has yet to be begun—the new Reform Bill is set down for Monday next; the Militia Bill on the next Friday; the Chancery Reform Bill on the subsequent Monday, with a bill to disfranchise St. Albans; also a bill on International Copyright with France. Nothing is as yet said about the Income Tax, which ought to expire at the end of the session; but something is said of an addition to the Army. Mr. Stanley has notified his bill for the renewal of the enquiry into laws which obstruct the self-development of industry among the working classes; and Mr. Sharman Crawford has announced his Tenant Right Bill; besides a host of other announcements from private Members. A long session and a busy, some anticipate; calculating, probably, that after all no one will muster courage to supersede the Provisional Government that now carries on affairs.

Convocation met on Wednesday, with great show of Bishops and influential clergy; but, owing to the want of earnestness and firmness displayed by "John Bird," alias "J. B. Cantuar," it was prorogued on the same day—a frightful mockery of the solemn opening. There were gathered together, in full episcopal robes, Bishops of Exeter, and Chichester, and Oxford, and London, and St. Asaph, and Lichfield, in the Upper House, with "John Bird" for president. There were the Archdeacons of Taunton, and Maidstone, and Barnstaple, and Bristol, and Bath; in the Lower House. These reverend gentlemen devoutly prayed for heavenly assistance to guide their deliberations. They began to deliberate, accordingly, and were on the point of coming to conclusions, when "We, John Bird, &c.," put an

end to all deliberation by saying (the solemn prayer notwithstanding!) that deliberation was of no use, as the temporal power would take no heed; and then, without consulting the Upper House, proroguing the Assembly. Not for above one hundred and thirty years has the great fact been so plainly demonstrated that the Church is a political engine, and not a spiritual institution. But a point was made; the end of the wedge was inserted; Convocation did transact business, and so far made a stand against the State usurpation. We congratulate the High Church party on its honest courage.

The strike of the master engineers goes on, in spite of their attempt to terminate it by a coup d'état. They have offered to reopen their shops to workmen who shall sign a declaration that the subscriber does not belong to any union, and never will; but they have not found men craven enough to sign the bond. The reception given to Mr. Coningham's last lecture, explanatory of practical coöperation, at Brighton and Portsmouth, and the accession of the Reverend Mr. Lee at Manchester, as a public expositor of the true industrial principle, are pleasant signs of the growing opinion. And of the same class we must reckon the spirited public meeting at Hulme, on the "reproductive" amendment of the Poor Law, for which our preoccupied space affords far too scanty a notice. But we shall have future opportunities of chronicling the revived activity of that association in Manchester, which may do so much to consolidate the public opinion already existing throughout the country.

Ireland presents the very opposite spectacle—an old-fashioned "special commission" in Monaghan to cure the old evil of Ribandism by judicial punishment, breaking down in the usual way, by the refusal of juries to convict. The conviction of two men for possessing arms is seized as a godsend.

The Sinews of war and of intrigue are considerably strained by the vagaries of the spendthrift Harlequin in the great Imperial Burlesque "now acting" at Paris. France "assists at" the histrionics with a grim bewildered conviction dawning upon her, that she has paid, and is paying, her money, and without the possibility of taking her choice. Financial difficulties are already become urgent, and not to be trifled with. M. Fould's parting statement was all deficit, so far as its facts went; the only encouraging figures were credited to hopes and expectations of what might result from increasing confidence in the existing order of things. How to retrieve popularity by decreased taxation, in the very teeth of a catastrophe only to be averted by a loan of £10,000,000, is a problem even Napoleonic ideas may find it hard to solve. So widely spread is the sense of insecurity, that the very functionaries scramble for the spoils of an exhausted Treasury, discounting the fall of the Empire which has not yet reached its apogee. The old Party of Order, well and justly punished, protest against the confiscation of property, after having crouched to the destroyer of law. Conser-

vatives shrink in sullen abhorrence from contact with the spoiler. Dupin, the most corrupt and tenacious even of French politicians, has resigned! It is impossible to find reputable names for the Senate; and as to the Legislature, after all the Napoleonic sallies against the writers and talkers dominant in the Constitutional Chambers—after the assurance that landowners, merchants, and manufacturers, were to form the strength of the silent House—lo! the first names recommended by authority are MM. Granier de Cassagnac and A. de Césena, the *Constitutionnel* and *La Patrie*!

The terrorism of the military commissions is arrested by the strength of public opinion, not yet dead, it seems. A quasi-judicial and civil colouring is to be given to these summary jurisdictions by a lawyer and a prefect on the tribunals. As to public opinion, such as it is, the Dictator has invented a machinery for guaging it with rapidity and certainty, by means of seven or eight general and as many "special" inspectors, who are to be in all places at every moment. A "protective institution," says the new pet of Downing-street, Louis Bonaparte! Overbearing and imperious to his weaker neighbours, the dictator sends a threatening note to the Federal Council (to whom he once owed an asylum), and at Brussels he suppresses the journal of the exiles. Spain, too, although subdued to the very quality of absolutism—for the press is almost extinct—the Cortes prorogued sine die, and the country ruled by decrees—Spain is intimidated by a demand of not less than 115,000,000 francs for expenses incurred by France in the expedition of '23 to put down Constitutionalism, and to restore legitimate Ferdinand. To England a sop is thrown by a dinner to the nondescripts of our aristocratic and quasi-political circles, in which, *inter vina*, eternal friendship is promised by the professed oathbreaker, and after coffee the English press is rebuked by the Prince, and disowned by the lords and ladies. We can well afford the compliment!

Austria is showing symptoms of congestion and of paralysis. All powerful at Vienna, she is falling to pieces in her distant provinces; in Croatia and Dalmatia discontent increases daily. From all parts of Italy, from Rome, Naples, and Ancona, the accounts are disastrous. It is one eternal groan of anguish under the tender mercies of priestly and paternal despotisms. Navarro is the Jeffries of the nineteenth century. At Ancona the guillotine is once more calling sinners to repentance.

The telegraph reports an attack on the life of the Queen of Spain, who had actually been wounded. It is to be hoped that the outrage will prove to have been the act of madness. Isabella is a woman, has just undergone the hard trial of the sex, and is but the creature of her country's errors and misfortunes.

From the United States we have a continuance of the old story—Kossuth's "failure," illustrated by innumerable acts of homage and considerable sums of subsidy towards the Hungarian cause. Mr. Fillmore, indeed, has disavowed the doctrine of European intervention, and he is a candidate for the Presidency; but he is about the last man that the citizens are likely to select; and he has not dared to avow his sympathy with the Austrian, Mr. Huleman, who is very irate at the general sympathy with Kossuth. We have proof that America is already beginning to discriminate between Downing-street and England; she is already beginning to feel that she had better settle in Europe certain questions that will otherwise cross the Atlantic for settlement.

HISTORY OF PARLIAMENT.

OPENING OF THE FIFTH SESSION.

The Queen opened the fifth session of the Imperial Parliament on Tuesday. The weather was brilliant, and the crowd lining the route of the royal procession as numerous as usual. There was no display of loyal enthusiasm more than is characteristic of such occasions. The people went to see a sight and to applaud: they saw and they applauded.

Within the House of Lords a gay and highly-decorated company assembled. Before two o'clock a crowd of ladies, in brilliant dresses, occupied all the benches appropriated to the peers, except the front row. About fifty elderly gentlemen, clothed in scarlet robes, trimmed with ermine, sat before them. The judges of course were present, and on the seats belonging to the bishops sat the diplomatists of Europe, resplendent with orders, stars, and gilded uniforms. "The Duke," the Archbishop of Dublin, the Bishop of Hereford, and Lord Normanby, were early in the House. By two o'clock all the seats were occupied; and in ten minutes after the crash of trumpets and the booms of guns

announced the arrival of the Queen. When she had seated herself on the throne the spectacle was magnificent. Although the sun was very bright, yet its brilliance was exquisitely softened by streaming through the windows of coloured glass, and in this favourable light the contrasts of splendid hues were very fine. The House of Commons being summoned, the Queen received and read the following speech:—

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"The period has arrived when, according to usage, I can again avail myself of your advice and assistance in the preparation and adoption of measures which the welfare of the country may require.

"I continue to maintain the most friendly relations with Foreign Powers.

"The complicated affairs of the Duchies of Holstein and Schleswig have continued to engage my attention. I have every reason to expect that the Treaty between Germany and Denmark, which was concluded at Berlin, in the year before last, will, in a short time, be fully and completely executed.

"I regret that the war which unfortunately broke out on the eastern frontier of the Cape of Good Hope, more than a year ago, still continues. Papers will be laid before you containing full information as to the progress of the war, and the measures which have been taken for bringing it to a termination.

"While I have observed with sincere satisfaction the tranquillity which has prevailed throughout the greater portion of Ireland, it is with much regret that I have to inform you that certain parts of the counties of Armagh, Monaghan, and Louth, have been marked by the commission of outrages of the most serious description. The powers of the existing law have been promptly exerted for the detection of the offenders, and for the repression of a system of crime and violence fatal to the best interests of the country. My attention will continue to be directed to this important object.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

"I have ordered estimates of the expenses of the current year to be laid before you.

"I rely with confidence on your loyalty and zeal to make adequate provision for the public service.

"Where any increase has been made in the estimates of the present over the past year, such explanations will be given, as will, I trust, satisfy you that such increase is consistent with a steady adherence to a pacific policy, and with the dictates of a wise economy.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"The improvement of the administration of justice in its various departments has continued to receive my anxious attention, and, in furtherance of that object, I have directed bills to be prepared, founded upon the reports made to me by the respective Commissioners appointed to inquire into the practice and proceedings of the superior Courts of Law and Equity.

"As nothing tends more to the peace, prosperity, and contentment of a country, than the speedy and impartial administration of justice, I earnestly recommend these measures to your deliberate attention.

"The Act of 1848, for suspending the operation of a previous Act conferring representative institutions on New Zealand, will expire early in the next year. I am happy to believe that there is no necessity for its renewal, and that no obstacle any longer exists to the enjoyment of representative institutions by New Zealand. The form of these institutions will, however, require your consideration, and the additional information which has been obtained since the passing of the Acts in question will, I trust, enable you to arrive at a decision beneficial to that important Colony.

"It gives me great satisfaction to be able to state to you that the large reductions of taxes which have taken place of late years have not been attended with a proportionate diminution of the national income. The Revenue of the past year has been fully adequate to the demands of the public service, while the reduction of taxation has tended greatly to the relief and comfort of my subjects.

"I acknowledge with thankfulness to Almighty God, that tranquillity, good order, and willing obedience to the laws, continue to prevail generally throughout the country.

"It appears to me that this is a fitting time for calmly considering whether it may not be advisable to make such amendments in the Act of the late reign relating to the representation of the Commons in Parliament, as may be deemed calculated to carry into more complete effect the principles upon which that law is founded.

"I have the fullest confidence that in any such consideration you will firmly adhere to the acknowledged principles of the Constitution, by which the prerogatives of the Crown, the authority of both Houses of Parliament, and the rights and liberties of the people, are equally secured."

The Queen then left the House, and their lordships adjourned.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The Commons began to assemble in the new House about twelve o'clock. When the usher arrived with the Queen's summons there were about 300 present, and the main body of these went up to the House of Lords with the Speaker, and on returning adjourned.

When the House of Commons re-assembled at four o'clock, it at once proceeded to transact formal and preliminary business. New members were sworn and new writs ordered. Mr. HATTEY, on behalf of the Government, lost no time in getting beforehand with the announcement of coming Government measures, thus anticipating private members and occupying the earliest days. The new Reform Bill will be

tabled on Monday; the Militia Bill on Friday; the Law Reform Bills and St. Albans Disfranchisement Bill on Monday week. Among the notices of private members were Mr. Miles and Major Beresford for returns of navy provisions; Mr. Slaney for his commission on the laws obstructing the industry of the "humbler classes;" Mr. Sharman Crawford, a Bill on Tenant Right; and Sir Benjamin Hall, who will, on the 17th, call the attention of the House to the occupation of Rome by French troops. During this time members continued to arrive. Lord Palmerston entered about half-past four, and sat down near to Mr. Roebuck, below the gangway on the Ministerial side of the House. Shortly afterwards Lord John Russell arrived, and bowed slightly to the disgraced Secretary as he passed by; while Mr. Feargus O'Connor ran up to the Premier and, amidst the mirth of the House, heartily shook him by the hand.

As soon as the Speaker had read the Queen's speech, Sir R. WILLIAMS BULKELEY rose and moved the customary address, which is merely an echo of the speech. Before he proceeded to enumerate and comment on the various points in the address, he warmly applauded the whole course of legislation since the Reform Bill, and ascribed a large share of the merit of bringing about those happy changes to Lord John Russell. From that starting point he took up the topics of the address. He congratulated the House that our foreign relations were peaceful, especially as on the Continent we only saw peoples struggling for liberty on the one hand, and oppressive, treacherous, and foolish rulers on the other. We must sympathize with the former, we cannot yield to the latter any concessions which they might demand. Wherever remonstrance may come from, this country must be an asylum for the oppressed. We must have no interventions, he exclaimed, either for the people or against them. He then made an attack on Kossuth, and those who supported him. He spoke hopefully of the termination of the Cape war; he declared that our naval defences were efficient, "in spite of what party political writers and disappointed admirals might say to the contrary;" he depicted, from personal experience, the evils of the Chancery Courts, and declared that "rather than such a nuisance, such an outrage on common sense, should be allowed to continue, he would say perish the Court of Chancery, the Masters in Chancery, and everybody connected with it"—(laughter)—he was for Parliamentary Reform, but he had "no hesitation in avowing his utter abhorrence of the ballot"—(laughter)—he was opposed to short Parliaments; but "who was afraid to extend the suffrage?" At this point he diverged into a little unnamable abuse of that "wretched faction" the Chartists, conceived and expressed with the happiest bathos.

"Could they forget that when a wretched faction threatened to roll a petition upon the floor of that House so large that eight horses were required to drag it, every man who had a shilling in his pocket and a character to sustain enrolled himself under the banners of order? (Hear, hear.) And, when the awful day arrived when London was to have been sacked, this miserable, deluded, humbug set of creatures—(laughter)—with a member of that House at their head—(great laughter)—vanished at the sight of the first policeman who made his appearance, and shrank into the holes and corners where their miserable and obscure abodes were situated, the derision rather than the dread of their fellow-countrymen. ('Hear, hear,' and laughter.)"

Finally, he criticised the Irish, and declared that the Whigs had constituencies who expected them to maintain the principle of Protestant ascendancy.

Mr. BONHAM CARTER seconded the address in a mild speech, rather literary than oratorical, going over a good deal of well-trodden ground, to show that the people merited an extension of the franchise.

These gentlemen having decently performed the routine duties entrusted to them, the real interest of the sitting commenced when Sir BENJAMIN HALL, in temperate and measured words, asked for an explanation of the perplexing dismissal of Lord Palmerston. He could not understand, nor could the country understand, how it was that while our foreign relations remained on the same footing as in '50 and '61 our Foreign Minister, a man of the highest ability, was suddenly dismissed. Lord JOHN RUSSELL instantly rose and declared his willingness to respond to the appeal. He admitted at the outset the accuracy of the statement of Sir Benjamin Hall, that he had, in the debate on Greek affairs, expressed the utmost confidence in Lord Palmerston. He had done more. When Lord Melbourne formed his administration, the late Foreign Secretary had been appointed to that office on the express recommendation of Lord John Russell himself; and in 1845 and 1846, he had earnestly recommended his "noble friend" as the person best qualified to hold that post; and it was with deep regret that he had found it impossible to act any longer with him. Before stating in detail the circumstances which led to the rupture, Lord John Russell thought proper to state what was the relation in which a Secretary of State stands to the Crown and the Premier.

"With respect to the first, I should state that when the Crown, in consequence of a vote of the House of

What was a wide departure from the policy hitherto pursued by the Government, and that departure, coupled with the disregard of "the authority of the Queen," led the Premier to the conclusion that he and Lord Palmerston could no longer sit in the same Cabinet. Later in the day he received a long letter from his noble friend, stating his reasons for approving of the act of the President—but it was too late, it "no

longer touched the case ; " because the real question now was, whether the Secretary of State was entitled, of his own authority, to write a despatch as the organ of the Queen's Government, in which his colleagues had never concurred, and to which the Queen had never given her royal sanction? He thought not, and he advised the Queen to dismiss the noble lord.

" That was on the Wednesday, I think, and I waited till Saturday in order to consider and to reconsider the matter before I fairly submitted the correspondence to the Crown. I think on Thursday I informed my noble friend I would be at home (as we understood), thinking he might propose some course by which a separation could be avoided, but nothing of that kind took place; and I, being fully as convinced then as I had been of what I should do, wrote on Saturday, the 20th, to her Majesty, conveying the correspondence which had passed between my noble friend and myself, and shortly intimating my advice to her Majesty that Lord Palmerston should be required to give up the seals of the Foreign-office. Sir, in coming to a decision so painful—in coming to the decision that I must separate from a colleague with whom I had acted so long, whose abilities I had admired, and in whose policy I had agreed—I felt, whether rightly or wrongly it is not for me now to say, I was bound to take that decision alone—to consult none of my colleagues, to avoid anything which might hereafter have the appearance of a cabal, but to assume the sole and entire responsibility on myself. (*Cheers.*) With respect, therefore, to the stories which my honourable friend has quoted from a Breslau paper, as regards a letter written in Vienna, I can assure him that, however curious the coincidence of that letter may be, there is no truth whatever in the stories that there was an attempt to establish fairer terms and more intimate relations with the Court of Austria, and that the affair was entirely founded on the correspondence I have stated and on the motives I have laid before the House. (*Hear, hear.*) In two days after the Cabinet met, I read to them the correspondence—both official correspondence and private correspondence—which had taken place between my noble friend and myself, and I stated to them that I was, of course, responsible for what had passed; that if they disapproved of my conduct, then of course I must quit office; and I left it to them to form their judgment. They decided, without any difference of opinion, that they thought I could take no other course than that I had taken. (*Hear, hear.*) I know not that I need state anything further with regard to this transaction, but I immediately proceeded to Windsor and advised her Majesty to make choice of a successor to my noble friend. Now, Sir, with whatever pain that separation was made, I was convinced at the time—I am convinced still—that, considering what was due to the honour of the Crown, and what was due to the character of the country, I could take no other."

Acquitting Lord Palmerston of "intentional disrespect" to the Crown, Lord John Russell proceeded to make the following extraordinary revelations of his own opinions:—

" It is impossible for me to make the present statement without also referring in some degree to the state of affairs which now exists on the continent of Europe. (*Hear, hear.*) I think it necessary to make this statement, because I have been necessarily led into an avowal of my opinions that we could not properly or fairly express an opinion here favourable to the conduct of the President of France on the 2nd of December. (*Hear, hear.*) I thought it was not our part to do what we heard the Russian and Austrian Ministers had done—to go at once and congratulate the President on what he had done—(*hear, hear*)—but then I am bound to say that the President of France, having all the means of information he has had, no doubt has taken that course from a consideration of the state of France, and that the course he has taken is best fitted to ensure the welfare of the country over which he rules. (*Murmurs and laughter.*) Let me state that over again—(*hear, hear*)—that while I do not concur in the approbation of my noble friend, I have no reason to doubt, and everything I have heard confirms that opinion, that, in the opinion of the President, the putting an end to the constitution, the anticipating the election of 1852, and the abolition of the Parliamentary constitution, were all tending to the happiness and essentially to the welfare of France. (*Cheers and laughter.*) But I have certainly to state further, because I confess I have seen with very great regret the language which has been used by a portion of the press of this country—(*loud cheers from both sides of the House*)—with respect to the President of France." He remembered how the press embittered the negotiations preceding the rupture of the Peace of Amiens. The First Consul was ignorant of the manners and constitution of this country. But, he continued:—

" The present President of France has this advantage over his uncle, that he is perfectly aware how much liberty we enjoy, how much license of discussion prevails, and that the most unmeasured invective of the press does not imply any feeling of hostility either on the part of the Government or on the part of the nation. (*Hear, hear.*)"

He believed the President was a peaceful person—there was not the least probability of war, but we must increase the estimates. The wish of the House he was sure was for peace. Looking to the history of the Continent for the last four years, he drew the moral that hasty change was hazardous, and that the reaction was the too certain consequence of the revolution of 1848. He drew a ready cheer by asserting that on no account should we abandon our ancient and hospitable policy of sheltering refugees; and he rounded his speech by expressing a hope that "liberty will be at length introduced and established,

and that with religion it shall govern the hearts of men, and produce happier days to mankind."

Lord PALMERSTON rose at once, and began by calling Sir Benjamin Hall his "honourable friend," and styling Lord John Russell the "noble lord." Without preface he dashed into the midst of the question, by not only admitting the doctrine laid down by Lord John Russell respecting the relation between the Secretary of State, the Crown, and the Premier, but contending that it was a custom long before the memorandum of 1850, read by the "noble lord." He also admitted that the Islington and Finsbury deputations took him by surprise, the addresses being read on the spot; and that all he could do was to repudiate the offensive expressions embodied in them. Then referring to the "particular transaction to which his noble friend (after a pause), the noble lord" had mentioned as the groundwork of his removal from office, he went on to state,

" The event which is commonly called the coup d'état happened in Paris on the 2nd of December. On the 3rd, the French Ambassador, with whom I was in the habit of almost daily communication, called on me at my house to inform me of what he had received, and to talk over the events of the preceding day, and I stated conversationally the opinion I entertained of the events which had taken place. That opinion was exactly the opinion expressed in the latter part of the despatch which the noble lord has read; and the French Ambassador, as I am informed, in a private letter, communicated the result of that conversation to his Minister. On that day, the 3rd of December, her Majesty's Ambassador at Paris, wrote a despatch to ask what instructions he should receive for his guidance in France during the interval before the vote of the French on the question that was to be proposed to them, and whether in that interval he should infuse in the relations with the French Government any greater degree of reserve than usual. I took the opinion of the Cabinet on that question, and a draught of that opinion was prepared and sent for her Majesty's approbation. The answer could only be one in consistence with the course we had pursued since the beginning of the events alluded to, and was such as the noble lord had read. Her Majesty's Ambassador was instructed to make no change in his relations with the French Government, and to do nothing that should wear the appearance of any interference in the internal affairs of France. (*Hear, hear.*) There was no instruction to communicate that document to the French Government; it simply contained instructions, not, in fact, what the English Ambassador was to do, but what he was to abstain from doing. The noble lord (the Marquis of Normanby), however, thought it right to communicate to the French Minister for Foreign Affairs the substance of that document, accompanying his communication with certain excuses for the delay, which, however, did not rest with that noble marquis, as his despatch to the English Government was dated the 3rd of December. The French Minister stated that he had nothing to do with respect to the delay, and the less, indeed, because two days before he had received from the French Ambassador in London a statement which the noble lord (Lord J. Russell) has read, viz., that I had entirely approved of what had been done, and thought the President of the French fully justified. That was a somewhat highly-coloured explanation of the result of the long conversation we held together. Those particular words I never used, and probably the French Ambassador never would have conceived it consistent with the dignity due to his country to ask the approval of a Foreign Secretary of State. Consequently, the approval was not given, and was not asked. When the Marquis of Normanby's despatch reached my noble friend (Lord J. Russell), he wrote to say he trusted that I could contradict that report. There was, as he has stated, an interval between the receipt of the noble lord's letter and my answer. The noble lord's was dated the 14th, and my answer the 16th. I was at the time labouring under a heavy pressure of business, and, wishing fully to explain the opinion I expressed, it was not until the evening of the 16th that I was able to write my answer. The noble lord got it early next morning, on the 17th. My answer was that the words quoted by Lord Normanby gave a high colouring to anything I could have said in the conversation with the French Ambassador; but that my opinion was—and that opinion no doubt I expressed—that such was the antagonism arising from time to time between the French Assembly and the President, that their long co-existence became impossible, and that it was my opinion that if one or other were to prevail, it would be better for France, and, through the interests of France, better for the interests of Europe, that the President should prevail than the Assembly, and my reason was that the Assembly had nothing to offer for the substitution of the President unless an alternative ending obviously in civil war or anarchy; whereas the President, on the other hand, had to offer unity of purpose and unity of authority, and that if he were inclined to do so, he might give to France internal tranquility with good and permanent government."

Lord Palmerston then mentioned the steps which followed in succession, nearly as detailed by Lord John Russell. He replied to the noble lord's allegation that the question was not whether he approved of the coup d'état, but whether he was qualified in expressing any opinion on the subject, by stating the distinction, well understood among diplomats, between official and unofficial conversation. [At the same time it was manifest that the unofficial conversation was used by M. Walewski as if it had been official.] Lord Palmerston contended that his conversation did not pledge the Government; and that,

if the Foreign Secretary might not express an opinion in "easy and familiar conversation on foreign events," that would be a bar to friendly intercourse and an obstruction to business.

" Now I expressed this opinion to which the noble lord has referred to the French Ambassador on the 3rd of December; but was I the only member of the Cabinet who did thus express an opinion on passing events? (*Hear, hear.*) I am informed that on the evening of that very day, and under the same roof as I expressed my opinion, the noble lord at the head of the Government, in conversation with the same Ambassador, expressed his opinion. (*Hear, hear, and laughter.*) I cannot tell what that opinion was, but from what has just now fallen from the noble lord this evening, it may be assumed that that opinion was not very different even from the reported opinion which I am supposed to have expressed. (*Cheers.*) Was that all? On the Friday, and in the noble lord's own house, I have been informed that the French Ambassador met the noble lord the President of the Council and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. (*Loud cries of 'Hear.'*) The noble lord again expressed an opinion (*hear, hear*), and the President of the Council and the Chancellor of the Exchequer also expressed an opinion (*laughter*); and be it remembered, that the charge was not the nature of the opinion, for the noble lord distinctly told me, "You mistake the question between us; it is not whether the President was justified or not, but whether you were justified in expressing an opinion on the matter at all." (*Hear, hear.*) I believe that the noble lord the Secretary of State for the Colonies did also, in those few days, express an opinion on those events, and I have been informed also that the then Vice-President of the Board of Trade, and now the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, also expressed his opinion. (*Cheers and laughter.*) Then it follows that every member of the Cabinet, whatsoever his political avocations may have been—however much his attention may have been devoted to other matters—is at liberty to express an opinion on passing events abroad, but the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, whose peculiar duty it is to watch those events—who is unfit for his office if he has not an opinion on them—is the only man not permitted to express an opinion (*'hear, and laughter*); and when a Foreign Minister comes and tells him that he has news, he is to remain silent, like a speechless dolt, or the mute of some Eastern Pasha; (*Cheers and laughter.*)

Now he was told "it is not your conversation with M. Walewski that is complained of, but your despatch to the Marquis of Normanby."

" But what was the despatch from the Marquis of Normanby, and what was my answer? Lord Normanby, in his despatch of the 6th, had said that the French Minister had reported that I used certain expressions which Lord Normanby represents as inconsistent with the instructions not to interfere in the internal affairs of France. Now, if those expressions had been used, I do not see that they are inconsistent with the instructions, not to make any alteration in our relations with the French Government. But what does Lord Normanby proceed to state? He says, that after making that communication to M. Turgot to which the noble lord has alluded, to do nothing which should have the appearance of interfering in any way in the internal affairs of France, he added that he was quite sure that if the Government had known the events of Paris on the Thursday and Friday they would have joined their congratulations to his. That was a greater apparent interference in the internal affairs of the French nation than any conversation of mine with M. Walewski. However, Lord Normanby having reported the expressions of the French Minister to me, I did not think it necessary to go into any argument on the subject, but ten days afterwards, on the 16th of December, the Ambassador at Paris, rather inverting, I think, the positions of Ambassador and Secretary of State—(*'Hear, and a laugh'*)—calls on the Secretary of State to give him an explanation as to the language the Secretary of State was supposed to have used to M. Walewski. In my despatch in answer I repeated that neither the Secretary of State nor the Ambassador at Paris was entitled to pronounce judgment on the affairs of France; but I stated the nature of the opinions I expressed on the 3rd of December. Therefore it is a misrepresentation of the facts of the case to say that, in answering Lord Normanby's letter, I was giving instructions inconsistent with the relations of our general intercourse with the French Government. It was no instruction. I did not give the opinion of the Government or of England. It was my own opinion; and, whether right or wrong, it was shared by numbers in France. Therefore the charge which the noble lord (Lord J. Russell) has brought against me, found on a despatch, has no foundation in justice or in fact. (*Hear, hear.*) That is the state of the case as between the noble lord and myself."

The remainder of Lord Palmerston's speech consisted of a glorification of his own policy, preached on the text that he had found the foreign relations of the country embroiled, and he had left them in the "most friendly" state. Austria was the only exception; but that arose from her preference for the despotic system and our love of constitutional government. Yet even Austria and England could coöperate, as in 1840 and 1841, when the interests of each coincided.

" Sir, having conducted the affairs of this country through periods of considerable difficulty, it was my good fortune to be the instrument of peace, and to combine therewith the not unsuccessful assertion of the interests of England. (*Hear, hear.*) And I think I may say, that in quitting office I have handed over the foreign relations of the country to my successor with the honour and dignity of England unsullied, and leaving

her character and reputation standing high among the nations of the world. (*Loud cheers.*)

Here was an end of the interest in the debate. Mr. MUNTZ defended Kossuth from the attacks of Sir R. W. Bulkeley. Mr. H. J. BAILLIE, although always differing from Lord Palmerston, considered that "he had been offered up as a sacrifice for the sins of the whole administration," and at the same time as a peace offering to the "evil genius of continental despotism." Mr. MONCKTON MILNES asked, "What was the reason that Lord Palmerston's fall had been regarded on the Continent as showing the accession of the English Government to the new order of things?" Lord DUDLEY STUART, after playing for awhile round the topics spoken of in the Address, criticised the speech of Lord John Russell, and insisted that the allegation ostentatiously paraded as the ground of Lord Palmerston's dismissal for what "he could not but call the most paltry of offences" was not the real reason.

"The speech of the noble lord at the head of the Government certainly left an impression that the late Foreign Secretary had expressed in strong terms his approval of the conduct of the President of France. If that were so, it would very much alter his (Lord D. Stuart's) opinion of this case; because, anxious as he was that a good understanding should prevail between this country and France, he could not look with any degree of complacency upon the conduct which had been pursued by the President. It was true that if the people of France chose to be governed by a military despot, who had no regard for the oaths he had taken, and who trampled all liberty, right, and justice under his feet, it was their own affair, and this country had no business to interfere with them; but he thought the proper course to be pursued by any British Minister was to abstain from giving an opinion in favour of such conduct as he had described, and he wished that in this case greater caution had been used by the members of the Government generally with respect to any approbation of such nefarious proceedings as had taken place on the other side of the Channel.

Sir HARRY VERNY had thought Lord Palmerston the friend of liberty and Protestantism throughout Europe; but if he wrote a despatch on the 16th approving of the coup d'état, then he concurred in his dismissal. Mr. OSBORNE diverged a moment to the Irish topic in the speech, and then returned to the question of the night.

"With regard to the subject on which an explanation had been offered to the House, he must say he felt more than common pain at what had occurred. He looked upon the loss of the noble lord who had retired from the Government, not only as a great loss to the Government, but a great national loss. (*Hear, hear.*) But he wished to state that he could not entirely approve of the way in which that noble lord had spoken of the recent transactions in France. (*Hear, hear.*) As a member of that House, representing the great county of Middlesex, he (Mr. Osborne) felt that he could not go before his constituents and say that he sat silent while he heard any Minister, or ex-deputy Minister give even his qualified approbation to the coup d'état. (*Hear, hear.*)"

Mr. ROEBUCK travelled over the topics of the address, uttering universal condemnation. In the midst of difficulties at home and despotism on the Continent, the "most marked person in the administration—he around whom all the party battles of the Administration had been fought, whose political existence had been made the political existence of the Government itself, upon whose being in office the Government had rested its existence as a Government—was dismissed; the right arm of the Government was cut off when it was most needed. What was left in that Government that should conciliate our confidence? (*Hear, hear.*)" The Government was a "family party"—(*loud cries of 'hear, hear'*)—and the noble lord forgot the interests of the country. The House itself, the colonies, law, the Admiralty—was ever such peddling? It was said that no one but the noble lord could take the Government; but let us really have a Government, and not have the House merely an arena for every gentleman to try his hand. (*Hear, hear.*)

"Foreign policy was a delicate matter; but though the Legislature was not called upon to express an opinion as to changes abroad, individual members of a great representative assembly were not travelling beyond their duty in expressing, in grave and guarded language, their sorrow at least, if not indignation, at what had passed in a neighbouring country. (*Hear, hear.*) It was idle to say there was no danger to our relations with France, ruled by a man whom no sanction held. We must know that he would consult only his own interests, and that we should do wisely to be upon our guard, not in any the most distant way sanctioning the opinion that he had done justly by his people, though at the same time strictly adhering to the rule of not interfering with the domestic affairs of France. (*Hear, hear.*)"

Mr. NAPIER and Mr. E. B. ROOPE spoke of the utter inefficiency of the administration of the law in the North of Ireland. At length Mr. DISRAELI rose, and vainly tried to put life into the debate. He had no amendment to offer. He treated the explanations as unreal and inadequate. He saw no indications of change in the unwise foreign policy hitherto pursued by the Government; and if that were to be continued, he would rather have it conducted by Lord Palmerston than any one else.

"I must make one observation, also, on the speech of the First Minister. The noble lord, eminent in many respects, was eminent for his constitutional knowledge—for his acquaintance with the spirit of the constitution; but I cannot recollect any analogous occasion on which the name of the Sovereign had been so frequently introduced. (*Hear, hear.*) Whatever was done at the command of the Sovereign was at least done on the responsibility of the noble lord—(*loud cries of 'hear'*)—and, though it may be explained why it is that minutes should be read to this House which we are informed have been drawn up by a personage whose name is rarely introduced in our debates, I must express my astonishment at the narrative of midnight despatches, which were the consequence, as I understood—though I may have misapprehended the meaning of the noble lord—of conduct (as we understood) pursued by the noble lord, the member for Tiverton, in matters of an urgent nature. I suppose that for everything that has been done the noble lord the First Minister is responsible. The noble lord is not the man to dispute his responsibility. I am at a loss to comprehend how the noble lord will account for that introduction of her Majesty's name, that frequent and unnecessary introduction which has taken place. As I am one who never voted for the motion that the power of the Crown had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished—as I should be willing to have the converse of that proposition—as I think one of the great misfortunes of our time, one of the circumstances most injurious to public liberty is, that the power of the Crown is diminished—I am not one to look with unnecessary jealousy on the assertion of the prerogatives of the Crown. But the noble lord is an eminent representative of a political party which has adopted opinions of a very different character. The noble lord is a member of that party which introduced—to our disgrace—that resolution on the journals of this House; and certainly I am astonished at the noble lord on an occasion like the present, when he seems to me—I suppose unintentionally—to have shifted from himself the responsibility which he would be the first to adopt for himself."

Mr. Disraeli then took the paragraphs of the address seriatim. Reform he was ready to consider, but he would not support any device for giving predominance to a political party.

"If, also, I were to meet a measure the object of which was to destroy or even disturb that just and salutary balance which now subsists between the various classes of the country—if I saw a measure to destroy the legitimate and salutary influence of landed property in this country, the surest security both of the prerogatives of the Crown and of the liberties of the people (*hear, hear*)—the fear of no imputation of being an anti-Reformer would prevent me from giving such a bill my determined opposition."

On the colonial question he declared that an inquiry into "the whole of the relations between the mother country and the colonies" could no longer with impunity be postponed. The "ancient colonial empire of England" was destroyed in deference to "the dogmas of political economists and abstract inquirers."

"I wish to impress upon the House that, while you have destroyed the old system, you have never established a new one. You have never settled any questions upon which the material prosperity of the colonies depends. About five or six years ago you called an illustrious and an avowed colonial reformer to take the seals of the Colonial-office, and what has been the result? A Kafir war. The noble lord has been bold enough to deal with one noble Secretary of State; I wish he had tried his hand with some other noble Secretary of State. (*Loud Cheers.*) The noble lord has said that half Europe was alarmed by the Secretary of State whom he has recently discharged; why, I can tell him that all the British colonies are quite terrified at the other Secretary of State. (*Cheers and Laughter.*)"

Turning to one omission in the speech, the Papal Aggression, he rated Ministers for not having enforced the act; and declared that Rome was now far more powerful than in 1861. Another omission was "the sufferings of the cultivators of the soil." In winding up, he drew a small picture, in very general terms indeed, of the miseries of England under free trade and the Whigs.

Lord John RUSSELL made some explanations, the main point in which was the denial for himself and the Chancellor of the Exchequer of having approved of the coup d'état; but he might have said "he wished the President might triumph over his difficulties"! He intimated that if the House had ceased to confide in the Cabinet, the sooner it said so the better.

The Address was ultimately agreed to, and the House adjourned. On Wednesday the report was brought up, and Mr. HUME took that occasion to make a speech on the address generally. He began by criticising the "set of figures, like the Red Lion of Brentford," painted on the windows of the House, and to denounce the mode of ventilation generally. Then he criticised Lord John, and told him he was a promise-breaker. Yet all this time he must say that the country looked up to the noble lord as a Reformer, seeing that no man knew better than he "what were the principles of the British constitution, nor what would give satisfaction to the people." Thence he glided on to the address, and advised Lord John to "prepare for the storm," by giving a vote to all who paid poor-rates and direct taxes. He attacked the colonial policy, and recommended colonial reform. As to the idea of French invasion, how could people

dream of such a thing, when only last year we had witnessed the Exhibition and the reception of the English in Paris? Don't be terrified by bugbears. In common with Lord Derby and Lord Grey and Lord John Russell, Mr. Hume sneered at the press of England.

"With regard to what appeared about the President in the English press, he (Mr. Hume) would only say that no man had been more abused by the press than he (Mr. Hume), but when he was right he ultimately prevailed, and if he were wrong, the sooner it was known the better. Let every man act that way, and they never need be afraid of the press. (*Hear, hear.*) He hoped that Louis Napoleon would look upon the press as a body of men having a particular trade to carry on, and particular objects in view, and that they did not represent popular opinion in this country in any way to sway public affairs." Mr. Hume again recurred to the capabilities of Lord John Russell, said that he had been too dilatory, and had not the courage to carry his own resolutions; that the Protectionists could never turn him out; but that if the Radicals abstained from voting, the noble lord would be defeated.

Mr. HUME moved, that no vote for public money if opposed, be taken after twelve o'clock. A short debate ensued, followed by a division, when the numbers were—

For the motion, 64; against it, 146.

Majority against, 82.

The proceedings on Thursday were purely routine, and the House adjourned shortly after five o'clock.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

Lord ALBEMARLE moved the address in reply to the Queen's speech, when the House reassembled at five o'clock. He was seconded by Lord LEIGH. Neither of these noble lords said anything of public interest, the speeches of both being composed of mere elongated paragraphs of the speech. They were followed by Lord DERBY, who, acting obviously in concert with Mr. Disraeli, adopted the same tactics, handled the same topics, and expressed similar sentiments. He made merry with the arrangement of the speech. He could not account for the extraordinary concoction except on one supposition, that each of the members of the Cabinet had thrown in a paragraph, jumbled them altogether in a box, and drew lots for their precedence in its organization. As to the topics, he remarked the absence of any mention of the agricultural classes; and he reiterated his opinion that both for revenue and protection an import duty was desirable. The Papal Aggression was not even alluded to, although the repressive act of last year had been clearly, nay, ostentatiously, violated. Respecting Lord John Russell's coup d'état in dismissing Lord Palmerston, Lord Derby was satisfied some serious cause must have induced Ministers to sacrifice their ablest colleague.

"Though her Majesty's Government have not alluded to their relations with France, I am not bound by any of those ties which they are to abstain from speaking openly upon the subject. I entirely agree with the noble earl who moved the address, that the internal administration and Government of each country is a matter for the consideration and arrangement of that country alone; that it rests with that country alone, and that that with which other countries have to deal is the Government *de facto*, without reference to whether it be the Government *de jure*. (*Hear.*) With regard to France, for the last sixty years it has been a succession of usurpations of one kind or another; but on no occasion have we thought it to be our duty to protest against that system of Government which the French have chosen for themselves, whether the Constitutional monarchy of Louis Philippe, the Republic of 1848, or that which I suppose I am still bound to call, by courtesy, "the French Republic of 1852." In each case the form of Government has been the deliberate choice of the people of France, and that form is one which, as that choice, we are bound to respect. (*Hear, hear.*) We are bound to consider, undoubtedly, whether one form of Government or another—whether one state of affairs or another existing in a country in our immediate neighbourhood—may exercise an influence for good or evil over our own national relations and our own national independence; but beyond the question of how far it may affect our own material national interests we have nothing whatever to do with any shade or form of Government that a country may choose, from the most absolute despotism down to the most entire red Republicanism." (*Cheers.*)

He believed Prince Louis Napoleon was actuated by the most pacific motives.

"My lords, I will go further, and I will say that I firmly believe that the French President personally is fully disposed to entertain friendly relations, and to maintain a pacific policy towards other nations. (*Cheers.*) But, my lords, I think that if anything could divert him from that course—if he were a man likely to be worked upon by his own personal feelings—if anything were likely to divert him from that course of policy which I believe his inclination and his sense of the interests of France are likely to make him take, it would be the injudicious, and, I may add, unjustifiable language, which has been made use of by a large portion of the public press of this country upon the character of the French Government and people. (*Loud cheers from all parts of the House.*) If, as in these days, the press aspires to exercise the influence of statesmen, the press should remember that they are not free from the corresponding responsibility of statesmen—(*renewed cheers*)—and that it is incumbent on them, as a sacred duty, to

maintain that tone of moderation and respect, even in expressing frankly their opinions on foreign affairs, which would be required of every man who pretends to guide public opinion, and which is naturally expected from every man who does not seek to inflict the most serious evils upon his own country and others (*cheers*); and I say that it is more than imprudent, that it is more than injudicious, that it is more than folly—that it is perfect madness—at one and the same time to profess a belief in the hostile intentions of a foreign country, and to parade before them the supposed inability of this country to defend itself—(*cheers*)—to magnify the resources of your supposed assailant, and to point out how easy would be the invasion, if not the subjugation of this country (though, thank God, the most violent have not yet spoken of subjugation); but to speak of that invasion, accompanying it with details of the fearful amount of horror and bloodshed which, under any circumstances, must attend it, and then, in the same breath, to assail with every term of obloquy, of vituperation, and abuse, the public and private character of the man who yields that force which you say is irresistible. (*Cheers*.) I am sure, my lords, that whatever unfavourable impression may have been made on the public mind of France by the unjustifiable censures of the public press, that impression may be removed to a great extent by the frank expression of opinion such as you have now received in this and the other house of Parliament; and certain I am that in making use of these expressions I speak the opinion of every well-judging and well-meaning friend of his country. (*Cheers*.)

But still he thought that, as the "ruler of France" might not be able to restrain his subjects or his army, we ought to be prepared for any emergency. Moralizing on the state of things in Paris, he put in a word against the projected Reform Bill. He said that if you destroy the influence of the "territorial possessors of the land," noble and commoner, you may produce a Republic, you may produce a despotism, but you are sure to render a constitutional monarchy impossible, and thus "take away the best and only well-regulated security for the liberties of the country." On the Cape he spoke very reservedly, criticising the second appointment of a commander-in-chief during the war, and declaring his intention of waiting for information. On Ireland he was equally reserved, "regretting" the failure of the special commission, and trusting that extraordinary powers would, if needed, be applied for. The New Zealand paragraph was similarly treated. An indication of the policy of his party escaped him in handling the reform paragraph. He did not believe that throughout the length and breadth of the land there were 500 reasonable men who regard it as a matter of the smallest importance whether the measure is introduced or not, or who have the least desire in the world for Parliamentary Reform. The noble lord made that announcement altogether hastily and unadvisedly, not because the state of the country required a revision of the parliamentary representation, but because he desired to throw out a vague bait to divert an apprehended decision of the House against him.

"I hope that the Government does not propose to disturb the existing balance between the different classes of the community, or to give to the populations of the large towns, already powerful, undue predominance over the country voters, so as to destroy that element which constitutes the security of the Crown and the true liberty of the subject—the permanent influence of the land. (*Hear, hear*.) It is not, then, on the extent of the bill so much as on its principles that will depend our course of proceeding. If we find that the measure is designed merely to remove anomalies and abuses in details, without concurrently doing substantial injustice to any class of the people, the Government will experience from us no factious opposition; but if its object is to extend still further democratic power, at the expense of those just conservative influences on which the safety of the country depends, then I shall oppose the measure, as one of the most dangerous tendency, to the utmost of my power."

Lord GREY's reply was far tamer than the tame attack of his old antagonist. His speech consisted of weak retorts or amiable concurrence. The pith of the speech was on the relations not of this country, but the press of this country, to France!

"The next topic to which the noble earl had addressed himself was the state of France, and again he (Earl Grey) had the pleasure of being able to express his unqualified concurrence in every word that had fallen on that subject from the noble lord. He entirely agreed with him, that it was the duty of this country, and of every individual in an independent capacity, to abstain from any interference in the internal politics of that great and powerful nation which was near us. He had, with the noble lord, perceived with great concern, and he would add, with indignation, the tone adopted by a large portion of the press of this country. (*Hear, hear*.) The denunciations of the Prince at the head of the Government of France, coupled with the untrue representations of the defenceless condition of this country, were the height, not only of imprudence, but even of something far worse. He rejoiced that the noble earl had come forward and stated his utter repudiation of the language such as he had described, and he believed he had the authority of his colleagues for joining in that repudiation; and they would all, he believed, echo those sentiments, which he trusted would have the effect of diverting the incalculable mischief which might have resulted from the language he had alluded to, and which had been held by a great portion of the newspaper press of this country. It would be understood in France

that, however those newspapers might express the opinions and feelings of the writers in them, they did not express the opinions or feelings of any great or powerful party in the country, or in that House, or in Parliament. (*Hear, hear*.)"

Lord Grey thought there was no likelihood of war, but we should make ourselves secure. Still, following the course of Lord Derby, he threw the blame of the Cape war on the policy of that noble lord when Colonial Minister. In New Zealand great improvements had been made, and Parliament was now called upon to fulfil the original intention of bestowing representative government on that colony. He vindicated the free trade policy at great length. And, lastly, he alighted on the reform paragraph; and the sum of his observations was, that the Reform Act needed some amendment, but not so great as to "disturb the settlement of 1832."

The remaining speakers were Lord BROUGHAM, the Duke of RICHMOND, the Earl of YARBOROUGH, the Earl of MALMESBURY, and the Earl of HARROWBY, the sole peer who raised his voice in defence of the press, declaring that it had faithfully and accurately represented the country. The address was agreed to, and the House adjourned.

The only point of interest on Thursday was a speech from the Duke of Wellington on Sir Henry Smith and the Kafir war. The occasion for its delivery was the presentation of the answer of the Queen to the address. The Duke of WELLINGTON said,

"My lords, I was unable to address your lordships two nights ago, when you voted the address to her Majesty, in reply to her most gracious speech; and the motion now before us being that her Majesty's reply be printed, I wish to avail myself of this opportunity to express my sense of the policy of General Sir Henry Smith, the Commander-in-Chief of her Majesty's troops at the Cape of Good Hope. (*Hear*.) Sir Henry Smith is an officer of too high a reputation in the service to require any commendations from me, but having had the chief command in several important military operations which have been carried on under his directions, and having been recalled by her Majesty, it is but justice to him to say, that I, who am his commanding officer, entirely approve of all his operations—entirely approve of all the orders he has given to his troops, and the arrangements he made for their success. I approve entirely of the conduct of the troops and of their officers in all these operations. (*Cheers*.) I am fully sensible of the difficulties under which they laboured—of the gallantry with which they overcame all those difficulties, and of the great success which attended their exertions; and it is my firm belief that everything has been done by the Commander-in-Chief, the officers, and the troops, in order to carry into effect, as far as possible, the instructions of her Majesty's Government. (*Cheers*.) My lord, I may be allowed to remind you, that I have had the honour of commanding her Majesty's army under three Governors-General, and of superintending the conduct of different military operations in the same part of the world. I am sorry to say that I have observed some palpable errors in all these operations, and it is no wonder that my gallant friend, Sir Henry Smith, should have committed some errors, as others have done before him. My lords, these operations by the Kafirs are carried on by the occupation of extensive regions of what is in some places called 'jungle,' and in other places 'bush,' but, in reality, 'thicket'—the thickest wood that can be found anywhere. The Kafirs retire to these fastnesses with the plunder, on which they subsist, and they attack their assailants at great odds. They move away with more or less of celerity and activity—sometimes saving their plunder, which, however, is frequently taken from them. But, my lords, their successes are wholly attributable to these bushes, which our troops do not, and they could not occupy—they would be useless to them, and they could not live in them. On their withdrawal the enemy occupies them again, and the same operations have to be undertaken once more. The consequence is that, to my certain knowledge, some of these fastnesses have been attacked and carried, not less than three or four times over, and that on every occasion with great loss to the assailants. My lords, there is a remedy for this state of evil. The remedy is, that when a fastness has been stormed and captured, it should be totally destroyed by the captors. I have had experience in this kind of warfare, and I know that it can only be ended by opening roads into the bush, and this will inevitably be a work of time. The only mode of subduing such a country is to open roads, so as to admit of the movements of regular troops with the utmost facility. Accordingly, I say that it is absolutely necessary that roads should be opened through each of these fastnesses. I have communicated with the Secretary of State, and I have recommended a course which, I believe, he has ordered to be adopted. The only thing to be regretted is, that that course has not been taken sooner. I know these measures will occupy a great length of time, and will occasion considerable expense; but I have no doubt that the next news will prove that the course adopted on my recommendation is the right one. (*Cheers*.) But the truth is, the war at the Cape has come to that point that, unless such a course is pursued, there can be no peace in that part of the world—there can be no enjoyment of the social comforts of civilised life. The whole of the native population has revolted, and we cannot hope that depredations will not be carried on. The Kafir chieftains, each of them at the head of ten or twenty or more thousands of men, have established themselves in fastnesses within the boundary of her Majesty's territory, and there can be no peace until those fastnesses are accessible to the smallest body of her Majesty's troops. (*Cheers*.) I say, then, this system, if adopted in the Cape, will amply repay the ex-

pense, and give back to the colonists the peace and blessings of civilized life. (*Cheers*.) Unless this expense be incurred—and I do not think it can be equal to that of one campaign—there will be no peace, no cessation to the inroads of armed bodies in that part of the world, and on end to a conflict which belongs to the most destructive of all kinds of war. (*Cheers*.)"

SCENES IN THE HOUSE.—Comedy is not uncommon in St. Stephen's, neither is broad farce entirely excluded. The "Committee on the Kitchen" was moved for on Wednesday. Mr. FRENCH bitterly complained of the wine, insinuated that the tablecloths ought to be changed when there was a great change of guests, and suggested that good wine and clean tablecloths were infallible preventives for a "count out." Mr. ANSTAY objected that there was no Catholic on the committee. The House laughed at him, but he said it was rather a serious matter, considering that a Protestant dinner on a Friday was not very acceptable. Lord MARCUS HILL, who had precipitately left the house during the address of Mr. French, now returned with equal empressment, carrying in each hand a bill of fare, of enormous dimensions, glazed and framed in the manner usual in clubs and coffee-houses. The noble lord placed the culinary programmes with affectionate solicitude on the Speaker's table, and having thus, as M. Soyer would say, "unfurled the banner of gastronomy," proceeded, amid loud laughter, to vindicate the committee from the imputation of exorbitant charges. He had often heard it objected that the prices charged for refreshment in the kitchen were too high, but he did not think that there was the slightest foundation for the assertion. Two years ago he had caused the bills of fare now on the table to be drawn up. He invited attention to them, and challenged any member to prove that the charges were exorbitant. (*Loud laughter*.) He put it to the honourable gentleman, in candour and sincerity, whether there was anything so ruinously exorbitant in these:—

A portion of soup	1s.
A mutton chop	1s.
A fish, boiled or fried	1s.
A fried sole	1s.
A whiting	1s.
Salmon and lobster sauce	2s.

Turbot, or cod's head and shoulders, on terms equally moderate. (*Roars of laughter*.) With regard to cutlets, if three were taken, they could be had at the low charge of 6d. each—(*loud laughter*)—and as for wine, there was no such cause of complaint on that head as the honourable member for Roscommon seemed to think; for, though the honourable member might pay 6s. a bottle for sherry, he ought to know that there was sherry in the kitchen which he could have at 4s. a bottle. (*Laughter*.) Mr. FRENCH: Much obliged, but I had rather not. (*Laughter*.) Lord M. HILL: There is no establishment in London where tea and coffee can be had so cheap. (*Laughter*.) The motion was then agreed to.

NEW MEMBERS.—Sir E. Tennent for Lisburn, the Honourable A. Duncombe for the East Riding of Yorkshire, and Mr. R. Milligan for Bradford, were introduced on Tuesday, and sworn at the table. The Honourable Mr. Hardinge was also sworn as member for Downpatrick. New writs were ordered for Perth, Northampton, Kinsale, Greenwich, East Kent, and East Retford. For Perth, as Mr. Fox Maule has been appointed to the Board of Control; for Northampton, as Mr. Vernon Smith has accepted the War-office; and the other boroughs to fill up vacancies occasioned by the retirement of Mr. Hawes, Admiral Dundas, Mr. Plumptre, and the Honourable A. Duncombe, elected for the East Riding.

MEETING OF CONVOCATION.

Wednesday having been appointed for the assembling of the Convocation of the Clergy, a large number of the elected and ex officio members attended at the Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster-abbey, it having been generally believed among the members of the body and the Church that the Synod would declare its sitting on permanence. The hour of meeting was fixed for twelve o'clock, but long before that time there was a very large assembly of clergymen. A few minutes before twelve o'clock his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury arrived at the Chamber. He was attended by the Worshipful Sir John Dodson, Knight, Queen's Advocate and Vicar-General of the province of Canterbury; Mr. F. H. Dyke, her Majesty's Proctor and Principal Registrar of the province of Canterbury; Mr. F. Knyvett, his Grace's Secretary, and his chaplains. The most reverend Prelate was attired in his full archiepiscopal robes. The members of the Upper House present were—the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Winchester, the Bishop of Oxford, the Bishop of Exeter, the Bishop of Chichester, the Bishop of Lichfield, and the Bishop of St. Asaph.

The Lower House assembled at the same hour. Among the members present were the Venerable Archdeacon Denison, M.A., the Archdeacon of Bath, the Archdeacon of Barnstaple, the Archdeacon of Bristol, the Archdeacon of Maidstone, the Reverends J. Slany, Dr. Moore, Dr. Spry, Dr. Mill, G. E. Gillet, M.A., D. C. Majendie, R. W. Huntley, E. Goddard, J. Yardley, T. Mills, U. A. Woodgate, T. Randolph, and the Reverend J. Harding.

As soon as the Archbishop had taken the chair, the Lower House was summoned to prayers, and after the Church service had been read by the Bishop of Oxford, the Latin prayer, praying exclusively for the Convocation, was read by the most reverend chairman, which having been concluded, the Lower House left and proceeded to its own chamber.

The Bishop of London presented seven petitions, the Bishop of Exeter five, the Bishop of Chichester eight, the Bishop of Llandaff one, the Bishop of St. Asaph one, and the Bishop of Oxford two petitions, praying the Convocation might sit for the despatch of business.

While these proceedings were going on in the Upper House, nearly thirty petitions were presented by different members of the Lower House. The prayer of the petitioners was for the restoration of the synodical functions of the Church.

After all the petitions had been disposed of, a very animated discussion, in which the Bishops of London, Exeter, Chichester, Winchester, St. Asaph, Oxford, and Lichfield, took part, occurred, it being suggested that an address to the Queen, praying for license to meet for despatch of business, should be presented to her Majesty; but after about one hour's debate,

The Archbishop of Canterbury appealed to his right reverend brethren to forbear pressing the subject at the present moment, when so few of Convocation properly understood its functions. However much synodical action might be desired, he (the most reverend prelate) did not think that any good would accrue from petitioning her Majesty; for he felt quite certain that in the present state of the Church, and its multitudinous divisions, their prayer would never be granted.

The Very Reverend W. Rowe Lyall, D.D., Dean of Canterbury, Prolocutor of the Lower House, then appeared at the bar of the Upper House, and presented an address agreed to by the Lower House, to the effect that the House had received numerous petitions praying for the revival of Convocation. The Very Reverend Prolocutor, in addressing the Archbishop, said that the Lower House entirely concurred in the prayer of the petitions, and he was desired by the members assembled to request that the Upper House would take the subject into its consideration.

After hearing the address read,

His Grace the Archbishop said that they would receive the address, and that it should have their best attention.

The Prolocutor and the members of the Lower House then retired from the bar, and proceeded to their own chamber, and were about to enter upon further business, when

Mr. James Barber (the Apparitor of the province of Canterbury) summoned the members of the Lower House to appear before the Archbishop and the members of the Upper House, whereupon

The Prolocutor (the Very Reverend W. Rowe Lyall, D.D., Dean of Canterbury), followed by the members of the Lower House, again proceeded to the bar.

Upon their arrival,

The Archbishop of Canterbury commanded Mr. Francis Hart Dyke to read the following document:—

"We, John Bird, by divine Providence Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England and Metropolitan, President of the present Provincial Synod or Convocation of the Bishops and Clergy of the province of Canterbury, do by this present writing continue and prorogue the said sacred Provincial Synod or Convocation, and continue and prorogue all and singular the certificates or returns already made and delivered, and all others which have not yet been made and delivered in the same state in which they are now, until Thursday, the 19th day of August next ensuing, to a certain Upper Chamber, commonly called the Jerusalem Chamber, situate in the deanery belonging to the collegiate church of St. Peter, Westminster, with further continuation and prorogation of days then following and places, if it shall be necessary to be done in this behalf. "J. B. CANTUAR."

At the reading of this document the greatest surprise was expressed, and many of the assembled members did not hesitate to say that the proceedings were illegal, but of course there was no appeal.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

LETTER VI.

Paris, Tuesday February 3, 1852.

After the stormy emotions of last week there is little left for me to write about to-day. The Government of Louis Bonaparte seems to have paused in its career of violence before the unanimous manifestation of public opinion. The confiscation of the property of the house of Orleans has been, and is still, the incessant topic of discussion. For a moment it was thought that the Government would repeal the decrees. An article in the *Constitutionnel*, which was interpreted in this sense, had caused a rise in the funds. This article was the subject of every conversation; it was supposed that the decrees would be submitted to the Senate and to the Legislative body. But the semi-official evening papers contained a disavowal of the article in the *Constitutionnel*, whose director, M. Veron, was summoned by M. de Persigny, and ordered to submit, in future, all the proofs of his paper to the *censure*, a formality from which he had been hitherto exclusively exempted. M. Veron promised, like a naughty boy, that "he would not do it again," and so was forgiven. The decrees will not be repeated. At the Elysée, the disastrous effect of the decrees had not been

anticipated. "Two or three days' murmuring," it was said, "and then they will be forgotten." It was not so, however. The sensation they created has been most serious in all classes, even in the army. The provinces have been greatly agitated, and especially by the considerations on which the decrees are founded. These considerations are, in effect, nothing more nor less than the revolutionary theory of the *maximum* applied to large fortunes; and you may well imagine how such a threat, suspended over the heads of the owners of property, has alarmed them. The anxiety of the Government at this effect of the decrees has been visibly on the increase. The prefects have been running up from the provinces to protest that they could no longer answer for success in the forthcoming elections. At length Louis Bonaparte has been compelled to render a tardy concession to public feeling. A note has been inserted in the *Moniteur*, to say that it was never contemplated by the Government to deprive the house of Orleans of the chapel and vaults of Dreux. It had been whispered that the Legitimists approved the decrees, but their written refusals to support the President are a sufficient reply to this report. MM. Berryer, de Falloux, de Vatismenil, de Noailles, &c., protested vehemently. MM. Berryer and de Vatismenil even acted as counsel in assisting the legal advisers of the house of Orleans to draw up the remarkable "Mémoire" which has been published. It is certain, too, that many of the new Senators only consented to their nomination on the positive understanding that the decrees would be cancelled; and they don't scruple to declare, loud enough to be heard, that they will not permit a question of public morality to be buked. Here will be food for plenty of scandal in the course of approaching events. The testamentary executors of Louis Philippe have resolved to appeal to the ordinary course of law. They are determined to institute proceedings against the State for restitution of the domains. MM. Dupin, Odillon Barrot, Berryer, Paillet, and Vatismenil, have claimed the honour of placing the property of the house of Orleans under the protection of the laws. They form part of the Judicial Council to the family. M. Dupin, for this express purpose, has returned to the profession of advocate, and has inscribed his name on the list of the Court of Appeal at Paris. In his private conversations he no longer speaks of the Princes of Orleans but as his *clients*. It is he, too, who is charged with preparing the "Mémoire Judiciaire." After the mémoire will come the pleadings. If the ordinary tribunals declare themselves incompetent, appeal will lie, of course, to the Council of State. Hence the Council of State, which Bonaparte has declined to consult, will be invited to pronounce on the validity of his own decrees.

This suit will be in itself an event. In the meanwhile the executors have remitted to M. Bonaparte a solemn protest against the decrees of the 23rd ultimo, and M. Casabianca, Secretary of State, was obliged to acknowledge its receipt. Moreover they endeavoured to get this protest printed at Paris, but formal orders had been given to the printers to refuse the use of their presses. I have before me, as I write, the copy of a letter written by Queen Amélie to M. Dupin, on the subject of the confiscation. Never did a Queen speak with a more noble and dignified simplicity. This letter, which is already beginning to circulate secretly, is calculated to excite in all minds a deeper disgust than ever against Louis Bonaparte. To the list of those who refused the dignity of Senators, in consequence of these decrees, you may add M. le Comte de Jaubert, and M. Gasparin, formerly minister. The reply of the latter to the invitation is said to have been very dignified, but he has declined to publish it.

M. le Duc de Mouchy is in the same case. Bonaparte offered in vain the Secretaryship of the Council of State to M. Hochet; and M. Sers, formerly auditor, and recently nominated auditor of the first class, has resigned. The result of the refusals occasioned by these decrees has been to bring into the Council of State the accession of the name of M. Michel Chevalier, who was not included in the original list, and MM. Dariste, Deujoy, and Bauchart, who were to have been only "Masters of Requests." The absence of the name of General Gourgaud has been noticed as very significant, as he accompanied Napoleon to St. Helena, and his whole life is bound up with the most intimate *souvenirs* of the Emperor. M. Sosthenes de la Rochefoucault, Duc de Doudeauville, refused the senatorial chair that was offered him. I called your attention in my last letter to the sorry and insignificant materials of the Senate. The military is the dominant element in its composition; not to speak of officers of the army, it includes not less than eighteen generals, six marshals, of France, eight admirals, and three vice-admirals. It is to be observed that neither the French Academy, comprising our great literary names, nor the Academy of the Fine Arts, embracing our artistic celebrities in painting and sculpture, nor the Academy of *Belles Lettres*, nor the Academy des Sciences, has obtained a single nomination. This is again a reminiscence of the Empire. Bonaparte the Great used to detest the thinkers, the poets, the students, the writers; he used to call them *Ideologists*.

The nephew simply strives to imitate the uncle. It is but the crow imitating the eagle. It may also be remarked that not one of his cousins bearing the name of Bonaparte is included in the Senate. As I informed you a fortnight since, the old King Jerome has been appointed President of the Senate. His want of money is proverbial, but his pecuniary pretensions surpass all belief. He had already been in receipt of 60,000 francs as Governor of the Invalides. He solicited of his nephew the title of marshal in order that he might get the 40,000 francs of salary attached to that rank. Louis Bonaparte now proposes to give him 200,000 francs as President of the Senate. Jerome has just declared to his nephew that the sum is insufficient; that it was for the name of Bonaparte that the French People had given him seven millions and a half of votes, and that he (Louis Bonaparte) ought to think himself most fortunate that the brother of the Emperor had not claimed the inheritance for himself before allowing the nephew to enjoy it. It is uncertain whether Louis Napoleon will yield. He is sorely afraid of his uncle, who knows all the family secrets, and might, possibly, take it into his head to reveal to France that Louis Napoleon is not a Bonaparte at all, for the simplest of all reasons—that the old King of Holland, Louis Bonaparte, was incapable of being a father. I will tell you an anecdote on this subject which was current in Paris shortly after the elevation of Louis Bonaparte to the Presidency in 1848. He appointed Léon de Malleville Minister of the Interior. The Minister had not been installed two hours before he was summoned by the President, who immediately confided to him that in the archives of the Ministry there was a certain document relating to his father Louis, King of Holland, and that he desired it should be searched for. M. Léon de Malleville gave the requisite orders; the document (it was a *letter*) was sought and found, and brought in a case to the Ministry of the Interior. Louis Bonaparte demanded to have it. "See it, Yes; but have it, No!" replied the Minister. The law forbids it, and my responsibility to the whole country compels me to oppose the demand." For two days there was parleying; but at last Louis Bonaparte, reduced to extremes, announced the removal of M. Léon de Malleville in the *Moniteur*, took possession of the casket which M. de Malleville had sealed up with a written report of his so doing, broke the seals himself, and seized the famous letter. Now this document was a letter of Louis Bonaparte to his brother, General Bonaparte, in which he related confidently that, after a debauch in Italy, he had contracted a disease which had rendered an operation necessary: an operation which rendered him incapable of being a father. Of the children of Hortense Beauharnais not one, in fact, was by Louis Bonaparte. The eldest, whom (before his divorce from Josephine) the Emperor had designed for his successor, was the son of Napoleon himself, who had given in marriage to his brother, Hortense Beauharnais *enceinte*—Hortense his daughter-in-law, dishonoured by the husband of her own mother. The second son, Louis Napoleon, our President of to-day, is the son of the Dutch Admiral Verhuel, who served against England in the operations of the Camp of Boulogne. Louis Napoleon resembles him in features, in character, and in habits. Admiral Verhuel, phlegmatic and obstinate as his countrymen, was addicted to strong liquors. The third son, who died in 1831 in the Italian war of independence, was the son of, I don't remember whom. The fourth son; no less a person than M. de Morny, the Minister of a few days since, was, honestly, an illegitimate son, having been born after the divorce of the Queen of Holland. His father is Count Flahaut. Imagine how urgent it was for Louis Napoleon, elected President of the French Republic, to get hold of and to efface the mysteries of his parentage! The peasantry believed he was the nephew of the Emperor: his real origin would have entitled him, perhaps, to aspire to the dignity of Burgomaster of some Dutch village! This breaking of the seals, this theft of the national archives within a few days after his accession to power, made a good deal of noise at the time. Explanations were imperative, and were in fact demanded in the National Assembly; but it was at that time the interest of the Conservatives to coax Louis Bonaparte, whom they sustained in his policy of crushing the Republic. The interpellations had no result. Now, although this letter of the ex-King of Holland has been destroyed, there still remains a living witness to its contents, in the person of the old King Jerome, who at least is a *real Bonaparte*. It may be conceived how lively an interest Louis Napoleon has in keeping him quiet, and in cramming his mouth that he may not talk! So he will be sure to have more than the 200,000 francs which was offered to him, and which he refused as—not enough.

Unhappily, the state of the finances is far from satisfactory. All the functionaries, in the apprehension of a catastrophe, are anxious to lose no time in discounting future contingences: they have all solicited increased salaries: to assure their zeal, all that they have asked is promised; but the deplorable con-

* "La voir, Oui; mais l'avoir, Non."

dition of the Exchequer, and the scarcity of money, forbid these largesses. A loan of 250 millions of francs (£10,000,000) is in serious contemplation. For some days past it has been talked of on the Bourse. All kinds of financial schemes are in the air. Among others a tax "sur le revenu" to be a species of adaptation of the English income tax. But if these officious advisers of the President had even a glimmering of experience in finance, they would not forget that the tax they want to establish is already established in France under the name of "impôt mobilier." So that it would be to make us pay the same tax twice, under two names.* The organization of agriculture credit is also in discussion. A variety of important projects have been submitted to Louis Bonaparte; one is said to have been sent in by the father-in-law of General Roquet (aide-de-camp to the President), who was formerly a notary; another by M. Pommier. The latter pretends to realize a comprehensive series of reforms on a vast scale. He would establish a species of hypothecary credit by means of a paper currency, to have a forced circulation like Bank Notes. A third proposition is to convert the Five per Cents into Fours by a simple decree. This is strongly urged in the best informed circles. All these contradictory rumours, all these menacing projects, cause a disquiet, an indefinable uneasiness, in the financial world. M. Fould's financial report, indeed, is not reassuring. To the ignorant and superficial public he announces a deficit for 1852, of only 45 million francs (£1,800,000). But those who are ever so little versed in money-matters, are surprised that this deficit should be only declared at 45 millions (of francs) now, when it had formerly been stated at 64. They are surprised, too, that neither the subvention of 49 million francs accorded to the Avignon Railway figures on the "Passive" side of the budget in this report, nor the 25 million francs borrowed of the Bank of France on the 4th of December, on the security of the Emperor of Russia. Instead, then, of a deficit of 45 millions, the real deficit to be stated is 138 millions of francs (£5,520,000). Add to this the 700 millions of francs (£28,000,000) of floating debt, and you will understand how severely the need of a loan begins to be felt. The loan is to be as I have stated, 250 millions of francs (£10,000,000).

The *Moniteur*, of last Saturday, published the decree organizing the new Ministry of Police. The presiding idea of this new creation is unmistakably the tendency to strengthen the central power, to make all lesser powers converge to the central executive, to restrain local authority, and to deliver into the hands of Government all the threads of the police of the whole empire, even to the smallest hamlet within its borders. Here, again, we find an inspiration of the imperial system. In virtue of the new decree, the Ministry of Police will be a continuous, permanent, systematic delegation of the powers of the state of siege, when the state of siege shall have ceased. Nothing, in fact, is more arbitrary than the powers conferred on these Inspectors-General. They are invested with the right of surveillance over all associations of every kind, even commercial companies: they can, at their good pleasure, inspect bank books, registers, ledgers—all papers, in short, which concern private fortunes. What would you, Englishmen, say to such an inquisition into the affairs of business? The 14th article of the decree confers upon the Inspectors-General authority to arrest and to search, without any formality, warrant, or order whatever. Since '89 no person in France could be arrested without a formal warrant from proper judicial authority. This was the only *habeas corpus* to which Frenchmen could appeal. Henceforth it will be so no longer. Only displease an Inspector-General by a look or a gesture which he may choose to interpret as an offence, or forget to salute him, and you are immediately arrested. Such, according to the latest jargon of Government, are "regular institutions." You may conceive how this menacing decree has been received by all classes of society. To attenuate the impression which it was forsooth the decree would inevitably create, Louis Bonaparte addressed a letter to the Minister of Police, in which he says: "It will not be a Ministry of provocation and of persecution seeking to disclose the secrets of families, seeing evil everywhere for the pleasure of exposing it, interrupting the mutual relations of citizens, spreading fear and suspicion everywhere; it will, on the contrary, be an essentially protective institution; it will only intimidate the 'enemies of society.'" For the "enemies of society" read "the enemies of Bonaparte," which is as much as saying that it will intimidate everybody.

Another "regular institution" of the same kind is on the eve of entering upon its functions. I mean the Legislative Corps, all whose deliberations may be cancelled by the Council of State and the Senate.

A decree which appeared in to-day's (*Tuesday's*) *Moniteur* fixes the elections for the 29th of February. The same *Moniteur* contains the electoral law. Conformably with the provisions of the Constitution of the 14th of January, the elections will be made by

* Our correspondent is, we think, deceived in his analogy. The *impôt mobilier* has no English equivalent.

arrondissement, by ballot, and by universal suffrage. The incompatibilities which existed in the former electoral law will be suppressed. The Government will have its own candidates, who will be openly proposed and recommended by the *préfets* and *sous-préfets*.

The name of the Government candidate will be placarded (at the public expense) in all the communes of the arrondissement. There will be 261 deputies, one to every 35,000 souls.

Here are a few of the Government candidates:—First, the editors of the *Constitutionnel*, MM. Cauvain, Granier (de Cassagnac), Cucheval. Second, the editors of *La Patrie*, Amédée de Céren and Delamarre; the latter is proposed for Paris. M. Évariste Bavoux offers himself in the Seine-et-Oise; M. de Nieuwerkerke (director of the Musée, a Dutch compatriot of the President, and the *amant* of the Princess Mathilde) in the Aisne; M. de Goulard in the Basses Pyrénées; M. Abatucci (the son) in the Loiret; M. Faucher at Reims; M. Napoleon Daru in the Manche. Many ex-representatives start as candidates of the Opposition. I assured you a fortnight ago that such would infallibly be the tactics of the Legitimists. It is a general plan adopted by them in common. Accordingly M. le Duc de Mouchy is a candidate at Beauvais, M. de Larcy in the Hérault, M. de Vati-mesnil in the Eure, M. Berryer at Marseilles. The most curious history is that of M. de Montalembert, who was to have been a candidate of Government in the Douts, and who has just started for himself on the Opposition, in consequence of the decrees of the 23rd ultimo. M. Pepin Lehalleur, ex-President of the Tribunals of Commerce, presents himself in the Seine et Maine in competition with the candidate of the Government; a letter from him leaves no doubt of his intentions. While the elections are getting ready, Louis Napoleon is establishing a military household, as the Emperor Napoleon did before him. He has just created a Governor of the Palace of the Tuileries. Colonel Vaudrey, formerly Commandant of the 4th Regiment of Artillery, is appointed to the office. Louis Napoleon, in defiance of all military regulations, and in spite of the opposition of the Minister of War, has restored Colonel Vaudrey to the army, to which he had ceased to belong, and has even promoted him to the rank of General of Brigade. Louis Bonaparte has also made a further change in the cross of the Legion of Honour. This cross is well martyred! it will no longer bear the effigy of the First Consul, but that of the Emperor with the Eagle, the Imperial Crown, and the thunder-bolt.

There has been an earthquake at Bordeaux in the past week. It caused no serious accident. I will tell you, however, one or two amusing episodes which the phenomenon occasioned. Many persons, feeling themselves shaken, fancied there were robbers under their beds, waiting a favourable moment for an assault. They rushed out of bed, and, seizing the first weapon within reach, struck out wildly in the dark at the supposed assailant. One joke is of a good woman, who was so indignant at being shaken about for a few moments, which seemed to her ages, that as early as six in the morning she knocked at the door of her landlord to give him notice that she would no longer occupy a house "unsafe to live in." The sentry at the gate of the general-in-chief's house complained of some practical jokers, who made him jump in his box, and tried to upset it.

An expedition against the Kabyles is still talked of, under the command of General St. Arnaud.

It would seem that for the last few days the Government has recovered its senses, and that it has begun to feel that by its rigorous measures it disgusts and revolts everybody; or, meeting with such a formidable opposition in the rich and lettered classes of society, it is determined to endeavour to regain the favour of the working classes, who have been more particularly decimated by death and exile, since the 2nd of December. At any rate it is certain that the measures of rigour have been softened towards the insurgents and prisoners of the lower classes. A circular of the new Minister of the Interior, M. Fialin (De Persigny) invites the *préfets* to set at liberty all those prisoners who may appear to have been only "misled." An amnesty is also in contemplation, with the hope of regaining by clemency the lost popularity. This measure, it is said, was discussed in Council last Thursday. It is certain that since that day the Council of Revision has decided on the release of a certain number of persons destined for transportation, and already shipped on board of the ship of the line *Duguesclin*, at Brost. New arrests, notwithstanding, have taken place at Paris, especially in the Faubourg St. Antoine, and among others that of M. Lebataud, ex-Lieutenant-Colonel of the 8th Legion. In the departments even judges have been arrested, without preliminary application to these courts; M. Némori Laboudie, judge at Confolens, the President of the Tribunal of Rhodéz, and M. Martin, judge at Forcalquier. In the South the arrests are more frequent than ever. The *Echo de Montpellier* says that at Bédarieux alone the number of arrests is more than 200. In the *Toulonnais* we read: "The Fort Lamalque being unable to contain all the prisoners already arrested, and those expected to be, 100 accused persons were on Mon-

day last removed on board the ship of the line *Généreux*. To-day (Tuesday) 100 others have been put on board her from other ships; and we are assured 200 more will follow them to-morrow. Other measures of rigour still continue in force throughout France. The Government is now beginning to strike the Legitimists. Several Legitimist clubs have been closed at Montpellier, at Toulouse, and in the south. The songs and lyrics of Pierre Dupont, the popular poet, have been forbidden at Lyons, and throughout the sixth military division. At St. Etienne a circular of the Prefect of the Loire recommends the authorities to watch narrowly all commercial travellers, as being a most dangerous class of persons, engaged in the propagandism of democratic opinions. At Maçon the Council-General of the Saône et Loire has been dissolved. The Councils of War go on pronouncing condemnations. At Clamecy three persons have been sentenced to death.

Yesterday appeared in the *Constitutionnel* an article, by Granier de Cassagnac, on the forthcoming elections. It is an invitation, couched in coarse and brutal terms, to the candidates who present themselves to the suffrages of the country to "mind how they behave;" for on their showing the least sign of opposition to Government, the imperial hero of the coup d'état of the 2nd of December would make as short work with them again as he did on that occasion. The force of insolence can no farther go! S.

CONTINENTAL NOTES.

From Berlin we learn that the King has been honouring his Minister Manteuffel by attending his soirée, and remaining for two hours. An early visit of the Czar to the Court of Prussia is spoken of. The Empress of Russia is the sister of the King.

The German fleet is quite broken up; and it is not only disputed who did most to destroy it, but who shall pay for it. Prussia has been the chief sufferer by the delusion of 1848. The inland states have never assented to the expense of what they could not deem an advantage. Till the 10th of February the expenditure for the ships is provided; the engagement of the crews expires in March. The officers will have a claim for compensation for loss of employment.

The resolution affirming the commercial treaty with Prussia and the Zollverein was read a second time in the Upper Hanoverian Chamber, on the 26th, by a majority of 34 votes to 19. In the Second Chamber the copy of a treaty with France for the protection of literary property was laid on the table.

In a late sitting of the Second Chamber at Munich, M. von Lassaulx, in giving his vote for the military estimates, stated he did so the more readily as the States of Germany must be prepared for all eventualities, since the political power in France had been seized by a "buccanier" (*flibustier*). The French Minister made a formal remonstrance to the President of the Ministry, M. von der Pfordten, against the use of such an expression by a Deputy of the Chambers in reference to the chief of the French Government. In the sitting of the 24th M. von Pfordten expressed his regret that M. von Lassaulx should have used so injurious a term; had he heard it, he should have requested that the honourable deputy be called to order. The President of the Chamber also stated that he had not heard the word—a declaration the Chamber received with considerable "hilarity." M. von Lassaulx did not withdraw the expression.

Woman-flogging is still in force under the paternal Government of Austria, as the *Vienna Gazette* publishes the following, among a list of sentences upon political offenders:—

"Eva Demmelhart, for using inflammatory language, to receive twenty blows with a rod, and suffer eight days' imprisonment, sharpened with two fasts upon bread and water."

The same publication contains sentences upon four-and-twenty journeymen tobacco makers, punished for agreeing among themselves not to work—for striking, in fact. They are to be imprisoned in irons for various periods of from fourteen to twenty-five days, and fast twice a week.

The Piedmontese Senate has adopted, by a large majority, the treaty of commerce and navigation with Austria. The Chamber of Deputies is discussing the project of law on public security. The tendencies of the Court and governing class at Turin are becoming every day more decidedly reactionary and Austrian. It is true that allowances may be made for the very delicate and difficult position of the constitutional monarchy in Piedmont since the defeat of Charles Albert; but if absolutist Austria and despotic France have to be appeased, there is also the future of Italy to be remembered; for Italy is not dead, nor even sleeps. There is a proper mean between hostility and concession.

Accounts from Nice of the 25th state that Italian labourers expelled from France daily arrived in that town.

There has been an abrupt Ministerial dismissal at Naples. The Marquis Fortunato, Minister of Foreign Affairs and President of the Council, has been dismissed, and the Private Secretary of the King super-

seded. M. Troya, Minister of Public Instruction, had been nominated President of the Council.

An amnesty was talked of, but this would seem especially improbable, from the fact that Filangieri is mentioned as the new Chief Minister.

The hereditary prince "being now turned sixteen," has been named Grand Constable of the Order of St. George, and has taken his seat in the Council of State. Happy kingdom to be so easily governed!

At Ancona the guillotine is in preparation (says the correspondent of the *Daily News*), so that the inhabitants apprehend that they will soon have to witness some sanguinary work. All the moderate party in La Marca are now alienated from the Papal Government.

Mr. Sheppard has entered into a contract with the municipality of Rome for lighting the city with gas. He is to have the monopoly of manufacturing gas for private houses and shops for twenty-five years. Eighteen months are allowed him for the completion of the work. The question of Papal railways is still in suspense.

There has been a rather animated debate in the Prussian Chambers on the relations of Prussia to the Frankfurt Diet. A resolution had been moved to the effect that the independence of Prussia was inconsistent with the pretensions of the Central Diet, in which Austria was generally opposed, and always preponderant. The Government moved the order of the day by a negative to the resolution, which was said to refer to "relations beyond the competence of the Chambers." In the course of the debate M. Manteuffel spoke disparagingly of Parliamentary government. Exceptions were taken to his words, and the Ministers explained that he did not allude to the Parliamentary system generally, but to its exaggeration.

The bill re-imposing the stamp duties on the press in Prussia has been printed. A duty is imposed on foreign newspapers by the following clause:—

"Whoever takes a newspaper or periodical published out of the state of Prussia, has to pay a tax of twenty-five per cent. of the subscription price of the said periodical, exclusive of the postage, at the place of publication, or, at the least, two thalers a year for each periodical."

The number and size of political periodicals have so increased (writes the correspondent of the *Times*) that most of the Berlin daily papers will have to pay an average of four thalers a year for every subscribed copy; one journal alone will pay more than a third of the amount of the whole revenue from this source, before 1848, throughout the monarchy. More than one will have to pay forty thousand thalers a year—by the German standard, an immense sum. It may even inspire the Government with a little respect for journalism, at present suspected, fettered, confiscated, and liable to ill-treatment of all descriptions, when it finds that one paper alone, from its little obscure offices, pays the yearly official salary of half the Ministers of State. The *Kreuz Zeitung* declares the tax exorbitant, as it will absorb nearly three-fifths of its gross revenue—an amount of taxation imposed on no other enterprise in which large capital is embarked.

The King of Denmark is to publish a manifesto relating to the future governments of Schleswig and Holstein, which is expected to settle finally the whole question. The Austrian troops will then be withdrawn from Holstein, and, it is hoped, from Hamburg also, as there could be no plea for their remaining.

The exportation of grain is prohibited throughout the Russian empire. The Austrian provinces shew strong signs of disaffection towards the "paternal" government.

In Dalmatia there have been desperate outbreaks of smugglers, on the attempt to introduce the Austrian customs, regulations, and taxes.

In Croatia the discontent is aggravated by the recent ordinances (of the 31st of December) abolishing their long enjoyed political privileges, as a reward for their fidelity to the royal house.

The sentence (says the Vienna correspondent of the *Times*) passed on the youth for not taking off his hat when the Emperor passed, is thus mentioned in the *Wiener Zeitung* of yesterday:—"Louis Danzmayer, shopman, twenty stripes with a rod, and eight days' arrest in a military prison, for inflammatory demonstrations in a public place." You may suppose what indignation the wording of this sentence has occasioned.

It is unsafe for any stranger to whom the august presence of the beardless Nero is unknown, to walk the streets of Vienna.

The birth of a royal child seems to be a very important event in Spain.

The *Gazette* of Madrid announces that, in order to perpetuate the recollection of the birth of the Infanta heiress to the throne, the Ayuntamiento had decided, with the approbation of the Queen, that the children of both sexes, born on the same day as her Royal Highness, provided they were the legitimate children of artisans, labourers, and retired military men, whose pension did not exceed six reals daily, and who possessed no other means of existence, should each receive 6000 reals. The Ayuntamiento further decreed that the children born on the day of the christening of the Princess, and placed in the same conditions as the first, should receive each 3000 reals. Those sums are to be deposited in the Sinking Fund, and, with the accumulated interests, to be paid them on the day they shall become of age.

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE THE QUEEN OF SPAIN.

The *Morning Chronicle* yesterday published the following telegraphic despatch.

"MADRID, February 2.—An attempt has just been made on the life of Queen Isabella II. At present the wound does not seem dangerous."

The *Constitution* adds:—"The 2nd of February was the day on which she was to take her first airing, and go to the Church of Atocha, to be churchied."

NATIONAL DEFENCES.

There is no abatement in public feeling on this topic. A body of influential gentlemen at the West End have for the last few days been busily engaged in forming an association, having for its object the establishment of rifle clubs in the various districts of London. A numerous meeting was held on Thursday week, at the Thatched-house Tavern, St. James's-street, when several resolutions were unanimously carried, and a committee formed for the purpose of developing its plans. It is the intention of the committee to raise subscriptions for the purpose of procuring rifles for the use of such members as may be unable or indisposed to purchase them. Among the first subscriptions received for carrying out this object was one of £5 from Mrs. Alfred Tennyson, and another of the same amount from the Poet Laureate himself. The inhabitants of Winchcombe and its neighbourhood, headed by Lord Ellenborough and a few other residents of the district, are exerting themselves to get up a local rifle corps, and a public meeting on the subject is to be held on Saturday. Government proposes to call out the militia.

Meanwhile we have heard enow of officers' opinions on the state of the army. A few remarks from "privates" are apropos and acceptable. The *Times* of Tuesday contained the following letter, signed William Seamore, and adding the respectable Seamore's address:—

"I address you respectfully. Three of us pensioners almost always read your paper. My father was a game-keeper. Before I enlisted I was brought up to that too, and although I was not drilled and I lived irregularly, I could walk twice as far, and carry more weight of game—because I was not hampered with straps and buckles and a stiff stock—than ever I could after I was a soldier. Many officers are sportsmen, and could tell the Commander-in-Chief that there ought to be a new undress, a sort of dark mixture cloth made into a short 'waggoner,' fastened round the waist with a belt, and round the wrists and neck with a button, made loose, because it would not show a man hiding half as much as the tight edge of a coat. The stock is enough to break your neck when you jump down three or four feet, so there should be an indiarubber one, or cloth. There should be a good cap, like a huntsman's; and all the boots are made a bad shape—if they were made as well as officers' shooting boots, they would not beat the men on the line of march as often as they do. The clothes I mean would do for undress and fatigue at home, and would be the best for fighting; and the full dress might be kept, stock, shako and all, for parade, and teaching recruits to look soldierlike and tidy, and for officers' parties. The firelock is nearly twice too heavy, and kicks hard, and the lock too stiff. There is twice too much leather in all the belts, and they ought to be coloured mouse colour, like I often did officers' hunting breeches. If there were inquiries made from three or four officers in every regiment in the service, and all they said put together, they would soon find out the right uniform and accoutrements for fighting. I don't know the new invention of guns; but the cartouche-box is too heavy, and placed wrong. When we are in a hurry, and firing quick, we always pull it round, and it ought to be made to come round easier; I mean to the front. The knapsack ought not to be stiff and square, but made to buckle up small; and let more things be taken out of it for long marches, and not polished; then, like the tight clothes, it would not be seen lying down. This is a bad letter from an old man, but if your honour puts it in I can tell you more another time."

From another quarter complaints of a different nature are published in the leading journal of Thursday. A "Private Marine" is the writer.

"Well, Sir, I commence my career with the shilling of the recruiting sergeant, and after undergoing the usual allowance of bullying from all ranks, from a lance-corporal up to an adjutant, and hearing the Queen's English mutilated by certain drill sergeants, who fancy that the chief part of their duty consists in making a noise, I am at length 'passed for duty'—that is, I have been taught to keep my head up, to step in time, &c.—all very good things in their way. I have a stiff stock put round my throat, almost producing strangulation; I am imprisoned in a tight-fitting coat; I have a thing that I am told is a musket put into my hand; and there is no doubt but if I keep my boots marked, my buckles and belts properly clean, spend all my pay in buying new trousers and canteen covers, and keeping a very awkwardly constructed knapsack nicely varnished, not forgetting to march into the field, when required, with a strictly regulated pace, I shall be a credit to the country and become a great warrior. So far so good. But the wise gentlemen who have taken such pains to teach me to do everything in a certain number of motions, and in strict time, have quite forgotten to explain to me the uses of the weapon I am armed with. I have no means of knowing the range of my musket; I do not know whether it carries its ball high or low; whether it diverges to the right or left. I do not know the weight or measure of a charge of powder, should ready-made

cartridges fail, and could scarcely cast a ball even if I had a mould. Now, sir, it is all very well for me to assist my comrades to deliver a volley in excellent time. I can load and fire on the same principle as a parrot learns A, B, C, but I want some instruction in the properties of the weapon. If I were placed in a situation (among the Kafirs, for instance), where every shot ought to be of service, I might as well be armed with a tobacco pipe. I know that I must fire at an object, but I also ought to be able to strike it; but as I am at present taught, I should not know whether an enemy were within my reach or not, nor how to aim with a reasonable chance of hitting him. If I were to apply to the drill sergeant for any information of this kind, he would most probably call it 'pertinence,' and put me in the guard-room; or, perhaps, say, 'It's no business of yours; I like to see a man do wot he's told, and ask no questions.'

"My remarks will apply just as well to naval actions, for certainly regular volleys would be of little avail against the bulkheads of a ship; all the service must be done by individual shots and independent firing. Now, Sir, there are hundreds of my comrades as ignorant as I am of the uses and properties of a musket, and perhaps many thousands in the service are in the same predicament. With all due deference, do you not think that, instead of worrying and harrassing men with such trifling non-essentials as canteen covers, buckles, &c., it would be more to the credit of our rulers were proper means taken to render the men efficient by thoroughly explaining and pointing out the uses of the weapons they are armed with, and allowing every man to practise individually and learn the trim of the article he has to defend his life with?"

Add to these, letters almost daily from Sir Charles Napier—bitter, trenchant, and alarming; descriptions of needle guns and Minié rifles, and inefficient heavy ship guns; and you, dear reader, safe at home, may form some notion of the chances of your excellency's repose being disturbed some bright morning by the crack of foreign fire-arms.

Here is a description of the Swiss rifle—the rival of the fatal Minié:—

"This weapon weighs only 9½lb. The bore is very small. The ball weighs only 255 grains—hardly one-third as much as that of the Minié rifle; and in form it is not unlike a piece of tobacco pipe, tapering to a point, and nearly an inch in length. As for the range of this Swiss rifle, we need only mention that, at a distance of 1000 paces, 100 balls (fired from a rest) struck a target of eight feet six inches square, and penetrated three planks of deal placed one inch asunder, besides passing half through a fourth. At this range, the extreme height of the trajectory—the patch of the ball in the air—was thirty-three feet six inches; whilst, at a range of 500 yards, it was only eight feet six inches. Consequently, if fired at a mark 500 yards off, the ball could scarcely fail to strike any soldiers, cavalry or infantry, who might be between the gun and the object. Owing to the lightness of the ball, a soldier armed with this rifle can carry 150 rounds of ball cartridge, whilst he can only carry forty rounds on the Minié system. There are minor advantages claimed for this weapon over its competitor, in loading and firing, one of which is so singular that we will mention it. The Minié ball is furnished with an iron thimble, fitting into a hollow in its lower extremity, into which the explosion of the powder drives it, so as to force the lead into the grooves of the rifle and to prevent windage. Now, if this hollow is not shaped with great care and exactness, the explosion will sometimes drive the thimble completely through the bullet, leaving the latter jammed in the grooves of the rifle, in the shape of a long cylinder, and of course completely destroying the efficiency of the weapon. Few sportsmen, we suspect, were prepared to hear of so extraordinary an instance of leading. On the other hand, the Swiss projectile, being solid, is subject to no such mishaps."

The same journal, the *Morning Chronicle*, suggests the addition of a bayonet to the rifles of the volunteer corps.

INTRAMURAL INTERMENTS.

A deputation waited on Lord John Russell on Saturday, from the parishes of Marylebone and St. Pancras, to lay before his lordship the views of the parishioners on intramural interments, and to present a memorial praying that the parochial authorities might be authorized to purchase sites for extramural interments under local control. Lord John Russell, in reply, spoke as follows:—

"Gentlemen, I can only state to you, in reply, that the matter has been for some time under the consideration of the Government; that the general principle of the measure to be produced has been agreed upon, and that Lord Seymour has been charged by me with the duty of preparing the measure and carrying out its details. I believe that we are all agreed on the general principles, and these only I shall touch upon at present. In the first place, we are agreed that there is a great desire, and I think a very just desire, that interments should not go on within the metropolis. In crowded streets it is not fit that there should be burialgrounds, and where the number dying is very large the result must be very injurious to the public health. In the next place I should say that I entirely agree that anything that can be done by the parochial authorities would be better done by them than by the Government, or by a board appointed by the Government. In the third place, that it is a matter of no little difficulty to accomplish the object in such a town as this is, considering the vast size of the metropolis. I am told that such things are arranged differently in other towns, and I can conceive it; but in this town we have to consider that if the burialgrounds to be provided are to be free from buildings, they must be at a considerable distance. If we go to St. Pancras, we find

that some years ago they provided a burialground which was remote from buildings, but by the increase of the town it has now been included in the town itself, and in this way many cemeteries have become surrounded by houses. That being the case, and it being necessary that burialgrounds should be provided at some distance, of course there would be no very great difficulty as regarded the rich or the poor, because the parish undertakes the interment of the poor; but there is, with regard to a vast mass of the middle classes of the people, a difficulty, as they would have to pay a considerable sum for the interment of their families. And with regard to the working of the plan that has been suggested, there is another difficulty, which does not belong to the locality, but which refers to the size of the parish; because, while the new parishes, if I may so call them, consist of very large districts—most of them immensely populous—there are in the old parts of the town very small parishes, which, of course, would be neither able to go to the same expenditure, or take the same large and comprehensive view as these larger parishes; therefore, there are difficulties belonging to the subject; but I trust that the measure under consideration, when it is produced, may be satisfactory, and at all events we shall be ready to listen to any amendment that may be proposed. So far from its being the object of the Government to have any control in these matters, they have quite enough to do already, and it is, I assure you, far from their wish to be incumbered with them."

Mr. Cooper begged to ask whether his lordship had any objection to having the proceedings of the deputation published, with his lordship's remarks?

Lord J. Russell: I have no objection whatever; but I reserve to myself the right of denying it if anything is attributed to me that I may not have said.

The deputation then withdrew.

AMERICAN INTERVENTION IN EUROPE.

As additional evidence of the fact that the foreign policy of the United States is about to undergo a change, we cite the following passage from the address of his Excellency G. S. Boutwell, Governor of Massachusetts, to the two branches of the Legislature in convention on the 15th of January.

"You have, gentlemen, authorized the Executive to invite Louis Kossuth to this Commonwealth. This trust will be cheerfully and faithfully executed. Your action will be regarded as an expression of the sympathy of Massachusetts for the distinguished exile, and for the cause of European liberty, which he so truly represents. The common sentiment of America is on the side of constitutional governments. Nor will this sentiment be satisfied with an individual, unofficial expression. It will also demand, through the diplomatic agents of the country, a distinct declaration on the part of Austria and Russia as to their future purposes. If these governments shall assert the right of interference in the domestic affairs of European nations, or shall decline to make a distinct declaration upon this point, it would seem proper for our government to give them notice that we assert on our part an equal right to interfere in favour of republican or constitutional governments, reserving to ourselves of course the power to judge the circumstances and the necessity of interference as events transpire. If, however, contrary to our expectations, Austria and Russia should assent to the doctrine of non-intervention, our object will have been gained. We cannot, in any view of the subject, quietly submit to the absorption of the smaller states of Europe by the larger, and the final subjection of all to two or three allied despotisms."

PROGRESS OF ASSOCIATION.

MR. CONINGHAM'S LECTURE, AT PORTSMOUTH, ON THE FRENCH COÖPERATIVE MOVEMENT.

On Saturday evening, Mr. Coningham delivered a lecture in the Athenæum, Portsea, on the Coöperative movement in France in 1848-49. The hall was well filled by an assembly composed of the élite of the working classes.

The Reverend W. CHIGNELL, an Independent minister, occupied the chair.

Mr. CONINGHAM commenced his lecture by showing the difference between production and distribution. He said, the requisites of production were two: labour, and the materials and forces supplied by nature. Unlike the laws of production, those of distribution were chiefly of human institution.

Besides labour and natural agents, the primary requisites of production, there was another requisite without which no productive operations were possible, namely, a stock of the produce of labour, termed capital, which was often supposed to be synonymous with money; but money, in itself, could afford no assistance to production. To do that, it must be exchanged for other things. What capital does for production is, to afford the materials, &c., which the work requires, and to maintain the labourers during the process. These are the services which present labour requires from past, and from the produce of past, labour. And, when one or more workmen possess stock or capital sufficient both to purchase the materials for their work and to maintain themselves until it be completed, they then take the whole produce of their own labour. In the coöperative farm or factory, associated labour, talent, and capital, are employed in production; in the coöperative store, they are employed in distribution, or trade.

After a passing allusion to the various social theories of ancient and modern times, the Lecturer proceeded to describe some of the scenes of the eventful

year 1848, and to refute the calumnious accusation against M. Louis Blanc. He stated that the Revolution had given a powerful impulse to the social and coöperative movement. The Provisional Government, on the 25th of February, issued the memorable proclamation by which the RIGHT OF EVERY CITIZEN TO LABOUR was affirmed.

On the 28th, the decree for the Commission of the Luxembourg was issued, of which M. Louis Blanc was appointed President, and M. Albert Vice-President. The Commission met for the first time on the 1st of March. By the 20th, the number of delegates to the bonâ fide Operative Parliament had increased to five hundred.

The two questions which required immediate solution were—1. A reduction of the hours of labour. 2. The abolition of "marchandage"—the system of middlemen, sweaters, or piecework contractors.

Both these demands were readily acceded to by the employers.

Mr. Coningham then gave some interesting details of the military organization of the Ateliers Nationaux of the Champ de Mars, which soon became a cause of serious uneasiness to the Commission of the Luxembourg. These ateliers, as they were called, were established by a decree of the Provisional Government, which was never signed by M. Louis Blanc; indeed, it was issued by the other members of the Government during his temporary absence from the Hotel de Ville.

After the 15th of May, the conferences of the Luxembourg were interdicted; but one leading idea had been brought prominently forward during the brief and incomplete discussions of the Commission—the idea of Coöperative Association.

The Lecturer then gave a detailed account of the formation of the Tailors' Association of the Rue de Clichy, for the purpose of executing a Government contract for 100,000 uniforms; which was, in fact, a mere temporary expedient for employing the unemployed and famishing workmen. After three months' trial, when the formation of a real Coöperative Association was becoming possible, the disastrous insurrection of June broke forth. On the 23rd, the men of Clichy never quitted their work; on the two following days, they were unable to reach the workshops; but when, on the 26th, the shops were again opened, twelve men only, out of 1600, were found absent.

The ateliers of the Champ de Mars had been suddenly and violently disbanded by the intrigues of the Royalist party, who disappeared during those terrible days, and were fatal to the Republic. The People was conquered by Republicans—a dearly-bought victory, by which reaction alone triumphed. Mr. Coningham summed up and concluded his lecture by showing:—

1. That M. Louis Blanc was not the founder of the Ateliers Nationaux; but, on the contrary, that the ateliers were organized as a military force to oppose the Luxembourg, or to descend into the streets if necessary (to use the words of M. Marie, a "white" Republican);

2. That the plan of making Government advances for the purpose of employing the workmen originated with the cloth manufacturers of France;

3. That while the work of the Ateliers Nationaux was totally unproductive, the work of the tailors of Clichy was not only productive, but profitable;

And, finally, that the military organization of the Ateliers Nationaux (founded by the Republican Doctrinaires) broke out into open and bloody rebellion, while the industrial organization of Clichy (founded by Socialists) remained firm and loyal in its obedience to the laws, and faithful in its adherence to the cause of ORDER.

The Lecturer, who was listened to with the utmost attention, and was loudly cheered, then resumed his seat.

Mr. G. R. VINE moved a vote of thanks to the Lecturer, and requested that he would consent to publish his address.

Mr. STROUD seconded the motion, which was carried by acclamation, as well as a vote of thanks to the reverend Chairman.

ASSOCIATION IN MANCHESTER.

A lecture was delivered on Thursday week by the Reverend T. G. Lee, in the Mechanics' institution, at Manchester, for the purpose of pointing out the immoral tendency of the present competitive system, and of showing what the working men should adopt and the public promote. The appended report is extracted from the columns of the *Manchester Examiner*.

Mr. Lee said that some might blame him, being a minister, for treating upon such a matter, but his answer was, that the gospel he preached was a whole gospel, and referred to the bodies as well as to the souls of men. The divine code was a higher system than that of human legislation, and took cognisance of human thoughts; it regarded that man as a murderer who hated his brother; required them to act towards others as they would like others to act towards them. With this law, the system of competition was altogether at variance, and either the law of heaven must alter, or the system opposed to it must come down. But the kingdoms of this world

are to become the kingdoms of God, and all human things were destined to revolve in harmony with the divine system which God has revealed. The competitive system set at defiance the law of loving their neighbours as themselves; it led one man to rejoice at the downfall of another, who was thus benefited by seeing his competitor driven-out of the field. When one man became a bankrupt, another would purchase his stock at a low rate; and then the purchaser would issue large placards inviting the public to come and reap a rich harvest out of the misfortune of his fellow-tradesman. It generated the feelings which actuated the slaveholder, by leading the master to calculate what he could make out of the men, the women, and the children. It led to the disreputable practice of servants being employed in order to bribe customers to various establishments. It created a money respectability instead of a real respectability. If money were only obtained, whether it was by selling plaster of paris for flour, or chicory for coffee, the man, when become rich, would be looked upon as respectable. He believed the associative principle to be in harmony with the doctrines of Christ. With regard to the practicability of associated labour, it was urged against it, as an obstacle, that the working men were too ignorant to manage business. He admitted the truth of this remark to some extent, but he charged the blame upon the competitive system. It was a piece of hypocrisy. Gentlemen superciliously charged the working men with ignorance, and yet would not allow them opportunity for improvement. He believed that many of them were more qualified for business than some of the masters supposed; and, at any rate, he should like to see them try if they could not manage to their own satisfaction. But another difficulty, which was said to be the cardinal one, was want of mutual confidence. The Manchester papers had dwelt much upon that topic; but he hoped the men would try to establish confidence amongst themselves. They must learn to submit to a ruling spirit. They must elect a man whom they could trust, and then obey him as their master. About 6000 mechanics were said to be out of work in Manchester; and he would recommend them all to commence one grand establishment, and pay the gentlemen back with their own coin. They might carry out the principle of concentration for their own advantage, instead of for their masters'. The profits of the forty-six or fifty establishments in Manchester would clear a profit of not less than £350,000 annually. Now, in Salford all the burgesses were shareholders in a gas company, which cleared £6400 a-year. In Manchester the gasworks belong to all the burgesses, and produced nearly £40,000 yearly. The shareholders elect a council, the council elect a committee, and these manage for the others. This was coöperation; and the railway companies and banks were on a similar principle, and the working men might imitate them. It was said they were short of capital to carry on such workshops. Why, the working people did not know how rich they were. Mr. Lee then referred to the last report of the Manchester Savings Bank, and stated that mechanics had deposits to the amount of £52,000; the bricklayers, £21,000; the calico printers, £27,000; domestic servants, the chief of whom were women, £116,604. Many of these were doubtless in want of husbands, and would be glad to let their money aid the coöperation. The total of the various classes was £266,923. 18s. 9d. The cotton-spinners had £50,000. Let them coöperate and order machinery; that would give employment to the mechanics, and produce for themselves the means of prosperity. The Manchester newspapers did not side with them; they ought, therefore, to have a newspaper of their own. Mr. Lee then proceeded to point out several successful coöperative establishments, situate at Leeds, Bacup, Whit Lane, and Heywood. In the latter case he said they had turned over £11,000 in twenty-one months, and cleared £560. It was his earnest desire that there might be no more strikes; that no master should be coerced into giving a certain price; but that matters of dispute should be left to arbitration. They must try to put a stop to those struggles. If the money which had been spent in strikes had been employed in coöperative labour, there would have been none of the present disturbance. He was quite aware that there were amongst the masters who had closed their establishments some gentlemen of benevolent dispositions, but they were bound to carry out the system. He thought that the churches had something to do with the question; they ought to recommend the wealthy among them to be willing to abide by an arbitration; since, if they were in the right, and had a good cause, they had so much the less ground to fear a decision being against them. The lecturer then gave some details of a plan for getting gradually into the possession of workshops. He suggested that they should endeavour to render all possible assistance to the small and reasonably disposed masters; that they should enter into an agreement with them to pay five per cent. for the capital invested; a certain sum for management; and then, at the end of the year, the profits to be divided, one-half to the owner, and the other to the operatives. At the decease of the owner, an equitable arrangement to be made with the widow

for purchasing her husband's interest. He concluded by remarking that he was lecturing on his own responsibility; he had, however, corresponded with the executive in London, and it was understood that he should have Lancashire for his parish, in which to agitate the subject of associative labour. The lecturer was frequently applauded, and received a vote of thanks at the close of his address.

CENTRAL COÖPERATIVE AGENCY.

The agency transacted business with the following stores:—Ullesthorpe, Braintree, Galashiels, Leeds, Banbury, Haslingden, Burnley, Bradford, Derby, Brighton, Mauchline, Swindon, Birmingham, Hawick, and Glasgow. An application was received from Mr. Henry, of West Moulsey, for some members of the agency to attend a meeting there for establishing a store. Mr. Wooden attended from the agency, with Mr. Furnival, of the council of promoters, and Mr. Walter Cooper, manager of the Working Tailors' Association; the establishment of a store in that village was decided on. The spinners of Bolton, 400 in number, intend forming a store in connection with the agency. The last public discussion in Halifax between Mr. Lloyd Jones and Mr. Ernest Jones took place before a crowded audience, and it ended very favourably to the coöperative movement, as it is at present carried out. Several applications have been received during the week for prospectuses and catalogues of the agency, and for Mr. Vansittart Neale's pamphlet, *May I not Do what I Will with My Own?*

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

EXTRACT FROM THE PRIVATE JOURNAL OF AN OFFICER OF THE EREBUS.

At Sea, June 26, 1845.

A delightful day we have had, quite calm, hot sun. Thermometer 42 degrees. All sorts of beasts being caught in nets. We take turn to fish with a net at the end of a long pole, and bring up most strange animals. Crozier dined on board, and Hodgson came, looking very ill. We saw several icebergs a long way off, which we hoped would come near us; the scenery and rugged peaks of Greenland twenty miles off.

27th. To-day has been hot and calm and delightful; got bottom in forty fathoms, and pulled up starfish and shells and strange beasts, and, what is better, pulled up plenty of large codfish—enough for a good feed or two for all hands. This afternoon a thick fog suddenly came over us, with a north wind, in which the thermometer fell to 35 degrees, where it now stands, and we are sailing in smooth water, and small whales bounding about in all directions. Latitude 64 degrees. The fog has cleared away, and we have lost the transport. This morning a brig came close to us, and her skipper came on board—a rough old fellow, from Shetland. He has come to fish for cod on the banks, and for salmon in the "Fiords"—a new scheme quite in these parts. He came to see the little old man who had the wife at Stromness, who had been a mate with him.

29th.—To-day we have had sea smooth as glass, very cloudy, and a cold air. Thermometer 35 degrees; and to my delight passed several icebergs, within a mile of a large one. The effect was very fine, for the horizon happened to be a dark distinct line, and these bergs, catching an occasional gleam of sunshine, shone like a twelfth cake. I had fancied icebergs were large transparent lumps, or rocks of ice. They look like huge masses of pure snow, furrowed with caverns and dark ravines. I went on board the Terror in the evening, for it was quite calm, and found Hodgson better. When we came on board, we pulled up for Goodsir's beasts, star-fish, mud, and shells, from a depth of 250 fathoms, and caught more cod. Last night I remained up till a late hour trying to read a watch by the light of certain blubbers, remarkable jelly-like fish, which emit a bright phosphorescent light when shaken in a basin. Land in sight, under dense masses of clouds. We have found the transport and a Danish brig is close to us.

30th.—The coast of Greenland is now very fine. We are nearer than ever—about twenty-five miles—but it looks close, and dense clouds overhang the whole rugged and snowy coast. I saw several glaciers to-day, but the clouds were too dense to sketch anything, though the effect is very fine of the masses of cloud and snow relieved by dark blue craigs. To-day, at six o'clock in the evening, we crossed the Arctic circle, latitude 66 degrees 30 minutes, and the sun's declination happening to be more than 23 degrees 10 minutes, he will not set to us to-night at all. I regret that it is too cloudy to see him at midnight. This evening sea smooth, no icebergs.

July 1.—To-morrow we expect to get to Disco, or, rather, to the Whale-fish Islands close to it, where we shall unload the transport of provisions and coals, and start as soon as we can. I shall, therefore, continue my journal up to the present time, and if you hear nothing more from me you must be satisfied that we have arrived at Disco, and are gone on in prosecution of our journey.

This morning was damp and foggy, but it cleared away, and we are now sailing with the dark blue land on our right, twenty miles off, relieved by snowy peaks, and a line of craggy icebergs, as far as the

eye can reach ahead. In a few hours we shall be among them. I have just been up in the crow's nest, and the appearance of these icy craigs and pinnacles is beautiful and singular; far in, close to the land, is a perfect glacier, equal to any Swiss one. Still on we go—on, on—the three of us, though the transport wishes herself back again, no doubt. This evening we sailed in among a shoal of some hundred walrusses, tumbling over one another, diving and splashing with their fins and tails, and looking at us with their grim, solemn-looking countenances and small heads, bewhiskered and betusked. There are sixty-five icebergs in sight.

In talking to Sir John Franklin, whose memory is as good as his judgment appears to be correct, it appears that one great difficulty is to get from where we are to Lancaster Sound. Parry was fortunate enough, in his first voyage, to sail right across in nine or ten days—a thing unheard of before or since. In his next voyage he was fifty-four days toiling through fields of ice, and did not get in till September, yet Lancaster Sound is the point we look to as the beginning of our work. If we are fortunate we shall be there by the 1st of August, which will be time enough; sooner would probably put us among the clearing ice. No expedition has ever been able to leave Disco before the 4th or 5th of July, though some have sailed a month before we did; except Ross in his first voyage, and he got away by the 16th of June, and was, I believe, a month going sixty miles further. So you see all is conjecture; we may do well this year, and again, we may not.

Midnight, 1st.—I have just been on deck to look again at the splendid icebergs we were passing through, and saw one about 200 feet high topple over and come down with a crash, which raised a cloud of foam and spray and mist like an avalanche. It is a fine clear, sun-shiny night; the Danish brig is closer in-shore, occasionally hidden from our view by a berg; 180 were in sight at one time.

2nd.—The weather was so thick, that we could not see when we had gone far enough, but found ourselves in the forenoon right under a dense, black-looking coast topped with snow, with long furrows and ravines of snow, and canopied with a mass of clouds and mist. In bold relief, at the foot of this black mass, the most fantastically formed and perfectly white bergs shone out. This was Disco, and we showed our colours to the Danish flag, hoisted on the house or hut of the Governor of the Danish settlement, called Lievelly, near its south end. We are now beating up to Whale-fish Islands, which are in the bay, formed by the south end of Disco and the main land, where we clear the transport, &c., and shall probably be in to-morrow morning early, as we are now (ten P.M.) eighteen miles from them. The scenery is grand, but desolate, beyond expression. I could not help thinking of the Frenchman who, after a long account of the misery of the rain and fogs of England, wound up with—"Pour quitter ce triste sol je m'embarque à Liverpool." Osmar has just come from on deck (midnight), and is dancing with an imaginary skipping-rope. I said to him, "What a happy fellow you are, Osmar; you are always in good humour." His answer is, "Well, Sir, if I am not happy here, I don't know where else I could be." Reid says we shall see the "Huskimays" to-morrow morning.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MR. O'CONNOR IN COURT AND PARLIAMENT

The following extraordinary scene took place on Monday before Master Humphrey. The case before the Master was the winding-up of the Land Scheme, and the special business of the court the examination of Mr. O'Connor.

Mr. Roxburgh: Can you inform us, Mr. O'Connor, how it was that portions of the Great Dodford estate that had been sold by you do not appear, as was required in the schedule to the act of Parliament?—Mr. O'Connor: I think it is there.

Mr. Roxburgh: You had better look at the act. This is such a gigantic scheme that we shall get confused if we are not careful.

Mr. O'Connor: It is a gigantic scheme, sir, and I have been greatly confused by it.

Mr. Roxburgh: It would appear, from the various accounts to the House of Commons, that you have received £16,000 on account of the company since 1848?—Mr. O'Connor: Yes, more than that, I dare say.

Mr. Roxburgh: Well, what have you done with it?—Mr. O'Connor: All the accounts have been published in the *Daily News* and *Northern Star*.

Mr. Roxburgh: But we cannot find any materials in them to test the correctness of the statements they contain.

Mr. O'Connor: It is published word for word in the *Daily News*. I got the particulars from the passbook of the Gloucestershire Bank. I have, I may state, in this movement spent £150,000 to improve and elevate the condition of the people, and am abused for it, whereas if a middleman or a nobleman had done it, it would have been very different. If Prince Albert had built these cottages and located these lands, there would have been offices to promote them in every street in London for the benefit of these poor people, under the patronage of the philanthropic prince; but now, if my Lord or Lady Nincompoop happens to be driving through these estates, and the daughter in the carriage happens to say, "Lot,

mamma, look at those beautiful cottages;" the anxious parent pulls down the blind, exclaiming, "My dear, it was that ruffian Feargus O'Connor built them." (*Loud laughter.*) Mr. Grey, who, at the instance of the House of Commons, reported on the accounts of the company, has a "sofa full" of receipts and vouchers, and might sit on them. (*Laughter.*) You are asking me the most nonsensical questions, and I know what you want is to juggle me.

The remainder of Mr. O'Connor's evidence was given in such a semi-serious but insulting manner as to call frequently for the marked reprobation of the Master, whom he turned to on one occasion with the utmost nonchalance, and asked to have a "pinch of snuff," a wooden box full of which he throughout the day drew supplies from, using it every now and then as a taton on the table during the pauses between question and answer, at the close of many of which he deliberately shook his fist at the learned counsel, exclaiming loudly, "You ruffian." He did not know a man of the name of "Cotton," but knew a man named "Worsted," and asked the learned counsel if he meant "Piddlecomb" for "Biddlecomb." The learned counsel (at four o'clock) must be hungry, and if he liked he would order him a mutton chop. (*Laughter.*) This was all that he (the witness) on one occasion had one day at O'Connorville, when he stuck it on the tongs and fried it for himself. (*Laughter.*)

The Master: Will you be good enough to look at these ledgers, Mr. O'Connor, to refresh your memory?

Mr. O'Connor (*balancing a ledger in his arms, amid loud laughter*): But just look what thundering books they are!

The Master: Thundering or not, you must do it. (*Laughter.*)

Mr. O'Connor: Oh! you can get it from the *Daily News* and in the "*Stars*." (*Laughter.*) All I received and paid.

The Master: We must put you to the trouble of looking at these books.

Mr. O'Connor: Oh! dear, I could not look at them. (*Laughter.*)

Mr. Roxburgh: We shall require you to-morrow.

Mr. O'Connor: I cannot be here. I must be at the House.

Mr. Roxburgh: I think you will find that the summons of this court has precedence over the House of Commons.

Mr. O'Connor: Have you done with me? Will you let me go? You have been examining me nearly five hours. Mr. M'Grath and Mr. Doyle tell me that the directors have all the books, showing the wages and other matters paid. Mr. M'Grath is one of the most amiable men in the world—(*laughter*)—and he tells me all the books have been given up; and M'Grath is one of the most honest and independent men.

Mr. Roxburgh: We are all independent men.

Mr. O'Connor: You are not an independent man. You are a ruffian. (*Sensation and laughter.*)

The Master here interposed.

Mr. O'Connor, laughing: Oh no, he is a jolly fellow. I make him laugh. You know he wants to juggle me. You've examined me five hours, and have not asked me a single word connected with the Land Company. Have you done with me now?

Mr. Roxburgh: No, nor am I likely just yet. It may be a long time before.

Mr. O'Connor: Oh, my God! Oh dear, oh dear! Will you have a pinch of snuff? (*Laughter.*)

The Master: Allow me to look at that book.

Mr. O'Connor (lifting it up): Oh dear, oh lor! Now, have you anything more to ask me? He's been at me five hours. I'll take a hatchet and cut your head off. (*Laughter.*)

The Master: Did you take any entries from this book to make out the account you have alluded to?

Mr. O'Connor: No, M'Grath tells me you have the books with all the wages paid; he is one of the most amiable, and upright, and honest men in the world.

The Master: We shall have another opportunity of judging of his amiability.

Mr. O'Connor: Don't bother me any more, you old ruffian (understood to be directed to Mr. Roxburgh, who was about to resume his questions); examine M'Grath. Come up M'Grath now and be examined. (*Loud laughter.*) Come up M'Grath.

Mr. Roxburgh: None of the books we have show the expenditure.

Mr. O'Connor: Hold your tongue, you ruffian! (the witness here directed first one fist and then another at the learned counsel, and was about to direct also one of the smaller ledgers at him.)

The Master (with remarkable mildness): Really, Mr. O'Connor, you must not do that.

The Master here retired into one of the side rooms, followed by the learned counsel; and in the interim Mr. O'Connor, addressing some one in the crowd, exclaimed, "Here, now, do you get on the bench." On the return of the Master and Mr. Roxburgh,

Mr. O'Connor, addressing the latter, said, "Ah, you ruffian! will you have a pinch of snuff?" and, on the Master taking his seat, "Silence, gentlemen, for the noble lord."

Mr. Roxburgh: Have you any books at all?

Mr. O'Connor: None.

The Master: Did you ever have any?

Mr. O'Connor: I never had any. I cannot come here to-morrow; I must be at the House.

The Master: The Speaker will be ready to excuse you, if there is any necessity. (*Laughter.*)

Mr. O'Connor: Will you excuse me?

The Master: No, I cannot excuse you.

Mr. O'Connor here laughed outright.

The Master: I adjourn these proceedings until to-morrow, when Mr. O'Connor and all parties must be present.

Mr. O'Connor (putting on his hat, and retiring laughing): Oh dear, oh dear!

The examination was resumed on Tuesday by Mr. Roxburgh, counsel for the official manager, proceeding to examine Mr. O'Connor with reference to the balance-sheets and accounts to which he had directed attention on the occasion of his previous examination, published in the *Daily News* and *Northern Star*, and which he deposed were the only versions of the company's financial transactions he could speak to or attest. These accounts had been obtained and examined by the official manager, who found that they only exhibited the expenditure by Mr. O'Connor on account of the land company, and not the receipts; and, unless Mr. O'Connor gave some clearer explanation with reference to particular pecuniary transactions, he should have to charge him to account seriatim for the whole £112,000 that had been received.

Mr. O'Connor said that the accounts rendered by Mr. Grey to the committee of the House of Commons gave all the particulars. Mr. Hayter was the chairman of that committee, and when Mr. Hayter asked him what he (Mr. O'Connor) considered an impertinent question, taking hold of him by the coat collar, he said, "Do you mean to address me in that way, you ruffian?" and so saying knocked him down on the chair. (*Loud laughter.*)

The Master (impressively): Mr. O'Connor, on the occasion of your previous examination before me as judge of this court, I was disposed to listen with that patience and forbearance which your position as a witness in this inquiry I thought entitled you to receive—

Mr. O'Connor: Humph! A-hem! I told you that if Prince Albert had built these cottages (*laughter*)—

The Master: Hear me, Mr. O'Connor. If you have anything to say, I am willing to hear you, provided you address yourself to me in terms proper to be addressed to a judge, and in terms relevant to the subject-matter on which you are being examined; but I will not allow you to stand up here and make speeches to an audience just as you may be capriciously inclined.

Mr. O'Connor: Well, then, your honour, I will behave myself. (*Laughter.*)

The Master: You have now heard my determination, and I trust for your own sake you will not again go on rambling into unnecessary observations.

Mr. O'Connor: I am not rambling at all, it's that barrister is rambling. (*Laughter.*)

The Master: Have you the banker's book?

Mr. O'Connor: No; they've got them. (Mr. O'Connor here turned round to the Master and whispered.)

The Master: Speak out, Mr. O'Connor.

Mr. O'Connor: May I go to the House of Commons? (*Laughter.*) Will you let me go?

The Master: No, Mr. O'Connor, I will not.

Mr. Roxburgh: Does the statement in the *Daily News* contain a correct account of all the moneys you received since October, 1848, on account of the company?

Mr. O'Connor: I dare say it does. (Mr. O'Connor here burst out into an abrupt and rapid extemporaneous statement of what he had done to Mr. Hayter in the House of Commons, followed by a running fire of effusions, which it was impossible to stop, as to what O'Connorville and Snig's End might have been if Prince Albert had built them, and concluding with the declamations he indulged in the other day against Lords and Ladies Nincompoop, who spoke disparagingly of his efforts.)

Mr. Roxburgh: Really, sir, this is about the sixth time we have had to suffer this infliction.

The Master (emphatically): Mr. O'Connor, on a previous occasion I passed over without notice the many irregular and improper observations you gave vent to. I did so then because I thought the state you were in might require indulgence at the hands of the Court. I am not, however, of that opinion now, and I warn you that I will not allow a repetition of this conduct. (*Sensation.*)

Mr. O'Connor: Oh dear, oh dear. (*Laughter.*)

Mr. Roxburgh: Now, Mr. O'Connor, look at your account in the *Daily News*.

Mr. O'Connor here took up the *Daily News*, and for several minutes surveyed it through his eye-glass.

Mr. Roxburgh: Do you know a man of the name of Watkins?

Mr. O'Connor: Oh! you're a funny man. (*Laughter.*)

Mr. Roxburgh: Do you see in that account any sum of £200 received by you from Watkins in respect of purchase money for portion of the Great Dodford Estate, not mentioned by you in the act of Parliament?

Mr. O'Connor: No (turning to the Master). Your honour, will you allow me to go? (*Laughter.*) If it is not in the *Daily News* it is published in another way. Look in the *Northern Star*.

Mr. O'Connor made similar replies to questions having reference to various other sums received by him for land from other persons, adding, "By my soul, I never saw the man in my life."

Mr. Roxburgh: We want to know, Mr. O'Connor, where credit is given to the company for all these sums of money.

Mr. O'Connor: There; you will see it in the books and in Mr. Grey's report. I will leave it all in the hands of my professional advisers. They are the most intellectual men, and I'd trust them with anything, your honour. (*Laughter.*)

The Master: If you took the advice of your professional advisers, Mr. O'Connor, you would answer these questions clearly. I cannot take Mr. Grey's account for the purpose of this inquiry. I must have yours, and if you think I have decided wrong, you can appeal to a higher court.

Mr. O'Connor: Really, your honour, I must go out for a few minutes. (Mr. O'Connor here retired outside the court, and the Master took the opportunity of retiring into the robing-room. In about three minutes Mr. O'Connor returned and exclaimed, "Where is that juggler?" (*laughter*), and shaking his fist in a mock menacing style at the official manager—"I say, Goodchap, you ought to be called Badchap. (*Loud laughter.*) You know very well you are employed by the Government, and the Government are opposed to me. (*Laughter.*) I

tell you, all of you, if Prince Albert had allotted these lands and built these cottages" (vehemently)—

Mr. Marshall Turner and Mr. Chinery (Mr. O'Connor's professional advisers) here rose, and the former said, "Do for God's sake, O'Connor, for mercy's sake, be quiet. There are many enemies of yours here."

Mr. O'Connor: I know it, Turner. They are enemies to me. By God they are all my enemies. Oh dear, oh dear! I say Mr. Badchap, have you been over the estates?

Mr. Goodchap: I have.

Mr. O'Connor: Did you juggle them out of any money; (*Laughter.*) Now then, have you done with me? I must go to the House of Commons. I have got a motion there.

Mr. Roxburgh then asked some questions relative to the Land and Labour Bank.

Mr. O'Connor: I protested against its establishment, but, being for universal suffrage, gave in to the majority. Was proprietor of the bank which had failed for £4000. Really and truly you do examine me most curiously, upon my soul. I don't know what you mean or what you say. Will you have a pinch of snuff? (*Loud laughter.*) (Mr. O'Connor here raised a green bandanna and blew his nose violently, replacing it, with a violent fling and a snorting kind of noise, amid *loud laughter*, in his hat.)

The Master: Mr. O'Connor, Mr. O'Connor.

Mr. O'Connor (sharply): Sir!

The Master: I warn you, Mr. O'Connor, to conduct yourself as a witness under examination ought to do.

Mr. O'Connor: I spent £2000 in travelling to see all the estates, and charged the company nothing for it. (*Laughter.*) Heigho! The company owes me £7506.

The Master: Will you explain how?—Mr. O'Connor:

I will explain to your honour how I have been destroyed—ruined. (*Laughter.*) Men that have been located on four acres of land each for five years, and who got £50 head money and loan money, and as much manure as would fill this court twice, and lived on and cultivated it five years, have not paid a fraction of rent; while the men located at Great Dodford, where there was the best land in the world, and paid from £60 to £100 bonus—there, where originally they could plough the sod for 400 yards like soap, the land is now like land in a flower pot, and all the rent paid. (*Laughter.*) The ruffians on the four acres have not paid a farthing of rent, and one day last summer, when I was down at O'Connorville, at Rickmansworth, from six o'clock in the morning to six in the evening, I had to roast a beefsteak with one of the bricklayers on the tongs for my dinner that very day. (*Laughter.*) The ruffians cultivated the land and collected heaps of manure, but paid no rent. (Mr. O'Connor here sat down, apparently much agitated and affected.)

The Master: Mr. O'Connor, we can enter into all that another time.

Mr. O'Connor: Your honour, it makes my blood boil—(*laughter*)—it makes my blood boil when I think of the amount of money I have expended, and the time I have given, to locate these poor men. God d—n their eyes (sensation, *loud laughter*, and confusion, during which Mr. O'Connor was apparently so much affected as to be obliged to cover his face in his handkerchief and hands).

The Master: Mr. O'Connor, I shall be obliged to adjourn this court, and report your conduct elsewhere. I have not, and I regret that I have not, power to commit you as a witness misconducting himself in a most gross manner towards a court of justice. Had I the power, I would not hesitate to exercise it immediately.

Mr. O'Connor: Well, your honour, I will proceed properly.

The Master: On a repetition of such conduct I shall break up this court, and report your conduct, which I feel to be a disgrace to any English court of law. (*Applause from the audience.*) Perhaps that will bring you to a proper behaviour.

Mr. O'Connor: I assure your honour it makes my blood boil when I think of it.

The Master: It is indispensable to examine you on these matters, to ascertain whether there is a balance due to you from the company, or from you to it.

Mr. O'Connor (turning familiarly to the Master, and in an undertone): I say—

The Master: I can hear nothing, Mr. O'Connor, privately.

Mr. O'Connor: I've got the spasms. (*Loud laughter.*) Will you let me go? I've got the spasms.

The Master: You can retire into my room.

Mr. O'Connor (painfully): Let me go entirely. I've got the spasms.

Mr. Chinery: I know Mr. O'Connor is in bad health. Mr. O'Connor (putting his hat on): I have not eaten a bit nor slept a wink these last thirteen days, and, unfortunately, now I've got the spasms.

The Master (gravely): You state that upon your oath? Mr. O'Connor: Upon my oath. Let me go.

The Master: Will you be here to-morrow, at twelve? Mr. O'Connor (in trepidation): I will. Let me go. I'm very bad. Oh dear, oh dear!

Mr. O'Connor then made his way through the crowd in court, got into a cab in the court-yard, and was understood to tell the driver to take him to the House of Commons.

After some further proceedings, the Court adjourned at four o'clock.

But whatever may have been the performances of Mr. O'Connor on Monday and Tuesday, the honourable member for Nottingham fairly surpassed himself on Wednesday in his place in Parliament.

While Mr. Osborne was calling the attention of the House to its defective ventilation, he was interrupted by loud cries of "Order," which proceeded chiefly from the Opposition benches, and were occasioned by one of those "eccentric movements" by which Mr. Feargus O'Connor so frequently succeeds in attracting the attention of the House. That honourable gentleman had been seated a short time before on the front seat of the Opposition, but vacated that

"location" in order to confer the favour of his society upon Lord John Russell, who occupied his usual place on the Treasury bench. The honourable member for Nottingham having crossed the house with an air of great importance, sat down beside the noble lord, with whom he entered into conversation, apparently in a strain of familiar jocularity. Mr. Cornwall Lewis then came up, and whether from motives of humanity, or what other cause, indicated a desire to sit between Mr. O'Connor and Lord John Russell. This movement, however, was not relished by Mr. O'Connor, who pushed closer to Lord John Russell, and appeared determined to keep his seat, and continue his conversation at all hazards. Mr. Lewis, seeing the impossibility of carrying out his friendly intention, took a seat next to Mr. O'Connor. Lord John Russell then rose, with the evident design of leaving Mr. O'Connor in the undisputed possession of the Treasury bench, but was no sooner on his legs than he was violently pulled back by the coat-tails, by that honourable gentleman, and pinned to his seat! Mr. O'Connor, however, was compelled to abandon the capture, by the reiterated cries of "Order," which assailed him from all parts of the House.

MISCELLANEOUS.

On Saturday, the Marquis of Lansdowne gave a dinner to the Cabinet Ministers; and on Monday, Lord John Russell and Lord Derby entertained their supporters. Lord Derby gave a grand dinner on Wednesday to the leading members of the House of Commons.

A large reform meeting was held in Marylebone on Monday. The principal speakers were Sir Benjamin Hall, M.P., and Lord Dudley Stuart, M.P.

The Voluntary School Association commenced a series of conferences at Manchester, on Monday, to protest against the adoption of any national or other scheme of education, supported by local rates or public funds. The proceedings terminated with a meeting in the Free Trade Hall on Wednesday.

A large and influential meeting was held at Hulme, near Manchester, on Monday evening, to promote the main object of the Poor-law Association, viz., the diminution of pauperism by the reproductive employment of the destitute, instead of the prevailing system of enforced idleness, or useless task-work. The meeting was preliminary to one intended to be in the Free-trade-hall. The chief speakers were Mr. Councillor Greig and Mr. Stark of the Poor-law Association. A resolution in favour of reproductive employment, and a petition to both Houses of Parliament based on it, were agreed to unanimously.

A special general meeting of the shareholders of the Metropolitan Institution Company, instituted for the purpose of providing a public institution, to be called the Hall of Science and Literature, was held on Thursday evening, January 29, in the coffee room of the Literary and Scientific Institution, John-street, Fitzroy-square. Mr. John Reed presided. Messrs. Birchmoor, Barralet, Cramp, Clark, and Palmer, were then elected directors; and Mr. George Jacob Holyoake, Mr. John Peters, and Mr. John Carter, as covenanting parties to act for the shareholders, and see that the directors were carrying out the covenants and objects of the company.

The satirical paper, *La Muga*, published at Genoa, was seized there on the 30th, for an article offensive to the President of the French Republic.

On the 24th, M. de la Cour, the Minister of France, had a private audience of the Emperor of Austria, to announce the entrance of Louis Napoleon upon his presidency for ten years.

The *Monitore Toscano* announces that the Chevalier Joachim Murat, chargé d'affaires ad interim of the French republic at Florence, has delivered a letter to the Grand Duke from Prince Louis Napoleon, announcing his election to the presidency.

The American revolver pistol is about to be introduced into the Austrian cavalry, as well as some other changes in the arms and equipments of the troops generally.

Several Belgian and Netherlands papers state that a convention has been concluded between the Dutch Government and the Pope, according to which the Romish hierarchy is to be reestablished in Holland, and that a number of episcopal sees will be immediately erected. That is the "pace"—but "it is the pace which kills."

Owing to the heavy rains of late a large reservoir, situated in Holmfirth Valley, near Huddersfield, broke through the surrounding embankment on Thursday, and, pouring its waters in torrents down the valley, carried away before it several mills and houses, whereby many persons were drowned.

The sergeants and men of the police force, doing duty at the dockyard, Royal Arsenal, and in the town and vicinity of Woolwich, including Shooter's-hill, were drilled on Wednesday for one hour, on the dockyard battalion parade-ground, and they are to assemble three times in each week for the same purpose until further orders. The police appear a remarkably fine body of men, and quick in learning the infantry manoeuvres, in which they are receiving a course of instruction.

The special commission at present has only succeeded in convicting two men found armed contrary to the act of Parliament. Locked up for several hours, the second jury who deliberated on the evidence brought against the Kellys, charged with the murder of Mr. Bateson, could not agree, and were discharged, some of them half dead with hunger.

A case of poisoning has occurred in Sussex. Mrs.

French, wife of a working man, fell in love with a young labourer, and told him so. Like Joseph, he rejected her advances during the lifetime of her husband. The husband died suddenly; was buried; exhumed, and his body opened; arsenic was found in his stomach. Meanwhile Mrs. French had been made happy—but here came the coroner and his jury to inquire. The "young man" whom she lusted after was examined, and, in a few weeks after the indulgence of her mad passion, she is committed for the wilful murder of her husband!

Kossuth continued, when the last mail left New York, January 24, to excite the greatest enthusiasm wherever he went. The prospects of an Anglo-American alliance were brightening, and the probabilities of American intervention in Europe increasing. Resolutions and counter resolutions are now before Congress on the subject, whose fate we shall know probably by the next mail. The winter has been very severe, snow and ice abundant, and all the world out sleighing. The East River, between New York and Brooklyn, was frozen over during the week. A rather angry correspondence is going on between the President and the Austrian Minister.

The final arrangements respecting the form, plan, and contents of the works of Dr. Lees, of Leeds (original and collected, revised and edited by the author), having now been made, it only remains that the friends of the project for their publication should complete their canvass for subscribers. They will contain an accurate portrait of the author, engraved by Linton, and several illustrative engravings and diagrams. The entire edition will be published, uniform, in three volumes, post octavo, neatly bound and lettered. Volumes one and two will form the first, or "Temperance" series—including the discussions and essays on diet, temperance, physiology, and the scriptural wine question. If preferred, they may be had in parts, per post, as they are printed, each volume paid in advance. The second, or "Truth-Seeker" series, containing the philosophical and exegetical essays, and a popular system of logic, or the method, means, and matter of argument, will form volume three. After the works are issued, the three volumes will only be obtainable together.

The Society for Promoting the Repeal of the Taxes on Knowledge has just published its first annual report. It contains striking instances and opinions in favour of the desirable object the society seeks. But the *Morning Post*, of January 23, contained in its chronicles of the Amazon tragedy, an additional fact—a fact so curious and astonishing of the want of more widely-diffused knowledge and cheaper newspapers, that it deserves repetition and permanent record, as an historic fact of the times. Had any one made any such assertion of the darkness of England in 1852 as that fact reveals, it would have been utterly incredible. The *Morning Post* relates that "Notwithstanding the most strenuous exertions of the Southampton Amazon Fund Committee, they experience the utmost difficulty in discovering the families and relatives of those persons who were lost in the Amazon. The Royal Mail Company's establishment do not even retain a list of the crew; and even if they did, it would not furnish information of where the men resided when ashore. Although the loss of the Amazon has been daily proclaimed and noticed in every newspaper throughout the kingdom for the last fortnight, persons most deeply interested in the event, who live in the vicinity of Southampton, are even now ignorant of the calamity. This appears almost incredible, but it is nevertheless true. It was only on Monday that the committee learnt that there was a widow with nine orphan children who had claims on them, living at Deer Leap, a few miles from Southampton, in the New Forest. Thousands of the wives and children of poor seamen cannot read or write, and thousands can never enjoy the luxury of reading a newspaper. Means have been adopted to obtain information of the sufferers by the loss of the Amazon, by desiring the Southampton postmen to acquaint all those poor persons living in their districts, whom they may suspect to have had relatives on board, to attend at the Mail Company's offices, and give information, after which such information is handed over to the committee. Many a poor creature who had a relative on board has received from the postman the first announcement of the calamity that has befallen her."—*Reasoner*, No. 297.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

On the 28th of January, at Kiddington, Oxon, the wife of Mortimer Ricardo, Esq.: twins—a boy and girl.

On the 29th, at Carlton-gardens, the Viscountess Goderich: a son.

On the 30th, at Berkeley-square, the wife of John Martin, Esq., M.P.: a daughter.

On the 31st, at Trigon-terrace, Clapham-road, the wife of Mr. Godfrey Wordsworth Turner: a son.

MARRIAGES.

On the 29th of January, at St. James's Church, Westminster, the Reverend George John Bloomfield, to Isabella, third daughter of the Lord Bishop of London.

On the 3rd of February, at St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, James Morpott, of Leicester, Esq., to Ann Isabella, eldest daughter of Captain Jackson, of the same place.

On the 3rd, the Reverend T. P. Rogers, vicar of Bath Easton, Somerset, to Catherine Elizabeth, eldest daughter of John Mackarness, Esq., of Queen-street, Westminster.

On the 3rd, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, the Reverend Thomas Barker, M.A., of Queen's College, Oxford, and curate of Hounslow, to Myra Augusta Henderson, niece of the late Edward Banks, Esq., of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

DEATHS.

On the 26th of January, General Lewis Grant, K.C.H., Colonel of the Ninety-sixth Regiment, aged seventy-four.

On the 28th, in Curzon-street, Miss Agnes Berry, in the eighty-eighth year of her age.

On the 2nd of February, suddenly, from pulmonary apoplexy, John, eldest son of Major Marsland, Henbury, Cheshire.

On the 3rd, at his residence, Amen-corner, Paternoster-row, aged fifty-four, Mr. William L. Graves, more than forty years in the service, and for a long period the much esteemed representative, of the firm of Lewis Berger and Sons, London.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Subscribers, and the Trade resident in the City, may obtain supplies of the *Leader* from Mr. James Watson, bookseller, 3, Queen's Head-passage, Paternoster-row.

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

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

Postscript.

SATURDAY, February 7.

The House of Commons sat last night for five hours. Various subjects were brought before it. In reply to a question from Lord Dudley Stuart, Lord JOHN RUSSELL admitted that the account given by the newspapers of the outrage inflicted on Mr. Mather in Florence, by an Austrian officer, was in the main correct; that Lord Granville had ordered an inquiry, which was now proceeding; and that Mr. Mather, undoubtedly, had a right to reparation. There was some laughter when Lord John Russell said that the Austrian officer, judging by the "shape of Mr. Mather's hat," took him for an "Italian Liberal."

In a committee of the whole House, it was resolved to grant a supply to her Majesty.

Leave was given to the Solicitor-General to bring in a Bill for the Relief of Suitors in the Court of Chancery. This measure provides for the payment of officials by salaries instead of fees; abolishes several offices, reduces the salaries attached to others, transfers the charges for judges salaries from the Suitors' Fund to the Consolidated Fund, and charges only on the former the salaries for administrative purposes.

Leave was also given to Lord Seymour to bring in a bill for the better supply of water to the metropolis; and to Mr. Mowatt to bring in a bill for the same purpose. The difference between the two bills consisted in this, that while Lord Seymour only proposes to inspect and control existing companies, Mr. Mowatt would create a local body in the metropolis representing the inhabitants, and entrust both the supply of water and the drainage to them. Lord EBRINGTON thought that the plan propounded by Mr. Mowatt the sounder; but Sir George Grey while he did not oppose the introduction of Mr. Mowatt's bill, saw "peculiar difficulties" [parliamentary slang] in the way of adopting the principal of representation in this matter.

A smart discussion then ensued on the ventilation of the House, and the hot and cold blasts which found their way in there to the great detriment of the health of honourable members. Mr. OSBORNE moved that Dr. Reid be called to the bar; and on a division, it was agreed to call him by 55 to 24. Dr. Reid was called in and examined. He said that the interior of the House was subject to currents of air from every side, that blow hot one moment and cold the next:

"On the first evening that the House met, doors were torn off in some passages leading to the House, from which gusts of air came into the House from every side. You might as well ask me to regulate the winds and currents of the Bay of Biscay as expect me to ventilate the House, if the doors and windows of the entrances leading to the House are not placed under my control. (*Hear, hear.*) The second difficulty is, that there are numberless chimneys surrounding the House, which poison the atmosphere by the carbonic acid they send forth. (*Hear, hear.*) There are torrents of smoke coming into the House and its approaches from these chimneys, so that the House stands in an atmosphere of carbonic acid."

He also asked for "protection against the kitchen." Just now the smells from the dinners were blowing in at every moment. (*A laugh.*) He was sensible of them where he just sat (below the bar) every time the door opened.

These nuisances he undertook to abate in two days at a moderate expense.

"Lord SEYMOUR: What do you propose to do for £300?"

"Dr. Reid: To put the lights on a better footing, beginning with those in the gallery. Secondly, to put all the chimneys, which at present blow torrents of smoke into the division lobby, on a better footing. Thirdly, to prevent foul air from issuing from the vaults into the house. Fourthly, to consolidate the flooring of the principal ventilating chamber."

He then withdrew, and after some discussion, which made it very obvious that Government were afraid of setting the "doctor and the architect by the ears," it was agreed that the matter should be referred to Lord Seymour, on the understanding that it should be brought on again on Wednesday. The House then adjourned until Monday.

In the House of Lords, Lord MALMESBURY stated that a large quantity of gunpowder had been recently exported from this country to the Cape colony and sold to the Kaffirs. He asked—

"Can no measures be taken in this country to stop the further exportation of gunpowder from our shores for the

use of our enemies? He understood that by the law as it now stood, large quantities of ammunition could not be exported without permission of the Board of Ordnance. Had his noble friend any intention of bringing these exporters to exposure and punishment? He also wished to know what steps he had taken to prohibit this exportation, and whether he knew that arms as well as ammunition had been supplied from this country to the Kaffirs?"

Lord GREY said nothing could be done to stop the exportation either of arms or ammunition; but measures had been taken by the Legislative Council at the Cape to intercept the landing of both, which had been completely successful—now it was *too late*. The precautions should have been taken last February, and not last November.

"He was surprised that this trade should have been carried on so long without any attempt of the authorities to interfere with it. The commodore on the station had informed him that the traffic was now effectually stopped; but he also told him that within the last few months several hundred tons of gunpowder had been sent to places along the coast for the use of our enemies."

After some conversation on the recall of Sir Henry Smith, and law matters, the House adjourned.

The *Times* yesterday contained another letter, "from a New York correspondent," respecting Kossuth, of great intrinsic interest; but having for us an additional value, as it furnishes more independent corroboration of our own views. The letter is dated January 24:—

"The last steamer informed you of the departure of the Hungarian for Cincinnati, and his reception at Harrisburgh, the capital of the great State of Pennsylvania. We now learn of his departure from that city. He has crossed the Alleghany Mountains, reached Pittsburgh, and is on his way to 'the metropolis of the west'—Cincinnati. His journey resembles more the triumphal progress of an Emperor, flushed with victory, than of a poor exile-propagator of a new political faith. . . . He will make, too, his appeal for material aid, and boldly tell western men not only to form associations and clubs everywhere to give him money for the Hungarian cause, but to unfurl for our home politics the banner of American intervention in the affairs of Europe, electing no man to any office or honour who will not openly pledge himself to this policy. Already a thousand newspapers beyond the Alleghanies have declared for him, his cause, and his policy. With few exceptions, the western members of both Houses of Congress have espoused his cause, and even General Cass and Judge Douglass have publicly announced their readiness to vote for 'intervention to put down intervention.' This is, doubtless, the prevailing feeling of the western States; and so strong has it become throughout the whole country, that the President goes so far in his official greeting and private courtesy to the Hungarian, that the Austrian Chargé d'Affairs forgets the decorum due to the occasion, and says some things and writes others, which he is notified he can withdraw during the next twenty-four hours! . . .

"It is quite possible that the boldness of Mr. Webster's speech may have disturbed the President, and the reasons for this supposition are very clear. The Austrian Chargé doubtless did complain to the President of the speech of Mr. Webster, in an interview he had with his Excellency. But the President very informed the Chevalier that he should make known his grievance in writing, and through the regular channel. The Chevalier, however, chose an extraordinary channel. He sent a note to the President, who (to his praise let it be said) sent for the Chevalier and informed him that he could have twenty-four hours for withdrawing his note. This the Chevalier did. Here is one side of the story. There is another, however, and I shall give it. After receiving the note of the Chargé, the President sent for Mr. Webster, who at once demanded that it should be withdrawn—and it was. Concerning the latter fact there is no doubt."

The Convocation summoned to meet at York found the doors of the Chapter closed! My lord of York has not even the courtesy of "We, John Bird." "Ebor" is not so polite as "Cantuar;" he did not send even a Commissioner. The reason of this is said to be that of late no man has heeded the summons to Convocation. But is that any reason why the Summoners should not be in attendance?

Accounts of the terrible catastrophe at Holmfirth, received this morning, are still more appalling than those of yesterday. The force of the torrent was great enough to wash down whole mills, and sweep away enormous engines and machinery like dead leaves. Whole rows of cottages and their inmates were also destroyed. The loss of life is very great indeed—some say not less than one hundred persons drowned. The loss of property is also severe, being estimated at £600,000. The banks of the reservoir were expected to give way; some of the persons living in mills close adjoining had removed themselves and their goods; about fifty persons were watching on the embankment. The Commissioners of the Reservoir are, it is thought, very much to blame.

The Queen of Spain is not much hurt. She "slept a great part of the night" of the 2nd.

Some time ago M. de Montalembert was elected to the French Academy in the room of M. Droz. It consequently devolved upon the Chief of the Ultramontanes, and the author of the coup d'état, to pronounce an eulogy on his predecessor; and upon M. Guizot, elected just previously, to reply to M. de Montalembert. This event took place on the 5th, reports of the papers read on the occasion are given by the *Times* of yesterday and to-day.

The Leader

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1852.

Public Affairs.

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

DOWNING-STREET AND ENGLAND.

THE debate of Tuesday evening in both Houses of Parliament did more to define the actual position of the official and ex-official caste towards the nation than anything which has occurred for a quarter of a century at least; and we have to thank both Ministers and ex-Ministers, Ministers effete, and Ministers in embryo, for helping to corroborate an assertion which we have made more than once, and which is most important to be understood by the people of this country and our friends abroad. The first striking fact is the diatribe of Lord Derby against the newspaper press for its almost unanimous expression of opinion on Louis Napoleon's coup d'état. The Premier elect declared his satisfaction that the expressions of opinion in both Houses might remove the unfavourable impression created "on the public mind of France" by "the unjustifiable censures of the public press" in this country. A peculiar use of the word "statesman" showed that he spoke especially at the *Times*. Earl Grey declared that "the same sentiment was echoed by every one of their lordships," and had the full concurrence of his colleagues in that repudiation; and he "trusted that that assurance would neutralize the incalculable evil that might have resulted from the language held by a great part of the newspaper press of this country." Lord Grey, indeed, went so far as to assert that, "however those newspapers might express the opinions and feelings of those who write in them, they did not express the opinions or feelings of any great or powerful party in this country, or in the Houses of Parliament." Lord John Russell, in that ingenuous vein which is peculiar to him, with a mental reservation at the back of it, was "bound to say that the President of France, having all the means of information he has had, no doubt has taken that course from a consideration of the state of France, and that the course he has taken is best fitted to insure the welfare of the country over which he rules." Being laughed at, Lord John asked leave "to say that over again"; his syntax rising with the occasion.

"While I do not concur in the approbation of my noble friend, I have no reason to doubt, and everything I have heard confirms that opinion, that in the opinion of the President the putting an end to the constitution, the anticipating the election of 1852, and the abolition of the parliamentary constitution, were all tending to the happiness and essential to the welfare of France. But I have certainly to state further, because I confess I have seen, with very great regret, the language which has been used by a portion of the press of this country with respect to the President of France."

So here are Lord Derby, Lord Grey, and Lord John Russell—the two chiefs of the party "in power," and the chief of the party that expect to be in power—disavowing the censure of the press, and declaring that the opinion of England is the opposite of that expressed by the *Times* and the other journals! The assertion not only convinces us how wide is the difference between the national England and the official "England" which resides in Downing-street, but also shows how totally ignorant that official world is of the world which it is set to govern. The acting Premier afterwards went on to say:—

"The First Consul, great as were his abilities, was totally ignorant of the manners and constitution of this country. The present President of France has this advantage over his uncle, that he is perfectly aware how much liberty we enjoy, how much license of discussion prevails, and that the most unmeasured invective of the press does not imply any feeling of hostility either on the part of the Government or on the part of the nation."

Did Louis Napoleon then really learn "manners" here? Did he learn the "constitution" in the school of Russell, who gives a certificate of good

conduct to the pupil? Liberties he may have taken, licence he may have learned—but where? Does Lord John know the schools in which such accomplishments are learned?

The careful repudiation of the popular feeling from the denizens of Downing-street is accompanied by an argument to induce us to hush up the question here:—

"It is more than imprudent," says Lord Derby, "it is more than injudicious, it is more than folly—it is perfect madness—at one and the same time to profess a belief in the hostile intentions of a foreign country, and to parade before them the supposed inability of this country to defend itself; to magnify the resources of your supposed assailant, and to point out how easy would be the invasion, if not the subjugation of this country (though, thank God, the most violent have not yet spoken of subjugation); but to speak of that invasion, accompanying it with details of the fearful amount of horror and bloodshed which, under any circumstances, must attend it, and then, in the same breath, to assail with every term of obloquy, of vituperation, and abuse, the public and private character of the man who wields that force which you say is irresistible."

Grey, Russell, their colleagues and coadjutors, concur: "Do not say we are defenceless," they cry; "we may be attacked; do not speak so loud, or you may make the French angry; above all do not attack Louis Napoleon, or he will come"—such is the official rebuke to the people of England. How far does that craven exhortation fit the humour of the English? Judge by the public facts—everywhere a cheerful, a hearty resort, to preparations for the national defence; but no bated breath, no hushing up, no mincing language about the spurious usurper. Downing-street may stand in awe of Louis Napoleon; but Downing-street, we say, does not in any respect represent the feelings of the English people—Downing-street is the very opposite of the English people. In a word, Downing-street sympathizes with the clique that swarms in the chambers of the Elysée and buzzes round the Prince President in the Palace of the Tuileries; and so sympathizing, it is impossible that the officials can share the feelings of the English people or understand them. England, we have declared, is not Downing-street; Downing-street, proclaim the official and ex-official gentlemen, is not England—it is quite alien from England—it does not know anything about the sentiments of England.

But there is more. Lord Palmerston's dismissal followed a direct requirement from the Crown, putting him as a Minister under greater restraint than he had before undergone; and Lord John undertook to be the instrument of his dismissal. The same Lord John, deprecating the attacks on the Prince President, favourably contrasts the "advantages" which Louis Napoleon possesses with his uncle's position, and all but vouches for the "nephew's" pacific intentions towards this country. The principal "advantages" which Louis Napoleon possesses, are alliances by blood or marriage with the royal houses of Bavaria, Austria, Russia, and others of less note; he is now a connection of the "royal" classes, and much more entitled to consideration than a mere lieutenant of artillery, or even a revolutionary general. He can even trace a connection with the royal family of England. It is evident that Lord John Russell, who deprecates attacks on this midnight imperial burglar, is acting with high sanction.

There is indeed one reason which the official class might allege for its delusion as to the state of feeling in this country—that it has at least the passive sufferance of the English people. Yes, the English people cannot deny that it does permit aliens like those of Downing-street to govern it, to legislate for it, to represent it before the nations. But we do not believe that any amount of apathy can induce the people to protract that sufferance after such exhibitions as those of Tuesday night. We have therefore made a step—the official class has declared itself—it is divorced from England—it is not English.

"WE, JOHN BIRD, ARCHBISHOP," &c.

DEFEAT is not always failure, neither is victory always success. An enemy constantly advancing, constantly repulsed, and as constantly entrenching himself on the small space of ground he has acquired, will one day be able to overcome any antagonist who only acts on the defensive and dares not pursue his aggressive foe. Such is the position of that faithful party in the Church of England who have inscribed on their banner synodical action, freedom for development, and honesty above all things.

It is now more than one hundred and thirty years since Convocation was suppressed by a "coup d'état" in the reign of George I.; and since that time, chained to the chariot of the State, gagged and manacled, the Church has had no official collective voice in the management of its own affairs. This is the sharp censure which history inflicts upon the Churchmen of the past, that they had not the courage or the honesty to struggle for their own emancipation with zealous activity, neither giving nor receiving quarter. They did not do this; they slumbered in their chains, and took with eager hands the good things their temporal master provided for them. They so loved the world that they sold their birthright for a mess of pottage.

From this disgraceful state of acquiescence in their own spiritual degradation a band of Churchmen have at length awakened, and are steadily making inroads upon the usurpation of the temporal power. With quiet daring and unflinching purpose they are working night and day; and year by year, month by month, in these latter days, the contest has been, and is, narrowing to a decisive issue, when either the State must restore to the Church her rights suppressed in 1717, or the Church must secede from the State and conquer her independence for herself. This issue is inevitable. The tragic farce enacted in the Jerusalem Chamber on Wednesday cannot be repeated many times without fatal results. We say tragic; it was tragic—for did not that assembly, under the presidency of John Bird, D.D., Archbishop of Canterbury, solemnly invoke the presence and assistance of the "Holy Spirit" at their labours in behalf of the Church? And did not the same "John Bird, by divine providence, Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England, and Metropolitan," rise up only two hours later and prorogue the assembly which he had so solemnly opened; and was not this turning a serious matter into a farce? Farce? It was worse, it was what the address of the Lower House styled it—mockery. "We, John Bird" prayed most seriously for the assistance of one of the sacred persons in that Trinity in which he believes, and then appealed to his colleagues to forbear pressing the demand for a free convocation on the Crown, as he thought no good could accrue—from what? "petitioning her Majesty; as he felt quite certain that in the present state of the Church, and its multitudinous divisions, their prayer would never be granted!"

But something has been gained; for the defeat was not failure. The Lower House transacted business; the Upper House transacted business, which "We, John Bird," Queen's Ecclesiastical Subaltern, could not wholly prevent. Petitions were presented; an address was agreed to; there was all but unanimity in both Houses; and in the Lower House a committee was appointed to report on the address at the meeting of Convocation in August. This is more like a victory than a defeat.

One fact strikes us with great force, and let the Church ponder on it: if "We, John Bird," were a really earnest "Primate of all England," and not mere Queen's Whig Mouthpiece, would it be so easy to prorogue Convocations, or refuse to concede synodical action? That is the moral of the meeting on Wednesday.

INCREASE TO THE LAND FORCES.

THERE is to be an increase to the land forces—that is the official way of using the popular feeling on the subject of national defence. The people should be active and energetic in its remonstrance against that unwarrantable and slovenly mode of meeting the exigency.

The increase is announced in an ominous passage of the Queen's Speech. Here it is:—

"Where any increase has been made in the estimates of the present over the past year, such explanations will be given as will, I trust, satisfy you that such increase is consistent with a steady adherence to a pacific policy, and with the dictates of a wise economy."

It is only the allusion to a "pacific policy" which shows how the increase is to be of a military or warlike kind; by a parallel process, we may infer that the "economy" is to be of the lavish kind in favour in Downing-street; and by the epithet "wise," that it will be peculiarly at variance with common sense. The increase will probably be considerable; a newspaper report makes it 10,000 men in all, added to the infantry, cavalry, and artillery; Sir Richard Bulkeley says "a few thousand," which would indicate a few hundreds of thousands of pounds. More money! Why, the officials have had fifteen millions a year for

military and naval purposes, and now they are asking for more! If more be necessary, the very fact proves how unfit are those who ask it, and who have not been able to provide what is wanted out of the immense annual sums placed at their disposal, to conduct the affairs of this country at a time of increased military expenditure. If the increase is *not* necessary, how still more unfit must they be? We believe that it is wholly unnecessary; and that an increase to the forces is a wanton addition to the burdens of the country.

It is not easy to account for such a proposition, since the thing wanted is no increase, but a more just appropriation of the money actually paid. It is not more soldiers or more arms that we need, so much as well trained soldiers and better arms. We are told that our coasts should be defended by ships: well, we have ships; but where are they? In the Tagus, defending the Royal Family of Portugal—into which a Prince of the ubiquitous house of Coburg has married—against the Portuguese people. To defend a Bourbon and a Coburg against the Portuguese, England is left to the mercy of a spurious Bonaparte. This is an instance of wholesale diversion of means already furnished in more than sufficient abundance; and before Ministers dare to ask for "more," they should show that they have made the best use of that which they have already.

There may be one other reason. No doubt, the slightest expense, which might readily be saved out of our ill-advised expenditure, would provide for the national defence, if the people were permitted to arm and be their own guard: the only reason against a complete reliance on the people must be the mistrust of our court and official parties in the English people, with whom those parties have so little intercourse, relation, or community of feeling. There may be the same desire to keep up a defence of Downing-street and St. James's against the English people that there is to defend the palace at Lisbon against the Portuguese, and to shield the President of France against even the rough breeze of English feeling. The community of feeling is not between England and its Government, Portugal and its Government, France and its Government; but between the Governments, and against the Peoples. The remarkable fact is that the Peoples, not resorting to a corresponding alliance, not acting in unison, consent to pay for the armies which guard the jealousy of courts and cliques, and "keep down" the nations. A more manly and generous feeling would be more prudent; it would be the first step to Financial Reform.

PAUL CLIFFORD IS ENTERTAINED AT THE TUILERIES.

In the *Moniteur* of Friday, the 29th of January, a brief paragraph regaled France and Europe with the information, that on the previous evening, a distinguished and select circle, principally composed of Senators and Councillors of State, had dined with the Prince President.

The London journals of the same date, outspeeding even the *Moniteur* by submarine telegraph, reassured the Money Market, the Clubs, and Downing-street, with the gratifying account of a banquet, also given on the preceding evening, to a party of forty-three guests, "almost exclusively selected from the élite of the English society" in Paris. How to account for the discrepancy? One tune for England, another for France. Not a syllable about the "élite of the English society" in the *Moniteur*—not a word about Senators and Councillors of State in the London journals.

But the fact remains in favour of England. It is now confirmed, beyond denial, that the guests assembled in the grand dining-room of the Tuileries, to the number of forty-three, at the bidding of the "Man in Possession," were (thirty-eight of them, at least) certain of our own countrymen and countrywomen. It is well that honest England—the England of home, country, and freedom—should remember the names of the "élite of English society, resident in Paris," who rally round the hospitalities of Louis Bonaparte. Here they are:—

"The Marquis of Bath, the Marquis of Hertford, the Marquis and Marchioness of Douglas, Lord and Lady Ernest Bruce, Lord and Lady Frederick Gordon Hallyburton, Lord and Lady Poltimore, Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, Viscount Ranelagh, Lord Alfred Churchill, Mr. and Lady Mary Christopher, Mr. and Mrs. Baillie Cochrane, the Honourable Spencer Cowper, Viscount Clifden, Mr. Henry Baring, Baroness Delmar, Mr. and Mrs. Cavendish, Sir Henry and Lady Ellis, the Honourable George Stafford Jerningham, the Honourable William Stuart, Mr. Augustus Paget, Mr. Corbett. Mr. and Mrs.

Clarke, Lady Farquhar and Miss Farquhar, Miss Stuart Mackenzie, of Seaforth, Mr. and Mrs. E. Blount, and the two Mrs. Kennedy Erskine."

To this select circle, representing we really know not what elements of English society, Louis Bonaparte was profuse of cordial and caressing flatteries. Indeed, the entertainment was designed as a "testimony of good feeling to England."

"I believe," says the sympathetic correspondent of the *Morning Post*, "that he expressed to several persons present his earnest hope that they in no way participated in the extraordinary distrust and warlike feelings which were being stirred up on the other side of the channel. He hoped that as many of them as were about to return to England to their Parliamentary duties would carry away with them a true appreciation of the state of France and French society, and that they would assure their countrymen that there was no foundation for ideas of invasion and war. On the contrary, that France, and he himself, were animated entirely by the friendliest feelings to the British nation, and truly desired its cordial alliance."

Is not this very kind, very cheering, and very comfortable? From the lips of the truth-speaking man who swore before God and man to observe his constitutional oath; who promised to leave liberty intact at the expiration of his four year's term of office. From the man whose whole life has been a conspiracy, and whose usurped power is the consummation of a continual perjury. But the condescension of the Prince to the gentlemen about to return to their Parliamentary duties! We beg leave to ignore the Parliamentary influence of any of these favoured guests, the élite of English society—in Paris. The moral of the tale is, that it behoves us more than ever to be upon our guard; for we have the clue to the peculiar cypher in which the dear Prince President announces his gracious intentions. Let us look back for parallels.

He would relinquish his office at the end of the four years; at the end of the four years he extorts the decree of his own continuance for ten years.

He would observe the Constitution; he abolishes it.

He would save society: he deluges it with blood.

He would respect the family: he exiles fathers and sons, leaving wives and children destitute.

He would respect property: he confiscates the largest property in France.

He now especially desires peace with England: it is a declaration of war.

However, the guests we are told, "were completely convinced of the President's sincerity," and that nothing is more remote from his ideas than hostility to England. Doubtless these gentlemen and ladies—the élite of English society—in Paris, assured their host of their admiration of his honesty, respect for his virtues, gratitude to the Saviour of Society, homage to the accepted Ruler of France. Doubtless they told the Man of the Massacres that the great heart of England beats in unison with his own; that the Press of England is alien to the People of England, who are better represented by the élite of English Society—in Paris; that England honours perjury, murder, confiscation; and rejoices to find Law and Justice committed to the protection of an Outlaw, Property to the needy adventurer of King-street, St. James's, "the Family" to the morals of the Elysée, and Religion to the Soldier of the Pope. This, and more than this, may have been poured into the Prince's ear. We do not speak of the banquet. The Poetry of the Pantry is beyond our pen. The luxury was imperial, and "regardless of expense." We pity even more than condemn the men with English names, if not with English hearts, who paid their adorations to the sanctity of success! We cannot forget that many of them, as the police reports say, really have very respectable connections. But we protest against their being regarded by our friends in France as a real deputation from England, authorised to form an alliance.

THE PARTY OF ORDER IN CONFUSION.

TREMENDOUS is justice, and not to be bearded—yet it is bearded. Awful is Parliament, and not to be braved—yet it is braved. Majestic is authority, and infinitely superior to the possibility of disobedience—yet it is disobeyed. And what is more, when all these sublime potencies are bearded, braved, and bullied, they give in and submit. "Moderation" has come to mean the resolve to let any one with a stronger will go beyond you. France scandalizes the lovers of "order," so long as there is a "balance of parties" in the State; but as soon as Louis Napoleon places his heel on public liberty, our constitutional conservatives cry, "He is the

man!" The Cape of Good Hope must submit to have convicts; inexorable is the Jove-like brow of Grey to all arguments of faith and justice—until the Cape rebels; and then the Jove-like brow relaxes like the brow of Mascarille, when the porters bring him to term with a long pole.

Nearer home the Olympic powers have been defied in a still more notable manner. Not long since certain appointed servants of the working classes, who received Kossuth at Copenhagen Fields, underwent the transitory hot-water ordeal of popular displeasure from a particular party for the strict maintenance of order and decorum. A particular person intruded himself on the assemblage, and was permitted by his friends so to intrude himself, although it was known that he was no longer able to keep that control upon his actions which was requisite for the decorum of society or his own dignity. Mr. Feargus O'Connor was not excluded by the literal observance of any rule: he was admitted to witness the proceedings, but, with some exercise of patience and assiduity, he was kept aside and moderated. Again, at the working-class banquet, his boyish vagaries were discountenanced, and gradually subsided; and the whole passed off without any glaringly painful incident. There were cries for "O'Connor," but the public servants for that occasion did not yield to a partial "popular clamour"; and their firmness will now be better understood than it was then.

We are reminded of these unimportant incidents, which happened some three or four months back, by a contrast now, not so unimportant. Mr. O'Connor is summoned before a Court of Justice, which permits him to make a sport of its proceedings, to hinder its business, to defy its president, and to trifle with its bar. The court permits all this, twice; and, what is far more lamentable, permits infirmity to make itself the laughing-stock of a delighted audience. That which was quietly frowned down by the working men at the Highbury festival, was made an object of merriment in the Vice-Chancellor's Court! In this indulgence of a morbid eccentricity, was the judge competing with certain popularity hunters?

The same infirmity is allowed to invade the solemnity of Parliament—to shake hands with the Premier as a welcome home after the recess; nay, to invade the very Treasury bench, and hold down the Leader of the House to his seat while he undergoes, like Gulliver stuck in the marrowbone, the painful operation of unwelcome attentions; and all the while the tremendous Mr. Speaker sits helpless! At Highbury-barn M. Louis Blanc was for a few moments in Lord John's painful position; but he was speedily transferred to a place where he remained unmolested. Yet at Highbury-barn it was but a festive kind of political assemblage, the authorities were but servants of the working men; and the "party of Order," we were told, was altogether absent! There is a strange inverted use of language and ideas. Mr. O'Connor's friends, perhaps, think it more respectful to humanity in his person, that he should become the laughing-stock of a Court of Justice; and the "party of Order" would hold Mr. Speaker, or the Master in Chancery, lowered, much lowered, by a comparison with the chairman of the public dinner!

RELIEF OF HONOURABLE MEMBERS.

IN England we do all good works by associations, and certainly we ought to form an association to improve the condition of Members of Parliament. It is painful in the extreme. To judge of a Member out of doors you would suppose him to be in a most flourishing and lordly condition: he keeps his hat on with a high sense of prerogative, and altogether wears a certain insolence of demeanour that carries the "os sublime" beyond the sublime. But follow him to his own House! It is like going to the home of the red-coated gentleman, who looks down upon poor civilians, but in the barrack is his own menial, is ordered about, is stabled like a horse, browbeaten, black-holed, and flogged. Abroad, your Member of Parliament—save at the moulting time of a general election—seems monarch of all he surveys; in the House he is a galley slave, a sheep without a Martin's Act, a victim without a martyrology.

No Ten Hours Act for him. Committees all day, debates all the evening. He knows his doom; the session, says Captain Fitzroy, "is likely to be long, and occupied with protracted discussions." But that is not all; special reservoirs of stench are preserved, for the better taming of the Members; and then there is a mockery of "ventilation," by which a certain Dr. Reid is authorised to subject

the poor fellows to alternate blasts of hot and cold air. No doubt it is the device of an insidious Government to tell off inconvenient Members. The House, you would suppose, might have the best of candlesticks; what, therefore, can be the object of placing over Major Beresford a lamp which is constantly leaking? We only remember that Major Beresford is a Protectionist! When King Edward II. was confined, according to Marlow, his rest was marred, and he was slowly tortured with indignities; they gave him dirty water to wash in; and when he would sleep, "one beat continually on a drum." In short, they treated him as ill as a Member of Parliament in modern times.

Follow the poor Member to the refreshment room, and there you find him tortured through his purse; he is charged six shillings a bottle for sherry; and, like King Edward, he is humiliated with tablecloths that are not clean; so says Fitzstephen French. Evidently there is a systematic attempt to break the spirit of the Englishman. After being subjected to toil for twelve or fourteen hours, fevered with hot air, rheumatized with cold, made faint with speeches, forced to dine off a dirty tablecloth, and charged six shillings a bottle for his sherry—at midnight, when he is fagged, bruised, broken down, oppressed with sleep, unmanned—then is the time chosen for passing estimates. We see it all.

And all this is done in a building whose windows are illumined with a painting like that, saith Hume, of "the Red Lion at Brentford," giving to the secret prison, as if in mockery, the air of a convivial house of entertainment!

POLITICAL LETTERS.

IV.—WHAT IS ALREADY DONE TO HAND.

February 4, 1852.

THE remarks of several esteemed correspondents and friends remind me that in my last review of "Progress" I ought to have repeated one thing which you will remember me to have said more than once on the subject of "Peace." Those who desire to keep up the onward movement of mankind should do their best to strengthen the vanguard in every possible way—in moral force, in intellectual force, and in physical force; otherwise we abandon the rear of action to those who are against us. Not all the "articles" or sermons in the world could spirit Louis Napoleon's mercenary soldiers back to their barracks; and for want of mounting guard effectively over liberty, thought itself has been exiled from France at the point of the bayonet. The lover of progress who abjures arms, abandons the lever of action to brigands, despots, and any unscrupulous ruffians. "Touch not deadly weapons," he exclaims, "they are for assassins and burglars;" and then, when the burglar comes, the philanthropist sees his library ransacked and his children's throats cut, without power of resistance. Or if, unnerved by want of practice, he does lift the unaccustomed weapon, ten to one that in his trepidation, like the Reverend Joseph Smith, of Brampton, he slays an innocent man, like Armstrong of Sorbie Trees. So murderous is the caricature of Peace.

The example of the Quaker does not apply: he belongs to a sect, and the fighting is done for him.

Another reason why I deprecate the tame spirit which has crept over us is, that to it I ascribe the immense lagging of practical results behind theoretical opinions. There is scarcely a measure of great and immediate national importance which does not exist in the conclusions already matured by the body of the people. A sound Poor Law, for example, is no imaginary vision of mine, but exists in *parts*; not only in the wishes, but in the practice of the people. At Bedford, Oxford, and elsewhere, they have industrial training of the young; at Chorlton, Sheffield, Cork, Thanet, and many other places, reproductive employment of the able bodied; at another place, the aged are not mixed with vagrants, but are allowed a due allowance, not in the workhouse, but in a "home"; and so on. Put these existing parts together, and you have the principal portion of a sound Poor Law, to which the residue would be an easy addition. In the matter of representation, very few indeed deny that every Englishman who pays taxes—and who does not?—ought to have a vote; and if there were only an influence capable of bringing that widely spread but scattered conclusion together, we should soon realize a truly National Suffrage. The great majority of Englishmen are well alive to the importance of possessing arms—to the superiority of a national force over a mercenary official force. If there were a national party, it would not have to create a public opinion on these cardinal ques-

tions: the opinion already exists; and I believe that if there were any set of men, who could command the general hearing from a sufficiently elevated position—who would thus give unity of voice to the common feeling—and who could utter that feeling with a hearty generous faith in the sound English stuff of conscience, they would at once find themselves at the head of a united nation; would by the very fact, possess power to decree the measures that the country most urgently needs; would make us forget all party feuds; would bring the State on the instant to its full vigour, and would, take the lead in Europe powerfully, safely, beneficially, for all mankind.

"If"—alas! that the word should be the closed postern to so much that is quite possible were the postern opened. But it is by seeing the possibility that we shall find ourselves roused to the work of attempting. I ask no man to take me at my word: I beg every reader not to dismiss what I say as rash because I have come quickly to an end; but to take the facts for his own observation and digestion, and say if faith, hope, and charity, might not thus command the triumph of a popular party.

THORNTON HUNT.

JERRY SNEAK NOT DEAD.

It is a fact. He is extant still—the small sinner. Now and again he appears on the scene of things, and plays his pranks instinctively, and with a certain dim effulgence, tempering his appearance to mortal vision. Yes, Jerry exists. An energetic and indignant correspondent makes a note of the fact:—

Kemp Town, February 4, 1852.

SIR,—My previsions have been fulfilled. The English Minister for Foreign Affairs has been sacrificed, by the Jerry Sneak of modern Whiggery, to a contemptible Court intrigue. Will the English People accept a counterfeit "Coburger" from the hands of the "family" smashers? Yours obediently, W. C.

If they do the English People will be worthy of their Jerry, and their Jerry will be worthy of them.

RECEIPT FOR A CABINET PUDDING.

THE following lines were originally suggested by the entourage of that amiable Prince-President who enjoys the sympathies of Downing-street, and on the security of whose good and pacific intentions, Derby and Russell are equally ready to "do a bill." We are more than ever reminded, by the deportment of our Ministry on the first night of the session, how nearly Cabinets resemble one another. What is here written of the President, may—barring the difference of the moral atmosphere—be equally applicable to Russell and Co.:—

En formant son conseil intime,
Notre Sauveur
A choisi des gens qu'on estime
A leur valeur.
Il a compris par son génie
Le grand héros,
Qu'une unité se fortifie
Par des zéros.

C.

THE FRIENDS OF ITALY.

AN active course seems to be decided on by the Friends of Italy. Their first Conversazione will be held at the Freemason's Hotel on Wednesday next, when Mr. Mazzini will deliver a lecture. We very heartily welcome his appearance before the public, confident that he will thereby greatly benefit the cause of his country. Englishmen need to be spoken to through their favourite institutions; and a popular leader who has the gift of eloquence, and power of speaking his inspired, as well as deliberate convictions, in strong and chosen language, is bound to use that power to advance the noble aim he has in view.

REFORM AT A DISCOUNT.

THERE is little room for wonder if the English people find a general misconception of English interests prevailing in high quarters. Lord Grey declares solemnly, that the newspapers do not express the feelings of this country when they censure the coup d'état and its infamous author; and Lord Derby avers, that not five hundred men of sense care for reform. How, then, does he suppose that newspapers maintain their circulation?

"One very striking fact," says the *British Quarterly Review*, "ascertained from an examination of the stamp returns for the last fifteen years, is the very limited circulation of Conservative newspapers compared with that of papers which advocate commercial and political reform. Out of London there is only one Tory journal circulating more than 4000 copies weekly, and only two besides it which can boast of a circulation above 3000. On the other hand, there are no less than eighteen Liberal newspapers circulating upwards of 3000 copies each, and of these there are nine with a circulation above 5000 each, six with a circulation above 6000, three above 8000, two above 9000, and one circulating upwards of 11,000 copies weekly. If this comparison of the respective circulation of first-

class Liberal and Conservative newspapers may be taken as a criterion of the comparative political intelligence and activity of the two great parties, the facts we have stated are well worthy the attention of statesmen. From the statement we have given it will be seen that the proportion of Liberal to Conservative papers of the class mentioned is as six to one, while the difference becomes still more striking if we take into account the small aggregate consumption of stamps among the Protectionists compared with the large number required by the friends of progress. It appears, for example, that the number of stamps taken in 1850 by two free-trade journals in Lancashire—the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Manchester Examiner*—was equal to the whole of the stamps consumed by the entire Conservative press of the following fifteen counties—Bedford, Berks, Bucks, Cambridge, Cornwall, Cheshire, Devon, Dorset, Essex, Herts, Kent, Leicester, Lincoln, Wilts, and Warwick."

NOTES ON WAR.

BY A SOLDIER.

No. V.—THE SWORD.

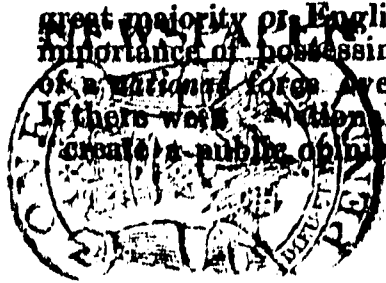
THE adoption of the sword as the weapon for the masses of a military force, would cause war to become so much a matter of daring and devotion, so much dependent for success on intelligence, a faith, a purpose, and a good cause, that no mere mercenary soldiers would ever be able to compete on a fair field with men engaged in defending their liberty against a tyrant, or their hearths and homes against an invader.

I consider the sword to be the queen of weapons, the brave man's weapon, the very flourish of which in the air gives confidence to the warrior, and strikes terror into the heart of the enemies who know that they have not equally serviceable means of opposing its vigorous action in the inevitable mêlée. It is the most rapid and certain in its execution of all weapons; good for striking and for parrying a blow, easily recovered after a parry or a thrust, and superior to the lance, because an opponent cannot rush to a still closer combat within and beyond the range of its effect: it becomes useless in fight only with the fall of its owner. But the lance or pike is a most formidable and efficient arm, and would be irresistible if opposed to the bayonet; it has its peculiar advantages; and as many men would have predilections in its favour—and it must always be desirable that all should have confidence in their weapons—some corps might be armed with pikes, always endeavouring to reserve the largest and most powerful men for swordsmen.

Both for elbow room and for rapid work the sword should not be more than twenty-five inches in length, very slightly curved, and double-edged for eight inches from the point, half basket-hilt. For the construction of a serviceable shield, I would willingly trust to some of our ingenious mechanics; oval, convex, formed of layers of hardened leather, encircled and bound with a hollow iron rim to prevent a sword or bayonet thrust slipping over its edge; it might easily be made (although light and handy) strong enough even to turn a musket ball. In its centre boss, the point a little curved upwards, should be fixed a stout sharp blade about six inches long, with a cutting edge, which would be a valuable defence and a formidable auxiliary at close quarters with cavalry; but would of course be carefully sheathed on the march, when the shield is slung over the back. The pike needs no description: it should not be more than nine feet in length.

The instruction of soldiers should not be made up of those endless "cross over, down the middle and up again" evolutions, which only confuse and mystify by their complications; they should be taught to run, to wrestle, to leap, to fence, and to take a pride in their personal prowess. The manoeuvres necessary for actual service are few and simple: when men have learned to march straight to their front, to step together, to make a steady deployment from column and advance in line, they are, with stout hearts and good weapons, fit to do anything that can be required of them. And they should be made to understand the nature of the difficulties they will have to overcome, and of the dangers to which they will be exposed, so that in the day of trial they may not, through ignorance, be unprepared and astonished.

The organization and drill of infantry would be very simple. Without maintaining that these proportions are absolutely the best that could be arranged, I should propose to have one-fourth of a force of infantry trained to act as skirmishers, and furnished with the most suitable firearms, and the remaining three-fourths armed partly with pikes, and partly with swords and shields, for close fighting. Thus, in a regular army, each battalion might consist of eight companies, each of seventy-five rank and file, the two flank companies being riflemen, forming when required a body of skirmishers amply sufficient to cover the front of the four and fifty "ugly customers" who would follow them, ready to rush in with the cold steel as soon as the proper distance had been gained. And by the side of the sword or pike even bayonets might do something. Each company, both of riflemen and swordsmen, should be drawn up in two ranks, with an interval of a foot between every



file; the men would learn to march quite as easily and quite as well without "the touch" as with it. There should also be an interval of two paces between each company. The captain would march at the right and the senior lieutenant at the left of the company, each covered by a sergeant. In the centre of each company should be a corporal with a pike, to which should be attached a very small flag with some distinctive mark as the rallying point. The sergeants and junior officers would form a supernumerary rank in the rear, superintend and keep every man to his work. A battalion manœuvring by itself should perform all its movements in *two lines*, the second line, or reserve, about thirty yards in rear of the advanced line; and no distinction should be made between front and rear rank, which would obviate the absurdity of counter-marching. All attacks should be made in line, columns should be formed only for marching, or in a narrow valley, defile, or street.

Let us return for a moment to the threat of annihilation with which the exposition of our "go-ahead" system is frequently met. "From every musket four or five, from every artillery gun two or three shots can be fired in a minute." It may be so; *the more the merrier*; for I do most positively assert, that the faster the artillery and musketry fire the better it will be for their assailants. The artillery must be calm and collected to make good practice, and they must have time to cause any large execution. It is the inefficiency of modern infantry, it is the spiritless nature of modern tactics, that gives time for the carnage of modern campaigns. Quick fighting would take from artillery half its power to destroy, and all its power to decide a battle.

But it may be objected that human nature will nullify all plans of combat founded on the advance of swordsmen through a storm of missiles from all the terrible appliances of modern war; and that, even if not annihilated, the bravest would stagger, recoil, and fall into confusion. True it is, that in spite of all tactical theories, human nature will assert itself; but in the present case, human nature and experience are decidedly in favour of our system. Modern tacticians have formed their theories as if men could be made to act as machines, warranted to work by word of command, and have placed their reliance on the perfection of drill and manœuvre; but in the battle-field the soldier ceases to be a machine, and every natural instinct and passion sways him.

Nothing can be so trying to the courage and nerve of the bravest men as a long stationary exposure to danger without any reasonable prospect of a termination, but with ample leisure and opportunity to mark, and to keep before their eyes the constant succession of mutilation, wounds, and death. Human patience, fortitude, and endurance of toil, have their limits. Soldiers positively lose courage by ceasing to advance, by every moment that they remain stationary, and by every cartridge that they expend in an exchange of fire.

But men gain a fierce and buoyant courage while advancing, and they have not time to observe and contemplate the casualties in their own ranks; the fleeting glance that they obtain in passing of a comrade's fall increases their generous anger, and impresses them still more with the necessity of pressing on, and bringing the affair to a rapid termination, of which they have a distinct and intelligible prospect before them. They know what they want, they know that every step in advance diminishes the time that they will have to endure the fire, and that their turn will soon begin.

It is useless for any one to maintain that brave men will not face any fire, however terrific. Brave men will do anything if they have confidence in their weapons, and are only allowed to advance. British soldiers, with muskets and bayonets, and pouches full of cartridges, have advanced on many occasions in despite of the most terrific shower of missiles, and although a collision with bayonets never actually occurred, and the advance invariably resolved itself sooner or later into a recommencement of the stationary exchange of missiles until the least resolute side thought it time to retire, still it has often enough been proved that the most terrific fire is insufficient, during the short space of time required to traverse its range, to disorganize by its destructive power a determined force of assailants. Gunpowder does its work slowly; accurate shots with small arms or artillery require great care and deliberation, and the rapid, crowded fire of a line, can never be accurate at all; and the greater the force of artillery, and the heavier their calibre, the more difficult will it be to withdraw them from the field. When a close combat, in which artillery is useless, is inevitable, the greater will be the confusion and panic, the more signal and conspicuous the discomfiture. E. V.

PEACE! PEACE!—You might as well pull down your gaols in preparation for the assizes, as destroy your fleets and arsenals in quest of international arbitration.—*Westminster Review*, No. 111.

OLD CUSTOMS.—Old customs are as the blossoms on the tree of a nation's life, and when they wither and fall off, death and change are at the roots.—*Ibid.*

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 interesting to note the effect upon the various sections represented by Reviews, which any one strongly distinctive work creates. Take CARLYLE'S *Life of Sterling* as an example. The *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh*—the guardians of literary taste, and representatives of English Literature—elude the difficulty, and leave CARLYLE untouched; they will not countenance, and are afraid to attack him. The younger Reviews are bolder. The reason simply is, that they are the organs of parties having convictions, not of cliques. Nothing makes a writer so courageous as a conviction. In matters of dilettantism, of taste, of respectability, he may be afraid of committing himself—(that bugbear of the weak!)—but convictions are resolute.

CARLYLE'S book, therefore, has been criticised by all the Reviews having convictions—often in anger at its heterodoxy—but mostly with reasonable admiration of its excellence. We were sorry to read the article in the *British Quarterly*, which is not only angry, but weak and ungenerous. How could the brawny, candid ROBERT VAUGHAN, have allowed such an article to appear with his sanction?—he, of all men the most gallant and daring in his candour; he, whom one can fight with as Trojan fought with Greek—to allow such an accusation as that CARLYLE'S book originated in "a very vulgar failing, the failing of vanity!" Will it be believed that CARLYLE is accused of the sin of this *Life of Sterling* (an unpleasant thorn in the side of orthodoxy), because Archdeacon HARE'S Memoir only mentions him twice?

Very different is the *North British*. The writer has no more sympathy with CARLYLE'S opinions than the critic in the *British Quarterly*, but his tone is elevated, his rebukes are dignified, his admiration for CARLYLE'S genius frank and genuine. The whole subject mooted in his article is of great interest, viz., the relation of Christianity to literature; and we may recur to it on some more convenient occasion; noting, meanwhile, that the true cause of the dissidencies and discrepancies between Christianity and literature lies in the narrowness of the spiritual basis of the former. If it were co-extensive with human nature, and not in antagonism to a great part of it, all our literature would be superfluous; we should not then need Lay Priests to preach to us as supplementary, and sometimes antagonistic, to the Clerical Priests. This, however, is too wide a subject to be encompassed in a passing sentence.

Let us call attention to the opening article of the *North British Review*—a paper on the hacknied subject of *Milton*, on which the writer contrives to say much that is valuable, and to produce a masterly essay. Nothing is easier to write than an essay on MILTON; it is like writing a sonnet to the Moon—all youngsters attempt it, but only a few masters succeed.

To recur for a moment to the *Life of Sterling*. The critic in the *Prospective Review* takes up new ground. After refuting the subterfuges by which some have tried to make out that STERLING died "a Christian," the critic undertakes to defend STERLING'S reputation as a Poet against his two biographers and friends who have treated him so roughly, not to say contemptuously, in the matter of his poetry.

Fraser's Magazine—always the most attractive—opens this month with an able and "telling" paper on "Disraeli as Leader and Legislator"—perhaps the most effective *plaidoyer* that has been written on this subject. KINGSLEY continues his *Hypatia*, and Mr. CYRUS REDDING is trivial upon TURNER. The article on "Modern History at Cambridge" is admirable; and we were pleased to see the writer so boldly and successfully arguing against Sir JAMES STEPHEN'S notion of "Providence in

History." Here is a passage which might have appeared in our own controversy with Sir JAMES:—

"We say, then, that the doctrine of a particular providence cannot be made to harmonize with a system of political any more than with a system of physical science. Would Neptune have ever been discovered if 'Providence' had been dragged in to account for the perturbations of Uranus?"

LOUIS NAPOLEON is terribly alive to the insecurity of his position, and, therefore, does he so persecute the press. He has, however, this week gone too far. The *Bulletin Français*—a French periodical printed by the refugees at Brussels—has been seized by him in Belgium; nay, he has laid violent hands upon fifteen hundred copies that were shipped for England (i.e., he has confiscated English property), and has so exasperated the Belgians that one of the newspapers declares it will print the *Bulletin Français* in its own columns, and prints number five as a sample!

How can he or any man suppose a government will last when its existence is incompatible with the publication of simple facts? Let our readers get the pamphlet by LOUIS BLANC, called *L'Empire moins l'Empereur*, and see the vivid picture of Napoleon's insecurity. Well does LOUIS BLANC exclaim, in his graphic style, "I pity the shopkeepers who fancy that commerce has everything to gain from these *Saturnalia of Violence*; I pity those manufacturers who do not see that the reign of industry finishes when the reign of the sabre begins." After drawing a picture of the folly of attempting to revive the Empire, LOUIS BLANC thus perorates:—"It is despotism and no glory; *grand seigneurs* covered with gold lace, and no soldiers covered with scars; courtiers placed over our heads, and no world under our feet; a great name, and no great man; the Empire, and no Emperor!"

THE CAPE AND THE KAFIRS.

The Cape and the Kafirs; or, Notes of Five Years' Residence in South Africa. By Alfred W. Cole. Bentley.

At all times this would be an acceptable volume, at the present time it is something more: its amusing pages will not only gratify the numerous readers of light literature, but its information will attract the attention of politicians and "serious" readers. Mr. Cole was shipwrecked, thrown on the Cape, and stayed there five years, rambling about in an erratic unsettled manner, with his eyes open, and no theory to nourish with "facts." Young, adventurous, high-spirited and clever, the Cape to him was a pleasant experience of life. He has been five years away from the Cape, and now recurs to his journals and memory for such notes as may interest the English public. There is the smartness of the *littérateur* visible in these pages; visible in excellences as in faults. The practised writer knows how to dispose his subject, what points to bring into salient relief, and what to pass over as ineffective; and this, with the vivacity sparkling through the pages, make topics, in themselves of no great moment, very readable; but there is an art above that—the art of concealing art—and Mr. Cole, instead of concealing, *displays* his artifice. Sometimes this search after effect passes wholly beyond it, as in the account of the shipwreck, which, because it is not told with an air of conviction—because we see the author trying to be effective—because, instead of fixing our thoughts upon the scene, he suffers them to recur to himself—is, on the whole, the tamest shipwreck narrative we ever read. There is another serious disadvantage in this style of writing. It avoids the sin of dullness, but it has a tendency to pass into fiction, and lose the solid reliability of a plain narrative; no sooner does a man show that he is "dressing up passages for effect," than we readers, knowing the licentious laxity of vanity and its temptations, always feel an uncomfortable suspicion that the whole of the book may be "dressed up." To a frank fiction we give ourselves without demur; but when Truth wears the trappings of fiction, we invariably suspect her.

Mr. Cole can write so well, and describe with so much vivacity, that it is a pity he should have thought so much of effect. A few pages of level prose would have made his volume really more agreeable. In future, we should recommend him not to dread dullness; that is not the natural proclivity of his mind, and he has little danger to

apprehend from that side; the danger lies on the side of flippancy and showiness.

On the misgovernment of the colony, Mr. Cole speaks plainly, strongly, and what he says on this topic is sound and sensible; but we are sick of colonial Government abuses, and prefer turning to the other subjects of this volume. Here, for example, is a peep at the

RELIGIOUS FESTIVALS OF THE MALAYS.

"Their religious festivals are very extraordinary, and, I suppose, very grand; but the comic parts of them always struck me so forcibly (from some defect, perhaps, of my own organization), that their grandeur was quite lost to my mind. I went to one first in Cape Town. It was evening, and I was conducted into a large room, with a small space railed off for spectators. Candles were stuck in silver sconces, fastened to the walls in profusion, amid garlands of flowers innumerable. Round the room were several old Malays, squatting on mats, and dressed in gala costume. In the centre of the room a quantity of perfume was burning. Three or four younger Malays kept marching round the room, and they and the old gentlemen aforesaid kept up a sort of grunting, whining chorus, which at first I took to be indications of severe pain in the abdominal regions, but was afterwards informed that they were chanting sentences from the Koran. Suddenly the young gentlemen began to throw themselves about in the most gladiatorial attitudes, singing faster than ever. Thereupon the old gentlemen shouted much louder, as though the internal agonies had vastly increased. Then the young men stripped off their shirts, and I thought they were going to have a regular 'set-to.' My friend Jones irreverently cried 'Go it!' and offered to back the little one with the flat nose against the lot. But they were not going to box at all; they only danced, and jumped, and shouted, till they left little pools of sudorific exhalations on the floor. Then a boy came, shouting awfully. Jones cried 'Turn him out!' and at the same moment two of the young men seized the boy, and plunged a sharp instrument like a meat skewer through his tongue—at least, so it appeared—and they led him round to the admiring spectators with the skewer projecting through his tongue. Jones pronounced it 'too bad,' and hinted that he should like to 'punch the head' of the fellow that did it; but the boy looked quite happy and contented with his tongue on a skewer, so that no doubt there was some deception, which, however, defied our detection.

"As soon as this interesting youth had departed, one of the young men took a dagger and plunged it into the fleshy part of his side, just above the hip, and then walked round and showed himself. There were a few drops of blood, apparently flowing from the wound, in which the dagger was left sticking. Jones informed him, gravely, that he would have a terrible 'pain in the side,' and offered to prescribe for him from a valuable recipe of his grandmamma's. Another man thrust a skewer through his cheek, and came and showed himself also. Then some red-hot chains were brought in, and thrown over an iron beam, when another of the Malays seized them with his bare hands, and kept drawing them fast over the beam. All the while that these exhibitions were taking place, the Malays kept up their hideous shrieking of the Koran sentences, all of them shouting together, and louder and louder the more horrible the experiment was being tried. The noise, the sight, the weapons, and the red-hot chains together, formed a scene bordering on the diabolical; except that there was such evident jugglery in the whole affair, and the plate was so constantly handed round for money, while the comments of my cockney friend were so absurd, that the ludicrous predominated greatly over the horrible. What the meaning of it all was I have not the remotest idea, nor did I ever meet any one who could explain it."

Mr. Cole speaks highly of the Boers:—

"The Dutch boers are in person the finest men in the colony. I have seen them constantly from six feet two to six feet six inches in height; broad and muscular in proportion. Occasionally they reach a height and size bordering on the gigantic. Their strength is immense; and though a peaceably-disposed set of men, they at all times entertain a considerable feeling of contempt for any diminutive 'Englander.' The Hottentots look up to them with great reverence, as such a puny race of savages might be expected to do. At the time of the rebellion of the boers (as it has been unjustly termed) the Government thought of employing the Cape Corps, which is composed principally of Hottentots, against them; but they were warned by those who knew the character of the latter people well, that they would never show fight against men for whom they naturally felt such dread as for the boers, men whose prowess they well knew, and whose unerring aim with their long guns they had witnessed too often to wish to become their targets.

"The boers are great admirers of feats of daring, strength, and activity. A 'mighty hunter,' such as Gordon Cumming, would be welcomed with open

arms by every Dutch boer in South Africa. Poor Moultrie, of the Seventy-fifth, the 'lion hunter' par excellence, was one of their idols. So is Bain, the 'long-haired,' who has made some half dozen excursions into the far wilderness in search of the lord of the forest and all his subjects. They hunt far more than the English farmers, and are, as I have said, 'crack' shots, though they use a great, long, awkward, heavy, flint-locked gun, that would make Purdey or Westley Richards shudder with disgust.

"The characteristics of a race certainly descend to the fifth and sixth, perhaps the fiftieth generation. The Cape Dutchmen are the same frugal, industrious, sober people, as those of the parent stock in Holland. Their persons are far more altered than their mental peculiarities, though the 'Dutch build' is still apparent. They are, however, terrible 'non-progressionists.' They use the same plough as their ancestors used eighty years ago, though it is the most lumbering machine ever beheld, and requires twelve strong oxen to draw it. They often shear their sheep with the wool all dirty on their backs, though their English fellow-colonists wash theirs most carefully, and thereby get far higher prices for their wool. They reject steam-mills, and adhere to some indescribable antediluvian contrivance for pounding, instead of grinding their corn. A flail is unknown to them, and the corn is trodden out to this day by horses or oxen, as described, or alluded to, in the laws of Moses, whereby the straw is entirely spoilt. Their churns I have before alluded to. When first I saw one, with a dark damsel at work at it, I took it for a blacksmith's bellows, and wondered where the fire was.

"Not the least pleasing characteristic of the Cape Dutch is their family affection. To the second and third generations they live at the same homestead, building an additional hut for each newly-wedded couple. They marry young, and have generally very large families; and, as many of them live to a great age, it is no uncommon thing to see a grandfather and grandmother of ninety surrounded by half a dozen sons, having in their turn each one half a dozen grown-up children. They appear to be truly 'happy families.'"

The following we particularly recommend to those pious and perspiring frequenters of Exeter-hall, whose eloquence and sympathy escape from the want and misery at their doors to launch forth into gigantic efforts to "reclaim the heathen"—a black heathen being a more pitiable object than a white—

"The Hottentot is evidently of the same family (the Bushmen), but he is rather a finer animal, and slightly superior in mental capacity. Unfortunately, civilization has not done much for him. Were we to believe all that missionary meetings tell us in England, we should imagine that the benefits conferred by the missionaries on society in South Africa were beyond all price. I am sorry to be obliged to protest against any such supposition. I am well aware that these well-meaning gentlemen could bring a wonderful array of figures against me; but perhaps no two things differ more widely than 'figures' and 'facts.' Out of every hundred Hottentot Christians (so-called) I will venture to declare that ninety-nine are utterly ignorant of any correct notion of a future state. I speak from experience. I have frequently been by the bed-side of the sick and dying Hottentot, who has been a constant attendant at some missionary chapel, and I have asked him whether he has any fear of dying. He has smiled, and said, 'None.' I have asked him whether he expects to go to heaven? and he has answered, 'No.' 'Where then?' 'No-where.' I have endeavoured to explain to him that his minister must have taught him the doctrine of a future state of rewards and punishments. He has laughed, and said, that, perhaps, it might be so for 'the master, but not for him; he lies down and dies, that is all—that is enough.' This I have heard over and over again from the lips of some of the 'pet' Christians of missionaries—model men, whom they talk of and point out to every 'griffin' in the colony, and write long communications about to their societies in England.

"The reader, then, will naturally inquire why these men pretend to be Christians at all? I will answer him. There are two grand inducements—in the first place, the Hottentot Christian feels himself a more important person, from the notice taken of him by the missionaries and their friends; in the second place, it is of very great pecuniary advantage to him. Each missionary station has a tract of land belonging to it, on which are built the chapel, the school-house, the minister's residence, &c. A Hottentot has only to go and attend the school and chapel regularly, and to play the devout well, when he will be allowed to erect a hut on the land, and a small piece of ground will be given him as a garden. He will be supplied with implements and seeds, and by doing a little work about once a week he can thus live all the rest of the time in idleness. In a country where labour is so dear, he can at any time earn a few shillings on the nearest farm, if he wants any little luxury, and will condescend to do a day's work. But it is notorious that these people, living at the missionary stations, are the idlest and most useless set of people in the colony. I once knew a man who,

at a sale, purchased sixty or seventy head of cattle. He wanted a herd or two to drive them home to his farm—a couple of days' journey off. He rode to a missionary station hard by, and offered, first, fair wages to any two men who would come with him; he then increased his offers (seeing an unwillingness on the part of the people) till they became absurdly large. No one would stir, though there were dozens living there in utter idleness, and with no ties but those of sheer laziness to detain them. He then called on the missionary, and begged him to intercede and persuade two men to accompany him. That gentleman, however, declined to interfere; and when my friend asked him whether he thought he was conferring a benefit on the Hottentots by encouraging them in idle habits, he replied, that he never interfered save for their 'spiritual' advantage, which he thought would be more secured by their remaining in that peaceful spot—where, by the way, promiscuous intercourse between the sexes was winked at, if not absolutely sanctioned."

Mr. Cole had an interview with Macomo, the Kafir chief, whose character he does not set up for our admiration; nor, indeed, does he invest the Kafirs with any of the sentiment so fashionable when speaking of savages; he thinks them fit for the gallows, and for little better.

RAMBLES BEYOND RAILWAYS.

Rambles Beyond Railways; or, Notes in Cornwall taken A-foot. By W. Wilkie Collins. Author of *Antonina*. Second Edition, with illustrations by Henry C. Brandling. Bentley.

WE never saw the first edition of *Rambles Beyond Railways*, and, therefore, could not make you acquainted with its claims; an omission we are now delighted to repair, for we have positively luxuriated in its charming pages! Before giving free expression, however, to all the admiration this book has raised in us, we have a suggestion to make. A third edition must be called for; and let us beg of Mr. Collins that, in obeying the call, he cut out the foppery of that chapter, "A Glance at History through Dissolving Views." It is the only blot on his page, the only chapter that severe criticism can single out for blame; but it is a chapter unworthy of one who has such genuine humour, and such imaginative power. The "machinery" has the twofold fault of being worn-out and unpleasant. It was always a jarring and discordant note in Thackeray when he spoke of himself as a "showman," and made literature, as it were, the feeble substitute for a theatre, while he lowered himself into a sort of Alfred Bunn. If a professed humourist could not be allowed such machinery, Mr. Wilkie Collins has less claim. Moreover, the machinery is a mistake; instead of making history "light reading," it gives it an air of solemn farce. To make grave subjects and dry details readable is not, perhaps, an easy task; but it is very easy to make them unreadable, and no way more certain than to treat them with misplaced levity.

Having cleared our critical conscience of the one solitary objection we have noted against this book, we have now "our elbows free," as the French say, to praise it, and to praise it heartily. Mr. Wilkie Collins, in company with Mr. Henry Brandling—whose illustrations, by the way, form an additional attraction to this volume—shouldered his knapsack and made a pedestrian tour through the, as yet, unbeaten track of Cornwall. Very many Englishmen have seen the pyramids—very few have visited Cornwall. It is untraveller ground, possessing all the romance of novelty and remoteness, coupled with the advantage of proximity and national identity.

Mr. Wilkie Collins has very rare qualities as a writer of travels—his style is eloquent, picturesque, clear, and engaging; his humour is quiet, genuine, unaffected, unobtrusive; his eye is open to most things without dwelling upon trivialities; he has no pretension, no verbosity, no terrible ambition of "fine writing" or "profound thinking"; and, except in the instance we have already commented on, his taste is admirable. You are carried through these pages, as through a succession of delightful scenes; there is no sense of effort on the part of your guide, consequently no weariness on your own. Without having or pretending to have anything of importance to communicate, without a single "adventure," without a "purpose," with nothing but the charm of style conveying the actual observations of a cultivated man in an unfrequented part of our dominions, there is, nevertheless, more genuine pleasure to be derived from these pages than from almost any "Tour" we can recollect to mind. It is a book to read and reread: a book to buy.

Besides the legends interspersed, there is some pleasant information unpretendingly offered; the chapter on the Cornish people, and that on the

Pilchard fishery, being particularly noticeable, as also that on the Ancient Drama in Cornwall, which we leave in the hands of our friend Vivian. There are many passages tempting us as extracts; but we pass by all the "bits of scenery" for the sake of this curious account of

LOO POOL.

"The banks of Loo Pool stretch on either side to the length of two miles; the lake, which in summer occupies little more than half the space that it covers in winter, is formed by the flow of two or three small streams. You first reach it from Helston, after a walk of half a mile; and then see before you, on either hand, long ranges of hills rising gently from the water's edge, covered with clustering trees, or occupied by wide cornfields and sloping tracts of common land. So far, the scenery around Loo Pool resembles the scenery around other lakes; but as you proceed, the view changes in the most striking and extraordinary manner. Walking on along the winding banks of the pool, you taste the water and find it soft and fresh, you see ducks swimming about in it from the neighbouring farm-houses, you watch the rising of the fine trout for which it is celebrated—every object tends to convince you that you are wandering by the shores of an inland lake—when suddenly, at a turn in the hill slope, you are startled by the shrill cry of the gull, and the fierce roar of breakers thunders on your ear—you look over the light grey, placid waters of the lake, and behold, stretching immediately above and beyond them, the expanse of the deep blue ocean, from which they are only separated by a mere strip of smooth white sand!

"You hurry on, and reach this bar of sand which parts the great English Channel and the little Loo Pool—a child might run across it in a minute! You stand in the centre—on one side, close at hand, water is dancing beneath the breeze in glassy, tiny ripples; on the other, equally close, water rolls in mighty waves, precipitated on the ground in dashing, hissing, writhing floods of the whitest foam—here, children are floating mimic boats on a mimic sea; there, the stateliest ships of England are sailing over the great deep—both scenes visible in one view. Rocky cliffs and arid sands appear in close combination with rounded fertile hills, and long grassy slopes; salt spray leaping over the first, spring-water lying calm beneath the last! No fairy vision of Nature that ever was imagined is more fantastic, or more lovely than this glorious reality, which brings all the most widely contrasted characteristics of a sea view and an inland view into the closest contact, and presents them in one harmonious picture to the eye.

"The ridge of sand between Loo Pool and the sea, which, by impeding the flow of the inland streams, spreads them in the form of a lake over the valley-ground between two hills, is formed by the action of storms from the south-west. Such, at least, is the modern explanation of the manner in which Loo Bar has been heaped up. But there is an ancient legend in connection with it, which tells a widely different story. It is said that the terrible Cornish giant, or ogre, Tregagle, was trudging homewards one day, carrying a huge sack of sand on his back, which—being a giant of neat and cleanly habits—he designed should serve him for sprinkling his parlour floor. As he was passing along the top of the hills which now overlook Loo Pool, he heard a sound of scampering footsteps behind him; and, turning round, saw that he was hotly pursued by no less a person than the devil himself. Big as he was, Tregagle lost heart and ignominiously took to his heels: but the devil ran nimbly, ran steadily, ran without losing breath—ran, in short, like the devil. Tregagle was fat, short-winded, had a load on his back, and lost ground at every step. At last, just as he reached the seaward extremity of the hills, he determined in despair to lighten himself of his burden, and thus to seize the only chance of escaping his enemy by superior fleetness of foot. Accordingly, he opened his huge sack in a great hurry, shook out all his sand over the precipice, between the sea and the river which than ran into it, and so formed in a moment the Bar of Loo Pool.

"In the winter time, the lake is the cause and the scene of an extraordinary ceremony. The heavy incessant rains which then fall (ice is almost unknown in the moist climate of Cornwall), increase day by day the waters of the Pool, until they encroach over the whole of the low flat valley between Helston and the sea. Then, the smooth paths of turf, the little streams that run by their side—so pleasant to look on in the summer time—are hidden by the great overflow. Mill-wheels are stopped; cottages built on the declivities of the hills are threatened with inundation. Out on the bar, at high tide, but two or three feet of sand appear between the stormy sea on the one hand, and the stagnant swollen lake on the other. If Loo Pool were measured now, it would be found to extend to a circumference of seven miles.

"When the flooding of the lake has reached its climax, the millers, who are the principal sufferers by the overflow, prepare to cut a passage through the Bar for the superabundant waters of the Pool. Before they can do this, however, they must conform

to a curious old custom which has been practised for centuries, and is retained down to the present day. Procuring two stout leathern purses, they tie up three halfpence in each, and then set off with them in a body to the Lord of the Manor. Presenting him with their purses, they state their case with all due formality, and request permission to cut their trench through the sand. In consideration of the three-penny recognition of his rights, the Lord of the Manor graciously accedes to the petition; and the millers, armed with their spades and shovels, start for the Bar.

"Their projected labour is not great. A mere ditch suffices to establish the desired communication: and the water does the rest for itself. On one occasion, so high was the tide on one side, and so full the lake on the other, that a man actually scraped away sand enough with his stick, to give vent to the waters of the Pool. Thus, after no very hard work, the millers achieve their object; and the spectators, watching on the hill, then behold a striking and tremendous scene.

"Tearing away the sand on either side, floods of fresh water rush out furiously against floods of salt water leaping in, upheaved into mighty waves by the winter gale. A foaming roaring battle between two opposing forces of the same element takes place. The noise is terrific—it is heard like thunder, at great distances off. At last, the heavy, smooth, continuous flow of the fresh water prevails even over the power of the ocean. Farther and farther out, rushing through a wider and wider channel every minute, pour the great floods from the land, until the salt water is stained with an ochre colour, over a surface of twenty miles. But their force is soon spent—soon, the lake sinks lower and lower away from the slope of the hills. Then, with the high tide, the sea reappears triumphantly, dashing and leaping, in clouds of spray, through the channel in the sand—making the waters of the Pool brackish—now, threatening to swell them anew to overflowing—and now, at the ebb, leaving them to empty themselves again, in the manner of a great tidal river; until a storm from the south-west comes on; and then, fresh masses of sand and shingle are forced up—the channel is refilled—the Bar is reconstructed as if by a miracle. Again, the scene—changed but for a short season—resumes its old features—again, there is a sea on one side, and a lake on the other. But now, the Pool occupies only its ordinary limits—now, the mill-wheels turn busily once more, and the smooth paths and gliding streams reappear in their former beauty, until the next winter rains shall come round, and the next winter floods shall submerge them again."

NOTE BOOK OF A NATURALIST.

Leaves from the Note Book of a Naturalist. By W. J. Broderip, Esq., F.R.S. J. W. Parker and Son.

THE readers of *Fraser's Magazine* during the years 1850 and 1851 will not have forgotten the delightful series of papers on Natural History which varied its pages; and they will be pleased to hear that the author, Mr. Broderip, has collected them into one portable volume for the library shelves.

Of all studies none can surpass in fascination and grateful result the study of Natural History, in the broad sense of that term; at least such is our opinion, and we have been very discursive students. It is one of those subjects of which even a little knowledge is felt to be a gain, and no knowledge can pretend to exhaust the stores; embracing every variety of interest and point of view, appealing to every class of intellect, and affording incessant occasions for the extension and application of our little knowledge. Natural History reaches from the charming prattle of White's *History of Selborne* (next to *Robinson Crusoe* the boys' own book) to the great biological problems mooted by Lamarck, St. Hilaire, Goethe, and Owen. To students of all classes we can heartily commend these *Leaves from the Naturalist's Note Book*; they abound in anecdote, in quaint erudition, in pleasant digression, in good observation and description. The higher questions of biology are not touched by Mr. Broderip, for he is here jotting down "notes" only, and does not by nature seem prone to philosophical speculation; but if he does not argue questions, he gives us materials wherewith to work: for those we are thankful. Altogether a more agreeable volume we should find it difficult to name.

Mr. Broderip's beaver "Binny," who grew so fond of him, and died brokenhearted at their separation, has invested the race of beavers with a new interest in our eyes; and if we had not conceived an original and independent passion for the Hippopotamus, who was the "lion" of the season, these pages would have sent us straightway in search of his acquaintance. Let every one read them, and side by side with them, the inimitable papers on

our dear beast, which appeared in *Household Words*, so instinct with humour and real gusto.

Mr. Broderip has the art of securing a reader's interest in his various pets—viz., the genuine affection with which he treats of them. That is the primary requisite of all literature—*si vis me flere*, and which may here be rendered, "If you want me to love animals, you, who describe them, must love them too."

LAMARTINE ON WATERLOO.

Histoire de la Restauration. Par A. de Lamartine. Tomes III. and IV. W. Jeffe.

FRENCH authors, great upon many themes, are magnificent upon Waterloo. If they were defeated on the plain, they have avenged that defeat in their writings; and after all, does not every one know that they were not defeated? If we remained in possession of the field, it was only because the French had quitted it in disgust!

Lamartine has peculiar qualifications for giving us a true and impartial history of Waterloo. In the first place he is a Frenchman. In the second place he is altogether unbiassed by any military knowledge. In the third place he is Lamartine. His book exhibits the qualities you might expect, and is very amusing in consequence. As a Frenchman he admits of no defeat; nay, he proclaims Waterloo a day of triumph—as Lamartine, a "good hater" of Napoleon, he reckons it only as a defeat of the general. "Waterloo," he says, "remains in history not as a failure of the French army, but as a failure of its chief. The army was sacrificed, not vanquished. Thus, unlike all other historical days which exalt or diminish the grandeur of a people, the defeat of Waterloo counts in the annals of the nation's glory as equal to a triumph. Europe lost none of its terror at soldiers who knew thus how to die, and an army that buried itself in its blood. For the world that day was a day of terror at our name; for France a day of grief, not of humiliation; for Napoleon only it was a battle foolishly hazarded, an empire lost." All this kind of uneasy braggadoccio seems very ludicrous to us. We can understand that France does not like the idea of having been beaten; but why be perpetually trying to elude the stern facts, and to prove that she gained a victory? Had she never been beaten before? She, whose writers invariably speak of Napoleon's "conquest of the world"—a foolish fanfaronade unworthy of a nation whose standards waved over cowed nations in Italy, Spain, Germany, and Egypt—does she forget that one small portion of Europe at least was not conquered by her, and that not only did the English invariably beat the French throughout the Peninsular Campaign, but our raw conscripts scattered Napoleon's veterans at the Pyramids?

We are ashamed thus to be obliged to oppose the foolish boastings of writers whose main object seems to be the suppression of the actual truth. But Lamartine has led us into it by the wilful romance of his narrative. To show how his lofty imagination soars above facts, we may mention that he speaks of Wellington having seven horses killed under him. It sounds romantic—perilous—terrible—does it not? Seven horses killed under him! We in England lived under the impression that Copenhagen, the one horse that bore him through the day, escaped the murderous bullets, and died not long since at Strathfieldsaye "in a green old age." Lamartine tells us elsewhere that he has seen the horse that carried Napoleon, and adds a mythical touch about him worth recording:—

"I have seen him surviving his master many years, always proud, haughty, gentle, and raising his head at the name of Waterloo as if he remembered his glory!"

Lamartine will thank us for a pendant to that story! Copenhagen, when he heard the name of Waterloo, used to hang down his head, as if he drooped under the memory of his defeat!

We meant to rectify some of the enormous blunders and exaggerations of this account, but on reflection we desist. His inaccuracy is so excessive, that it would be idle to criticise it. He does not even see the absurdity of talking of the Ninety-fifth regiment of our cavalry; he augments a Scotch division of 400 into 4000, and, instead of saying only 40 out of 400 remained, he makes the number 400 out of 4000; he says Wellington ordered the cavalry to take off the curb reins, and gave the men brandy to increase the impetuosity of their charge—a charge Wellington regretted because too impetuous; he describes a shock as "irresistible," which was not simply resisted, but the charging column cut to pieces.

We leave these pages uncriticised, and direct your attention to what is really excellent in the narrative; for, although it is inaccurate and French, it is intensely interesting, and carries you on with the fascination of romance. No extract of ours would convey an idea of the picturesqueness and sustained animation of the narrative. Get the book and read it. Besides the account of Waterloo, you will find a biographical study of Murat done with immense splendour, and some portraits here and there which exhibit all Lamartine's fine qualities.

BOOKS ON OUR TABLE.

The German Language in One Volume. By Falekh Lebahn. Fourth Edition. Simpkin and Marshall.

We have on more than one occasion expressed our opinion of Mr. Falekh Lebahn's system, especially adapted for self tuition, and have only now to state that this volume before us contains a practical grammar with exercises—Undine, with its explanatory notes—a vocabulary of 4500 words synonymous in German and English—and a Key to the Exercises.

Martin Tondron; or, Adventures of a Frenchman in London. By James Morier. (Bentley's Shilling Series.) Bentley.

A reprint in the Shilling Series issued by Mr. Bentley for Railway reading, very poorly illustrated with woodcuts. The humour of the book is quiet and not unamusing, but unfortunately the idea of a Frenchman writing his impressions of London has been hacknied in *Punch*, and surpassed in extravagance by the actual "impressions" of Frenchmen.

The Scarlet Letter. A Romance. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. (Railway Library.) G. Routledge.

Is there any one of our readers unacquainted with the *Scarlet Letter*, that romance par excellence? Let him at once step out from such a minority and invest a shilling in a treat such as he rarely can purchase!

History of the Whig Ministry of 1830 to the Passing of the Reform Bill. By J. A. Roebuck, M.P. 2 vols. J. W. Parker and Son.

Etudes sur W. Shakspeare, Marie Stuart, et L'Aretin. Par Philartète Chasles. W. Jeffs.

Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli. By R. W. Emerson and W. H. Channing. 3 vols. Bentley.

The Daltons. By Charles Lever. Chapman and Hall.

The Life and Adventures of Mervyn Clitheroe. By W. Harrison Ainsworth. Chapman and Hall.

The British Quarterly Review, for February. Jackson and Walford.

The British Journal, for February. Aylott and Jones.

Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour. With Illustrations by Leech. Part II. Bradbury and Evans.

Story of a Feather. Part I. By Douglas Jerrold. Parker and Son.

Fraser's Magazine, for February. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

Tait's Magazine, for February. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

The Comic History of Rome. No. 9 and 10. Illustrated by Leech. Bradbury and Evans.

Knight's Pictorial Shakspeare. Charles Knight.

Shakspeare's History. Charles Knight.

Half Hours of English History. By Charles Knight. Charles Knight.

The Country House. Charles Knight.

Curiosities of Industry. Charles Knight.

The Companion Shakspeare. Part I. King John and King Richard III. Charles Knight.

Half Hours with the Best Authors. With Biographical and Critical Notices. Charles Knight.

The Best Story-Tellers. A Collection of Popular Fictions of All Nations. Charles Knight.

The North British Review. Kennedy, Edinburgh.

The Reasoner. Part 78. Watson.

Chambers's Pocket Miscellany. Vol. II. Orr and Co.

The Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Poets, Philosophers, &c. Part II. Orr and Co.

The Poetic Review. By J. Passmore Edwards.

The Public Good. By J. Passmore Edwards.

The Biographical Magazine. By J. Passmore Edwards.

The Prospective Review. A Quarterly Journal of Theology and Literature. John Chapman.

OYSTER LIFE.—Somebody has styled fossiliferous rocks "monuments of the felicity of past ages." An undisturbed oyster-bed is a concentration of happiness in the present. Dormant though the several creatures there congregated seem, each individual is leading the beatified existence of an Epicurean god. The world without—its cares and joys, its storms and calms, its passions, evil and good—all are indifferent to the unheeding oyster. Unobservant even of what passes in its immediate vicinity, its whole soul is concentrated in itself; yet not sluggishly and apathetically, for its body is throbbing with life and enjoyment. The mighty ocean is subservient to its pleasures. The rolling waves waft fresh and choice food within its reach, and the flow of the current feeds it without requiring an effort. Each atom of water that comes in contact with its delicate gills evolves its imprisoned air to freshen and invigorate the creature's pellucid blood. Invisible to human eye, unless aided by the wonderful inventions of human science, countless millions of vibrating cilia are moving incessantly with synchronic beat on every fibre of each fringing leaflet.—*Westminster Review*, No. 111.

Portfolio.

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

ASPECTS OF DEATH.

Time rolls, and month by month
The upswelling blood of nature fills her veins,
And the bright wooing sun
From the dear earth hath won,
A tender blush of flowers that gladden all her plains
The waves come leaping in,
And I lie clasp'd within

The kind warm arms of nature. I could die
In such a mood as this, my limbs dissolved
Should be to some new herb of loveliest shape resolved.

And I would pour my soul,
A cup of spirit-wine from out its breathing bowl,
To help the electric force
Which wings the stars on their unchanging course,
Or sprouts among the leaves, and I could be
So lost in nature as to compensate for me.

So dreams the poet, thinking,
So dreams the artist, drinking
Fresh draughts of beauty every fresh-created day.
Till o'er his half-escaped spirits sweep
Enchaining human memories, fond and deep.

Dear brothers, strong and true,
Had I, forgetting you,
Surrender'd up my spirit before the throne
Of great Queen Nature, did you but require
My love, my service, from the quivering fire,
From rock, and wave, and flower, I know would start
The outward forms and strengths of my unwavering heart;
And my life spring obedient when you claim'd your own.

I fear not life, mine eyes are bold for seeing,
I fear not death, nor any change of being.
Meek for the present, strong for the coming day,
I tell my soul to be, as be it may,
Only I fear that I, who walk along,
Guarded in human love, so happy and so strong,
Be cut from such communion, and the roll
Of Death's impenetrable waters surge alone my soul.

Oh grave! Hast thou the victory over love?
Love with the fearless eyes? I do not think
That our frail brotherhood, if moving towards that brink.

Beneath whose unseen depth lies black oblivion,
Could wear the high and beautiful aspect
When it goes forth to conquer ill, and give
Proof that the holy hope and dare to live.

Oh grave! Hast thou the victory over love?
Black shadow, creep not over sunny life,
Which, stirring to put forth,
Some flowers of heavenly worth
Shrinks from thine image in unequal strife.

Oh thou, who gatherest youth,
Genius, and beauty to thy dark embrace,
Let one dear smile of pity gleam upon thy face.
Seeds that we sow in God, expand to flowers above,
Leave us, who lose so much, eternity and love.

B.

LIBERTY OF VOCATION.

Whenever we come to explore the foundations of social polity, with intent to ascertain the latent law by which they are sustained, we are invariably referred to those constitutional elements in man which render him capable of association with his fellows—to that instinct for society which proves a helpful intercourse and communion among mankind to be a preordained necessity. But inasmuch as the material world is constituted with a view to human uses, and thus men could not long associate together save on terms of mutual interest, it is obvious that Society must be formed, and indeed tend to shape itself, in such wise as shall in some sort, or in some particular, conduce to the general advantage; and that, without an aim or tendency of this kind, it cannot possibly be maintained. The definite manifestation it may take will undoubtedly be determined by the circumstances which operate most powerfully in connecting men together in different stages of their development; in rude ages the desire of mere security, the passion for conquest, and the like; and in stages of higher civilization commercial exigencies, community of ideas, assimilation of habits, peculiarities of culture; but in every case there must be some principle of unity, some binding condition which renders the maintenance of the society desirable, by more or less contributing to the general service and contentment. Without this element of common benefit, no society could originate; and in proportion as it becomes extinguished in communities—which al-

ways happens when partial and selfish interests obtain an exclusive or dominant development—in such proportion does the society always tend towards decay, and may be expected to fall ultimately into anarchy and dissolution.

It is only as a visible and living representation of the laws of being that society can possess any enduring subsistence or stability. And though it is manifest that every social development is a growth which, by the law of human progress, must disappear and give place to some new and larger manifestation of the social principle—so that there is no finality short of absolute perfection—it is likewise clear that every successive form which society may assume will be required to include the original element of a common advantage and convenience, and to extend to its component members such prospects and opportunities of well-being as the expanding character of their culture and aspirations shall demand. All the external facts of time and circumstance, all the combinations of social power and expediency, must have a just relation to the tendencies which subsist in the nature and mind of man. For the essential capabilities of human nature are the true and sole foundations for whatever is to be manifested in the thought, activity, or life of human beings; since that which is inwardly present in man's nature must of necessity incline to reveal itself in his outward acts and efforts, and predetermine his authentic destination.

The service which constituted societies render, in the way of providing for the individual needs of men, is necessarily varied, as we say, by the objects of men's pursuit in their different social stages, and definitely modified by the peculiarities of the prevailing cultivation. Under barbarism and feudal forms of polity, in which the relations of intercourse and connection are extremely rude and simple, the will of the leader or territorial proprietor is the commonest symbol or revelation of the law by which the community is united; and, as the person invested with that significant position usually represents, in a demonstrative and more eminent degree, the general sense and aims of his adherents, it follows that, by the superiority of his insight and decision, he is able successfully to conduct them towards the objects which they are instinctively, though less consciously, pursuing. The quality of his leadership may be said to lie in his gift for discerning what his associates and dependants are in quest of; and he is their actual king and champion by virtue of his capacity for aiding and directing them in the way of its attainment. Under circumstances such as these, the liberties of the individual are but imperfectly regarded, and, indeed, are often necessarily sacrificed to the paramount requirements of the occasion. But as a higher and more liberal civilization becomes established, there grows up a tendency in the society to relax the primitive stringency of relationship, and to recognise more distinctly the rights of personality—a tendency to detach and isolate the individual from the mass, and to surround him with independent and superior advantages. And in this, we think, may be perceived an indication that it is the drift of progress to exalt and honour man in his personal and private being; to furnish him with opportunities for the more perfect manifestation of his inborn attributes; to give him scope for the exercise of his individual qualities and aptitudes; so that every variety of genius, talent, and capacity shall, in the end, get successfully developed, and have leave to work in freedom for the general social welfare.

This is, in our apprehension, the highest state of Liberty. A man's true and only reasonable liberty is that which enables or constrains him to do what most effectually tends to promote the advancement of his moral interests, and to perfect him in such disciplines as will facilitate his usefulness as a rational and responsible personation of humanity. Hence the most desirable kind of liberty that could be sought after is probably that which has been aptly styled the "Liberty of Vocation." That a man should have freedom and opportunity to address himself to such pursuits as will best display his force, and illustrate the bent and determination of his character—that he should so manifest his nature and the inclination of his faculties as to work out for himself a mode of action and of living answerable to the tendency of his constitution—seems to be one of the first and most important requisites towards the fulfilment of his destiny. An order of employments founded upon human aptitudes, whereby each should be furthered and encouraged to select that in which he can best of all succeed, would evidently be the truest method that could be

devised for turning the faculties of every one to the most available account. There would then be no waste or misexpenditure of energy, no tragedy of genius struggling under the burden of degrading obstacles, no paltry exaltation of the impotent to high places, no Burns condemned to guaging ale-houses, no Nero insolently fiddling when the city is in flames! No amateur locksmith (such as a Louis XVI.) would be suffered to sit at the pinnacle of the empire, to be dashed and trampled down by the fury and indignation of an oppressed and misgoverned people; but with the liberty of vocation and Wisdom would guide the destinies of States, and the Wise Man be welcomed as the accredited ruler of the Commonwealth.

Should it be asked how and in what way is society to be transformed so as to admit of an actual accommodation of personal capacities to the entire range of offices and employments, it must be confessed that, in the present state of human culture, no such arrangement can be realised. Yet it may not be amiss to consider the possibilities of such, as they ideally subsist in the constitution and capabilities of man. If there be anything of the kind in human nature, any diversities of endowment by which men are predisposed to manifest their activity in one way preferably to another, it may reasonably be concluded that such original and specific gifts or dispositions have a reference and natural relation to the work in which the man was designed to exercise his faculties. That there are discernable tendencies of the sort is plain enough to observation; and, moreover, being thus evident and incontestable, it is scarcely to be denied or questioned that they ought to be accepted as the hints and premonitions by which Nature obscurely, but yet significantly, shadows forth the paths on which we have been severally ordained to walk. The rational action we are prone to, is that which we have been appointed to accomplish. "Our desires," as Goethe said (that is, our reasonable inclinations), "are presentiments of the capabilities which lie within us, and harbingers of that which we shall be in a condition to perform." Whatever we would like to do, and have any ability for doing, presents itself to our imagination as a thing of possible attainment; it seems to lie before us in the future, soliciting a realization through our efforts; and the longing we feel after it is an intimation that we secretly possess the power which may develop and fashion it into reality.

It is obvious that if all degrees of aptitude were fostered or left free to reveal themselves according to natural direction, the work of the world would be entered on under the truest auspices of success; that which every one could do best would be done in the most satisfactory and efficient manner, and the general result would be the highest possible state of social welfare and contentedness. Any doubt or misgiving respecting the relative supply and demand of the various kinds of capability required for the regulation or support of all the natural and authentic functions of society—any fear that more people would be born with special qualifications for any separate pursuit than could be serviceably employed therein—would be an accusation against the wisdom and forethought of the Creator, and go to charge Him with folly and inefficiency in the manifestation of His power. So blasphemous a presumption is not to be entertained. This noble though calumniated world, being the workmanship and production of a wise and beneficent Omnipotence, is unquestionably provided with every needful adaptation to the wants and requirements of His creatures; the resources of Nature and the capacities of man are necessarily related and adapted to each other; and every new development or expansion of human life is to be met by a discovery of the means which are required for its sustenance. As men come to comprehend more perfectly the laws and conditions of the universe, and aim to live in accordance and harmony herewith, it is presumable they will be enabled to modify and shape their institutions so as to find room and opportunity in their society for the fit employment of every one according to the nature and order of his endowments, demanding of him mainly that he shall be active for ends which are honest, and serviceable to the community. For it has been wisely said, "that only mankind together is the true man, and the individual can be glad and happy only when he feels himself working in conscious relation to the whole."*

A society wherein men are not helpful to each other, and to some extent united in their objects, can have no assured permanence or con-

tinuity; and as it is plain that no society can be sustained, save by such an adjustment of its functions as will promote the necessary interests of all, so it is reasonable to believe that this end would be most admirably secured by each having liberty to follow his natural vocation, by opportunities and encouragements to devote himself to the kind of work which he is best of all capable of performing. Nevertheless, the liberty we speak of must be the growth of culture; an idea can be realized only when it has entered fully into the consciousness of a people, and presents itself to their perceptions as something appropriate or essential to their welfare. Until it can come forth as a power charged with the solution of some problem in their affairs, it has no likelihood of gaining such influence and authority as will serve to get it practically established. Still, if the idea be true, and to any extent calculated to advance the individual interests of humanity, it undoubtedly demands an honest recognition, and will ultimately need to be incorporated with the substance of the social institutions. For the end of society is the perfecting of man. Whatsoever may contribute to place him in just and true relations with his fellows, and to direct his energies into the channel of achievement which will conduct him into successful working and unison with the purposes of creation, that surely does it become society to attend to and turn to a practical application. There is no security except in truthful conformity to the order and necessities of things. The active and living world is injured by being alienated from Nature. Man is prostrated and destroyed by departing from the law of his constitution. Through long years and centuries of painful travail does he wander in search of that which will restore him to his original integrity and contentment; yet, with the scars of his long-suffering, he bears with him a burden of experience, and may read out of the records of his defeat the sure prophecy of a success that shall be glorious—the success which unerring Nature has decreed to human effort, whensoever it is accordant with her beneficent ordinations. J. L.

The Arts.

VIVIAN IN TEARS!

(All along of Mr. Kean.)

What a thing is Life! The remark is novel and profound—its application you will appreciate on hearing my appeal. Yesterday I was the gayest of the gay, blithe and joyous as a young bird before family cares perplex it in its calculations of worms; to-day you see me struck from that sunny altitude into the gloom of immeasurable despondency! Weep! weep with me ye that have any tears! Let me, like a Prometheus of private life, fling my clamorous agonies upon the winds, and call upon every feeling heart to listen to my "billowy ecstasy of woe!"

Hear it, ye winds—Charles Kean has cut me off the Free List!

No more! never never more, am I to enjoy the exquisite privilege of seeing that poetic eye "in fine foolishness rolling!"—no more! never never more, am I to listen to that musical utterance of verse, that delicate expression given to subtle meanings! I am banished. Charles Kean closes his door upon me! He courted me, and courted my criticism—then I was happy! then I was proud! then I knew where to spend an intellectual evening; but now, alas! that glory is departed; it now appears that he did not like my criticism, and he cruelly robs me of my only enjoyment—the privilege of seeing him act! He humbles me, he saddens me, he leaves me no refuge but misanthropy! Oh, why didn't I write more glowingly about his genius; why did I not, by some critical alchemy, convert his peculiarities into talents; why did I not discover eloquence in his pauses, variety and expression in his gestures, and intelligence in his conceptions? Fool that I was! I might have laughed at him amongst his friends, as remorselessly as they do, and still have preserved my precious privilege of free admission to the Princess's Theatre; but now! . . . As the not more unfortunate Philoctetes, banished from his loved Hellas, roamed disconsolate about the isle, so I pace Oxford-street with pale wistful glances, exclaiming:—

ἀλλ' οἱ μὲν ἐκβαλοντες ἀνοσιως ἐμὰ
γέλωσι σὺν ἔχοντες· ἡ δ' ἐμὴ νοσος
δαί τεληθε, καὶ μὲν μείζον ἐρχεται.

(That bit of Greek is especially meant for Mr. Kean—the immense intelligence displayed in his

handling of English verse placing beyond question the assumption that he must be very strong indeed upon Greek verse, and, therefore, I won't translate it.)

Let me for a moment stop the flood of grief and review my position (through my tears). When Charles Kean was about to take the Princess's Theatre, he asked me if I would support him; because, he added, it was useless to embark in such a speculation unless he could get the Press to back him. I gave him the only promise I could give—I promised to do my best. I was glad to see a gentleman in the position. It looked well for the drama; and no one will dispute that it has been a great advantage—that he has made the Princess's a first-class theatre in every respect; and as far as the public is concerned, he has been an excellent manager. Hitherto I have kept my promise; but I told him at the time that it was one thing to support a theatre by all friendly offices, and another to praise actors or pieces which I did not approve. Now, mark! because I was silent in a case where, if I had spoken at all, it could only have inflicted a needless wound—because I do not think Charles Kean a tragic actor, and never would say I did—because, in short, while feeling and (as all who know me will testify) expressing a personal liking for him, I exercised towards him a privilege I do not withdraw even with regard to dearest friends—that, namely, of uttering my opinion—because, I say, my friendly articles were not fulsome eulogies, Charles Kean declared me "one of his bitterest enemies;" and now, I presume, because I said last week that Helen Faucit was the greatest of our tragic actresses (a fact about which there are not two opinions), the "bitterest enemy" is told he cannot be admitted any more.

Poor fellow! poor fellow! to be so sensitive—and an actor! One hears of hens, in a soil where chalk is deficient, laying eggs without shells—nothing but a thin membrane to protect the embryo chick; how unpleasant to be such a chick!

As for me I confess that I have long expected to be cut off the free list by some irate manager or other, but do not respect the sagacity which has so exercised the managerial power. Can Mr. Kean suppose that by suppressing *free admissions* he suppresses *free speech*? Or does he think that no critic would be mad enough to rush into the utter extravagance of *paying* for a place to see him act? Let him undeceive himself. I shall be there on first nights as of old; the only difference will be this—that until he declared open war I still preserved my original position; henceforth I shall remember that kindly silence is interpreted as insult, and shall speak out just what I think. In concluding, let me say that whereas I would not suffer my criticism to be eulogistic when urged by *interest* (in the vulgar sense of the term—Mr. Kean will understand me), so likewise I have too much pride to allow this last act to *pique* me into injustice.

THE ANCIENT CORNISH DRAMA.

Suppose, as the doings of the week afford me no pabulum, we go back some centuries and see what the Vivians of a bygone age had to criticise? Let me leave Alfred Bunn in peace for one week; let me pass by the doors of the Lyceum, the Haymarket, the Olympic, and Sadler's Wells, and call upon you to prepare for an historic excursion into Cornwall, Anno Domini 1611. It will be more agreeable to my feelings than commenting on the *The Lady of Lyons*, wherein Helen Faucit the first, and only Pauline, played in her best style, but the others . . . No; I said I would not comment, and I will not.

You are too much interested, I hope, in the Drama and its history, not to be in some measure acquainted with its early efforts in the shape of Miracle Plays; but, at any rate, if you read the account I am going to copy, the Miracle Play will henceforth be no stranger. I copy it from the *Rambles Beyond Railways*, of Wilkie Collins, who went to visit the remains of the ancient amphitheatre, Piran Round, and there studied the book of a play called, *The Creation of the World, with Noah's Flood*, translated into Cornish in 1611, and again into English in 1691; finally corrected and published in 1827. Of this play Mr. Collins gives us the following analysis, with comments:—

"The first act comprehends the fall of the angels—the introductory stage direction commanding that the theatrical clouds, and the whole sky to boot, shall open when Heaven is named! All is harmony at the outset of the play, until it is Lucifer's turn to speak. He declares that he alone is great, that all

* Goethe's *Dichtung und Wahrheit*.

allegiance must be given to him; and ends triumphantly by asking:—"Am I not a great pullet?" (evidently the ancient original of the modern expression 'cock of the walk.') Some of the angels acknowledge him to be a 'great pullet,' and glorify him accordingly; others remain true to their allegiance; the debate grows warm; some of the disputants give each other the lie (but very calmly); at length, the scene is closed, by Lucifer's condemnation to Hell, which, as the directions provide, 'shall gape when it is named.' The faithful angels are then told to 'have swords and staves ready for Lucifer,' who, we are informed, 'voideth and goeth down to Hell apparelled foul, with fire about him, turning to Hell, with every degree of devils and lost spirits on cords running into the plain.' With this stirring scene the act ends.

"The second act comprises the creation and fall of man. Here, again, we will consult the stage directions, as giving the best narrative of the incidents and scenes. We find that Adam and Eve are to be 'apparelled in white leather in a place appointed by the conveyor' (probably the person we term stage-manager now); 'and are not to be seen until they be called; and then each rises.' After this, we read:—"Let Paradise be finely made, with fair trees in it, and apples upon a tree, and other fruit on the others. A fountain, too, in Paradise, and fine flowers painted. Put Adam into Paradise—let flowers appear in Paradise—let Adam lie down and sleep where Eve is, and she, by the conveyor, must be taken from Adam's side—let fishes of all sorts, birds and beasts, as oxen, kyne, sheep, and such like, appear."

"Then, we have the preparations for the temptation ordered thus:—"A fine serpent to be made with a virgin's face, and yellow hair on her head. Let the serpent appear, and also geese and hens." Lucifer enters immediately afterwards, and goes into the serpent, which is then directed to be 'seen singing in a tree' (the actor who personated Lucifer must have had some gymnastic difficulties to contend with in his part!)—"Eve looketh strange on the serpent;" then, 'talketh familiarly and cometh near him;' then, 'dotheth and looketh angrily;' and then eats part of the apple, shows it to Adam, and insists on his eating part of it too, in the following lines, in which the connubial style of argument is certainly represented by the old dramatist to the life:—

"Sir, in a few words,
Taste thou part of the apple,
Or my love thou shalt lose!
See, take this fair apple,
Or surely between thee and thy wife
The love shall utterly fail,
If thou wilt not eat of it!"

"The stage direction now proceeds:—"Adam receiveth the apple and tasteth it, and so repenteth and casteth it away. Eve looketh on Adam very strangely, and speaketh not anything." During this pause, the 'conveyor' is told to 'get the fig-leaves ready.' Then Lucifer is ordered to 'come out of the serpent and creep on his belly to hell;' Adam and Eve receive the curse, and depart out of Paradise, 'shewing a spindle and distaff,' no badly conceived emblem of the labour to which they are henceforth doomed. And thus, the second act terminates.

"The third act treats of Cain and Abel; and is properly opened by an impersonation of Death. After which, Cain and Abel appear to sacrifice.

"Cain makes his offering of the first substance that comes to hand—"dry cow-dung" (!); and tells Abel that he is 'dolthead' and a 'frothy fool' for using anything better. Then, 'Abel is stricken with a jawbone and dieth—Cain casteth him into a ditch.' The effect of the first murder on the minds of our first parents is delineated in some speeches exhibiting a certain antique simplicity of thought, which sometimes almost rises to the poetical by its homely adherence to nature, and its perfect innocence of effort, artifice, or display. The banishment of Cain, still glorying in his crime, follows the lamentations of Adam and Eve for the death of Abel; and the act is closed by Adam's announcement of the birth of Seth.

"The fourth act relates the deaths of Cain and Adam, and contains some of the most eccentric, and also, some of the most elevated writing in the play. Lamech opens the scene, candidly and methodically exposing his own character in these lines:—

"Sure I am the first
That ever yet had two wives!
And maidens in sufficient plenty
They are to me. I am not dainty,
I can find them where I will;
Nor do I spare of them."
In anywise one that is handsome.
But I am wondrous troubled,
Sorrow do I see one glimpse
What the devil shall be done!"

"In this vagabond frame of mind Lamech goes out hunting, with bow and arrow, and shoots Cain, accidentally, in a bush. When Cain falls, Lamech appeals to his servant, to know what it is that he has shot;—the servant declares that it is 'hairy, rough, ugly, and a buck-goat of the night.' Cain, however, discovers himself before he dies. There is something rudely dreary and graphic about his des-

cription of his loneliness, bare as it is of any recommendation of metaphors or epithets:—

"Deformed I am very much,
And overgrown with hair;
I do live continually in heat or cold frost,
Surely night and day;
Nor do I desire to see the son of man,
With my will, at any time;
But accompany most time with all the beasts."

"Lamech, discovering the fatal error that he has committed, kills his servant in his anger; and the scene ends with 'the devils carrying them away with great noise to hell.'

"The second scene is between Adam and his son Seth; and here, the old dramatist often rises to an elevation of poetical feeling, which, judging from the preceding portions of the play, we should not have imagined he could reach. Barbarous as his execution may be, the simple beauty of his conception often shines through it faintly, but yet palpably, in this part of the drama.

"Adam is weary of life and weary of the world; he sends Seth to the gates of Paradise to ask mercy and release for him, telling his son that he will find the way thither by his father's footprints, burnt into the surface of the earth that was cursed for Adam's transgression. Seth finds and follows the supernatural marks, is welcomed by the angel at the gate of Paradise, and is permitted to look in. He beholds there an Apocalypse of the redemption of the world. On the tree of life sit the Virgin and Child; on the tree from which Eve plucked the apple, 'the woman' is seen, having power over the serpent. The vision changes, and Cain is shown in hell, 'sorrowing and weeping.' Then the angel plucks three kernels from the tree of life, and gives them to Seth for his father's use, saying that they shall grow to another tree of life, when more than five thousand years are ended; and that Adam shall be redeemed from his pains, when that period is fulfilled. After this Seth is dismissed by the angel, and returns to communicate to his father the message of consolation which he has received.

"Adam hears the result of his son's mission with thankfulness; blesses Seth; and speaks these last words, while he is confronted by Death:—

"Old and weak, I am gone!
To live longer is not for me:
Death is come,
Nor will here leave me,
To live one breath!
I see him now with his spear,
Ready to pierce me on every side,
There is no escaping from him!
The time is welcome with me—
I have served long the world!"

So, the patriarch dies, trusting in the promise conveyed through his son; and is buried by Seth 'in a fair tomb, with some Church sonnet.'

"After this impressive close to the fourth act—impressive in its intention, however clumsy the appliances by which that intention was worked out—it would be doing the old author no kindness to examine his fifth act in detail. Here he sinks, again, in many places, to puerility of conception and coarseness of dialogue. Suffice it to say, that the history of the Flood closes the drama, and that the spectators are dismissed with an epilogue, directing them to 'come to-morrow, betimes, and see very great matters'—the minstrels being charged, at the conclusion, to 'pipe,' so that all may dance together, as the proper manner of ending the day's amusements.

"And now, let us close the book, look forth over this lonesome country and lonesome amphitheatre, and imagine what a scene both must have presented, when a play was to be acted on a fine summer's morning in the year 1611.

"Fancy, at the outset, the arrival of the audience—people dressed in the picturesque holiday costume of the time, which varied with every varying rank, hurrying to their daylight play from miles off; all visible in every direction on the surface of the open moor, and all converging from every point of the compass to the one common centre of Piran Round. Then, figure to yourself the assembling in the amphitheatre; the bustle, the bawling, the laughter; the running round the outer circle of the embankment to get at the entrances; the tumbling and rushing up the steps inside; the racing of hotheaded youngsters to get to the top places; the sly deliberation of the elders in selecting the lower and safer positions; the quarrelling when a tall man chanced to stand before a short one; the giggling and blushing of buxom peasant wenches when the gallant young bachelors of the district happened to be placed behind them; the universal speculations on the weather; the universal shouting for pots of ale—and then, as the time of the performance drew near, and the minstrels appeared with their pipes, the gradual hush and stillness among the multitude; the combined stare of the whole circular mass of spectators on the one point in the plain of the amphitheatre, where everybody knew that the actors lay hidden in a pit, properly covered in from observation—the mysterious 'green-room' of the strolling players of old Cornwall!"

"And the play!—to see the play must have been a sight indeed! Imagine the commencement of it;

the theatrical sky which was to open awfully whenever Heaven was named; the mock clouds coolly set up by the 'property man' on an open air stage, where the genuine clouds appeared above them to expose the counterfeit; the hard fighting of the angels with swords and staves; the descent of the lost spirits along cords running into the plain; the thump with which they must have come down; the rolling off of the whole troop over the grass, to the infernal regions, amid shouts of applause from the audience as they rolled! Then the appearance of Adam and Eve, packed in white leather, like our modern dolls—the serpent with the virgin's face and the yellow hair, climbing into a tree, and singing in the branches—Cain falling out of the bush when he was struck by the arrow of Lamech, and his blood appearing, according to the stage directions, when he fell—the making of the Ark, the filling it with live stock, the scenery of the Deluge, in the fifth act!—what a combination of theatrical prodigies the whole performance must have presented! How the actors must have ranted to make themselves heard in the open air—how often the machinery must have gone wrong, and the rude scenery toppled and tumbled down? Could we revive at will, for mere amusement, any of the bygone performances of the theatre, since the first days of barbaric acting in a cart, assuredly the performances at Piran Round would be those which, without hesitation, we should select from all others to call back to life.

"The end of the play, too—how picturesque, how striking all the circumstances attending it must have been! Oh that we could hear again the merry old English tune piped by the minstrels, and see the merry old English dancing of the audience to the music! Then, think of the separation and the return home of the populace, at sunset—the fishing people strolling off towards the sea shore; the miners walking away farther inland; the agricultural labourers spreading in all directions, wherever cottages and farm-houses were visible in the far distance over the moor—the darkness coming on, and the moon rising over the amphitheatre, so silent and empty, save at one corner where the poor worn-out actors are bivouacking, gipsy-like in their tents, cooking supper over the fire that flames up red in the moonlight; and talking languidly over the fatigues and the triumphs of the play. What a moral and what a beauty in the quiet night view of the old amphitheatre, after the sight that it must have presented during the noise, the bustle, and the magnificence of the day!"

There is not that more instructive and amusing than if I had amiably lacerated the feelings of various respectable fathers of families, who think themselves actors, and ought to be grocers?

VIVIAN,



Open Council.

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

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

CITIZEN SOLDIERS.

10, Great Winchester-street, City, January 18, 1852.

SIR,—I have read with great interest the "Notes on War," by a soldier, in the *Leader*, and agree in the main with what is advanced by him; still I doubt whether the "musket and bayonet is the most clumsy, awkward tool, that ever was placed in a man's hands, and every soldier knows it." I witnessed a passage of arms at the Finsbury artillery grounds, some time ago, in which a professor of the broadsword, a large, tall man, was pitched against a sergeant, a small man with musket and bayonet. The bayonet had a decided advantage in this encounter. It is true a pike would have been as effective, probably much more so, in this instance. I have tried the experiment myself, and find that with a pike seven feet long the swordsman has little or no chance.

If anything is to be done towards placing ourselves

in a state of efficient defence, it must be done by the people. Fifty thousand men might easily be raised in London. In every large town there is material sufficient for its defence, if the material was organized and prepared to meet an enemy. We must take the initiative ourselves; when the task is begun, probably the Government would desire to help. Any number of men might be armed and clothed for £5 per man. I could arm and clothe men myself for that sum, furnishing a pike, a long barrelled pistol (revolver, probably), and a short, heavy, sharp-pointed sword; a brown felt hat, a brown heather pointed great coat; ditto undercoat and trousers. Both arms and clothes to be of the best, and the workman paid for at a fair remunerative price. The way to effect this end is by the formation of clubs, as already proposed in the *Daily News*. If any one inclined to go practically to work will communicate with me, I shall be happy to hear from or see him, and make a commencement. Any who have doubts as to the legal right of Englishmen to bear arms may have their doubts set at rest by referring to a pamphlet issued by the Commissioners of Police in 1848, which was sent to most, if not all, special constables at that time.

G. F. NICHOLL.

THE POWER OF EDUCATION. (CONCLUDING LETTER.)

London, January 31, 1852.

SIR,—I have now shown that the knowledge by which alone we can be enabled to educate with the certainty and success of a scientific process, is that of the effects of internal and external influences in ruling the action and development of the propensities and energies of human nature; and that of this knowledge, little, if any thing, can be accurately known, so long as man is supposed to form his own character, and to think, feel, will, and act by a free will.

I have endeavoured to point out in previous letters some of the unhappy effects produced by this supposition, and the highly beneficial results to be produced by the knowledge referred to; the supposition exercising a most powerful influence as an internal cause to produce unfavourable development, while the knowledge will not only remove this cause of evil, but at the same time will itself be a most powerful internal cause of a more beneficial development.

Man is impelled to action by the desire for happiness—the desire to obtain agreeable, and to remove or prevent disagreeable, sensations. This self-regarding instinct in itself is perfectly compatible with the social instinct, or the desire for the happiness of others; and when rightly developed, and combined with this latter instinct duly developed also, it is in no way unfavourable to the unity and happiness of societies. Indeed, it is essential to this union and happiness, for the desire of others for our happiness could not be gratified if we had no desire for our own happiness, nor our desire for their happiness if they had no care for their own. And these instincts unitedly, when they shall be rightly developed in all, through the influence of beneficial, internal, and external causes, will perform the same office for the united race or family of man, that is performed in the individual by the desire for the health, freedom from pain, and agreeable state and due exercise of every part of his own organism; which desire may be regarded as the benevolence of each organ towards all the others, and that of all the organs towards each of them.

But when the self-regarding instinct is unduly developed, or when it is combined with indifference to the happiness of others, or, still more, with antagonism to their happiness, it then becomes a powerful cause of disunion in societies. And such must continue to be the general development of the human character, in various degrees, so long as the free-will supposition and ignorance of the effects of internal and external causes upon man shall exist, and shall produce their natural effects.

The operation of the free-will supposition to promote the formation of selfish or unsocial feelings, and of the tendency to reciprocate such feelings, and at the same time to counteract the due exercise and development of the social instinct, and thus to produce the permanent formation of a selfish character, is as follows.

This supposition naturally gives rise to the idea that it is right and just to blame and to retaliate. Hence, again, undue development of competitiveness, and of the self-regarding instinct.

And when, to these internal causes of selfishness, are added the constant external excitements to the selfishly-organized arrangements and institutions of society, a fearful combination of internal and external causes, to produce the morbid development of the self-regarding instincts, and to counteract the due development of the social instinct, is thus produced—a combination of causes which is thus found to arise, not from the unchangeable nature of man, but from an error which it will be easy to obviate, and which will necessarily be permanently excluded from the human intellect during all future generations, when, for society shall have attained the wisdom which

will remove it from their educational and other social proceedings.

On the other hand, the natural effect, in education, of the knowledge that man is in every respect the creature of causation, and that, therefore, blame and retaliative feelings and treatment are irrational and unjust, and that kind feelings are alone justifiable even towards the worst of created beings—for the worst are the most unfortunate and the most injured—is to check the undue excitement of the combative and self-regarding instincts, and to release the social instinct and promote its due exercise and development. In short, the effect of this knowledge as an educational influence is to tend very powerfully to produce a rational, considerate, and kind character, instead of the irrational, inconsiderate, and unkind character, which, varying only in degree, according to the diversities of internal and external causes, is the necessary result of education under the influence of the free-will supposition. And it is obvious that when, to these beneficial internal causes shall be added the constant external excitement of a similar tendency, which will exist around all when the general character of society shall have been so formed as to be rational, considerate, and benevolent in all, and when the arrangements and institutions of society shall be in harmony with this character—a most powerful combination of causes to prevent the undue development of the self-regarding instinct and to promote the full development of the social instinct in all, will be produced. And this combination of external and internal influences will naturally exist universally when society shall be no longer in ignorance of the effects of internal and external causes upon man; and when sufficient time shall have elapsed for the reformation of the malformed characters which have been produced by past influences, or for the removal, by the inevitable process of natural disease, of those whose malformation is incurable.

Thus we are enabled, by the knowledge of the effects of internal and external causes upon man, to discover that it has been owing entirely to the supposition that man forms his character, &c., of himself, and that, therefore, it is just to blame and to punish vindictively; that the injunction to "love one another" has hitherto been to so very great an extent in operation; and that, in defiance of all religious exhortations, the general practice of society has been so universally, in so-called Christian countries, scarcely if at all less than in more barbarous nations, the very opposite of "doing to others in all things as we would have others to do to us." And, on the other hand, by the attainment of this knowledge, we are placed in possession of the primary cause or means, and are enabled to know and to control the other means also, which will naturally produce the opposite results—will make all men truly to "love one another," and even to love or wish well to "their enemies," so long as any who have been so malformed as to be enemies to their fellow-man shall remain upon the earth.

HENRY TRAVIS.

[Dr. Teodor's letter on "Brute Force Romanism" relates to a case which we cannot notice unless it appears in the police reports.

If Octavian had given his name, his letter on the "Policy of Association" might have appeared. If he reappears to controvert any argument of W. J. Linton, he ought to say where he finds it; how else can the reader test the point raised?

Dr. Glover's letter we cannot consider of sufficient interest to warrant insertion.

The letter on "Archbishop Whately and the Port Royal Logic" we shall give in our next.]

Commercial Affairs.

MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

SATURDAY.

Uncertainty as to the course of home politics, and distrust of continental, continue to exercise an unfavourable influence upon business in general. In the corn trade there has been less business, but prices have, on the whole, been steady. Colonial produce is dull of sale; prices of the chief articles are again drooping; and the general feeling in the market is less hopeful. Consols have, as usual at such a period, showed much sensitiveness, but the operations in them have not been extensive or of a decided character. The opening price on Monday was 96½; on Wednesday they touched 96½, falling on Thursday to 96¼, the closing price, yesterday being 96¼. The fluctuations during the week, it will be seen, were from 96½ to 96¼; of Bank Stock were from 218½ to 217; and of Exchequer Bills, from 59 to 63 premium, the closing price being 59s. to 62s.

In Foreign Stocks the transactions have not been important. The bargains in the official list yesterday comprised:—Chilian Six per Cents, 101½ and 101; Danish Five per Cents, 103; Ecuador, 3½, 4, and 4½; Grenada Deferred, 6 and 8½; Mexican, for the Account, 32½, 3, 4, and 4; Peruvian, 94½; the Deferred, 47½ and 47; Portuguese Five per Cents, 92½ and 92; Russian Five per Cents, 114; Spanish Five per Cents, for Account, 23; Spanish Three per Cents, 41; the New Deferred, 17½; Spanish Committee Certificate, 14 per cent.; Venezuela, 36; the Deferred, 13; Belgian Four-and-a-Half per Cents, 91½.

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

	Satur.	Mond.	Tues.	Wedn.	Thurs.	Frid.
Bank Stock	217	217	217	216½	216½	217
3 per Ct. Red. . .	97	97	97½	97½	97	97½
3 p. C. Con. Ans. .	96½	96½	96½	96½	96½	96½
3 p. C. An. 1726 .	96½	96½	96½	96½	96½	96½
3 p. Ct. Con., Ac. .	96½	96½	96½	96½	96½	96½
3 p. Ct. An. . . .	98½	98½	98½	98½	98½	98½
New 5 per Cts. . .	—	—	7	7	7	—
Long Ans., 1860 .	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ind. St. 10½ p. ct. .	—	261	—	261	259	—
Ditto Bonds . . .	68 p	73 p	71 p	71 p	70 p	72 p
Ex. Bills, 1000l. .	61 p	61 p	59 p	59 p	62 p	64 p
Ditto, 500l. . . .	61 p	61 p	59 p	59 p	62 p	64 p
Ditto, Small . . .	61 p	61 p	59 p	59 p	62 p	64 p

FOREIGN FUNDS.

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

Austrian 5 per Cents. . .	80	Mexican 5 per Ct. Acc. .	31½
Belgian Bds., 4½ p. Ct. .	94	Small.	29½
Brazilian 5 per Cents. . .	94	Neapolitan 5 per Cents. .	—
Buenos Ayres 6 p. Cts. .	45	Peruvian 4½ per Cents. .	87½
Chilian 6 per Cents. . .	101	Portuguese 5 per Cent. .	92½
Danish 5 per Cents. . .	102½	4 per Cts.	33½
Dutch 2½ per Cents. . .	59½	Annuities	—
4 per Cents.	92	Russian, 1822, 4½ p. Cts.	101
Ecuador Bonds	3½	Span. Actives, 5 p. Cts. .	23½
French 5 p. C. An. at Paris	102.80	Passive	5½
3 p. Cts., July 11, 64.50	—	Deferred	18½

CORN EXCHANGE.

MARK LANE, February 6.—The supplies since Monday are moderate, and the value of all grain is fully maintained.

At the principal country markets held during the week, the trade has likewise been firm, but without much animation.

No further advance has taken place in the French ports; shipments to England have nearly ceased, and are now principally directed to the north of France and to Belgium.

Arrivals from February 6 to February 8.

	English.	Irish.	Foreign.
Wheat	620	—	750
Barley	1120	360	—
Oats	710	720	310
Flour	840	—	—

GRAIN.—Mark-lane, Jan. 30.

Wheat, R. New. . . .	40s. to 42s.	Maple	31s. to 33s.
Fine	42 — 44	White	32 — 34
Old	40 — 42	Boilers	34 — 36
White	42 — 44	Beans, Ticks. . .	28 — 29
Fine	44 — 46	Old	30 — 31
Superior New . . .	48 — 50	Indian Corn. . .	27 — 29
Rye	30 — 32	Oats, Feed . . .	19 — 20
Barley	28 — 29	Fine	20 — 21
Malt	32 — 34	Poland	21 — 22
Malt, Ord.	52 — 56	Fine	22 — 23
Fine	57 — 59	Potato	19 — 20
Peas, Hog.	27 — 28	Fine	20 — 21

FLOUR.

Town-made	per sack	43s. to 46s.
Seconds	—	41 — 44
Essex and Suffolk, on board ship	—	39 — 42
Norfolk and Stockton	—	37 — 42
American	per barrel	20 — 23½
Canadian	—	20 — 23
Wheaten Bread, 7½d. the 4lb. loaf. Households, 6d.	—	—

PROVISIONS.

Butter—Best Fresh, 12s. 6d. to 13s. per doz.	—
Carlow, £3 14s. to £4 0s. per cwt.	—
Bacon, Irish	per cwt. 45s. to 46s
Cheese, Cheshire	42 — 66
Derby, Plain	46 — 54
Hams, York	56 — 58
Eggs, French, per 120, 6s. 0d. to 6s. 9d.	—

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

Tuesday, February 3.

BANKRUPTS.—R. SEWELL, Swaffham, Norfolk, scrivener, to surrender February 13, March 19; solicitors, Messrs. Trehern and White, Barge-yard-chambers, Bucklersbury, London; official assignee, Mr. W. Whitmore, Basinghall-street.—T. ARNOLD, Elmore, Gloucester, timber dealer and miller, February 16, March 15; solicitor, Mr. J. Lovegrove, Gloucester; official assignee, Mr. E. M. Miller, St. Augustine's-place, Bristol.—J. HALL, Hopend, Hereford, farmer and lime burner, February 17, March 6; solicitor, Mr. J. Smith, Waterloo-street, Birmingham; official assignee, Mr. B. Valpy, Waterloo-street, Birmingham.—T. HARRIS, Camborne, Cornwall, grocer, February 11, March 10; solicitors, Mr. H. O. Bullmore, Falmouth; and Mr. Stogdon, Gandy-street, Exeter; official assignee, Mr. H. L. Hirtzel, Queen-street, Exeter.—J. PADGETT, Idle, York, cloth manufacturer, February 19, March 25; solicitors, Messrs. Bond and Barwick, Leeds; official assignee, Mr. G. Young, Leeds.—T. BYROM, Wigan, Lancaster, grocer and provision dealer, February 20, March 18; solicitor, Mr. J. Barratt, Cooper-street, Manchester; official assignee, Mr. C. Lee, George-street, Manchester.

Friday, February 6.

BANKRUPTS.—A. BOOTH, St. Mary's-square, Lambeth, out of business, to surrender February 17, March 16.—L. DAVIES, Canton-street, East India-road, shipowner, February 13, March 18.—G. E. NOONE, Shepherd's Bush-market, Notting-hill, ironmonger, February 12, March 11.—J. C. FOSTER, Club-row, Shoreditch, and New Gloucester-place, Hoxton, timber merchant, February 20, March 25.—A. OROSHAW, Park-road, Holloway, brick maker, February 20, March 16.—D. PUGSLEY, Broad-street, Cheapside, warehouseman, February 19, March 25.—W. WALKER and S. WENN, Oxford-street, India rubber warehouseman, February 21, March 27.—J. F. SILBY, Poole, timber merchant, February 21, March 27.—M. LOCKWOOD, Wandsworth, Surrey, grocer, February 13, March 19.—W. GOSLING, Woolwich, ironmonger, February 17, March 23.—W. HORTON, High-street, Islington, grocer, February 13, March 19.—E. J. BURFORD, Bermondsey-square, salt merchant, February 16, March 16.—J. MILLAR, Reading, copper-smith, February 16, March 16.—J. HURLEY, Birmingham, linen-draper, February 24, March 23.—W. WORLEY, Smethwick, Staffordshire, licensed victualler, February 18, March 10.—E. Lowe, Bristol, toy-dealer, February 17, March 16.—J. FORD and J. A. HADFIELD, Glossop, Derbyshire, paper-manufacturers, February 18, March 11.—B. HOLMES, jun., Bradford, cattle salesman, February 23, March 16.—W. WITTY, Louth, Lincolnshire, draper, February 25, March 17.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS AND AGENTS.

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

On and after Saturday, the 14th instant, the *LEADER* will be printed on New Paper, and in New Type.

The *LEADER* Office, January 31, 1852.

London: Printed by THOMSON HUNT (of Broadway-house, in the Parish of Hammer-smith, Middlesex), at the Office of Messrs. Palmer and Clayton, No. 10, Crane-court, in the Parish of St. Dunstan-in-the-West, London; and published by the said THOMSON HUNT, at the *LEADER* OFFICE, 10, WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND, in the Precinct of the Navy.—SATURDAY, February 7, 1852.

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Mr. Chas. Mitchell, in the last edition of the *Newspaper Press Directory*, thus notices the *Free Press*:—"It is cleverly conducted; the reviews of new books are able and impartially written; and there are copious details of the foreign, home, and colonial news of the week."

Free Press Office; Exchange-gateway, Sheffield, November, 1851.