Thornton Leigh Hunt, 16 Wellington Street, Strand

The Leader.

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

Contents:

VOL. III. No. 112.] SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1852. [PRICE SIXPENCE.

TO OUR READERS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

THE following note has been handed to us by an old and valued subscriber. He had received it from a solicitor, whose name we withhold, as we are indisposed to serve as an advertisement to legal aspirants in this way of business, or to run the risk of any proceedings which might be attempted in the hope of costs. The solicitor in question was acting by instruction of Messrs. CLAYTON and SON, of No. 265, Strand, through whom the gentleman, so addressed, had ordered his weekly copy of the *Leader*, of which, however, he complains that he had frequently been altogether deprived, but for the receipt of which, during a period not specified, payment of 1*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* is now demanded in this offensive manner.

"6th May, 1852.

"SIR,—Messrs. CLAYTON and SON have directed me to apply to you for immediate payment of 1*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* due to them, and unless I receive this amount, with 2*s.*, my charge, in course of post, I must issue process from the County Court, as my clients are resolved not to lose the amount of their demand upon you.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"* * * * * *."

Having reason to believe that this is only one of many similar applications, we beg leave to solicit the particular attention of our readers and subscribers to an advertisement we have felt ourselves compelled to insert in another part of our paper.

During the first few months of its establishment, Messrs. CLAYTON and SON were the publishers of the *Leader*. When they had ceased to be publishers, the list of subscribers originally formed by them was not transferred to the new publisher, but was suffered to remain with them; the proprietors desiring to make the change as little injurious as possible to Messrs. CLAYTON and SON. That is the mode in which several of our oldest subscribers were suffered to continue the order to Messrs. CLAYTON and SON without any special notice as to the transfer of the publishing office.

In justice to those subscribers, however, we are bound to state, explicitly, that we have no share in sending communications like the one we have printed, and that we cannot be answerable for the regular transmission of papers, excepting such as are sent directly from our own office.

[TOWN EDITION.]

The former connexion of Messrs. CLAYTON and SON with our publishing office makes it necessary for us to disclaim all connexion with the recent acts of that firm.

We say this without prejudice to the trade of news agents at large, among whom we are glad to acknowledge many friends who have diligently promoted the circulation of our paper; and we believe that the most convenient way for the reader usually is to order his journal of his own newsman.

News of the Week.

POLITICAL adulteration almost keeps pace with trading adulteration, and amid the mass of measures made for sale, the character of the dealers is decaying past redemption. Ministers have had this week to pay the penalty of their licences. On Monday their disasters began, when Mr. Disraeli advanced his bill to confer the Parliamentary seats taken from Sudbury and St. Albans on two new county divisions, which he proposed to slice off South Lancashire and the West Riding of Yorkshire. He found a grave and formidable opponent in Mr. Gladstone; who discussed less the merits of the measure than the right of Ministers, in their position *ad interim*, thus to dispose of the representation. And on a division, the bill was thrown out by 234 to 148. Although bearing the semblance of a "liberal measure," it is probable that it would have snatched large constituencies for the agricultural or protectionist interest; but the country gentlemen are understood not to have seen it; they only saw that four seats were to have been conferred on the great mannfacturing counties, and they were proportionately angry. So that at the expense of an inopportune defeat, Ministers did not even win the agriculturist gratitude.

Tuesday produced a scene not less disastrous to the Ministers. Mr. Spooner brought forward his long expected motion against Maynooth. Professedly it was one for inquiry; but confessedly the object is to withdraw the grant. The Irish members challenged inquiry, and dared the party assailants of the Roman Catholics to come on. Lord Palmerston showed how totally inexpedient the motion was; since it must either end in proving that the grant had fulfilled its object in providing education for the Roman Catholic clerical students, and then nothing could be said against it; or that the grant had not answered its intended purpose, and then Protestants would be seen insisting on the performance of Catholic duties! But Mr. Gladstone entered deep into the subject; showed that the question was not whether Roman Catholic students should be taught—that is settled, but whether they should be taught abroad or in Ireland; he reminded the House, that Mr. Spooner, who asked inquiry with a foregone conclusion, was not the person to conduct an impartial investigation; and he explained how the inquiry could best be pursued under the guidance of a responsible Executive. The debate was adjourned till next week, having done irreparable damage to Ministers, be it decided how it may.

Let us not forget, however, that in the House of Commons, on Wednesday, Mr. Milner Gibson renewed his debate to repeal the taxes on knowledge; which was enlivened with an episode introduced energetically by Mr. Gladstone on the new book controversy. The motion was defeated, but the debate showed two things unmistakeably—that the bookselling system cannot recover unaltered from the present crisis, and that the booksellers will inevitably be forced into an effective agitation for repeal of the taxes on paper and advertisements.

Meanwhile, Ministerial discussions had been transferred to the hospitable board of the Lord Mayor, where Lord Derby made an addendum to his right honourable friend's budget speech. All our political system, he said, is one of compromises—representation, church, finance, throne, all: a periphrastic mode of intimating that Ministers intend to effect a compromise between Protection and Free-trade, which neither must expect to be satisfactory. But, at the same feast, Count Walewski made a *more* important declaration. "At no period," he said, "have the relations between France and England been of a more satisfactory nature, and a better understanding has never subsisted between the two Governments as to all the questions now pending both in the old world and the new." Saying these words he challenged contradiction from the present Ministers, Lord Derby and Lord Malmesbury; and he thus confirmed what we have before declared in the *Leader*.

Ministers have appeared in a better light in their relations with labour. Replying to the deputation from the Society of United Trades, which has succeeded to the Amalgamated Society

of Engineers, Mr. Disraeli admitted that in the late contest the masters had violated the law, and all but promised official support for the working classes! Should this intimation be followed up in practice, the "Tory" Minister may inaugurate a new æra in the history of labour.

Another field of labour invites, and indeed receives, attention—Australia. The gold beds at once draw increasing numbers from the established branches of industry, and present frightful scenes of social anarchy. The colonists call for more labour; the *Times* counsels the sending of troops to keep order. But any small number of troops would be as playthings in the hands of mischievous boys; and where is any large number to be found? Our little Cape war is not over yet; our Burmese war is hardly begun; and no troops can be spared for Australia. Meanwhile, it is remarkable that a Yankee clipper has suddenly and "mysteriously" appeared in Sydney—in the land of the Anti-Convict League, where people already talk about "independence." Among other circumstances, let us not omit to note that the Americans are in the Indian Gulf, and are going to Japan; and that even the Sandwich Islands have been "annexed," at least to the *idea* of a republic. The American Commodore goes to Japan to ask a supply of coals for American steamers between California and China, and he is instructed to be very courteous and forbearing, *if* the Japanese Government concedes facilities for that one trade. But if *not?* The instructions do not appear to make any provision for that contingency.

Cork affords a striking instance of Irish explosiveness. Two men smuggle a bottle of whiskey into the Cork workhouse; the authorities demand its surrender, and forthwith the whole of the inmates, chiefly of the Amazonian sex, rush to arms: storming the place, and keeping up the contest for four mortal hours; until, in fact, a detachment of infantry, with fixed bayonets, and a piquet of cavalry, with drawn sabres, come upon these infuriated viragos. A kind of combustible sympathy seems to be a fundamental quality of the Irish specimen of Celthood.

Captain Coward of the *Renovation* has turned up in an official interrogatory at Venice. His statement, which is necessarily meagre, accords with the report already furnished by Mr. Simpson. He alleges his own severe illness and prostration at the time, and the instant necessity of getting free of the ice-field, as his reasons for not bearing up to search the abandoned ships. So the matter is still a mystery.

The Fête of the Eagles, and the Military Ball, are the events of the week in Paris. The 10th of May has passed: and the Empire is still a menace unfulfilled. Through the confused clamour of reports, all rapturously exalting the magnificence of the military spectacle, one fact at least pierces—the impression of a vague but profound disappointment. Enthusiasm evidently there was none: the *Nation* was absent: the sense of the parody was oppressive, even to the soldiery; and the very fatality of that Field of Mars, converted a *souvenir* into a warning, and shook the new glory to its roots. No doubt, to mere gaping sight-seers the general effect was stupendous; but the ghosts of Talleyrand, of poor Bailly, of Robespierre, of the great Napoleon himself, if they could have been present, with what a bitter irony their teeth would have chattered! How pitiable the degradation of that despised tool of a church, which, on a pasteboard altar, lifts its palsied hands to some imaginary heaven, and sanctifies—the Eagles. There is but one God left for France to worship, and that is—*Irony!*

Meanwhile Austria and Prussia are marshalling their squadrons under the eye of the approving Czar, who blesses *their* Eagles, not unmindful of the Champ de Mars.

From Italy we hear of nothing but British subjects outraged, bastinadoed, condemned to death by *secret* tribunals. Under Austrian patronage;—Lord Malmesbury being our Foreign Minister.

THE WEEK IN PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY was signalized by a complete and expected defeat of Ministers in the House of Commons. Stepping beyond the limits prescribed for a provisional Government, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER moved for leave to bring in a bill to assign the four seats in Parliament in lieu of St. Alban's and Sudbury. He observed that, although he had not defined all the measures which her Majesty's Government had proposed, as being of paramount importance to bring before the house prior to the dissolution of Parliament, and the House had been too generous to demand more precise information, he did, in the middle of March, voluntarily express their intentions with regard to some of those measures. He had then said that one of those measures which they deemed of paramount importance was, in the event of the bill for the disfranchisement of the borough of St. Alban's receiving the sanction of Parliament, the completion of the constitutional number of the aggregate members of the House of Commons, which, in the opinion of her Majesty's Goverument, was highly expedient before the dissolution of Parliament. He was aware that if he were asked what magic or cabalistic virtue resided in the number 658, he should be extremely perplexed, and he should be equally so if he were asked why the number of a jury should be fixed at twelve. But the foundation of all these arrangements was prescription—a rule created by experience and sanctioned by custom, and the time had not arrived when prescription could be lightly treated by the House. The violation of prescription was an element of disturbance, and, if for no other reason, he felt it to be his duty to warn the House against a continuous and systematic deficiency in the aggregate number of the House of Commons. If the present Government had followed their own inclination and consulted their convenience, there was hardly any subject they would have more studiously avoided than one calculated to exasperate that jealousy which already existed between the towns and the country, and which he hoped hereafter to allay. This jealousy had given rise to a desire in large portions of the community to see whether the elements of the electoral body might not be combined in some other forms. It had been suggested that the learned societies in the metropolis should furnish members to that House; but these societies in the nineteenth century did not necessarily consist of learned men, and it would be difficult to draw the line; for if the Royal Society should be entitled to send a representative to that House, upon what principle should the Geographical, the Zoological, the Astronomical, or any new societies or scientific clubs be excluded? Then it had been said that the Royal Colleges and Academies might be endowed with the franchise; but if their constitutions were examined, it would be found that, generally speaking, they were self-elected. The non-represented universities constituted another class of claimants; but though their claims were extremely plausible, in the Scotch universities the elements of a constituency were totally wanting, and in those of London he did not find the conditions indispensable to such a concession. Another proposition had been urged with great force, namely, to concede one member at least to the four Inns of Court, which could supply a large and respectable constituency; but he thought it would be a hopeless task to propose to allocate a member to such a constituency whilst other large constituencies were denied the franchise; and he knew, moreover, that there existed a prejudice in which he did not share, against a larger infusion of lawyers into that house. He, therefore, renounced reluctantly any attempt to form a constituency from those elements. Under these circumstances, the course which the Government had thought was, upon the whole, the best was this: they had considered that the claims of different portions of the constituency depended very much upon the relative degrees of representation they now possessed; and, in this view, the claim of one constituency seemed to be paramount, namely, the West Riding of Yorkshire. They proposed, therefore, that two of the vacant seats should be awarded to that county; that the West Riding should be divided into two portions defined by the boundary of the Midland Railway, the portion south and west of the line to be called the South Division of the West Riding; the portion north and east of the line to be called the Northern Division; the constituency of the latter division would be 17,965; that of the former, 18,785. With regard to the two other seats, the Government had thought they could not be guided by a better principle than in the other case. The question under consideration was not one of a large parliamentary reform, but of apportioning members with due deference to existing Parliamentary arrangements. Taking, therefore, as a test, the degrees of representation which certain counties, cities, and boroughs possessed, HER MAJESTY'S Government had resolved to recommend the apportionment of the two other vacant seats to the Southern Division of the county of Lancaster. There were details relative to these arrangements which he would not dwell upon; and, in conclusion, he expressed a hope that the propositions he had offered would be adopted, and that they would contribute to the welfare of the community, and increase the strength and lustre of the House of Commons.

Mr. GLADSTONE said he should confine himself to the question whether this subject was one into which the House at the present moment should consent to enter, and it was his intention to move that the House pass to the order of the day. If Mr. DISRAELI had shown that there was a constitutional urgency for the settlement of this question, the House should grant him leave to introduce his bill; but if he had failed to show a constitutional necessity, he (Mr. GLADSTONE) contended that this was no trivial or optional matter, and that a strong constitutional principle called upon the House to refuse such permission. Mr. DISRAELI had said there was no magical virtue in the number 658; but was there any virtue in law, or principle in the Constitution, or anything beyond accident, which recommended that number? Since 1844 no members had sat for Sudbury, although three Ministries had been in power in the interval, and no member of the Government or of the Opposition had called upon the House to vindicate what Mr. DISRAELI considered a sacred prescription. It was a pure question of convenience and policy what the number of the members of that House should be. There had been an understanding, the substance of which was clear, that no measure not of immediate urgency should be submitted to the House before a dissolution of Parliament. Great inconvenience attended the introduction of such a measure as this. It was a sound canon, that for all measures, except those of immediate urgency, the eve of a dissolution of Parliament was the very worst moment. With respect to this measure, although the scale of the subject was small, it was one that deserved the most serious consideration, and which should be approached and settled once for all when the Administration was in full possession of political power. Did the Government think that the House was in a condition to give a fair hearing and full consideration to all claimants? If not, it would be impossible to give satisfaction to them or to the public at large. He moved the order of the day. No other speaker intervened, and, on a division, there were—

For the motion, 148; against it, 234.
Majority against Ministers, 86.

The House then went into Committee on

THE MILITIA BILL.

There was some talk about the preceding having been a "snap" division; an assertion demolished by Mr. ROEBUCK, who showed that with the "pairs," 80 in number, and those who were "shut out," nearly 500 members were engaged in the division. It was well known, he said, that Ministers expected to be beaten, so let them have no more talk about a snap division.

As we anticipated, the speech of Lord Derby at the Mansion House, on Saturday, was used by the opponents of the Militia Bill—Mr. BRIGHT calling it a peace speech. The whole of the opposition was pitched in that key. Soon after the debate began, Mr. WAKLEY moved that the Chairman do report progress, and ask leave to sit again—a motion negatived, after a deal of talk, by 156 to 85.

There was so much noise after the division, that Mr. Hume could not be heard, and he resented that and some imputations cast on him by dividing the Committee against the clause (7th). He was beaten by 169 to 82. On the next clause, which provides for the quotas of counties being fixed by an Order in Council, Mr. MILNER GIBSON moved that it be postponed, on the ground that it would be impossible to ascertain the number of men "fit and liable," without calling on each householder to prepare a list—a tedious and expensive process. Subsequently, at the suggestion of Sir George Grey and Sir Charles Wood, these words were omitted; the Committee divided on the amendment, which was rejected by 216 to 99, and the clause agreed to, as amended. Mr. COBDEN then moved that the Chairman report progress, as it was after 12 o'clock. Agreed to.

MAYNOOTH.

Determined upon seeming to test Ministerial orthodoxy upon the Catholic question, and try the strength of the convictions of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Lord Derby, Mr. SPOONER brought on his long threatened motion for a select committee to inquire into the working of the system of education carried on at the college of Maynooth. The real object of this motion was not inquiry at all, but to make a preliminary

step towards repealing the grant. The speech of Mr. Spooner was beside the question, and consisted chiefly of a string of quotations from Roman Catholic books (whether partial or not there was no means of testing), to show that the tenets of the Roman Catholic religion were very bad, that the system of education at Maynooth "was antagonistic to the word of God, and a national sin," and that Roman Catholics were not to be believed on oath. In short, the whole speech was polemical, and the real political bearing of the question totally missed. Nor was the Marquis of BLANDFORD, who seconded the motion, more happy in choosing a similar set of arguments, considerably diluted, to support those views.

The motion was met by Mr. ANSTEY, who moved as an amendment, for leave to bring in a bill repealing "all acts for charging the public revenue in aid of ecclesiastical or religious purposes." Mr. W. SCHOLEFIELD seemed to incline towards it, although he talked of supporting an amendment not then moved; and he drew forth the cheers of the Irish Brigade as he wound up, by stigmatizing the motion as a piece of "political cowardice," intended to undermine what Mr. Spooner did not possess the courage manfully to attack.

Mr. WALPOLE was the Government spokesman. His speech was extremely silky and diplomatic in texture. He approached the subject "with caution and forbearance." Certainly Mr. Anstey had not proposed an amendment which he could support. The question was, whether or not a case had been made out for inquiry; and that d pended on whether the grant to Maynooth college h[a]d answered the purposes for which it was intended. Leaving this topic, he started off after another—the history of the grant; and having pursued that from 1795 to 1844, he harked back to the topic with which he started, and inquired whether the grant had fulfilled the intentions of Parliament. In order that the following extract may be understood, it is necessary to say that Mr. Walpole had quoted a passage from the speech of Sir Robert Peel, in which he said, "I say you must break up, in some way or other, that formidable *confederacy* which exists in that country against British Government and the British connexion." Having quoted this, Mr. Walpole continued:—

"These three purposes were, I take it, first to obtain a well educated, loyal, and domestic priesthood; secondly, to provide for the instruction of the priesthood, which Roman Catholics were supposed to be too poor to give for themselves, in order that their priesthood might be bred up in a manner suitable to their holy calling and profession; and the third reason was to break up by generosity that formidable conspiracy (Mr. Keogh. — 'Confederacy.' 'Hear, hear.'), — well, then, confederacy (hear, hear) which Sir R. Peel alleged to have existed in Ireland against the British Government and the British constitution. These were the objects for which this grant was made and perpetuated. Well, now, I ask you these questions,—Has or has not in any of these three instances the grant answered the purposes for which it was given? and I think they are questions we are bound to answer for ourselves, before we determine whether this committee of inquiry be necessary or not,—I ask myself, first, has or has not the grant provided a well-educated, loyal, and domestic priesthood for the people of Ireland? It may have done so up to a certain time, but observe that rumour says—for I am not going to give an opinion on the question (ironical cheering from the Opposition),—well, then, I say there is strong reason to believe that many of the priesthood educated in that College of Maynooth are of different orders, who are sent out to different countries, and who do not remain a domestic priesthood in Ireland (ironical cheering); and, if I am right in that conclusion, I say it is a material ground for you to go on before you decide at once that a grant for a domestic priesthood is to be applied to give a priesthood to other countries, and that you are to spend English money for such a purpose. (Cheers, and ironical cries of 'Hear, hear.') Has or has not the character of the priesthood changed of late years? I suspect the answer would be, that instead of domestic influence, another influence has been formed, and that you will find the priesthood of Ireland, instead of confining themselves, as they ought, to the purpose of maintaining and teaching their own religion, and their religious duties, have in effect assumed an aggressive character (cheers), which does constitute what Sir R. Peel called a confederacy—I don't say a formidable one—but still a confederacy—against, I think, the British Crown and the British connexion. (Cheers, and counter-cheers.) I allude more particularly to what has taken place since Dr. Cullen came into Ireland, and was raised to the primacy of the Roman Catholic church. (Hear, hear.)"

After that he attempted to show that since 1844 the character of the Irish priesthood had changed: they were "under foreign domination"—"foreign guidance"—a "foreign system;" and he concluded in favour of inquiry. The last part of his speech, by its seeming impartiality and covert antagonism, provoked much ironical cheering.

Mr. BERNAL OSBORNE, in his peculiar and soldier-like style, made a dashing attack on the mover and the Minister. The motion was an attempt to get up "a hustings cry" (cheers); it was pandering to "base fanaticism," and the object was the destruction of the Roman-catholic religion. But citations from the speeches of Ministers when they were not Ministers, formed the pith of his speech. Thus he quoted Mr. now Sir John Pakington, to show that in 1844 he gave a "cordial and willing support" to the Endowment Act; and then addressing Ministers, he said, but "probably the opinions of the Colonial Secretary on theological matters had undergone the same change as those on saccharine subjects." (Laughter.) His next lunge was a home-thrust—

"A speech had also been made by the First Commissioner of Woods and Forests (Lord J. Manners), who at that period was not a Minister, and whose opinion was therefore pronounced at a time

'When he was free as nature first made man,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.'

(Loud laughter.) To this speech, from which he was about to make a long quotation, he would call the attention not only of this House, but of the electors of Colchester. (Hear, hear.) The noble lord said:—

"'The cry is raised, 'The Church is in danger.' I admit that it is; but not from this grant to Maynooth, nor from the Vatican, nor the Jesuits, that the Irish Church is in peril; it is from herself; from her own self-willed and disobedient laity that she is in danger,—they who would have her isolate herself from the rest of Catholic Christendom, fraternize with the Puritan, and denounce priestcraft with the Presbyterian! I admit the Church to be in danger. I am irresistibly reminded of the dying words of the martyred Laud on the scaffold. They may who list trace all the glory, renown, and magnificence of the old English monarchy to the Dutch conquest of 1688, and see in the penal code and Protestant ascendancy, the safeguards of the empire, but, for myself, I claim a liberty to mount higher, and to act in 1845 as though William III. had died Stadtholder of Holland.'

(Loud laughter.) How was the noble lord acting in 1852? Was he going to act now 'as though William III. had died Stadtholder of Holland?' (Laughter.) He would make the same quotation as the noble lord had then made from one of his favourite poets—very pretty poetry indeed (laughter)—

'The priests, those gentle priests and good,
Their fathers loved to hear,
Sole type below, midst work and woe,
Of the God whom they revere.'

"Acknowledge frankly, and at once, that power which you admit to be so great, and which hitherto, with a fatal obstinacy, you pretended to ignore. Accredit a Minister to the Vatican; receive a Nuncio at St. James's. . . . . With every feeling of confidence that as a Churchman I am not acting disloyally towards the Church in sanctioning this measure, and, as a statesman, that I am promoting the best interests of my country, I give my vote for the permanent endowment of the College of Maynooth."

This was not all. Mr. Disraeli came in for his share. He was cited in opposition to the bill—in a passage extracted from one of his bitterest anti-Peel speeches in 1845. In another extract read, spoken a year earlier, the condition of Ireland was described in the most vivid way.

"The right hon. gentleman said,—

"'The present condition of Ireland was to be traced, not to Protestantism, but to Puritanism. Let them consider Ireland as they would any other country similarly situated, in their closets; then they would see a teeming population, which, with reference to the cultivated soil, was denser to the square mile than China. . . . . That dense population, in extreme distress, inhabited an island where there was an established church which was not their church; and a territorial aristocracy, the richest of whom lived in distant capitals. Thus they had a starving population, an absentee aristocracy, and an alien church, and the weakest executive in the world! That was the Irish question! . . . . The moment they had a strong executive, a just administration, and ecclesiastical equality, they would have order in Ireland.'"

Here Mr. Walpole left the House in search of *Hansard*—a movement out of which Mr. Osborne did not fail to make a point—and when the book arrived, he gallantly offered to find the place. The remainder of his speech was in illustration of the inconsistency of supporting Roman Catholicism in our colonies, and refusing to support it at home, in tolerating the religion of Bramah, and denouncing the faith of Rome.

When Mr. Osborne sat down, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER rose and said, that the above extract was not in the speech referred to.

"Since he had received the book, he had read the speech, and his hon. and learned friend (the Attorney-General) had done the same, and there was not one single syllable of the last passage which the hon. member had quoted. (Much cheering and laughter.)"

"Mr. B. OSBORNE.—The right hon. gentleman was getting off in his usual quibbling way. ('Oh!' and 'Order.') Well, then, in his usual ingenious way. The last passage which he had quoted was spoken by the right hon. gentleman in a speech delivered on the 16th of February, 1844. ('Oh!' and cheers.) The right hon. gentleman had certainly used the language he had read, and he hoped he was not going to eat his words. ('Oh!' and cheers.)"

Mr. DISRAELI then rode off on the interrogatory, Well, what has the speech of '44 to do with the speech of '45?

Mr. BERESFORD HOPE and Mr. NEWDEGATE followed. Mr. MONSELL charged the Home Secretary with ratifying the declaration of "War to the knife," made by Mr. Spooner. He should not oppose the inquiry, because he believed "the college was honestly and fairly conducted."

"Let the inquiry be a fair one, and he would be satisfied. In that opinion he was confirmed by the Catholic Archbishop of Armagh, who said, 'My opinion is, that it would not be wise to oppose Mr. Spooner's motion; that college can defy all its enemies. Its proceedings are conducted in the most open manner—there is no secrecy, no occult practices. The lectures are given in public, and the books used are well known to every bookseller.'"

Mr. G. H. MOORE followed on the same side. The next speaker was one of more weight and influence—Mr. GLADSTONE. He said, that unless it could be shown by substantial proofs that the endowment had failed, then both prudence and justice in their highest form demanded the maintenance of the endowment. It appeared to him that failure could not be shown. The withdrawal of the endowment would not be a small matter; its importance was not to be measured by its amount; and it was, if not a vital, a great and material circumstance in the whole of the relations between England and Ireland. And he menaced the Parliament who withdrew it, with the gigantic task of entering "on the whole subject of the reconstruction of the ecclesiastical arrangements of Ireland." (General cries of 'Hear.')

"He was not speaking of what was right or wrong, or what was to be desired or deprecated. For his own part he deprecated the serious changes which such a course would precipitate; but he was speaking of the necessary consequences of it. Now, he must say, that it appeared to him that no serious case had been made out proving the failure of this endowment. The cycle of seven years had not yet been completed since the present endowed institution of Maynooth had been organized, and he believed he was correct in saying, that not one single student who had entered the college since the enlarged endowment, had yet left it after the regular course of theological education. Now, he was sure that no reasonable man could expect that that endowment was to operate by magic on the sentiments and habits of a whole generation and an entire people." (Hear, hear.)

He severely criticised the tone of the debate; and he applauded the determination expressed by Mr. Monsell not to resist inquiry. Turning from the minor to the major charge in Mr. Spooner's speech, namely, that the Roman Catholic religion was taught at Maynooth, Mr. Gladstone met it by describing the limitations to which an inquiry of such moment ought to be subjected. First, it should be "under immediate superintendence and responsibility of the executive Government;" and should "not be intrusted to any Member of Parliament whose mind was pledged to a foregone conclusion." The second limitation was that it "should not be an inquiry into the doctrine, discipline and exercise of the Roman Catholic clergy." From that they were precluded. The spirit of our whole legislation regarding Maynooth settled that point. In the visitorial power conferred, special visitors might inquire into the condition of the college generally, and report thereon; but all matters relating to doctrine, discipline and exercise, were to be referred to the Catholic visitors exclusively; and Parliament required no report from them.

"Parliament had approached this subject in a statesmanlike spirit. It proceeded on the belief that the Roman Catholic Church, whatever it was, was a system well known to history—a system whose merits or demerits had been tested by a sufficiently long experience, so that they could say 'Aye' or 'No' on a question whether they would have relations with it or not. Proceeding in that spirit, Parliament did not condescend to accompany this boon with conditions that would have made it insufferably degrading and painful to the receivers; but they secured from the assaults of theological rivalry the doctrines and the feelings of the persons who held those doctrines, for whose benefit this endowment was intended, and in so doing they left to the present Parliament a clear pattern and rule which should direct their course."

Mr. GRATTAN and Sir R. INGLIS succeeded each other—the latter, however, deprecating inquiry at that period of the session. After a few words from Mr. HUME, Lord PALMERSTON threw his influence into the scale of the Opposition. He thought they were entering on a dangerous course. Listening to the speech of Mr. Spooner, he could imagine himself back in the time when the Catholic question was debated; for they were not discussing the endowment of Maynooth, but the doctrines of the Catholic religion. It was stated that one of the great evils existing in Ireland was the prevalence of ultra-montane and foreign influence, and how would that be remedied by withdrawing the grant to Maynooth—a proceeding which would compel the education of Irish priests in foreign and ultra-montane countries.

"This motion arises from the feeling out of doors which has been unfortunately raised among the Protestant portion of the people of this country at what I shall not shrink from characterizing as the aggressive and violent proceedings of the Church of Rome. (Cheers.) I don't wonder that these proceedings should have produced a deep impression of resentment—nay, of indignation, on the part of the Protestant portion of the community; but don't—because the Church of Rome has done that of which the people of England have a just right to complain—don't, I

say, punish the Catholic youth of Ireland who are intended for the priesthood. (Hear, hear.) I contend that it would be not only unjust but impolitic to do so because you would thereby inflict an injury upon yourselves; you would aggravate the very evil, one of the circumstances connected with which is the cause of the anger which is at present felt in many parts of the country. (Hear, hear.) I must say that this motion appears to me a motion of vengeance (cheers), and, as a motion of vengeance, I think it impolitic. (Hear, hear.) And it is not only because it is a vindictive motion that I think it an impolitic motion, but because it is at variance with all those principles of sound national policy upon which the Government and Parliament of this country has hitherto acted in regard to this question. It is upon that ground—that broad and general ground—that I am prepared to resist the motion which is now about to be proposed to the House. His view was not altered by the offer of the Irish members; he was opposed to inquiry; there was no ground for it; and it would be most unwise and inexpedient. The people of Ireland would look upon the success of the motion as the yielding of the House of Commons to what, were it not disrespectful, he would call a fanatical cry. If there were a division he should vote against the motion.

Mr. SERGEANT MURPHY having moved the adjournment of the debate, a discussion arose upon that, as it was faintly resisted by the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. Mr. REYNOLDS and Mr. DRUMMOND spoke. Then uprose Mr. KEOGH. His object was one of personal explanation. Mr. Osborne had quoted a speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, which the latter had seemed disposed not only to repudiate, but to convey that the fact that he had ever uttered such opinions had entirely escaped his memory. Now, lest there should be any mistake upon the subject, he (Mr. Keogh) begged permission to read, from the authorized version of the debates, the passages to which his hon. friend had alluded. The present Chancellor of the Exchequer, speaking upon a motion brought forward by the noble member for the City of London (Lord J. Russell), and referring to agitation in Ireland, used these words:—"They heard a great deal of Reform Associations, of Anti-Corn Law Leagues, Roman Catholic and Repeal Associations, Birmingham Unions, and other combinations of that kind. Now, those things were merely the consequence of the people taking the government of the country into their own hands because the Government would not administer matters themselves." (Hear, hear.) Then going on to ask what the Irish question really was, the right hon. gentleman said:—"One said it was a physical question, another a spiritual. Now it was the absence of the aristocracy, then the absence of railroads. It was the Pope one day, potatoes the next. They had a starving population, an absentee aristocracy, and an alien church (hear, hear), and, in addition, the weakest Executive in the world." But the right hon. gentleman did not stop there. He proceeded:—"What would hon. gentlemen say if they were reading of a country in that position? They would say at once, 'The remedy is revolution.' But the Irish could not have a revolution; and why? Because Ireland was connected with another and a more powerful country." (Hear, hear).

The right hon. gentleman was perfectly candid, and followed all his propositions to their necessary conclusion; for he said,—

"Then, what was the consequence? The connexion with England thus became the cause of the present state of Ireland. If the connexion with England prevented a revolution, and a revolution were the only remedy, England, logically, was in the odious position of being the cause of all the misery in Ireland."

"Now, he begged the attention of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. That right hon. gentleman was now an English Minister. Here were the right hon. gentleman's words on the occasion to which he was alluding, "What, then, was the duty of an English Minister?" The right hon. gentleman was at that time engaged in hunting down a man who was a great English Minister. (Cries of 'hear, hear,' and cheers.) He was then telling of the Parliamentary middle-man, 'who bamboozled one party and plundered another.' (Loud cries of 'Hear, hear.') He was then calling upon this House, above all other earthly duties, to put an end for ever to Parliamentary hypocrisy. (Hear, hear.) Let the House put an end to the hypocrisy which would represent the hon. member (Mr. Osborne) as misrepresenting the sentiments uttered by the right hon. gentleman. (Hear, hear.) Here were the final words:—'What was the duty of an English Minister? To effect by his policy all those changes which a revolution would do by force.' (Hear, hear.) He (Mr. Keogh) would only put the moral to the tale which was drawn by the right hon. gentleman himself, and address the right hon. gentleman's words to the benches opposite, when he said that he was then advocating Tory principles, but 'they were not the Tory principles of those who would associate Toryism with restricted commerce and with a continual assault on the liberty of the subject.'" (Cheers.)

The debate was then adjourned; and on the motion of Mr. SPOONER next Tuesday was fixed for resuming the discussion.

TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.

Mr. COWAN opened the adjourned debate on Mr. Milner Gibson's motion on Wednesday. He entered at great length into the grievances arising out of the operation of the paper duty, and quoted a speech of Mr. Disraeli's in favour of repeal. He was followed by Mr. GLADSTONE, who made the speech of the day.

Referring at the outset to the paper duty, he said, he should certainly be heartily glad when the time came that it could be repealed; but in the present state of the revenue he hoped the House would rally round the Chancellor of the Exchequer and set its face against any remission of taxation. But the circumstances connected with the operation of the paper duty were so interesting, that the attention of the House might be usefully occupied by it at this moment. Especially he would refer to the consumption of paper in the printing of literary works. He then proceeded fully to discuss the subject in connexion with the pending dispute in the book trade. Premising that the public revenue ought not to be thrown away for the profit of "interested combinations," he said, "a most important struggle was now in progress in the book trade," in which a large number of booksellers in London and the country were attempting, "by restrictions of almost unwarrantable and imprudent character, to prevent the price of books, which is so enormously high," from being lowered, and he thought the House should be aware what was the exact nature of the question.

"The publishers of books are in the habit of supplying the retail traders at a fixed price, that price being usually (with the exception of the case of wholesale purchases) at a discount of 25 per cent. upon the publishing price. The custom of the retail trade is, not to grant the public who purchase a greater discount than 10 per cent., leaving 15 for the retail trade. Some retail traders say they can give a greater discount than 10 per cent; but then this combination steps in and says, 'You shall give no greater discount than 10 per cent. to the public, and, if you do not come under an engagement to that effect, we by combining among ourselves, will exclude you from the trade in books;' that is, deprive you of the means of livelihood in the vocation to which you have devoted yourself. This restriction is, in my view, a great evil. (Hear, hear.) I do not pretend to compare the price of new publications with that of articles of bodily subsistence in regard to the urgency of the questions they raise; but I do say, that it is a very great evil that the price of books should be raised above what may be called the natural and legitimate amount. (Hear, hear.) And further, I venture to say, that the state of the book-market, except so far as it is partially mitigated by what are called cheap publications, is a disgrace to the present state of civilization. (Loud cries of 'Hear, hear.') The controversy now going on with certain retail traders, who in my opinion deserve great credit for the energy with which they have struggled against the power they have endeavoured to cope with, is but a part of a system. (Hear.) I wish the House were aware of the facts in regard to the production and the sale of books in this country. The truth is, that monopoly and combination have been so long applied to the whole subject, that they really have gone near,—I do not say to the extinction of the trade, but to reducing it to its *minimum*. (Hear.) We have a country that has by far the largest educated class in the world—[A Member—'There is America.']—I was thinking of Europe; but, even taking America into account, we have a country in which the class that ought to be purchasers of new books is the largest in the world; I mean the educated class in that sense—the men in possession of such fortune as ought to make them the natural purchasers of new publications. That class in this country is counted by twenties, and by fifties, I might almost say by hundreds of thousands. But what is the fact with regard to the state of the book-market? It is, that with the exception of certain very highly-esteemed and distinguished authors—with the exception of such cases as Mr. Macaulay's *History of England*—what are called new publications, not only in a majority of cases, but in an enormous majority, scarcely ever pass a sale of 500 copies. An immense proportion of those that are published do not pay their expenses at all; and I believe the proportion of them passing the sale of 500 copies in this country, with its enormous means for the cheap production of books, and for supplying an extensive demand for them, is not more than something like 5 per cent.; or, at any rate, not more than from 1-20th to 1-10th of the whole number produced. (Hear, hear.) Now, what is the consequence? It is a matter within our personal experience. The purchase of new publications is scarcely attempted by anybody individually. (Hear, hear.) You go into the houses of your friends, and, unless in the case of books for which they have a professional want that must be satisfied, or unless they happen to be persons of extraordinary wealth, you do not find copies of new publications upon their tables, purchased for themselves; but you find something from the circulating library, or something from the book-club. (Hear, hear.) But, what are these book-clubs and book-societies, which are engaged, with such an enormous loss of time and waste of machinery, in the distribution of books throughout the country? They are the ingenious expedients which, under the pressure of necessity, men have adopted to mitigate the monstrous evils they experience from the enormously high price of books, and satisfy in some degree their own demand for that description of mental food. (Hear, hear.)"

He then showed how one combination generated another; for as the booksellers combined against the public, so the printers combined against the booksellers; and he retorted upon some compositors, who asked him by memorial to support Mr. Gibson, that while they professed anxiety for the spread of knowledge, they were themselves in combination to keep up the price of printing in London, Oxford, and Cambridge, at twenty five or thirty per cent. above the price at which it could be executed anywhere else. "Now I hope," he continued, "whenever the Chancellor of the Exchequer may be in a condition to propose to the House a remission of the paper duty, these matters will be well looked into (hear, hear), and that we shall take care that the public revenue is not given away for the purpose of facilitating or promoting the extension of these combinations. (Hear, hear.) The Government, no doubt, can do a great deal for the relief of this immense evil; individuals cannot do it. If a particular person who has a work to publish chooses to say, 'I will fix the price at one-half the ordinary amount,' he merely makes a victim of himself, without acting in the least upon the state of the market, or acting sensibly upon the demand for his own book, because the consequence of a bad system has been to generate a machinery adapted to it, and book clubs and societies are not sensibly affected by the price of a book being more or less, (hear, hear,) and the operation of the natural and healthy play of the demand which ought to regulate the price, and of the principle that a book ought to sell for what it will fetch, neither more nor less, is totally intercepted by the system which has been so long in action." He next referred to the efforts made by successive governments to do something for promoting the book trade, by concluding treaties of international copyright, first with Prussia, and afterwards with some parts of Germany and France. They had attempted to vindicate the rights of English authors in the colonies, but, owing to the monstrous price of English books, had been, he believed, obliged to relax the law. He then terminated his remarks as follows:—"I believe there is hardly any article on which the public are called upon to pay a price that bears so high a proportion to the actual cost of production as in the case of books. (Hear, hear.) But the actual cost of production itself is not a proper standard, because that cost is enormously enhanced, more perhaps on books than on any other commodity, by the restricted nature of the trade and the narrowness of the circle of demand. (Hear.) I do conceive that in this country we have the greatest facilities for the production of cheap books. (Hear, hear.) Under the disadvantages which the paper duty imposes, it is quite plain, from the efforts which have been made by enterprising and successful publishers, that even now we can produce, quality considered, as cheaply as any country in the world. (Hear.) I am convinced, if the finances of the State would permit you to resign the paper duty, you ought to be the cheapest producers of books in the world. (Hear, hear.) But while, as producers, you have the greatest advantages, so as to the scope of the market and the demand for books, you have the materials for greater advantages than any other country. The state of facts ought to be this:—books ought to be cheaper here, and the sale larger, than in any other country whatever. On the contrary, the state of facts is, that so far as new publications are concerned, the demand for books is narrower, and the price higher, than in any other country in the world. (Hear, hear.) I hope the House will forgive me for drawing attention to this important and interesting subject. (Hear, hear.) I am happy to see that good sense and public feeling have already acted so powerfully upon that intelligent and respectable body, the London publishers, as to induce them to refer this matter to arbitration. (Hear, hear.) I trust, when that combination breaks down, all other combinations affecting the book trade will break down also. (Hear, hear.) I am sure the judgment expressed here will act materially upon public opinion, and through that upon the book trade; and I do trust, that before a great length of time, the circumstances to which I have adverted, and which I say again are a scandal to the country, will disappear. (Hear, hear).

Sir WILLIAM CLAY then put in a word for the two other duties which hindered the spread of knowledge; Mr. MOWATT, Mr. REYNOLDS, and Mr. J. L. RICARDO, followed all on the same side. The last named gentleman went into the case between the Board of Inland Revenue and Mr. Turner, the proprietor of the *Stoke-upon-Trent Monthly Narrative of Current Events*. Mr. Timm had menaced Mr. Turner with a prosecution, and when Mr. Turner's solicitor wrote to the Board stating that he was instructed to receive any process, Mr. Timm replied that he had no instructions to proceed! Mr. Ricardo very properly called this an act of the greatest tyranny. He also elicited from the Attorney-General the avowal that he intended to prosecute these monthly publications.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL described the course pursued with respect to unstamped papers.

"If the Stamp-office found that there was a publication issued without a stamp which they thought ought to be subjected to a duty, they instituted proceedings against the parties, and that, very frequently, without any communication with the law officers of the Crown, who would know nothing whatever of the proceedings until the briefs were placed in their hands for the purpose of conducting the prosecution before the court. Where any doubt existed as to the liability of parties, the opinions of the law officers might be asked, but it rarely happened that their opinions were consulted before the matter was ripe for trial."

He was decidedly of opinion that a special verdict ought to be obtained in the case of the *Household Narrative*.

"He begged distinctly to say that the course which he had pointed out as the one which he should adopt had been already pursued; that another information had been filed; that that information would result in a special verdict, which was distinct from a special case, a special case terminating in the court where it was decided, while a special verdict admitted of an appeal. To show how extremely desirous they were to have the question fairly raised and disposed of, there being some dispute as to the terms in which the special verdict should be drawn up, it had been arranged between the junior counsel for the Crown and the counsel on the part of the defendants, that Mr. Baron Martin should settle the terms of the special verdict, he being one of the judges who decided in favour of the defendants."

Mr. MCGREGOR and Mr. HUME addressed the House amid cries of "Divide!" Mr. KER SEYMER, a Derbyite, had voted once with Mr. Gibson, now he intended to vote against him. He was not prepared to vote black white, but he should vote against the resolutions. Mr. WAKLEY said the hon. member had voted for the resolution when Lord John Russell was in power, but against it when Lord Derby was in place. Was not that voting black was white?

For the sake of securing as many votes as possible, Mr. GIBSON consented to add to the first resolution the words "as early as may be with reference to the security of the public revenue." After the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER had made some explanations, and warned the House not to come to any precipitate resolutions of the kind now proposed, and not to pledge themselves to measures which might endanger the financial position of the country, the House divided on the resolutions, and the numbers were as follows:—

For the first (proposing the abolition of the paper duty)	107	
Against it	195	
Majority		88
For the second (proposing the abolition of the stamp duty)	100	
Against it	199	
Majority		99
For the third (proposing the abolition of the advertisement duty)	116	
Against it	181	
Majority		65

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Lord REDESDALE moved for copies of the forms of writs used for the summoning and prorogation of the convocation of the clergy for the province of York, on Monday, and stated that the object of his motion was to procure the same privileges for the clergy of the province of York with respect to convocation as were enjoyed by their brethren of the province of Canterbury. The Archbishop of YORK explained the course pursued by his predecessor and himself with respect to the summoning of convocation in the province of York, resting his defence entirely on the fact that he had followed precedent. He added that the address of Lord Redesdale should have his best consideration. After some further discussion, Lord Redesdale withdrew his motion.

Lord DERBY, in reply to the Bishop of London, stated that he could not, without further consideration, undertake to say what course the Government would pursue with respect to appeals in matter of doctrine. The Bishop of LONDON proposes to bring in a bill enabling the bishops to consider and decide on doctrine, transmitting their decision to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council by way of advice.

EGYPT AND TURKEY.—In the House of Commons, on Tuesday, in reply to a question put by Mr. ANDERSON, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER said he had great pleasure in informing the House that the dispute between the Porte and the Pasha of Egypt had terminated; that Her Majesty's Government had received official notification that a complete adjustment of their differences had taken place, the Porte having conceded to Abbas Pasha the power of capital punishment for a term of seven years, and the Pasha having accepted that compromise as perfectly satisfactory.

MINISTERS AT THE MANSION-HOUSE.

GENERALLY when Ministers pay a visit to the Mansion-house, and revel in the luxuries of the Egyptian Hall there, they leave politics at Westminster, and take kindly and generously to the pleasures of the hour. Premiers talk of anything but their policy, compliment anybody but one of themselves, and run as gracefully and gaily through a course of pleasant commonplaces as they have through the courses of dinner and dessert. But now and then fate favours us with an exception, and a Premier has been known to speak oracularly from the seat of honour at the jovial table of a Lord Mayor. One such event happened on Saturday. The reigning potentate of the city gave a grand banquet on that day to her Majesty's Ministers. To meet these high state functionaries, his civic lordship invited several other lords and gentlemen, who, together with their ladies, made a showy spectacle in the great hall famous in the annals of good dinners. There were the Duke of Cambridge, who inherits a kind of festal kingship; the French ambassador, Walewski, the herald of peace, and a shoal of other ambassadors, secretaries, and chargés d'affaires; a great company of members of the Commons, of the Tory and Protection-Whig persuasions; and a miscellaneous host of city people.

The routine of royalist toasts was preserved, the Duke of Cambridge replying for himself and the "Royal Family;" the Duke of Northumberland and Lord Combermere acknowledged "the Navy and Army," the latter hoping that in the hour of need "the good citizens of London would place more reliance on the swords and bayonets of our troops than on the resolutions of the Peace Society"—a heavy shot, which some cheered and others felt bound to laugh at. Then came the toast of the evening—"The Earl of Derby and her Majesty's Ministers."

As a matter of course the Earl of Derby made a long reply. Abstracting the opening compliments, his speech may be divided into two parts, the first being a strong and unintentional argument against the Militia Bill; the second a vague, misty, undecided criticism on, and supplement to, Mr. Disraeli's amazing Budget Speech. Translated into concise terms, the first part of Lord Derby's speech said:—Our avowed policy is peace. We accept the presence of foreign ministers here not as a compliment, but as "a mark of adhesion to that policy which professes an absolute and entire non-intervention in the internal affairs of other countries." There are elements of internal discord, it is true, in other states; and ours at least is not the Utopian age when we can do without organized national defence; but "throughout Europe and throughout the world there is a general desire on the part of all nations to extinguish at once the slightest spark which may appear to threaten external convulsion, or to endanger the general peace." (Loud cheers.) The exertions of all countries will be used to put a "friendly extinguisher" upon the first elements of strife; and if any one power, without provocation, made a hostile attack on another, that power would be universally reprobated. Not content with that strong testimony in support of Mr. Cobden's theory of peace, Lord Derby kindly furnished a yet stronger: he said—

"I am confident that there is an enlightened feeling arising now among all Governments and among all nations—that there is a growing conviction that their interests, their honour, their welfare, and their real glory, are better promoted by developing their internal resources, by fostering the domestic industry of their people, by promoting the enjoyment, the wealth, and the prosperity of their subjects, than by any dreams of military glory, however brilliant, or by any prospect of aggressive conquests, however dazzling." (Hear and cheers.)

After a few more words on the "primary importance" of commercial intercourse, he opened up his second subject. This was no less a theme than the Chancellor of the Exchequer and his Budget Speech:—

"Not many days have elapsed since a right hon. friend of mine (the Chancellor of the Exchequer), in a speech which fully and amply refuted the unworthy notion that a man of wit and genius cannot grapple with the ordinary details of statistics—that a man possessing high ability, a vivid imagination, and great eloquence, cannot master the driest commercial and financial topics—most ably and most eloquently demonstrated to an admiring House of Commons the great progress which our trade and commerce have made in recent years, and showed how the reduction of duties imposed upon foreign commerce has produced a largely increasing consumption, and consequently greatly increased enjoyment on the part of the consumers, without affecting the revenue."

But there was "one topic" which that "right honourable friend" did not touch on, namely, the effect which may be produced on those large classes who, though mainly producers, are also consumers. This is indefinite enough, but as he proceeds matters amazingly complicate. Government, it is hinted, ought not to confine its attention to one class, but solve this problem—"how to reconcile apparently conflicting interests—so that, while giving no undue advantage to one class of our fellow citizens over another, it may promote the interests of all, and by mutual concessions and by mutual compromises may blend the interests of all in one harmonious whole."

Starting from this point, he ran round the circle of ideas it suggested, delivering an elaborate essay on the principle of British government, and saying things which we, certainly, shall not willingly let die—especially the church compromise.

"In fact, the whole system of government in every constitutional country is a system of compromises and concessions—not of undue compromises, not of unworthy concessions—not of compromises of principle for the sake of expediency, but of compromises between conflicting expedients, and mutual concessions between apparently conflicting interests. (Hear, hear.) The whole system of our Constitution is one great compromise. The Throne itself is based upon a compromise between arbitrary monarchical power and those befitting and dignified restrictions which are imposed by constitutional Governments upon the minds of Monarchs. Our House of Lords is a compromise between an hereditary exclusive aristocracy and a body partaking of the advantages of the institution of nobility at the same time that it is enabled to claim this great advantage—that it is daily, or at least yearly and perpetually, recruited from the ranks of the people, thus blending the aristocracy and the commonalty. ('Hear,' and cheers.) The House of Commons is a system of compromise between that influence which is exercised by the higher classes of society and the restrictions imposed by partial exclusion, between those elements on the one side and the democratic power of the people on the other, by which ample and full means are given to the expression of every popular sentiment and of every popular wish. The Church of England—long may Providence preserve it to us! (Cheers)—is a compromise, and a most valuable compromise, between the unrestrained power of spiritual dominion and the absolute dependence of the clergy upon the caprice of the flocks over whom they are called to preside. Our whole system is a system of compromises, and he best administers the arduous post of conducting the vast and complicated affairs of this great empire who knows how fitly to adjust the various portions of the great machine, involving this complicated machinery of mutual checks and balances, by the removal of one of which the action of some other part might, perhaps, be more rapid, but the whole machine would be disordered and disarranged. ('Hear, hear,' and cheers.) It would, my lord, be an easy task for a Minister to avail himself upon every occasion of every gust of popular opinion—to scud before the gale, and to congratulate himself upon the rapidity of his progress, reckless and regardless in what direction that gale is blowing, and whether it is bearing him upon a lee-shore, or upon a dangerous rock, with the more certain destruction the more rapid may be his progress. But the aim of the noble science of statesmanship surely must be to use the popular elements as the valuable breeze which fills the sails—not setting your course in the teeth of the wind that blows, nor scudding blindly before it, but availing yourself of that breeze to speed you on your destined course, and with a steady hand upon the wheel, and with mind and eye fixed upon one single object—the safety of the good ship, the crew, and the priceless cargo—to consider, not the rapidity of your progress, but the certainty of the course you are pursuing. Then, by the application of the doctrine of opposing forces, let the wind blow from the north or from the south, the steady hand at the helm may speed the vessel on her destined course, whether that course be east or west." (Loud cheers.)

He knew that such a course was not likely to be at all times popular, but he trusted that his countrymen would more consider the steadiness than the rapidity of the progress; and that if a Ministry acted for itself and upon its own convictions, those convictions would, in the long run, force themselves on the sympathy and support of the people.

Count Walewski responded in the name of "the Foreign Ambassadors." We beg especial attention to his speech, as to a reflective mind it discloses many things. He said—

"Besides, the presence in this assembly of the representatives of foreign powers is the most palpable proof of the amicable relations which so happily exist between Great Britain and the European continent—What do I say?—Between Great Britain and the whole world. In vain, certain alarmists endeavoured to trouble the public mind at the beginning of this year, and to spread a belief that the political horizon was becoming covered with clouds. These cross-grained pessimists (malencontreux pessimistes) have found but few echoes; and from the opening of Parliament, in both houses, eloquent and justly esteemed voices (turning towards Lord Derby) have shown the value of their vain declamations. No, I do not hesitate to affirm that the political horizon is nowhere overcast; the eloquent speech which you have just heard cannot leave a doubt in your minds on this subject. As to France in particular, I venture to hope that the Ministers of her Majesty the Queen, now present (turning towards Lord Derby and Lord Malmesbury) will not contradict me if I affirm that at no period have the relations between England and France been of a more satisfactory nature, and that a better understanding has never subsisted between the two governments as to the solution of all the questions now pending both in the Old World and the New."

After he had sat down, he rose again, and proposed "the prosperity of the city of London." To drink, said he, to the prosperity of the city of London, is to drink to the peace of the world, for they are inseparable.

Lord Lonsdale replied to the "House of Lords;" the Marquis of Salisbury proposed "the Lord Mayor;" and Mr. Disraeli responded to "the House of Commons" and his own name:—

"I may say of that House—and I see many of my brethren present of contrary political opinions to those which I hold—that it is a true republic. (Laughter.) I believe, indeed, it is the only republic that exists founded upon the principles of liberty, equality, and fraternity (renewed laughter); but liberty is there maintained by order, equality is mitigated by good taste, and fraternity takes the shape of cordial brotherhood. ('Hear,' and cheers.) I am sure, therefore, I may say for the members of the House of Commons, whether present or absent, whatever may be their political opinions or their party feelings, that they would agree upon this occasion in expressing the gratification which they all feel when they are remembered by their ancient friend and ally, the city of London. (Cheers.) In the city of London, in troublous times, they have sought and found refuge. The city of London has assisted them in vindicating their privileges; and I believe I may say for them that they are prepared at all times to uphold the privileges of the city of London. ('Hear,' and cheers.)"

He wound up with a not very happy compliment to the "representative" of the Lady Mayoress, whom he punningly called a representative institution more entitled, at that moment, to their gratitude than the House of Commons. As the Chancellor of the Exchequer is a wit of renown, men were bound to laugh at his bad pun, and they did laugh. Civic toasts and speeches wound up the evening.

CHURCH MATTERS.

AT the monthly meeting of the London Union on Church Matters, a Report was read, consisting mainly of criticisms on the recent attempts to legislate for the Church by the Marquis of Blandford and Mr. Frewen. We need only add, that they recommend total abstinence from all similar attempts, rightly asserting, that synodical action alone will furnish the true means of remedying existing evils. But as Government may obtain a majority at the ensuing election, and appropriate the bill of the Marquis of Blandford, the Committee lay down the following line of action:—

"It behoves us therefore at once to take our stand, on the ground adopted by this Union in December last, and say that, whatever may be the excellencies or the dangers of this measure, we do not think that Parliament should deal with it. And we should do our utmost to obtain petitions, signed as extensively as possible, praying for the formation, by means of the existing convocation, of a Church legislature, in which bishops, clergy, and laymen may by common accord settle their own affairs, and recommend to Parliament such changes concerning church property as may be needful."

They add, that "under the present system of State interference, the clergy as a body and by representation, have no voice at all in the management of Church property;" and they "desire to see the internal reform of the Church referred to a synod, and the external defence of the Church left to Parliament."

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

LETTER XX.

Paris, Tuesday Evening, 11th May, 1852.

THE ceremony of the Standards took place yesterday, at the *Champ de Mars*. The Empire, as I had already advised you, was not proclaimed. On the whole, the affair went off coldly, and without enthusiasm. People felt there was a threat hovering above each head. The official world looked grave. The surrounders of Louis Bonaparte were sad. The ceremony was more like a funeral than the inauguration of a new reign. Even the soldiers showed no signs of enthusiasm, for, with the exception of the heavy cavalry, the cuirassiers, and carabineers, who cried *Vive l'Empereur*, the infantry and cavalry generally, contented themselves with here and there a *Vive Napoléon*. As for the people, it was represented by the ten thousand *Décembraillards*, who took possession of the ground by six o'clock in the morning, and presented an impenetrable hedge to the crowd. But the *Décembraillards* were silent.

The greatest precautions had been taken to ensure the personal safety of the President. The police had, overnight, effected a considerable number of arrests, including both Germans and English. The latter were seized at a *café*, in the Place de la Bourse, and have not yet been set at liberty. Dr. Recurt, of the Faubourg St. Antoine, who played a conspicuous part in the Revolution of 1848, but who has since been living in retirement, has been expelled from Paris. A good many inhabitants of the Faubourg St. Antoine, among whom figures my furniture dealer, Launette, were also arrested. It was Launette who commanded the patrol of the National Guard, which on the 23rd February, 1848, at the time of the massacre on the Boulevard des Capucines, stood the fire of the troops of the line. He was taken away from his home last Friday, and thrown into a dungeon in the prison of Mazas.

Nothing was omitted to kindle the enthusiasm of the troops. Before the ceremony, each man received an allowance of wine and brandy; and the theatres were opened free to a considerable number of them. Wholesale promotions have taken place in the army, commencing with nine generals of division, and fifteen generals of brigade. This morning, five-and-twenty columns of the *Moniteur* are taken up with nominations to the Legion of Honour. Never since the foundation of the order has there been such a shower of crosses.

The ceremony commenced at noon. The clergy reached the ground in grand procession, with "bell, book, and candle," crucifixes and banners; singing hymns and psalms on the way. Such a sight had not been seen since the days of the Restoration, before the fall of the Jesuits. The procession consisted of more than a thousand priests, without reckoning the choristers, large and small. It is needless to add that this motley of black and white was received with shouts by the soldiery, and with ironical cheers by the crowd. As soon as the Mass commenced, the bands of the several regiments, numbering in all about 1200 musicians, executed symphonies and other appropriate music. Then came the blessing of the standards. The standard-bearers surrounding the altar erected in the centre of the Champ de Mars, where the Archbishop of Paris was singing high-mass, came one by one to kiss the *patine*, a small golden vessel used at the mass. The standards were then sprinkled with holy water, and carried by the officers to their respective regiments. The troops afterwards defiled before Louis Bonaparte, who was placed on a platform covered with red velvet and gold fringe, and whereon was written the figures 7,500,000 (the number of the voters of the 20th of December), and the words *Vox populi, Vox Dei*. The infantry defiled first, and were followed by the three divisions of cavalry. At three o'clock all was over, and the President was returning to the Elysée. By command of the Government all the public offices were closed, including the Post-office, the Bourse, and the Bank; the theatres alone were allowed to remain open. The crowd assembled in the Champ de Mars, independent of the population of Paris, was very great; there were not less than 200,000 to 300,000 persons from the neighbouring *banlieue*. An immense disappointment was the impression of this crowd.

To-night the second act of the farce will come off, but the crowd will be indoors. There will be 17,000 persons at the ball. A *souper monstre* had been ordered of Chevet for 15,000 guests; a supplement of 2000 covers has since been added. On Thursday the 14th the grand fireworks will take place on the heights of Chaillot. They were to have been fired to-night, had it not been for a trick played by the artillerymen, who are mostly republicans, by whom they were prepared. The entire battery of the 7th regiment have been thrown into prison for this affair.

Although Bonaparte is not Emperor, he does not the less reign absolutely. He possesses all the attributes of royalty, and enjoys its privileges. His effigy is on all the gold and silver coin, and a recent law of the legislative body enjoins it to appear on the copper coinage. It already figures in all the official stamps; it is to be put on the façade of the Pantheon. Orders have already been given for the removal of David's fine *fronton*, representing France, aided by Glory, receiving her great men, to be replaced by another group, in which will figure the bastard of Admiral Verhuel. In the middle of the new *fronton* will appear the figure of Christ, supported on the right by Faith, Hope, and Charity, who will offer him St. Genevieve, the patroness of Paris; on the left, Religion will be receiving from the hands of the Prince President (official style) the keys of the Pantheon, restored to public worship. M. Bonaparte is not a mere monarchical effigy, he acts as if he were a sovereign in reality. Following the example of Henry III., who provided dowries for the marriage of his favourites, Louis Bonaparte is marrying Persigny to the granddaughter of M. Lafitte and the Marshal Ney, and gives her a dowry of five hundred thousand francs. It is not said where the funds of the dowry are to be taken from!

It appears also that Louis Bonaparte is not unmindful of his own little affairs. Before the 2nd of December he was crippled with debts; Rothschild and Fould held more than three millions worth of dishonoured bills, with which they laid down the law in their own fashion. The purveyors to the Elysée had not been paid for three years; and many a time had the butcher and the baker to be changed owing to their refusal to give credit. Bonaparte, in fact, was so short of money, that a horsedealer refused to sell him a horse, excepting on the understanding that if it were not paid for at the end of two months it should be returned to the seller,—and two months afterwards it was actually taken back by the dealer on that account. But all these things are very much altered now-a-days. Louis Bonaparte has plenty of money; General Magnan, whose debts amounted to 500,000 francs, has paid all; St. Arnaud, who was overwhelmed with protested bills, does not owe a penny; Louis Bonaparte, who had been compelled to part with all his horses, has just replenished his stud at Cremieux's, the great horse-dealer in the Champs Elysées, by purchasing sixty horses at an average price of 6000 francs each. But this is not all. With a prophetic eye on the future, M. Bonaparte is investing money in foreign securities and land. The other day he paid 1,600,000 f. for an estate and chateau in Poland, formerly belonging to the family of Beauharnais. Neither does he overlook his pleasures, for he has taken possession of all the royal hunting grounds, and is preparing a sporting establishment on a footing of incredible magnificence. A falconry is being established at Rambouillet; there had not been such a thing in France for two hundred years. We are going back to the Middle Ages, as you see. One of these fine days we shall be having a passage of arms—a tournament—like that of Lord Eglinton. We shall see Louis Bonaparte playing the character of a *preux chevalier*,—a farce like all the rest, where he *appears*, but *is not*.

While M. Bonaparte is purchasing estates, those of the family of Orleans are being sold. Within the last few days the domain of Raincy, near Bondy, has been seized. This week, Randon, in Auvergne, will be taken; and the Chateau d'Eu, in Normandy, where Louis Philippe entertained the Queen of England, will be brought to the hammer.

Did I say we were returning to the middle ages? it is but too true. The monks are coming back. The friars have left their friaries to begin their crusade. This year they will recommence their preaching in the churches of Paris. We already had the Jesuits and Dominicans, now we have come down to the friars. Decidedly we are a nation falling to decay.

The budget of 1853 has been submitted to the legislative body. The expenditure reaches 1,486,955,348 francs (59,478,215*l*.); the receipts, 1,436,863,468 francs. The deficit is therefore 50 millions (two millions sterling). In this budget the salaries of the President, the senators, and the expenses of the legislative body, represent 15 millions. The maintenance of the national palaces is put down at more than four millions; in fact, Bonaparte's civil list amounts to 20 millions. The deputies are alarmed at this enormous expenditure, particularly at the large salaries of grand functionaries, while they, the deputies, get nothing. It is said that they are disposed to pare down the items of the budget; and are coming to an understanding with the minority, on this subject, in the council of state.

These poor deputies do all they can to form an opposition. They have played Louis Bonaparte another trick; they have rejected one of the articles in the bill for the rehabilitation of convicted persons; and, as you are aware, by the forms of the constitution, this article must again be brought before the council of state before it can be submitted afresh to the legislative body, from which considerable delay will occur. The deputies, it is reported, are resolved to multiply these delays, with a view to expose all the absurdities of the constitution of Louis Bonaparte.

Serious thoughts are being entertained by the government to bring in a bill, for the expulsion from Paris, of all workmen out of employment, and persons having no recognised means of subsistence. This projected law cannot fail to excite the indignation of the *ouvriers*. The severities against the press continue. The Prefects appear to rival each other in giving notices. The *Pays* and the *Public* have each been served with one. The grounds of these proceedings are the most absurd. The Prefects arrogate to themselves the right to judge of the intentions of writers, and proceed, without further ceremony or trial, to inflict upon them the penalties of the law. This is justice expeditiously administered in the Turkish fashion, with a vengeance.

The protests against Louis Bonaparte's government still continue to increase, but are not now confined to individual members of general councils. Entire municipal bodies refuse to take the oath to Bonaparte, prescribed by the constitution. Thus the municipal council of Evreux has resigned in a body. In the department of the Meurthe, the Loire inférieure, the Pas de Calais, the Bouches-du Rhone, the Gard, the Charente, and the Cher, a great number of members of the general councils, (somewhat resembling the grand juries of counties in England) have refused to take the oath. Among them we notice Messrs. de Broglie, Beugnot, Casimir Périer, Joseph Périer, General Count Ségur, Odilon Barrot, Dufaure, Havin, Victor Lefranc, Marie, and Barthélémy. The refusal of so many persons of consideration, who have for the last twenty years been constantly looked upon by the departments as the political leaders of the country, has produced an extraordinary sensation in the provinces. The most ignorant of the peasantry ask why these men refuse to take the oath. There is never so small a village to which the influence of these resignations does not reach. A political reaction will inevitably follow. S.

CONTINENTAL NOTES.

THE Fête of the Distribution of the Eagles absorbs all the interest of French news this week. Our amazing daily journals have exhausted their productive energies in their forty column power "Special Correspondents," who must have had a superhuman job of it. The impression of "an immense disappointment," which our own correspondence records, pierces through the more highly-coloured and glowing descriptions of the English sight-seers. The accounts of the number of troops actually on the Plain, differ materially, as do indeed all the other facts of the celebration. Eighty thousand is perhaps the correct estimate, independent of what we may call the municipal troops. Even the colour of the President's horse is variously given: in one account it was a dark bay, in another a black. *C'est ainsi que s'écrit l'histoire!*

The whole scene, assisted by fine weather, was doubtless striking and magnificent as a mere military spectacle. Here is a 'bit' about the Prince from that pliant chronicler, *Galignani*:—The Prince was dressed in the uniform of a general officer, with doeskins and large military boots, and wore the grand cordon of the Legion of Honour. He rode in front of his brilliant *cortége*, on a dark-bay charger, which he managed with great skill. This beautiful animal, which is English bred, was bought by the President for 300 guineas, and is considered by competent judges to be cheap at that price. The saddle-cloth of the Prince was one mass of gold embroidery, and well befitted the noble animal which bore it, and the occasion. The Prince occasionally took off his plumed hat as he passed the different regiments, and after coming up at the right along the front of the infantry, he wheeled round and passed down the field before the line of cavalry. Lastly, returning once more to the Ecole Militaire, he alighted with all his suite, and took his place in the tribune prepared for him.

Immediately after the arrival of the President, the va-

rious colonels of regiments ascended the steps of the grand tribune, and received from the Prince's hands the standard of his regiment, with an eagle on its summit. As each received the standard he moved on, and descended the steps at the side opposite to that by which he had ascended. The several standard-bearers then remained below the steps until the whole distribution had terminated; the standards being passed along a line of officers to General St. Arnaud, who handed them to the President, according as he required them. When all the standards had been given, the officers holding them again left their places, and, ascending once more the steps, grouped themselves in front of the Prince, whilst he read the following address:—

"Soldiers! The history of nations is, in a great measure, the history of armies; on their success or reverse depends the fate of civilization and of the country. If conquered, the result is invasion or anarchy; if victorious, it is glory and order. Thus nations, like armies, entertain a religious veneration for those emblems of military honour which sum up in themselves a past history of struggles and of trials.

"The Roman eagle, adopted by the Emperor Napoleon at the commencement of this century, was the most striking signification of the regeneration and of the grandeur of France. It disappeared in our misfortunes—it ought to return when France, recovered from her defeats, and mistress of herself, seems not any longer to repudiate her own glory.

"Soldiers! resume, then, these eagles, not as a menace against foreign Powers, but as the symbol of our independence, as the *souvenir* of an heroic epoch, and as the sign of the nobleness of each regiment. Take again these eagles which have so often led our fathers to victory, and swear to die, if necessary, in their defence."

As soon as the standard-bearers had taken up their stations at the foot of the altar, a musical mass was executed under the direction of M. Adolphe Adam. The bands of 21 regiments of infantry, of nine regiments of cavalry, 154 pupils of the musical school of the army, and the performers on M. Sax's gigantic instruments in the *Juif Errant*, made a body of more than 1500 musicians. As it had been decided that the mass for the ceremony should be but of short duration, the parts performed by the band were only three—the *Kyrie*, the *Salutaris*, and the *Sanctus*. It was this last piece, giving as it did more scope for the resources of military music, which produced the greatest effect.

A cannon shot was fired at the beginning of the mass, and another at the elevation of the Host, and then immediately commenced the ceremony of blessing the standards. The archbishop advanced towards the lower part of the place where they stood, the clergy singing the *Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini*, the *Oremus*, and the *Omnipotens Sempiternus Deus*. The prelate then sprinkled the standards with holy water, and then putting on his mitre sat down. One of the standard-bearers then advancing, knelt down before the prelate, who addressed him as follows:—

"Receive these standards, sanctified by the blessings of Heaven. May they be the terror of the enemies of the Christian people; and may God, in honour of his name and his glory, give you grace to penetrate unhurt with them into the midst of the enemy's battalions."

The archbishop then gave him the kiss of peace, saying *Pax tibi*. The person so addressed then kissed the pontifical ring, and withdrew. After this ceremony had been gone through with all the rest, the archbishop turned towards the people, and gave them his solemn benediction. The drums then beat, the bands played, the trumpets sounded as before, the officers stood uncovered, and the cannon fired 101 shots.

The *defilé* came to an end about four o'clock, the troops at once marching off the ground to their barracks. A salvo of 21 guns announced that the ceremony was over.

The President rode off the ground with his *cortége* in the same order as had been seen on his arrival. At the same moment the clergy, which had remained on the steps of the altar during the filing off, left the Champ de Mars in procession, and returned to the Church of St. Pierre, at Gros Caillou, singing the 143rd Psalm.

An amusing, *naif* letter in the *Daily News*, is valuable for its air of fidelity, destitute of any "gag." It is from a simple spectator:—

"The President," he says, "vanishes towards the cavalry on the right of the field, and now, in the rear of his train, we see the Arab chiefs, with their queer night-cap looking head-dresses and wrappers, some red and some white, thrown loosely about them like blankets. They maintain a characteristic gravity of demeanour, manage Louis Napoleon's horses, on which they are mounted, without any apparent effort, and seem surprised at nothing. Indeed, the scene may not be so novel to them as might be supposed. The sandy expanse of the Champ de Mars is not very unlike an African desert, and they have long been familiar with the sight of French troops at home. The President has made the complete round of the field, has descended from horseback, and taken his stand on the grand *estrade* prepared for him in front of the Ecole Militaire, where the eagles and flags are to be distributed. I shall not attempt to describe the ceremony. I have no doubt that it is all going on according to the programme; but not being able to see through the embroidered coats of the senators, and I know not what other newly made great men who are closely packed in front of me, I can give no evidence on the subject. * * * * I see a procession of officers carrying the flags and eagles to be blessed at the altar. I see the priests, still looking like China-asters, but distinctly visible through my telescope, on their knees at the steps of the altar. The mass is being performed. The religious ceremony over, the marching past commences. Every regiment, and every deputation from a regiment marched in turn before the President, still on his grand stand. This is the stage of the proceedings at which the cries of 'Vive l'Empereur' were expected. To what extent these expectations were realized you will learn from your official accounts. It is proverbial that no species of sight-seeing is more disappointing than a review. Faithful to my engagement to speak only of my own impressions, I can only say, that although most of the regiments cried out with more or less vehemence, I have not the least notion whether they cried 'Vive l'Empereur!' 'Vive Napoleon!' or 'Vive le President!' I can pretty well guess that none of them cried 'Vive la Republique!' My state of ignorance is shared by all those around me, although we were within a few yards of the troops while they passed. You may judge from this what idea can be formed of the result of the demonstration by the multitude who throng the distant parts of the field. I can vouch for this—*that some of the regiments*, and I especially noticed some hussars among the number, were silent. Others shouted but feebly. A lady near me charitably accounted for this, by observing that they were 'probably very tired.'"

The enthusiasm of the army appears to have been in the following proportion: 1. Lancers. 2. Cuirassiers and Carabineers. 3. Municipal Guard. 4. Infantry. 5. Artillery. The last named did not raise even a shout.

Most of the foreigners present in the tribunes were in uniform. Upwards of 100 English officers were present; many of them in the uniform of the Guards.

It rather wounds our national pride to hear that one British officer was ignominously "spilt" from his horse. But *en revanche*, we are informed by the special envoy of the *Morning Chronicle*, that officers in British uniform are the lions of the Boulevards. The ball at the Ecole Militare, given by the army, came off on Tuesday night.

Francois Arago, the great astronomer, refused, in a letter full of touching and noble dignity, to take the oaths. The Government has not dared to compel his resignation of a post he has occupied with distinguished honour to his country for fifty years. He is absolved from the necessity of taking the oaths.

General Changarnier has written from Malines, in terms of extreme bitterness and uncompromising hostility, to refuse to take the required oaths. He mentions having been offered repeated bribes: a marshal's baton, the revival in his favour of the "Constable of France," with an immense salary, to favour the ambitious designs of Louis Bonaparte. But he had never swerved from his loyalty to the laws of his country.

The Duke d'Aumale is reported to have had a recent conference with General Changarnier at Aix-la-Chapelle.

The Empress of Russia has arrived at Potsdam. The Czar is expected at Berlin on the 16th; and on the 18th inst., the Emperor and Empress, with the three Grand Dukes, are expected to meet the King of Wurtemberg at Frankfort.

On Friday the 7th inst., the Second Prussian Chamber rejected the project of the Government, founded on a royal message, respecting the future organization of the First Chamber.

Lord Malmesbury, as we know, is on the best of terms with all the despotic Governments. Mark how British subjects are treated, with his consent, in countries under Austrian influence. Here is a pendant to the Mather case, given by the Florence correspondent of the *Daily News*:—

"The son of the director of the Botanical Garden, opposite the English Church, inadvertently, while reading, ran against an Austrian corporal (not an officer of rank, as was at first represented). The unfortunate young man was immediately hurried off to the Fortezza da Basso, and bastinadoed with such severity that he will remain mutilated for life. His agonized father hurried to the Chevalier Landucci, the Minister of the Interior, to demand justice, and was coolly told that his complaint could not be received, as his parental feelings necessarily prevented his taking a calm and unprejudiced view of the case. From the Minister of the Interior he further went to the Grand Duke, who replied, "It is useless coming to me. In any doubtful question that may arise between an Italian and an Austrian, we must give the decision in favour of the Austrian."

At Rome, Edward Murray, a British subject, after having languished in horrible prisons with the vilest felons, untried, unvisited, has at last been *sentenced to death by the Secret Tribunal of the Consulta!*

There has been a constitutional crisis in Tuscany. The priests have been terrifying the imbecile Grand Duke with a mechanical representation of the souls of his father and grandfather in purgatory, to induce him to abolish the constitution. But the latest advices state that the Ministry still holds its ground. The Jews, however, are threatened with deprivation of all their rights; and Protestants, including many English residents, with confiscation, under a revived law, which allows no heretic to hold or bequeath property in the Duchy, except at Leghorn.

STATUES OF SIR ROBERT PEEL.

THE first statue erected to the memory of Peel now stands in the town of Salford. It is executed in bronze, ten feet high, and stands on a pedestal of granite seven feet high. The situation chosen is admirably fitted for the purpose, being on the summit of a wooded slope rising from the banks of the Irwell, so that it may be seen from the principal quarter of the town. On one side of the pedestal is the word "Peel," and on the other the famous paragraph from his speech beginning "It may be I shall leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of goodwill in the abodes of those whose lot it is to labour," &c.

The ceremony of inauguration was performed on Saturday, Mr. Brotherton, M.P., being the orator of the occasion. Several thousands were present. The statue is the work of Mr. Matthew Noble, of London.

In addition to this, we learn from the *Times* that "the colossal statue, modelled by Mr. Behnes for the town of Leeds, has at length been cast in bronze by Mr. F. Robinson, of Pimlico, who, by this work, has introduced a new era into a department of art. Hitherto bronze statues have been cast in several pieces, and afterwards joined together, so that the sculptor's idea was not always followed with accuracy. Mr. Robinson, however, by employing a new composition for his mould, is enabled to stake the production of his figure on a single operation, and the first result of his experiments is the reproduction of Mr. Behnes's excellent likeness of Sir R. Peel cast in one piece. The success of this hazardous undertaking has already attracted the attention of sculptors, and Mr. Baily's model of Sir R. Peel, ordered by the town of Bury St. Edmunds, is already preparing for the foundry in Mr. Robinson's *studio*."

THE WAGNER CASE.

MR. BETHELL'S address to the Court, which we summed up in our Postscript last week, was followed on Saturday by addresses on the same side from Mr. Malins and Mr. Martindale, who dilated on the same topics and pursued the same line of argument—namely, that Dr. Bacher was not authorized to sign a contract containing the prohibitory clause; that he was the agent of Lumley, and not the agent of the Wagners; that time was the essence of the contract, and that the 300*l.* ought to have been paid on the 2nd of April; and the additional argument, that the present was not a case for an injunction, but an action at law.

Mr. Bacon, on behalf of Mr. Lumley, produced and read letters from Miss Wagner to Dr. Bacher, showing that he was on intimate terms with the Wagners, and that he had been employed to negotiate similar matters for her. He also argued, that the extent of Dr. Bacher's authority to sign a contract was of no consequence, provided it was afterwards ratified by the Wagners. He contended that the contract had at first been thankfully received, and stated that the notorial protest at Hamburg had not been made until the day after Miss Wagner had signed her engagement with Mr. Gye. In that protest no mention was made of the non-payment of the money as a ground for considering the contract at an end. He was bound to admit that the money should have been paid before Miss Wagner started for England, but it had been twice tendered since, and twice refused. These proceedings occupied the whole of Monday. On Tuesday Mr. Hislop Clarke supported the arguments of Mr. Bacon; and after a reply from Mr. Bethell, which consisted of a recapitulation of his first speech, Sir John Parker gave judgment.

He re-stated the facts of the case; and took up the points seriatim. With respect to the authority possessed by Dr. Bacher to sign the contract for the Wagners, he was of opinion that they were not bound by the acts of Dr. Bacher at the time when he signed the contract containing the prohibitory clause; but that they were so bound, because they subsequently adopted the contract, and thus implied the agency. The next point was the alleged unfairness of the clause. But it was clear to him that the objections were not raised to the clause itself, but to the improper generality of it—that it went too far. "The contract was sought to be got rid of, not on account of Mr. Lumley's making an illiberal or unjustifiable use of his power of giving or withholding his consent, but, his Honour must say, because it was to prevent the lady from doing what all parties must have intended she should be precluded from doing." The next point was the non-payment of the 300*l.* This he did not consider an essential, but an independent clause, the non-performance of which could be no bar to an action on the contract. He thought the Wagners had in their letters enlarged the time of paying the money; and he was of opinion that they were not justified in entering into a contract with Mr. Gye on the 5th of April, (the first day of the period set apart by Miss Wagner to meet Dr. Bacher as Lumley's agent,) or making the protest on the 6th putting an end to the contract with Lumley. Bacher swore that he had 300*l.* with him at Hamburg, and his Honour saw nothing to make him think he had not that sum, or that he had not means of performing that part of Lumley's contract. His Honour concluded by continuing the injunction.

ROYAL LITERARY FUND DINNER.

THE anniversary dinner of the Royal Literary Fund took place on Wednesday at the Freemason's Tavern. Lord Chief Justice Campbell took the chair, and among the company were—M. Van der Weyer, the Belgian Minister; the Chevalier Bunsen, the Prussian Minister; Mr. Abbott Lawrence, the American Minister; M. de Bille, the Danish Minister; the Persian Minister and Major Malcolm; Lord J. Stuart, M.P.; Mr. Justice Talfourd; Sir A. Cockburn; the Solicitor-General for Ireland; the Queen's Advocate; General Sir C. Pasley;

the Hon. W. F. Campbell, M.P.; Mr. C. Hindley, M.P.; the Rev. A. P. Stanley; Mr. Thackeray; Mr. C. Baldwin; Sir H. Ellis; Professor Creasy; Dr. Haggard; Mr. J. Murray; Mr. Bentley; altogether about one hundred and twenty gentlemen. The usual loyal toasts were drunk; "Prosperity to the Royal Literary Fund," following the "Army and Navy." Mr. Justice Talfourd proposed "Lord Campbell," and he in return proposed "The Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli;" Mr. Monckton Milnes gave "Professor Creasy and the Historians;" Mr. Whiteside, "The Reverend A. Stanley and the Biographers;" and the Honourable W. F. Campbell, "Mr. Thackeray and the Novelists."

Mr. Thackeray (who sat at the lower end of the room) said that the company at the chairman's table were the great "stars" whom the managers of these festivals procured to act the chief parts upon these occasions.

"They were the Macbeths and Hamlets, while he and those about him were the Rosencrantzes and Guildensterns, and resembled an individual of his acquaintance who, as Banquo, had at Drury-lane shaken his gory locks at half-a-dozen Macbeths. (A laugh.) They were like the humble individual in plush at the opera, whose humble office it was to water the stage, amid the applause of the gallery, for the Taglioni and Lind of the night. (A laugh.) Many of those about him, like himself, knew what it was to receive at the beginning of every season a basketful of tickets inviting him to meet the patrons of some charity like the present, to rap upon the table, and applaud that particular virtue with which the chairman for the night wished to indoctrinate his audience. Still there was a silent almoner who issued from such meetings after they were over, and by whose charitable ministrations they were sanctified as by a grace after meat. (Cheers.) His calling would be the longest to last, for, long after the present generation was dead, there must be kindness, and generosity, and folly, and fidelity, and love, and heroism, and humbug in the world (laughter), and as long as these continued, his successors, and the successors of the novelists who came after them, would have plenty to do, and no want of subjects to write upon. When universal peace was established there would be nobody wanted to write the *Decisive Battles of the World*. (A laugh.) He did not know whether the Court of Chancery would survive the assaults which it had been sustaining for three months in the *Bleak House* (a laugh), but there might come a time when that ancient and mouldy institution might disappear, and then the historians of the *Lives of the Lords Chancellors* would have no calling. (A laugh.) But could a novelist have a more exciting and heroic story than the wreck of the Birkenhead? He knew of no more sublime victory ever achieved by British valour. (Cheers.) Or could a romance writer in after years have a better or more wondrous hero than that of the individual who at twenty years of age wrote *Vivian Grey*, and a little while afterwards *The Wondrous Tale of Alroy;* who then explained to a breathless and listening world the mystery of the great Caucasian theory (a laugh); who then went into politics, faced, fought, and conquered, the great political giant of these days, and who subsequently led Thanes and Earls to battle, while he caused reluctant squires to carry his lance. What a hero would not that be for some future novelist, and what a magnificent climax for the third volume of his story, when he led him, in his gold coat of office, to kiss the Queen's hand as the Chancellor of the Exchequer. (Laughter and cheers.)

Other toasts were then proposed and drank, and the party broke up.

PROGRESS OF ASSOCIATION.

MR. DISRAELI AND THE AMALGAMATED ENGINEERS.

WE direct the attention of our readers to the following report of an important meeting of Trades' Delegates, which took place at the Bell Inn, Old Bailey, on Wednesday night, to hear a report from a deputation who had, according to appointment, waited upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer, at his official residence, in Downing-street, on Saturday last, to call his attention to the recent conduct of employers of operative engineers.

Mr. J. Pettie, secretary to the Trades' Conference, reported that the deputation had been courteously received by Mr. Disraeli, to whom it was stated that they waited on him as a leading minister of a cabinet which had professed its wish to protect, as far as possible, the interests of British industry, and to do justice to all parties. They had pointed out the advantages connected with the existence of Trades' Societies, the Act of Parliament which gave them a legal existence, and the mode in which they conceived the master engineers had subverted that Act, by requiring men in their employment formally to renounce all connexion with Trades' Societies by signing a declaration to that effect, a copy of which was supplied by the deputation. The deputation stated further, that intense anxiety was felt throughout the Trades' Societies of the country generally in reference to this matter, it being feared that the "declaration" might be adopted by employers in other trades, so as to strike at the existence of Trades' Societies at large. The deputation, in conclusion, laid before the Chancellor of the Exchequer a copy of a petition which is about to be presented to the House of Commons, praying for inquiry into the conduct of the master engineers, to which they requested his support, and that of his colleagues in the Government, and his influence with the House of Commons.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in reply, admitted that the conduct of the master engineers was subversive of the spirit of the law, and that the deputation, in their petition, had adopted the right course of procedure. He should himself have proposed something of the kind. He would give the petition his most serious attention, and when presented to the House, consider it both as a member of the House and a minister; for the deputation were right in supposing that he and his colleagues in the Government intended to protect the interests of the British workmen, and to do justice to all classes.

The report was received without discussion.

NADAUD, THE MASON REPRESENTATIVE TO THE FRENCH ASSEMBLY.

WE readily insert the following address to the masons of the United Kingdom, which has been forwarded to us by the Committee:—

FELLOW WORKMEN,—We need not offer an apology for bringing the present address before you. The object in which we are engaged is one in which we truly think every mason in the United Kingdom ought to feel interested. As the heading of our remarks announce Nadaud, the mason representative, it is on his behalf we wish to enlist your warmest sympathy—not merely the sympathy of condoling words, but that noble and more enduring sympathy which resolves itself into generous actions—actions which live through all time, and which imprint never to be effaced impressions on the minds of both recipients and donors.

The name of him for whom we plead is spread world-wide; amongst the operatives of France his name has become a household word in conjunction with those principles which will eventually revolutionize the world, place labour in its true position, and man in his true social state.

Nadaud, an operative mason, by industry and sobriety was enabled, prior to 1848, to become proprietor of one of the largest eating-houses in Paris frequented by the working classes, and after the revolution in February of that year thousands of working men were thrown idle, and all the masons nearly of Paris amongst the number. Did Nadaud withdraw, as it were, within himself, for he had capital at command? No, no; not so. He did an act which should enshrine his name and memory in the minds of all those who live by toil—he generously gave all he had, and that was no small sum, to "feed the hungry and clothe the naked;" they, in return, whatever they could become honestly possessed of, brought into the one exchequer, and they had all things in common, and, by his zeal and honesty, thousands were kept from starving. Acts so nobly performed raised him in the estimation of his fellow-men, and, as a proof of the feelings which animated them, they elected him a representative to the National Assembly of France. Well did he merit the distinction they had placed upon him, and honestly did he perform the duties of a representative of the people; but a more gloomy day was in store for France, and her noblest sons, having committed no crime except contending for the rights of man (if that be a crime), some were most brutally massacred, others banished to the wild wastes of Lambissa or the swamps of Cayenne without having had the chance of a trial. This is done by Louis Napoleon and the moneyed class of France to prevent the working classes from justly organizing labour. Nadaud was amongst the latter number, banished for life to Cayenne; but they sold the hide before they skinned the bear—he slipped through their fingers, crossed the frontiers into Belgium, from thence to England, and he is now amongst us a stranger in a strange land, an exile from the home of his fathers, perhaps never more to return.

When kings, princes, and fallen statesmen seek the shores of England as an asylum from the vengeance that is pursuing them, does not the king-class and the aristocracy of this country give them a cordial welcome? Can we do less with one of our own class? We think not. But apart from anything like political sympathy, on the broad grounds of humanity we have a right to assist him; he is one of our own craft, and is it not a patent fact, that no profession in the world, irrespective of creed or clime, have such fraternal feelings as masons! Let us not, on the present occasion, forfeit such a noble principle.

There is a committee formed for getting up a subscription for this patriotic exile, and we wish it not to be confined to London, or any one portion of the country, but that each and all in connexion with the trade should have an opportunity of expressing their deepest sympathy with true nobility in misfortune. The committee are desirous that the patriotic feelings of the trade shall be drawn forth on the present occasion.

The committee sit every Friday evening, at the "Craven Head," Drury-lane, to which place all communications must be addressed. Subscriptions from the country are to be sent either in Post-office orders or postage stamps, made payable at the Lambeth Post-office, to

JOSEPH TURNER, *Secretary.*
13, Walcot-square, Kennington-road, Lambeth.
(By order of the Committee)
SAMUEL JONES, *Chairman.*
JOSEPH TURNER, *Secretary.*
HENRY CHAPEL, *Treasurer.*

CO-OPERATIVE LEAGUE SOIREE.

AT the soirée of the Coöperative League in the Craven Hotel, on Tuesday, Dr. Travis presiding, the paper of the evening was by Mr. Charles Bray, who came over from Coventry to read it. The subject was "Mind in connexion with Organization, and Character in relation to Institutions." The author took as his basis the main doctrines of phrenology, showing that the development of character depended on the cultivation, moral and physical; which, in the progress of mankind, has been noted to modify the actual conformation of the head, by the enlargement of the intellectual and moral organs. At the present day, the larger number of mankind are too little cultivated as to the superior faculties, too much under the dominion of selfish instincts, for full union in any complete social system; hence the failure of past experiments. Hence, too, the undue value attached to wealth and worldly prosperity, rather than to worth, and to a true æsthetical happiness. But, besides the general advance of science and art, Association itself, carried out in any degree at present practicable, affords an admirable school for cultivating the unselfish faculties. In spite of a temporary indisposition, Mr. Bray expounded his doctrine in a way highly impressive. In the discussion which ensued, Mr. Vansittart Neale showed, with much clearly expressed elaboration, how Mr. Bray seemed to him to have unduly slighted the practical and material portion of the subject, and had underrated the results of the efforts hitherto made. The same feeling seemed to pervade the other speakers in an animated discussion—Mr. Lloyd Jones, Mr. Corss, Mr. Thornton Hunt, and Mr. W. H. Ashurst. But, in reply, Mr. Bray showed that the impression was derived chiefly from the incompleteness which the necessary brevity had given to his exposition. The room was filled with an excellent audience, including several ladies, and all evinced an active interest in the discussion.

HENRY MAYHEW AND THE SILK WEAVERS.

OWING to an oversight, we omitted to notice in our last a meeting of silk weavers, which took place last week in Spitalfields. It was convened by the Trade Society for the Protection of Native Industry. We recur to it for the sake of the following speech, which our readers will be glad to see delivered by Mr. Henry Mayhew, and which was as follows:—

GENTLEMEN,—I meant to have spoken to you at some length this evening, but time will not permit me to do so now; but it is my duty to learn, as well as to hope to teach. I have heard enough to know that every man who wishes well to this country must nail his colours to the mast. I commenced my inquiries into the state of the working classes, being at the time an inveterate Free-trader. I began those inquiries among men who gave me the first shock (hear, hear). The conclusion I arrive at is, that there is a system which degenerates the working classes from their natural position. I find that the boot-making trade is cut up, that men are starving, and that from the same reason—the foreign boots are largely imported; and the system involves this—that that work is wrested from the English workmen which they have a right to expect to have! Then I go to the cabinet-makers. Here I find a greater state of destitution. I find the man labouring from early morn to the last gleaming of light. I speak of those who are called "slop cabinet-makers," who make the fancy writing-desks, and who are brought into competition with the French trader. I see every Saturday some poor fellow with his load upon his back, carrying it to what is most significantly called "the slaughter-house." I know this was brought about by the unrestricted importation of foreign labour. Again, I saw the case of the needlewomen. I now come, and will come again, to make it out to the working classes that if they choose to give an opinion, that they are for the unrestricted importation of foreign labour, or for unlimited license—if the working classes are for that, they must expect to be shipped out of the country as live ballast—as men whose free emigration is the only hope for you. Now what are the statistics of the working classes? How many are there? According to my calculation there are at the present moment 4,500,000 people who work for their livelihood—living upon wages. Thus, out of the people, amounting to 21,000,000, there are only 8,000,000 occupied; the remainder of the population consists of the wives and other persons who do not pursue employments, and who are not returned in the census. Then there are 4,500,000 in the country who have to work for their livelihood. Is there, I ask, sufficient labour in the country to employ the whole of these? The facts of the case are these—though there are no positive or definite returns to go upon, that there is only sufficient work at this time to constantly employ one-third, or only 1,500,000; another one-third is employed only half of their time; and the other one-third, or 1,500,000, get no work at all, except occasional employment from the sickness or the absence of the others. My inquiries fully bear out this fact; yet the Free traders tell you that you are in a state of extreme prosperity, and that you have been so for two or three years. It is only two or three years since I began my inquiry, and no person has dared to deny what I have stated. I said at the meeting of tailors, let Cobden, if he has a soul, accompany me, and I will take him to a place where I will tear it out of him. I will show him such scenes of misery as shall prove the best appeal to the alleged cheap bread and the increased consumption. I will show him those cases of misery, where the means of existence is merely dry bread and tea-leaves from year to year. People were working at convicts' trousers, at 2*d.* per pair. Will he say that there shall be thousands doing this daily, despite of this abundance of

food? I am told that pauperism has decreased—that crime has decreased. I deny it. I take the last ten years, and I say that since free trade commenced, the crime of the country has been greater than it was before. I will not depend on my memory, for I have the facts in my pockets, and I will read you the tables. In 1811, the number of criminals or crimes to every 10,000 of the people were as 5; in 1812 it rose to 6; in 1813 it was 6; and so it went on gradually up to 1820, when it was 12; in 1821, it was 10; in 1830, it was 13 in every 10,000; in 1831, it was 14; in 1840, it was 17; in 1841, it was 17; in 1842, it was 19; in 1843, it was 18; in 1844, it was 16; in 1845, it was 14; in 1846, it was 14; in 1847, it was 16; in 1848, it was 17: then it fell to 12; last year it was 13 or 15. So that you see, if I take the other years, though under years of protection and scarcity, in 1838 they were 30, and in 1850, 15. But although crime in the last two years has decreased, and though pauperism has decreased, still there are outlets for crime and pauperism which are not understood by the generality of the community. I happened to be in the country a little time back, and it astonished me to find in a town with a population of 20,800, that no less than 11,000 vagabonds passed through the town in thirteen weeks. We have large classes known in the metropolis as the people of the streets. I called them street people! What was now the effect of free-trade upon them? I know that the last year was the worst they had ever passed, that there was greater misery among them. This is the outlet from the prison, and the safety-valve from the poor-house; because, if men do not find employment from their trade, they go to the workhouse; and what do the guardians do? They give these persons the means to trade in the street, in order to keep them out of the workhouse. To the inquiry, have the street traders increased since free trade was adopted, they say, we do not know from whence the numbers come year by year. You are told that it is much better that you should take your goods from the foreigner, and that he will take your goods in return. But if you employ the people at home, they will do something. He consumes the taxed articles, and contributes his quota to the country; but does the foreigner do this? The foreigner contributes not one sixpence. No, he contributes not one farthing. Let us put a supposed case for free-trade. Suppose that a Free-trader went to the Duke of Bedford, the proprietor of Covent-garden, and he was satisfied that it was unjust to impose a tax upon fruit—that the cheaper vegetables and fruit were, the greater blessing to the people; that therefore no tolls should be imposed; and suppose the Duke of Bedford consented to this doctrine, and suppose he said, "I think it right that no tolls shall be levied on this market." But suppose this arrangement carried out, what would the people say who keep shops, and who pay high rates for their shops? Would they not find themselves undersold by those who paid no tolls? Would they not go to the Duke of Bedford, and say, "I must remove, or you must cut down your rental, or it will be impossible to compete with others who have not these rents to pay?' Now, every person who is an occupier pays 6*l.* 10s. towards the expenses of the state. The general taxation of the country amounts, at least, to 70,000,000*l.* The sum raised by the revenue is 52,500,000*l.* This is the general taxation, in the shape of customs, excise, property and income tax, stamps, and assessed taxes; but this is not all—there is the local taxation. These local imposts amount to 15,000,000*l.*, including county rates, poor rates, sewer rates, church rates, and tolls collected on market days. Then come the Church benefices, which you must support. You now get 52,500,000*l.* and 14,500,000*l.*, and you want but 3,000,000*l.*, even say the Church costs no more—a large amount goes into the hands of laymen. There are 70,000,000*l.* to be paid by the people. There are, at the outside, taking England, Ireland, and Scotland, of occupying persons, they being the only class who can pay taxation, 10,000,000. Therefore if you divide 70,000,000*l.* of taxation by the population, it leaves every occupying man with 7*l.* per annum, and how, then, is it possible for us to compete with the artisans abroad? (Cheers.)

GOLD GATHERING AND WOOL-GATHERING.

THE unprecedented state of Victoria (late Port Philip) in the Australian gold region continues to elicit bursts of comment from the journals and the public. We must have emigrants if you want any wool supplies is the cry from that distressed part of the world where gold gathering has superseded wool-gathering. The yield of gold is represented at 20,000 ounces a week, and upwards of 1,000,000*l.* sterling has found its way into the banks, not less than 660,000*l.* reaching England. The following letters from the *Times* may be taken in connexion with a resolution printed below, and passed at a meeting of persons engaged in the woollen and worsted trades on Wednesday at Leeds, as illustrative of the grievance and the remedy.

"Melbourne, Jan. 27.

"The South Australians are crowding here in such numbers that Adelaide bids fair soon to be a deserted city. The people are flying from it as from a pestilence. The captain of the *Unknown* assures me the people were on the quay when he was leaving, holding their hands out, containing their passage-money; offering to put up with any accommodation if he would but bring them. Our town is now so crammed that the new comers are obliged to camp out; and from my counting-house window I can see, across the Yarra Yarra, tents, horses, carts, and people, all intent upon the diggings. Launceston, Hobart Town, Sydney, and even California, one and all, are pouring their gold-seekers in day by day.

"Gold ranges about 60*s.* this week. Wool firmer than ever.

"What will the Nuggets grow to? The one I sent you, weighing 1¾lb., was thought well of till the 5lb. lump threw it into the shade; and now the latter in its turn has to give place to a magnificent specimen which arrived in town yesterday morning, as big as a man's foot, and weighing 27lb. some odd ounces. A publican bought it at 80*s.* per ounce."

"Port Philip, Jan. 14.

"I observe that the price of tallow is very fluctuating in London. You will have a very deficient supply from this colony henceforth. The gold-digging mania is still raging. This colony is rapidly draining the adult population from all the surrounding colonies, but they all go off at once to the diggings. If our colonial wool is of any value or profit to England, you must send us out immediately a large amount of emigration."

The resolution was as follows:—

"That a very large proportion of the wool in which the industry of the West Riding is employed is derived from the several Australian colonies; that the supply will inevitably be very seriously affected in consequence of the large transfer of labour from sheep-farming to gold-getting, unless effectual measures can be taken in this country to render the surplus labour available to meet the probable deficiency."

A very influential deputation was appointed, including persons in Leeds, Bradford, Huddersfield, Halifax, Keighley, Dewsbury, and Rochdale, to go to London and have an interview with the Colonial Secretary, and the two members for the West Riding, and the members for the boroughs in the said riding are to be requested to accompany the deputation.

The following is an extract from a letter dated Sydney, January 27:—"The Yankees will soon get masters of this market if we do not get a better line of ships or steam-communication between here and England. The first clipper-ship from the United States arrived here last week. She left Boston five days after the news of our discovery was known, and made the passage here in 95 days, bringing news from England up to the 4th of October, whilst by the direct way we have no later dates than the 18th of September. A portion of her cargo consisted of 'wooden buckets' for the miners. I think we shall soon be sufficiently supplied with this article direct from America. Please, therefore, not to send us any buckets of this description."

THE ICE-BOUND SHIPS.

MR. VINCENT PAPPALARDE, Consul, &c., at Portsmouth, forwarded to the *Times*, of Monday, the following interesting intelligence of the ships reported to have been seen by the captain and crew of the *Renovation*, as detailed in the examination of Captain Coward, before the Venetian authorities on the 4th inst.

The questions put to Captain Coward and answered by him, were as follows:

"1. On what date did you see two vessels on an iceberg floating with the current or wind?—On the 17th of April, 1851.

"2. At what time did you see the two ship, and in what latitude and longitude?—I do not remember the hour, but it was in latitude 45 50 N., longitude 52 W., by account.

"3. Of what rig were the two ships; what spars and sails set, and the colour of the masts and spars?—They were full-rigged ships. I do not remember what spars they had. Could not distinguish the colour of their masts, being covered with ice.

"4. How far were they from you when you passed them, and did you see any one on board?—About five or six miles. I did not see any one.

"5. Of what tonnage do you think they were, and of what colour were the hulls?—I should say one was about 600 or 700 tons, the other much smaller, say about 350, or so, but they were so covered with ice it was almost impossible to guess their size.

"6. Did they seem anything like whalers, or had they any appearance of the *Erebus* and *Terror*?—They seemed like whalers. I know nothing of the appearance of the *Erebus* and *Terror*.

"7. Did you remember at the time that the British Government and Lady Franklin offered a heavy sum of money to the first person that could give any intelligence about the missing ships *Erebus* and *Terror*, or any of their crew?—I did not know of the circumstance, or if I did I had forgotten it.

"8. How was the weather when you saw the said ships, and of what size was the iceberg on which they were floating, or rather wrecked?—The weather was clear. The iceberg I should suppose to be about one mile and a half or two miles.

"9. Why did you not approach nearer the two ships, or send a boat as near as possible, if it was practicable?—It was blowing fresh, and the ship was surrounded with icebergs, and I wanted to get away from them whilst the weather was clear; and, also, I was very unwell, and could not stay any length of time on deck.

"10. To what direction were the icebergs floating, and how was the wind at the time?—They seemed to be setting to the S.E.; the wind was about N.E.

"11. Who has seen the two ships besides yourself, from those on board the *Renovation*?—The chief mate, a passenger of the name of Lynch, and, I believe, all the crew.

"12. Does the log-book of the *Renovation* allude to this circumstance, and where is that logbook now?—The logbook does not allude to the circumstance, and it is now in my possession.

"13. Who kept the logbook at the time?—Mr. Robert Simpson, chief mate.

"14. Do you think the two vessels in question were seen by any other ship sailing in the same track as you did?—I really cannot say; but we never saw any vessels on the passage until we were in the Gulf of St. Lawrance.

"15. In fine, will you relate anything else you may know on this subject, to alleviate the anxiety of the public in general?—I have nothing more to say, except, at the time we saw them, I thought they were wrecked Greenlandmen, and, if there had been any one alive on board, we should have seen them with the glass, and of course acted differently. "EDWARD COWARD,

"Master of the *Renovation*.

"Venice, May 4, 1852.

"A true copy of the original,

"V. PAPPALARDE.

"Portsmouth, May 10."

Copies of the above have been forwarded by Mr. Pappalarde to the Admiralty, Port-Admiral, and his diplomatic principals in town.

NINETY-TWO LIVES LOST IN COAL MINES!

INTELLIGENCE reached Bristol on Tuesday of a terrific coal-pit accident which occurred on Monday in the Aberdare Valley, Glamorganshire, South Wales, and by which no fewer than sixty-four lives have been sacrificed. This valley is completely studded with coal pits, and the colliery in which this dreadful accident happened is known as the Duffryn Pit, Cwm Bach, near Aberdare. It is the property of Mr. Thomas Powell, of the Gaer, one of the largest coal owners in the United Kingdom. It seems that at the time the accident occurred there were 92 men at work in the pit. and everything proceeded in its accustomed order and regularity, when suddenly a tremendous explosion was heard by those surrounding the mouth of the pit, and the utmust consternation and alarm was at once excited. The dreadful news spread throughout the neighbourhood with the utmost celerity, and the works were speedily surrounded by several hundred people, consisting of the immediate relatives and friends of the miners who were at work at the time in the pit. Inquiries were at once instituted, and after the lapse of some time a communication was effected with the survivors, when it appeared that a tremendous explosion of fire-damp had taken place, but which fortunately did not extend to the whole of the works in the mine, otherwise all the 92 men in the pit must have lost their lives. Although the sacrifice of life in this melancholy instance has been enormous, it was at first feared that 87 had perished, as after a lengthened period only five men were extricated from the pit. After some time, however, more men were drawn out, and it was finally ascertained that the deaths amounted in number to 64. Neither the amount of damage done to the works nor the precise cause of the accident has as yet been ascertained, but the cause is attributed to carelessness on the part of some one or other of the men, as they were all properly supplied with Davy lamps. It is well known that in these Welsh collieries the men are often extremely foolhardy, long habit has rendered them perfectly regardless of risk, and they frequently open their lamps either for the sake of lighting their pipes or other purposes. This is supposed to have been the case in this instance, and of course the flame, coming in contact with the stream of fire-damp, would instantaneously cause the explosion.

But it is not only fire-damp which destroys life in collieries; water is not less destructive. The scene of the next catastrophe which we have to record is at the Gwendraeth Colliery, distant three miles and a-half from Llanon village, and a mile from Pembrey, in the upper part of the Gwendraeth Vale. On Monday evening the colliers, to the number of about 28, were at work, and everything appeared to go on as usual, when, about 10 o'clock at night, while busily engaged at their work, the water suddenly broke in upon the colliers. The irruption appears to have been so sudden, that the poor fellows had no time to escape. The pit was almost instantaneously filled, and the men all drowned, with the exception of one man, who availed himself of the aid of the machinery in operation to effect his escape. Many of the men have left large families behind them unprovided for.

Adding these 92 to the 22 killed at Durham, and the 10 near Wigan, we have 122 lives lost by fire-damp within a fortnight!

MISCELLANEOUS.

Her Majesty will hold a privy Council this day, at Buckingham Palace.

The Queen's birthday was kept on Thursday. The houses of the royal tradesmen, and the club houses of the West End, were brilliant with gas-lights. There was, of course, a drawing-room at St. James's, and State banquets given by Ministers.

Sir Fitzroy Kelly has fulfilled his promise to become a landed proprietor of Suffolk by purchasing the Chauntry estate near Ipswich.

Political gossip, speaking through the medium of the *Belfast News Letter*, says—"We have been informed, on the best authority, that Lord Glengall is about to be appointed to the Governor-Generalship of India, vice Lord Dalhousie."

The Right Hon. David Boyle, of Shewalton, has resigned the conjoint offices of Lord Justice General of Scotland and Lord President of the Court of Session, which he has held since the retirement of the late Right Hon. Charles Hope, of Granton, in 1841.

The *Exeter Gazette* asserts that the Earl of Mount Edgecumbe has addressed a letter to the Conservatives and agriculturists, urging them to "support Lord Derby." One of his reasons is, that the choice of governments "does not now rest between Lord Derby and the Whigs, but between him and Lord John Russell, united with Mr. Cobden and the ultra-radicals."

Sir James Graham has addressed a striking letter to the electors of Carlisle. It speaks of the difficulty of finding "a Protectionist without disguise;" and he sees that while a longing for a corn-law lingers in the counties, in the House "the last shadow of Protection seems to have vanished in a Militia Bill." He happily calls the budget speech "The official homage paid to truth;" but he points out how Mr. Disraeli daily shifts his ground, and that his latest declaration is one for Protection. Altogether, he thinks the balance inclines towards a reversal of Free-trade, and he urges free-trade electors to ask all candidates "Are you a supporter of Lord Derby's Government?" as a test. "For myself," he says, "I will make no professions. My public life for the last thirty-four years is before you. I am a Free-trader; a Reformer; a sincere member of the Established Church; a constant friend of civil and religious liberty; and, I must add, with pain, that I am an opponent of Lord Derby's Government."

The glass-makers of Birmingham made a demonstration on the 30th of April, to testify their estimate of the value of the services of Mr. George Dawson, M.A., in the cause of Hungary. They did this by meeting in the Odd Fellows Hall, and presenting to him a token of their respect and affection in the shape of a large and handsome glass cup, and also the flag which bore his name on the great and memorable Kossuth demonstration. The meeting was very hearty. We regret to notice that Mr. Apsley Pellatt, of London, refused to attend because William Newton, the able spokesman for the oppressed engineers, had been invited! It is as gratifying to see this interchange of courtesies between working men and independent leaders like George Dawson, as it is painful to read of what we may call the œconomical bigotry of a man like Mr. Apsley Pellatt, who occupies a leading position among the Radicals of Southwark.

Mr. W. H. Murray, late of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, died on Thursday week, at St. Andrew's, in his 63rd year.

Dr. Maclure, formerly head master of the All Souls' and St. Marylebone District School, in union with King's College, London, has been appointed by the Crown, Regius Professor of Humanity in Marischal College, Aberdeen.

Lord John Russell presided over the annual meeting of the British and Foreign School Society on Monday. Lord Carlisle moved, and Lord Ebrington seconded, the adoption of the report.

Prince Albert, on Tuesday, laid the foundation stone of certain new buildings about to be erected in Victoria-street, Westminster, for the purpose of affording increased accommodation of the training masters and mistresses in connexion with the Society for Promoting the Education of the Poor. The Archbishop of Canterbury read prayers on the occasion, and the Bishop of London invited the Prince to lay the stone.

The Museum of Ornamental Manufactures, consisting chiefly of articles purchased from the Exhibition of 1851, will be opened to the public on Wednesday, the 19th of May, at Marlborough House. The Queen will lend the shield ascribed to Benevenuto Cellini, now in the Royal collection at Windsor, to the department for the purpose of comparison with the modern metal works exhibited; and she will make several presents to the museum. On the same occasion the annual exhibition of the works of the students will take place, and a course of lectures upon the principles of design, illustrated by the works in this museum, will be given by Mr. Owen Jones in the month of June.

"Protestantism" had a field-day at Exeter Hall on Wednesday, when the Earl of Roden reviewed the forces of the Protestant Association. The nature of the meeting may be guessed from the fact that his lordship presided; that Sir John Paul, the Reverend Dr. M'Neill, and Dr. Cumming, were among the speakers. Epithets of the tavern order were liberally dealt in—"miserable impurities of the wretched breviary," "prying, prurient probings of the dark confessional," "Papal insolence," &c. &c. "The question of the day was the question of the Protestant Association." It was confessed that the intention of the anti-Maynooth party was to raise a "No Popery" cry.

A police bureau is constituted, under the direct supervision of the Emperor of Austria, with Field-Marshal Lieut. Kempen at its head.

The Emperor of Russia arrived at Vienna, on the 8th of May. The Empress left him at Cassel, and with her suite accompanied her brother, the King of Prussia, by the train for Breslau and Berlin.

The mother of Kossuth and a number of his relatives, sixteen in all, arrived at Prague, four days ago, on their way to England. Another report says, that the party are going to the United States.

A letter from Hamburgh, dated the 4th, says:—"Yesterday morning, at early tide, a division of fifteen vessels, containing 2377 German emigrants, left our port. Of these 1002 were for New York, 835 for Canada, and 540 for New Orleans."

The University of Berlin celebrated, a few days ago, the fiftieth anniversary of the nomination to the degree of Doctor of M. Lichtenstein, the celebrated naturalist, who since the foundation of the university, in 1810, has occupied the chair of zoology. Three busts of M. Lichtenstein were inaugurated—one in the grand gallery of the university, one in the Zoological Museum, and the third in the Zoological Garden of Berlin. Baron Von Humboldt delivered a speech to the professors and students, in which he detailed at great length the scientific labours of M. Lichtenstein. Some days before the ceremony, M. Lichtenstein, who is remarkable for his modesty, left Berlin for Trieste, from whence he was to proceed to Alexandria.

This year, 1852, the Royal Academy of Swedon has caused its annual medal to be struck to the memory of the celebrated Swedenborg, one of its first members. The medal, which has already been distributed to the Associates, has, on the obverse, the head of Swedenborg, with, at the top, the name, *Emanuel Swedenborg*; and underneath, *Nat.* 1688. *Den.* 1772. And on the reverse, a man in a garment reaching to the feet, with eyes unbandaged, standing before the temple of Isis, at the base of which the goddess is seen. Above is the inscription: *Tantoque exsultat alumno:* and below, *Miro naturæ investigatori socio quond. æstimatiss Acad. reg. Scient .Soec. MDCCCLII.*

The Great Western Railway have established in connexion with all their trains, express omnibuses that convey passengers and their luggage from Paddington to the city without stopping, at shilling fares.

A pretty yacht race came off on Wednesday, between Blackwall and Gravesend. The boats, belonging to the Prince of Wales' Yacht Club, commodore Mr. Berncastle, varied from six to eight tons burden. The distance was done by the *Valentine*, eight tons, in 5 hours 5 minutes 48 seconds. Wind W.S.W., rain falling, with squalls.

Mrs. Chisholm has arrived in Cork.

Dr. Newman, president of the intended Roman Catholic University, delivered the first of a series of lectures on "University Education," before a very numerous and respectable audience, on Monday, at the Dublin Rotunda.

Another "Saxon," the honourable Mr. Mostyn, son of Lord Vaux, of Harrowden, has appeared as a candidate for Westmeath.

The visitation at the Cork Colleges began on Tuesday. The president, Sir Robert Lane, reported very favourably of the progress of the students. Some dispute, however, there is, between the president and the professors which promises to be interesting.

It has been resolved by the Executive Committee of the proposed National Exhibition of the Arts, Materials, and Manufactures of Ireland, to be held at Cork, next month, that in order to carry out more fully the purposes of the National Exhibition, a series of lectures be instituted in connexion therewith, to be called Exhibition Lectures, and devoted to the illustration of Irish arts, industry, and science. The sub-committee appointed to make arrangements for the lectures includes the names of Lord Bernard, Mr. James Roche, Sir Thomas Deane, the Archdeacon of Cork, Mr. Francis M. Jennings, Professor Boole, and Professor Shaw, Secretary.

The *Limerick Reporter* says:—"Father Kenyon, of Templederry, has just received a long letter from his friend John Mitchel. The letter was written in December: it affords a glowing picture of the present position and prospects of the exile and his family, who are enjoying the sweets of domestic hapiness in Van Diemen's Land. Mr. and Mrs. Mitchel and their children are all in the best health; John Martin is living with them, and his health also is greatly improved. John Mitchel has taken a large tract of land, which he is farming himself, and which affords him constant occupation. He writes in high spirits, but by no means in love with the Whigs, however; and his aspirations for the liberation of Ireland are said to be as vigorous and as constant as ever."

The *Dover Chronicle* says, that a soldier of the 67th depôt, quartered at Dover Heights Barracks, while confined at the guard house on Monday night last, confessed to the serjeant of the guard being the murderer of the late Lord Norbury, in Ireland, some ten years since, at noonday, in his park. The man stated that he shot the unfortunate nobleman, and gave a detailed account of the murder (which the serjeant very properly committed to writing in the presence of two men of the guard); and as he comes from the locality in which the murder was perpetrated, there is a probability of the truth of his admissions. He adds that he entered the army after committing the deed. The man is now in very close confinement in the guard-house, at the Western Heights, awaiting the results of inquiries which have been set on foot.

The usual telegraphic despatches from Trieste, dated the 13th inst., arrived in London yesterday. The dates from Bombay are to the 17th of April. The troops for Burmah were all embarked by the 30th of March. The whole force was to unite before Rangoon on the 5th of April, and Rangoon was expected to be in our possession by the 10th of the same month.

The *New Orleans Crescent* says, that one of the returned Cuban prisoners affirms that Lopez was not garotted at Havana, and that he is still confined in a dungeon in that town.

As Kossuth, in his progress through the States, receded from the Atlantic coast, rumours became rife that the Yankees were becoming disgusted with him; that he had insulted Henry Clay; that prosperity had made him insolent and overweening; in short, that his cause was injured rather than served by his advocacy. Since he came eastward again, applause has followed and calumny lagged behind him. His latest victory over the Yankee Absolutists and the Jesuit press was at Faneuil Hall, Boston. A military escort was allotted to him, and he reviewed the troops. In his progress through the Eastern States he has been as triumphant as ever. In proof of which, we observe that the Senate and Assembly of the State of New York, through Governor Washington Hunt, have invited him to visit them again before he quits the States for Europe.

A despatch from Sir Henry Smith, dated Camp, Blinkwater, March 17, 1852, appeared in the *Gazette* of Tuesday. Sir Henry acknowledges the despatch from England "of the 14th January last, intimating to me that her Majesty's Government had deemed it an unavoidable duty to relieve me from my present position; that my Sovereign had approved of the measure, and that my successor was immediately to leave England." He states, however, that the preparations were so far advanced that he deemed it his duty to carry them out; and he proceeds to narrate his acts up to the 17th, which had resulted in the clearing of the Waterkloof, Blinkwater, and Fuller's Hock. Having done this, he proceeds to report upon the conduct of the burghers as follows:—

"I deeply regret, for the credit of the frontier inhabitants, to report that only 200 burghers from the district of Somerset, 200 from Cradock, and 33 from Graham's Town, have responded to my command. They first objected to the volunteer system which I offered to their loyalty. They then requested to be commanded to turn out. Their shuffling conduct is melancholy. There are many loyal and energetic men who do not fall under this censure, especially the burghers of Albert, under Mr. Cole, who, although they have not turned out on this last occasion, having been only just dismissed after a long and harassing though successful inroad over the Upper Kéi, have done right good service during the war."

In winding up his last despatch, he gives unsparing praise to the chief among his subordinate officers.

An extensive fire destroyed a "seed factory," and injured other warehouses, in a place called the "Grove," Southwark.

Mr. James Finch, a retired farmer, of Winchcomb, near Cheltenham, who had reached the age of seventy, put a period to his existence on Saturday morning—first, by cutting his throat, and then by climbing into a large plum-tree, at the top of his garden, and there hanging himself.

The following absurd paragraph appeared in a morning paper:—Letters have been received from Fernando Po, to the 7th of February last, stating that the *Banshee*, Captain Blacklock, had arrived there at the above date, and reported the death of Archibond Duke, King of Old Calabar. The *Banshee* would convey Mr. Beecroft, her Majesty's Consul, to Old Calabar, as serious apprehensions were entertained *in connexion with the payment of the King's debts.*

A young man, named Richard Ambler, was tried at the Middlesex sessions on Wednesday, for attempting to violate a young girl of 18. She had been brought to his house by a Harriet Berrington, the daughter of a clergyman, seduced by Ambler, and who had been for some time in the habit of taking young and guileless girls to Ambler's house and leaving them in his hands. In the present case, the stout resistance of the girl defeated his vile intent; and he was very properly sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment with hard labour.

HEALTH OF LONDON DURING THE WEEK.

THE official report says:—In the week that ended last Saturday the number of deaths registered in the metropolitan districts was 972. In the ten corresponding weeks of 1842-51 the average number of deaths was 898, which, if raised in proportion to increase of population, becomes 988. The rate of mortality now prevailing, therefore, differs little from the average amount.

The gradual decline of mortality which at this season accompanies an increasing temperature is shown as follows:—In the third week of March the deaths rose to 1268; in the second week of April they fell to 1051; and in the first week of May to 972. The mean weekly temperatures that marked these several periods were 40·5 deg., 44·0 deg., and 48·1 deg.

Of the 972 persons enumerated in the present return, 498 were males and 474 females; 451 died under 15 years of age, 339 at 15 years and under 60, and 176 at 60 years and upwards. As compared with the results of the previous week, there is a decrease both in the deaths caused by epidemics taken altogether, and those by diseases of the respiratory organs, the former having declined from 232 to 193, the latter from 187 to 166. In the respective weeks, dropsy was fatal to 17 and 14 persons; cancer to 16 and 22; scrofula to 9 and 15; tabes mesenterica to 16 and 17; phthisis to 131 and 130; bronchitis to 86 and 74; pneumonia to 67 and 62. Last week six women died of puerperal fever, besides 12 others who sunk under other diseases incidental to child-bearing.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

On the 10th inst., at Colney-hatch, Middlesex, the wife of W. Charles Hood, Esq., M.D.: a son.

On the 11th inst., at No. 40, Grosvenor-square, the Countess of Verulam: a son and heir.

On the 11th inst., at Richings-park, Bucks, Lady Willshire: a daughter.

On the 11th inst., at Woolwich, the wife of Captain F. Eardley-Wilmot, R.A.: a daughter.

On the 12th inst., at 19, Belgrave-square, the Marchioness Camden: a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On the 22nd ult., at Corfu, Edward Charles Butler, H.M. 36th Regiment of Foot, A.D.C., second son of John Butler, Esq., of Kirby-house, Berks, to Francis Guadalupe Felipa Maria, eldest daughter of Sir Henry George Ward, G.C.M.G., and Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands.

On the 23rd ult., at New York, George Sargen Stringfield, of Bath, England, to Eliza Edwards, eldest daughter of the late Edward Edwards, of Folkestone, Kent, England.

On the 29th ult., at Wallhouse, William Macfarlane Wardrop, Esq., of Bridgehouse, to Helen, second daughter of the late William Downe Gillon, Esq., of Wallhouse.

On the 11th inst., at S. Peter's, Marlborough, Freeman Izod, Esq., Swallowfield, Reading, to Sarah Martha, younger daughter of Captain Price, late 36th Regiment, and Adjutant Royal Wilts Militia.

DEATHS.

On the 4th of March, off the Island of Ascension, Lieutenant-Commander Russell Patey, R.N., of her Majesty's steamer *Bloodhound*, eldest son of Lieutenant Patey, R.N., of Canford, Dorset, aged 35.

On the 11th of March, killed in action with the Caffres, at Fuller's-hock, the Hon. Henry Wrottesley, Lieutenant 43rd Light Infantry, fourth son of Lord Wrottesley, aged 23.

On the 5th inst., at his father's house, Brentwood, in the 33rd year of his age, deeply lamented, Thomas Shuttleworth Butler, M.R.C.S., assistant-surgeon in the Hon. East India Company's Service, Bombay.

On the 8th inst, at his residence, Norfolk-street, Park-lane, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Charles Rowen, K.C.B., late Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police.

On the 8th inst., Richard Cobbett, Esq., of Northumberland-street, Strand, and Esher, Surrey, in the 75th year of his age.

On the 9th inst., at Ormesby-hall, Yorkshire, Sir William Henry Pennyman, Bart., aged 88.

On the 9th inst, at Escrick-park, Paul Beilby Lord Wenlock, aged 67.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

PROFESSOR NEWMAN'S Lecture on "England's Place and Duty in Europe," appears complete in Nos. 110 and 111 of the *Leader*.

Erratum in our last.—At top of page 430, for "Verona," read "Venice."

Postscript.

SATURDAY, May 15.

THE House of Commons, last night, went into Committee on the Militia Bill. Except a little skirmishing between Lord Palmerston and the "Members for Manchester," the debate was not personal; but the resistance of the minority was not the less resolute, though displayed more in acts than words.

The ninth clause, empowering the Crown to make subdivisions of counties coterminous with the superintendent registrars' district, for the more conveniently apportioning the quotas of men to be furnished, was passed after a short conversation.

The tenth clause, providing for voluntary enlistment, gave rise to a discussion on the introduction of words proposed by the Government, requiring the volunteers to be resident in, or in the neighbourhood of, the county for which they volunteered, which was carried in the affirmative by 84 against 41 votes; a second division took place on an amendment proposed by Sir H. Verney, to omit the words authorizing the payment of a bounty, which was lost by 95 to 55, and the clause was passed.

On the eleventh clause, under which the Secretary of State is empowered to make regulations as to the bounty to be paid to volunteers, Mr. Secretary WALPOLE intimated that Government expected to raise the men at the rate of 3*l.* per man if paid in one sum for the five years' service, or a periodical payment of 2*s.* a month; but it was to be left to them to decide as to the amount below the proposed maximum of 6*l.*, how it should be paid, and what security should be taken for the attendance of the men when wanted; and in reply to Mr. MOWATT, he added, that if a man who had received the bounty was not forthcoming on due notice, he would be treated as a deserter, and, on conviction, be liable to a fine of 10*l.*, or imprisonment. Mr. RICH entered into a calculation to show that by forming an army of reserve, composed of regular soldiers after twelve years' service, 14,000 effective troops might be had, always available. He moved an amendment, that the bounty to militiamen should in no case exceed that given to men enlisting in the regular army, which was negatived on a division by 164 to 99 votes. Another division was taken on the question of filling up the blank, fixing the maximum of bounty at 6*l.*, which resulted in favour of Government, the numbers being 186 to 80. The clause, together with clauses 12 and 13, having passed, the further consideration of the Bill was postponed till Monday.

Earlier in the evening, Sir JOHN PAKINGTON, in reply to Mr. MASTERMAN, admitted that repeated complaints had been received from the Australian colonies of inconvenience resulting from the desertion of seamen, the drain on labour, and other evils consequent on the recent discoveries of gold there; and stated, that in answer to applications for military assistance, the service companies of a regiment of infantry had been sent out to be distributed between Sydney and Melbourne, on the condition that the whole expense of pay, support, and barrack-room, should be borne by the colonies themselves. A ship of war had also been ordered to Melbourne, to prevent desertions from merchant ships. And in reply to a suggestion thrown out by Mr. Hume, that the want of labour in these colonies might be supplied, with great advantage to the mother country, if Government would assist the distressed Scotch weavers to emigrate there,—the right hon. gentleman added that the Colonial-office was now in communication with the Emigration Commissioners as to the mode in which the funds forwarded by the colonies to this country, to promote emigration, the present amount of which was about 200,000*l.*, could be applied most beneficially to the colonies themselves.

Mr. Secretary WALPOLE also announced, in answer to Mr. T. Duncombe, that a Bill on the subject of metropolitan interments would be introduced next week, and that the Metropolitan Water Supply Bill would be referred to a committee of the whole house. And in reference to the late colliery accidents, he stated that instructions had been given for a full investigation.

The House of Lords were engaged in a fruitless discussion on—Captain Warner's long range. A select committee was, however, appointed, on the motion of Earl Talbot.

Mr. Charles Gilpin has been defeated at Perth, by 325 to 225. The winning candidate is the Honourable Arthur Kinnaird.

Mr. Roebuck made an admirable speech at Sheffield, on Thursday. Of course, he was great upon the militia question. Supposing danger, he said it ought to be made perfectly apparent that any hostile body coming here would get more kicks than half-pence; and if we were thought to be defenceless, "all the vagabonds in Europe would be uniting together for the purpose of making a prey of this great country. Well, then," he exclaimed, "I say I am not the man to put up with such a mode of proceeding. If anybody lays his hand upon me, I will do my best to knock him down. (Laughter.) If anybody attacks England, I, frail as I am, will take up a musket or a Minié rifle." He had voted against the militia bill, and until it was shown that our present forces were insufficient, he would vote against increase of force. And then he went on:—

"But if it be made plain to me that we do want forces to defend ourselves against these projected attacks, I am prepared to vote for any force—to call out every man in the kingdom if required. (Hear, hear.) Egad, I don't know whether I would not call out the women also. (Laughter and cheers.) I will tell you what I believe is the cause of danger. There is at the present moment in France—I was going to say upon the throne, for it is pretty nearly that—a man who up to the present time has shown himself totally incapable of being bound by any ordinary principle of virtue. (Hear, hear.) Oaths have no power over him. He has broken all oaths. He has trampled down law; he has put down the constitution. (Hear, hear.) He has put an end to anything like constitutional government—the result of something like sixty years of labour to the French people—and has brought them to a state of total despotism. He has done this by means of the army—and I speak of that army well knowing the leaders of it—well knowing the history of most of its great deeds—and I know the feeling of that army is, that we are the only people in Europe that has not succumbed to the arms of France. (Hear, hear.) We were never beaten. Our capital is still the only capital of Europe that has not been entered by a French army. The very expectation and longing of their lives—the very talk of their bivouacs—is the getting to London. Why, if there was a danger of invasion for three hours, fancy what would be the effect on all the world. Remember that London is not like Paris. Paris affects France—London affects the world. (Hear.) Of the whole mercantile world, from one end to the other of Asia, Africa, America, and Europe, the heart is London. Paralyze that heart, and the arteries cease to beat. Let one incident of palsy come, and all the varied trembling lines of commerce that exist, from one end of the country to the other, would be snapped asunder. Terror, dismay, ruin, would seize millions, and against that direful calamity the statesmen of England have to be forewarned. (Cheers.) That is the view I take of this question. I love peace—I hate war. (Hear, hear.) Aggressive war I think a direful crime, as well as a calamity. Defensive war I think a great duty—("That's it")—and every Englishman, every honest man, will be ready to lift up his hand in defence of his country, and his voice against aggressive war."

The Duke of Wellington gave a grand ball last night in honour of the "coming out" of the Princess Mary of Cambridge.

The report and evidence of the Oxford University Commission (extending, with the Appendix, to 387 pages), has been presented, by her Majesty's command, to the House of Commons.

We shall hear of the Wagner case again. Notice of appeal has been given, and the case will be heard before the Lord Chancellor on the 22nd of May.

The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress entertained at the Mansion-house last evening, at dinner, the members of the common council of several of the wards, their ladies, the sheriffs and their ladies, as well as a number of private friends. Covers were laid in the Egyptian-hall for 250.

Yesterday the yachting season of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, commenced with the race for the Grand Challenge Cup. Five boats started, the *Warhawk*, 65 tons, *Musquito*, 50, *Volante*, 48, *Pauline*, 35, *Cygnet*, 35. The match lay between the *Musquito* and the *Volante*; the former, however, lost her bowsprit, in fouling the *Warhawk*, as they rounded the Nore Light, and thus left an easy victory for the *Volante*, which achieved the distance from Erith to the Nore and back in 6h. 45m. The *Volante* having thus won the cup twice, it becomes the property of her owner.

Negociations for the sale of the Crystal Palace, for 70,000*l.*, were brought to a close on Thursday, at twelve o'clock, in the building, and celebrated by a *déjeuner*, supplied from Gunter's, of which about thirty gentlemen partook, in the centre of the transept. The nominal purchaser is Mr. Francis Fuller, a member of the Executive Committee for the Great Exhibition; the real proprietors are the chairman and some of the directors of the Brighton Railway Company. The purchase, and the immediate advance of money which was necessary for its completion, will, it is understood, be followed up by the formation of a "Crystal Palace Company," and the issue of shares, which will be secured by a guarantee of six per cent. It is in contemplation to remove the palace to a site at Sydenham, which, in the opinion of the new proprietors, possesses peculiar advantages for the purpose. A new line of rails will be laid down to accommodate the increased passenger traffic which the attractions of the building are expected to create, and a short branch railway from the main line will also be necessary. It is further proposed, by a branch, to connect the South Western line with the building, and thus to afford the advantage of access from the London-bridge, Bricklayers' Arms, Waterloo, and Vauxhall termini.

The Vienna correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*, writing on the 10th of May, describes a "feast" of the Northern vultures, in which the representative of the British lion participated, as follows:—

The military parade, which is just over, was a very magnificent affair. There were not more than twenty-four battalions on the glacis, and if we reckon 700 men as the maximum of each battalion, we have in round numbers a force of 17,000 men, though to the unpractised eye there appeared to be double that number. The young Emperor, who was dressed this time in an Austrian uniform, commanded in person, and was on the ground half an hour before his illustrious guest. On the appearance of the Czar, the Austrian Emperor rode up to meet him, with sword abased. A splendid staff surrounded both sovereigns, as they subsequently galloped on the field side by side. The general officer corps was represented by the names of Windischgrätz, Jellachich, and Schlich, and the Archduke Albert, who came up from Pesth on purpose to be present. Lord Westmoreland, attired as a British general officer, rode in the immediate suite of the monarchs. The whole world was out to see the show, and wherever the Emperor of Russia passed a faint murmur of applause was heard—for, indeed, he is a fine specimen of the *genus* king. This token of approbation will doubtless be magnified into a "shout of enthusiastic applause and welcome" by the Austrian chroniclers of the day, as it has been already within my hearing. The shouts I heard were certainly faint, and anything but general. His Russian Majesty has only once appeared in public—to the great disappointment of the people, who are most eager to get a good sight of him. His second visit to the theatre will be to-night, after which, I hear, there is to be a grand military street-music serenade. To-morrow night, or at furthest Wednesday, he leaves for Prague.

There are now in London some hundreds of foreign refugees in a very destitute state—verging, in fact, on starvation. Their lamentable condition has excited the sympathies of the democratic party, and a number of gentlemen, among whom is Mr. Robert Le Blond, have formed a committee, and devised a plan for affording them relief by means of employment. It has been suggested that a register of the names of all refugees and their necessities should be made out; and in realizing this, it may be stated, that at the breaking up of the last Coöperative soirée, several influential persons present seemed heartily disposed to lend a concurrent assistance.

The Reverend J. S. Burr, of Exeter, was drowned on Tuesday in the sea. He had been bathing, and it is supposed was attacked by the cramp. His dog was found watching the clothes of his master.

Mr. Charles Dickens and his colleagues performed Sir Edward Lytton's new play in the Music-hall, Birmingham, on Wednesday and Thursday. On the first occasion the hall was full; on the second, there was a falling off, but still a good number.

Yesterday morning, at a few minutes before three o'clock, a fire broke out in the premises belonging to Mr. George Mowling, boot and shoemaker, No. 34, Featherstone-street, City-road. When discovered by the police the fire wa making such rapid progress that the inmates, consisting o Mr. and Mrs. Mowling, Mr. Flower, and two children, were scarcely able to stand on the flooring on account of the intense heat, and the smoke. The neighbours were running to and fro, endeavouring to procure ladders, but being unable the poor creatures were expected every moment to fall into the flames. The fire-escape, however, came in sight, and was cheered by the spectators. It was instantly placed in front of the burning property, when Elden, the conductor, mounted the same, and brought the whole five persons down in safety from the top of the house.

The following copy of a letter from Geelong, written by a young carpenter to his friends in Norfolk, is published in the *Times* of this morning:—

"Geelong, South Australia, Jan. 11.

"DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—Thank God, we have had our health ever since we left England, and, thank God, we are in the midst of abundance. This part is very pleasant and beautiful to the eye—the scenery is most noble; it is generally comfortably warm, and a clear atmosphere, with a cloudless sky. The soil is rich black mould; on some places on the tops of the mountains six feet deep. It is densely wooded in the valleys, and thinly scattered in the mountains, and has a noble park-like appearance—the trees standing in clumps. It is now harvest-time. This year the farmers have to get it in as they can, for they can get very little help. They offer 3*l.* an acre for reaping, and cannot tempt any one; for it appears that every man can go and dig that in gold before breakfast; and, for my part, I am earning from 1*l.* to 2*l.* per day. I am going to try my luck at the diggings; some who came out when I did have made their fortunes, and return home by the same ship they came in. I have formed one of a party of four, and have got almost all rigged and expect to go some time next week. In consequence of the diggings everything has become very dear. It costs a party of four about 100*l.* for a good outfit. It is feared the harvest will not be got in; if not, it will make things very dear indeed. There are but very few people in the town now, and what few there are left are going to the diggings; rich and poor *all go*, and their wives and families. My children, if they were there, would earn 1*l.* a-day. They grub in the dirt, and run in, 'Mother, mother, I have found some gold!' It is such a time as you would hardly imagine. People run after you begging and praying, with the money in their hands, to have you do work for them. Gold discoveries are made every day, and in greater abundance.

"Your affectionate son,

"B. TAYLOR."

The Leader.

SATURDAY, MAY 15, 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.

HOW TO REALIZE PROTECTION.

"THE problem which every Government has to solve," said Lord Derby at the Mansion-house dinner, "is, how to reconcile apparently conflicting interests, so as to give no undue advantage to one class of our fellow-citizens over another;" "the whole system of our constitution," he said afterwards, "is one great compromise;" and this was said as elucidating certain references to the benefit conferred by recent changes of commercial policy upon *consumers*; while "sight must not be lost," added Lord Derby, of "those large classes, which, unconnected with commerce, are yet an element of our strength as producers, though they are also consumers." Lord Derby therefore contemplates some compromises between producers and consumers.

The object is a just one,—at least the object *intended* by Lord Derby; for the object *stated* by him is not very intelligible. A real statesman will not feel a primary interest either in producers or consumers; but in the human beings, be they either the one or the other, without distinction; and the interests of human beings are identical in production and consumption, which are but different stages in the same process. Lord Derby, however, has overlooked the important fact, that recent commercial reforms—for reforms they are—did not deal so much with the interests of producers or consumers, as with the interests of exchangers. The freedom which was introduced into our tariff was not freedom of production or consumption, but of *trade*. Now the only direct and legitimate incentive to trade is the love of lucre: trade will do nothing for the consumer, unless the consumer will offer a profit as bonus in the transaction; it will do anything for a profit. It will bestow boundless energies on the working of a jewelled toy, which luxury makes a "well paid employment;" it slights and neglects agriculture, *the* essential business of industry, because it is *not* a well paid employment.

Trade therefore little cares to serve the interests of producers any more than of consumers: it will not distribute industry according to the vital wants of the people; it will not obtain markets for the producers of the most needful articles. It will only "supply the wants" of society in so far as those wants happen to meet the interests of trade. Bethnal-green and Paisley, large tracts of Nottinghamshire and Lancashire, nay, of Dorsetshire and Wiltshire, want more food; food-growing Dorset and Wiltshire, Somerset and Warwickshire, want more consumers; but free trade does little to enable either side to meet the other. It might be done, however, with immense gain to both sides.

Protection, assuming that free trade suffices for the consumer, professes to benefit the producer—at the expense of the consumer; and Lord Derby assumes that the compromise is inevitable. The assumption is a mistake: the consumer is interested in the largest production; the producer in the largest consumption; and the country is interested in the substantial welfare of all, call them how you will. Protection which attempts to benefit the producer by limiting production, violates every law of material welfare and progress, and permanently subserves no interest. The object is to bring consumer and producer into sincerer relations with each other; and that is quite possible.

We have before us a curious circular, given us by a friend, and issued by a tradesman in one of the suburbs, professing to supply dairy produce direct from Somersetshire. The document is interesting to us, because we are aware that in that very county of Somersetshire, a notion has spontaneously sprung up among the farmers, that the object of Protection might in some way be attained if they could establish communications direct with customers in the towns. This notion has arisen among men in no degree bookishly inclined, wholly innocent of any "Socialistic" ideas, and, in fact, totally remote from theory of every kind. There is, however, strong practical ground for their notion. The market is at present embarrassed, not *only* by competition in the ordinary sense of the word, but also by another species, not so generally taken into account. Such regulation of industry as does accrue directs its attention less to production than to *exchange;* which, as we have repeatedly shown, is not the primary and essential branch of industry, but only a secondary and auxiliary branch. The notion, therefore, is, not of multiplying products, but of obtaining "employment;" and great is the effort to "obtain employment" out of every article produced and conveyed to market. Numbers try to have a hand in it. Not a cabbage comes up to market but what twenty people endeavour to lend a hand in sowing, picking, or carrying it. Politico-œconomically, it may be said that each one of those persons is trying to take a share of said cabbage to his own maw. To the "consumer" the effect is virtually an enhancement of price; and in truth competition, which incites men to snatch at a share of employment upon a limited amount of production, instead of multiplying products, proportionately increases the cost of production. This is one element of the high prices that "rule" in England for the simplest products of the soil.* Relieved of this superfluous "employment," such articles would at once become cheaper: they would also not be clipped and adulterated by the way, if, as the farmers of Somersetshire have been thinking, consumers and producers were brought into direct relation with each other.

Now that relation would be established, if the tradesman in the London suburb were to give his customers the names and addresses of his Somersetshire producers; and to those producers the names and addresses of his suburban customers. He would not need to be afraid that he would be superseded by direct dealing; since he preoccupies the post which *any* such dealing would render necessary, and fulfils the duties, we dare to say, as œconomically as possible. The two classes for which he is the intermediary would then obtain the guarantee which each desires: the consumer would know that he was obtaining the genuine product of Somersetshire; the Somersetshire farmer would know that he had a certain connexion for whom to work.

This relation is in part established by the People's Mill at Leeds, with its 3500 proprietors, each of 1*l.* share. Here the dealer and consumer are one: the dealer has no interest except to obtain genuine goods; and the mill has a *registered* corps of customers, pledged by their own stake in it to deal with the establishment. If the organization suggested by Mr. George Pelsant Dawson, of Osgodby, in Yorkshire, were established—an organization of agricultural producers dealing collectively—and it were to deal with organizations in towns like that of the People's Mill, the whole chain of needful relations, from the producer to the consumer, would be established—the consumer would be obtaining certified articles; the producer would be working for a certain market; and the intermediary would be working in his vocation without risk or uncertainty.

We have already mentioned a plan by which this process might be adapted to the proprietary system, by means of *subscribers*, who would contribute to the capital of a dealer, and receive in return a right of visit to his warehouses or books—exactly the relation of the individual shareholders to the People's Mill. For example, a brewer in actual working might admit a number of his customers, as subscribers of a small fixed sum, to view his works; in such case, the subscribers would obtain a guarantee for the genuine quality, just price, and general fair-dealing of the brewer; the brewer would obtain a proportionate access to his capital, and a *certain* number of customers pledged to deal with him; a mutual guarantee, abolishing reciprocally the two grand uncertainties which are the curse of the dealer or producer, and of the consumer. This plan is no longer a mere matter of theory, but has actually been adopted by a new brewery company already at work in the metropolis, with every prospect of success. And the principle, most easily traced in some simple avocation, is equally applicable to the most complicated. It would, for instance, enable any number of smaller capitalists engaged in the outfitting or linendrapery trade to unite with each other and their customers, and thus to make stand against the destruction which otherwise awaits them at the hands of the mammoth capitalists. It would enable capitalists, in more than one branch of the woollen trade, to escape from the competition which even a *very* limited number of competitors cannot mitigate, and in which the destruction of one or the other becomes a mere question of time.

It is by encouraging such applications as this, by removing the impediments, that the principle of Concert would enable any real statesman, capable of seizing the opportunity of the day, to reconcile the interest of consumer and producer, and to effectuate that which Protection promised without performing; it would enable any great statesman, desirous of benefiting the producer, and especially the agricultural producer, to give relief, although Protection is justly condemned past recall. One step is made in that direction by Mr. Disraeli, when he indicates the probability that Government, reversing the order of its predecessors, will afford facilities for organization of the working classes, enabling them to concert together for the promotion of their own interests. It is a step towards the true Protection.

* To certain ready objections by the Old School political-œconomists, let us observe, that the high price cannot be due to labour, when that is cheap; nor to rent, when lands are competed for; nor to "limited field of production," while lands are but half cultivated.

THE FEAST OF EAGLES.

SEATED on the tribune in the midst of that vast scene built of human beings,—that scene which would defy the resources of the Grand opera even in its palmiest days, and presents to the world for a brief hour a reality such as John Martin might imagine—exalted in the midst of that picture painted with the human race for its pigments, sat Louis Napoleon, a silent and a thoughtful man; and he reflected.

An altar was there; for he gives back the first place to religion—perchance lest it stab him in the back. An altar, high and shining, admirably "got up," with rich carpeting, paint, gilding, adroit lath and plaster. Altars, he must have thought, can be made of lath and plaster as well as marble. Carpet bag, dressing case, and altar—modern improvements have made all these conveniences of rank portable.

The clergy approach the portable altar, true as the needle to the pole, as the vulture to the carrion. Eight hundred strong, headed by the Archbishop of Paris, successor to the Archbishop who lost his life in wildly trying to reconcile his countrymen. This one, after some qualms of conscience, sides with the stronger party; a safer course. They take their stand on the upper steps of the altar, the eagle-bearing Colonels below; so "all below is strength, and all above is grace." They bless the eagles of the Imperial Presidency; as they before blessed the tricolour of the Republic,—as they had blessed the tricolour of Louis the Citizen King,—as they had blessed the lilied flag of the Restoration,—as they had blessed the eagles of the Empire militant,—as they had blessed the old white banner of the earlier Bourbons.—as they had blessed the Oriflamme. A useful and a ductile craft! Potentates must have a blessing-machine in working order, and Louis Napoleon saw that it was good.

The eagles, as thoroughly saturated with blessing by an eight-hundred parson power as any two-beaked eagles of most legitimate Austria, are given to the Emperor, who gives them to the Colonels, representing the army; and the Colonels "swear to defend them to the death"—as they had sworn to the tricolour, and to the white flag of Henry the Fourth, and to the Oriflamme. Soldiers always will swear to defend them to the death—whatever "them" may be; and perhaps it *does* add something to the tenacity with which a soldier will clutch his standard! A useful class those colour-receiving Colonels.

Under the thunder of the artillery, seventy thousand human beings were massed and marshalled in the background of that pageant—seventy thousand men dressed to lose their personality in the mass; trained to act in mass; trained, bent, spurred, checked, to exact obedience; trained to trust in that alone; paid to that

duty, scourged to it, bribed to it, inured to it by the trial of blood, pampered to it by good eating and drinking, preached to it, weaned from every other duty, demoralized from every other duty, moralized only to that, and tried in that duty under the hand of their half creator, their last finisher, their master, seated there above. Such is the glory machine, taken from nations and given to Napoleons, or Bourbons, or Hapsburgers, as the case may be; such is the thunder-and-lightning machine of the terrestrial Jove, typified on French medal by the bolt in the hand of the godlike Napoleon the First, modelled naked on such coin for the greater sublimity. We remember well to have seen that medal after the fall of the mighty man: Louis Napoleon must have remembered it too, seated there on his high tribune, holding in his right hand the great cursing-machine, in his left the blessing-machine.

Beyond, crowding as they might have done to honour the Republic in its virgin days—if ever those were — as they might have done to honour Louis Philippe, *notre cher bourgeois*, —to honour Bourbon or Bonaparte, Lamartine, the Goddess of Reason, or Mardi Gras, sat, stood, trudged, jostled, and fumed, those facile and ever gay Parisians, mastered to the splendours of the scene. What if their brothers and sisters had been torn from their homes at midnight, or butchered in the noon-day street?—They had held the freedom of the state in their own hands, and he had snatched it from them; they had possessed themselves, and he had filched them from themselves; but he gives such magnificent reviews—and now does he possess them quite.

Near him, honoured by the nearness, and sunned by the success, stood numbers of our more exalted countrymen—Englishmen of high birth, men in the uniform of the British army—for the paid soldier needs have no country, only a sense of official authority. Honoured, caressed, applauded, was the chief of the day, for is he not "established"; quite established enough for the assent of English aristocracy. He had duly taken possession of "my allies" in the English fashion—he had *dined* them. And they stood around — the licensed representatives of that England, whose party chiefs are eager to confess a wholesome awe of the dread potentate—whose foreign minister is his intimate and confidential friend, and apt coadjutor in decreeing successions under the very nose of Russia.

And all, he must have thought, surveying the living mass from his high place, *are mine*; those soldiers whom I have trained to trot, to manœuvre, to eat, to slay, at *my* will; those priests whom I have helped back into high place; those officers, whom I have made to know their stations, have indulged in battues of civilians, and have decorated; that people, whom I have cowed, coerced, and amused—all MINE.

And so they are. A Name, a cramped and silent tongue, lips crafty and compressed, a conscience absolved from scruple by a superstitious predestinatarianism, have been his resources. Force is still the final arbiter; and if a nation does not hold its strength in its own hands, a lounger from Leicester-square, with talents for conspiracy above those of a common pirate, can seize the state. Especially if it have no real convictions—if its nationality be the passion for a fête outvying fêtes elsewhere; its religion, the religion of a lath and plaster altar; its "glory" to be done *for* it by hired lackeys; its really high-minded men unvalued, sent to exile without an effort to hold them back. Power was there that day, in the full pride of triumph, an eagle trampling on its prey; but there was one thing wanting which had made that prey helpless under its oppressor, which now made that gigantic power hollow and tottering as the altar that bestowed its pasteboard blessing—that thing wanted was Love. The nation had loved nothing, at least not *enough* to bind it to any common object of life. And that man, none loves him, not a soul; not for all his power, all his splendours—not for all his selfish favours and debasing donatives. Unloved because unloving. He *is*, that is all; no one desires him to be. He will cease when his hour is full, and no one will strive to avert the shaft of destruction, no one mourn. Like the savage, his is what he holds: let his hand relax, and it is gone, and he—a lump of clay.

Meanwhile, he has been able to make France the Helot example for the free nations that remain in Europe: to them the fête of May 10 exposed her in the garish sunshine of her abject forgetfulness, and in the triumphal trappings of her splendid degradation.

THE ORANGE THUNDER-CLOUD.

THREE questions, each one of considerable importance, are involved in the adjourned debate on the Maynooth grant—that of good faith in not re-opening the settlement of 1845, that of the relation of England to Ireland, and that of civil and religious liberty. We agree with Lord Palmerston in his view of "the previous question," whether the present is the time to entertain any proposition for inquiry; since there are, as Mr. Henley said in regard to the policy of repealing free trade, "no new facts." The charges made against the Roman-catholic instruction are exactly the same that were made in 1845, and were deliberately overruled by Parliament; the college has not yet turned out any scholar; the intervening question of papal aggression, so obliquitously used by the late Ministers, gives every re-opening of the question a peculiar and ominous colour; and thus, having nothing to learn, and much to mistrust in the moral influence of the re-opening, we hold that it would be far best to have no inquiry at all.

So many, however, give the motion at least a negative sanction, that we must make up our minds to its coming; and in that expectation we rejoice to see that Mr. Gladstone has so distinctly and justly placed the inquiry on its right ground. The principal arguments for inquiry are rested by Mr. Spooner on the nature of the doctrines taught by the Roman-catholics; but that kind of statement is wholly beside the real question at issue. The continuance of the Maynooth endowment can only be discussed on the same ground with the grant of 1845, and that did not relate to Roman tenets. Romanism is at present a fixed fact in Ireland: you have Roman-catholics, you have priests, and the priests must be taught; and the question raised by Sir Robert Peel was this: having those priests, who will receive an education somewhere, is it better that they should receive it in St. Omer and Rome, or in Dublin? The question of the existence of the priests, or of their education, is not at issue; but the question of place is; and you have to say whether the place would be amid Ultramontane society, or among English society; among a society in which the Galilean doctrine of the solar system is recognised as a matter of course, or where the Ptolemaic system is the only one permitted utterance? The main fact, the essence of the matter, is not in question; the thing in question is the circumstances. It is a question of rearing Cullens or Murrays—Roman Catholics both, both loyal to the Sovereign Pontiff; but one declaring education, thought, science, incompatible with his presence; the other giving to Roman Catholicism a spirit which rendered it quite compatible with the education, the science, the liberal feeling of English society. It is a geographical question, involving all the difference in the surrounding influences; and Sir Robert Peel decided that question in favour of Dublin. The true question has not altered since he settled it.

The question of religious liberty, however, is immediately involved. If you grant perfect freedom of opinion you must permit the discussion of Roman tenets: if you permit real discussion, you must permit conviction to carry itself out into practice. But you always grant that permission with important reservations, in which social safety really lies. If you think that the influence created is bad, the same freedom of opinion and discussion enables you, without any violation of conscience, to promote the counter-influence; and, surely, in a free atmosphere, the Newtonian need not fear the Ptolemaic system! And the promulgation of doctrines opposed in spirit to the spirit of the established laws, although it warrants no forcible or summary suppression, does warrant a strict and effective visitation, to see that the laws be not infringed. These are the true safeguards of religious liberty, as applied against the encroachments of Rome. Assume that any tenets are to be accounted "wrong" in the eye of the law, and you at once admit the right to dictate what is "right;" which is precisely the claim that you deny to Rome. Admit that you may enforce what is doctrinally "right" by suppressing what is doctrinally wrong, and you at once close the field of discussion; Rome having all the advantage in the closed field, but being powerless in the open field. A religious liberty which may be violated in favour of a particular religious creed, or against a particular creed, is no liberty, but only a dictation agreeable to those who agree with the dictator. The true friends of religious liberty will therefore insist upon the absolute right of Romanists to propagate their tenets, so long as equal freedom be maintained for other creeds; and they will insist on the right of Romanists to practise their observances, so long as they do not break the law. With those two safeguards, neither science, nor morals, nor freedom, nor Protestantism, nor any other thing that we value in this country, has aught to fear from Romanism.

Not only is the faith of good statesmanship invaded in this attempt to re-open the Maynooth question—not only is religious freedom invaded under pretext of a defensive attack on the Pope, but the most direct practical effect of the dispute is, to set Ireland against England. It is quite evident from the debate, that the more ardent Romanists do not altogether dislike the movement. The amount of the grant, a paltry 26,000*l.*, is not worth consideration—is certainly worth no mean-spirited concessions; but the withdrawal of it would powerfully stimulate *Irish* feeling, as such, against Protestantism and all that belongs to it. In any serious confusion the Catholicism of Ireland has nothing to lose, but *might* gain something; the expulsion, for instance, of an alien clergy, with the property of the alien church for a prize. It is the moderate Catholics who join with the liberals and the true friends of religious progress in deprecating a conflict that must set Ireland and England against each other. In permitting this movement, Ministers take out a bad compensation for their better spirit in other things. While false œconomists and peace men are delighting to keep England disarmed in the face of an armed and threatening continent, the Conservatives are doing their best, *cum privilegio et auctoritate*, to alienate Ireland from England, and make Ireland remember the proclamation of O'Connell, that England's danger is Ireland's opportunity—and her *sole* opportunity shall it be, says Spooner, by licence of Derby.

THE SETTLEMENT OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

THE tedious and perplexing Schleswig-Holstein question, involving such momentous considerations as the succession to the Danish crown and the sovereignty of the discordant Duchies, has been finally arranged, as all these high dynastic limitations are wont to be arranged, in a Downing-street back parlour, by five more or less distinguished, and more or less astute members of that fraternity which has survived the thimbleriggers of the race-course, and which, for want of a more comprehensive term, we may call the great Red-tape-ocracy of Europe. These five gentlemen, starred and decorated, are by courtesy styled the Great Powers: and it is their office to "settle" the affairs of nations as composedly as your attorney re-settles a landed entail, when the heir has turned out a spendthrift. Just in this last-named fashion, indeed, has a certain Duke of Augustenberg been disentailed of his claims upon the succession to which a certain Prince CHRISTIAN, of SONDERBURG GLUCKSBERG, is as summarily preferred by a few strokes of the diplomatic pen.

The Duke of Augustenberg is declared "attainted," without any form of trial. He has forfeited all rights and claims by the quasi-revolutionary sympathy he manifested towards the German population of the Duchies in the recent contest. We are very far from attributing to this attainted duke any real patriotic impulses, for all his Germanizing ardour: nor do we consider his reduction to a private station in the light of a national loss to Schleswig, or to Holstein. Indeed, he may think himself lucky, as times go, to have got off with a very handsome consideration for the loss of rights, which there is little reason to believe he would ever have exercised for any but his own aggrandizement. We will even go so far as to express our belief, that the German population of the duchy may be happier and better governed under the present mild and progressive Danish Liberalism, than under the capricious tyranny of a Frankfort Diet, or the paternal mysticism of a Frederick-William.

Certainly, all cant of German unity apart, Danish sway is to be preferred to Prussian or to Austrian.

But we are anxious to mark in this place, and to enforce upon the attention of our readers this latest instance of the summary fashion in which nations and peoples are disposed of by the "Five Great Powers" sitting in a back parlour in Downing-street. Nations and peoples indeed! Such bodiless creations only exist in the disordered brains of democrats and revolutionists. Dukes and duchies, thrones, and dynasties are the only "nations" recognised by the Red-tapeocracy representing the "Great Powers." And as we have repeatedly urged, if the nations would take one leaf out of the diplomatic book—if they would give up their wrangling, and false mystical phrase-making, and all the sound and fury of revolutionary jargon, and become quiet, practical and united; if they would learn a little of the fixed adherence to a few firm principles of action, the unselfish self-sacrifice for the cause of the common safety, which these "Great Powers" practice so efficiently, what would become of these said "Great Powers" in a very few years?

What was the professed object in the settlement of the Schleswig-Holstein question? To provide for the peace of Europe, and for the succession to the crown of Denmark in the Duchies. In other words, to get rid of all revolutionary elements in that direction. To effect this object, the Red-tapeocracy appoint a meeting: they quietly attaint a Duke of ill-regulated mind, put him aside with a pension, and insert another prince, having issue, in his stead; they *twist* the royal succession, without regard to sacredness of title, or of right; they shuffle the peoples about from one thimble to another, until you are puzzled to tell to what duke or king these peoples belong. True, they are backed by overwhelming force: but mark, when Thrones agree, their unanimity is wonderful. Whilst the revolution was alive, Prussia fought against Denmark: now that the revolution is dead, Bunsen lends a willing hand to protocols, and signs away the duchies to the Dane. The *principle* is all.

THE CONVOCATION MOVEMENT.

LORD DERBY told the assembly at the Mansion House, on Saturday, that the Church of England was a *compromise*; and in that admission he surrendered the only grouud which men, honestly opposed to the revival of convocation and diocesan synods, have for a standing-place. Henceforward let no "supporter of Lord Derby," say that the Church of England is a divine institution. A compromise in essentials involves a cession of truth and an accession of falsehood for convenience sake. And although practical politics may fairly be defined as the "science of exigencies," as regards things temporal, religion cannot *safely* be defined as the science of exigencies as regards things spiritual; unless it be intended to admit that religion is not a divine but a human institution. We are not arguing the latter alternative—we are only putting strongly and logically the consequences of Lord Derby's doctrine. The Church of England claims to possess *the* religion; her ministration should have, therefore, the outward and visible signs consistent with the inward and spiritual principles of that religion; but principles do not admit of compromise; and, therefore, if the Church of England be a compromise, she is not faithful to her principles, and is, so far, untrustworthy in matters of such awful moment as are involved in her large pretensions. But the glaring fact, announced so publicly, and with such ostentation of style and occasion, is the summons for all honest men to strive that she cease to be so. We look upon Lord Derby's confession as an additional reason for aiding in the revival of synodical action, which is the only possible remedy, the very last chance remaining, by means of which the church may try to become honest and true.

In looking back to the famous debate of June, 1851, when Lord Redesdale broke ground on the question, and thence up to the current week, when his lordship placed the Archbishop of York in a position so humiliating to a true churchman, though, possibly, on the pachydermatous low churchman it produced no such salutary effects, we are struck by the progress which the idea of emancipating the church has made in a period so brief. Not only have successful meetings been held to forward the revival of diocesan synods, in Derby, London, and Gloucester, but we have seen a diocesan synod in full operation at Exeter; and, what is of far greater importance, we have seen Convocation make a stand in the province of Canterbury, and Mr. Gladstone introduce and read a first time, a bill conferring powers on the Colonial church for the purpose of enabling her to manage her own affairs. We have also seen attempts at partial legislation in Parliament set aside by the unfaltering directness, the admirable moderation, and the consistent teaching of the London Union in Church Matters, the able letters of D.C.L., the statesmanlike leaders of the *Morning Chronicle*, and the efforts of a host of zealous partizans. Our own share in the work may have been small, but we have pursued our advocacy, and shall pursue it, actuated by pure motives, and stimulated by high unwavering principles. We have not concealed those motives, nor failed to urge those principles. What we claim for the Church of England, we claim for the People of England—the right to the fullest possible spiritual development, uncontrolled by state interference, and unassailed by penal laws. We have ever stood upon that broad and solid ground, relying not upon compromise, but upon principle, and acting rather with a bravely honest Denison, than with a rashly inconsequent Derby.

It is a pleasure to us, therefore, when we see the movement steadily maintain its integrity, refusing Parliamentary remedies, and firmly demanding the opportunity of finding them for itself. From that posture it must not flinch. No hints to "support Lord Derby," such as were thrown out by certain organs at the commencement of the session, must be allowed to divert the friends of the movement from their straightforward course; indeed, to all such hints, the Mansion House confession of faith ought to be a sufficient reply. Neither must the advocates of diocesan synods neglect, as they did at Gloucester, to court discussion, to encounter hostile decisions, even to meet opposition face to face, for truly may it be said of the Convocation party, that opposition is their opportunity. Their cause is full of vitality; it must advance; nothing but cowardice can obstruct it; while unflinching courage and courteous audacity will alone command for it that success which persistent honesty is ever certain to achieve.

WAGNER ANALYZES.

WHY does the brave Englishman, in the midst of a wintry climate, plunge into a cold shower bath, even before he is warmed with breakfast? Because he earns a robuster health by the process. Why does the foreign artist plunge into English society? Because he earns health of pocket by the process. Albert Wagner has stated the motive in a confidential letter to a friend, possibly with a candour too coarse for the abrupt publicity of a crabbed court. Other foreign artists, although they may think that "England rewards only with her money," do not like to avow the incentive so nakedly. Nay, we believe that some of the highest *will* not be solely governed by the one motive which too confessedly suffices for *père* Wagner; but they cannot be so blind to their own feelings as not to know how often it is true in English society, that money *is* the only return.

Wagner—whom the British public is sharp enough to discriminate in this matter from his passive daughter—has been abundantly execrated for his uncomely candour; but what is he other than a Free-trader? He does no more than apply the maxim, "to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest." He vends song, which he finds home made, thus obtaining it at prime cost; and he sells it in the dearest market—in England rather than in France, to Gye rather than to Lumley. It may be an ugly sight to see art the subject of vending, the sport of chapmen; but what else *does* England give to art, except her money?

Do artists with their bright, glancing, sensitive natures come to England for the sake of our genial climate, or for the enjoyment of our festive "Sunday?" Or, from a cordial yearning towards social institutions, among which Steaks and Stout are most conspicuous?

All the luminaries of art come to London, it is true: we can afford to make London an attractive sojourn to them: we can even recognise the best. There are among us men enough of finished taste and refined feeling to impress upon the general mind the verdict of the nicest and most discriminating criticism. And the general mind, being duly impressed, tumultuously welcomes a Lind. Perhaps our enthusiasm for a great artist is immensely heightened when we are told that Signor A. is a "good father," or Madlle. B. an "irreproachable young lady." We insist far more on the domestic virtues than on the artistic excellence, and the pride of a "very moral people" is appeased by satisfactory family statistics—even in an artist. For those who cannot tell one note from another, have a proper sense of respectability, which demands to be gratified even when the ear is dull.

But we stick by public favourites. We applaud an octogenarian tenor as vehemently as a Tamberlik in the prime of his powers. A fact that would rather establish the hearty tenacious affectionateness of the English character, than the artistic intelligence of an English audience. London is not, whatever we may think, the consecration of an artist's fame, and this all artists know. We reward only with our money: just as Calcutta, where many an Englishman wastes his liver, if not his life, rewards only (as Mr. Affable Hawk would say) with an *in-Calcuttable* fortune: and as San Francisco with its Lynch law murders, and its wholesale conflagrations, rewards the adventurous deserter of an English home—only with its gold.

How are artists treated in English society? Very well, you say,—too well; for they are highly paid, they live luxuriously, and they are applauded to the echo—when successful. But that is not enough. Follow them into society and see how they are treated. They are received into great rooms—apart; they are looked at, and listened to, as clever birds may be, or the Industrious Fleas. Sometimes they are railed off. Mostly, in trust of their tameness, they are suffered to go loose; for they will only hang about the pianoforte, and do no harm. They are treated with a sort of supercilious indulgence, like creatures that, when well bred, behave almost like human beings. Sometimes, at feeding time—for the human bird does not sing well when starving—they are handed over to the graceful hospitalities of—the Pantry!

Now the artist is, above all creatures, human. Development of the natural emotions is the very object of his training, as it is the original impulse of his nature. He seldom has any inordinate reverence for rank; but he has an Epicurean sense for all that is tasteful, splendid, dramatic, and gustative. Hence he is fitted to enjoy the pleasures of society; but being amidst his fellow-creatures, he craves their sympathy, he craves opportunity to express his own. The true artist hates to be the mere exhibitor or show-boy to his own art; he detests even the cold-blooded vanity of a Candaules; he would much rather have the freer licence of a gathering with others of his vagabond race, where the mirth, the wine, the inspiration, the enjoyment, are their own, without alien eyes, cold estrangement, and hands that his are not to touch, though the pulses beating in them are half of his own creating.

It is not abroad as it is here. Adversity makes one acquainted with strange bed-fellows, and many an artist in Italy can trace his blood to high houses and sovereign nobles. With a base forgetfulness of the true spirit of heraldry, our nobles know not their fellows sunken in estate, though their genius may blush with the blood of kings and queens. For our aristocracy is mostly a parvenu, purse-proud aristocracy. Abroad, the nobility is not forgotten; but even if that be wanting, the nobility of genius is welcomed; and the tailor who has the utterance of an Amphion enjoys the triumphs of an Amphion. In Paris the artist is at home. In St. Petersburg itself, the Great Bear forgets his autocratic loneliness, when he enters the realms of art, and is the real *companion* of the wandering genius; as more than one of the brotherhood can vouch. St. Petersburg has no ice like English "good society." A cowardly effrontery which braves a real superiority, because it is licensed by the power to be insolent—a vulgar upstart appreciation of things material above human fellowship or art—a conspiracy of exclusive dealing in courtesies—a want of life; such are the elements of the ice which covers good society in England; not the craggy ice and boundless snows of Russia, not the luscious fruity ice which tempers the burning sun of Italy, but the flat, brittle, shallow ice over the muddy pond of wet England—ice garnished in fog and casketed under leaden clouds. Many a hot Italian who has fallen, and stung his

freezing hands with the blow, has execrated it; and has retreated to find vent in the voice of art, which the English envy and cannot imitate. The German Wagner only philosophizes: he has caught the mantle of a Mephistopheles.

FRENCH STRYCHNINE AND ENGLISH BEER.

WE are happy to be able to announce, on authority, that the anxiety of the French government with regard to the destination of the strychnine manufactured in Paris, as far as English bitter beer is concerned, is at an end. Had that government, if it ever heard of the circumstance at all, given itself the trouble to inquire about the alleged large quantities of strychnine made in Paris, of whose destination and objects it was stated to be ignorant, it would have discovered what we now know, that there was no foundation for the charge whatever. We have no doubt at all of the good likely to result from lectures on public health; let us arm the public at all points against death, whether "in the pot" or anywhere else, but we must beseech the bland instructors in the principles of hygiene, to adhere to the truth in all they say. We have no public lecturers on health in England paid by the government, but we have a good many private tutors who do this kind of work, and amongst others our contemporary the *Lancet*, employs an analytical sanitary commissioner, who before he asserts a thing to be adulterated has proved it to be so, has sent for the article, analyzed it, knows its contents, and gives the name and number of the person who sells it. Not so with Professor Pagen, who lectures on public health in Paris; he states, *ex cathedrâ*, that the government of France is aware that large quantities of strychnine are manufactured in Paris, and that it is sent to England wherewith to make bitter beer. Of course those persons in this country who had been prophecying an invasion of the French, and a destruction of our lives and property, saw in this fact the fulfilment of their prophecies. But Mr. Allsop and Mr. Bass saw in it something more, They knew the statement was false, but felt that the insinuation uncontradicted would at least be an invasion of their property, to which they ought not to submit. In order, therefore, to bring the matter at once to a point, Mr. Allsop commissioned two of our most distinguished chemists, Professor Graham, of University College, and Dr. Hoffman, of the Royal College of Chemistry, to examine specimens of all his stores, and see if they could detect the deleterious ingredient. We have now before us the report of these celebrated chemists, and the conclusion they have arrived at is, that after having examined above twenty specimens of Mr. Allsop's beer, they were able to state, with the most perfect confidence, that not one particle of strychnine was contained in any of these beers. The report is a beautiful instance of the perfection which the chemistry of the present day has reached; so perfect are its processes, that had but one thousandth of a grain existed in a gallon of beer, it could have separated it from the beer, and afforded abundant evidence of its existence. The evidence of the presence of strychnine is so simple that any one can satisfy himself on the point. All that is necessary is, to add a drop of undiluted oil of vitriol to the strychnine, and bring it in contact with a morsel of bi-chromate of potash, when immediately there ensues a beautiful evanescent violet colour, which occurs with no other substance.

Nor has the evidence acquitting bitter beer of the guilt of "poisoning" closed here. We find by the last number of the *Chemical Record*, that Dr. Normanby has not only examined specimens of bitter ale from Mr. Allsop's stores (selected from 15,000 barrels), but also from Bass's, Moore's, and other brewers, both in and out of London, and that in no one instance has he found the slightest indication of the alleged adulteration.

We think this ought to be a lesson to glib lecturers. How easy is it to insinuate a suspicion that may ruin an individual, nay, a class, and even annihilate a business on which thousands depend for their livelihood. Nor does Professor Pagen come well out of this. He has been written to on the subject, and says, in his defence, that he has been misrepresented. That what he stated was, that the late M. Pelletier, an extensive manufacturer of organic products in Paris, had, ten or twelve years ago, a large order from England for strychnine, and that he had understood that it was employed to complete the bitter of some kinds of beer. But, adds M. Pagen, I stated my conviction that this fraud had ceased. His reporters were certainly not obliging enough to add the last comment, and on looking back to the original notices of his lecture, we cannot but think that M. Pagen brought the subject in an injudicious manner before his audience.

What then has become of the strychnine sent by M. Pelletier to England? There are two ways in which it has been employed, which will account for its consumption. In the first place it is used to poison animals, and in the second it is employed as a medicine. In this latter way much more was used at one time than the present, although in a large number of cases it is still regarded as a valuable remedy. We should like very much to know how large a quantity of strychnine M. Pelletier sent into this country, as it strikes us very forcibly that this would settle the whole question.

In conclusion, let us hope good will come of this inquiry. The *Lancet* has promised an examination of beer. We trust that Mr. Wakley will send his commissioner to the places where the poor man buys his porter as well as where the rich man gets his "pale ale." The chemist must not stop at strychnine, let him look out for green vitriol, sulphuric acid, tobacco juice, cocculus indicus, and other of those precious commodities known to the gentry called brewer's druggists. Let these be fully brought before the public eye, and we may yet have to thank M. Pagen for his incautious charge against our bitter beer.

THE MANCHESTER WORKING MAN.

A STORY OF COMPETITION.

THE fact will come out one day that the well understood interest of the masters is to take care of their men. The suggestion of late years made, that employers should accord to their workmen a share of their profits—a suggestion which has received little encouragement hitherto—we shall live to see accepted with cheerfulness, and adopted in self-defence. The class of great masters are by no means well pleased to see the class of little masters spring up and succeed: diminishing the profits of large investments, and intensifying competition. The great masters have themselves to thank for the increase of their small, unwelcome, but indefatigable opponents. The harsh and ill-considered monopoly of all profits by the employer, outrages the workman's sense of justice, and stimulates him to try mastership for himself. The Co-operative Workshops, everywhere multiplying, are symptoms of the reaction of self-employment against the blind cupidity of mastership. The great establishments already existing might at once become efficient and profitable co-operative firms by the intelligent initiative of the masters, who might by common consent retain the lion's share. They will, however, listen to no division of surplus, and thus they force antagonistic confederations into existence. These small co-operative efforts will succeed. Despite of some internal strife, serious misunderstandings, and limited capital, they will succeed. The doom of monopoly, whether founded on the favouritism of Parliament, or upon the private combinations of plethoric capital, is sealed. The public morality and the public interest are both against it. Many wealthy establishments now flourishing, and which might continue to flourish were the workmen made sharers in the profits, will be broken up within the next few years.

In Manchester there exists, at present in a disordered ebbing condition, a recently flourishing Coffee-roasting company. At their commencement they made no profits; but engaging a servant, of whose fidelity and knowledge they still speak (for special reasons) approvingly, pecuniary matters soon mended. Under his superintendence and practical skill the company began to command profits. For several years this continued, and they were enabled "to pull down their barns and build greater." Yet during this period this servant received no proportionate share of those profits which his fertile industry created. His strength was being exhausted, and his best years were being spent, without any adequate provision being offered him against the days when both youth and vigour should fail. The discussion of the associative phase of Political Economy, which is doing so much for the working classes of this country, awakened in him a justifiable curiosity on this point. He was neither a selfish, a discontented, nor a hasty man, and he spent two or three years in revolving the chances he had of finding some industrial security conceded to him by the company whom he served. He watched the disposition and conduct of his employers, in cases from which he had something to hope or to fear. At last, the painful conclusion was forced upon him, that he must protect himself while strength and energy remained. To have even hinted a desire for higher wages would have cost him his situation instantly. He would not only have been starved like the Amalgamated Engineers, but have been humiliated when he was beaten—struck when he was disarmed—kicked when he was down. To have asked for a share of the company's profits would have been treated as the presumption of industrial lunacy. He who risks a few hundred pounds of capital may claim profits; but he who risks the capital of his manhood, his skill, and life, is frowned upon as an impertinent and dangerous upstart, if he asks for a share of that surplus which his own hands, brains, and strength have created. Such are the ethics of capital in our Christian land! This workman, therefore, wisely resolved to set up for himself, and wrest by Competition what was denied by Social injustice.

In this, however, he exemplified that better feeling and honourable conduct which workmen have much oftener displayed of late than their employers. He made no attempt to get the custom of his late masters. To their customers he preferred no solicitation whatever, but by independent advertisements appealed to the general public for a share of their orders. More than this, he resolved not even to add fuel to that encroaching competition which is the disgrace of this counter-jumping age and the demoralization of traders. Not only would he not *undersell* his employers, he raised the price of his coffee-roasting many per cent., offering, in return, his ripe experience, and thorough knowledge of the business, and his industrious punctuality.

And his claim to better payment has been respected. How did this company of employers meet this manful and honourable opposition? They reduced *their* prices still lower (they had reduced them in another competitive contest two years before), and by still meaner arts sought to destroy the trade of their late workman, whose only crime was, that he had ceased to serve them unrequited. This man, however, trained in the school of self-employing association, has been too brave to fear, and too honourable to stoop to the usual arts of competitive retaliation. He maintains both his ground and his commendable spirit. Nor has this wealthy company succeeded against him, nor are they likely to succeed. They engaged another servant in his place; but though they could buy a man, they could not buy the knowledge, the integrity, the untiring industry with which their former servant voluntarily advanced their interests, while he had hope of living by the discharge of his conscientious duty. Nor can they, at competitive wages (that is, by giving the least payment for the most labour), find any men able to compete with the honest industry of one who is also animated by the receipt of his proportionate share of profits.

The Coöperative Associations of the Manchester district are lending help to the subject of this anecdote. The profits of the company of coffee roasters have again sunk to zero; and the successor they have forced into the field will soon have a permanent occupation there.

One of the early numbers of the *Leader* contained a letter from the working man referred to in this narrative, upon the adulterative phase of the coffee-roasting trade. The good sense in which it was conceived, and the practical facts communicated caused its insertion, which was the occasion of the present writer, on a recent visit to Manchester, inquiring into his experience, and learning the particulars communicated in this short story.

This narrative is one of many illustrations that might be given of the value and justice of the self-employing associative advocacy to the working class: and it also shows that the recommendation of Industrial Partnerships between Workmen and Employers, so far from being Utopian or detrimental to the profits of Capital, is the only mode whereby dangerous competition may be averted, and vested interests secure a profitable and harmonious operation. Be it said to masters who have ears to hear, that the participation of profits with Workmen is but a well understood system of self-defence for Employers.

ION.

ON THE CULTIVATION OF FLAX.

HOW TO GROW WHEAT RENT-FREE.

II.

IN our paper of the 1st inst., we demonstrated, satisfactorily, as we think, the probability that an English farmer, by the simple introduction of flax into his regular rotation of crops, could grow nine-tenths of all his other produce rent-free; and in support of our proposition, we quoted the example of Mr. Warnes, of Trimingham. In our present article we propose to supply some further

proof, by more detailed information, gathered from the best sources, that the profits assumed by Mr. Warnes have not been in the least degree exaggerated, although we do not expect that tenant-farmers in general have either the means or the intelligence necessary for the practice of that gentleman's refinements in agriculture.

A statute acre of land will yield, according to the season, from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{1}{2}$, or even 4, tons of flax straw, with the seed included. If we estimate the average yield at 3 tons, the produce may be divided nearly as follows:—

	Tons.	cwt.
Twenty bushels of linseed, weighing about	0	10
Husks and capsules of seeds, say	0	10
Flax straw	2	0
Total	3	0

The expense attending the mere cultivation and harvesting of this crop may be stated to be, in round numbers, 6*l.* 1*s.* per acre; viz.

Two ploughings, at 10*s.*	£1	0	0
Clearing the land, harrowing, sowing, and rolling	0	6	0
Two and a-half bushels of seed, at 8*s.*	1	0	0
Weeding	0	5	0
Pulling, turning, binding, carting, and stacking	1	0	0
Dippling and cleaning seed	1	0	0
Rent, rates, and taxes, say	1	10	0
	£6	1	0
Produce.			
Value of 20 bushels of linseed, at 7*s.*	£7	0	0
10 cwt. husks, &c., "equal to hay"	1	10	0
Two tons flax straw, worth, without further preparation	6	0	0
	£14	10	0
Deduct expenses	6	1	0
Gross profit	£8	9	0

from which the expenses of marketing alone remain to be deducted.

But by pursuing this course of management, however suitable to the careless farmer, we are losing sight of the principle we laid down in our previous paper on this subject, "that no process should be adopted, but such as will enable the farmer to preserve on his farm the greatest possible amount of constituents derived directly from the soil." Accordingly, we are bound to suggest some other course in the preparation and disposal of the flax crop; and it is fortunate that we have to deal with a product which, unlike turnips or wheat, amply repays the cost of additional labour in its manipulation.

It has been proved, by repeated experiments, that, under the slovenly and wasteful processes adopted by the Irish peasantry, of steeping flax straw in pits, the average yield of fibre is one-eighth the weight of the straw. The return, therefore, from two tons of straw will be five cwt. of fibre, worth, probably, 45*s.* per cwt.; and about one cwt. of tow. The farmer's account of profit, by pursuing this system, would stand thus—viz.:—

Value of seed, as before				£7	0	0
Husks, ditto				1	10	0
1 cwt. tow				1	0	0
5 cwt. flax fibre				11	5	0
				£20	15	0
Deduct expenses, as before	£6	1	0			
„ steeping, drying, and "scutching"	4	0	0			
				10	1	0
Gross profit				£10	14	0

Still this course of management, however sanctioned by usage, does not seem calculated to fulfil our imperative conditions as to the exhaustion of the soil. Several considerations induce the belief that the wastefulness of this method of preparation is but ill repaid by the result as to price. Much experience is required to enable the farmer to determine the precise moment when the flax should be lifted from the steeping-pits; an hour more or less, or a sudden change in temperature, seriously affecting the whole batch. The construction and management of these receptacles, too, is a matter demanding a knowledge of the peculiarities of the plant not generally possessed by English farmers. The bulk of water, again, requisite for the steeping of flax in the straw renders it a matter of some difficulty and expense to return to the land the constituents held in solution in the pits; and the refuse or chaff extracted in the process of "scutching," or separating the fibre from the straw, is entirely deprived of the qualities which would otherwise render it a very proper material wherewith to mix the various linseed and other compounds so usefully employed in fattening cattle.

The advocates of what is termed the "dry process" of extraction of the flax fibre have proved most satisfactorily that the average yield of fibre, in place of being 1-8th, is at least 1-4th in relation to the straw operated on, and in some favourable cases it has even reached 1-3rd. By this process the whole of the woody portion of the plant is separated, leaving only the flax and the gummy matter by which the fibres adhere to each other. It has been asserted, that flax in this condition is available for the manufacture of coarse articles, and a price as high as 56*l.* per ton has been affixed to it by some London brokers. Until further experiments shall have proved that flax so prepared is not liable to fermentation when subjected to a damp atmosphere, we must refrain from recommending our readers to adopt this plan in its integrity. Thus much, however, may be advanced in its favour, and it is quite sufficient to entitle it to consideration and the inventor to great credit: we allude to the enormous reduction in bulk, and to the consequent facility in preparing the fibre for market, with the not least advantages of its leaving the chaff in a fit condition for mixing with cattle compounds, and the enabling the grower to steep the flax in vessels of such convenient dimensions as to permit him to return the steep water to his manure yard, and thus maintain the fertility of the soil. Several machines are now being constructed on improved principles, and it is stated that the cost of one capable of working up such a quantity of flax as may be grown by a small farmer does not exceed 10*l.* A great advantage seems to us to be, that one of the best of these implements may be readily worked by children. We shall draw the attention of our readers to this subject in good time to enable them to take advantage of these inventions in the preparing the crop of the present year.

Assuming the return by this process to be 1-4th in relation to the straw, there will remain to the farmer $1\frac{1}{2}$ tons of chaff and 10 cwt. of flax, from which the gummy matter alone has to be separated to render it fit for the spinner. It has been found that the best steeped flax loses, in boiling, about 1-16th of its weight: this loss consisting of such particles of gum as were not completely separated in the steeping process, and of sundry impurities acquired in the steep water. On the other hand, unsteeped flax, on being boiled for an equal space of time and in the same quantity of water, is found to lose as much as one-eighth of its original weight. This loss consists entirely of the resinous matter, and the flax is then found to be a white fibre of superior strength, totally free from the spots and impurities which are so often found in steeped flax, and which require the application of strong bleaching liquids to restore it, at a great sacrifice of strength, to the colour imparted by nature to this valuable fibre. The comparative results, therefore, from two tons of straw treated by these processes respectively, appear to be nearly as follows, viz.:—

	Cwt.	qrs.	lb.
Common steeping—			
Produce per acre, one-eighth of two tons straw	5	0	0
Less loss in boiling, 1-16th	0	1	7
Nett produce	4	2	21
Dry process—			
Produce per acre, one-fourth of two tons straw	10	0	0
Less loss in boiling, one-eighth	1	1	0
	8	3	0
Difference in favour of dry process	4	0	7

Strange as this result may appear to persons wedded to the more antiquated modes of preparation, it is strongly confirmed by the results of the Chevalier Claussen's experiments in producing from flax what he terms "British cotton," since he requires at most five tons of flax straw to produce one ton of the "cotton;" or, from the two tons of straw selected for these remarks, M. Claussen would obtain eight cwt. of a material so fine and free from extraneous matter as to enable a manufacturer to spin it on the existing cotton machinery. The farmer's profits under the latter system may be not unfairly stated as follows, viz.:—

				£	*s.*	*d.*
8 cwt. flax, worth at least 45*l.* per ton				18	0	0
1 cwt. of tow				1	0	0
10 cwt. of husks, &c.				1	10	0
Value of seed as before				7	0	0
$1\frac{1}{2}$ tons of chaff half the value of wheat straw				0	15	0
				£28	5	0
Deduct expenses of cultivation as before	6	1	0			
Breaking, steeping, hackling, &c., say	8	0	0			
				14	1	0
Gross profit per acre				£14	4	0

Skilful manipulation of the fibre will determine the value, which may be increased to 120*l.* per ton, but as we desire to treat this as a purely agricultural question, we do not advise the small farmer to encroach on the province of the manufacturer, who will be perfectly content to receive in any shape a quantity of flax fibre freed from all impurities, and requiring little or no bleaching.

To this portion of our subject we may advert in future remarks on the management of the flax crop. Our limits this week only permit us to add the useful recommendation of the Royal Irish Flax Society, under the head of "Weeding," which forms the exclusive business of the grower at this season of the year.

"If care has been paid to cleaning the seed and the soil, few weeds will appear; but if there be any, they must be carefully pulled. It is done in Belgium by women and children, who, with coarse cloths round their knees, creep along on all-fours. This injures the young plant less than walking over it (which, if done, should be by persons whose shoes are not filled with nails). They should work also facing the wind, so that the plants laid flat by the pressure may be blown up again, or thus be assisted to regain their upright position. The tender plant, pressed one way, soon recovers; but if twisted or flattened by careless weeders, it seldom rises again."

We may add that the crop should be at least six inches high before this operation is performed, and that one effective weeding ought to suffice.

PATAGONIA AND ST. GILES'S.

IN commenting on the enterprise of the Patagonian missionaries, last week, we expressed our belief that these men would have equally shown their philanthropy, if called upon to do so, among the heathen in St. Giles's. With regard to one of them, at least, our surmise of what *would* have been done, turns out to be but a statement of the fact of what *was* done.

"One of these missionaries," we learn from a private source, "wrote a very forcible little tract, and printed it at his own expense, though labouring in humble life for his daily bread, and circulated it among his poor relations, friends, and neighbours in his native parish. He laboured several years in metropolitan Sunday schools, and in the office of the London City Mission, and, whilst offering himself for labour in the City, was, *by the Secretary*, advised to tender his services to Captain Gardiner.—This man was *John Maidment*."

Whoever has read the account of the sufferings of the missionaries, must have been struck with the conduct of this Mr. Maidment, the catechist. When hardly able to move about himself, this devoted man waited on Captain Gardiner, with a faithfulness quite touching, and exhibiting a disposition in which one hardly knows which most to admire—the purely human loyalty to a friend and superior, or the more specific zeal with which he died for his faith.

COLLIERY EXPLOSIONS.

Two more fatal explosions in collieries, destroying sixty-four lives in one case, and twenty-seven in the other. It would seem that these explosions happen in batches; a fact which suggests the idea that atmospheric conditions are a predisposing cause. Foul water bubbles before bad weather, the diminished pressure inviting the escape of gases. Should such a cause operate on the latent gases of mines, we might expect these concurrences of explosion, and with some degree of periodicity. As they are preventable, the periodical recurrence virtually amounts to manslaughter through wilful neglect.

NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FARE.

THE doctrines of the Peace party must be put to a sore test at the very portal of Parliament. "The conduct of the cabmen," we are told, "who ply from Palace-yard, is nightly becoming more reckless. No sooner does any considerable body of hon. members emerge from the precincts of Westminster Hall, than a general rush of contending vociferating cabmen follows, each endeavouring to outdo his fellow in procuring 'a fare.' The consequence is, that of late several hon. gentlemen have narrowly escaped serious injury, whilst others have not been altogether so fortunate." On Monday night, Mr. Spooner was knocked down, and bruised. Such conduct, we are told, calls for the intervention of the police; but we should have thought that it was not so much the conduct, as the injured Members, that ought to call for the police. No doubt they *have* thought of calling for the police; and probably a motion to send for a policeman might be made, but for the fear of an adjourned debate, and of Mr. Osborne's jokes on Members held in fear by cabmen.

We remember the little schoolboy, who was sore held down by a turkey-cock; Sinbad, who was bestridden by a calf-skinned old man; the cockney lads, who walked in magnanimous awe of "robbers" on Primrose-hill; and many a Parliament which has been daunted by the lions in its path: but now the lions are cabmen. Honourable Members have become chattels, goods, common property; a community which suggests the propriety of calling Palace-yard, in future, "Cabby's Icaria."

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.*

MR. GROTE, if we are not mistaken, has already advanced a considerable way in the composition of the eleventh volume of his *History of Greece.* This volume, we believe, is to appear by itself, and is to conduct the history of the several Grecian states on to that period at which their separate liberties were overborne by the Macedonian energies of Philip and Alexander. At the time of the appearance of the ninth and tenth volumes of Mr. Grote's great work, we noticed, as a circumstance of no small importance, their richness in political lessons adapted to the present time. The volumes were written before the 2nd of December, and yet so much was said in them of "despotism" and "free government," that it might have seemed that not a few of the pages were penned with indirect reference to the Napoleonian *coup d'état.* The forthcoming volume, we hear, will be distinguished by the same apparent "hitting home" to present sentiments and present emergencies. "Apparent," we say, for the thing is not done out of controversial contention, but takes its origin in a spirit of grave historical responsibility and reflectiveness. "The militia," "volunteer corps," "standing armies,"—such are the phrases in every one's mouth at the present time; and momentous, indeed, are the topics involved in them. Well, we hear that, when Mr. Grote's next volume comes out, it will contribute all a historian's wisdom—all the weight of his knowledge of the life of the most splendid people of antiquity—to this discussion. He finds, as we are informed, that the one circumstance to which the downfall of the finest of the Grecian communities was owing was, that that community, in the plenitude of supposed refinement and civilization, had lost the art and habit of self-defence. The Athenians of those later days, when Athens was ruined and despised, differed from the Athenians of the older and more glorious days precisely in this, that they did not know how to fight when the necessity for fighting came. They were, in fact, Κοβδενιται—refined people, devoted to culture and industrialism; the gymnasium and the drilling-ground were forsaken by them; they derided war, and thought it barbarous; and so the Macedonians came in and smashed them and their liberties to pieces. And the lesson is, that when any people abandons the habits necessary to maintain the art of military self-defence, that people—be its remanent virtues besides what they may—is on the way to ruin. "*A citizen force*"—all the grown men in every country, regularly drilled in military exercises from their fifteenth year, and kept at drill by due weekly meetings till they have sons to take their places—this is the "cheap defence" of nations; and only when this is the universal custom will the reign of peace begin, and standing armies be abolished. "Division of labour," cry our economists—"the mass of the nation to industrial occupations, and a standing army to do the fighting, and be paid for it." The fools! As if self-defence were a species of labour to be alienated, to be done by deputy. Why, on the same principle of division of labour, do our friends, the Manchester men, not advocate a limited suffrage? Voting and fighting are functions of the citizen *as* a citizen; and they who argue for standing armies, on the principle of the division of labour, ought on similar grounds to argue for limited constituencies.

Next to *doing* a good thing, as a means of winning popular estimation, is letting it be known that you would think it a fine thing to do it. So, our literary Chancellor of the Exchequer, when he had a few seats in the House of Commons to allot in order to fill up the magical number of 658, and when he *did not give* these seats to the universities and learned societies, tried to get off by saying how excellent a thing it would be to *give* these seats to universities and learned societies. "In all those suggestions," he said, "which would lay down as a principle that the elements of the electoral body should be of a less material character than hitherto, that intellectual and moral qualities should be permitted to exercise an influence in this House without having any necessary connexion with political party—in all those suggestions, there is something so plausible to the reason—I might add, something so plausible to the imagination—that"—that, in short, Mr. Disraeli proposed to do nothing of the kind, but to set up an agricultural constituency or so more in the country. Ah! Mr. Disraeli, it will not do to be a literary man in your speeches only; and a mere Derbyite in the measures which your speeches prelude. Your aspiration is to do brilliant things; and on this very fact, those even who appreciate you least, see some reason for hoping that political good will come out of you. But if you are to coruscate merely in your speeches, it is all over with you. Coruscate also in your acts! And such a coruscation (a little spark, but a bright one) would have been a bill for apportioning the vacant seats to some of our universities or learned societies. The Scotch universities, as you yourself seem to think, had a specially good claim. The objection about the difficulty of establishing a proper constituent body in these universities is altogether an ideal one. Three of them, we believe, have constituencies already for the election of their Lord Rectors; and half an hour's consultation would enable any one to devise, in each of them, a good constituency for the election of members of parliament.

When Molière was taunted with having plagiarised a scene here, a situation there, a character elsewhere, he replied with exquisite wit, *Je reprends mon bien où je le trouve*—I recover my property wherever I find it. The whole philosophy of plagiarism lies in that sentence. A man of genius takes whatever he can organize; a vulgar plagiarist is a vulgar thief, a liar, and a braggart, calling upon you to admire the peacock splendour of his wretched daw nature. In the high MOLIÈRE sense there is no plagiarism, or only such as the plants exercise upon the earth and air, to organize the stolen material into higher forms, and make it suitable for the food of animals. But the critic who should trouble himself with seriously examining DUMAS'S system of wholesale unblushing plagiarism, would find it difficult so to excuse the prodigal thief. DUMAS, great in everything, is immense in plagiarism. From the cool appropriation of an entire tale to the avowed reproduction of certain chapters, and the incessant unavowed transference of scenes, incidents, characters, and anecdotes to his own multiform pages, DUMAS stands unique among plagiarists. In his last novel, *Conscience l'Innocent*, he takes bodily two chapters from the novel of CONSCIENCE, the Flemish novelist, and half a volume from MICHELET'S *Peuple.* He avows it charmingly. To MICHELET he dedicates the book, begging him not to claim all that it contains of his own; and to CONSCIENCE he has paid the compliment of taking his name for that of his hero. *On n'est pas plus poli!*

DUMAS deserves a monument. The Printers of Europe ought to erect one to his memory, in memory of the work he has given to them. The seventh volume of his *Mémoires* is not yet cut open—lying beside five new volumes—when lo! another work announced: *Le Dernier Roi—Histoire de la vie politique et privée de Louis Philippe.* If he be as veridical in recounting the life of LOUIS PHILIPPE as in narrating his own, we may see an amusing romance.

Among the announcements we observe a translation of Miss BURNEY'S novel *Cecilia*, by Madame de BAUR, a lady well known in literature, both through her works, and through the celebrity of her first husband, S. SIMON.

Dramatic literature is lucrative in France. The statement of finances laid before the Dramatic Society shows, that during the years 1851–52, the *droits d'auteur*, or sums paid for pieces, amount to 917,531 francs (upwards of 36,000*l.*) It would be difficult to show that English Dramatists had received as many hundreds. The sources of these payments are thus indicated:—Theatres of Paris, 705,363 francs; the provincial theatres, 195,450 francs (or nearly eight thousand pounds, whereas *our* provinces return about eight hundred pounds a-year!); and suburban theatres, 16,717 francs. To these details we may add the general receipts of all the theatres in Paris during the year—viz., six millions, seven hundred and seventy-one thousand francs, or 270,840*l.*

SCOTTISH CRIMINAL TRIALS.

Narratives from Criminal Trials in Scotland. By John Hill Burton. In 2 vols. Chapman and Hall.

[SECOND ARTICLE.]

WE have now to speak more precisely of Mr. Burton's volumes. The trials are grouped into "Proceedings against the Clan Gregor," which is a curious chapter of Scotch History; trials for "Witchcraft" and for "Poisoning"—"Spectral and Dream Testimony"—"Proceedings against the Roman Catholics, Covenanters, and Episcopalians"—besides these there is a most important chapter on the "Darien Company," illustrated by some newly discovered documents, which have enabled Mr. Burton to lay bare the whole workings of that company.

In the trials for poisoning there is one strange story, recalling, as Mr. Burton says, the celebrated trial of Madame Laffarge.

"In a secluded mountain region among the braes of Angus, called Glen Isla, there lived a middle-aged gentleman, Thomas Ogelvie, the proprietor of a small estate, who suffered much from bad health. He formed a matrimonial alliance which created considerable astonishment among the friends of both the parties. His wife, Catherine Nairn, was young—not quite nineteen years of age. She held, as the daughter of a house of considerable local distinction, a far higher social rank than Ogelvie, whose position, though he was a landed proprietor, was but that of the yeoman. She was gay to volatility, as her subsequent conduct, apart from the question of her criminality, abundantly showed. Such was she who chose, without compulsion or the pressure of circumstances, to devote herself to the companionship and care of an invalid well advanced in life, and living in the solitudes of Glen Isla.

"The bride had scarcely taken up her abode in her new home, when a brother of her husband, many years younger, a military officer, returned from India, and joined their circle at Eastmiln. Whatever influence this event produced must have worked very rapidly, for the marriage took place in the month of January, and the old man was dead on the 6th of June in the same year.

"The young officer and his sister-in-law were charged with, and, whether justly or not, were convicted of a criminal intrigue with each other. The evidence of neutral and fair persons showed a degree of indecent familiarity between them, such as people in the same rank, at the present day, would deem incomprehensible, since it is the very last course of conduct which a couple entertaining criminal intentions would so flagrantly show. The position of the principal witness, however, who bore actual testimony to the criminality, seems to show that, among certain circles of the Scottish country gentry of that day, there was as much vice as we know that there was coarseness and indecency.* This witness, named Anne Clark, was a relative of the Eastmiln family. She was received into the household after the marriage as a sort of humble dependent. But the accused offered to prove that she had previously resided in a brothel in Edinburgh, and had been the mistress of Eastmiln's younger brother.

* * * *

* There are people old enough to remember a strange coarseness of conversation and manners pervading the Scottish gentry. The indulgence in this humour in mixed society came in later times to be a sort of privilege of rank and birth—the courtesies and elegancies of life required only to be resorted to by those whose position was questionable. Something of the same kind has been noticed in anti-revolutionary France.

"Whether justly or not, the laird's jealousy was roused, and he refused to permit his brother to be any longer a sojourner in his house. He was overheard reproaching his wife, and using an expression not very explicit, 'that she and the lieutenant were as common as the bell that rings on Sabbath.' The account he gave of the matter to a friend was, 'that he had forbid his brother, the captain, the house, on account of suspicions; and he said that his wife was too much taken up in doing things for his brother, the captain, and not for himself; and that, at the same time, he mentioned some differences he had with his brother concerning money-matters.' The wife expressed fierce indignation at the dismissal of the brother-in-law, but it might have been called up as readily by the scandalous suspicions which it excited as by the loss of her paramour. Some of the witnesses said she openly threatened that her husband should have a dose, and her mother-in-law—a very aged woman—said she believed Catherine would stick at nothing, and warned the husband of his danger.

"In this state of matters, one morning, after having had some tea, the laird was suddenly seized with spasms and other evil symptoms, which accumulated until he was released from his agony by death, in a few hours. He exclaimed about sensations of burning and thirst—drank much water, and vomited painfully. He 'complained of a burning at his heart, as he called it; and complained bitterly of pains in the brauns of his legs, and said they would rend; and desired the witness to bind them up for him, which the witness (Anne Clark) accordingly did. That there was a severe heaving at his breast and strong caw, and he cried, to keep open the windows to give him breath. That he was constantly in motion, moving his head, his legs, and his arms. That she observed in the afternoon he did not speak plain, which she supposed was owing to his tongue having swelled—but she did not see his tongue. That about an hour, or an hour and a half before his death, he had an intermission of the vomiting; but that, at length, he was again attacked with a most severe press of vomiting, after which he fell back upon the witness, who was sitting behind him in the bed supporting him, and expired.'

"That he had been poisoned by his wife, was a conclusion immediately adopted by those connexions who were not her friends. That we may judge in a general way how far the evidence was conclusive, let us follow the circumstances attested by the witnesses from the beginning.

"James Carnegie, a surgeon in Brechin, remembered to have received an invitation from Lieutenant Ogelvie, with whom he was acquainted, to meet him at a tavern. This was on some day near the end of May—it was on the 23rd of May that the lieutenant was forbidden his brother's house, and on the 6th of June that the death took place. The surgeon found Ogelvie engaged with two friends—Lieutenant Campbell of his own regiment, and Mr. Dickson. He took the surgeon aside, 'and told him that he was troubled with gripes, and wanted to buy some laudanum from him, and at the same time told him he wanted to buy some arsenic, in order to destroy some dogs which spoiled the game.' The surgeon was not sure if he could supply the articles wanted—he would see when he returned to his surgery. When he did so, 'he found he had some of both, and put up a small phial-glass of laudanum, and betwixt half an ounce and an ounce of arsenic, both which he delivered next day to the lieutenant, after the witness had dined with him and Lieutenant Campbell next day in Smith's. That Lieutenant Ogelvie took him into another room away from Lieutenant Campbell, when he was to receive the laudanum and the arsenic, and then the witness delivered them to him. That the price of both was a shilling. That the arsenic was pulverised, and Lieutenant Ogelvie having asked how to prepare it, the witness gave him directions. He had sold of the same arsenic formerly to people for poisoning of rats, and heard that it had the desired effect. He has been accustomed, when he sold arsenic, to take receipts from low people who bought it, but never from gentlemen; and as the witness knew Lieutenant Ogelvie, and had a good opinion of him, he did not ask a receipt from him, although, when the lieutenant spoke about it first, the witness said to him, 'We used to take a receipt for arsenic;' that the lieutenant answered, 'See first if you have it,' adding at the same time, 'very good.' It might be inferred from this, that he hinted to the lieutenant his desire to possess an acknowledgment for the arsenic, but did not press his request on a gentleman and an acquaintance. The report of this surgeon's further examination is curious, since it shows how extremely uncertain and empirical any decision on the use of poison must have been at that time. He said he 'got his arsenic from a druggist in Dundee—but how long ago he cannot say, there being a small demand for arsenic at any time.' When the surgeon was cross-questioned by Mr. Crosby—the prototype of Scott's Pleydell—he said he wrapt the arsenic up in the form of a pennyworth of snuff, but 'he cannot take upon him to say, from looking at arsenic, whether it be arsenic or not—nor can he say from the taste, for he never tasted it; but that he bought this as arsenic—had the name marked upon it, upon the package—and heard from those he sold it to that it had killed rats.'

"One of the chief circumstances bearing against Lieutenant Ogelvie, was his uneasiness about this purchase. It is pretty well known that, in Scotland, the most powerful instrument for detecting crime is the declaration of the accused, solemnly recorded before a magistrate, immediately after his apprehension, and retained, that at the trial it may be compared with the evidence of the witnesses, and the whole history of the transactions as they are one by one developed. The declaration of a guilty man is almost sure to betray him by palpable inconsistencies; and knowing offenders deem it their wisest policy to close their lips—a policy accompanied by the minor inconvenience of substituting a general suspicion for specific evidence of guilt. But it is sometimes supposed that the inferences from the declaration and the evidence, as compared together, are too strictly interpreted, and that the accused is held as concealing or denying the circumstances of the crime, when he is only keeping out of view unfortunate appearances which he fears may be against him. A believer in Lieutenant Ogelvie's innocence would put such an interpretation on his statement, in his declaration, 'that within these two weeks he was at the town of Brechin, and in company with James Carnegie, surgeon of that place, but that he received from him no laudanum, or any other medicine whatever.' No allusion is made to the arsenic. When Ogelvie was apprehended, a certain Patrick Dickson was employed by him to go to the surgeon, 'and talk to him that he might not be imposed on by anybody.' He 'went and conversed with Mr. Carnegie, who informed him that he had sold the prisoner some laudanum and some arsenic, for both which he received a shilling; and the witness returned to Forfar, and communicated to the prisoner what Mr. Carnegie had said—upon which the prisoner seemed to be under some concern, and seemed desirous to speak with Mr. Carnegie, without either confessing or denying that he had bought the arsenic, for he had only acknowledged buying the laudanum on the Saturday before.' And now he was anxious to have an alteration made on his declaration; but this could not be—he might make additions, but for what was recorded *litera scripta manet.*

"Such being the state of the case as to the purchase of the poison, let us see how its destination and use are supposed to be traced.

"A certain Andrew Stewart, a village tradesman, had casually mentioned to the lieutenant that he had occasion to visit Eastmiln on the following day. He stated that 'before he went off, Lieutenant Ogelvie delivered to the witness a small phial-glass, containing something liquid, which he said was laudanum; and also a small paper packet, which he said contained salts; and that the morning of the day preceding, the witness saw the lieutenant working among some salts—at least, which appeared to the witness to be salts—which were in a chest belonging to the lieutenant. That the phial-glass was round, and knows that there was another phial-glass in his own house, which was square. That he is positive, as he has already deposed, that one phial-glass was delivered to him by the lieutenant, and cannot say with certainty that two might not have been delivered to him by the lieutenant, but rather thinks he got only one; and that, at the time when the above particulars were delivered to him, the lieutenant desired him to deliver them privately into Mrs. Ogelvie's own hand. That he did not see the packet made up, nor did he open it to see what it contained. That in the foresaid packet there was a letter directed for Mrs. Ogelvie, of Eastmiln, which letter was sealed both with wax and a wafer; and that round the packet there was a loose paper of directions in what manner the laudanum was to be used. That when he came to Eastmiln, on the Wednesday afternoon, he was carried into a room where old Lady Eastmiln* was; and that, within a short time thereafter, Mrs. Ogelvie, the prisoner, and Miss Clark, came into the room. That, at the desire of Mrs. Ogelvie, he followed her into the Easter room, where Mrs. Ogelvie having asked him if he had brought any word to her from the lieutenant, he delivered to her the several particulars above mentioned, which the witness saw her immediately put into a drawer in the room. That he did not see her read the letter at that time, but that she put the whole together into the drawer. That soon thereafter Miss Clark asked the witness what he had brought with him from the lieutenant to Mrs. Ogelvie, or if he had brought anything with him? He at first said he had brought nothing, but upon Miss Clark's pressing him with great earnestness, he at last informed her of the particulars he had brought. That, upon this, Miss Clark said that she was afraid Mrs. Ogelvie might poison her husband. That thereafter Miss Clark, in presence of the witness and the old lady, desired Eastmiln not to take anything out of his wife's hand except at the table; to which he answered that he would not. That the old lady joined with Miss Clark in desiring Eastmiln to take nothing out of his wife's hand, but that the witness was at that time very much displeased with both, as he then had no suspicion that Mrs. Ogelvie had any design against the life of her husband.'

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"The Miss Clark, whose suspicions were awakened, is the same of whom some account is already given. One of the strange mysteries of the case is, that this woman appears to have made up her mind, even before the arrival of Stewart and his package, that Mrs. Ogelvie was determined to poison her husband. She vented her suspicions to Stewart and to the old lady, and according to her own account, she set off to consult the parish clergyman in the emergency, but did not succeed in finding him. Having now seen the evidence that the poison reached Eastmiln, let us see what light is thrown on the method in which it was used.

"On the day when the package had arrived, there had been high words between Eastmiln and his wife, and their subject was an extremely awkward one. She was occupied in making cambric ruffles for the lieutenant. She let it be understood that the material had been left behind by the dismissed brother-in-law; but a chapman or pedlar had just been dunning the laird himself for payment of an account for it, and thus it appeared that Catherine was incurring debts in her husband's name to decorate her paramour. The laird went forth sulky, spent the day with his tenants on the other side of the hill, and, returning in the evening in no better humour, went to bed without supping.

"Next morning, breakfast was ready 'between eight and nine—a little sooner than ordinary.' This was to accommodate Mr. Stewart, who stayed all night, and desired to depart early in the day. Mr. Stewart saw Catherine Nairn pour out a bowl of tea, and walk from the room with it, saying that she was to give it to her husband, who was in bed. As she went up stairs with the bowl, a servant had occasion to follow her. According to the evidence as reported, 'she followed her mistress up-stairs, wanting some beef out of the beef-stand, and saw her go into a closet adjoining her master's room. That the witness followed her into the closet, demanding the beef; but that her mistress bade her go down stairs, as she was not ready yet—and she was always wanting something; and that Mrs. Ogelvie appeared to be in a passion at her. That her master was at that time in bed, and that when the witness was in the closet, she saw Mrs. Ogelvie stirring about the tea, with her face to the door; but that she did not see her mistress, when in the closet, put anything into the tea.'

Soon afterwards, the rest of the family sitting at breakfast, Mrs. Ogelvie made the remark that the laird and Elizabeth Sturrock was well off, having got the first of the tea. Anne Clark states that she was startled and alarmed by this announcement, and she appears to have expected what followed. Elizabeth Sturrock stated that Catherine Nairn came to her, and saying the laird had got his breakfast, desired that *she* would say she had got breakfast too, though she had not. The laird had gone out to the stable, and he was seen immediately afterwards, by Stewart, approaching the house under palpable symptoms of internal agony. His wife was the first who announced at the breakfast-table that the laird was very ill. According to Anne Clark, she spoke with levity, and, seeing her weeping, said, 'Are you daft?' Then followed the poor man's agony and death, as it has been already described. He did not, however, depart without leaving on the evidence the impression of what occurred to himself. A servant brought him some water in the same bowl from which he had drunk the tea; but he bade it be carried out of sight, exclaiming, 'Damn that bowl, for I have got my death in it already.' He said, in the hearing of another servant, that 'he was poisoned—and that woman had done it.' A neighbour called during his agony, and asking him what he believed to ail him, was answered, 'I am gone, James, with no less than rank poison.'

* "It was the practice in Scotland to call the laird simply by the name of his estate, *e.g.* Eastmiln, and as it was necessary to distinguish the wife from the husband, gallantry awarded to the former the flattering prefix of 'lady.' So would the humble helpmate of the owner of a couple of hundred acres of bog and stone be denominated."

"No surgeon saw him before he expired. There was much confused testimony, as there generally is on such occasions, as to what the several persons present proposed, or hinted about medical advice. As to that Catherine herself, it was stated by Stewart that 'he proposed to Mrs. Ogelvie that a surgeon should be called to his assistance, to which she would not agree, stating that he would be better;' and, upon the witness renewing this proposal, she stated that she would not for any money that a surgeon should be called, as the consequence of this would be to give her a bad name from what Miss Clark had said of her. She at length, however, consented to a messenger being sent to a neighbouring surgeen; but he arrived too late. There was little adduced in exculpation to meet this evidence, such as it was. It was proved that the deceased was often subject to bad health; and he had, on an occasion recently before his death, complained of internal pain, and had gone to a neighbour to get heated chaff applied to the pit of the stomach for its relief."

There is considerable mystery in the case, and Mr. Burton's remarks on the want of legal evidence adduced on the trial are worth reading. Indeed, it is as critic and lawyer rather than as narrator that he fixes attention in these volumes. What stories he has to tell are well told, but as pure narratives they are not in general interesting. The interest arises from the skilful way in which he manages so to group the details, that a moral, legal, or historical lesson shall unforced appear. There are some excellent remarks in the chapter on "Spectral and Dream Testimony," which may be recommended to the consideration of those persons whose facile credulity is imposed upon by any "authentic" narrative of the supernatural kind; and in his introduction to the trials for poisoning he takes occasion to soothe the alarm of those who fancy that the advance of science will increase the number of poisonings by spreading wider the knowledge of poisons.

"One of the most observable things in the history of crime is the slowness with which it adopts, when it adopts at all, the aids of advancing science. While the efforts that do good to mankind are ever triumphing in new lights, wickedness lurks in old barbaric darkness. It is surely one of the most cheering tokens of a superior wisdom in the guidance of the universe, that science can control its powers for good ends, and that the intellectual capacities of men are the servants and not the masters of the moral. All our great discoveries, from printing down to the electric telegraph, have aided in the detection rather than the accomplishment of crime, and every new surrender of physical difficulties to scientific skill, gives the supporters of order and morality new checks on licentiousness and vice.

"Yet well-meaning people, who have seen with admiring joy the order and beauty of creation in inanimate objects, have been loth to follow it into these deeper and more sublime recesses. Thus pious heads have vibrated at every invention or discovery increasing the command of man over the physical world, as if it also increased the command of evil over good. At one time it appears that crime is to flee before justice on the wings of steam—at another it is proclaimed that forgery and fraudulent imitation of every kind can be pursued on a bountiful scale without the possibility of detection. This world would be, indeed, a darker abiding place than it is, if every scientific discovery were only to strengthen the destructive powers of a race of Brinvilliers and Borgias. Science, when it rises in the midst of a state of society where the other elements of civilization keep pace with its progress, rarely lends itself to crime; and in the midst of its brightest achievements we generally find the darker crimes perpetrated with the narrow knowledge, and the clumsy materials that have been inherited from distant ages of ignorance and ruffianism."

Mr. Burton adds in a note:—

"It is curious that, in the only great crime lately known to be committed by a man of noted scientific attainments, the murder of Dr. Parkman by Professor Webster, the chemical adept, instead of drawing on the resources of his science, perpetrated his crime with the rude brutality of a savage."

CONSUMPTION AND TRAVEL.

The Climate of Italy in relation to Pulmonary Consumption; with Remarks on the Influence of Foreign Climates upon Invalids. By T. H. Burgess, M.D. Longman and Co.

DR. BURGESS has presented here a very valuable and suggestive book, on a subject of near and intimate importance to us all. Consumption—the so-called English disease—has carried, and threatens to carry, away from us so many dearly loved, that we cannot but listen to a wise councillor who bids us pause ere we hasten that calamity, by sending the patients abroad in the vain hope of curing them. He bids us pause, and wisely bids us; for, looking into this mystery with such dim aid as science can afford us, he sees that foreign travel—and, notably, travel in Italy—is very positively injurious, rather than beneficial. First, because Consumption is not a disease curable by climate. Secondly, because the climate of Italy and the south of France does not offer the conditions favourable to delicate lungs.

If, as laymen, we may venture an opinion, we should say that Dr. Burgess somewhat exaggerates the dark shadows of his picture, and omits to take into account certain *mental* influences resulting from foreign travel, which influences may have a notable share in such benefit as does manifestly accrue to consumptive patients visiting the Mediterranean. In speaking of the variability of the Italian climate, Dr. Burgess speaks from the authority of facts; but is not that of England variable and damp? and which of the two is the least so?

We indicate here certain reservations; we do not bring them forward as prominent objections to the very admirable and scientific exposition given by Dr. Burgess. The topic is vital. Let our readers lose no time in seeing how Dr. Burgess treats it. That people are sent abroad under the persuasion that a "warm climate," a "southern climate," will certainly arrest, if it do not eradicate, the disease, arises from a superstition in itself not more respectable than that which formerly sent consumptive patients—as Dr. Burgess remarks—to breathe the sulphureous vapours of Mount Tabio, near Vesuvius. But if we reject all such talismanic conceptions, and steadily ask ourselves—What is Consumption, and how can climate affect it? we shall be, at any rate, on the path which may lead us to the truth.

But at the outset, our ignorance of what causes Consumption, must make us cautious. Dr. Burgess has not laid down the general principles (such, at least, as they are known) on this subject, to enable us to reason from them. The tubercles which the microscope reveals to us are organic *deposits*; they are deposits from the blood, and have this peculiarity—that they are insusceptible of any further development. The food which, converted into blood, is afterwards converted into tissues—that is to say, the process of *assimilation*, upon which growth and life depend, is arrested midway, and instead of forming *lungs*, it forms tubercular material, which admits of no capillary circulation in its interior; and being, therefore, bloodless, is incapable of development into tissue.

How are we to attack this diathesis—this hereditary tendency, as it mostly is, to tubercular formation? How are we to arrest the formation of tubercles in cases not hereditary? The idea of arresting it through any change of climate does not seem acceptable to us; and, as Dr. Burgess remarks:—

"If we contemplate the climate theory through the appropriate medium of the natural history of creation, we shall find that the argument is also in our favour. We may seek in vain along the entire range of organized existence for an example of diseased animals being benefited by removal from a warm to a cold, or from a cold to a warm country. There appears nothing in the book of nature so violently inconsistent. The fishes which inhabit the waters of the British islands will not thrive in the Arctic seas, nor those of the latter in the ocean of the tropics. The birds of the primeval forests of America generally die in this country, unless reared like hot-house plants; and so with the wild animals which live and flourish in the jungles of Asia or the scorching deserts of Africa.

"Man, although endowed in a remarkable degree, and more so than any other animal, with the faculty of enduring such unnatural transitions, nevertheless becomes sensible of their injurious results. For familiar illustrations of this influence, we have only to look to the broken-down constitutions of our Indian officers, or to the emaciated frame of the shivering Hindoo who sweeps the crossings of the streets of London. The child of the European, although born in India, must be sent home in early life to the climate of his ancestors, or to one closely resembling it, in order to escape incurable disease, if not premature death. Again, the offspring of Asiatics born in this country pine and dwindle into one or other of the twin cachexiæ—scrofula and consumption, and if the individual survives, lives in a state of passive existence, stunted in growth, and incapable of enduring fatigue. If such extreme changes of climate prove obnoxious to the health of individuals having naturally a sound constitution, how are we to expect persons in a state of organic disease to be thereby benefited? In fact, view the subject in whatever light we may, we must eventually arrive at the natural and rational conclusion, that nature has adapted the constitution of man to the climate of his ancestors. The accident of birth does not constitute the title to any given climate. The natural climate of man is that in which not only he himself was born, but likewise his blood relations for several generations. This is his natural climate, as well in health as when his constitution is broken down by positive deseasc, or unhinged by long-continued neglect of the common rules of hygiene."

Further—

"If a phthisical patient derives benefit from a foreign climate, he should never leave it; for it is obvious, if he returns to his native climate, his constitution will be again changed or remodelled, and he is then rendered obnoxious to the same physical causes which originally produced his complaint."

In another passage, Dr. Burgess points to that very prevalent metaphysical idea of a *vis medicatrix naturæ*, which attributes to Nature the intention, the desire, and the foresight of an intelligent physician—he does not say so, but read this, especially the sentence we have marked in italics:—

"The curative effects of climate, to say the least, seem quite as doubtful as those reported of medicinal agents. The vulgar opinion is, that in migrating from a cold or temperate to a warm climate, the phthisical patient is thus enabled, by breathing a mild and soothing atmosphere, *to give nature time and opportunity to heal the tuberculous ulcer*, to arrest any further progress of the malady, and, lastly, even to revolutionize the system."

Nature has *no* intention whatever to heal the ulcer, give her never so much time and opportunity; on the contrary, it is Nature who has set up this tubercular deposit, and will continue to do so, *as long as her paths of action lie in that direction* (*i.e.* as long as the properties of matter are what they are); and it is our province to try and understand *what* precisely are the conditions upon which tubercles depend; having done that, we may perhaps alter them, and cure consumption. *But Nature will not cure herself, for Nature is not sick!* Warm climates will not cure, unless they afford conditions which prevent tubercular deposits; and the examination of Dr. Burgess goes to show that not only are consumptive patients frightfully numerous in those climates, but that the climates, so far as science as gauged them, are *essentially unsuited* to consumptive patients. Readers who cannot appreciate the scientific aspect of this treatise, will be nevertheless very much interested and startled by its chapters on the climates of Madeira, Malta, South of France, and Italy.

A BATCH OF NEW BOOKS.

THE crowded state of our Library Table has for some time past been getting so oppressive, that we must attempt a clearance in a more summary dismissal of several works, than, did space permit us, we should not unwillingly bestow on them. There is James Martineau's *Miscellanies* (8vo, John Chapman), for example, setting forth the opinions of an eloquent, subtle, and remarkable writer, in a style rarely matched for clearness and beauty. How gladly could we have lingered with him over the life and works of Priestley and Arnold, over his reviews of Parker and Newman, and over his powerful onslaught upon the Churches! But the volume is a reprint of articles, and we can only afford to call attention to the fact that the articles are reprinted.

Beranger's Lyrical Poems, selected and translated by William Anderson (12mo, Sutherland and Knox), might have furnished us with an illustration of how poems should *not* be translated, and perhaps amused the reader by the extracts necessary to "point that moral."

Hazlitt's Life of Napoleon, revised by his son (Vol. I., 8vo, Office of the "Illustrated London Library"), may stand over till completed: it was a

work of passionate devotion on Hazlitt's part, and his son undertakes in this edition to correct its errors of name and of date. The same publishers present us with an amusing book of travels, profusely illustrated with woodcuts, *Neale's Residence in Siam*, which introduces us to manners and customs not yet hacknied by the "free-pencillers." Mr. Neale is a pleasant companion; and although we have not travelled over all the ground with him, it has been from no lack of interest, but from lack of time. We shall call upon his volume for extracts from time to time, and now dismiss it with our recommendation. Also from the same establishment comes this *Illustrated London Cookery Book*, a goodly volume containing fifteen hundred receipts, addressed to families blessed with an intelligent cook and a liberal purse. As reviewers we are supposed to understand "carving," having so many occasions for "cutting up;" but of the great art of cookery we must humbly declare our profound ignorance, and therefore decline to give our opinion on this book.

Beale's Laws of Health in relation to Mind and Body (8vo, Churchill), contains, in the shape of letters from a practitioner to his patient, some excellent advice, and some fourth-rate metaphysical writing. Although not by any means comparable to Andrew Combe's admirable books on this subject, Mr. Beale's volume may be commended as an intelligible exposition of certain general principles useful to bear in mind.

The Introductory Lectures delivered at the Museum of Practical Geology, and published under the title of *Records of the School of Mines* (Longman and Co.), are somewhat more interesting than inaugural lectures are apt to be: notably that of Professor Forbes on the Relations of Natural History to Geology, which has less of commonplace than the others. We noticed these lectures at the time, and now record their publication.

The Life of Roger Williams, by Romeo Elton, D.D. (12mo, A. Cockshaw), has peculiar interest to those who view in its true philosophic light the chivalrous element of that spiritual Quixotism named "Missionary fervor;" and from it the reader may turn to another psychological curiosity set forth in Wild's *Irish Popular Superstitions* (12mo, Orr and Co.), written in a rapid touch-and-go style.

Railway Literature, as it is inappropriately called, entices us with Cunynghame's lively *Glimpse at the Great Western Republic* (Bentley's shilling series), with Fanny Lewald's *Italian Sketch-Book*, translated from the German for Simms and M'Intyre's *Book-case;* with Captain Mayne Reid's rattling and vivacious romance, *The Scalp Hunters* (Parlour Library); with Mary Howitt's translation of A. Stifter's *Pictures of Life* (Parlour Library); and with an original novel by Miss Maillard, *Zingra, the Gipsy* (Railway Library).

Portfolio.

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

COMTE'S POSITIVE PHILOSOPHY.

By G. H. LEWES.

PART VII.—*General Considerations on Astronomy.*

IT is difficult not to talk poetry when talking of the stars; but we must here do our utmost to repress that tendency, and to keep ourselves at the scientific point of view. That man should know anything of the stars would be marvellous, if all knowledge were not a marvel. The history of his knowledge, the gradual growth of his conceptions on this subject of the stars would be the history of the human mind. In Astronomy, from its very simplicity, we see with greater distinctness the procession of thoughts, from the time when the course of the stars seemed prophetic of human destinies, and their wayward ever-varying configurations dragged with them the strange vicissitudes of life, to the time when positive science has ascertained the main laws of the heavenly mechanism. In it may be seen amusingly illustrated the *theological* tendency of interpreting all phenomena according to human analogies, the *metaphysical* tendency of arguing instead of observing—of substituting some logical deduction for the plain observation of a fact; and finally, the *positive* tendency of limiting inquiry to accessible relations, and rejecting as idle all speculation which transcends our means.

Comte has not only devoted some four hundred pages of his second volume to an exposition of the main points necessary to be understood in a philosophic survey of Astronomy, he has also devoted a separate work to the subject in his *Treatise of Popular Astronomy*, justly considering this science as one eminently calculated to render familiar his views of positive method. In the remarks which are now to follow, Comte himself must be understood as speaking; the sentences are translations, or analyses, of what may be found in his work:—

And first, as to the possible extent of our sidereal knowledge.

Sight is the only one of our senses through which we can acquire a knowledge of celestial objects. Hence, their only qualities that can become known to us are their forms, their distances, their magnitudes, and their movements; and Astronomy, therefore, may properly be defined thus:—

It has for its object the discovery of the laws of the geometrical and mechanical phenomena presented to us by the heavenly bodies.

It is, however, necessary to add, that in reality, the phenomena of *all* the heavenly bodies are not within the reach of scientific investigation.

Those philosophical minds who are strangers to the profound study of Astronomy, and even astronomers themselves, have not yet sufficiently distinguished, in the *ensemble* of our celestial investigations, between the *solar* point of view, as I may call it, and that which truly deserves the name of *universal*. This distinction, however, appears to me indispensable to mark precisely the line of separation between that part of the science which may be brought to a state completely perfect, and the other, which, without indeed being purely conjectural, must always remain in the stage of infancy, at least, when contrasted with the first. The solar system, of which we form a part, evidently offers a subject of study, whose boundaries are well marked; it is susceptible of a thorough examination, and capable of leading us to the most satisfactory conclusions. But the idea of what we call *the universe* is, on the contrary, necessarily indefinite, so that, however extensive we would suppose our well-grounded knowledge of this kind to become in the course of time, we should never be able to arrive at the true conception of the ensemble of the stars. The difference is, at this moment, very striking indeed; for, with a solar astronomy in the high degree of perfection acquired during the two last centuries, we do not even yet possess, in sidereal astronomy, the first and simplest element of positive inquiry,—the determination of the distances of the stars. Doubtless, we have reason for presuming (as I shall afterwards explain) that those distances will yet be determined, at least, within certain limits, in the case of several stars; and that, consequently, we shall know divers other important elements, which theory is quite prepared to deduce from this fundamental given quantity, such as their masses, &c. But the important distinction made above will by no means be affected thereby.

In every branch of our researches, and in all their chief aspects, there exists a constant and necessary harmony between the extent of our intellectual wants, that truly are such, and the real compass, present or future, of our knowledge. This harmony, which I shall specially point out in all classes of phenomena, is neither the result nor the sign of a final cause, as our common-place philosophers try to believe. It simply arises from this evident necessity:—on the one hand we have only need of knowing what can act upon and affect us, more or less directly; and on the other, it follows, from the very fact of there being such influencing agencies in operation, that we are thereby sooner or later supplied with a sure means of knowledge. This relation is made manifest in a remarkable manner in the case before us. The most complete study possible of the laws of the solar system, of which we form a part, is of high interest to us, and we have succeeded in giving it an admirable precision. On the contrary, if an exact idea of the universe is necessarily interdicted to us, it is plain that this is of no real importance, except to our insatiable curiosity. The daily application of astronomy shows that the phenomena occurring within each solar system, being those which can alone affect its inhabitants, are essentially independent of the more general phenomena connected with the mutual action of the suns, almost like our meteorogical phenomena in their relation to the planetary phenomena. Our tables of celestial events, prepared long beforehand, on the principle of taking no account of any other world in the universe, save our own, have hitherto rigorously tallied with direct observations, however minute the precision we introduce into them. This independence, so palpable, is completely explained by the immense disproportion which we are certain exists between the mutual distances of the suns, and the small intervals between our planets. If, as is highly probable, the planets provided with atmospheres, as Mercury, Venus, Jupiter, &c., are really inhabited, we may regard their inhabitants as in some shape our fellow citizens, seeing that from this sort of common country there would necessarily result a certain community of thoughts, and even of interests, while the inhabitants of the other solar systems must be entire aliens to us. It is therefore necessary to separate more profoundly than has hitherto been customary, the solar from the universal point of view,—the idea of the world from that of the universe; the first is the highest which we have been able actually to reach, and it is, besides, the only one in which we are truly interested.

Hence, without renouncing all hope of obtaining some knowledge of the stars, it is necessary to conceive positive astronomy as consisting essentially in the geometrical and mechanical study of the small number of heavenly bodies which compose the *world* of which we form a part. It is only within these limits that astronomy, from its perfection, merits the superior rank which it now holds among the sciences.

And here Comte calls attention to a very important philosophical law, never distinctly recognised before his enunciation of it—viz.: *That in proportion as the phenomena to be studied become more complex, they are, from their nature, susceptible of more extended and more varied means of exploration.*

In other words, the complexity of the phenomena imply a greater variety of sources through which they can be investigated. If man had a sense the less, the phenomena now perceived by that sense would be wanting to him; if he had a sense the more, he would perceive more phenomena. There is not, however, an exact compensation between the increase of difficulty and the increase of our resources, so that, notwithstanding this harmony, the sciences which refer to the most complex phenomena continue no less necessarily the most imperfect, in accordance with the encyclopædical scale established at the commencement of Comte's work. Astronomical phenomena, then, being the simplest, ought to be those for which the means of exploration are the most limited.

Our art of observing is, in general, composed of three different processes: 1st, *Observation*, properly so called—that is to say, the direct examination of the phenomenon, just as it naturally presents itself; 2nd, *Experiment*—that is to say, the contemplation of the phenomena, more or less modified by circumstances artificially created by us, with the express purpose of a more perfect exploration; 3rd, *Comparison*—that is to say, the

gradual consideration of a series of analogous cases in which the phenomena become more and more simplified. The science of organized bodies, which embraces the phenomena the most difficult of access, is at the same time the only one that truly permits the union of the three modes. Astronomy, on the contrary, is necessarily limited to the first. And observation is there restricted to that of a single sense. All that it does—and it is all that is required—is to measure angles, and reckon times elapsed. Observation, however indispensable, plays the most insignificant part in astronomy: it is reasoning that forms incomparably the greatest portion of the science, and this constitutes the prime basis of its intellectual dignity. It is even our intelligence that constructs the greater number of astronomical phenomena, actual phenomena though they are. We neither, for example, *see* the figure of the earth nor the curve described by a planet.

The combination of these two essential characteristics—extreme simplicity of the phenomena to be studied, with great difficulty in their observation—is what makes astronomy a science so eminently mathematical. On the one hand, the constant necessity we are under of deducing from a small number of direct measures, both angular and horary quantities, which are not themselves immediately observable, renders the continual use of abstract mathematics absolutely indispensable. On the other hand, astronomical questions being always problems of geometry or problems of mechanics, naturally fall within the province of concrete mathematics. And finally, not only as respects the geometrical problems do we have perfect regularity of astronomical figures, but as respects the mechanical, we have admirable simplicity of movements taking place in a medium whose resistance has hitherto been left out of account without error, and under the influence of a small number of forces constantly subject to one very simple law; and these circumstances allow the application of the methods and the theories of Mathematics to a much greater extent than in any other case. There is perhaps not a single analytical process, a single geometrical or mechanical doctrine, which is not ultimately made use of in astronomical investigations, and the greater part of them have hitherto served no other primary purpose. Hence it is preëminently by a proper study of this application of them that we can acquire a just sentiment of the importance and the reality of mathematical speculations.

On reflecting on the singularly simple nature of astronomical researches, and the consequent facility of applying the *ensemble* of mathematical resources to them in the most extensive way, we understand why astronomy is now placed at the head of the natural sciences. It merits this supremacy—1st, By the perfection of its scientific character; 2nd, By the preponderating importance of the laws which it discloses to us.

After referring to several examples of the high practical utility of astronomy, Comte adduces that science to illustrate the fact, that the sublimest scientific speculations often, without premeditation, lead in the end to the most ordinary practical and useful purposes, and he exposes the folly of those who would, if in their power, interdict all speculations except what have, on the face of them, an immediate practical object in view.

On a closer examination of the present condition of the different fundamental sciences, under the philosophical point of view, we shall have occasion to observe, as I have already hinted, that astronomy is in the meantime the only one which is really and finally purged of all theological or metaphysical considerations. As respects Method, this is the first title it has to supremacy. It is there that philosophical minds can effectually study what a true science really consists in; and it is after this model that we ought to strive, as far as possible, to construct all the other fundamental sciences, having at the same time due regard to the differences, more or less profound, that necessarily result from the increasing complication of the phenomena.

Those who conceive science as consisting of a simple accumulation of observed facts, have only to consider astronomy with some attention to feel how narrow and superficial is their notion. Here the facts are so simple, and of so little interest, that one cannot possibly fail to observe that only the connexion of them and the exact knowledge of their laws, constitute the science. What in reality is an astronomical fact? Nothing else, ordinarily, than this: that a star has been seen at a particular instant, and under a correctly measured angle; a circumstance, doubtless, of little importance of itself. The continual combination of these observations, and the more or less profound mathematical elaboration of them, uniquely characterize the science even in its most imperfect state. In reality, astronomy did not take its rise when the priests of Egypt or Chaldea had, with more or less exactness, made a series of empirical observations on the heavens, but only when the first Greek philosophers began to connect the general phenomenon of the diurnal movement with some geometrical laws. The true and definite object of astronomical investigations always being to predict with certainty the actual state of the heavens at a future period, more or less distant, the establishing of the laws of the phenomena evidently affords the only means of arriving at this result while the accumulation of observations cannot, of itself, be of any practical utility for the purpose, except as furnishing a solid foundation to our speculations. In one word, a true astronomy did not exist so long as mankind knew not, for example, how to foresee, with a certain degree of precision, by the aid at least of graphical process, and in particular, by certain trigonometrical calculations, the instant of the rising of the sun, or of some star, on a given day and at a given place. This essential characteristic of the science has always been the same since its origin. All the steps in its subsequent progress have only consisted in definitely giving to these predictions a greater and greater certainty and precision, by borrowing from direct observation the least possible number of given terms for the purpose of foreseeing the most distant future. No part of philosophy can manifest with greater force the truth of this fundamental axiom: *every science has prevision for its object*: which distinguishes real science from simple erudition, limited to recount past events without any view to the future.

Not only is the true characteristic of a science more profoundly marked in astronomy than in any other branch of positive knowledge, but we may even say, that since the development of the theory of gravitation, it has attained the highest degree of philosophical perfection that any science can ever pretend to, as respects method,—the exact reduction of all phenomena, both in kind and in degree, to one general law,—provided always that we confine the remark to solar astronomy, agreeably to the explanation given above. Without doubt, the gradual complication of phenomena ought to make us conceive a similar perfection as absolutely chimerical in the other fundamental sciences. But it ought no less to be the general type which the different classes of *savans* ought constantly to have in view, as being one they must approximate to as far as the corresponding phenomena will allow. It is always there we shall perceive in all its purity what the positive *explanation* of a phenomenon is, without any inquiry as to the first or final cause of it; and, finally, it is there we must learn the true character, and the essential conditions of truly scientific *hypotheses*, no other science having employed this powerful instrument so extensively, and at the same time so fittingly.

I must interrupt the exposition here, and resume it next week. Unwilling as I am to lengthen this series, yet having commenced the task of presenting all the main and necessary points of this system of philosophy, it is better to incur the charge of prolixity than to hurry over the subject and leave the reader tantalized with vague descriptions.*

The Arts.

THE OPERAS.

I HAVE not much to discourse about this week, and am not in the mood to disguise my poverty under magnificent phrases. It is a great art that of writing with nothing to say! but an art, like all others, obedient to the moods and caprices of that delicate thing, the human mind. I'll trouble you for a feuilleton when your liver is inactive! Let me see what criticism you would write on Cruvelli while your head was heavy with yesterday's dinner! Give me a taste of your quality with a toothache!

Were my mood otherwise, I could tell you something of Cruvelli in *Ernani*. It is, after *Fidelio*, her greatest part. The music which taxes every other singer falls easily upon her. She is somewhat of a screamer, and Verdi is fond of screaming. Her noble voice, her impetuous style, her overtragic manner, better suit *Elvira;* and she produces a great effect in it. What a feuilleton I *could* write . . . if I could! But O Harriet! O Fanny! O dinner, haunting me, as the cataract did Mr. Wordsworth—

"Like a tall passion."

O Love! O Indigestion—*voilà de tes coups!* you have done it all! Were it not for your remorseless pursuit of me, I could do something with the "artist" Ferlotti, who in *Carlo V.* stamped himself in my estimation as having achieved the most perfect failure "it has ever fallen to my lot to witness," (*style choisi!*) It is more Ferlotti's misfortune than his fault that he has no voice, and is errantly capricious in intonation—(after all why be fastidious, and demand correct intonation from an "artist?")—but if I were criticising him, I should ask whether it is owing to his being "such an artist," that he sings defiance in the lackadaisical manner he selected as the fitting expression of

Lo vedremo veglio audace
Se resistermi potrai—

and I would suggest to him in future to be less of an "artist," and more of a singer. Do I ask too much? Belletti as *Ruy Gomez*, was everything one could desire, and was *not* an artist.

Oh, but a real artist—a man for whom the name should have been invented, had it not existed—a man who by his art makes you forget defects of voice, of intonation, of figure, till you prefer him to all others—Ronconi in a word, has had a *fiasco* I little anticipated. He played *Don Giovanni;* he will not play it again. But he recovered from the fall by playing *Papageno* in *Il Flauto Magico*—a performance *not* to be imagined nor described. With him, and with Anna Zerr, the triumph of the evening rested. Some day or other when I feel equal to the audacity, I will fling a stone at this idol of an opera, and try to give a better explanation of its heaviness than the usual excuse, "such a miserable libretto." The libretto is bad enough in all conscience, but I believe better music—more dramatic, more passionate, more earnest—would have triumphed over it. The union of such grandeur as that eminent in the large phrases of the priestly music, with such prettiness and triviality noticeable in the rest, is to my taste fatal; the third act of *Othello* might almost as well be intercolated with *Did you ever send your Wife to Camberwell?* Moreover, charming, and flowing, and piquant as the melodies are in a drawing-room, directly you transfer them to the stage, their want of depth and earnestness becomes apparent: they are ear-catching melodies, graceful and pretty, as everything Mozart wrote, but they are not dramatic.

All this I will some day try to make out more conclusively. You won't agree with me, I dare say; what then? I am here to express my

* For the Comte subscription fund I have to acknowledge 10*s.* from W. A. R. In Oxford and Cambridge I hear that generous students are interesting themselves in Comte's favour.

opinions, not your's. If I only echoed your thought, why should you invest sixpence in my lucubrations? And yet people often say to me, "I don't agree with you." *Après?* I don't always agree with myself! For instance, did I not last week tell you that

ROSE CHERI

had fallen off, was not the same actress, had lost her charm, had broken her spell, had caused me to distribute my arsenic to an amatory, declamatory cat, whose only crime was that he was an "artist," and would sing in my garden? I told you so; I now retract. What I then said requires modification. Rose *is* thinner, older, not so pretty, not so ingenuous; but see her in *Un Changement de Main*, and then say whether she is not charming, fascinating! The Empress of Russia does not call for ingenuous *naiveté*—she is not white muslin innocence at eighteen; on the contrary, she must rather

Seem the innocent serpent,
But *be* the dagger under it.

(Is *that* the precise quotation?) She must be keen, calm, self-possessed, yet curious, loving, womanly,—and such was Rose! This very pleasant and amusing piece (known to the Adelphi public as "The Lioness of the North"—*et quelle lionne!*) I saw her play some years ago, but on Monday last she was as captivating in it as ever, and I felt remorse at having hinted she was not firmly fixed on her throne of admiration.

VIVIAN.

THE QUARTETT ASSOCIATION.

THE Second Concert of the Quartett Association was even more successful, and far more interesting than the first. It is impossible, in hearing Sainton, Piatti, Hill, and Cooper, not to be struck with the advantage of that intimate and constant brotherhood in art which lends to each performance a certain accent of entire and perfect unity. But my loadstar on this occasion, I may here (as I sit alone with my lamp) confess without blushing, was Wilhelmine Clauss, that gentle and inspired girl, whose fair, spiritual, and "ever harmless" looks (like Shelley's sensitive plant in delicatest human shape)—whose fresh, open, guileless brow, on which the fine and sad *insouciance* of the true artist nature is mirrored like an April sun—had taken me, heart, soul, and senses, captive, when I beheld and listened to her at the first meeting of the Musical Union. Ah! when she tosses back with an impatience wayward, yet serene, those caressing curls from her little angel's head, and after one quick upturned glance that seems to wait for the divine afflatus, bends tranquil, and possessed to touch the first note of some enchanting strain—you are her slave and worshipper then and evermore. She will haunt you like a memory. Such childlike, simple-natured innocence of feature in repose, such rapt intensity, almost of suffering, when abandoned to her art, I do not remember to have seen. Many critics more scientific and more calm, will tell you how classical the refinement, how irreproachable the purity, how finished the method, how brilliant and decided the accent of her style. But, beyond the extreme tranquillity and most subtle and tender grace, I would especially mention one quality which struck me especially in her rendering of that Nocturne by Chopin. It is (for I know no other name) what the Italians would call, in speaking of the Plastic Arts, *morbidezza*. And this *morbidezza* does not forbid the airy freshness of that ever sparkling fountain—Youth! I must not forget to mention how well Cooper led the Grand Quartett in A minor of Beethoven: in the Adagio of thanksgiving, and in the Recitativo, he surprised the audience into a murmur of delight. To speak of the other executants were quite superfluous. But let me say that I was unfortunately too late to hear Mr. Macfarren's new Quartett in G minor, composed expressly for this society: and that my regret was increased by the reports I gathered from many in the room on the merits of this work of one of our most deservedly esteemed and most truly scientific musicians. I am glad to hear that the Quartett Association promises one entirely original work at each of their meetings: thus ministering to the progress of art while they cultivate the taste of the audience.

LE CHAT-HUANT.

ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

(Second Notice.)

THE PRÆ-RAPHAELITE BRETHREN.

THE key-problem of the present exhibition undoubtedly is the Præ-Raphaelite question. If one were to seek the life that there is in the painting, it might be found in that young and indiscreet school.

Art needs no written canons; criticism does. Art can follow on its growth by the instinctive reasoning of successive artists; but criticism, which defines the end and judges of the means, must justify its grounds by defining its canons. Still art *possesses* its canons, worked out in the works of masters; and criticism only extracts the canons from those works. Imagination, indeed, cannot be critical, or else it loses its impulse and becomes mechanical: criticism is retrospective, and disciplines the mind for future labours, which accord with the critical canon, not by taking thought, but by the habit of thinking or perceiving according to a recognised law; and even where the artist has not acted on a conscious critical law verbally uttered, like the memoranda of Da Vinci, he has acted on the *lex non scripta* established in the successes of the masters before him. It is by this accumulation of skill, that art, too vast for one man to conquer, was acquired by a glorious succession of painters, and one "style" grew out of another.

Style is an approved method of setting forth certain objects or subjects; it degenerates into manner when the purpose of the artist is, not to design a subject, and to do so after a given style, but to design a picture as a pretext for displaying the style. To adopt the style of a great artist seems to the lesser one a short cut to greatness; but the style of a giant becomes the gratuitously affected manner of a dwarf. Indignation at modern mannerism seems to have moved the Præ-Raphaelites: tracing the manner to Raphael, they thought to eliminate the peccant element by discarding his style. Recognising the earnestness of the early painters, their *endeavour* to express great intent being rendered more apparent by the difficulty, the Præ-Raphaelites felt a sympathy with that honest earnestness. Giotto, *trying* to be Raphael, they preferred to Raphael, because in Raphael they saw the author of the degenerate artifices of modern design; they discarded the accumulated wisdom of Giotto's worthy successors, and aiming at the style of that Raphael before his time, they struck out a *manner* burlesquing his style, or that of inferior men. They painted, and they were laughed at; they painted again, obstinately, and were not laughed at so much; for the stronger men among them had advanced a little from their position. They paint still; the laughter is dying away; and others are catching the manner. But the manner is growing into a style; the Præ-Raphaelite Brethren have more modestly and informedly studied nature, and in her working out for themselves the canons, they find there what they might have found in the works of Raphael and Titian. It is a slow and painful process, their self-development—needlessly slow and painful, and withal not so wise as if they had a little more faith—an independent, self-relying faith, but still a faith, in the line of geniuses that have preceded them. However, they have got a warrant from Nature, and they are employing it well.

In the works of their principal, John Millais, we find the matter of remarks which our space only permits us to indicate with brevity. His pictures are three—a portrait of Mrs. Coventry K. Patmore, the Death of Ophelia, and the Huguenot rejecting the badge of safety which his Catholic betrothed is urging upon him. In these pictures we discern the traces of the old dogmatic denial of the faith heavy upon the young genius; but he is escaping from it, and his success is as easy to identify with the anti-dogmatic portion of his work as the young bird from the egg whence it is struggling.

The idea of the Præ-Raphaelites is, to be "natural," "real;" not mannered. Real, without qualifications; not real, though subject to the conditions of the medium in which they work; but real, absolutely; and the portrait before us we take to be meant as a real portrait. We deny its reality. We have not the pleasure of knowing the original, but we deny on the external evidence: we venture to say that Mrs. Coventry K. Patmore does not convey the impression conveyed by the portrait. If she does for a moment—which we are not in a position to deny, though it would be no very hazardous venture—look like *that*, it is but for a moment, and at the same time the life of voice, the sense of the observations, the *change* of posture, keep alive the impression which *is* true of Mrs. Coventry K. Patmore. The painter can't paint the voice; his pigments are not equal to the sense; his figure will not alter its posture: it was the more incumbent on him, therefore, *not* to pillory his friend in a constrained attitude, which painfully calls for change; not to transfix her in the only look of which she may be infelicitously capable. Suppose the portrait were like? Why, then, so much the worse—more shame to him. There are a hundred other aspects in which you may catch Mrs. Patmore—as when she turns round to you, with a remark on the beauty of the scene; or when she smiles approval of the best of children—which are infinitely more characteristic, infinitely more *real*, as conveying in the dumb effigy the speaking likeness of that amiable and esteemed lady.

The portrait was painted under the nightmare of Præ-Raphaelism: John Millais himself feels a bashful mistrust of it—at least we assume that he must; and so we will say no more about it.

He is struggling to freedom in the Death of Ophelia. It is, indeed, somewhat distracting at first, to be placed in front of all that lush prodigality of Spring. There is a twig, and there is another twig; and there is a bough; and there is water, deep, still, treacherous, below; there is soft, silvery moss; there is a tree trunk above, gnarled and twisted, and thrusting itself at you; there are rushes, lank, fresh, and very green; and there is (by a fine sentiment of contrast) a robin on the tree, piping his little anthem of full-throated joy, and muslin floating in the water, black and gloomy, as muslin in weeping peril of that sort does look: it is all admirable for truth, power, affection, but the artist insists upon it too much; and when he plants you, as it were, successively, before each particular twig, and enters into a natural-historical article upon it, as an intelligent schoolmaster might in teaching his pupils on the objective system, you do feel rather distracted and rather weary, and wish that you might come to the point. At last you do, and you turn grave and sad. Those two helpless hands, richly fleshed, but gentle as love and helpless as infancy—they are the hands of a woman, living, warm with life, but in some helpless plight. You see it in her face—it *is* Ophelia, a fair, harmless woman; a womanly woman, full of life and affectionableness (if Johnson will forgive us the word), with no cunning intellect to follow Hamlet's transcendental procrastinations—now crazed by dreams, and incapable of her own living senses—singing her death song, and floating down, gently and idly, to her "muddy death." It is Ophelia, literally and wholly, as Shakespeare paints her. Why distract us so long from that sweet single idea? Why detain us with a curious pedantry of eye and hand, over every leaf and stalk? You do not do it in nature: the centred idea, directly bright to the mind, renders surrounding objects obscurer and remoter. The painter establishes the same relation by the help of chiaroscuro, a device learned from nature. But, says Præ-Raphaelitism, there was no chiaroscuro before Raphael's time.

It is beginning to appear, however, even to the Præ-Raphaelite, when he condescends to the reign of Charles IX. of France; for we are relieved to see its benign shadow dawning in the picture of the Huguenot. Here are leaves, and stalks too, and bricks moreover; but either there is not so much of them, or the gentler shadows moderate the intensity of the fact, and attune the whole to a broader harmony. There is, indeed, that deep brilliant velvet cloak, not less deep or brilliant than in nature; but, *perhaps*, it scarcely detracts from the matter in hand. And the matter in hand is one of the sweetest girl's faces you ever gazed upon. It is a beautiful design, in every way; subject, composition, treatment, all harmonizing and contributing to the bringing forth the inner sentiment. The two lovers are standing opposite each other, and close together, breast to breast, as only lovers can be. The girl has been tying the white kerchief round her lover's left arm. His arms are round her; one hand, quite round her neck and over her shoulder, is gently, and with a tender remonstrance, drawing away the kerchief; the other hand caresses the back of her head, and

presses her towards him, dragging back the hair from her temple as he doats upon her upturned face. And it is a face to doat upon. As real as, what shall we say?—as real as woman. The earnestly tearful expression, touched with the melting delight of a memory, and with the shadow of a presentiment; the cheek gently dragged by a movement of the face that yearns against the fond resistance of his caressing hand upon the hair, the perfect directness—are in the deepest truth. It is a picture to love.

How much of this was worthily set forth by painters before Raphael's time? Feel it they did, be Dante witness for his friend Giotto; but they had not then hit upon the style to make it out.

Hunt is working in the same school with Millais. Less refined, scarcely less powerful, we may say the same of his Hireling Shepherd. A rustic pair, of lovers perhaps, rough, honest, not over-refined, are amusing themselves with the ways of a pet lamb. The man is rough and brawny; he and the woman are ruddy with the sun—but what sun paints so like brickdust?—the grass is fresh, and sharp, and green; the woolly sheep lie and sport in the sunny grass, a cool shade slanting athwart them; a leafy shadow is playing on the lap of the woman; the trees are fresh and breezy. Hunt cannot yet paint flesh—not even muscle, still less face,—so well as he can grass and fleece; but it will come. The picture is a fine careful vigorous study: the Præ-Raphaelite pictures are all honest, love-inspired, devoted studies; Millais is getting out of his apprenticeship, and emerging into Raphaelitism. The school has gone a long way round; but their spirit has infected older schools, and we see it possessing a large portion of that field from which so many of the oldest journeymen are absent this year.

MONEY MARKET.

SATURDAY, May 15.

With some slight variations, Consols remained at 99¼ ⅜ up to Wednesday, advancing to 99⅝ ¾ yesterday.

The fluctuations on other Stock have been Bank Stock, 219½, 220½; Exchequer Bills (March) 69*s.* to 74*s.* premium, (June) 63*s.* to 66*s.* premium.

NOTICE.

THE "LEADER" NEWSPAPER.

THE Publisher is compelled to give Notice, that Messrs. Clayton and Son, of No. 265, Strand, have for many months ceased to be connected with the publishing department of this Journal. He is therefore in no way responsible for irregularities over which he has no control, and he would suggest that those Subscribers who do not regularly receive their Copies of the "LEADER" Newspaper, should procure the Paper direct from this Office, or through any respectable Bookseller or Newsvender in Town or Country.

10, WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND, 10th May, 1852.

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