

# The Leader.

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

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## of the Week.

Queen Victoria has retired to her Scottish fastness. She has been in a state of eruption. She has made a declaration in favour of the ballot,—the British Association holds its annual feast of intellect and flow of soul at Belfast. Sir Colin Campbell has resigned his command in Peshawur,—two hundred emigrants have been drowned in Lake Erie,—the Guild of Literature and Art has been starring it at Manchester,—Lord Dalhousie has gone to Rangoon,—King Frederick William has been besieging Magdeburgh with sham siege,—and the cholera is making steady march across Germany; there is movement enough in the world, though the signs of it for the week are mostly of a trivial order, and need little more than a paragraph while we report the progress of things in general.

The removal of Queen Victoria, for example, from England to Scotland, is a fact pleasing to those who are interested in the health and recreation of the Sovereign; since there is no limit to the disasters which might ensue from the morbid irritabilities of a chief magistrate, and the ulterior stability of any institution may depend on the condition of its occupant. It is well, therefore, to note the fact; but being noted, there is nothing more to be said.

Dr. Cahill blurring madly much that looks like truth against the last two Governments, in the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*; Father Burke and Father Clune arrested and liberated on bail for riot at Six-Mile Bridge; Lord Eglinton and his Countess at Belfast, a shining light among the savans of the British Association, and Sharman Crawford banqueting with the defeated Tenant Righters at Newtownards in Londonderry, family county, make a very interesting but extensive tableau, thoroughly Irish. Dr. Cahill, in his coarse, libellous fashion, points out how England and liberty have been degraded under both Russell and Derby on the continent; and Sharman Crawford and his friends show how the liberty of voting has been suppressed in the family county. These are not new facts; and, after all, possibly the most important is the declaration, per letter, made by Mr. Cobden at the Newtownards festivity, that when the battle between Protection and Free-trade shall be fairly over, he hopes a great league for the

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ballot will be established, never to be given up until the object be obtained.

Manchester has fêted Art and Literature this week; officially dining with the delegates in the Free-trade Hall. The amateur-author-artist-actors had been performing for the benefit of the Guild; and delighted Manchester has hastened to do honour to intellect and imagination in return. Does it not show the harmonizing power of Literature and Art, when it can draw together Mr. Thomas Bazley and Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, make them dine at the same table, listen to each other's oratory, and do all this in the Free-trade Hall; Protection and Free-trade reciprocally charmed, the one by the munificence of Cotton, the other by the eloquence of Corn? It must have been instructive to both parties.

Miracles in the age of steam and electric telegraphs have been common enough on the Continent; but it is a novelty to meet with a miracle in England. Yet a miracle has been living, we are told, at Shottisham, in Suffolk, for some years past. A young girl, named Squirrel, has either lived, or pretended to live, without food for many weeks. She declares that angels have visited her, and that one has acted as her guardian. She has been lionized by the whole county, and scores have been enraptured by her eloquence on sacred and profane themes. But suspicion has led to investigation, and certain phenomena, natural enough in ordinary persons, but totally unaccountable in one who neither eats nor drinks, have led to the belief that the young miracle is an impostor. One fact is certain—medical men, gentlemen, and clergymen, have been greatly puzzled; but at present the evidence is incomplete, and no judgment on the merits can be fairly given either way.

The really important news comes from more distant quarters. In India, for example, the last movements indicate some further embarrassment in our military affairs. That Sir Colin Campbell has resigned his command in Peshawur, is in itself an inconvenience, even if it be no more than an act of personal impatience. But if the reasons ascribed to him are true, it is something more than an inconvenience: he is said to complain that the troops placed at his command are not sufficient for the duties required of them, and that he had undergone vexatious interference

at the instance of the political agents. Sir Colin Campbell is a distinguished officer, and it is to be borne in mind that he is neither the first nor the most distinguished in India who has chafed under control. While Sir Colin is complaining that he has not troops enough, General Godwin's demand for reinforcements in the Rangoon has been duly honoured; and the Governor-General of India has himself gone to the same quarter, for the purpose of reconnoitring. These facts prove that something more is expected than the resistance which the British have encountered thus far. It is observed that the army of the Rangoon has been greatly increased beyond the original estimate; but it must be remembered, that to retain their prestige, British arms are now bound to be successful in India; and that to command success we must have military leaders of daring genius, or armies strong in numbers and appointments. Routine and other influences impede the official discovery of genius until it is superannuated; and great armies, therefore, are the alternative that remains to us. The large army in the Rangoon is a necessity, for the same reasons that make Sir Colin Campbell's complaint peculiarly untoward.

From the opposite side of the world comes a mixture of bullying and conciliation. According to the *New York Herald* the fishery question is by no means laid at rest, but is to be revived by the Senate with increased bitterness, and Mr. Webster has been telling people all round that they may take guano from the Lobos islands, where Peru has prepared a garrison and fleet to receive them. Meanwhile, however, well informed writers anticipate that the fishery dispute will have been finally laid to rest by the mutual concession; and Commodore Perry has been received at St. John's and Halifax in the most friendly spirit; the union-jack and the star-spangled banner floating to the breeze in cordial proximity.

The ground is giving way under the dominant Imposture of Napoleonism. Ridicule, affront, humiliation—such is the tribute rendered to the Caesar of the hour by a nation that has the wit to be ashamed, but not the courage or the virtue to be free! The Empire, it seems, is imminent, to "create a diversion;" and after the Empire why not war to create a diversion? The disgraces of the *coup d'état* can only be "diverted" by successive *coups d'éclat*; the fêtes have proved but

sorry diversions. The Empire, with a new *mise en scène*, and a spectacle regardless of expense, is the next drama in the repertoire, and then "an Era of glory;" the last diversion presented to Europe by the ruined lessee of that bankrupt theatre—France!

A report has reached us, the accuracy of which we have no means of testing, but which may interest some of our readers as a report. It is, that a reduction of the duty on French wines has been extorted from our present Government. The story runs thus—Some time back the French Government asked for such a reduction, but met with a refusal. The same Government then threatened to impose a duty on Irish linens, and M. de Persigny came over to renew the negotiations under cover of that fire; and now he has been victorious. Some colour has been given to this report by the agitation in Belfast to procure a reduction of the wine duties in question. However bad a grace may have been displayed in the manner of granting the concession, in itself it will be good. Only we do not see why French wines are to be specially favoured. Why not extend the concession to German and Mediterranean wines, the latter of which are so little known in this country? Louis Napoleon may have the concession for a boast in his tour to the south, but we are not bound to continue a tax on other wines as a protective duty in favour of his influence and policy.

#### LETTERS FROM PARIS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

##### LETTER XXXVI.

Paris, Tuesday Evening, August 31, 1852.

At length the Empire is decided upon. Preparations for the event are carried on with great activity. The Elysée has begun to understand that there is no time to lose. Persigny's visit to England, we may believe, was not wholly alien to the intention. His journey to London is said by the quidnuncs in Paris to have had three principal objects:—1. To shut the mouths of the English press. 2. To arrange the commercial differences between the two countries.\* 3. To sound the English Government on the proclamation of the Empire. How far he may have succeeded in these three negotiations is not yet known. But Persigny has not been your only official visitor of late. Colonel Fleury, one of Bonaparte's aides-de-camp, has been to England, accompanied by two draughtsmen, and he, too, was charged with a double mission:—1. To obtain designs of the state carriages used at the coronation of the Queen of England. The son of the principal coachmaker of Paris was charged with this duty. The design for the royal, or rather imperial carriages, is to surpass in workmanship and material anything of the kind yet seen. The other object of the mission was as follows: Accompanied by a second draughtsman, who was nothing less than a Captain on the Staff, Colonel Fleury was charged with an inspection of every point along the coast of your island, more especially with an eye to available points of landing. You understand to what eventualities this mission is directed. The fact is, that soon or late it will be difficult for Louis Bonaparte (even if disposed to peace) to escape war. The Army, champing the bit with sullen impatience, must have exercise; and it will be found indispensable to create a diversion from domestic discontent by some great *coup d'éclat* on the frontiers, and so to regain at one stroke all the popularity that is now waning away. Louis Bonaparte and his entourage cannot be pacifically disposed. M. Drouin de L'Huys, in his recent address to the representatives of Foreign Powers who demanded explanations, gave a marked hint of the turn affairs were taking. He began by assuring the ambassadors that the President would do nothing personally to accelerate the realization of the Empire; but that in case the Empire should be proclaimed, it would de-

pend on their attitude to make its advent either an arch of peace for Europe, or an Era of glory for France.

Bonaparte, you see, has struck a bargain with Foreign Powers. He seems to say to them, "I know well that you want to prevent me being Emperor—that you have put me under the ban of Europe—that you are full of hostile dispositions against me—that you are ready to declare war if I proclaim the Empire. Eh bien! You may do as you please—Emperor I shall be: if you keep quiet, so much the better for all; if you budge a step, I have only to sound the alarm of a national war, and how much will your Crowns be worth?" Such is the meaning of the language Bonaparte has held towards Foreign Powers; and it is probable that the representatives of those Courts retired from the interview with the Minister for Foreign Affairs, uneasy and mortified.

*Au reste*, the imperial comedy goes on bravely. According to the letter of his promise, M. Bonaparte does nothing personally to hasten the proclamation, but his agents leave no stone unturned. As I have before informed you, the most positive orders were despatched to the Prefects on the 16th of August. They arrived too late to secure the *conseils d'arrondissements*, but *en revanche*, the councils general are almost unanimous in their imperialism. I will not repeat, what I have insisted on in former letters, as to the actual composition of these councils: you have only to remember that the immense majority of the population stood aloof from their nomination, so that in fact they are made up exclusively of the devoted creatures of Bonaparte, and for the most part having been only completed by a second election, for want of voters in the first, are the elect of a miserable minority.

I will give you a sample of the style of these addresses, taking the first I meet with, that of Vaucluse: "The council general of the department of Vaucluse, penetrated with gratitude to the Prince President for the heroic act by which he saved society, an act which has received the sanction of 7,500,000 suffrages, Considering that after an interval of fifty years the French people have pronounced, by repeated votes and in the most striking manner, their desire to reinvest with the sovereign power a prince of the Bonaparte family: that in 1848 as in 1804, on the 2nd December as on the 18 *Brumaire*, it has been the work of a Napoleon to close the era of revolutions; and that these great events are stamped with a character so providential that their consequences cannot be too loudly proclaimed: Considering that the temporary powers conferred upon the President respond neither to the genius of our institutions, nor to the nature of our interests, nor to the services which Louis Napoleon has rendered, and is called to render still, to the country: considering, finally, that the EMPIRE, as the sole form of government which partakes both of the monarchy and of the republic; of the first by its hereditary descent, of the second by its popular elective origin, can alone satisfy all parties, and reconcile them all by a fusion into one great national party;—expresses its desire that the EMPIRE be re-established in the person of Prince Louis Napoleon and his descendants; and that to that end, conformably with Arts. 31 and 32 of the Constitution, a *Senatus-Consulte* be proposed to the acceptance of the French People."

Most of the addresses are conceived in a similar style. The Elysée has been obliged to have recourse to the councils-general, in default of the people, who refuse to sign the imperialist petitions. Thus we find, in one and the same Department, a council-general which calls itself the representative of the population, demanding the Empire; while the population itself, to which imperialist petitions are presented for signature, refuses to sign them. As yet there are only four departments in which these petitions have received a certain number of signatures. Of these the department of L'Aube is the last mentioned; and even in this, as indeed in the other cases, only a single commune, that of Aulnay; and in that one commune, only a few men of one of the two parties which divide it have signed the petition, which demands,—1. The accession to the imperial throne of Prince Louis Napoleon. 2. The suppression of universal suffrage, so far as the municipal and cantonal elections are concerned only, "because that system is the sole cause of the dissensions and of the discords which, since 1831, divide one of the smallest possible of communes into two camps, and disturb the local tranquillity." You see, then, this petition is nothing more than the voice of the Bonapartist faction in that single commune of Aulnay; and from its very language we may divine that the said faction is not quite at ease in the midst of the surrounding population. This fact is so evident, that even the official journals have remarked that since

the municipal elections there has been a surexcitation of republican opinions."

In fact, the Elysée is, and has good reason to be, sorely displeased by the result of the elections. The system of abstention has been general in the cities, towns, and villages. Scarcely anywhere was the required number of votes got together; and it is estimated that about three-fourths of the total number of electors throughout France refused to participate in the electoral act. At Besançon, Marseilles, Rouen, Rennes, Angoulême, Metz, Aix, the refusal was universal.

All these facts make Bonaparte gloomy enough, and force him to precipitate events, if he hope to master them.

He has lately experienced an affront which keenly affected him. His courtiers were anxious to keep the *fête* of Saint Louis at St. Cloud. On this occasion they "worked the oracle," and sounded the trumpet, with every species of *reclame*, sending circulars about in all directions to invite the Parisians to "assist at" the *fête*. The railway companies were ordered to carry the humbler classes at half price. Monster placards were stuck up on all the walls of Paris, announcing that the great fountains would play and grand illuminations take place at St. Cloud. Injunctions were conveyed to the inhabitants of St. Cloud to illuminate their windows. The effect was to be magnificent. It appears that the population of Paris had not thought it worth their while to take the hint, for no one stirred a step to go and see the *fête*; no one, even at half price, consented to sanction by his presence the *fête* of an intruder and an usurper. A few of the least reputable of the populace, and some English tourists (in the capacity of mere sight-seers, of course), figured at St. Cloud on the occasion. The great fountains began to play, and the gas-light illuminations to burn, when, seeing that so few spectators were present, the ordainers of the *fête* declared that they would not pay a sou to the contractors; whereupon the latter (not unnaturally) proceeded at once to turn off the gas; and, as if by enchantment, total darkness swallowed up the illuminations.

But the inhabitants of St. Cloud, were the most malicious of kill-joys. They had been told to illuminate their windows: and punctually they obeyed orders; but with better wit than will: they put lamps in their windows, but with only grease enough to burn for five minutes: after five minutes, total darkness, as if by enchantment! Louis Bonaparte, I am told, was not very well satisfied. The story of the *lampions* of St. Cloud will be handed down in history, henceforth, in company with the story of the lantern of the Bourgeois of Falaise.\*

Bonaparte is reduced to the same "fix."

The inquiry into the causes of the fire at the Elysée resulted in an opinion that it was not accidental, but intentional. I told you that the accounts of expenditure were destroyed. Louis Bonaparte would not allow the result of the inquiry to be published in the *Moniteur*.

The "progress" in the south is now once more definitely fixed. Bonaparte is to start on September 15th: he will take on his way Nevers, Moulins, Roanne, St. Etienne, Lyons, Grenoble, Valence, Avignon, Marseilles, Toulon, Aix, Nîmes, Montpellier, Narbonne, Carcassonne, Toulouse, Agen, Bordeaux, Angoulême, Rochefort, La Rochelle, Niort, Poitiers, and Tours. He will pass the 20th of September at Lyons, the 22nd at Grenoble, the 26th at Marseilles, the 28th at Toulon, the 5th of October at Toulouse, the 8th and 9th at Bordeaux, and be back again at Paris on the 16th.

During all this time the Prefects are strictly forbidden to grant passports to operatives for Lyons and

\* Our correspondent alludes to the following story:—The mayor of Falaise having one night run foul of a citizen of the good town of Falaise, (in those days there was neither gas nor oil-lamp,) the mayor gave orders next morning that no citizen should go out at night without a lantern. The following night, the mayor, going his rounds, ran again against the same citizen. "You haven't read the ordinance, you stupid fellow," said the mayor, in a passion. "Yes, I have," said the Norman, "and here's my lantern" ("mais si, à preuve que voila ma lantern"). "But there's nothing in it," rejoined the mayor. "The ordinance said nothing about that," replied the scrupulous citizen. The next day appeared a new ordinance, enjoining the citizens to put candles in their lanterns. At nightfall, the mayor, anxious to see whether his orders were obeyed, went his rounds again, and once more ran foul of the luckless bourgeois. "I have you this time," said the mayor, in a fury, "you have no lantern." "Excuse me, here it is." "But no candle in it." "Oh! que si," ("Oh! but I have,") "and here it is." And out of the lantern he pulled a candle—unlighted. "But it isn't lighted," resumed the exasperated mayor. "You said nothing about lighting the candle," quickly rejoined the bourgeois. So another ordinance had to be issued, enjoining the citizens to light the candles in their lanterns. —Ed. Leader.

\* We have reason to believe, from very good authority, that M. Persigny's flying visit to London, so far as it may have been official, was mainly directed to questions of international tariffs. It seems that the French Government recently put out a feeler to our Cabinet for a reduction of the duty on French wines—a sop to the Gironde and to Burgundy, to secure the applause of those important Departments on the President's forthcoming progress in the south. This reduction was, of course, refused by the British Cabinet. The French Government then threatened to raise the duty on Irish linens—a menace which, as we have seen, has already aroused the alarm of Belfast. M. Persigny is understood to have renewed the original proposals on his recent visit to London. As to shutting the mouths of the English Press—the idea would never have entered any head on this side of the channel.—Ed. Leader.



the south of France. Cæsar trembles, but he trusts in his "star."

Lucien Murat, the fat, has been appointed Governor-General of Algeria: he will only have to wait for the Empire, to be raised to the dignity of Vice-Roy. Vice-Emperor it should be: but what is one misnomer more or less?

General Haynau, after being hustled out of Belgium by public indignation, has come to Paris to find a more fond, sympathetic welcome—at the Elysée. He is staying at the Hotel de Princes, and has already made his appearance more than once on the Boulevards. In the Champs Elysées, a day or two since, a certain agitation took place when he was observed; but he is understood to be well protected by the invisible but omnipresent Police.

The coming elections at Paris begin seriously to occupy the attention of the Government, whose candidates are not yet fixed. As to the Republican party, the general desire is to re-elect Cavaignac and Carnot; but some put forth the name of M. Goudchaux, the banker.

A bale of copies of Victor Hugo's *brochure* has been seized in Paris. The *Moniteur* recounts this seizure as follows:—"The police, having been informed that certain *brochures*, forbidden by the authorities, were in course of clandestine distribution at Paris, and notably the recent publication of M. Victor Hugo, instituted a strict surveillance by its agents, which resulted in the arrest of *Sieur D*—, residing in the *quartier* of the Hotel de Ville. A perquisition effected at his residence led to the seizure of a certain number of *brochures*."

A significant fact has recently occurred at Orleans. Some soldiers of the 58th of the line took the side of the peasantry in a quarrel of the latter with the gendarmes. In consequence of an encounter that took place, eleven corporals and a certain number of soldiers were arrested and sent off to Paris. Corporal Millot, who wrote a letter on the subject to the *Moniteur du Soir*, has been deprived of his rank, and condemned to one month's imprisonment, for "*having entertained communications with civilians*," reports the sentence. So on the one hand we find the soldiers forbidden to hold communications with citizens, and, on the other, the soldiers taking the side of the people against the gendarmes as the representatives of the Government, and routing them.

Rigorous measures continue. Another batch of political victims has just been transported to Algeria. Seven prisoners (*détenus*) of the Department of Gers, one of Tarn, and two of L'Aude, have been embarked at Cette, on board the *Ville de Bordeaux*, for that destination.

The "warnings" to the press seem to diminish in number. It is almost certain that the Government has withdrawn from the Prefects the right of "warning." According to an enumeration that has been made of these warnings, of which the Prefects have made such a ridiculous usage, the number already amounts to fifty-three.

Certain Protestants were anxious to hold a meeting at Fresnoy le Grand (Department of L'Aisne), for the purpose of religious lectures. The Prefect of L'Aisne forbade their meeting.

The *Conseil de Revision* of Toulouse has cancelled the sentence of the court-martial at Montpellier, by which eleven citizens of Bédarrioux were condemned to death. S.

#### CONTINENTAL NOTES.

##### THE "TIMES" AND THE "MONITEUR."

M. LOUIS BONAPARTE has at last broken the "contemptuous silence" he professed to observe towards the denunciations of the English press. An overwhelming philippic in the *Times* of the 21st of August extorted the following complaint—for we cannot call it a reply—from the official scribes of the *Moniteur*. The mock dignity of the second paragraph of this article would be simply ludicrous, if the thought of identifying the man of the 2nd of December with the "entire nation" he first deceived and then degraded, were not one more insult heaped upon France by her pretended Saviour. The rest of the article is based on the one enormous assumption that the word of the Perjurer is to be believed. Our readers who have followed week by week the history of the reigning imposture in France since the *coup d'état* will have no difficulty in unravelling the tissue of falsehoods by which the *Moniteur* pretends to deny that France is now disinherited of all her rights, and that political life exists no longer for "French citizens;" and they will know how to interpret such phrases as "unlimited exercise of the power of election;" "tranquillity and good order of our universal suffrage;" "expression of the national will," &c. &c., as applied to the existing regime under which France is now permitted by her deliverer to "breathe at ease" and to "live her life." In its eloquent vindication of the liberties of France and of the rights of humanity, equally trodden under foot by the man of December, the *Times* truly asserted its pre-eminence as "the organ of a nation;" an organ of which the nation might be justly proud; and seldom has the giant's strength been so nobly used. In its

execration of the man who foreswore his oath and shed innocent blood, to wade through terrorism to usurpation, the *Times* has asserted a principle and a feeling which are essentially English in the best sense. Who or what the perpetrator may be, whether a Marat or a Louis Bonaparte, a professed revolutionist or a professed "saviour of society," in denouncing an odious terrorism, the *Times* expresses the sound-hearted and intense conviction of nine-tenths of the English nation; and as a warning and example to future copyists of the present culprit (as there are copyists of Marat), the leading journal has done itself and all the English press honour by committing to shame the scoundrel of December.

Here is the first article of the *Moniteur* :—

"We have had several times occasion to remark the malevolence towards the French Government of certain articles in the English journals. We remained silent as long as they only attacked persons, but at present the entire nation is attacked, and it becomes a duty to reply. The *Times* has devoted a long article in one of its last numbers to accumulate insult upon France. It compares it to the Bas-Empire, and condemns it to eternal infamy. If the *Times* was the organ of a nation, ours might be affected by its attacks, but that paper, the passionate interpreter of hostile parties since the 2nd of December, merely represents an interested opposition; what credit, consequently, is to be given to its opinions? What right is there to endure them? Who, in fact, could believe, as the *Times* dares to pretend, that we are disinherited of all our rights, and that political life exists no longer for us? Universal suffrage in France is the most unlimited exercise of the power of election for a nation. We have said that the *Times*, in our eyes, is not the organ of the nation in the name of which it would pretend to speak. Far from us, therefore, to recriminate against the English institutions; but could not others, less well disposed, do so? Could not they ask the *Times* whether England can oppose to the tranquillity and good order of our universal suffrage its limited suffrage and its elections accomplished in the midst of all the scandals of disgraceful jobbery? Could it not be said to the *Times* that in England seats in Parliament belong almost always to the richest—that in France they are free to all without distinction; that there fortune decides—that here the people choose; that with us everything is the expression of the national will; that the Chief of the State, the *Corps-Législatif*, the Councils-General of Departments, Councils of Arrondissement, Municipal Councils, all are elected by the universality of the citizens—that on the other side of the Channel, on the contrary, everything savours of the inequality of fortunes as well as the restriction of rights. The *Times* may, if it please, call this first essay of the most unbounded liberty infamy; but does it select a happy moment to draw vanity from a system which conduces to the apprehension of public voting and to the demand of the substitution of secret voting in place of public election? The *Times* applauded the days of July under the Monarchy of 1830. It approved the republican ovations after the 24th of February. Was that because of the conquests made by the people? No; it was on account of the blood which was shed. Its glorifications then were as suspicious as its present disparagement is odious. The sarcasm against the 15th of August was consequently the natural effect of antipathy and calculation. Vainly were propositions made to the Chief of the State to celebrate the anniversaries of the 10th of December, 1848, the 2nd and 20th of December, 1851. He would not celebrate the one, because it regarded himself alone and his triumph; nor the other, because it was connected with a painful feeling, and because he wished, above all, to bury in oblivion even the last recollection of our civil discord. The anniversary of the 15th of August has been alone consecrated, and it happened by a fortunate coincidence that the festival of the Virgin, the patroness of France, is celebrated the same day as that of the Emperor. The nation comprehended that noble idea, and associated itself with it throughout the country with enthusiasm. This is the secret of the envenomed polemic of the *Times*. Far be it from us to entertain the idea of stopping it. We trust that our prosperity will for a long period supply it with materials. But truth, manifested by facts, will, amongst serious men, ever obtain an advantage over the anonymous pamphlet inspired by interest or by passion."

On Saturday, the 28th, the *Times* replied to the *Moniteur*, in an article, which, if only as a masterpiece of power, dignity, and eloquence, we should be glad to have space to reproduce here. It may easily be imagined what easy game the *Moniteur* was for such an antagonist.

"We have received," says the *Times*, "from the French government the only honour which a government so constituted has it in its power to bestow—the honour implied in its fear and its hatred. . . . Our remarks, such as they were, seem to have penetrated into the recesses of that imperial solitude in which Monsieur Louis Bonaparte spends the happy and dignified hours which he can save from the toil of destruction and confiscation. At the head of an enormous army, with his foot on the neck of a prostrate nation, a few lines traced in a foreign language by an unknown hand, have shaken the impassible man of destiny, and probed the depths of a conscience not easily accessible to the voice of truth. We cannot refuse to enter the lists with such a champion. He has a right to be heard on his own behalf, as well as on behalf of the seven million five hundred thousand votes of the 10th of December. We only wish that he would give our reply the same extended publicity in France as we give to his vindication in England. But this he dares not do. Groundless as Monsieur Bonaparte may call our censures, he dares not make his own nation the judge of their justice, and all the people whom he mocks with the name of liberty will ever know on the subject will be so much as it is deemed prudent to notice in the columns of the *Moniteur*. . . . True, as he says, we are not, like the *Moniteur*, the organ of a nation; but in this instance, at any rate, we are something more—the organ of the conscience of the human race, the organ of that feeling which distinguishes man

from brute, the mouthpiece of that unbending law of morality which perjured judges cannot pervert, and all the prestige of success cannot elude."

To the accusation that the *Times* approved of former revolutions, "not because they were conquests made by the people, but on account of the blood which was shed—No; if we dissent from the revolution of the 2nd of December, it is not because it has not shed blood enough. The proper anniversary is the 4th of December, and it should be celebrated at the *Marché des Innocens*. The name, at any rate, might recall mothers murdered with children in their arms, old men slain on their thresholds, children of seven years old massacred, as well as the other glories which the President takes so much credit to himself for not commemorating."

"Monsieur Bonaparte" (the article concludes) repudiates comparisons with the Lower Empire of Rome. Can he trace no family likeness to one personage, at least, in the sketch which Gibbon gives of Commodus? "Amid the acclamations of a flattering court he was unable to disguise from himself that he had deserved the contempt and hatred of every man of sense and virtue in his empire; his ferocious spirit was irritated by the consciousness of that hatred, by the envy of every kind of merit, and by the just apprehension of danger."

On Monday, the 30th, the *Moniteur* published the subjoined clumsy and suicidal rejoinder :—

"The Government is not moved at insults; it does not answer them; but, when facts are audaciously and outrageously misrepresented, it is always its duty to replace them in their true light. The *Times*, convicted of premeditated defamation, defends itself only by new calumnies. In its number of the 28th of August, it pretends that after the 2nd of December 1200 inoffensive and unarmed persons were assassinated by drunken soldiers in the streets of Paris. The refutation of such a calumny lies in its very exaggeration. Everybody knows that the official report lays the number of persons killed during the insurrection at 380; that is already too much, no doubt. As to the persons accidentally wounded, the number, fortunately, amounts to eight or ten only. In the presence of positive documents opposed to false assertions, let every one judge of the good faith of the journalist."

As to the discrepancy between the "official report" of the numbers massacred in December, and the reports of eye-witnesses, recited by Victor Hugo, the *Times* in a second most calm and contemptuous reply, concludes as follows :—

"Any one who will take the trouble to refer to the evidence adduced in the recent work of Monsieur Victor Hugo, must be perfectly satisfied, unless he imputes to that eminent writer the guilt of forging the statements which he asserts to have taken down from the lips of eye-witnesses, that the estimate of twelve hundred slain is much more probable than that of four hundred. No doubt these are mere guesses and approximations; the exact amount of the butchery we shall never know. We may have overstated it; we may have understated it. To the cause of truth and justice a few hundreds, more or less, matter but little. Human life is sacred, and the guilt of the man who assassinates a thousand only differs in degree from the guilt of him who knowingly and wilfully takes a single life."

We have italicized the last sentence as worthy of emphatic record: for in the truth here enunciated the whole pith of the accusation resides. So much for the duel of the *Moniteur*, the servile mouthpiece of lying lacqueys, with the leading journal of the world.

The *Moniteur* (says the *Daily News* of Thursday last), after two rounds of journalistic pugilism with the London press, has retreated to the secondary position of bottle-holder, handing over the rude continuation of the combat to the *Pays*. If the latter paper were better deserving of its title—that is, if it represented more nearly the national opinion of France, the tone of this article could not but produce some sensation on the English side of the channel; and, in any case, as coming from what may be now considered as the chief ministerial organ, it merits the fullest attention. It is indeed now plain that the French Government is bent upon using national intimidation as an instrument for compressing the independence of the English press. "The French people," says the *Pays*, "has never suffered, nor will ever suffer other nations to intervene in its internal affairs by their newspapers."

"The French press," says the *Pays*, "has made unheard efforts for the last thirty years to heal the old differences between France and England, and to draw closer the two nations." However this may be (and we regret to say to the contrary, that until the Revolution of '48 the liberal press of France had made a stupid hatred of England, and a blind adoration of the Empire, its two chief weapons of party warfare—weapons by which it has now been struck to the death), it is not likely that the French people will accept this identification with their present ruler, sought to be imposed upon them by the most servile of a servile crew, the *Pays*, the laughing-stock of the still independent *Charivari*.

In the *Presse* of Tuesday, Emile de Girardin replies with all his power and spirit to the stale and absurd assumption of M. Granier de Cassagnac, that, but for the *coup d'état* of December, France would have been the prey of pillagers and murderers. He points (writes the Correspondent of the *Daily News*) to the rank and merits of the men who have been expelled by the Government. But it is needless to repeat his arguments here, as every one knows that M. Granier's bugbear is a mere invention to pen the people in the imperial fold out of terror for imaginary wolves. What is more to the purpose is the emphatic form of the denial. M. Girardin says at the close of each triumphant refutation, "Sir, you are a liar," "You are a liar and a slanderer"—language which, according to French usage, can only be answered by an invitation to appeal from the pen to the sword or pistol.

Girardin, since his fatal rencontre with Carrel, has, I believe, been converted from duelling. Granier has no alternative but to challenge his adversary; but it does not seem probable that his challenge will be deemed more respectable by the editor of the *Presse* than it was by M. Creton, who refused either to fight or to apologise, after having called M. Granier in the Assembly a miserable pamphleteer. The *Presse* has since received a second "warning," by way of a reply.

The French Government is reported to have resolved on taking steps for the prevention of certain English papers being circulated in France. A bureau will be opened at the Post Office for the express purpose of examining the English papers, the least inconvenience of which will be to retard their delivery. The correspondent of the *Morning Advertiser* has received notice, that in case of continued offence he will be expelled the country.

At a dinner given recently by a great capitalist in Paris, General Haynau was present. To a "delicate allusion" on the part of a French officer, the General replied, with thanks for the opportunity of clearing up so grave a calumny as that of woman-flogging. It was true a lady had been flogged; but, on his word as a soldier, he himself was sixty leagues from the place, and had reprimanded the officer who ordered the punishment. That he was *severe* he avowed, but only on duty. As to the charge of having murdered eighteen persons in cold blood, they were sentenced by the tribunals: he had only the power of preventing the execution, which, however, he could not do consistently with justice and duty. The General says nothing of the atrocities committed under his orders at the storming of Brescia (see General William Pope's account), scarcely equalled by the darkest horrors of war in the middle ages.

The *New Gazette of the Oder* mentions, that during the Emperor of Austria's recent journey in Hungary he promised the most liberal rewards to any one who should find the crown of St. Stephen, which disappeared in the revolution. His Majesty has promised a million of florins to three magnates, who are suspected of being in correspondence with Kossuth, if they should succeed in discovering the crown. The clergy have called on their flocks to give all the information in their power on this subject.

The Lieutenant-Governor of Venice has published a "sovereign resolution," declaring the revolutionary loan, and all "patriotic paper," meaning thereby the revolutionary paper money, null and void.

General Filangieri has left Ischia for Palermo. A plot is said to have been discovered at Castrogiovanni, in Sicily.

By a convention just concluded between Russia and the Papal See, the vessels of Russia are admitted to all the immunities of Roman ports, on conditions of reciprocity.

The King of Naples has granted full pardon to the 547 galley slaves who constructed the dry dock, inaugurated at Naples on the 15th, under the direction of the Prince of Ischitella, Minister of Marine.

The Madiahs of Florence (persons of unimpeachable character), who (it may be remembered) were arrested on the night of August 17, 1851, on a charge of being Protestants, reading their Bibles, and inducing others to do the same, have been tried and found guilty after a year's imprisonment, and sentenced, the men to 56 months of solitary confinement, with labour, and the women to 46, with labour also. The Prussian Chargé d'Affaires, as the representative of a Protestant Sovereign, has protested against the sentence being carried into effect. We do not hear of any protest from the English Minister. English Protestantism evaporates at home in Exeter Hall, and abroad sympathizes officially with governments that persecute Protestants, and is on the best terms with Louis Bonaparte, the King of Naples, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany; while in France Protestants are forbidden to meet for prayer; at Naples a Protestant teacher is driven houseless into the streets; and at Florence pious Protestant parents are sentenced to a life of solitary confinement and hard labour for reading their Bibles. So much for the sincerity of Exeter Hall!

The Duke of Cambridge (our Inspector-General of Cavalry) is on a visit to the King of Prussia, assisting at the grand military manoeuvres, including regular siege operations, at Stettin.

The *Vienna Gazette* continues to publish the sentences of the Pesth court-martial. Recently it contained five columns of this intelligence, concluding with, "To be continued in our next."

The Duchess of Orleans will leave Switzerland for her former asylum at Eisenach in the course of this week.

The King of Sweden arrived at Zurich on the 25th.

Disastrous accounts are given of the inundations in the valley of the Alps in parts of Switzerland and in Savoy.

The Queen of Spain is reported to be again *enroute*.

A Belgian journal has the following on the subject of the recent conventions between France and Belgium:—

"We learn that one of the consequences of the treaty of the 22nd, relative to literary and artistic property, will be the creation of an office for the direction of affairs connected with books, in the department of the Interior. We think we may also say that before the ratification of the treaty the Belgian publishers and booksellers will be bound to present a complete inventory of all the reprinted French books which they have in their establishments, and as many stamps as they shall have declared works will be delivered to them, which they will themselves place on the covers of the works in their possession. From the date of the publication of the treaty, any French book reprinted, which shall not bear the stamp required by the law, may be seized on the premises of the bookseller or the printer. The seizure is the only penalty to be inflicted."

The Belgian printers are up in arms at the prospect of losing their busy trade of *Contrefaçon*.

A monument to Titian was inaugurated at Venice on the 17th, with civil and military honours.

In the midst of royal and imperial progresses, King Cholera pursues his dreadful march. It is important to

watch his stealthy steps, so as to be able to judge from precedent how soon we may expect (if we are doomed to expect) his arrival in England. The following is the latest intelligence of his movements. The Berlin correspondent of the *Times*, writing on the 28th ult., says:—

"The cholera has reached Königsberg, two fatal cases having occurred on the 26th.

"From Dantzic the accounts are to the 25th. The cholera had increased, and there were at that date from 40 to 50 new cases daily. Several cases had occurred among the higher classes of the inhabitants. From the first appearance of the disease to the 25th, there had been 308 cases, of which 145 were fatal. The troops of the garrison had suffered more in proportion to their number than the civilians.

"In the town of Posen there were 70 new cases on the 27th, of which 29 were fatal; on the same date there were 428 persons under treatment. In Miloslaw the disease had increased. In Zerko and Smilowo the epidemic had shown itself, and also at Lissa, in the immediate neighbourhood of Breslau. The *Breslauer Zeitung* gives a gloomy description of the continued prevalence of the pest at Pleschen.

"The *Kreuz Zeitung* states, from Marienburg on the 26th, that the disease was still spreading there, and increasing in severity, especially in Weichselwerder and Nogatwerder."

Isolated cases are spoken of at Vienna.

#### BRITISH SUBJECTS IN ITALY.

MR. MATHER it appears was not destined to be the only Englishman subjected to Austrian outrages. The name of Mr. Newton, whose case we noticed last week, must be joined to his; and probably, judging from the temper of the Austrian officials these two will have other companions.

The particulars of the outrage inflicted on Mr. Newton, at Verona, are thus detailed by Mr. W. J. Newton, his father, in a letter to the *Times*, dated Aug. 28th:—

"My son (an architect) was returning homewards through Verona from his extensive travels, and while examining a part of the fortifications was arrested by the sentinel on duty and taken to the guardhouse; and although he proved he was not sketching (for that was the charge against him), as my son had only *Murray's Guide Book* and a plan of Verona in his hands, he was nevertheless kept one hour and a half, and thence conveyed to the police, and there detained two hours and a half. My son naturally remonstrated, and inquired why he was thus treated; but the only answer he could obtain was, 'That is an affair of the military authorities.' A person was then ordered to accompany my son to his hotel and examine all his drawings and papers (which he did in the most searching manner), and if 'nothing was found of an objectionable character,' the orders were to discharge my son; and although nothing of that kind was discovered (there being nothing), still he was taken back to the police office and finally conveyed to prison, without being allowed to go back to his hotel to take some food—he not having had anything since breakfast, and it being then half-past ten o'clock at night. His keys and everything he had in his pockets were taken from him on arriving at the prison.

"My son states that the dungeon was of a 'most loathsome character'; that he was confined all night, in perfect darkness, with two low characters (one, I believe, a malefactor); and that he had only a straw mattress on the ground to repose upon, and which proved to be full of vermin. My son adds, that, what with hunger and fatigue both of body and mind, 'the horrors of that night are beyond description.'

"The following morning he was so ill and exhausted that, when a person came with some food at eight o'clock, he could not take any; and, in short, he was detained until four o'clock on that day, and then liberated without any charge being made against him.

"In this weak state (not having had food since breakfast on the preceding day) my son could scarcely walk; but so soon as he was able he stated his case in writing, and conveyed it to Marshal Radetzky, who after three days referred him to the Governor of Verona. My son was, however, treated so rudely by this official that he was not allowed to state his case, but was ordered to leave the house, which, of course, he did, and then my son considered it right to inform Marshal Radetzky of the nature of that interview.

"My son waited in Verona three or four days afterwards in expectation that some explanation would have been given to him; but in failure of which he retraced his steps to Venice, and there laid his case before her Majesty's Consul, who was at last induced to take some steps in this act of aggression and outrage.

"Upon leaving Venice my son was again exposed to annoyance at the railway station—his ticket was taken from him and all his luggage vexatiously examined, by which he was detained beyond the departure of the train, so that he not only lost his time but his money also. He was in like manner exposed to great annoyance at Milan afterwards."

We quite agree with Mr. W. J. Newton, "that such gross treatment of an unoffending British subject in a foreign country calls aloud for reparation and apology from the proper quarter. However," he continues, "nothing can compensate my son for the misery of mind and body to which he has been exposed; and English travellers in the Austrian States of Italy will bear in mind the risk they run, and the penalty they are liable to pay for the pleasure in contemplating works of art."

When shall we have a truly national ministry whom the Austrian barbarians will respect, or who will make themselves respected? Clearly the name of Malmesbury is a byword in Lombardy and Vienna!

#### AMERICAN DIFFICULTIES.

WE have had two mails in from the United States this week, bringing news to the 21st of August. There are two distinct sets of opinions as to the state of the fishery question; one reciting that matters are far more warlike, and even that England is disposed to enforce the treaty; another, the probably more correct, that the dispute is all but wound up, and that we have given way: in fact, that the revelations of the *Standard*, some time since, are substantially true.

The Washington correspondent of the *New York Herald*, writing from Washington on the 20th, states that the Committee on Foreign Relations did not consider that they were called upon to take any step towards a settlement of the fisheries question, believing it to be the duty of the President to take the initiative, and, after the example of General Washington, lay his views before Congress, and ask for advice.

"In such event," says the *Herald's* correspondent, "it is highly probable the British Government would early become acquainted with our ultimatum. In any event, unless the British Government disavows an intention of forcing her construction of the treaty by an armed force, retaliatory duties will be imposed. The official advices received by the last steamer by Mr. Crampton, it is stated, upon what I deem good authority, confirm the opinion that the British Government are determined to press the offensive construction of the treaty, as interpreted by the Crown officers, and upheld upon all occasions by the Earl of Derby, while Lord Stanley. The English Government will not listen to any negotiations for opening the fisheries, unless such negotiations also embrace the whole subject of reciprocal trade with all the provinces. That Congress in its present condition, excited by a British fleet on our northern borders, and called upon to make concessions almost under duress, will consent to such negotiations, is out of the question. The fish difficulty must be settled by itself before any reciprocity measures for Canada will be listened to. It is the opinion of many leading and distinguished men here, that if England persists in carrying out the offensive attitude which it is on good authority believed she has determined upon, by forcing the headland construction of the treaty, serious difficulties must arise. When the subject comes up again in the Senate, it will be seen that recent information has greatly embittered the feelings of that body. England must back out."

But Senator Seward, in his great speech, made on the 14th of August, a speech delivered after a consultation with Mr. Webster and Mr. Crampton, not only sweeps away the idea of war as preposterous, but points out that England has had actually fewer guns on the fishing station than formerly; and that the alarm arose from the unofficial information supplied to the public by Mr. Webster. He describes both countries as non-aggressive, and shows that all along the practical understanding of the treaty of 1818 has been, that American fishermen should fish without the three mile coast line. Besides, it is not the interest of England to go to war:—

"England is a creditor nation. We are debtors to her. Heaven knows how much capital is not accumulated in England. It is a capital that has been gathered through a thousand years, by a nation of wonderful and world-searching sagacity, industry, and enterprise. We employ of that capital all that we can obtain, for we have need of it all to bring at once into sudden development and perfection vast and perpetually extending regions, which for near 6,000 years were, by civilized man, untrodden and unknown. A large portion of our public debt is owned in England. Large masses of our State debts are owned there. In addition to that, our merchants are indebted to England I know not how much; but I have known the time when the whole public and private debt of the United States was not less than 250,000,000 dollars. The interest on this debt constitutes the support of a considerable portion of the British community.

England, then, cannot wisely desire nor safely dare a war with the United States. She knows all this and more—that war with the United States about these fisheries would find the United States able to surround the British colonies. She would find that the dream of conquest of those colonies which broke upon us even in the dawn of the revolution, when we tendered them an invitation to join their fortunes with ours, and followed it with the sword—that dream which returned again in 1812, when we attempted to subjugate them by force—would come over us again, and that now, when we have matured the strength to take them, we should find the provinces willingly consenting to captivity. A war about these fisheries would be a war which would result either in the independence of the British provinces, or in their annexation to the United States. I devoutly pray God that that consummation may come—the sooner the better; but I do not desire it at the cost of war or of injustice. I am content to wait for the ripened fruit which must fall. I know the wisdom of England too well to believe that she would hazard shaking that fruit into our hands, for all that she could hope to gain by insisting on or enforcing with armed power the rigorous construction of the convention concerning the colonial fisheries.

Sir, what is the condition of England for a war with the United States at this moment? Her power has been extended over the East, and she employs nearly all her armies in India and in Africa to maintain herself against the natives of the one continent and the savages of the other. At this very moment, those who understand her condition best, say that her home defences are inadequate to protect her against an invasion by France. Wise and able statesmen,



now representing the ruling and prevailing interest of the country, demand of the Parliament to add to their defences by establishing a militia; and it is a great party question in that kingdom whether the safety of England shall be secured by such an increase, or whether it shall be left exposed to an invader.

What is the condition of English power in Canada and in the British provinces? They have never, since the war in 1812, had so small a military force in those provinces as now. The Imperial Government has maintained heretofore some show of naval defence upon our lakes. But within the last six months it has broken up the whole naval force there, and now none whatever exists. While thus showing the supposed motives to peace on the part of Great Britain, I confess that peace is no less the interest and the instinct of our own country. The United States might aggrandize themselves by war, but they are sure to be aggrandized by peace. I thank God that the peace of the world is largely subject to the control of these two great powers; and that, while they have common dispositions toward harmony, neither has need of war to establish its character for firmness or for courage. Each has had enough of

"The camp, the host, the fight, the conqueror's career."

The *Hartford Daily Times*, a Connecticut paper, offers a different reason why war is improbable:—

"Since the World's Fair there has been an increasing friendship springing up between the people of this country and England; and we are happy to say that it is not confined entirely to the masses. Lord Palmerston and other eminent English statesmen have expressed themselves as decidedly favourable to a closer intimacy and a still greater reciprocity of friendly feelings and of commercial interchange. On our part this sentiment has been received with favour, and liberal views are almost daily expressed by our leading men in all parts of the country. We cannot believe that it is the will of the English people to crowd us into a war on that question; assuredly it is not for their interests to do so. As a marked evidence of the friendly feelings existing on the part of the people of England in relation to the people of this country and of our great inventors and manufacturers, we would refer to the warm-hearted letter of Lord Palmerston to Col. Colt, which was published a few months since. In this letter, Lord P. expressed his admiration of the great perfection to which Col. Colt had brought his powerful arm—the repeating pistol—and took occasion also to express his views of the importance of a fraternal feeling and a liberal policy between England and the United States."

Illustrative of this is the fact that a grand ball has been given at St. John's, New Brunswick, to Commodore Perry, of the *Mississippi*. English officers and the New Brunswickers got it up, and attended it; and the stars and stripes and union-jack hung side by side. The *St. John's News* has the following:—

"This exchange of international courtesies we are proud to see. How much better this than unkind expressions and an exchange of hot shot and spilling of blood. War between England and America may do well enough to talk about by brainless sumpshs—not by men of sense. It is worthy of mention that on Sunday last the harbour of St. John presented an American caste of character. There were twelve large American ships lying at anchor, with their ensigns flying at the peak, as well as the war steamer *Mississippi*. Jonathan ruled the waves in port that day."

"While upon this subject, we may mention that the case of these colonies is a hard one. The effect of a little excitement has been that Mr. Crampton has told Mr. Webster that the treaty shall remain a dead letter for the present. To pacify the American Government, Mr. Crampton is willing to set aside altogether the treaty as already understood, and allow our neighbours greater privileges than they have ever yet enjoyed. In the meantime Bluenose is compelled to look on and grumble, if he will. The next news, perhaps, will be that England is willing to yield our fisheries into the hands of the Americans, without offering us a *quid pro quo* in return. What say our Government to this? Do they intend to remonstrate, or, as usual, allow the country to be trampled upon without saying a word?"

Apart from these great international questions, the sole news is of accidents. One is especially dreadful. Two steamers came into collision on the 20th August, on Lake Erie, near Buffalo, the *Atlantic* and the *Ogdensburg*. A dense fog prevailed at the time, and, as the numerous passengers on board the *Atlantic*, composed chiefly of Norwegian emigrants, were unable to see the exact nature of their danger, they were greatly alarmed, and several leaped overboard. The captain endeavoured to restore confidence, and the steamer kept on her course, the officers hoping to be able to reach port, although the boat was leaking badly; the water, however, gained rapidly on them, despite the efforts of the crew, and by the time they had proceeded about two miles from the spot where the collision took place, it was found that the vessel was rapidly sinking, the fires in the engine-room being extinguished by the water. The emigrants, who could not understand a word spoken to them, by their cries and terror added to the horror of the scene. The cabin passengers, and all who could be made to understand, were exhorted by the captain and officers to remain in the cabin, and provide themselves with chairs, settees, beds, &c., all of which were patent life-preservers, and would buoy them up in the water. Numbers, however, unheeding or not understanding the advice given them, rushed overboard to certain death. At about half-past 2 o'clock, amidst the wild shrieks of the passengers, the

steamer settled and sank. The propeller had kept in the wake of the *Atlantic*, and those on board her did all in their power to preserve the lives of the hundreds of human beings who were now seen struggling in the water.

The fog was a sad hindrance to their efforts, but about 150 were rescued. The last persons taken from the boat were Mr. Givan, clerk of the boat, and Mr. Bueil, first engineer. The steamer had then sunk all but her stern, and they, with some Illinois passengers, were clinging to a rope attached to a floating mast and the wreck, being up to their shoulders in water. As soon as the shrieks of the drowning passengers were hushed, the voice of a little boy was heard, and it was then first discovered that a child, about eight years old, was also clinging to a rope a short distance off. The little fellow, talking to himself, was saying, "Oh, I can't hold on much longer! If papa was here he would hold me up." A man from Illinois, a fine powerful fellow, immediately moved a long rope, and seized the boy as he was about to sink. He held him for some time, and called out to Givan to come to his relief, as he was nearly exhausted by the weight. Givan made an attempt to reach him, but in vain. At that moment the boat of the propeller, loaded to the water's edge with rescued passengers, passed, and Givan hailed them, and entreated them to save the boy. Mr. Blodgett, first mate of the *Atlantic*, who was on board, jumped out, and swam to the rope, took the boy off, and returned to the boat. He was thus saved. The little fellow was with his uncle, who was drowned. The next boat from the propeller took off the clerk, first engineer, and the Illinois passenger. The rescued passengers were conveyed to Erie, where on landing they assembled together for the purpose of returning thanks to God for their deliverance. It was stated that about 200 persons, composed chiefly of poor emigrants, had perished. Among the list of missing is the name of Mrs. Cornwell, sister of Elihu Burritt.

#### ERUPTION OF MOUNT ETNA.

LETTERS from Malta give an account of a visit paid by three English officers and three ladies to Mount Etna, which ended in a surprising fashion. The party came from Malta to witness the great festa at Catania; and from thence they set out for Etna.

At eight p.m. of the 20th of August, a party of English, composed of Captain and Mrs. Hallett, two Misses Sankar, the Hon. Lieut. Finch, of the 68th Light Infantry, and Lieut. Ravenhill, Royal Engineers, with three guides, three muleteers, and a servant, together with eleven mules, left Nicolini, with the intention of ascending Mount Etna, and taking a shelter at the Casa Inglesi. At eleven o'clock the party, in excellent spirits, reached the Bosco, where they put on their light clothing. The wind was blowing fresh from the westward, so much so, indeed, that the guides persuaded a small Italian party to defer their ascent till the morning, but could not succeed with our friends, the leader of whom had weathered too many stiff breezes at sea to turn his back on one on shore. On, therefore, they went.

Passing the Bosco about two miles, the huge crater below Etna, called the Colossi, glared awfully; and shortly threw up large bodies of fire and smoke. Immediately after Etna vomited forth its fire and ashes, and as the wind set towards the Casa Inglesi, it was not prudent to seek its friendly shelter, as, in all probability, it would be destroyed. Their course was therefore changed, the Colossi being now the point to which it was directed.

The weather, which had been very cold, was increasing in its comfortless intensity, and when our travellers had got above the height of the Casa Inglesi, in a narrow defile, of which sand and small lava were its component parts, they were overtaken by a hurricane so violently strong, that in an instant seven mules and their riders were blown over, and not only so, but to render the scene more terrific, it was afterwards found they were blown to the very edge of the crater!

For the gentlemen to descend in search of their companions was the result of a moment's decision. At this time the scene was indescribably grand. Heaven and earth presented one magnificent glare of light—Etna above vomiting its sulphuric flames—the Colossi below belching forth its dense masses of smoke, lurid from the furnace below—the huge mountain poured out from its interior prolonged moanings—without, the hurricane roared in all its mighty and awful majesty. Crawling on their knees and hands, unable to face the violence of the hurricane, the gentlemen sought the ladies, who were not discovered and collected together till after a search of twenty minutes. They were then placed under columns of lava, their light clothing literally blown off their backs, and a pyramid of living

beings was formed around them for their safety and protection.

As by magic, the scene suddenly changed. An earthquake shook the land—up jumped the guides, bawling their unmusical *avanti! avanti!* (get on! get on!)—mules broke from their keepers, and were abandoned to their fate—the hurricane increased in strength—the scene around was too majestic for contemplation, too diversified for description—in ten minutes the little party had fallen from sheer exhaustion on the pointed lava. To face the wind, charged with sand and small stone, was beyond their power. In this manner two hours passed away, and most anxiously did they look for the approach of dawn.

Nothing on this occasion could equal the heroic behaviour of the ladies of the party. On setting forth on their return, the sharp points of the lava presented no obstacle—courageously did they undertake their six-mile walk, regardless of all inconvenience, and reached the Bosco at seven a.m., when, after an absence of sixteen hours, a hasty *déjeuner* was a welcome event.

After spending a few minutes in this employment, they continued their journey by mules, and reached Nicolini by ten, whence they started for Catania, which they reached at half-past two p.m. The Italian party which had preceded them, had reported their obstinacy in proceeding against the opinion of their guides, and this led to the natural report that they were numbered with the dead.

The *Malta Mail* says "that the Casa Inglesi had been burned; the farm of Bronti destroyed by the lava, which, however, rolled on but slowly; and the affrighted peasantry were getting away as fast as possible from the danger by which they were menaced." We shall probably have further accounts.

#### RAILWAYS IN CANADA.

A CORRESPONDENT at Quebec writes, under date of the 10th inst.:—"Last Saturday's *Gazette* contained an important proclamation. It was enacted, in the railway act of last session, that if, from any unforeseen cause, the colonies should fail in obtaining from the imperial cabinet the guarantee required to procure English capital to build the trunk line, the Governor should be at liberty to throw open the enterprise to private capitalists in this province and in the United States, and to advance provincial bonds for one-half the amount required for any single line. It seems that our cabinet have only just decided that the negotiation with Sir John Pakington is a failure, and have come to the conclusion that, if the main trunk line is to be built at all, it must be by our own unaided efforts; so the proclamation notifies the world that the various sections of the road are at the disposal of capitalists. It must follow the course traced by the government—viz., from some point on the eastern boundary line of Canada to St. Joseph de la Pointe Levi, from thence to Richmond, to join the Montreal and Portland road; from Montreal to Kingston, Kingston to Picton, Picton to Toronto, Toronto to Hamilton, Hamilton to Port Sarnia. Companies are already at work on various portions of this line; and, with the exception of that part to the east of Quebec, there is some prospect of the whole being completed before many years roll over. Parties are stirring actively to obtain subscribers to the following branch lines:—

	Miles long.
Ottawa line . . . . .	150
Cobourg to Peterborough . . . . .	30
Toronto to Barrie and Lake Huron . . . . .	95
Toronto to Guelph and Goderich . . . . .	130
Hamilton to Buffalo . . . . .	70
Brantford to Buffalo . . . . .	72
Brantford, Simcoe, and Dover . . . . .	33
Port Dover to Port Burwell . . . . .	45
Port Burwell to Ingersoll . . . . .	35
Port Stanley to London . . . . .	27
London to Windsor . . . . .	120

Some of these lines are actually commenced. With the single exception of the first, I believe that all will pay fair dividends."

#### TENANT RIGHT BANQUET TO SHARMAN CRAWFORD.

NEWTOWNARDS, the stronghold of the great Ulster Tenant Right party, was selected as a fitting spot to honour Mr. Sharman Crawford, defeated at the last election by the combined aristocratic influence of the county of Down. The banquet took place on Monday, and was a very effective manifestation of opinion on the subject of tenant-right. A large pavilion was prepared for the dinner, but it was found inadequate to the number of guests, and a large portion of the company were obliged to dine in the neighbouring hotel, and in another house hastily fitted up for the occasion. The leading advocates of tenant-right from almost every part of the country were in attendance, and among

those who came from a distance was the Mayor of Rochdale, who headed a deputation from Mr. Crawford's late constituents. Mr. J. H. Quinn, J.P., officiated as chairman; and, among the letters of apology read on the occasion, was the following from Mr. Cobden:—

Midhurst, August 20, 1852.

SIR,—I regret that previous and unavoidable engagements will prevent me accepting the invitation which the committee have been so good as to forward to me, to be present at the dinner to be given to Mr. Sharman Crawford on the 30th instant. Had it been in my power, I should have most gladly offered my humble tribute to the integrity and disinterestedness which have characterised the public career of Mr. Crawford. One word of a practical kind. The contest in which you have lately been unsuccessful has been characterised by an unusual exercise of coercive influences on the part of the landlords over their tenantry. I am told that cases can be easily proved in which the hearts of the electors were known to be on your side, whilst they were forced to poll for your opponents. I wish you to appoint a committee for the purpose of collecting facts of this kind, and putting them on permanent record, so as to be available in fighting the battle for the only remedy for such abuses of power—the ballot. Individual cases, when well authenticated, will do more than abstract arguments, however logical, to carry public opinion in favour of this the sole mode of affording protection to the voter. I look upon a wider extension of the franchise, or more frequent elections, without the ballot, to be only plans for diffusing over a still larger portion of the people the sufferings and oppressions which now characterise our electoral contests. For my own part, when Free-trade and Protection are no longer political battle-cries, I shall look forward with intense interest to the day when a really liberal and popular party shall organize itself with a pledge never to abandon the field until vote by ballot shall become the law of elections, as it is already the custom in almost every society, club, and association in the kingdom.—I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

RICHARD COBDEN.

William Girdwood, Esq.

The principal speakers at the banquet besides Mr. Crawford were the Rev. Dr. Coulter, ex-moderator of the General Assembly; Mr. Kirk, M.P. for Newry; Mr. Kennedy, M.P. for Louth; Mr. Levesey, mayor of Rochdale; the Rev. G. Maguire, P.P.; Dr. Gray, Mr. Lucas, M.P., and others. But the topic most handled was the late Down election. Mr. Crawford is threatened with actions by seven gentlemen unless he will retract certain statements respecting the coercive mode of conducting the late election. He declares that unless they will declare that they had nothing to do with the proceedings complained of he will not withdraw his words.

#### A ROYAL FREEMASON.

FREEMASONRY has always been international. Nevertheless it is pleasant to meet with proofs of it in our own time. The *Ulster Gazette* publishes the following letter from the King of Sweden to his brother Freemasons of the Grand Lodge of Scotland. The original was written in French. The same journal mentions that the Grand Lodge of Ireland is about to invest him as an honorary member.

To the Very Worshipful the Grand Master and Members of the Grand Lodge of Scotland.

MY BRETHREN,—The joy which every Freemason feels in obtaining a testimony of the friendship of his brethren, that joy I experienced on receipt of the diploma of honorary member of the Very Worshipful Grand Lodge of Scotland, which you have sent me. In assigning me this honourable position in the midst of you, you have afforded me a striking proof of your devotedness to my person. I appreciate the honour more particularly as I am the first on whom the distinction has been conferred in this country. The office of a Freemason is, at once, noble and grand. It is our duty to labour with enlightened mind, and a heart charged with fraternal love, for the perfection of the human race. The weak who are oppressed, and all those who are in trouble, have incontestable titles to our zealous and charitable protection. It is by holding firm in the indissoluble bond which unites all our brethren, however dispersed, over all the surface of the globe, that we can attain to the end, to which we aspire in silence, but without ever ceasing, since we know that everywhere, and on all occasions, our brethren are ready to come to our aid with that charity, that spirit of concord, and that confidence which should characterise all the members of our order. Be satisfied, my brethren, that I observe with the utmost attention the march of events in the masonic world, and that I sincerely rejoice in the success which attends on all true Freemasons while labouring for the purposes which you have indicated—namely, the happiness and well-being of humanity. I offer you, my brethren, the assurance of my fraternal affection, and it is by the holy number that I recommend you all to the all-powerful protection of the Great Architect of the Universe, who gives us peace, joy, and benediction.

OSCAR.

Stockholm, September 17, 1851.

A. D. TAUVON,  
(L. S.) Grand Secretary of the Grand National  
Lodge of Scotland.

#### MR. CORONER WAKLEY ON CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS.

THERE is a difference of opinion as to where charity should begin; some persons think it should begin "at home," some with Mrs. Jellyby, at Burroo-boolah-glah.

Again, "at home" may have a wide significance; it may mean your own hearth or your own country. And while many are ready to laugh at Mrs. Jellyby, they would not probably give a ready assent to the doctrine of charity as laid down by Mr. Coroner Wakley.

That gentleman held an inquest at the Crown, Back-hill, Leather-lane, Holborn, last Saturday, upon Mary Daly, aged 65, an itinerant fruit vendor, well known amidst the purlieus of Clerkenwell.

The Coroner and jury viewed the corpse in a horrible hovel in Somers'-court, on a filthy pallet, which with a broken chair and half a table constituted the whole furniture of the apartment, the stench from which was so insupportable that it sickened those whose painful duty brought them in contact with it. Upon the return of the jury to the inquest-room, the Coroner observed that the atmosphere of the court was so fetid and poisoned, that unless it were instantly remedied, the neighbourhood would ere long be visited by some frightful and destructive disease.

Foreman.—Disease has already appeared in the neighbourhood; and three years ago a most frightful pestilence burst out in the very court which we have just visited.

Coroner.—In deceased's house there is not a particle of furniture, excepting a broken chair and an old table, not fit to cut cats'-meat upon. Its wretched tenants have nothing but straw and the floor to sleep upon.

After some further remarks by the Coroner and Jury upon the frightful state of this locality, the following witnesses were examined:—Jane Owen stated, the deceased, another woman, and herself, lived in the same room. Thursday night deceased returned home the worse for liquor, with her daughter, who put her to bed. She did not stir the whole night, and the next morning was found lying on her face in bed, quite dead and cold. Another woman gave similar evidence. Mr. Gibson, surgeon, made a *post mortem* examination, and found that deceased was suffocated from lying upon her face while under the influence of drink.

Foreman.—Don't you think it dangerous to eat fruit kept in such hovels amidst filth and disease?

Coroner.—Undoubtedly; they are poisoned.

Foreman.—The press would confer a great boon by publishing that fact, as many infectious and contagious diseases are disseminated by persons buying fruit in the streets. In my opinion such places as we have this day seen should not be tolerated, as they are fraught with danger to the public health.

A Juror.—In the same neighbourhood there is a house where 60 persons sleep every night in three rooms.

Coroner.—These wretched and horrible dens will exist so long as vagrants are supported by charitable institutions. The charity of the metropolis is too indiscriminate, and thus the deserving poor are uneeded, and drunken, reckless characters are well provided for, either by private munificence or workhouse relief, which enables them to lead an idle, merry life. The money they get is squandered in drink, and at night for a few pence they obtain a bed in a wretched, stinking hovel, where all ages, all sexes, and all diseases are crowded together, forming so many plague factories and disease depôts. By such means these hovels are supported and kept up. I was much pleased at reading in the *Times* of yesterday an ably-written article condemnatory of the system of administering indiscriminate charity, and I hope that it will be put down, for so long as a vagrant can live without working, he will do so. So convinced am I of the consequences of the evil that I have ceased to be a vice-president to the Soup Kitchen. In fact, begging has become a regular trade. A few years ago one of the fellows who followed that avocation was examined before a committee of the House of Commons, and stated that he had travelled over the kingdom for nine years as a beggar; that he was treated as a gentleman in prison, but most disgracefully in workhouses, especially in Lambeth, where he had to work before breakfast (laughter); that a slouched hat and a smock-frock, with a bundle of herbs in his hand, formed the best garb for a London beggar; and that there were not 10 out of 100 vagrants worthy of relief. Such (continued the Coroner) are the disclosures made by him regarding the begging trade. I am, however, happy that the press has taken up the subject, and trust that it will not cease its efforts until this monster evil is completely put down, and thus prevent charitable institutions being abused, and their funds wasted upon lazy, worthless characters.

The result of these sweeping remarks was that the jury expressed their fullest concurrence with the opinions and observations of the Coroner, and, having returned a verdict "That deceased was suffocated while in a state of drunkenness," the foreman promised to lay before the vestry and the board of guardians of the Holborn Union the result of the inquiry, with the view of having immediate measures adopted to improve the sanitary condition of the neighbourhood, as he deemed it most important, at a crisis when a frightful epidemic was desolating not far-distant countries.

#### CLEOPATRA OUTSHONE.

ABBAS PASHA, Viceroy of Egypt, ordered a steam yacht to be built some time ago for his use on the Nile. It has just been finished by the builders, Tod and Macgregor; and is reported to be the most beautiful steam vessel ever seen.

The *Faid-Raband*, or "Divine Favour," as she is called, has the following dimensions:—Keel and fore-rake, 180

feet; breadth of beam, 20 feet; depth of hold, 9 feet; draught of water, 3 feet; power of engines, 150-horse. Her engines are bright with brass and steel work, and are altogether finished with the same taste and care which a superior workman would use in turning out a gold watch. She has likewise a small brass donkey engine, which is used for supplying the boilers with water when the large engines are still. Some notion of the extent and magnificence of her decorative fittings may be learnt from the fact that 500 men in Glasgow and elsewhere have been employed upon them for some time past, and are still working night and day. There are, in short, no fewer than 450 pictures, of separate subjects, set in frames, almost any one of which would adorn the drawing-room of a prince. The divans, which extend round the saloon, are covered with costly cloth of gold, from the front of which is suspended gold embroidered needlework and massive gold bullion fringe ten inches in depth. Between the windows are a series of beautiful pictures of fruit and flowers, birds, &c., and vases enriched with precious stones, executed by the new patent gem-enamelling process. These are set in frames, carved in black walnut, and gilt in mat and burnished gold. The ceiling between the beams (which are of mahogany, French polished) is filled with designs of fruit and flowers, on *papier maché* panels, enriched with gold border mouldings. Round each door are richly carved and gilt architraves and pilasters, all of different designs, and representing various lovely floral combinations. The lower cabins are reached by a spacious staircase, enclosed with mahogany, and adorned with stained glass windows and *papier maché* panels, got up in the highest style of the art. The steps of the stairs are laid with very thick plate glass, painted with gold borders, and representing precious stones in mosaic work. At top and bottom of this unique flight of steps are four large silver-plated columns of fine chased work, between which are fixed the handrails, and filled in with pleasing designs of carved fretwork of rosewood. At the bottom of these stairs is a spacious lobby, fitted up with polished bird's-eye maple, and elegant panels, from which branch off the waiting-rooms for the Pacha's suite, with baths, &c. The dining saloon, an apartment about 20 ft. square, is fitted up also in maple, with *papier maché* panels, adorned with a most brilliant cluster of paintings, representing animals of the farm-yard, the forest, and the desert. Some of the latter are painted in the act of killing their prey, and others, especially of the bear and monkey tribes, are thrown off in very comical attitudes. It is worth while to notice that the human figure is not in any part introduced, as being contrary to the religious notions of the Orientals. On each side of the dining-room are placed large divans of richly carved rosewood, covered with crimson and gold damask, with gold embroidery and fringes in character similar to the adornments in the saloon above. In the centre is a rosewood table like that already noticed. In this hall are various other most exquisite furnishings, which it would be tedious to enumerate in detail. The private retiring saloon of his Highness is fitted up with rich satin wood, and surrounded with divans, covered with flowers and gold damask on a rich white satin ground, festooned with embroidered gold needlework, and massive gold bullion fringe 15 inches deep in front. Round the windows, doors, &c., are white and gold damask curtains, with gold cornices, in style similar to the upper saloon. At the end of this apartment are placed a richly carved and gilt table and mirror, and in the centre a beautiful *papier maché* table and two chairs, inlaid with pearl and adorned with designs of birds and flowers. The ceilings of this and the rest of the lower cabins are covered with gold damask, worked according to original designs, with flowers, &c., and bearing his Highness's crest in the centre, each panel forming a complete design of itself. The locks, hinges, and handles of the doors are richly plated on German silver, and they, as well as the finger-plates, are chased. A magnificent awning covers the main deck and poop. It is of rich silk damask, worked to an original design, with deep silk fringe and hangers, adorned in the highest style of art, agreeably to the taste of the country for which this little floating temple of costliness and beauty is intended.

#### THE GUILD OF LITERATURE AT MANCHESTER.

LITERATURE face to face with manufactures, the one shining on the other, and reciprocating compliments across the same table, is a pleasant scene. And brightly it shone on Wednesday evening in the Free-trade Hall. There the great men of Manchester, the leaders of trade, the Bazleys and Armitages, and Potters, and Schwabes, the Henrys and the Philippses, met the gentlemen who perform on behalf of the Guild of Literature and Art, at a grand banquet, with oratory to follow.

The guests were—Sir E. B. Lytton, M.P., Mr. C. Dickens, Mr. D. Costello, Mr. E. Knight, Mr. J. Tenniel, Mr. F. W. Topham, Mr. A. Egg, Mr. Wilkie Collins, Mr. Frank Stone, Mr. P. Cunningham, Mr. W. H. Wills, Mr. R. Bell; and after the cloth had been removed, Mrs. Dickens and several other ladies occupied seats in the banquetting room.

Mr. James Crossley, in a long speech, expressing the warmest feeling for the success of the enterprise, proposed "Prosperity to the Guild of Literature and Art, and the health of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton."

Sir Edward Lytton replied long and eloquently; and one or two extracts will show the pith of his oration:—

"Everything great," he said, "everything that has elevated man, everything that has civilized the world, comes from that principle which is as familiar in the mill of the manufacturer as it is in the closet of the scholar—and that



principle is, labour at the command of skill. ('Hear, hear,' and applause.) Our first father was ordained to live by the sweat of the brow; but the brow is the domain of thought, and the moment that labour begins, thought is awakened. Not that we value all labour alike; we estimate its worth, not according to the amount of work that is done by the hands, but according to the degree of intelligence which is brought to bear upon the work. If labour is the origin of all capital, bodily labour is only the raw material, and mind is the great manufacturer. Gentlemen, wherever we look, we shall find that even the commercial prosperity of the people is proportioned to the degree in which mental energy controls physical force. It is this intelligence which has enabled England to grasp the wealth of the world with one hand and to diffuse it with the other throughout thousands of reproductive channels. If, at this moment, we could annihilate in the interior of Russia a number of people equal to the population of Manchester, the loss would be scarcely felt beyond a province; but if we could strike Manchester from the map of these isles, the link that unites together the ends of the world would be snapped asunder. In one case we should only destroy men, and in the other case we should destroy ideas. (Applause.) The ships that carry your goods from haven to haven bear with them not only cotton—they bear civilization. And here it is that we authors may boast that we contribute even to the material wealth that freights those vessels; because you owe more of that wealth to the ideas which you and your forefathers have gathered from books than you do to all the mines of Peru. Well, then, gentlemen, if it is to mental labour that kings owe their purple, and havens their vessels, and markets their merchandize, you cannot wonder that we, a handful of authors, not craving honours or needing aid for ourselves, are still inspired with a sense of the dignity of our class, in the great hierarchy of mental labour, and do desire to lift above the chance of degradation all those who adorn and ennoble the order to which we belong. This is the main object of the guild."

After setting forth in detail the main purposes, he wound up as follows:—

"Gentlemen, you all remember that story of Aladdin, which we have read in our childhood, in which a poor youth descended into a cavern, and brought back from its recesses an old lamp. Accidentally he discovered that by the mere friction of the lamp a mighty genius appeared at his command. Awed by the terrors of the spirit he had summoned, he at first only ventured to apply its powers to satisfy his common and his humblest wants—to satisfy mere hunger and thirst. But gradually accustomed to the presence of the gigantic agent, he employed it to construct palaces, to amass treasures, to baffle armies, and to triumph over foes, until, at the close of the story, the owner of the wonderful lamp is the sovereign of a peaceful empire, assured to his remote posterity. Gentlemen, that story is the type of labour at the command of knowledge. (Hear, hear.) When we first find the lamp, we are contented to apply its genius solely to our common physical wants; but as we are accustomed to the presence of that spirit we have summoned, we find we have obtained a secret which places the powers of earth, air, and ocean, at the command of man. (Applause.) That genius, left to itself, would be a terrible and a threatening minister, because that genius here is only rude physical force, but to him who possesses the lamp, the genius is a docile and a benignant minister, because here physical force is the slave of intellectual will. (Hear, hear, and applause.) Now, gentlemen, in that same physical force—which in the phrase of the day is sometimes called the 'power of the masses'—lies a grave problem for all thoughtful men to resolve. (Hear, hear.) Knowledge has brought us face to face with it; and knowledge must either instruct that force, or it will destroy the invoker. May, then, therefore, all those who possess that knowledge, who are gifted with the lamp, use it only for generous and useful purposes, so that the genius whose strength could rouse the earthquake, and whose breath could bring down the storm, may only come to enrich the treasury and assure the empire. (Cheers.)"

Reciprocal toasts were the order of the evening; and in response to his own health, Sir Edward proposed that of the Mayor, who presided over the banquet. The Mayor briefly responded, and in his turn gave "The Amateur Company of the Guild of Literature and Art, coupled with the name of Mr. Charles Dickens." (Loud applause.)

Mr. Dickens thanked Manchester for what it had done in behalf of the Guild, and the hearty reception it had accorded to the performances of the amateur company before the Guild was established. He spoke also most affectionately of his comrades, who had proved that, on the stage and off the stage, men of imaginative pursuits could co-operate as steadily and as staunchly as any other order of men:—

"I have now the great gratification, with the chairman's leave, of proposing to you to drink 'Prosperity to the Manchester Athenæum.' (Applause.) I cannot disguise from you that I feel a kind of ardent godfatherly satisfaction in proposing the toast, for I can never forget that I had the honour of presiding over the first of its great meetings. (Cheers.) I can never forget that I am one of its honorary life members, and that my parchment of enrolment in that capacity occupies a proud position upon my study wall at home. (Applause.) In short, I belong to the family, and I contemplate the family greatness tonight with a glow of family pride. (Applause.) Long therefore, I most sincerely pray, may the Manchester Athenæum flourish, a pattern to the rising enterprise and energy of England, and a vigorous branch of that great social tree which, under the name and form of such institutions, has happily for all sorts and conditions of men struck its roots deep into this land. (Applause.) Long may political divisions and party dissensions be forgotten here

—(hear, hear)—and very long may my old friend Mr. Crosby, in the character of an allegorical lion, lie down with the radical in the form of an allegorical lamb on this peaceful neutral ground. (Laughter and applause.) Long, very long, may the Manchester Athenæum increase and prosper, work and strive—a noble emblem of the wonderful place in which it rears its head; and long may its young men, generously united to advance generous objects, render such faithful public service as they have rendered to the Guild of Literature and Art. (Applause.) I beg to call upon you to drink 'Prosperity to the Manchester Athenæum.' (Cheers.)

Mr. Watkin responded; Mr. Frank Stone acknowledged "Science and the Fine Arts;" and Dr. Bardsley proposed the "Periodical Literature of England."

A more fitting respondent to this toast could not have been selected than the originator of the *Penny Magazine*:—

"It is not without a feeling of awe that I have looked for some time upon what is the characteristic of the periodical literature of the present day. I have seen it from a very small beginning; and there now goes forward in the parcels from the London booksellers, which have grown throughout the land with infinite ramifications, periodical literature for which the people of England pay a million per annum. I speak not of that which is to come afterwards, 'the press'—that is, the newspapers—but I speak of the periodical literature simply. It is a good thing, or it is an evil thing. I do truly believe it is a great thing. I do believe that what is evil in it, and there is evil in it, will be corrected by what is good in it. I do believe that the good will extinguish the evil, and that the periodical literature of England, which I have to speak of, will be an emblem of the growing refinement and educated spirit of the nation. Gentlemen, I cannot speak of literature without associating with it the great object in connexion with which I have the honour to be your guest this day. I do believe, if there is anything to be deplored in our periodical literature—if there is anything that is wanting in its character—if there is anything that has a tendency to lower the moral feeling of England, it is this: that there are some men who are so pressed by their necessities and their position, that they are ready to do any work that is presented to them in the shape of mere hireling service. If there be an institution which is to rescue such men from their unfortunate condition, and to rouse them to feel the great responsibility that every man ought to know that he wields—it is an institution which shall place them in independence, and say to them, 'For God's sake, never degrade yourselves by writing against your conscience, for a mere venial payment of your pen,' which shall extend to these men some effectual relief. We should teach the people to discard all that is poor and mediocre in literature, and to make our periodical literature the opening key, to the great body of the people, of the treasures of past times. It cannot be said of the people of Manchester, that—

Knowledge to them her ample page,  
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unfold.

That cannot be said of the people of Manchester, when you open the doors of your Free Library. I beg to propose to you 'The Free Library of Manchester.'"

Other toasts were proposed, concluding with the "Lancashire Witches;" and Mr. Charles Dickens, and the jovial actors, painters, authors, lawyers, and manufacturers went their ways about midnight.

The Manchester Free Library was formally opened on Thursday. Sir John Potter presided over the inaugural meeting; and among the company the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Earl of Wilton, the Bishop of Manchester, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Sir J. Stephen, Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. Monckton Milnes, M.P., Mr. John Bright, M.P., Mr. W. Brown, M.P., Mr. Thackeray, Mr. Charles Knight, Dr. Vaughan, and Mr. Felkin (Mayor of Nottingham.) Among the ladies present were the Countess of Wilton and the Hon. Misses Egerton. Most of the gentlemen addressed short speeches to the audience, either in proposing or supporting resolutions.

#### EXTRAORDINARY NARRATIVE.

[THE following marvellous story is told by the *Ipswich Express*. We submit it, without alteration or comment, to the consideration of our readers.]

Many of the allegations connected with the following extraordinary narration have for some time been known to us, but up to the present period we have for many reasons preferred remaining silent regarding them. It is our painful duty to allude to a very remarkable case, many of the features of which are so abhorrent, from their apparently profane connexion with religious subjects, that we could wish we had been spared the duty of detailing them.

Shottisham is a quiet village in Suffolk, distant from Ipswich thirteen miles, from Woodbridge five miles. Asaph Squirrell (a small tea dealer) and his wife have long resided there, and were believed to be honest, industrious, and worthy people. Amongst their family was an interesting girl named Elizabeth, who, in fact, is the heroine of our tale. Whilst a mere child this girl gave evidence that she possessed a very superior mind. At ten she was placed under the care of Mr. Osborne the village schoolmaster, who soon perceived that his pupil was a girl of great natural ability. She was attentive to her studies, and whilst others were at play she would be closely engaged in poring over the books that composed Mr. Osborne's library. Having a religious turn of mind, she read upon all theological points. She also made herself acquainted with the English poets, with history, with parts of botany, and with phonography. In June, 1850, at the

age of twelve, she left the school from illness, occasioned, it is said, by too close attention to her studies. Her illness assumed the shape of a spinal affection, for which she had the best medical advice, and was subsequently sent to the East Suffolk Hospital, in Ipswich, where she remained about six weeks. She then returned home, became worse, and lock-jaw set in, depriving her, as it was alleged, of the power of swallowing. She lived on suction, milk being poured down her throat; but the quantities were so small that her death was daily expected. She, however, to the astonishment of her friends and the villagers, continued to live on, although it was said she did not take a morsel of solid food. At Midsummer, 1851, she recovered from her lock-jaw; but it was alleged that she had previously been seized with blindness and deafness—faculties which she did not regain. The way in which she had lived began to be talked of, and some excitement was occasioned amongst the gossips of the neighbouring villages. But at about this time the writings and speeches of the child occasioned considerable interest, which was heightened by the assertion, that she still ate no food. Persons living in the locality came to visit her, and found the patient in a humble apartment, supported on her bed by pillows, with a countenance which most of them called "angelic," but which certainly was remarkable for its singularly devotional cast, and for the great intelligence which beamed from it. Although it was alleged she could not see, her eyes remained open, and but little defect could be observed in them. To her visitors who sympathised with her she would say, when lamenting her deafness and blindness, that "what she had learned during health were the tools she had to make use of during her illness." Every hour that passed away added to the excitement, and spread her fame wider and wider from her native village. At all hours of the day parties wended their way to her cottage, and no sooner had they gazed on the child than they were interested in her—an interest that had a strange dash of mystery in it when they were assured that for nearly two years not a particle of solid food had passed her lips. But the moment she began to speak she fairly enchained the sympathies of her hearers. For the most part her remarks applied to religious subjects, on which she would descant with a beauty of language, power of thought, and devotion of mind, to which old divines could make little pretension, and she became to be regarded as a being who had some direct mission to accomplish on behalf of Deity. Her intellectual and devotional powers were developed to their utmost whenever sceptics or infidels were within range of her voice. On secular subjects, also, her remarks were clearly and powerfully given, and also manifested an intimate acquaintance with the topics on which she dwelt. Her parents were equally astonished with others, and ever solemnly protested that her assertions regarding abstinence from food were religiously correct. Her statement regarding herself and her alleged peculiar condition was, that she had seen a vision of angels, one of which number had consented to become her constant attendant and guardian. Lest she should not be believed, she frequently prayed earnestly that God would grant to her and her visitors some immediate manifestation, which should convince all that she was really the object of God's especial favour. After a time her prayer was answered in this wise—whilst her visitors were deeply engaged in devotional exercises, a ringing noise was heard, as if proceeding from a small tumbler glass that stood some distance from her. The sound excited the attention of those who were present, who listened in wonder to her statement, that whenever it sounded it was swept by the invisible wings of the angel that attended her, and was a direct manifestation from heaven of the presence of God. Often and often did this mysterious ringing occur, and always when they were most devout; but the visitors were unable to account for it. She often, although deaf, expressed much anxiety that it should ring, and after its peculiar sounds had been heard she seemed bathed in a sort of ethereal inspiration, during which her thoughts flowed from her lips, burthened with devotion and religious zeal. During a considerable part of her peculiar state she gave evidence of great sensibility of touch, being, as it was asserted, enabled to read any person's letters by running her finger over the lines, and deciphering by the same alleged means the phonographic characters that were printed on letter wafers.

Amongst those who visited her were not a few who endeavoured to detect whether or not any imposition was practised. Some of these attended day after day, but all were fairly beaten, and came away convinced that it was physically, intellectually, and religiously, a genuine case. Rather more than three months since, she and her parents stated that the milk ceased to afford her any nourishment, and that, in fact, from that time she left off taking any sustenance at all, neither food nor drink passing her lips! Visitors closely watched her, and were convinced that she was really living on from week to week without partaking of any kind of nourishment. The excitement out of doors, and throughout many parts of the county, was now at fever heat. Medical men, clergymen, dissenting ministers, carriage aristocracy, gig, cart, and foot folk, alike shared in the intense desire to gaze on this extraordinary child, and to listen to the words which fell from her with as much weight as if she really had indisputable credentials that she was an oracle from heaven. On being asked when and how this mystic scene would end, she replied, "Oh! in my triumphant entrance into glory!"

Some gentlemen in Ipswich, who had become deeply interested in the case, at length felt that it was quite time that some systematic effort should be made to test it to its fullest extent. These gentlemen judged that an eight days' trial would settle the matter as to whether or not she partook of any kind of nourishment. Accordingly, two females of good character were selected, at the earnest entreaty of the father of the girl, who were instructed to keep watch over her for eight days and eight nights, it being an instruction that the room should never be left without one of them being present. Three weeks since they commenced their task, receiving their instructions from a medical man, and at the end of eight days returned to Ipswich

declaring that the child had not had anything to its lips during the whole term, and that they were thoroughly convinced it was a genuine case. This, however, did not fully satisfy the gentlemen alluded to. The thing was now universally talked of in these localities, and it was determined to spare no pains to test it to the utmost. They formed themselves into a committee of eight persons, and drew up regulations for their guidance; one was that for eight days and nights she should never be left unwatched; and another was that each gentleman on guard should make a written entry of the events that occurred every hour, and that he should sign his name to it. (This committee will not make their report until the evening of this day. The facts we subjoin, therefore, are not received direct from any of their number, but we think we may guarantee their strict correctness.) On Saturday week, August 21st, this watch commenced, and went on without the slightest thing to excite any suspicion, excepting a little restlessness, until the evening of the following Thursday, when Messrs. Pitcairn and Burton (bookseller), were relieved by the Revs. Webb and Whitby. The former gentleman had long been a sceptic in the matter, and on entering the room thought he discovered an unpleasant smell. He left for an hour's walk, leaving Mr. Whitby in charge. The father then entered, and complained of the want of faith which the watchers in charge manifested, and then suggested that they should seek the blessing of God. He immediately knelt down and prayed with great apparent earnestness and solemnity, and at considerable length. Mr. Whitby was close to the bed, and during the prayer noticed some agitation of the clothes, and fancied that something was offending his olfactory senses. When Mr. Webb returned, Mr. Whitby mentioned his suspicions, and as the nose of the former gentleman again convinced him that something was wrong, he insisted that the bed should be searched. Two nurses, who were also present, proceeded to make the examination, and they reported that all was right—not a suspicious thing had been found. Mr. Webb not being satisfied, and feeling the delicacy of his position, went to the clergyman's house, and secured the assistance of a medical gentleman who was staying with him. The circumstances were stated to the surgeon, who determined on instituting a further search in presence only of the nurses. For some time their efforts had no result, but at length a bundle was discovered between the child's arm and body, which one of the nurses immediately laid hold of. The girl, as it is alleged, instantly called out, "You must not touch that." "But I must have it," said the woman. "But," said the deaf child, "you shan't have it." "I will have it," exclaimed the nurse, and away went the bundle, the child with great resignation saying, "Well, if you will, you must." The surgeon undid the parcel, and found it to consist of about a score of napkins, bits of linen, &c., which, it is said, had been recently used. These were spread out upon the counterpane, and the parents and the two watchers were summoned in to gaze upon the not very fragrant discovery. Of course the utmost consternation was depicted on the faces of the parents. The mother immediately accused the child of deceiving her, but was properly stopped by the remark that this part of the imposition could not have been carried through without her agency. The father seemed in an agony of distress, and solemnly protested that he was entirely ignorant that the napkins were there, and that so far as he knew neither morsel nor drop had passed the child's lips for sixteen weeks. Messrs. Webb and Whitby, the medical gentlemen, and the nurses, immediately left the cottage, and all, with the exception of the surgeon, walked on to Woodbridge, feeling indignant at the imposition that had been practised. It is important, however, to notice that during Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, she had had no food or drink, neither was any food found in the bedding. Mr. Matcham, a medical practitioner, makes the following statement:—

"To the Editor of the Ipswich Express.

"SIR,—In consequence of the statements which have been made relative to the above case, I took the earliest possible opportunity of visiting the parents for the purpose of hearing their version of the affair. I now append briefly their statement:—1st. Elizabeth Squirrel did not take any food during the time the gentlemen appointed to watch were present; nor had she taken any for fourteen weeks. 2. No food was found in or about the bed when searched by the nurses. The evidence so far is conclusive. The only suspicious circumstance is the searching of the bed and finding twenty-one pieces of handkerchiefs, cloths, and fragments of long deserted and forgotten dresses, containing dried faeces, hard, mouldy, and swimming on the surface of the water when put into it. After hearing the statement of the parents, I proceeded to the clergyman of the parish (the Rev. Mr. Frances), and had an interview with Mr. Frances, the surgeon, who made the examination at the request of Mr. Webb. His answers to my interrogations were most satisfactory. On examining the pulse he found it beating 85 to the minute; it subsequently increased to 95, and ultimately to 120. He is of opinion that Elizabeth Squirrel is suffering from a disease of the heart, which of course would readily account for the variation of the pulse. Mr. Frances found no faeces that had recently passed, nor was there any appearance of urine, which I humbly submit to the learned and reverend divines would have been the case had she taken food or drink during the time they were there or previous. I respectfully submit that there is no evidence to criminate either father, mother, or daughter. I confess it is difficult to account for the discovery of so many fragments of garments, &c.; but the fact itself, when properly considered, exonerates the parents, for no one could believe them so devoid of cleanliness as to leave such things in the house to the detriment of their own and child's health, if they knew of it. In review of these facts, I must conclude that there is no evidence at present to justify us in branding the Squirrels with imposture. I would invite the public to visit for themselves, hear the counter-statements, and then decide. The inquiry has terminated so far in a very ungentlemanly and unscientific manner, and nothing but a second watch

of gentlemen who have no interest but the public in view will be conclusive. Trusting to your usual willingness to give the truth so far as you can arrive at it for the insertion of this letter, I am, sir, yours, &c.,

"ALFRED R. MATCHAM, M.D.

"Norwich-road, Ipswich, Monday, August 30."

But we hasten to conclude our narrative:—

On the morning following the discovery, the father came to Ipswich with a bundle of napkins, which we believe he took to Mr. Webster to prove that they had not been recently used, but we cannot tell whether these were the identical ones that were found, whether the wife deceived the husband, or whether all have been engaged in carrying through one of the most blasphemous pieces of deception on record. After the discovery the girl folded her hands, and looking to heaven (for it is fully believed she has the use of her sight), said, "I commit myself to the care of my guardian angel, and know that God will take care of me." When her father left for Ipswich, she exclaimed, "Never fear, father, I shall weather the storm—'twill all end well." We understand that her parents and herself still stoutly assert that she has taken no kind of nourishment for sixteen weeks, and that each of the three is most anxious for a further trial which shall extend over fourteen days. Unless there be full and unimpeachable testimony that the state of the napkins was such as to indicate without doubt that they had been recently used, the case in the eyes of the public will not be deemed satisfactorily settled. Our duty is to state the two sides of the case, and to leave our readers to form their own conclusions. It must not be forgotten that the whole value of the discovery rests on the testimony of the two nurses and the medical gentleman, and in the preceding letter Mr. Matcham coolly asserts that the surgeon told him the faeces had not recently passed, nor were there any appearances of urine. If this be so, what becomes of the discovery? What becomes also of the fact that, closely as the girl was watched nothing was seen to pass her lips, and the fact also that her pulse alternated from 85 to 120 a minute? Were the nurses, also, quite accurate in their account of what occurred when they seized the napkins?

Probably it will be deemed necessary to make a further examination, should not the report of the committee be perfectly conclusive.

We need hardly add that it is believed the girl can see, and that her alleged ability to read writing with her fingers is disputed. It is also believed that she can hear, and if the conversation regarding the clothes be accurately narrated, there is positive proof that she has the use of this faculty. Regarding the ringing of the glass, we ought to add that she has in her room a glass harmonicon, which frequently laid on her bed, and on which she was very fond of playing, though we cannot conceive what delight she could take in music that she could not hear. The belief is, that this is the means by which the ringing is occasioned; that in lieu of the invisible angel's wings, she touched it under the bedclothes while her visitors were absorbed in their devotions.

But we must leave the whole case to the judgments of our readers. Much more might be written. We might enlarge upon the fact that the girl is undoubtedly an extraordinary character—that at the beginning of her illness she certainly took but little to sustain life—that reports of her abstinence from food spread widely—that the cottage was besieged—that its humble occupant was lionized—that the parents had their vanity flattered and their pockets replenished—and that the thing has gone on to the present moment, interspersed with many extraordinary circumstances. For the present, however, we drop further allusion to the matter.

#### NATIONAL ORPHAN GIRLS' HOME.

A LARGE meeting was held at Reigate, on Thursday week, to promote the interests of the Orphan Girls' Home. Mr. W. Paynter took the chair, and called on the Reverend Joseph Brown, rector of Christ-church, Blackfriars, to propose the first resolution.

Mr. Brown explained the principles which govern the Orphans' Home, the particulars of its first establishment in 1849, and the progress it had made, the premises having been since purchased by Mr. J. Minter Morgan. Being the rector of a thickly-populated parish, he was well acquainted with the necessity for such institutions. None but those who from duty or charitable motives had the scenes incidental to disease which often prevailed in poor neighbourhoods brought under their notice, could tell the misery occasioned by the removal of parents. The cholera had thrown many orphans on the consideration of the charitable, and had mainly convinced him of the necessity for establishing an Orphans' Home. More recently they had the sinking of the *Amazon*, and there were instances of orphanage arising from similar consequences which were unprovided for by a specific charity. There was great difficulty in the way of getting an orphan into the large asylums without considerable interest. The Orphans' Home was intended to be opened to all pressing cases, but they must look to the public to support them. All they wanted was funds to carry on their establishment. There were at present thirty children provided for, and they had room for twenty more children, but their means were not sufficient to meet the extra expense. Any one subscribing 10*l.* annually would be entitled to place a child in the asylum. After entering into a financial statement, the rev. gentleman concluded by moving the following resolution:—

"That the protection of the orphan is so frequently promised, and is a duty so often commanded, in the Scrip-

tures, this meeting cheerfully acknowledges the privileges this country affords to the Christian for the exercise of benevolence through its different orphan asylums." (Applause.)

The Reverend Harry Dupries seconded the resolution.

The Reverend T. Jackson, prebendary of St. Paul's, next addressed the meeting at considerable length, and took occasion to allude to the praiseworthy liberality of Mr. Morgan, that benevolent individual who had purchased the ground on which the asylum was built, and invested it in trustees for the purposes of the Orphan Home. The charity was also indebted to the Reverend J. Brown; and indeed, what he took in hand was sure to be well done, and worthy of notice. It had taken a century to place children in their proper position in society, and he trusted this country would sustain the progress that had been made. It was necessary to train up children to become useful members of the society they helped to form. He was in New South Wales twelve months ago, and was strongly requested, on coming back to England, to recommend respectable females, that had received a Protestant education, to emigrate to that colony, where there was every prospect of their doing well, provided they were instructed in the means to make themselves useful before they went out. It had been his lot, only the week before, to address a number of young females who were about to take a passage for Australia, and, as emigration went on, there would be a great demand for female servants, whom institutions, such as the Orphan Girls' Home, could train up to be a credit and a recommendation.

"That the National Orphan Home, from its object being to receive more especially those who find great difficulty in obtaining admission to other institutions, and from its being located in this neighbourhood, deserves the warm support of this meeting."

The Reverend T. G. P. Hough supported the resolution.

The Reverend T. Pyne, in proposing the third resolution, drew attention to the large number of children that might be made useful members of society, if they could only obtain the benefit of such a charity as that before them. He earnestly pressed his hearers to increase the funds and the sphere of its operation.

"That the reverend the vicar and clergy of Richmond and of the neighbourhood, be respectfully requested to allow sermons to be preached in their churches on behalf of the charity, and that the principal booksellers be requested to receive subscriptions and donations for the Home."

The Reverend A. Wilkinson, in seconding the resolution, hoped that the example set by an individual would not end there, and that Mr. Morgan's liberality would not be allowed to remain a solitary instance.

The resolutions were carried, and the meeting separated with the usual vote of thanks to the chairman. 125*l.* were collected at the meeting.

#### CHURCH PATRONAGE.

THE following letter has been printed in the *Daily News* this week:—

"Were the Church of England rightly extended and rightly patronized, there would be neither sedition nor plebeian infidelity in the land."—*Chalmers on Church Patronage.*

SIR,—Will you permit the following, extracted from the *Clergy List*, to be made public, as a specimen how Tory bishops and chancellors have exercised their solemn trusts:

The Rev. G. T. Pretynman is—1. Chancellor of Lincoln Cathedral, with the Prebend of Stoke annexed; 2. Canon of Winchester; 3. Rector of Chalfont, St. Giles, Bucks; 4. Rector of Wheathampstead, Herts; 5. Curate of Harpenden, Herts, all in the patronage of the Bishop; and 6. Perpetual Curate of Nettleham, Lincolnshire, in his own gift.

The Rev. Richard Pretynman is—1. Precentor of Lincoln Cathedral, with Prebend of Kilsby annexed; 2. Rector of Stony-Middleton, Oxfordshire; 3. Rector of Walgrave, Northamptonshire; 4. Rector of Hamington, Northamptonshire; 5. Rector of Wroughton, Wiltshire, all in the Bishop's patronage.

The Rev. F. D. Perkins is—Vicar of Stoke, Warwickshire—patron, Lord Chancellor. Vicar of Some, Warwickshire—patron, Lord Chancellor. Vicar of Down Hatherly, Gloucestershire—patron, Lord Chancellor. Rector of Swayfield, Lincolnshire—patron, Lord Chancellor.

Your obedient servant,

A CURATE WITH FIFTY POUNDS PER ANNUM.

These gentlemen are proper contemporaries with the Reverend Robert Moore, who enjoys a sinecure of 9000*l.* a-year, two livings of 1000*l.* each, and a fat canonry at Canterbury!

#### A RESISTLESS INQUISITOR.

KNICKERBOCKER has told some good stories in his day; but we do not think he ever surpassed the following specimen of what can be effected by ingenuity and impudence:—



"A gentleman riding in an eastern railroad car, which was rather sparsely supplied with passengers, observed in a seat before him a lean slab-sided Yankee, every feature of whose face seemed to ask a question, and a little circumstance soon proved that he possessed a 'most inquiring mind.' Before him, occupying the entire seat, sat a lady, dressed in deep black, and after shifting his position several times, and manœuvring to get an opportunity to look in her face, he at length 'caught her eye.' He nodded familiarly to her, and asked, with a nasal twang utterly incapable of imitation, 'In affliction?' 'Yes, sir,' replied the lady. 'Parents—father or mother?' 'No sir.' 'Child, perhaps?'—a boy or girl? 'No, sir, not a child,' was the response, 'I have no children.' 'Husband then, 'xpect?' 'Yes,' was the curt answer. 'Hum!—cholery? a tradin-man mebbe?' 'My husband was a sea-faring man—the captain of a vessel: he didn't die of cholera, he was drowned.' 'Oh, drowned, eh?' pursued the inquisitor, hesitating for a brief instant. 'Save his chist?' he asked. 'Yes; the vessel was saved, and my husband's effects,' said the widow. 'Was they?' asked the Yankee, his eyes brightening up; 'Pious man?' he continued. 'He was a member of the Methodist church.' The next question was a little delayed, but it came—'Don't yeou think you got great cause to be thankful that he was a pious man, and saved his chist?' 'I do,' said the widow abruptly, and turning her head to look out of the car window. The indefatigable 'pump' changed his position, held the widow by his 'glittering eye' once more, and propounded one more query, in a little lower tone, with his head slightly inclined forward over the back of the seat, 'Was you callin' to get married agin?' 'Sir!' said the widow, indignantly, 'you are impertinent!' And she left her seat and took another on the other side of the car. 'Pears to be a little huffy!' said the ineffable bore, turning to our narrator behind him; 'she needn't be mad; I didn't want to hurt her feelin's. What did they make you pay for that umberel you got in your hand? It's a real pooty one!"

#### LAW REFORM.

It is instructive to note how numerous are the claimants for the credit of originating and suggesting the recent Law Reforms. The Earl of Derby claimed it; the Whigs have claimed it; Parliament has claimed it; and the Society for the Amendment of the Law has claimed it. We have now a new claimant in the Metropolitan and Provincial Law Association, who have issued a circular to their subscribers, giving a brief account of the various reforms which have been effected during the past Session of Parliament in the practice of Law and Equity. It is no doubt highly satisfactory to the members of this Association, that in many particulars the modifications have been in accordance with, if not based upon, suggestions made by their committee.

It will, perhaps, be as well to observe, that this Association has been established by the Solicitors for the purpose of watching the changes made in the law of this country, and promoting those alterations which may be deemed beneficial. Although their immediate purpose is to protect the interests of their own profession, yet, as no system which is injurious to the community at large can in the long run be beneficial to any particular class, this Association, so long as it is influenced by enlightened principles, cannot but do good service to society in general.

The circular we have alluded to points out the following changes which have taken place in the constitution and practice of our courts:—

The office of the Masters in Chancery, which has now become sufficiently notorious for its inefficiency and its grievous abuses, is dispensed with altogether in regard to all new matters, except in cases of winding up abortive joint stock companies, to which its services will in future be exclusively devoted. In these cases, the Masters will be endowed with additional powers, which will enable them to dispose of business more promptly. The duties which have hitherto been performed by the Masters in ordinary cases, will devolve upon the judges, who will have the assistance of eight Chief Clerks.

Great modifications are made in Chancery pleadings; bills may be printed instead of being engrossed upon parchment; they are not to contain "interrogatories;" answers will, in general, be dispensed with, and, when put in, may contain the real ground of the defence. "Exceptions for impertinence," too, are no longer to be taken. Various other technicalities, fertile in delay and costs, such as "bills of Revivor and Supplemental," for introducing new parties, or substituting the representatives of deceased parties, and for bringing new facts before the court; actions sent to the Common Law Courts, to decide points which the Judges in Equity are too modest to pronounce upon, together with various other fanciful conceits, are swept away.

The mode of taking evidence has also been greatly reformed; the Judge is to have a discretionary power of having any witness orally examined in open court.

Various other changes have been made, and, on the whole, we may feel confident that the new regulations, when fully brought into practice, will be found to have done away with many of the gross abuses which have

excited so just an abhorrence for our Court of Chancery, and to have rendered "Equity" really a useful branch of our judicature.

An act has been passed to enable either the lord or the tenant of copyhold to compel enfranchisement; the compensation, which may either be paid as a gross sum of money, or be converted into a rent charge, to be estimated by two valuers or their umpire.

The *Common Law Procedure Act* has abolished the distinctions between different forms of action, those formidable snares for young pleaders, and has enabled different causes of action to be included in one action. It has effected also other important improvements, facilitating the proceedings where there is no defence offered, and obviating the difficulties occasioned by the death or marriage of parties.

#### TAVERN SIGNS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Bristol Mirror* supplies the editor with the following amusing enumeration of the public-house signs of that city:—

SIR,—Allow me to send you a short epitome of the public-house signs in this city, which I have noticed in my rambles:—

Royalty meets with great patronage, there being "Kings" and "Queens' Heads" by the dozen, and "Crowns" enough for every State in Europe; there is nearly every "Duke" in the peerage, including an "Old Duke" and a "Waterloo" Arms; there is a "Lord Chancellor" and two "Woolpacks;" an "Adam and Eve," two or three "Angels," and a "Noah's Ark;" there are more than a score of "Bells," but only one "Brass Knocker;" there are "Horses" both "White" and "Black;" a "Coach and Horses," a "Waggon and Horses," and a "Sedan Chair;" there are a number of "Swans," a "Spread Eagle," an "Ostrich," a "Bird in Hand," a few "Black-birds," and a "Crow." I notice an "Old Fox" who has a watchful eye, doubtless, on the "Hen and Chicken." There is a "Neptune," a "Mermaid," a "Sea Horse," several "Dolphins," and a "Trout;" more than twenty "Ships," another on "Launch," and a "Steam Packet;" a "Lord Nelson," an "Old England," a "John Bull," and a few "Britannias." In moons, I notice "Full Moons," and "Half Moons;" the "Seven Stars," and the "Fourteen Stars," and a "Rising Sun," by way of a change. There is the "Traveller's Rest," for the "Scotchman and his Pack," and the "Pilgrim;" a "Robin Hood," and a "Foresters' Arms;" a "King David," and a "Harp." Poetry meets with little support; poor old "Shakspeare" standing alone. I find a "Hole in the Wall," but no "Pyramis and Thisbe;" a "Champion of Wales," and a "Goat in Armour." There are many "Bacchuses," including a "Jolly" one; but, after hunting all over the city, I cannot find a "Venus." There is the "Coffee Pot," with "Three Cups" to go with it; a "Bear and Ragged Staff" (a delicate allusion, no doubt, to Nicholas of Russia). The "Lions" come in for the lion's share, there being a large quantity of them, both "White" and "Red;" an "Elephant," a "White Bear," a "Leopard," a few "Foxes," and several "Greyhounds." Decapitations seem to be strongly advocated by "Boniface;" for, in addition to the numerous "Heads" of the "Kings" and "Queens," they have, also, a "Saracen's" and a "Blackamoors." The "Jolly Skinners," "Jolly Tanners," "Jolly Nailers," and "Jolly Sailors," are too numerous to mention. I can't understand what is meant by the "Cat and Wheel," or "Cock and Bottle;" I leave them to some local antiquary to unriddle; there is, however, something more tangible in an "Artichoke." I notice several "Sailor's Homes" scattered about the city: may I ask when we are to expect the other that is promised for the accommodation of our "Jolly Sailors?"

#### A PATRON OF THE BEGGING TRADE.

LAST week we reported one of the feats of Mr. Solly, who patronises beggars to such a great extent. On Wednesday, Sarah Holditch, Sarah Harrigan, and Eliza Tyler, were brought before the Lord Mayor, charged with being common beggars and impostors. The defendants had been apprehended the day before in Cornhill, while following Mr. Solly, of Great Ormond-street, and endeavouring to prevail upon him to give them money. They were all well-dressed and decent-looking women, and well known as indefatigable impostors by Horsford, and the other active agents of the Mendicity Society. As it was considered useless to call upon Mr. Solly for evidence, that gentleman's steward, who has been long a witness to the manner in which the begging system was carried on in his master's neighbourhood, was requested to attend the justice-room on Wednesday, to hear a description of the intolerable travelling nuisance so recently exposed in the City.

Horsford, and another officer of the Mendicity Society, had found it necessary to apprehend these women, who, with about forty others, had been waiting in Great Ormond-street for Mr. Solly's appearance, and who, when the old gentleman walked out of his house, clamoured for money. The resolute measures taken by the officer had its effect upon the rest of the swarm. They separated, and then their companions were taken at once before the magistrate at Clerkenwell, and sentenced to imprisonment and hard labour. The officers, conjecturing that the beggars would follow their willing and placid victim to the Union Fire-office, to which they knew he was bound, made arrangements to meet them at the spot where he was expected to alight from his vehicle. There were between forty and fifty audacious female mendicants assembled at the place, and they followed him up so closely and so furiously, that he was obliged to struggle into an omnibus or run the hazard of having his clothes actually torn from his back by those who might be disappointed in their ex-

pectation of what they called "alms." Amongst the most resolute beggars were Holditch, Harrigan, and Tyler; and when the officers apprehended them the rest quickly disappeared. The three defendants were identified as having been amongst the Great Ormond-street beggars, daily.

Wicks, Mr. Solly's steward, said, upon being questioned by the Lord Mayor:—My Lord, it is quite impossible to give you a correct idea of the scenes I witness daily. Our persecution begins in Great Ormond-street, and master is besieged by all sorts of beggars, from the tip-top begging ladies in silk stockings and shawls, down to the lowest poor creature without any stockings at all. I have seen the three women at that bar frequently receive money from him. In fact, they would not leave him without dragging money from him. Sometimes the beggars abuse him in the most shocking manner, so that the ladies in the street are quite ashamed at the scene. Sometimes they fight amongst themselves, and accuse each other of getting all from the old —. People would suppose that the newspapers would frighten them away. Quite the other way. Ever since the account of my master and his beggars was published, he has been ten times more solicited. I am now obliged to take up his letters on the largest sized waiter, and the crowds of fashionable beggars that apply to him would astonish any one in his senses.

The Lord Mayor: Surely, the representation of the very great impediment he causes in the City would have some effect in giving a better direction to his charity. It is quite impossible that such a nuisance can be endured in our crowded and busy streets.

Wicks: I don't know what's to be done, my lord. He gives away a mint of money, but in a very unsatisfactory manner. Several of the females pretend that they were acquainted with him when he was a much younger man, and that his charity is mere gratitude. One of these women (Harrigan) swears that they have been old friends of twenty years' standing.

Some other evidence was given, and the Lord Mayor decided that they must clear our streets in the City of all such nuisances, and he sentenced each of the defendants to hard labour in prison for one month.

#### BINGHAM UPON BAGPIPES.

TIMOTHY SULLIVAN, a blind Irish piper, put himself into the witness-box at Marlborough-street, on Thursday, by the help of his wife, and, in a tone intended to be particularly insinuating, begged his worship to do him a small thrille of a favour.

Mr. Bingham—Well, what do you want me to do?

Sullivan—The police wont let me play me pipes in Fitzroy-market, and I want yer honour to give me lave.

Mr. Bingham—Give you leave to play the bagpipes in the street, by no means I do assure you. I know nothing more afflicting to English, Welsh, French, or German ears, to all ears, indeed, except Scotch and Irish ears, than the harrowing noise made by the bagpipes.

Sullivan—But me pipes isn't the Scotch pipes, yer worship; the're the rale Irish pipes, they don't give a noise at all, they give the finest of music.

Mr. Bingham—If there's any difference between Scotch and Irish bagpipes, it is against the Irish pipes, I believe. There's a drone, is there not, to your pipes?

Sullivan—It was a beautiful drone, your worship.

Mr. Bingham—I thought so. Well, the only permission I can give you is to go to an Irish locality, where your pipes will not be considered a nuisance. You must not create a disturbance in an English neighbourhood.

Sullivan—Its Scotch and not Irish pipes that's the nuisance. I must play, or how am I to get my bit of bread?

Mr. Bingham—You must not urge that plea, for if people are allowed to get their bit of bread by breaking the law, then pickpockets may justify their acts. No, you must find an Irish locality, where the Irish are at least ten to one. There are plenty of such places in London, and there you may make as much noise with the pipes as you please.

The piper, after declaring he must give up music as a profession, and try what he could do with a "handful of fruit," left the court with a very disconsolate air.

#### ATHENÆUM LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

THIS society held its first annual meeting on Tuesday, at the office, 30, Sackville-street; the Rev. J. Bartlett, of Achan-park, in the chair.

The report set forth that, although the society was a new one, branch boards, consisting of directors influential in their various localities, had been formed at Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield, Hull, and the Isle of Man, and that others are in course of formation. An arrangement had further been made with an institution of a kindred nature, entitled the Athenæum Institute, and by this junction of interests with that large and powerful class, the members of the literary and newspaper press, beneficial results to the society were anticipated. The balance sheet of the society showed its capital to be 18,515*l.*, and the amount received for premiums to be 4419*l.* The disbursements were 2685*l.* in preliminary expenses, and the company's capital now consisted of 5020*l.* invested in securities, 8050*l.* at its bankers, and about 1400*l.* in the hands of the manager and the society's agents. During the first nine months policies had been issued that yielded 4419*l.* in premiums. The total number of policies was

322. Not a single claim had yet come against the office—a strong proof of the vigilance of the directors, and of the care of the medical officers. The expenses of founding the society had been paid for, and the directors had every confidence in the society's success.

The Chairman expressed his entire satisfaction with the progress of the society, in which expression Mr. Alexander Richmond, as a director and large shareholder, said he fully concurred.

Mr. James Andrew Durham said he looked to the fact of the society not being encumbered with an excess of capital, but having a respectable proprietary to look to in case of necessity, as one of the means that must contribute greatly to its success. He believed the company had been established on the right basis, and that it would succeed.

On the motion of Mr. Harriss, a dividend of five per cent. upon the subscribed capital, clear of income-tax, was carried unanimously, after an expression of opinion that this rate of per-centage had been agreed upon with a view to permanency, and that if one year only had been taken into consideration, the dividend might have been at the rate of twenty-five per cent. per annum.

Mr. Cribb, in proposing a vote of thanks to the auditors, took occasion to animadvert upon the conduct of the press in commenting upon the position of life assurance companies.

His remarks were deprecated by Mr. Edward Brooks, as a member of the society, and one who was not desirous that the Athenæum Society should take up the cudgels for the younger life offices.

Mr. Mitchell said that, seeing Mr. Tomline's name connected with the society, he had had every confidence in its management. It was his firm persuasion that the society would confer a great benefit upon literary men, and that the Athenæum Institute would prove to it a valuable appendage.

Mr. Tomline adverted to three recent instances of men of genius who had died suddenly, and left their families almost wholly unprovided for. He (Mr. Tomline) was secretary to the Shakspearian Society, and, as such, meeting in conversation with the Lord-Judge Knight Bruce, that learned authority had remarked to him—"How is it that we find men of literature and genius, who can write essays that are the admiration of their country, thus making no provision for their families? If you can point out to me a way in which it could be done, it should have my best support." He (Mr. Tomline) had said that it could only be done by means of a self-supporting institution like the present. Any mere eleemosynary institution would wholly fail. It was his duty to state that Mr. Disraeli, although so much occupied in affairs of State, had taken so warm an interest in the prosperity of their Institute that he had called twice personally to express his interest in its progress, and his desire to render it any good offices in his power. Sir G. Staunton and the Marquis of Bristol had similarly tendered their good offices.

Mr. Sutton and other gentlemen having expressed their favourable opinions of the progress of the society, and all the customary resolutions having been unanimously adopted, the meeting terminated with a vote of thanks to the reverend chairman.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

The Queen, Prince Albert, and five of the royal children, left Osborne on Monday for Balmoral. All along their route the stations of the railways were bedecked with flowers and evergreens, and the usual manifestations of loyalty were made at places where the train stopped. The royal party slept on Monday at Derby, on Tuesday at Edinburgh, and reached Balmoral safely on Wednesday afternoon.

The Earl and Countess of Eglinton, accompanied by Captain Cust, private secretary, Major Bagot, aide-de-camp in waiting, Lord and Lady Naas, Mr. Wynne, &c., left Dublin on Tuesday morning by the Dublin and Drogheda Railway, and after a short stay in Drogheda continued their journey to Belfast, where they arrived in the afternoon. Addresses were presented to his Excellency by the mayor and town council of Belfast, and by the directors of the Ulster Railway Company, and in the evening a magnificent banquet was given in the Music Hall. The Lord Lieutenant will be present, therefore, at the meeting of the British Association, which began at Belfast on Wednesday. Lord Eglinton visited on Tuesday the Queen's Colleges at Belfast, and in reply to the address of the president passed a high encomium on the system of education there pursued.

The news from India by the last mail is not very striking. No further advance had been made up the country by General Godwin. On the contrary, he was demanding more troops, and he had declined to move until they were granted. Lord Dalhousie was on his way to Rangoon to judge for himself. The troops were healthy. The only activity was in the naval force; the *Proserpine* had forced her way up the Irrawaddy nearly to Prome, and had intercepted boats laden with provisions, destined for the Burmese army assembling at Prome.

From the north-western frontier comes a report that Sir Colin Campbell had resigned the Peshawar command in disgust at the obstructions of the military board.

The Board of Health have, in consequence of the recent news from abroad, expressed their formal opinion to the Government that two medical officers should be specially appointed to take such steps as may seem best calculated to meet and mitigate any attack of cholera upon this country.

The new Rules and Orders in Chancery were issued on Wednesday, and published in full by most of the morning papers.

A meeting was held on Wednesday at the Belvidere Tavern, Pentonville, when a society was formed under the title of the Finsbury Knowledge Tax Repeal Association. The object of the society is to obtain the repeal of the newspaper stamp, and of the advertisement and paper duties.

The foundation stone of the newly endowed schools, in connexion with the Hebrew Educational Institution, was laid in Hope-street, Liverpool, on Tuesday. The ceremony was performed by Israel Bamed, Esq. The Rev. Dr. Adler, the chief rabbi, was present. The proposed structure, which will be in the Tudor style of architecture, is intended for some 400 pupils.

Sir John Patteson, Archdeacon Froude, and a large number of the clergy, assisted in laying the foundation stone of the new chancel of the parish church of St. Mary Church, South Devon. Many of the nobility and gentry have liberally contributed to this work, among whom was an anonymous donor of 1000*l*. After the ceremony was over, a substantial dinner was provided for one hundred widows and aged poor, on the vicarage lawn. In the evening a supper was given to the workmen employed in the building.

The spinners of Blackburn have applied for an increase of 10 per cent. upon their present wages. The millowners of this town had a meeting on Wednesday to take the matter into consideration, but they declined to accede to the men's request until they ascertained whether other spinners throughout the district were receiving or were prepared to demand a similar advance.—*Preston Chronicle*.

In July, the Government Emigration Commissioners contracted for upwards of twenty vessels, destined to carry out 3500 emigrants to Australia. During August four ships have been chartered; and during September, three more will set sail.

Big steamers are the order of the day. Another was launched at Blackwall on Monday, and named the *Hydaspes*. Her engines are on the screw principle. She is intended to carry mails to East India *via* the Cape of Good Hope.

The great Synagogue of the Jews, in Duke's-place, was opened on Thursday with solemn ceremonies. It is said to resemble a Protestant church, except that there is no communion table, no pulpit, no pews; and that the women are barred off from the men. Mr. Adler officiated as chief Rabbi on the occasion.

A meeting was held at St. Martin's Hall, on Thursday, to promote emigration. The real object was to obtain public support for the Australian Employers' and Emigrant's Registration Society. This society proposes, by a system of registration, to bring together those who want labour and those who want employment; so that emigrants might proceed to Australia and find certain situations there. The means of the association would be a capital raised by shares subscribed for by the emigrants themselves.

The evening service in Bartholomew's church at Liverpool was disturbed on Sunday week by the breaking of two windows, and by the report of six pistol shots immediately outside the church. The windows were found to have been broken by stones thrown from the front of the church. The pistols were fired in a beer-shop close at hand, kept by a man named McManus. The man excused himself by saying that his house had been recently broken into, and he occasionally fired pistols to prevent the same thing taking place again. The neighbourhood near the church is inhabited by very low Irish, and it is said that an extra policeman is required to protect the church and congregation.

The ship *Vellote* has left Bristol for Melbourne freighted with a large number of passengers and cargo for the all-absorbing gold diggings. The passengers numbered nearly 300, and their departure created quite a sensation in the city. Thousands of persons of all grades crowded down to the Cumberland-basin to see her start, a steam-tug towing her down the river Avon. She passed along amid the cheers of the assembled spectators, of whom there were 7,000 or 8,000 present. Emigration is taking place to a large extent from Bristol, and an effort is being made by the authorities to obtain the sanction of Government to its being made a port for the departure of Government emigrants, on the ground that it is most centrally situated for South Wales and the West of England.

The *Montreal Gazette* gives the following return of the number of houses, &c., burnt in the city of Montreal on the 8th and 9th of July:—

Wards.	Number of Houses.	Number of Families.	Assessed Value.	Estimated Value of Property.
St. Louis.	547	868	£9576	£159,000
East . . .	19	27	1080	28,000
St. James	278	380	5580	93,000
St. Mary.	264	1611	3613	60,216
Total .	1108	2886	£20449	£340,816

Mr. C. P. Roney, the secretary of the Dublin Industrial Exhibition, which takes place next year, left town on Saturday for Paris. Mr. Roney is provided with strong letters

of recommendation from the Count Walewski to the Ministers of the Interior and of Commerce, and he has also letters to Mr. Jerningham, the *chargé d'affaires* at Paris; to Baron Dupin, M. Sallandrouze de Lamornaix, and to other influential persons in Paris, who were identified with the Great Exhibition of 1851. He has had satisfactory interviews with the authorities there.

The second balloon ascent for scientific purposes, under the direction of the Kew committee of the Council of the British Association, was made from Vauxhall, in the Nassau balloon, Mr. Green being again the driver, on Thursday last. The ascent took place at twenty minutes before five, and the observers, Messrs. Welsh and Nicklin, remained up nearly three hours; the descent being safely effected about five or six miles from the Boxmoor station, at thirty-five minutes past seven. The greatest altitude attained was somewhat less than on the former occasion, being 19,000 feet, and the lowest temperature experienced was the same—viz., 7° of Fahrenheit. The air at this altitude was found to be extremely dry.—*Athenæum*.

A line of railway has been provisionally registered (thirty-eight miles in length), in order to connect Woolwich, Chatham, Portsmouth, Windsor, and Hampton Court, joining the Windsor and Staines railway at Staines, crossing the Thames at Sunbury, then forming a branch on the Surrey side to Walton-on-Thames, in order to shorten the royal progress *en route* from Windsor to Osborne. The line is to proceed to Hampton Court, where it intersects the London and South-Western at the junction, thence passing through Malden, Mitcham, to Penge (from the Crystal Palace), through Beckenham, Bromley, Eltham, to Woolwich, with a branch to Dartford, embracing Chislehurst, the Crays, and Bexley, thereby connecting Chatham with the other important government depôts. A connecting link, therefore, will be created with all the leading railways in England.

Captain Sheppard is now likely to be decently withdrawn from public notice. On Tuesday, at the Marlborough-street police-court, a gentleman applied to Mr. Bingham for an order to deliver into his keeping the captain who is at present in prison for want of sureties. The applicant said he was prepared to send Captain Sheppard to Haslar as soon as released. Mr. Bingham was very glad to hear that the captain's friends had done that which it would have been more desirable had it been done some months ago. He would readily do all in his power to get Captain Sheppard placed in proper hands.

An elopement took place last week from Portsmouth. The young lady concerned was one of the daughters of a gentleman of considerable wealth, whose mansion is in the immediate vicinity of Portsmouth, on the sea shore, and she herself was possessed in her own right, it is said, of 2000*l*. She was twenty-one years of age, and the person with whom she eloped was her father's groom. This prudent young gentleman had taken the opinion of counsel as to what danger, if any, he should run in eloping with his master's daughter. He also inquired as to what would become of the 2000*l*. to which the young lady was entitled. To these inquiries he had satisfactory replies, it would appear, the young lady being of age, and the money clearly her own. He was at the same time cautioned not to convey away any property whatever belonging to his master. Upon these measures were taken, and one day last week the pair proceeded to the Fareham station of the South Western Railway, from whence they proceeded to London, where, on Saturday, we are informed, they were married by special licence.

What is "acting as a waterman" on the river Thames? A case was tried before the Lord Mayor, on Tuesday, at the Guildhall, which turned upon this question. James Kemp, a fisherman, at Teddington, was charged with acting as a waterman. The act consisted in taking gentlemen to angle in a punt. Evidence was brought to show that fishermen have so acted for many years unchallenged. Now the watermen claim the exclusive privilege under the Waterman's Act of letting boats on the Thames. The Lord Mayor said he considered it to be his duty, as conservator of the river Thames, not only to protect the rights of the watermen but the rights of the river fishermen. He well knew that the business of those industrious men had been most seriously interfered with, particularly of late years, by the introduction of steam-vessels on the river, and by other causes, which operated to break down their spirit with their want of prosperity. He could not but consider that the employment of fishermen in punts, in rendering assistance or instruction to gentlemen in angling, formed a part of their business as fishermen. Indeed, he apprehended that such employment constituted the only mode they could be said to possess of obtaining a livelihood for their families. Under all the circumstances, he was sure he was bound to put a liberal interpretation upon the words of the act of Parliament, to which he had looked with very anxious care, and, having attended to the arguments of the gentlemen engaged upon both sides, he had come to the conclusion that the defendant had not in this instance "acted," according to the words of the 37th section, "as a waterman, or plied or worked or navigated a wherry, lighter, or other craft, from or to any place for hire or gain." He should, therefore, dismiss the summons, and, as it appeared to him to have been the object of those interested to try the right, no costs should be required.

John Birt, the proprietor of the miscellaneous collection of animals, living in blissful union in Trafalgar-square, applied to Mr. Henry on Saturday under the following circumstances:—For some time past he had been compelled to confide the charge of his "family" to a young man, owing to rheumatism. This young man had been tricking him in various ways to an alarming extent, by selling some of his favourite pets without leave, and pocketing the money. Some time ago the young man said that a person had taken a fancy to his best monkey—one of



the best hands at keeping guinea pigs, and such like, as was ever seen; and, being a poor man wishing to get his living by the monkey, he applied to have it cheap. Well, upon this understanding, although not wishing to part with the monkey, he sent word as he shouldn't mind letting him have it for 35s. The monkey was sold, and the young man paid him 35s., but a few days after he received a letter from Mr. F. Pigou, a gentleman living at 11, Albert-terrace, Knightsbridge, saying that he gave 5l. for the monkey to the young man, although he had heard that the latter only paid his master 35s. So here he was clearly robbed of 3l. 15s. His servant had also sold a hawk for 8s., and had only paid him 5s. In fact, he had been terribly robbed, there was no doubt about it; and now the thing had come to light, the fellow had made a bolt of it. Mr. Henry said he would be happy to assist him if he could trace the young man's whereabouts; but they could do nothing without. The applicant said he would keep a sharp look out for him, and give him into custody if he turned up.

An old woman died at Shenfield, a few days since, who had been receiving parochial relief for many years. At her decease it was found she had property by her to the amount of nearly 1000l.—*Essex Herald*.

The old well from which Holywell-street takes its name, has lately been examined and cleared of the rubbish with which it has long been filled. It is on the premises of a public-house in Holywell-street. The well is of great depth, and the walls are in good condition. The springs have not been reached, but they are in action in the neighbourhood, as the old Roman baths and the well in Strand-lane are still supplied from them.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

A lady was travelling in the parliamentary train on the Chelmsford Railway, on Friday week, who gave singular evidences of insanity. She was noticed to throw out of the window, first her gold watch and guard, and afterwards a purse, containing twenty or thirty pound. The articles were picked up and restored to the owner at Ipswich, when she seemed to have a better appreciation of their value.

According to the log of the *Tropic*, just arrived in the Downs, an earthquake was felt at sea off Jamaica, on the 17th of July. "The ship had lost her way, and the watch below, running out of the fore-castle, declaring the iron tanks (each containing 400 gallons of water) were dancing in the 'tween decks. While the horrid rumbling noise continued going along under the bottom, the sensation on deck was that of a ship tearing over rocks at a violent rate. In a few minutes the ship was quietly gliding through the water at three miles per hour."

An Englishman who had been lost in the mountains on the shores of the Rhine, opposite Bonn, finally made his way to the banks of that river, where there is a "flying bridge" of boats. As he could not wake the ferrymen, he undid the fastenings, and with true English insolence set about ferrying himself over. But he found the bridge too much for his skill; the cables snapped, and he was set floating down the stream. At length he was overtaken by boatmen, arrested, and only liberated by the Bonn authorities on the payment of the damage done to the bridge.

Inflammable coke is formed in moulds, of shapes calculated to allow of the free passage of air when ignited in the grate, thereby occasioning perfect combustion and the absence of all smoke, and, in lieu thereof, a bright flame. Each piece of coke, be it round, oval, hexagonal, octagonal, or other shape, has a cell in its centre, filled with waste coal, or other inflammable substance or compound, secured by means of coke male and female screws, and is rendered slightly porous. As many substances—such as small pieces of wood, coal-dust, &c.—are very cheap, because useless for fuel in their existing form, and as they can be rendered by this invention more available for fuel than the most expensive coal, at a very much less cost, it is reasonable to suppose that the patent inflammable coke will supersede the use of other fuel.—*Mining Journal*.

Disastrous accounts of inundations are given in the Savoy papers. The Arve continues to devastate the country. A waterspout burst over the province of Chiablèse on the 19th, and detached such a quantity of large stones from the mountains in the vicinity of the village of Locum that the bridge of the Thonon road was half destroyed by them. The road itself is impassable. The village of Buttes, in the territory of Cluses, has been entirely inundated. Letters from Switzerland of the 25th state that alarm was felt lest the Rhine should overflow. An inundation was threatening in the canton of Uri. Snow had begun to fall, and that caused the rivers to rise. In the canton of Lucerne the continual rains had made the rivers overflow, and the lake had risen a foot. Serious losses had been sustained by the inundations in the villages at the foot of the Jura, the Gros de Vana, and in the valleys of the Alps. The *Courrier de l'Isère* states that the Rhone has washed away upwards of forty houses in one of the communes.

Mr. Taylor, a gentleman residing in Hanover-square, hung himself on Sunday night.

Meek, a tailor, who lived in Green Arbour-court, cut his throat in the street opposite the Old Bailey on Tuesday; cause unknown.

Warwick Phillips, a policeman, was committed for trial on Saturday, charged with indecently assaulting two women.

A fire broke out in the ship-yard of Messrs. Wigram, of Blackwall, on Wednesday, destroying the greater portion of the store-houses, a portion of the mast-house, a considerable quantity of timber and stores, and seriously injuring the steam-machinery.

John Aroné, a foreigner, considered himself ill used by foreign consuls in several places, notably in Syria. He could get no redress in his own estimation, from the Foreign Office; and so he sent threatening letters to the Earl of Malmesbury, hinting at the fate of Percival, who was shot by Bellingham. John Aroné was brought before Mr. Henry on Saturday on this charge; and as he could not find bail when ordered, he was committed in default.

Thomas Philip Butler, a clerk at the Post Office, was committed for trial by Mr. Henry at Bow-street, on Tuesday, on the charge of having plundered letters containing cash and jewellery. Butler, who is "well-connected" appears to have robbed letters to an immense extent. He was caught in the fact at last, by Mr. Sculthorpe, one of the presidents of the London district post, and Mr. Cole, inspector of letter-carriers. It is astonishing how people will, in spite of, numberless warnings, confide money and jewels to the care of the Post Office.

Mr. Clough, a Bradford solicitor, living at Bolton Grange, near that town, was dining late on Monday evening, when he was alarmed by a loud scream. He went up stairs to the bedroom of his children, but found them all quiet. Returning down stairs he was met by a servant who told him he was wanted in the kitchen. Thither he went, but on his entrance he was knocked down by one of seven men wearing masks. They lifted him up, forced him into his bed-room, and compelled him to lie still while they plundered his plate-chest. Meanwhile a detachment from the gang took all they could find in the house; locked all the family and servants in the cellar, and turned loose all the horses in the stable. Altogether they captured property worth about 300l.

Several of the betting-shop gentry are usually in league together, and they refer to one another, and have so plausible a story that parties take them as tenants without suspicion, and then so defective are our laws that there is the greatest difficulty in getting them out and avoiding serious loss. We have a case before us to illustrate it. An owner had the misfortune to let a house some time ago to a nest of swindlers of this description. It is now shut up, has been so for months, possession of it denied him, and a scoundrel pettifogger in league with them coolly tells him, "You can do nothing till November, and unless you give us a sum of money (besides losing all the rent due) we shall keep you out as long as possible." The rent being just above 50l. a year the County Court is not available; but the owner intends to see what the laws against conspiracy may do to punish such vagabonds, and we mention the circumstance as a warning to others. Some of our legal readers may be able to give him a useful hint.—*The Builder*.

The Belgian Government has just published returns, from which it appears that the total population of Belgium on the 31st of December, 1850, was 4,407,241. In the course of the year the number of births was 131,416, and of deaths 92,900.

From a Parliamentary paper just published, it appears that the receipts received on account of the several county and borough lunatic asylums in the year ending the 31st of December last in England and Wales, amounted to 236,724l. 4s. 2d.; the expenditure was 207,017l. 18s. 6d. The balance in the hand of the treasurer at the end of the year was 33,584l. 3s. 8d., and there was due to the treasurer, 3,877l. 18s.

According to a return to the House of Commons just printed, the annual value of property assessed to the poor-rate in England and Wales and Ireland, in 1842, was 75,894,575l.; in 1847, 80,515,413l.; and in 1851, 79,280,671l. For the poor rate and county rate in 1851 there was voted by Parliament, or otherwise paid out of the public funds, the sum of 391,500l. The county rate is paid out of the poor rate.

A return to Parliament has just been issued showing the number of houses valued at 20l. and upwards, the number of those which pay house-tax at sixpence and ninepence in the pound, with other information on the same subject. In England and Wales there are 179,234 houses charged at sixpence; and in Scotland, 6,377. The amount of duty in England and Wales is 200,182l. 19s. 2d.; and in Scotland, 5,288l. 11s. 9d.; making 205,471l. 10s. 11d. at sixpence; while at ninepence in the pound there are 252,213 houses in England and Wales producing 403,204l. 4s. 8d.; and in Scotland, 24,095 houses at 38,340l. 17s. 1d.; making the ninepence duty 501,545l. 1s. 9d. The total amount of duty is stated at 707,016l. 12s. 8d. The return, which was obtained by Mr. Goulburn, contains the number of houses in some of the principal towns rated at 10l. and other sums.

#### HEALTH OF LONDON DURING THE WEEK.

The mortality has declined in London, and 980 deaths have been registered in the fourth week of August. This number is less by 104 than the number registered in the previous week, and less by 144 than the numbers registered in the first week of August. Of the 980 persons who died, 508 were males, 472 females; 558 were children under the age of 15; 277 were adults of middle age, and 144 were people who had attained the age of 60 and upwards. 701 of the deaths occurred in the districts north, 279 in the districts south of the Thames. 120 of the deaths took place in public institutions, namely, 80 in workhouses, 28 in hospitals, 4 in lunatic asylums, 4 in military and naval asylums, 2 in the *Dreadnought*, and 2 in the Westminster House of Correction. No death was registered in any other prison.

Scarlatina is still prevalent; it has destroyed the lives of 51 children. Fever was fatal to 32 adults and 16 children. Diarrhoea was fatal to 107 children, 8 persons in the middle of life, and 10 of the age of 60 and upwards. It is gratifying to observe the sudden decline of the deaths from diarrhoea from 208 to 125; 15 deaths from cholera are registered, including 11 children and 4 adults. Ten males and 5 females died of the disease, 12 on the north and 3 on the south side of the Thames. The death of the labourer's wife, aged 34 years, in Rotherhithe, after 15 hours illness, is the most remarkable of the cases.

In the interval between the two great epidemics of Asiatic cholera in the years 1832 and 1849, on the continent, a partial outbreak occurred, which did not reach England, and we may hope that on the present occasion this country may enjoy the like immunity. At the same time all the measures contemplated for purifying the earth, air, and water of London, and other cities should be accelerated.

Last week the births of 753 boys and 746 girls, in all 1499 children, were registered in London. The average number in seven corresponding weeks of the years 1845-51 was 1331.

#### BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

##### BIRTHS.

On the 22nd ult., at Stebbing, Essex, the wife of the Rev. Roger Dawson Duffield: a son.  
On the 24th ult., at Kilkenny Castle, Ireland, the Marchioness of Ormonde: a son.  
On the 24th ult., at Bracondale, the Lady Henrietta Harvey: a daughter.  
On the 25th ult., the Hon. Mrs. Parnell, of 13, Bryanston-square: a son.  
On the 25th ult., at Bloomsbury Rectory, the Hon. Mrs. Montagu Villiers: a daughter.  
On the 29th ult., at the Lawn, the lady of A. L. Goddard, Esq., M.P.: a son.  
On the 30th ult., at 24, Cavendish-road, St. John's-wood, the widow of the late T. C. Granger, Esq., M.P.: a son.  
On the 31st ult., at Ladbroke House, Kensington Park, the wife of W. Downing Bruce, Esq., K.C.S., F.S.A., of the Middle Temple, and 9, Victoria-square, Pimlico: a son.

##### MARRIAGES.

On the 12th ult., at the Spanish Legation, Washington, U.S., by proxy, the ceremony performed by the Right Rev. Bishop McGill, of Virginia, Aggrapina Zagrawsky MacLeod, daughter of Alexander N. MacLeod, of Harris, to Jose Maria Magallon, second son of the Marquis de San Adrien. His Excellency Don Angel Calderon de la Barca, her Catholic Majesty's Minister to the United States, stood as proxy.  
On the 24th ult., at Stonor, in the county of Oxford, Henry Charles Silvertop, Esq., of Minster Acres, in the county of Northumberland, to the Hon. Eliza Stonor, third daughter of the Right Hon. Lord and Lady Camoys.  
On the 24th ult., at Brompton, Yorkshire, Whitehall Dod, Esq., late of the 6th Dragoons, only son of J. W. Dod, Esq., M.P., of Cloverley, Shropshire, and cousin to C. R. Dod, Esq., Author of "The Parliamentary Companion," "The Peerage," &c., to Emma Matilda, daughter of the late Lieutenant-General Sir H. M. Vavasour, Bart., of Melbourne and Spaldington, Yorkshire.  
On the 25th ult., at Broadwater Church, Worthing, the Rev. Henry F. Hall, B.A., late curate of Christ Church, and domestic chaplain to the Earl of Castlestuart, to Charlotte, only child of John Howell, Esq., F.R.S., M.D., and Deputy Inspector-General of Military Hospitals.  
On the 25th ult., at All Souls' Church, Langham-place, Commander Rodd, H.M.S. *Impregnable*, youngest son of the late Rev. Dr. Rodd, Trebartha-hall, to Wilhelmina Mary, youngest daughter of the late Vice-Admiral Sir J. Tremayne Rodd, K.C.B.  
On the 25th ult., at Salisbury Cathedral, George Alfred Ellis Wall, Esq., of Worthy-park, Hampshire, to Katherine, youngest daughter of the late Sir Henry Rivers, Bart.  
On the 26th ult., at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, Edward Copleston Buckland, Esq., second son of the Very Rev. the Dean of Westminster, to Rose Mary, daughter of the late John Walter, Esq.  
On the 26th ult., George Fownes Luttrell, Esq., eldest son of Frances Fownes Luttrell, Esq., of Kilva, Somersetshire, to Anne Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Sir Alexander Hood, Bart., of Wootton, in the same county.  
On the 31st ult., at St. Mary's Church, Bryanston-square, Louis Charles, third son of the Right Hon. Charles Tennant, D'Esneourt, of Bayon's Manor, Lincolnshire, to Sophia, youngest daughter of John Ashton Yates, Esq., of Bryanston-square, and Dinglehead, Lancashire.

##### DEATHS.

On the 22nd ult., Annetto, Countess Dowager of Waldegrave, and wife of A. Hicks, Esq., of Sutton-place, Guildford, Surrey, aged 63.  
On the 23rd ult., at Burford, near Tenbury, Harriet, the sister of George Rushout, M.P., and daughter of the late Hon. and Rev. George Rushout Bowles.  
On the 23rd ult., at Rothsay, Miss Emilia Cumming, daughter of the late Sir Alexander Penrose Cumming Gordon, of Allyre, Baronet, and sister of C. L. Cumming Bruce, Esq., M.P.  
On the 25th ult., at Castlecriga, Francis Napier Carmichael, third son of the late Sir Thomas G. Carmichael, Bart.  
On the 25th ult., at Clarendon, near Manchester, Sophia Anne, the wife of Sir Benjamin Heywood, Bart., and daughter of Thomas Robinson, Esq., of Manchester.  
On the 25th ult., the Rev. Peter Ewart, Rector of Kirklington, Yorkshire.  
On the 26th ult., Mr. J. W. Allen, the celebrated landscape painter, at his house in the Lower Mall, Hammersmith, suddenly, of a disease of the heart, in the 49th year of his age, leaving a widow and eight children to lament his untimely decease.  
On the 27th ult., 8, Saxe Cobourg-place, Edinburgh, Barbara Forbes, widow of the late Andrew Davidson, Esq., advocate, Aberdeen, in the 84th year of her age.  
On the 28th ult., at Cheltenham, Lieutenant-Colonel George Hutchinson, F.R.S., late Bengal Engineers, aged 50.  
On the 28th ult., at the Cove, Torquay, Elizabeth Laura, wife of Captain Holder, of the Scots Fusilier Guards, daughter of Colonel and Lady Laura Meyrick, and granddaughter of the Duke of Cleveland.  
On the 29th ult., at his mother's residence, Tyfield Manor-house, Wilts, aged 21, Ponsonby, third son of the late Charles Penruddocke, Esq., barrister-at-law.

## Postscript.

SATURDAY, September 4.

NEARLY the same speakers addressed a public meeting on Thursday evening, in the Free Library at Manchester, as had spoken in the morning at the opening ceremony. Sir John Potter was in the chair. The names of the Bishop of Manchester, Lord Shaftesbury, Mr. Thackeray, and Mr. Bright; Dr. Vaughan and Mr. Brotherton, Mr. Monckton Milnes and Dr. Watts will give some idea of the character of the meeting. The resolutions expressed the conviction of the meeting that the institution would be of the highest benefit to the working classes; that their large subscriptions did them honour; and that the late triumphant poll was very gratifying. We append two of the addresses.

Dr. Vaughan said:—

"I have had, perhaps more than any other person, to do with selecting the books that constitute here what we call British history. Of course that is a department in which I am supposed to have some peculiar knowledge or judgment. Now, I conceive there are youths present who are not without an interest in history, and in that department especially I would just say to them, if you would make a wise use of the volumes there placed within your reach, try to do it upon some system. Endeavour to group it, as it were, into different sections—the various parts that go to make up the whole of what we call history. Have a plan; no one of our English histories will do for you, taken alone; not even those of them that are most nearly descriptive of what my views are, as to what English history is, would I advise you to read, to the exclusion of the rest. It seems to have been allotted to us, as the result of the various conflicts out of which our system in policy and in religion has taken its complexion, that history shall be everywhere written, more or less, under a party bias. Well, then, trust to no one implicitly. Compare those that are known to write under different influences; and try to get your impressions from a fair comparison. But that is an extended labour. I have spoken of history as having parts. "Divide and conquer" is the maxim; ascertain what the parts are. There is what is called military history, there is what is called civil history, there is the history of arts and science, there is the history of manufactures. Break up all these into those district sections, learn what the history gives you in relation to these civil matters separately, question yourself when you have read certain portions,—“What have I learned from this relative to the great questions of government, the condition of the people, legislation, and how the laws are administered, and manufactures, and commerce, and learning?” Except you do this, my fear is that you may read a large space, and feel that, for want of some plan of this kind, you have not gathered the result that is necessary to the encouragement of your efforts. Now, we have histories that are written considerably upon this plan—Mr. Hallam's *History of the Middle Ages*, for instance—where you have the different parts broken up, each part complete in itself, and all the parts going to constitute the entire of the history. I could mention others; I could mention the productions of one now present with us, in which we find this idea carried out, and the various phases of French History presented in our own language as never before—I mean the lectures recently published by the Professor of History in the University of Cambridge (cheers), than which, I think, no reading more interesting can be found for the thoughtful young men of Manchester. I make those suggestions, having once had some experience as a Professor of History, though so obscure were my doings in that way, that you may not be aware of the fact. I have ascertained how important it is, in order to enable youths to feel that they are making actual progress, that they should proceed on some such plan."

Mr. Monckton Milnes took up the same theme:—

"Don't think that it is such a very easy thing for a man to sit down and read in this library. It has taken a great deal of time to make the world learn how to read. Some 400 years ago the art of printing was invented; not such a great marvel, after all, because it would always have been there if wanted; the only thing was the invention of the moveable types. In some twenty years after that time the art had got to what you call perfection. If you go to the library of an antiquary, he will show you books printed twenty years after the invention of printing, got up in a most beautiful style of execution, equal to anything which the art of printing could produce; yet, how much progress have books made since that time in the world! It is 400 years since this art was invented, and yet how small a proportion of the human race know anything about books; and how much smaller the proportion who ever read them; and how much smaller the proportion who ever remember what they read! ('Hear, hear,' and laughter.) There are some countries in Europe—Prussia, for instance—where there is what is called a popular system of education. Scarcely a child of eight years old is there but can read straight a-head; but possibly if you see that child at 30 years old, you will find he has forgotten how to read altogether. And very naturally so too; he has gone into other occupations; he has had no books; the political constitution of his country does not allow him newspapers; and so all this primary instruction is utterly useless. ('Hear, hear.') The circulation of books has already occupied 400 years, yet it has only taken 50 years for the use of tobacco to go from one end of the world to the other." (Loud cheers and laughter.)

There were no other speakers, and the meeting was not over until a late hour.

The annual meeting of the ancient "Company of Cutlers of the City of Manchester" took place on

Thursday in their elegant hall, Sheffield, under the presidency of Mr. Michael Hunter, the Master Cutler elect for the ensuing year.

In the forenoon the company attended Divine service in the parish church, where the annual sermon was preached by the Rev. E. S. Murphy, chaplain to the incorporation. They afterwards proceeded to the Town-hall, where the new officers were sworn in. The morning was ushered in by a merry peal from the parish bells, and the ringing was continued at intervals during the day. The guests invited to the feast began to arrive about four o'clock, and at half-past five they sat down to dinner. The number of persons present was upwards of 200. On the right of the chair were seated Lord Milton, Sir C. Wood, Captain Minchen, Lord Fitzgibbon, Mr. W. Walker, the Rev. E. S. Murphy (chaplain), Mr. James Wilson, law clerk, the Rev. Thomas Sale, vicar of Sheffield, Major De Salis, Mr. G. W. Chambers, the Rev. Joseph Hunter, and Mr. W. Jeffcock. On the left were Lord Edward Howard, M.P., Mr. E. B. Denison, M.P., Mr. G. Hadfield, M.P., the Mayors of Wolverhampton and Sheffield, Mr. E. P. V. Burnell, of Beauchief Abbey, and the Mayors of Walsall and Doncaster. The vice-chairs were occupied by Mr. M. Hunter, jun., Mr. W. A. Matthews, senior warden, and Mr. T. Moulson. It appeared from what was said in the course of the evening, that the Master Cutler elect in issuing his invitations was influenced by a desire to bring together such persons as were likely to promote an exhibition of metal-work, which it is proposed to hold in Sheffield in the course of 1853.

The *Northern Whig* of Thursday supplies us with an account of the doings of the British Association, at Belfast.

One of the most striking facts is the appearance of the Earl of Eglinton on the scene, and the becoming delight of the authorities of Belfast. The Viceroy arrived from Dublin on Tuesday afternoon, accompanied by Lord Naas and the great law officers of Ireland. In the evening, a grand banquet was given in the music-hall, Mr. Samuel Fenton, mayor of Belfast, presiding, and Roman-catholic and Protestant gentlemen ranged around. The speaking had the convivial stamp; and not a scintilla of political light was shed by the Lord Lieutenant or his law officers.

The next day the British Association, in general committee, met, for the first time, in the Queen's College, vice-president Sir Roderick Murchison in the chair. The report showed a balance of 237*l.* in hand. In the evening, the general meeting of the Association was held in May-street Church. Among the company present, were the Lord Lieutenant, the Prince of Canino, Lord Massereene, the Earl of Roden, the Earl of Enniskillen, Lord Dunraven, Lord Wrottesley, Lord Naas, the Lord Chancellor, Sir David Brewster, Sir H. de la Beche, Sir R. Murchison, Archbishop Whately, and an immense number of clergymen of various denominations, and numerous scientific gentlemen, members of the Association, whose arrival in town to take part in the proceedings of the body had been previously announced.

Sir Roderick Murchison having been moved to the chair, said his first duty was to explain why he occupied that position. The distinguished Astronomer Royal, who is the actual president of the British Association, and who ought, if it had been possible, to have resigned the chair that evening to Colonel Sabine, who is to succeed him, regretted extremely that, owing to a family affliction, he could not be present on that occasion; and he had charged him (Sir R.) to express his sorrow that he was unable to be present on so important an occasion. Sir R. Murchison added, that the Astronomer Royal spoke in the highest terms of his successor, of whom he has said—"The Association is to be represented by one of its most faithful friends, who has long efficiently conducted the real business of the body, and whose public character so well befits the public representation of the British Association for the Advancement of Science." In those sentiments he entirely concurred. The chairman then passed a warm eulogy on the character and talents of Colonel Sabine, whom he introduced to the meeting.

Colonel Sabine then delivered the usual inaugural address, which he confined to topics drawn chiefly from matters which would come before the mathematical and physical section, and with which he was more familiarly acquainted.

Dr. Robinson and Sir Henry de la Beche moved and seconded a vote of thanks, which was adopted.

The meeting then adjourned to Friday.

A number of the inhabitants of Congleton, friends of Reform, assembled in Mr. Booth's School-room, High-street, to present a testimonial of respect and esteem to Mr. William Booth. The testimonial consisted of a portrait, painted by Mr. Fox, of Stockport. Among the persons present, were the Reverend W. Fillingham,

Alderman Warrington, Mr. John Johnson, Mr. Reade Johnson, Mr. N. Barton, Mr. J. C. Chapman, Mr. T. Sheldon, Mr. John Burgess, Mr. J. R. Cooper, Mr. Wilkinson Burslam, of Manchester, Mr. Charles Leese, of the Ribbon Weavers' Association, Chairman of the Committee, which consisted entirely of working men, presided on the occasion, and bore testimony to the unceasing efforts Mr. Booth had made in the cause of moral and social reform.

The Rev. W. Fillingham, in presenting the portrait, observed, that he considered himself highly honoured in having to present to so worthy a man the testimonial which his fellow-townsmen had provided for one who had spent so long and useful a life in endeavouring to promote the well-being of those around him.

Mr. Booth thanked them for the portrait, and said he thought they had greatly overrated his services. He had indeed endeavoured to instruct the orphan and the afflicted, and to improve the character and condition of those around him. The proceedings of this night would assure him that his humble services were appreciated by a great number of his fellow-townsmen, and the knowledge of this would soften the pillow of age.

Mr. Alderman Warrington had long been a coadjutor with Mr. Booth. He considered that the town of Congleton was greatly indebted to that gentleman for the reformation of many abuses that formerly existed in the borough. They might differ in their religious opinions, but still he maintained that every man who had the moral courage honestly to avow his opinions was entitled to respect.

Mr. Wilkinson Burslam, Mr. J. R. Cooper, and Mr. J. C. Chapman, testified to the great exertions made by Mr. Booth in the cause of educational and other reforms.

The committee and a number of gentlemen afterwards took supper with Mr. Booth.

On Thursday evening, as the express train of the London and North-Western Railway, which left Euston-square at 5 o'clock, was on its way to Manchester from Crewe, a little after 9 o'clock, it ran off the line under most alarming circumstances. It appears to have attained a speed of about 40 miles an hour, when about three miles north of Crewe, a buffer, with the long iron rod attached, which had probably dropped off a preceding train, obstructed the line. The driver became aware that one of the fore wheel guards was in contact with something, and he slackened speed. About 200 yards further he ascertained that the obstruction was still in the way of the engine, and was so alarmed that he instantly reversed his engine and brought the train to a stand about 100 yards further, just as one of the fore wheel guards had broken, and the two fore wheels of the engine went off the rails and became deeply embedded in the sand forming the ballast of the line. So well had the driver managed, that he, in reality, brought the train to a stand almost without a sensible shock. The passengers, however, were much alarmed by the great quantity of sand which was thrown up, and which found its way into the carriages till the seats and floors were coated nearly an inch thick. The train was detained about two hours. The guard had to run back to Crewe and bring up another engine, and a force of men to get the engine of the train on to the line again. The passengers, 20 in number, were so pleased with the conduct of the engine-driver in sticking to his post after he must have been almost enveloped in a cloud of sand, that they offered him a handsome collection, made on the spot, but he declined it.

The following notice, with respect to the revision of the list of voters in the return of members to Parliament for the cities of London and Westminster and the borough of Finsbury, and for knights of the shire for the county of Middlesex, was issued yesterday:—City of London: Mr. Thomas Young M'Christie, barrister-at-law, appointed under the statute 6 Victoria, c. 18, for the revision of the lists of voters for the different parishes, precincts, &c., in the city of London, will hold a court in the Court of Common Pleas, at the Guildhall of the said city of London, on Thursday, the 16th instant, at 10 a.m. The parishes will be taken alphabetically.—Borough of Finsbury: Mr. John Frazer Macqueen, barrister-at-law, will hold a court in the Lords Justices' court, Lincoln's-inn, on Thursday, the 16th instant, at 11 a.m., for the revision of the list of voters for the said borough.—County of Middlesex: One of the revising barristers appointed to revise the lists of voters for the election of knights of the shire for the county of Middlesex, will hold his court for that purpose at the following places and times within the respective districts:—viz., Friday, the 17th instant, at the Castle Inn, Brentford, at 11 a.m., for the different parishes, towns, &c., in that division; Saturday, the 18th instant, at the Black Dog, Bedford, at 11 a.m.; Monday, the 20th inst., at the Sussex Hotel, Bouverie-street, Fleet-street, for the parishes within the city of London, at 10 a.m.; Tuesday, the 21st instant, at the Lords Justices' court, Westminster-hall, at 10 a.m., for Lincoln's-inn, and parishes within the city of Westminster; Wednesday, the 22nd instant, at the Belvidere Tavern, Penton-street, Islington, at 10 a.m.; Friday, the 24th instant, at the Green Man, Bethnal-green, at 10 a.m.; Saturday, the 25th instant, at the White Hart Tavern, Uxbridge, at 11 a.m.; Monday, the 27th instant, at the Albion Hall, Hammersmith, at 10 a.m.; Tuesday, the 28th instant, at the Chandos Arms, Edgware, at 11 a.m.; Wednesday, the 29th instant, at the King's Head, Enfield, at 11 a.m.; Thursday, the 30th instant, at Jack Straw's Castle, Hampstead-hill, at 10 a.m. The revision of the lists of voters for the counties of Kent and Surrey will follow the above.



# The Leader

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 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.

### WHAT THEN?

PARLIAMENT is to meet in November—the new Parliament. “What then?” asks the politician, thoroughly blasé. But Lord Derby—or rather Mr. Disraeli, is then to disclose his policy. “Well, what then?”

Nothing can move him. To the blasé politician there is but one thing that comes with a welcome—news; and just now there is no news. Of free discussion he has had a surfeit, except in religion and certain questions of the moralities, and Absolutists might profit by the experience; the Englishman is fairly sick of all discussion, save in religion and the said moralities. Those subjects still have some interest for him; but every other he has discussed until he is sick of it all. Discussed enough to prevent action. As to the thing discussed, none but enthusiasts can feel any interest in subjects so remote; and there are no enthusiasts left in the field of public affairs during the vacation.

When the poet Thomson was asked why he did not get up in the morning, he answered, “Young man, I have no motive”; the very reason why no English party can get up any stir. We see events pass by us in their unbroken procession as things that concern us not. The politician, like the fated German dreamer, sees his own funeral pass by, and is but an unconcerned spectator of his own public decease. Were England an inn, and we but lodgers, its affairs could not concern us less. We pay the bill, and think it large; but only fussy, vulgar people remonstrate. Mr. Hume and Mr. Cobden tell us that it might be retrenched; but what then?—Mr. Hume and Mr. Cobden are *mauvais ton*.

Tremendous vaticinators, who see into mill-stones, London fogs, causes of things, and other inscrutable substances, declare that if matters go on as they do, without any real Government, but only by hap-hazard, there is a chance that the inn may be broken up, or pass into other hands. But what then? There will always be some inn; and it hardly matters of what sort. They give very good entertainment at Vienna; and even Louis Napoleon can do something creditable in that style.

But Lord Malmesbury is Foreign Minister, and already we are in a sort of diplomatic hot water with various foreign Governments, so that Peace is in danger. Surely that will touch the cold Englishman? Not a jot of it. Peace has lasted so long, that he believes in it, just as he does in the Thirty-nine Articles, or anything that has lasted from [his] time immemorial. But, even if it should not continue, he is half tired of it, and doesn't care. Napoleon is going headlong to the Empire; but what is that to England? Italy cannot for ever endure Austrian torture. Well, who cares—except Gladstone?

There are, indeed, practical matters to demand our attention. For example, Australia is calling out for emigrants, and threatening to separate if more convicts be sent; yet more convicts are sent, even by honest Sir John Pakington; and twenty thousand emigrants—that would-be—are waiting to go, and can't get passports from the little office under the Colonial Office. Well, what then? who cares? If we lose the colonies, Pakington will be responsible. If the poor emigrants can't get their tickets, they must wait: it is Pakington's affair.

The railways are amalgamating, and are intending to defraud the public by combination against the consumer. Well—whose affair is that, except the railway companies? Let alone, and all will come right.

Let alone, indeed, and the Cholera will come. Already it is on its tour—Erzeroum, Warsaw, Dantzig, Königsberg, have already

been touched in its itinerary: Sunderland should come next. Well, we all know that: any fool can trace the usual course of Cholera. But, remember, we have still our towns and homes unprepared for it—we have still drains that do not drain, water which is not “the simple element,” churchyards which are depositories of death amidst the living: we are still helpless to undergo Cholera! And what then?

### THE IMMORTAL SPARK IN PROTECTION.

“No surrender,” was once the motto for the Protectionists, and, however the leaders of the party, trading in the interests of their own adherents for their own purposes, may now be disposed to give up the cause which they entered office to sustain, the Protectionists themselves will still be bent on attaining the substance of that for which they have so long fought. The Free-Trade journals are hallooing before they are out of the wood. They are now talking of the Protectionist party as of one whose relics they are despatching fast and fiercely, under the auspices of Mr. Disraeli and Lord Derby; but the party will not be so easily killed. There is a real truth wrapped up in the fallacy of Protection, and the truth itself will survive all the odium that the fallacy has invited. The consummation of Free-Trade has only removed some of the difficulties that obstructed the truth that lay in Protection; and the day is approaching when the residuary Protectionists will be obliged to shift their grounds from the old abandoned dogma to the extracted truth: they will be obliged to leave the wreck for the still serviceable long-boat.

The Ship-owner's Society is preferring its demands for justice, and the *Times*, combating the arguments, is obliged to admit that some portion of the demands is “not unreasonable.” For example, the Ship-owners contend that, as they are exposed to the competition of the world in trade, they must be allowed to use the competition of the world in manning their ships, and be no longer restricted to the employment of British seamen alone, in a certain proportion. The *Times* is willing to concede that demand; it thinks “there is good reason to believe that many of the evils complained of on board merchant-ships, arise from the protection, by legislative enactment, of British seamen from foreign competition, and the endless insubordinations which are sure to follow from such a monopoly.” Thus the *Times* would expose the British seaman to foreign competition, as a means of beating him down in his bargain with his employers. The *Times* would concede a restriction which prevents our merchant navy, nursery for our armed marine, from being maintained solely by foreign pupils in sailorship, and would thus hand over to trade the control of our marine. Viewed politically, such a concession is a *reductio ad absurdum*; but it will scarcely be viewed as such by a public already prejudiced in favour of the dogma from which it starts.

One of the arguments, however, which the *Times* employs—an old favourite with the free-trade public—would be sufficient answer to the position. “The principle of free trade,” writes our contemporary, “is to trust to the principle of self-interest to provide the ship with all things necessary to complete the voyage in safety.” Now there is one branch of shipping in which the principle of self-interest was trusted, and in which it failed in a manner the most egregious and disgraceful. Self-interest was left to cater for emigrants to North America, and it was found that it treated those emigrants as pigs themselves would not have been treated. Indecency and disease rendered the emigrant ship controlled by no better genius than self-interest, a perfect hell upon the waters; those who were not contaminated were outraged; and the cargo was landed on the other shore of the Atlantic in every stage of moral and physical suffering. The nuisance at last became so flagrant, that it attracted public attention: common sense, and common decency, obliged the Legislature to interpose; and now, compulsory laws regulate the conduct of emigrant ships. The results have been very satisfactory: the food is now for the most part wholesome; the lodging accommodation is tolerable; the customs of the ship, the inevitable customs, no longer outrage every feeling of decency. But these advantages are obtained by an intervention which wholly violates the dogma of Free Trade. We perceive, therefore, from this practical experience,

that the principle of Free Trade, as it is stated by the *Times*, is not sufficient for regulating the commerce between man and man. It is not sufficient for so distinct a matter as the bargain for a passage across the sea; how then could it be sufficient to regulate so many political and social collateralities involved in the whole question of the shipping interest. If the Free Trade party should find itself sufficiently powerful to enforce its dogma upon that interest, as it has upon the agricultural, some of the evils which are to be anticipated would be sooner realized, because the field is more limited and more concentrated to the view, and we should then find that the true part of Protection would again assert itself.

As we have said times innumerable, and may again say in noticing this most recent illustration, freedom of trade is an excellent thing in the mere process of exchange, but it will not suffice to regulate the other relations of traders as men, as companions, as citizens. In every relation whatever there must be at least two parties to the transaction; and free-trade cannot attain its most beneficial development unless the interests of both these parties are kept in view, and consulted by both. The interests will be best served when both co-operate to the common object. This principle of concert in the pursuit of separate employments is the principle of economy which Free-trade does not include; but it is a principle which must be included in all great combinations. So important an interest as the agricultural or the shipping interest cannot be conducted under proper laws, if, in the framing of those laws, the principle of Concert be kept out of sight. Neither can those who are engaged in the interest obtain their full share of justice, until they know how to base their demands on right principles. When the ship-owners understand that they must demand proper consideration for their class upon the grounds of serving the interests of the public as well as their own—when they claim laws which shall include the interest of the consumer as of the producer, the interest of the passenger, and the freighter, as well as of the ship-owner, of the able seaman as well as of the humbler “boy”—they will put their claims in a shape which the public cannot refuse to respect; but then we should not see them claim to man their ships with ill-paid sailors, and abruptly to discontinue the employment of pilots.

### OUTRAGES ON WOMEN.

THE Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has intervened to rescue the bull which M. Poitevin sacrificed in his tragic farce of Europa; but what was the Society for the Protection of Women about, that it did not interfere for the rescue of another animated creature involved in that venture—Madame Poitevin? There is, indeed, one reason why the society might scruple to interfere—she is a wife.

The caprice with which society at large selects the objects for its sanction or reprobation is remarkable; but in nothing more than the treatment of women. Certain cruelties to women are forbidden by law; but others are winked at. A man must not call a child into being and leave it to starve; but he may abandon the mother, as a woman, whatever the deception by which he has inveigled her. A man must not invade the property of another man in his wife; the law will protect the yielding strength of the woman, and the constructive rights of the husband; but if a woman be quite without natural protector, she must look after herself, for all the law cares. Even in the case of her child, it is not she whom the law protects, but the *ratepayer*! As to the cruelty of the case—that is no business of anybody's. There is an Act of Parliament to prevent cruelty to animals; but none to prevent cruelty to women.

There are, indeed, statutes to prevent dissatisfaction to bishops and others by immorality as it may be exercised towards women; and we put restraints upon questionable houses, or any other vast escapades of the morality that offends. But the thousand forms of cruelty covered by the privilege of the parent or the husband, escape check, if not animadversion. The husband, who pays his rent, and is “faithful” to his domestic relations, may break the heart of his wife, be she never so lovingly and gently inclined, and society must perforce respect him; but if she should leave a home of hate, she is a castaway, whom society cannot know. The husband may more flagrantly outrage justice, and yet, so little

support has woman left to her, that she cannot maintain her own rights even within the letter of the law. As compared with the mass of cruelty daily perpetrated in London alone, and nightly, seldom does the voice of suffering make itself heard; but when it does, the accents of pain are terrible. Never has the voice burst its restraint with a more terrible truthfulness than in the following letter to the *Times* :—

"Birmingham, Aug. 21.

"SIR,—Permit me to return you my sincere thanks in behalf of myself and others of my sex, for the very able manner you advocated the cause of the drunkard's wife, on Friday, the 20th inst., and to assure you that if half our sufferings from brutality and starvation were brought before the public it would harrow up the indignation of thousands to the highest degree of endurance; and, as you justly observed, the cure sought for our sufferings only serves to aggravate instead of redressing the grievance; for if any of our ill-used housewives apply to the magistrate, in nine cases out of ten fine or imprisonment is the consequence. Then our bed is sometimes sold from under us to prevent imprisonment, or our few garments sent to the pledge-shop, whence they never return. Thus we who are cursed with a drunken brutal companion, had rather suffer the evil than seek for redress.

"Laws have been made for the protection of horses, dogs, and asses from violence—emancipation has been sought for and obtained for the poor slaves—but we are left to the last; but, thank God, we are not forgotten. And I hope, Sir, that means will be provided upon such easy terms as that it may be in the power of the sufferer to obtain justice; as it now is, we are obliged to pay 2s. 6d. for a warrant; and alas! where is the drunkard's wife who has 2s. 6d. to spare? Not one in a thousand of the poor.

"I am cordially yours,

"A VICTIM."

Yet worse than this might be told, and in hundreds of instances, thousands, perhaps we might say tens of thousands, many of which would scarcely be redeemed by the other shocking fact, that the woman is lost to the consciousness of all the wrong that is done her. For how often does it happen with women, that, to escape the intolerable pressure of wrong, they share it; flying from the consciousness of shame into the intoxication or the squalor which affrights them!

The spirit of toleration goes to a yet worse, because a more open and shameless, extent. "G. W." relates in the *Times* how, in Paddington, one night, he saw a man strike a woman—a passing stranger, who had not offended him—and how, of the men collected round, none would aid the writer to prevent the brute from making off with an accomplice, but all looked on in mere amusement. "C. E. W." tells another tale :—

"About a month ago I was at breakfast with my family at Kensal-green, when I perceived a number of persons passing through the field adjoining my house. I endeavoured to ascertain the cause. With much difficulty I did so. The stream of men and women had come from Paddington to a prize-fight between two—no, not men—women! One of my family, being incredulous, contrived to look across the fields, and there saw the combatants, stripped to the waist, and fighting. Men took them there, men backed them, men were the bottle-holders and time-keepers. They fought for about half-an-hour, some say for 5s., some say for a sovereign, and some say they will do it again. I saw the winner led back in triumph by men." After the above, I think your correspondent will cease to wonder at the indifference of a Paddington mob.

"You, Sir, have already drawn the moral from such things. Perhaps you will permit me to add my matured conviction that some vices and some crimes are too disgraceful for the mere punishment of a clean, well-ordered, and well-fed prison. Let us have the whipping-post again, and at the flogging let the crime of 'unmanly brutes' be written over their heads."

The whipping-post might not be a bad institution; but we should bring to it more than the one ruffian—all the recreants that can stand by, all those who can pass on and say, "It is no business of mine;" for the mean hardness of heart which animates the ruffian is in them, only in its more passive form. The correspondent who relates the outrage at Paddington, complains that he could not find a policeman: the more serious complaint is, that he could not find an *Englishman*. For the man that we used to call by that name seems to have disappeared in these piping days of Peace, and of Societies to Prevent, or Protect, &c. In the United States, indeed, where the mode of life is rougher, where an army of nearly two millions of militia or volunteers still

laughs at "Peace," a woman may travel from Maine to Florida, and meet no wrong. But in England we are so civilized.

Probably some better attention might be paid to these matters if the civil rights of women were more distinctly recognised. At present, woman is little more than an adjunct to the citizen, possessing only ancillary rights. And as women are numerically in excess, while "commercial principles" are the true governing principles of the country, she finds herself forced "to sell" herself "in the cheapest market," and is not appreciated. Without the market value that she possesses in Australia,—without the personal value that she possesses by virtue of some surviving chivalry in America,—without the civil rights that she ought to attain by any complete civilization, she cannot command sufficient attention in this country. Hence, she is much at the mercy of any black-guard whom her unsuspecting nature or unprotected condition may permit to approach her. It is only when her sufferings become intense, an outrage to the commonest humanity or to decency, that she finds herself on an equality with the animals protected by Act of Parliament.

#### FAMILY INFLUENCE IN THE PRESENT PARLIAMENT.

A GREAT truth is annually laid before the world in the pages of Mr. Dod's *Parliamentary Companion*, and if public men would put that truth to another, they would do more to "save society" from impending changes detrimental to aristocratic influences than by all their intrigues. The truth that we find annually illustrated by Mr. Dod is the existence of powerful family combinations and influence in Parliament; the families being those of great capitalists as well as the great landlords of older lineage.

For instance, there are no less than five members of the great commercial house of the name of *Baring* in the present Parliament. In the Lords, William Baring, Lord Ashburton, brother-in-law of the Earl of Sandwich, who married a daughter of the Marquis of Anglesey. In the Commons, Sir Francis Baring, member for Portsmouth, cousin of Lord Ashburton, and brother-in-law of Sir George Grey and of the Earl of Gainsborough. Thomas Baring, member for Huntingdon, a brother of Sir Francis. Henry B. Baring, member for Marlborough, nephew of the first Lord Ashburton, first cousin of Sir Francis and Thomas Baring, and brother-in-law of the Earl of Cardigan. The Honourable Francis Baring, member for Thetford, brother of Lord Ashburton.

The great baronial house of *Berkeley* furnishes six members. In the Lords, Earl Fitzharding. In the Commons, his brothers, F. H. Fitzharding Berkeley, member for Bristol; Maurice F. Fitzharding Berkeley, member for Gloucester, brother-in-law of the Duke of Richmond and of the Earl of Ducie; his cousin, General Sir George Berkeley, member for Devonport, and Charles L. G. Berkeley, member for Evesham, brother of Sir George, and brother-in-law of Lord Leigh.

The once royal house of *Bruce* is represented by five members. In the Lords, the Marquis of Ailesbury, uncle of Lord Berwick, father of Earl Bruce, who married the daughter of the Earl of Pembroke, and cousin of the Earl of Elgin, K.T., who married for his second wife the sister of the Earl of Durham. In the Commons, Lord Ernest Bruce, member for Marlborough, son of the Marquis of Ailesbury, and brother-in-law of Lord Decies; and Charles L. Cumming Bruce, member for Elgin, whose only child married the daughter of the Earl of Elgin.

The *Duncombes*, formerly merchants and bankers in London, and now ennobled under the title of Feversham, furnish five members. In the Lords, Baron Feversham, brother-in-law of the Earl of Galloway, and grandson of the Earl of Dartmouth. In the Commons, the Honourable Arthur Duncombe, member for East Yorkshire, brother of Lord Feversham; the Honourable Octavius Duncombe, member for North Yorkshire, son-in-law of the Earl of Cawdor; the Honourable W. E. Duncombe, member for East Retford, nephew of the Members for East and North Yorkshire, and son of Lord Feversham; and Thomas Slingsby Duncombe, member for Finsbury, and nephew of the first Lord Feversham.

The ducal house of *Manners* furnishes six members. In the Lords, the Duke of Rutland, brother-in-law of the Earl of Carlisle, uncle of Lord Forester, and father-in-law of Earl Jermyn (mem-

ber for Bury St. Edmunds); Viscount Canterbury; and Baron Manners. In the Commons, the Marquis of Granby, member for North Leicestershire, son of the Duke of Rutland; and his brothers, Lord George Manners, member for Cambridgeshire, and Lord John Manners, member for Colchester.

The house of *Howard*, the head of the peerage in England, furnishes no less than five members of the House of Peers, and three of the Commons. In the Lords, the Duke of Norfolk, brother-in-law of the Duke of Sutherland; the Earl of Suffolk, brother-in-law of Lord Sherborne; the Earl of Carlisle, grandson of the Duke of Devonshire, brother-in-law of the Duke of Sutherland, and cousin of Lord Cawdor, of the Duke of Richmond, of Philip Howard of Carly Castle, late M.P., and of Edward Hamlin Adams, late M.P. for Carmarthenshire; the Earl of Wicklow, son-in-law of the Marquis of Abercorn; and the Earl Effingham, grandson of the Earl of Rosebery, and brother-in-law of Sir Francis Baring, M.P. In the Commons, Lord Edward Howard, son of the Duke of Norfolk, member for Arundel, married to the niece of the seventeenth Earl of Shrewsbury; the Honourable Charles Howard, member for East Cumberland; and his brother, the Honourable Edward Howard, member for Morpeth, sons of the late Earl of Carlisle.

Lord Alfred Paget, member for Lichfield, is son of the Marquis of Anglesey, brother of Lord Uxbridge and of Lord George Paget, member for Beaumaris.

Colonel Jonathan Peel, member for Huntingdon, is son-in-law of the Marquis of Ailsa, uncle of Sir Robert Peel, member for Tamworth, and of Mr. Frederick Peel, member for Bury.

The *Russells* have been stronger in previous Parliaments. In the Lords there is the Duke of Bedford. In the Commons, Charles Francis Hastings Russell, member for Bedfordshire, nephew of the Duke; and Lord John Russell, member for London, the late Premier, cousin to Viscount Torrington, stepfather to the Earl of Ribblesdale, son-in-law to the Earl of Minto, and brother-in-law to the Honourable John Edmund Elliot, member for Roxburghshire.

The *Stanleys* have two branches represented in each House. In the Lords there are the Earl of Derby, the present Premier, son-in-law of Lord Skelmersdale; and Lord Stanley of Alderley, brother-in-law of Viscount Dillon, in the Irish Peerage, and a member of the late Government. In the Commons there are Lord Derby's son, Lord Stanley, Secretary of State for the Colonies; and William Owen Stanley, twin-brother of Lord Stanley of Alderley.

The other truth is, that this influence exists in Parliament by favour of private and local associations, rather than by public services or great actions. It extends itself more by personal considerations than by any legitimate appeal to the national feelings. Thus far it partakes of the nature of a cabal, formed for the benefit of the members, rather than of the nature of a true political party, bound by a common principle, and holding by the tenure of public service. In short, this family influence is a sort of tacit conspiracy against the public at large. As such it is more compact, and its influence for its own behoof is more conveniently wielded than that of a true public order; but, for exactly the same reasons, the duration of its tenure is more precarious. Times have altered since the house of Berkeley or of Stanley could serve the State by bringing its own contingent to the national armies, or since a Howard could win popularity in London by the magnificence of his entertainments; but there still are services to be performed, if the "aristocracy" could only see its public duty and its real interest.

For example, there is a bigoted absoluteness of devotion to trading objects, both in legislation and administration, and there is no class to whom the working people of this country should more naturally look for independent protection than to the heirs of the old families whose names are associated with the history of their country, its glory, and its chivalrous traditions. Even the newer families, that claim to be taken into the patrician order, might be expected to have adopted some of the higher spirit, to be lifted above trade, and to look to the welfare of their countrymen and the dignity of their nation, not less than to the profits of tradesmen.

But what is the fact? The aristocracy leaves such matters to the commercial philosophers of



the day, "declines to interfere between workman and employer," and altogether abdicates the function of an aristocracy. It retains the post without performing the duties. It consents to be the tool of an inferior class, the middle class; and, without question, when that middle class shall have attained its full power, it will throw away the class above it with as little scruple as it would foreclose a mortgage. In a natural view it is not the existence of aristocratic or family influence which is the true evil, but the existence of that influence without a corresponding performance of the duties. When our men of family become once more public men more than official men, when they appeal more to national than to class interests, their influence will be not weakened but strengthened—not propped up by external aids and devices, but invigorated with renewed organic life.

#### THE ACTUAL POSITION OF THE CONVOCATION QUESTION.

RECENT elections have placed the demand for convocation in a decidedly prominent position. However, the agitation may have been regarded as a duty by one party, and as vexation by another, during the past twelvemonth, it is now a "great fact;" and whatever may be said or believed to the contrary, it has in it a vital force which no amount of opposition can withstand. The success of the High Church party in the elections for representatives of the diocesan clergy has been both great and unexpected. The meetings of constituents have been larger than they have been for many years; and the duty impressed on the clergy by their leaders has been acted up to with high spirit and determination. In the majority of contested elections they have been successful—so successful, that their opponents have raised the cry that the apparent victory is only a surprise. This may be true; but it is one of the privileges of activity that it outstrips inertness; and one of the rewards of alert vitality, that it is sure to succeed against apathetic indifference.

Since we last wrote on this subject, great progress has been made in clearing the ground, and defining the actual position of the opponents of convocation. They do not now pooh pooh it, treat it with contempt, or pass it over in silence. It has been discussed in other daily journals besides the *Morning Chronicle*, and other weekly journals besides the *Leader* and the *Guardian*. The *Times* has ventured upon it, a sure sign of its prominence; the *Spectator* and *Examiner* have dealt with it, certain indications that it is a rising topic. These journals descant on the "difficulties" attending the revival of Convocation, and deal with the question as to its expediency, not as to its justice or necessity. But with these we have nothing to do, further than to mention them as proofs of the growing fortunes of the agitation.

We are concerned with a sign far more important on this topic than a casual leader in a newspaper,—an archidiaconal charge, delivered by the Reverend J. Garbett, archdeacon of Chichester, on the 3rd and 5th of August. It is in this masterly survey of the question that we find a tolerably accurate definition of its actual position.

Mr. Archdeacon Garbett contends, that either the internal disruption of the church of England, or her separation from the State, would inevitably follow the revival of Convocation; but while he confesses that there are doctrinal controversies of the most vital character raging in the church, some of them tending directly to "papal Romanism," and while he admits the existence of discord, doubt, and perplexity, without end, he nevertheless infers that it is far better to maintain the "status quo," and endure "all our evils and defects" "with such palliations as practical wisdom can devise." This places before the Church of England the fair alternative, either to insist on her right to Convocation and its consequence, honourable defeat or victory in the ordeal of reformation; or endure the shame of opposing it for the sake of a hollow peace and a seeming unity. The reverend gentleman who exclaimed the other day at one of the elections, "*Quæta non movere*," uttered, it seems, the watchword of his party.

The question is,—can Churchmen lay their hands on their hearts and say,—we are conscientiously satisfied with the state of the Church as it is? No, they cannot. Even Mr. Archdeacon

Garbett admits that there are evils, anomalies, differences, discords, and "traditional parties among ourselves," beside the dreaded "leaven of Romanism fermenting among us." He admits the evil, he denies, and steadily combats the proposed remedy. And why? Because, he says, the difficulties are great, the hazards greater, the possibilities,—nay, the probabilities, of ineffable disaster greatest of all. Convocation would break up the church, cut through the bonds which connect her with the state, and involve the clergy in an internecine war with the laity. He foresees, on the granting of Convocation, nothing less than an "ecclesiastical revolution."

Yet even Mr. Garbett is prepared, all difficulties overcome, to agree to some kind of convocation which should be pretty tightly tied down by the royal licence to definite objects, and in which doctrinal discussions should be disallowed. But is not this veto which so many, even friends, are anxious to place upon theological discussion, a sign ominous of the internal state of the Church? What shall we say? If Convocation be forbidden to discuss doctrinal points, there must be some ground for the prohibition; the danger of disunion we presume to be that ground. Therefore the opponents of Convocation, and even some friends of the movement, thus publicly confess that actual, but unofficially expressed, discord is preferable to a declared severance of opinion. But where is honesty meanwhile? Is the Church one or many? If one, whence the fear of discussion? if many, whence the honesty of her claim to be one? There are false pretences somewhere. She comes before us officially with her full legal titles as One; for is there not the Act of Uniformity? She comes before us unofficially, but with not the less influence and power, as more than one; as, in fact, Exeter and Gorham, Blomfield and Eddowes Gladstone, to the great scandal of the nation.

Is any one prepared to assert that simony does not exist in the Church?

Is any one prepared to assert that known "infidels" do not find lodging in the Church?

Is any one prepared to assert that Nepotism—Moore and Pretymans to wit—does not exist?

Are not the Canons, as Archdeacon Garbett confesses, "a mass of practical absurdities?"

Is the rubric accepted by all as satisfactory?

Are the thirty-nine articles themselves allowed to pass unquestioned, not by students anxious to enter the Church, but even by those who have taken holy orders?

Is Church property on anything like a satisfactory footing, either as regards the clergy or the nation?

These are a few of many interrogatories which require to be duly answered before the great question of the necessity for Convocation can be disposed of on the ground that it will break up the Church, or separate it from the State.

One word more. Archdeacon Garbett, in defending the supremacy of the State, gives a fatal prominence to the value to the Church of what he calls her "territorial recognition." Hence the question arises,—Can the Church of England stand without the crutches of "territorial position, social status, endowment," supplied by the State? Is "territorial recognition" a "vital" condition of the existence of the Church, and without it would the "gospel become a mighty abstraction, a theme for eloquence, a philosophic theory?" If so, let us have the assertion confirmed by more competent authority, if possible, than the word of Archdeacon Garbett. So far gone, indeed, is the good Archdeacon in his love for the State, that he regards its protection as "the protection of Almighty God himself."

#### HINTS TO NEW M.P.'S.

BY AN EXPERIENCED "STRANGER."

#### III.\*

GENTLEMEN,—If I have induced you to agree with me that those men who go to the House of Commons only with a view to give gratification to their constituents are almost certain to be dead failures, I may rely upon your approval of the rules I would lay down for Parliamentary success. It is certainly awkward that you cannot afford altogether to forget your constituents, inasmuch as you have to keep your eye on your re-election; and, to a certain extent, I am bound to advise you to endeavour to please them. The nature of the compliment must be entirely de-

pendent upon the character of the electoral body of which you are the soul. If you result from a small constituency, you can please them best—whether you come from a Lord Londonderry or a St. Albans—by returning or continuing the bribery they commenced: with the individual, by looking after the red ribbons and spare attachés; with the hundred or two, by activity after the heads of the excise and customs departments; and in discharging your obligations in these directions you may console yourself with the reflection that while you are convincing those who bought and those who sold you, that you were worth the transaction, you are not necessarily interfering with those pursuits wherein members win the applause of other members. If you are so unhappy as to have been exposed by the votes of a great town to all the anomalies accompanying the presence of a "popular member" in an oligarchical assembly, you will assuredly have a difficult card to play: and it is in particular for such members that these hints are intended. There are three courses open to you; and it may be mentioned that Sir Robert Peel first discovered the great three courses carte of statesmanship when he sat for Oxford, which is even more unmanageable than a Riding. You may take the attitude of Mr. Bright sitting for Manchester, stand up for your dignity as the voice of half a million, sneer at the country gentlemen, patronize the Minister, and get detested, accordingly. Or you may do as Sir Thomas Birch did, sitting for Liverpool; never intrude in debate at all, dine with the Whigs, get plenty of patronage, and, after seven years, get summarily kicked out. These are the two extreme courses. But there is the compromise of delicate finesse whereby to satisfy Manchester and yet manage the House; preserving your principles and gaining a hearing, and, so, really pushing your political objects within reach of the leverage of office. Among the great Radical party, it is difficult to mention one man who fully illustrates the wisdom of the latter course: but certainly, Mr. Bernal Osborne, whose Radicalism is as little open to doubt as that of Sir Joshua Walmsley, sets a tolerably good example of what a Tribune should be in the Capitol. A Tribune, however, who has been in the Guards, and who got the tone of "society" in other places than the Reform Club smoking-room, does not come to hand to lead the people, every day; and admirable as it is to see the light dragoon member for Middlesex prancing into a debate in search of liberal forage, it will occur to Mr. Wm. Williams that much of Mr. Osborne's success is attributable to his having studied the first gentlemen in the world in their ladies' drawing rooms—in a word, to his understanding the nature of his opponents. Yet as the Cobdens seek the House of Commons and the encounter, they ought to try to comprehend the enemy, too—by opportunities at Bellamy's and in Westbourne-terrace, if "*nous autres*" "stem the tide of democracy" with street doors and domestic Lord Charles Russells in Belgravia.

What is true of one man among them is true of the whole Radical party—the liberal Irish members included. Miss Martineau, in her history, says that the glory of the Radicals has been their individuality. But take the fates of the men and their principles, and this individuality will be found to have been their curse. The Radicals have been a number of men—they have never been a Parliamentary party; and while this has not advanced their cause, it has not even advanced themselves. As it is in our own day, so has it been since 1835—since the aristocracy first recovered the shock of the Reform Bill and discovered that they were quite safe. We know what the Radical (in Parliament) party, sometimes so called, now is, what it can do, and what it has recently done. We know, undoubtedly, that it talks very nearly the thoughts of the masses; but we know, assuredly, that its legislative results, direct or indirect, are very limited. Why? This Radical party—this number of men who would vote votes such as Whigs and Tories could not give—has never been less than one hundred strong—or, with the liberal Irish (national) members, a fourth of the working House of Commons. Its worth and its position are utterly disproportionate to its capacity for affecting divisions. The cause lies in the fact that the big towns select a superior class of intellectual men for their representatives: that, consequently, there is no rank and file—that is, no inevitable

\* See *Leader*, Nos. 125, 126.

party organization. The Tories and Whigs—aristocracies, and the nominees of aristocracies—are, as parties, composed necessarily of a mass of mediocrities, and the crowd comes naturally under the protection of two or three “leaders,” conspicuous among the many for reliability and Parliamentary aptitude. But the Radicals are all clever or crotchety—and they are, therefore, an army of captains—a squadron of field-m Marshals—a “clump of spears,” each spear wielded by an independent knight, which, when the battle begins, is certain to radiate into adventurous isolations. Well, what is the avail of a battalion of Brights—a corps of Cobdens—riding separately at the closed squares of the compact oligarchies, who, though they make the mistake which the Marquis of Rockingham pointed out, of fighting one another for a monopoly of that which would suffice for them both, if they had but the sense to unite, have always the discretion to conjoin when a riskful Radical foray is really meant? The individual distinction is apparently great. A Sir William Molesworth reads his speeches and unfurls his cambrics with great *éclat*; and archæological members speculate, as he talks Benthamism in italics, whether it isn't a pity Manchester has displaced philosophical Radicalism. The strangers' gallery, when Mr. Roebuck sits down, says, “Gad, he *did* give it 'em, didn't he?” Manchester, when crushed into the Free Trade Hall, is convinced that Mr. Bright carries all before him at Westminster, and sees in neat Mr. Milner Gibson the personification of a hero of debate. The smoking-room receives Bernal Osborne after a speech with a shout, and declares that that last “not” will live for ever. Bristol Berkeley does Thersites to the admiration of a placid ten o'clock house; and even the Marquis of Blandford might long to have seen such an orator over nuts with Windham, a looser model Whig of the revolutionary epoch. When Sir Joshua Walmesley delivers his elaborate and gentlemanly protest against the British Constitution, there is not one who does not admire the sad earnestness of the man; and Squires like Tyrrel would confess that this was an improvement upon the vehemencies of Orator Hunt. But, in the long run, *cui bono*? Each Knight has his own banner, and cries his own cry; and the party is sneered at, and the principle does not get on, for the fire is insufficient for all the irons thrust in. Party completeness is sacrificed to personal glory, and the result is that the Radicals have not carried a single point (for Free-trade was not a Radical test) in their whole history. Owing their advent to Parliament to the Whigs, the Radicals have lived in the traditional supposition that, crowded as their ranks always have been with abilities, and really heading a popular movement, their only function was to oppose. Radicals opposing and Whigs proposing; and so leaving to the Russells and Greys the merit and the honour of whatever instalment of advance was accomplished. Take for instance the records of the “Reform” attempts from the date of the “Charter” to the last “Hume's motion,” and candour must admit that whatever the faults of the people, the sorrows of the suffrage question are mainly attributable to the bad “leading” in Parliament. Mr. Cobden, in his letter this week to Sharman Crawford, suggests an organization and a party to get the ballot. Will Mr. Cobden begin the sacrifices necessary to such an organization, and forego idiosyncracies—say for five years? Supposing the Radicals agreed together to attend to but this one question for the whole of next Session? Probably they would drive Lord Derby from power, and the Whigs into conviction, in three months; and in three years after they had got the ballot, they would have attained most other things they now vaguely aim at.

The moral of this argument about the Radicals is, that no member can be a parliamentary personage unless he combine with his individual impressiveness the prestige of distinct party power and position. By-and-bye, when the House of Commons consists of men all equally amenable to the rigid public judgment of extensive constituencies—that is to say, when votes begin to be given, not for classes, but for the nation—the consideration of the tactique essential to the senate may be of a very different character. But, in these days, it is the ambition of utter ignorance to desire an “independent” seat in the House of Commons; and when the leading journal was telling Mr. Cardwell and Sir

James Graham, the other day, that they ought to soar above sectional politics, and aim at the lofty functions of parliamentary arbitrament between contending factions, the leading journal was advising precisely that course which has made the Radicals impotent; and which, adopted, since the break-up of 1846, by the Peelites (Wilkeites *sans* the two young Wilkes), has relieved Mr. Disraeli from all envious apprehensions of Mr. Gladstone. The hon. gentleman who rises to tell what he individually thinks of a submitted motion is talking mere abstractions. If he be a Mr. Bright, speaking for vast middle-class Manchester, he speaks with a certain effect; but what those thousands may do if their will is not obeyed, is a vague, distant, apprehension that does not tell; and meanwhile Manchester is only one man. What the House of Commons needs is not to be told by wise men what is best, or by democratic men what is just; but what, the balance of parties being so and so, can be done, acted upon, resolved by the impending division. Lord John Russell is listened to, not for his individual opinion, but because the House knows he is a man who has calculated what is possible and practicable under certain circumstances—because it knows there are a hundred or two at his back whom he may not have verbally consulted, but whose prejudices and passions he has accurately estimated, and who are, therefore, certain to follow him into the lobby.

Nobody supposes, when Mr. Disraeli suggests an argument, that he is hinting at his own convictions. His merit as a House of Commons leader is, that he abnegates all convictions of his own; his genius, as a tactician, consists in compromising with the convictions of others. Lord John Russell would be of no account, as an individual, on the 11th of November next, if he wrote to the electors of the city of London that henceforth he would be “independent,” and talk what he believed. Mr. Disraeli would disappear as a politician if he ceased to be the manager of his party. The weight of Sir James Graham in a debate arises, not from a general belief that Sir James Graham is at all as clever a man as the newspaper writer the morning before on the same topic, but from a knowledge that circumstances may arise to hand power to Sir James, and that he, anticipating and providing for this, is not speaking lax truisms, but sentences to be practically applied hereafter to the official working of the empire. Here is all the difference between the position of statesmen like Sir James and moralists—say, as Mr. Cobden. Mr. Cobden talks out his beliefs in the sharp, clear, crisp sentences that delight a public meeting; and in talking these, he trusts to accident for a following—for the response, which response he does not expect in the House itself. Very likely the House feels that the response will be heard some years hence; but the House has as little to do with the men before the age as with the men behind the age. The House, as I said in a former paper, admires intensely Mr. Macaulay delivering an essay; but they admire more, because it is “business,” a Mr. Walpole delivering a *plan*. There is only one instance in late history of a statesman standing alone in the House of Commons, and that is in the case of Sir Robert Peel, who did not leave, but was left by his party; and even his vast individuality and personal potency did not enable him to sustain his prestige and his prominence. With the minor gods, individuality is idiocy—Sibthorpism. A mediocrity not speaking by party lights is an insufferable spectacle; and unhappily it is a spectacle distinctive of radicalism, all the Radicals who are not clever being crotchety. Our Ewarts and Aglionbys and Ansteys insist upon their separate commands—and there is the catastrophe of a count-out. The British empire has no time to give itself up to Aglionbys and Ansteys. The sheerest vanity alone explains this non-subsidence into a practical party. Certainly there are motions which must be brought forward, though they may not be carried; but the selection should depend on the decision of a party “caucus.” An honest Radical member would consider first how the wishes of his constituents could be practically forwarded; and his own distinction would be conditional upon the success of the whole party. Sheffield can have no pride in seeing Mr. Roebuck abhorred; but it could have no objection to being successful in its politics. And even Mr. Roebuck has of late confined his energies to criticism—he never proposes. He has given up his

old Radical rule, derived from Diogenes—of praying to statues in order to accustom himself to be refused!

Gentlemen, newly elected by trusting hundreds, and rehearsing in your studies the great orations with which you will astound the senate, take these hints to heart; select your leader, appoint your whipper-in, and then cultivate taciturnity, and cease to have a will. Believe me, that you will not be less than you expected; and your cause will become much greater. You would not go into court, because you know a certain proverb, to plead your own suit; and you ought not to go into the House of Commons to do that for your exclusive self, which a Disraeli or a Russell, or an Osborne, or a Bright, or, (if you are an Irishman), a Keogh, or Duffy, (all men built for leadership,) may be found, upon conditions, to say with effect for you. If you are clever, your cleverness will tell twice as well if you speak as one of many, for then your cleverness is not an abstraction, but a power; and if you are only a plain, passable, week-day man, you will, if you are a partisan, find yourself respected, whereas if you are so impertinent as to come forward as an individuality, you will be despised, and, if it's late, hooted into an ignominy your wife will never forget, if you do. Let the new Radicals, then, (as other politics take care of themselves) ascertain, before November, if Radicalism be incapable of an organization. Some of the new men are, is said, investigating this curious philosophical point; and a correspondence is reputed to be going on between advanced Englishmen and progressing Irishmen, which may lead to the creation of a powerful body in Parliament pledged to do popular work. The Manchester banquet, announced for the penultimate week in October, may mean a Conference. The hero of the feast will be he who has most crotchets to give up, and let us anticipate a strife in denudation between Mr. Hume and Mr. Cobden! The apple to him who is least laden.



## Open Council.

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

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

## THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

Edinburgh, August 19, 1852.

SIR,—In your paper of the 14th instant, I have just read a very able article on “The dangers of the Temperance cause,” by “Ion;” and while acknowledging the ability of the writer, I most distinctly differ from him in the opinion which he clearly and explicitly advocates. I was not prepared to see such sentiments enunciated in what may justly be called the “Journal of Progress.”

“Ion” very truly says, “Theory is comparatively useless unless practice applies it to life.” This is a truism acknowledged by all, although rarely acted upon by any. But how such a truth can be applied to total abstinence, or moderation either, is more than I can make out. It is certainly quite true that total abstinence has suffered much from designing false friends and ignorant real friends: this, however, cannot affect the principle in the slightest degree in the eyes of right thinking men; and because such has unfortunately been the case, it certainly does not become those who call themselves “reformers,” as “Ion” does, to use either knaveries or follies as arguments against a principle which, even its most inveterate enemies cannot but ac-



knowledge, has done a great amount of moral, social, and intellectual good.

"Ion" finds fault with the advocates of teetotalism for representing moderate drinkers as standing on slippery places, while he thinks they are as firm as there is any need for. Did "Ion" ever trace drunkenness to its source? If he has, what do his researches prove? Is it not that every drunkard of the present day was the moderate drinker of a former one? True, some men have a greater amount of moral courage than others; and if weak-minded men are apt to fall into a snare, that those of stronger minds would not, is it not the duty of the stronger to help the weaker? This, if carried to its full extent, is the fundamental principle of association, and I dare say all of us are labouring less or more to make it universal.

I shall be most happy to read of any other method less objectionable, and at the same time as effective, introduced by "Ion," or any one, to overcome the growing drunkenness of the age, and also to advocate it so far as I possibly can; but it will require to be something more than what is hinted at in his last letter. He has brought forth nothing more than the old familiar and feeble phrase of "Be temperate in all things." This has been tried for ages, and proved a failure. None will doubt that hundreds, ay, thousands, can take a little, and never degrade themselves with the abuse of it. But it was not to meet their case that the total abstinence pledge was had recourse to, but to get hold of those whose temperament could not withstand the baneful influence of alcohol induced by a moderate use of it. How many thousands are there amongst us who can no more resist getting intoxicated after merely tasting the first glass than they can accomplish impossibilities. It requires no "Mentor" to inform "Ion" that alcohol has different effects on different constitutions. Is there, therefore, any other way of meeting the case of these men? To tell them to be temperate will have no effect. Their only safety lies in refraining entirely from the use of it.

It is therefore not so much a different principle that is wanted, as a staff of well-educated temperate men, in order to make a change for the better on the morals of the community. It is certainly matter of regret that such men as "Ion" should think it below them to mix themselves up with the teetotal agitation. They cannot expect that men every way qualified for so onerous a duty as the advocacy of this great cause will spring up from the ranks of the working classes at a few days' warning—men whose energies have been wasted by toil, and whose intellect are beclouded by those very customs that their hearts tell them ought to be banished from the midst of society. Need we wonder, therefore, that in those who have felt the evils of strong drink in their persons and their families, and who are conscious of the apathy and indifference with which the better educated view their position, the zeal oftentimes gets the better of the discretion.

"Ion" also says, that teetotalers "impute to every man the incapacity of self-control." I never heard of this before; but it appears "Ion" has. This of itself, therefore, is reason sufficient for his letter; but if he really believes it, and means to charge total abstinence with this imputation, merely because they take the pledge, or ask others to do so, he is woefully mistaken. There is nothing whatever in the pledge, or in the principles of any society that I know of, (except the Jesuits,) that could cause any one, who took the trouble to inquire, to come to such a conclusion. No doubt this is often asserted. But it is not what is said of any society or association, but what are the facts? And if "Ion" will take the trouble to inquire, he will find that there is nothing whatever in the abstinence pledge to lead him to such a conclusion.

He states again, that "your moderate man is the object of the special and unrelenting antipathy of your teetotaler." With all due deference to "Ion," I most unhesitatingly state, that this is not the case with the great mass of teetotalers north of the Tweed. I know numbers of advocates of that cause whose most sincere friends are moderate drinkers; and I can number not a few of my own personal friends—men of education and talent—who are not abstainers. It is not just, therefore, in any one to make such a sweeping assertion, who has perhaps found it to be the case with a few.

In reference to the reception of "Ion's" friend at the Temperance Hotel, I would merely say, that the arguments used by him were uncalled for. He had no right to complain, since he went to the wrong place. The landlord was not to blame. The lecturer would have come sooner to his purpose had he left when the mistake was discovered, without making so many words about it. Who would think of sending to their bookseller for a pair of boots, or to their tea merchant for ice-cream? A mistake of that kind might occur; but we should be very apt to question the sanity of him

who, having made such a mistake, would try to persuade either party of their error in not keeping these articles is because he required, or thought he required them.

Hoping you will give this a place in your "Open Council," I am, Sir, yours very respectfully,

GUGLIELMUS.

#### TEMPERANCE DOGMATISM.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—I am as earnest and as sincere in my condemnation of drunkenness as any teetotaler well can be, but I have no sympathy with the affected purism of Pump orators. I have many opportunities of seeing how utterly drunkenness annihilates all moral consciousness, but I am not therefore a teetotaler. When any of that sect abuses me for my very moderate consumption of alcohol, I mostly retort after this fashion—I have confidence in myself, which you have not. You condemn yourself as the victim of an appetite. I can govern my stomach. I rely upon moral stability, and a natural antipathy to known evil, whilst you resign yourself to the despotism of a formula. And with those only in whom drinking has become a passion, is "pledging" at all useful.

But I hold the usual position assumed by teetotal propagandists to be altogether untenable. They say, "Alcohol is poisonous, therefore we should not partake of it." Is not everything of which we partake, and by which we are surrounded, destructive (in its first action) of our being? The food we eat, ay, and the water we drink—the pure water, is an aggression on the living organism; and the very air we breathe is composed mainly of the most destructive agent of which we know. An invisible gas, which can quietly moulder granite into dust, and of which every adult daily absorbs about 46,000 cubic inches, is surely a destructive thing? Yet it is the destructive quality of this oxygen which maintains our being, whilst it yearly destroys many thousands, who cannot resist its force. Oxygen is even more terrible than the "bottle;" but without it?

The fact is, the action of anything upon any organism depends, in a great measure, upon the condition of the organism itself. And as Walter Johnson shows "that life and health are indirectly produced by disease-exciting, death-tending agents," I think we may fairly presume that the use, not the abuse, of alcohol in some cases is beneficial.

It is not, however, to temperance I would object, but to that arrogant intolerance which would make us teetotalers by law. It is odious enough to set up a standard of religion on sheep-skin, but to tabulate our diet in St. Stephens were an abomination not to be endured. Yet the subject of petitioning Parliament to forbid malting is seriously canvassed amongst the leaders of the temperance cause. Truly these apostles of virtuous water would make very wise, generous, and just lawgivers.

I take great interest in movements to elevate the people, and would labour in an enlightened movement to rescue them from the degradation of drink, but the present exclusive crocketty teetotalism I cannot support.

Allow me, Sir, through you, to thank "Ion" for his able statement of this question, and to assure him that, however much some sloppy consciences may grumble, the view he takes of the matter is the truly rational and just one.

Yours, truly,

EARNEST.

#### ON THE LATE CO-OPERATIVE CONFERENCE AND ITS REPORT.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—I have observed the correspondence, instituted by Mr. Shorter, concerning the late Co-operative Conference, but after all that gentleman has been pleased to communicate, the whole thing is as much a mystery to the public as ever.

The question which perplexes a looker on, is not of course whether the *Leader* was invited or not to be present at the said Conference—that you have disposed of—but how or from whom the invitation should have come either to you or your contemporaries.

The value of what has been done by Mr. F. D. Maurice, Mr. Edward Vansittart Neale, Mr. J. M. Ludlow, and others, is sufficiently conceded, and much good is anticipated from the movement of industrial reform begun by co-operative stores and associations; but on this very account it is important to ascertain the regularity of the proceedings of any society or committee assuming to promote such important operations. Do the public know with whom or with what they have to deal in this matter—or do they know upon what principles such deputed organization

proceeds? What is the mode of acting of the Committee of Working Men's Associations—how do the members of the Committee recruit themselves? What amount of control are they ready to accept, consequently what kind of guarantee do they afford the public at large as to their course of procedure?

Mr. Thomas Shorter writes as Secretary of the late Conference; might it be asked of that gentleman whether the report published in the *Morning Advertiser* be accepted as an exact relation of the transactions of the Conference? And if not, is it the intention of the Conference to publish any official and accredited report of their proceedings? By answering such queries Mr. Thomas Shorter would oblige,

Yours respectfully, sir, A LOOKER-ON.

VON BECK.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

Birmingham, 18th Aug. 1852.

SIR,—Your correspondent, "Another Old Subscriber," tacitly admits the truth of the report I referred to—namely, that the "Baroness" friends had been warned that "sudden excitement" might cause her death; but he excuses the gentlemen who caused her arrest, on the grounds that the "Baroness" had so far recovered as to "ride in a carriage;" to "walk on foot;" to "intend to take part in private theatricals;" and to "dance." I do not know that "riding," "walking," or INTENDING to perform, are either very exciting exercises: the "dance" may have been so to her; but "Another Old Subscriber" will admit a difference between the excitement of pleasure, and that of fear—between the excitement of friendly intercourse, and the society of a gaoler.

I can conceive of a better reason having induced the "defendants" to disregard the warning, and act as they did: perhaps they suspected that her illness, as well as her title, was feigned. It may (as your correspondent says) be "rash to prejudge" this mysterious case; but the remark applies to both sides. If it is right for "Another Old Correspondent" to come—as he evidently does—to such a decided conclusion in favour of the "defendants," whose evidence is NOT before the public; it may be excusable to entertain an opinion somewhat leaning towards the side on which evidence is before us. Yours faithfully,

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

#### CONVOCATION.

[THE following extract is from a letter addressed to us by an esteemed correspondent. Its form as an extract will be explained, when we state that the main of the letter related to a totally different and personal topic.]

"\* \* \* I was glad to read the *Leader's* remarks on convocation. The theory of the *Times* is most dismal, vulgar, and sickening. I think two conditions are essential to convocation: the admission of laymen, and the restriction from discussing points of theology, unless submitted for consideration by the Queen, or the Upper House of Convocation. The great work for Convocation seems to me the thoroughgoing adaptation of the Church to the wants and feelings of the nation in her practical machinery. Also, a sweeping reform in the apportionment of her revenues, which I think should be gradually brought up and consolidated into one common fund; and then distributed according to local requirements. I have talked to high and low Churchmen on the subject, and do not think it would be a desperate task to bring them to some common agreement on the subject. The great point seems to be to enforce on people's mind the fact that in the 19th century we must (if we wish to meet in common worship at all, instead of having as many churches as we have summer-houses or back-parlours) bear and forbear: and be content to cleave privately to our more particular and special tenets under the wise and merciful shelter of a large, though not, therefore, barren creed." A. H. E.

#### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall be glad to hear more specifically from our correspondent "On the Position and Claims of Women," and, in the meantime, we have to request his or her attention to our rule as to anonymous communications.

"GARBLED REPORTS."—Will G. P. have the goodness to send us a private key to his very witty but ambiguous letter, which we should be glad to insert for the wit, but, being so dull as to have failed to detect the butt of the joke, we are compelled to withhold for the ambiguity.

We shall be happy to insert any communication from Mr. J. J. Ball, in reply to the recent allegations of Mr. J. Dry, which shall not contain statements injuriously affecting personal character and antecedents. It is our duty to elicit the truth of public charges, but it is neither our duty nor our inclination to pursue correspondents into the privacy of their families and homes. ED. LEADER.

The "Co-operative Movement," by William Coningham, to be continued next week.

Letters on the "Temperance Cause," on "Concave way Administration," &c., in type.

## 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*.

JUST as the British Parent is making elaborate arrangements for a Continental Trip with his whole family, having in view economy and a "polish" of elegance, LEVER brings out the first number of his new serial, *The Dodd Family Abroad*. It starts capitably. The machinery is good, though old enough: a family of various "types" writing severally of their experiences. The humour is of the sly Milesian kind, some of it excellent; while the great variety in the characters prevents tedium.

Natural History gains some attention this month in *Fraser and Tait*. In the *Mullets and Mullomaniacs* of *Fraser* will be recognised the erudite gossip and gusto of an admired contributor; in the *Day with a Lion*, of *Tait*, we have a very exciting narrative of a lion keeping watch over a man all day long, waiting till hunger should prompt him to spring. It may be worth while to rectify a common error *à propos* to this anecdote. That the Lion will not mangle his prisoner, so long as the prisoner remains motionless, is well known; and various are the anecdotes of men escaping by means of this knowledge. When a movement is made, the Lion strikes or crunches with his teeth, just as the kitten strikes when the ball suspended to a string is moved, but ceases after awhile to touch it, if left at rest. It is a simple case of reflex action, and the writer of the article we are noticing is interpreting facts by human motives, in supposing that every movement made to reload the gun was rightly interpreted by the Lion. The Lion knew nothing of reloading; but he was excited by the movements, and a handkerchief shaken would have roused the same feelings in him.

Besides the paper on *Mullets*, there is in *FRASER* an eloquent, ingenious and suggestive mooting of some *Ethical Doubts concerning Reineke Fuchs*, which may be called an Essay on the causes of our sympathy with successful scoundrelism. Why, indeed, do we disregard the plainest writing of our Moral Code, and suffer sympathy with clever scampishness to overrule the direct reprobation of conscience? Why do we love Falstaff, and try in vain to think ill of Reynard the Fox? The writer of this admirable Essay will have it that in the successful scamp we admire the success, and forgive the scampishness for the sake of the vital force which lies behind it and makes it successful:—

"Now, on the human stage, a man who has made himself valuable is certain to be valued. However we may pretend to estimate men according to the wrong things which they have done, or abstained from doing, we in fact follow the example of Nobel, the king of the beasts, and give them their places among us according to the serviceableness and capability which they display. We might mention not a few eminent public servants, who the world delights to honour—ministers, statesmen, lawyers, men of science, artists, poets, soldiers, who, if they were tried by the negative test, would show but a poor figure; yet their value is too real to be dispensed with; and we tolerate unquestionable wrong to secure the services of eminent ability. The world really does, and it always has really done so from the beginning of the human history; and it is only indolence or cowardice which has left our ethical teaching halting so far behind the universal and necessary practice. Even questionable prima donnas, in virtue of their sweet voices, have their praises hymned in drawing-room and newspaper, and applause rolls over them, and gold and bouquets shower on them from lips and hands which, except for those said voices, would treat them to a ruder reward. In real fact, we take our places in this world not according to what we are not, but according to what we are. His Holiness Pope Clement, when his audience-room rang with furious outcries for justice on Benvenuto Cellini, who, as far as half-a-dozen murders could form a title, was as fair a candidate for the gallows as ever swung from that unlucky wood, replied, 'All this is very well, gentlemen: these murders are bad things, we know that. But where am I to get another Benvenuto, if you hang this one for me?'"

Undeniable. There is something more, however. There is, firstly, a delightful *emancipation* of the spectator from any personal interest in the proceedings; his intellect is free to admire, it is unclogged by any egoism. The scoundrelism does not affect him; the cleverness appeals to his sympathy. Falstaff owes *him* no money; Reynard does not befool him; so that his intellect is clear, and appreciates with great gusto. The wronged man *hates* the clever scamp, but the spectator (unless his personal sympathies be involved, and we are now considering him purely as a spectator) not being irritated, is able to admire.

In this "personal emancipation" here hinted at, lies, we believe, the secret of most of our imaginative pleasures. The terrible becomes the sublime if accompanied by a sense of security. The pathos of a tragedy is exquisite pleasure to a spectator, accompanied as it is by a sense of its not really agonising the actors.

There is a second source of sympathy with the Disreputables, which lies in our imperfectly civilized condition. We are savages, with a thin veneer of order and propriety. The old wild instinct is in our hearts, and much as we may preach Order, Rule, and "Respectability on Long-acre springs," the *το πρεπον* is secretly despised. As children, we hate the "good boys" of story books, and delight privately in Don't Care; for, as a subtle author well says, in reference to the *end* Don't Care came to, "at any rate he came to some end, whereas most people come to none." He showed vitality, free, unconstrained, independent volition, that Don't Care!

This presence of vital force would have made JEFFREY a greater and estimable man, according to the critic in *Blackwood*, who traces about JEFFREY's life a want of earnestness, which was, indeed, the

*πρωτον ψευδος*, or fundamental deficiency of his nature. The critic, after pointing out this dilettante nimbleness, and want of direct purpose, says—

"What we naturally ask ourselves had a mind of this temper and cast of thought to do with the *movement party* in the state? Its place was in the ranks of safe and even timid Conservatism. But, in truth, all that Jeffrey had willingly to do with these great subjects was to talk of them; to talk much and well was the business of his life; he would never willingly have acted, or proceeded from discursive to real measure."

The back-handed blow given to safe Conservatism in this passage is noticeable coming from *Blackwood*.

CHRISTOPHER is again *Under Canvas* this month, as eloquent as ever. We will not dismiss the magazines of this month without a word in praise of the charming periodical for children, *The Charm*, which is more eagerly looked for by several youngsters we know than *Bleak House* is by their parents.

## INSTINCT OF ANIMALS.

*Illustrations of Instinct deduced from the Habits of British Animals.* By Jonathan Gough. F.L.S. Van Voorst.

COMPARATIVE Anatomy is quite a modern Science; and yet, in spite of its infancy, all philosophers are sensible of its excessive importance in the construction of a true science of Biology. A necessary consequence of this study of comparative anatomy with a view to Biology, will be the study of Comparative Psychology, with a view to the clearer appreciation of our psychical condition; but as yet this new inquiry has only been pursued in a fitful and, so to speak, unconscious mood, owing mainly to the ancient prejudice against recognising anything like intelligence in the brute creation. Brutes have instinct—men have mind: that is the current doctrine; which, deeply considered, is about as true as to say, brutes have four legs—men have legs and arms. For the arm is not more demonstrably the homologue of a leg, more varied in its function, owing to the varied modification of its construction, than Intelligence is an advance upon Instinct, owing to the greater development of its organ. Comparative anatomy shows us that all the innumerable varieties of vertebrate structure are but modifications of one type; and comparative Psychology will show that all the innumerable mental varieties are owing to the various modifications of one type—the nervous system. Instinct is not essentially different from Mind; it is only the simpler function of a simpler organ. As we formerly said: "The earlier forms of mental manifestation are named Instinct; the more complicated forms, Intelligence; but as the nervous system is specifically nervous whatever may be the amount of concentration in its central masses, so Mind is specifically Mind whatever the intensity or variety of its manifestations. Man shares with the Brute a twofold life—vegetative and animal: he also shares with the brute a twofold mental life—instinctive and rational. In ascending the scale of creation we see *animal* life gradually encroaching on the supremacy of *vegetative* life; and in like manner we see *reason* gaining predominance over *instinct*."

Mr. Gough, in the volume before us, has luminously stated the initial conditions of all inquiry into animal instinct, although he has not steadfastly adhered to his own principles:—

"To acquire an accurate idea of the intrinsic nature of the faculty termed Instinct, it will be requisite, first, to notice the conditions of living existence below it in the scale of nature; in order that, by tracing the successive manifestations of the increasing faculties, we may understand the precise station which this faculty occupies in the ascending scale, and the means through which its operations are developed. We shall thus be taught that it is not so much an insulated faculty, of which the tissues and organs are no more than instruments—as an accumulation of powers combined together, and occupying a step in the course of a transition from the lowest to a higher condition of natural rank; so that its variation or degree is due to the modification of these inferior powers which together form its constituent parts."

Had he resolutely followed out the plan here traced he would have made a contribution to science of the highest value. But his conception of Mind as an essence superadded to the brain—a spirit peculiar to man—vitiates this portion of the inquiry, and is probably the cause of his work being so fragmentary as it is. We cannot here enter upon the question of the "spirituality" of Mind; but must be permitted to express our surprise at finding him unaware of the tendency of his own speculations.

In noting how Mr. Gough's volume falls short of its own standard, let us not forget to add, on the other hand, that it is nevertheless a remarkable and suggestive work, crowded with facts and anecdotes interesting to the lover of natural history, and containing philosophic *aperçus* which the psychologist will turn to good use.

See how he illustrates reflex action in the following examples:—

"It is probable that this compulsory state of the process of swallowing is the natural condition of the orifice of some animals; the approach of food to this aperture being the mere result of accident. In them also it may not be attended with consciousness: for, even in the human body, the muscular structure of the iris of the eye, moved as it is by the impression of light, performs its actions without our being at all sensible of them. The closing of its shell in the Oyster, on the contact of some objects, and its opening on the flow of the tide, are instances of this property; and regarded in this point of view, they display wonderful adaptation of structure to the wants and circumstances of the creature, itself unconscious of a want, or, if felt, how to supply it. But recurring to the automatic action of swallowing, which has been already mentioned, perhaps there is no one in which the dependence of each motion on its predecessor is so distinctly visible and inevitable as this—in which none can be exerted, except by beginning with the first link of the chain. A craving for agreeable food is the exciting cause of the motions of the mouth and jaws: but however agreeable to the palate, this food is not retained in the mouth to obtain the only enjoyment it is capable of affording; but being thrown over the hinder part of the tongue, it is conveyed into the stomach by the involuntary muscular contractions of successive portions of the oesophagus or gullet. And it is interesting to observe in some animals the interposition of certain actions



which are not less necessary to the process; and which, though the effect of skilful arrangement, are yet so far automatic, or simply consecutive, that an interruption of their course would place the creature under much difficulty in resuming those which are necessary to the process. It is the habit of the Boa constrictor, a large serpent, to crush and break the bones of the animal it seizes to devour; and so necessary does this action appear, in order to enable it to swallow the prey whole, as it is obliged to do, that we are led to regard this creature as guided by a calculating intelligence of the best mode of conducting its proceedings. Yet this scarcely appears to be a right view of the matter. A friend who had carefully watched the actions of a snake of this species, of the length of about six feet, informed me, that being desirous of witnessing its manner of taking its prey, and not able to obtain a larger animal for the purpose, he supplied it with a pigeon, which the serpent immediately proceeded to devour. Having suffered a long fast, it seemed to experience much trouble in expanding its jaws, the joints of which had grown rigid from want of use. But when they had become flexible by repeated efforts, it proceeded to draw in the bird by the slow but persevering action of its jaws and teeth; and no difficulty appeared to hinder the easy accomplishment of the task. Suddenly, however, and rapidly, the serpent threw the coils of its body, at a foot or two behind the head, about the object, (as would have been appropriate to a larger prey,) and compressing it tightly, the body and wings of the bird became pressed and lengthened; at which time, still holding firmly by the mouth, it drew the pigeon from the constriction of its coil, and swallowed it with ease. The interposed portion of this proceeding appeared to be entirely unnecessary, so far as concerned its capacity of swallowing this prey: but it seemed to be instinctively unavoidable; and the age of the creature was decisive to show that it could never have previously had an opportunity of practising it on any animal that by its bulk could have rendered so complex an operation necessary."

Speaking of the various degrees of sensibility manifested by various animals, he says—

"And how wide an influence even a small difference in these respects may have may be judged by recollecting, that anatomists have not been able to appreciate any change of structure, when in the phenomena of diseased vision the human eye has become insensible to the impression of some colours, while it has retained a sensibility to others. It is not improbable that this variety of liability to impression, which in man amounts to disease, is in some animals natural and permanent; and thus we are able the more easily to explain how it happens that in the latter certain colours produce emotions of rage and terror. That the Bull, the Buffalo, and Turkey, are excited to fury at the sight of a red garment, becomes thus as explicable, as that the melodious ear is tortured by discordant sounds, which to inferior organizations would be matters of indifference.

"The conclusion, then, is this: that the essential difference by which one kind of animal is distinguished from another, and in which therefore its specific identity consists, is constituted by the peculiarity of tissue in its various organs, and the preponderance or complications of such tissue in its whole structure; but more especially by the peculiarity of its nervous fabric, and the arrangement of what is called its nervous system; by which impressions are received, and through which they are conveyed to the sensorium—according to the nature of the objects impressing them; and still more powerfully according to the nature of the organs accepting and conveying, and of the nervous centre by which they are finally perceived."

Curiously enough, side by side with the dislike to give animals the credit of possessing intelligence like ours, we have all a tendency to interpret some of their actions as showing cleverness and foresight, when in truth these actions spring from nothing of the kind. When we see them do something which we should do upon calculation, we assume that they too calculate. Thus, when frightened animals feign death, we say, "how cunning!" But Mr. Gough very ingeniously argues, that this is not cunning, but the paralysis of fear:—

"The character for subtlety which the Fox has had from the earliest ages, is the main reason why his assumed or presumed inanimation when in danger has been ascribed to intention: for otherwise some of the instances we have given, on this supposition, would not appear to be exceedingly well devised. In two instances which I have adduced, at least an effort at escape would have been the most judicious proceeding; and in his adventure with the countryman it seems surprising that this was not attempted. But a more probable explanation is, that the suddenness of the encounter, at a time when the creature thought of no such thing, had the effect of stupefying his senses; so that an effort at escape was out of his power, and the appearance of death was not the fictitious contrivance of cunning, but the consequence of terror. And that this explanation is the true one appears, among other proofs, from the conduct of a bolder and more ferocious animal, the Wolf, under similar circumstances. If taken in a pitfall, it is said that it is so subdued by surprise, that a man may safely descend and bind and lead it away, or knock it on the head; and it is also said that, when it has wandered into a country to which it is a stranger, it loses much of its courage, and may be assailed almost with impunity."

He is himself, however, on more than one occasion, led into the mistake. For example, citing the fact of the polecat destroying fifteen turkeys in a night, he does not attribute that superfluous slaughter to its true cause—the excitement of the animal's destructiveness, but to a presumed gluttony "which existed more in the imagination than in the capacity of enjoyment." He even goes so far as to assume that the viper is conscious of the poison of its bite; and to this consciousness he attributes the quietness of the viper after the bite, "as if waiting for its expected influence." Elsewhere he says:—

"It was something like a soundly-reasoned conclusion in an Eagle, that the shell of a Tortoise, which resisted the efforts of his bill, would be broken by a fall from a great height; and according to Pliny (l. x. c. 3) the poet Æschylus suffered from this experimental philosophy—the bird dropping its prey on his bald head, in the belief that it was a stone."

This vulgar error was ridiculed by us many months ago, and we were surprised at finding it in the pages of so excellent a work as this. In the first place, do eagles feed on tortoises? In the second place, would an eagle mistake a man's bald head for a stone? In the third, to whom did the eagle communicate the fact of his mistake? Suppose the poet's death really to have occurred as related, is not the explanation of the eagle's intentions purely gratuitous?

From among the many passages we had marked for extract we select this on

#### THE SONG OF BIRDS.

"It may be from an association of our ideas of the song of birds with the beauty of spring and glory of summer, that the former has been supposed to constitute in a particular manner an expression of amorous feeling, or an exuberance of joy; and the supposition has derived some countenance from the fact that the utterance of their liveliest expression is reserved for the season when all nature is beginning to exult in the renewal of the spring. But, analogous as this is to similar principles in the human race, (by consulting the emotions or impressions of which we are sometimes best enabled to interpret our observations on the native actions of the lower animals, but by which we are also liable to form a wrong judgment,) the conclusion from other particulars tends to the idea, that, in most cases, it is neither love nor joy that swells the note. In autumn, when many of the smaller birds are engaged in shifting their residence, a little party may be seen flitting along, without any intention of resting on their way; but the call of a bird placed for that purpose in a cage will arrest their progress, and if left to themselves a contest is the result. In these cases it is scarcely possible to imagine a previously existing cause of antipathy; and therefore we must suppose that a challenge was intended and accepted: excited by such a feeling of alienation or insult as there is proof of having often arisen between birds in captivity and those who are in the enjoyment of freedom. In a wild condition, birds of the same species will not sing near each other; and if the approach be too close, and the courage equal, a battle follows. Redbreasts offer a frequent example of this; and if an intruder ventures on the accustomed domain, the song may be low and warbling, or apparently reserved or suppressed; and neither of them will appear to condescend to notice the efforts of its competitor. But this restraint cannot endure long: the music becomes more developed; it rises higher; the attack is sudden, and the fight so violent, that they fall to the ground together; and one is killed, or both may be taken with the hand. Two birds, even if bred in captivity, will not sing in the same cage; and when two cages are hung near each other, in order to secure a song, it is necessary to place a screen between them, and hide them from each other; for, without this, the bird who is conscious of inferior powers either of song or prowess will not venture to excite the anger of its opponent by an effort of music. For a similar reason the confidence of superior powers elicits a louder and more frequent strain from the sole songster, which it is not difficult to interpret as the exultation of triumph and insult.

"A friend of mine," says Mr. Bold, in the 'Zoologist,' vol. ii., 'informs me that by placing a mirror before an old male mule in his possession, he could at any time be induced to sing, beginning with a gentle cadence, and gradually rising as he became excited: at length he poured forth his notes with rapidity and vehemence, and if not prevented by a timely removal of the mirror, dashed madly forward to the attack of his imaginary rival. That his song was not one of love was proved by introducing a bird of the opposite sex into the cage; for, after singing his usual song, he attacked it with fury, and would soon have destroyed it, had it not been removed. The same party kept a Redbreast in confinement for nine months. On placing a mirror near its cage, it immediately expressed the recognition of its fellow by a particular low and sweet note, and would give vent to its satisfaction in a loud song. In fine weather this bird was generally placed outside, and daily carolled his gay notes to his own image reflected from the window.'

"How large a share of the spirit of contention for supremacy in musical strength and duration is engaged in such competitions, will appear from the methods employed to urge a pair of Canaries to vie with each other. The scraping of a pan, or the noise of a crying child, excites them to exertion, or revives it when it begins to droop; and how much passion is contained in these modulations may be learned from the tale of the Nightingale who entered into competition with the instrument of the musician, and fell exhausted at the foot of the player."

Again:—

"A bird in captivity has been known to sing more and louder than usual, until it fell dead at the bottom of the cage, to solicit attention to its deficiency of food, from the want of which it at last perished; and another instance is related where the little creature sung earnestly when surrounded by the flames of a burning house."

We quit this delightful volume with an emphatic recommendation of it to the attention of our readers.

#### JULIAN FANE'S POEMS.

Poems. By the Honourable Julian Fane.

Pickering.

It was gaily and yet profoundly said by Goethe that we have to endure an immense amount of singing and talking from men who in spite of all their hoarseness and fatigue really sing nothing that they might not have said:—

Was viele singen und sagen  
Das müssen wir eben ertragen!  
Ihr Guten – grosser und kleiner—  
Ihr singt euch müde und matt;  
Und singt doch keiner  
Als was er zu sagen hat!

This fundamental distinction of Song from Speech we are always enforcing, when young poets come in our way. The Poet, and not simply a man of poetical taste with the "accomplishment of verse," is primarily a Singer. If he be not that he is nothing. All the talent in the world, all the culture of colleges, will not avail him. If he can say the thought that is in him more clearly and more effectively than he can sing it, he has chosen the wrong vehicle in choosing verse.

There is a certain undefinable something—an accent, it may be, giving hints of undeveloped melody—in the pages of this modest little volume, which makes us pause in delivering a verdict. That Mr. Julian Fane is a Singer we will not say; neither will we say that he may not develop into one. He is the author of a Prize Poem—which, considered as an isolated fact, is somewhat damnable; and many pages of this volume bear on them the traces of what may be called the "Prize poem state of mind," namely, ripe, deliberate, mediocrity. On the other hand, it may be said Tomnyson himself is the author of a Prize Poem; nay more, he wrote in early life poems both mediocre and trivial. If, therefore, Mr. Julian Fane exhibits the versifier's easy acquiescence in commonplace imagery, and indolently

chooses to repeat echos instead of creating them, if he does not always obey the first law of poetry, and utter in *sincerity* both of thought and expression what is in his mind, we—remembering the accent occasionally heard—will content ourselves with calling his attention to these suspicious facts, and turn to those pages where he holds out better promises.

Of the two great divisions of poetical expression—viz., the giving musical form to internal experience, and to the varied aspects of nature, he is successful only in the former. He has known sorrow, and he can sing of it in accents of his own; but when he tries to paint Nature he borrows the palette which has become common property. It is, however, something to find a man giving voice to that which really does move within him, and it is this something which animates with poetic life a few of the verses in this volume.

Here are two love poems, very opposite, yet both original; the first having the accent we speak of rising melodiously above its common-places:—

Kathleen! my saint, that art in heaven,  
No griefs can cloud thy nature now;  
Thy sin (if sin it were!) forgiven,  
A glory girds thy guiltless brow:  
And thou with all the sainted Dead,  
Who watch God's throne with happy eyes,  
Dweldest where tears are never shed,  
And only Pity sometimes sighs.  
Ah! turn not thy clear eyes below,  
Lest thou, whose human tears would roll  
Adown thy cheek, in streams of woe,  
If ever sorrow dimmed my soul,  
Should'st see me where I sit forlorn,  
And rock and sway an aching breast,  
And strive in vain, while so I mourn,  
To lull my sleepless woe to rest:  
Lest thou, my darling, noting this,  
Should'st feel a vague sense o'er thee creep  
Of something wanting to the bliss  
Of Angel-souls—who cannot weep!

The second carries with it an air of reality:—

The lad, who holds his honour fast,  
Writhes long beneath the scourging cane  
In silence—but lets slip at last  
A little stifled cry of pain:  
And I—who hold this doctrine good,  
That Silence oft reproveth best—  
Send from an all-unwilling breast  
A little murmur, long subdued!  
Oh! rich in every charm that breathes  
Enchantment on Love's plighted vows!  
Oh! skilled to bind the sweetest wreaths  
That ever crowned Love's happy brows!  
How is't that petty Wrath destroys  
So oft thy smile by frownlets crossed?  
How is't thy sweet, sweet voice so oft  
Doth vex my heart with wrangling noise?  
"Truth by true love be not denied!"  
(Thou answerest in a merry mood)  
"And true is that reproach implied  
"In thy low murmur long subdued;  
"But love, if Love a changeling be,  
"Now warm and kind, now cross and cool,  
"Love follows but the golden rule  
"Of pleasing by variety!  
"Heaven's face, so fair, knows ceaseless change,  
"And ceaseless change fair Ocean knows;  
"Nature's fair voice delights to range,  
"Each breeze a manifold music blows;  
"All sights and sounds the Powers above  
"Vouchsafe us vary, and are fair;  
"And those same Powers, to make Love fair,  
"Denied monotony to Love!"  
Arch-sophist! jester! Thou for this  
Shalt suffer, trust me, by and bye;  
Trust me, I know a cruel kiss!  
And thou shalt suffer by and bye;  
Meanwhile the Muse, truth-loving Muse,  
Hearing thy voice as she swept by,  
Paused—and now prompts an apt reply,  
Which gives to thee and Love your dues.  
Wide-natured, manifold in change,  
Eagle and nightingale and dove,  
Endowed with voice of boundless range,  
—The Powers who made him meant that Love,  
Proud king, meek wretch, or merry loon,  
Should chant a million airs divine;  
They never meant that Love, like thine,  
Should sometimes carol out of tune!

Before Mr. Fane writes again it will be well if he keep steadily in mind the fact that in an abundant and magnificent literature like ours no echos are needed. Any feeling he has actually felt; any image that has actually formed itself into music in his mind (and not been taken from others to fill the measure of a verse); anything, in short, that he can truly call his own, every one will be glad to hear him pour forth in song. It is only original melodies that survive.

#### BOOKS ON OUR TABLE.

*The Ethnology of Europe.* By R. G. Latham.  
*The Ethnology of the British Islands.* By R. G. Latham.  
*Michaud's History of the Crusades.* By W. Robson. Vol. III.  
*A Tramp to the Diggings.* By John Shaw.  
*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.*  
*Colburn's United Service Magazine.*  
*Fraser's Magazine.*  
*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.*  
*Bentley's Miscellany.*  
*Bentley's Shilling Series—Sketches of English Character.* By Mrs. Gore.  
*Black House.* By Charles Dickens.  
*Writings of Douglas Jerrold, Cakes and Ale.*  
*Sponge's Sporting Tour.*  
*The Soaring Lark.*  
*The Bookcase—The Glacier Land.*  
*The Dodd Family Abroad.* By Charles Lever. Part I.  
*Democratic Review.*  
*The Illustrated Exhibitor.*  
*The Popular Educator.*  
*The Working Man's Friend.*  
*The Portrait Gallery.* Part IX.  
*A History of British Birds.* By W. Macgillivray. Vols 4 and 5.  
*The Home Circle.*  
*The Biographical Magazine.*

John Van Voorst.  
John Van Voorst.  
G. Routledge.  
Richard Bentley.  
W. Blackwood and Son.  
Colburn and Co.  
John W. Parker.  
Sutherland and Knox.  
Richard Bentley.  
Richard Bentley.  
Bradbury and Evans.  
Bradbury and Evans.  
Bradbury and Evans.  
Addey and Co.  
Simms and McIntyre.  
Chapman and Hall.  
D. W. Holly.  
John Cassell.  
John Cassell.  
John Cassell.  
W. S. Orr and Co.  
W. S. Orr and Co.  
W. S. Johnson.  
J. Passmore Edwards.

### Portfolio.

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

### LETTERS OF A VAGABOND.

III.

November 1, 1851.

AT last, my dear Giorgio, I have achieved the enterprise of going to a "meeting," and a very striking sight it was. I have not very long returned from it, and the sounds are still ringing in my ears. It was held in a large room, ordinarily devoted to concerts, but now used for a more stirring purpose. The hour fixed was eight o'clock in the evening, in order to give members of the working class an opportunity to attend; for the Englishman is so closely confined to work, that he is taken away all day from life, including, of course, public life or national life. For him public affairs come out with the cats; which latter are to a stranger not less remarkable than "the people." The English encourage them greatly, to keep down the mice that infest their little houses, so largely built of wood; and there are few homes in which the furry alien does not reside. At night, the cats stroll abroad, intent on exercise and the society of their species, and then their voices are not unheard. It is much the same with patriots.

The hour fixed for the meeting was eight o'clock, and about a quarter before eight we entered a smaller room set apart for "the committee." Our own party comprised Edwardes; his wife—for one does see a few ladies at political meetings, and I am told that at religious meetings I shall see a still larger number; Margaret Johnson, who clings strongly to Mrs. Edwardes; and myself. The committee-room gradually filled, with men in a curious condition, between bustling and sauntering. I was pleased with the order and quiet of the proceedings, but surprised to see an air of carelessness on most countenances—a vague smile of anticipated amusement; and if occasionally a grave face of settled purpose showed itself amidst the others, it looked strange and out of place! Yet the object of the meeting was "to sympathize with Hungary, and the other down-trodden peoples struggling for freedom against the Absolutist tyrants of Europe." If it had been a party assembled for a christening, there could not have been an air of gayer decorum. One source of anxiety was evinced in the constantly repeated question, "Has Lord Dudley come?" Lord Dudley, they told me, is a "steady-going chairman" for all meetings on Liberal foreign subjects. At last he did come, but I did not discover him by any personal distinction, until he emerged into the distinction of the chair. He has occupied that post for a generation or two, and seems likely to continue in it. Before we left the room, however, another source of anxiety broke forth, and a whispered rumour ran round, that there were "Chartists" in the meeting. The announcement was met with a great show of firmness in the committee, who at once rose to take their places in a body, and we defiled on to the platform.

It was a grand sight, that body of Englishmen of all ranks, roused into enthusiasm, alive with patriotic fire, offering to Hungary and her fellow-sufferers, not an unavailing sorrow, but the active sympathy of a powerful nation, full of victories and of resources. My bosom bounded at the sight, and I could feel Ysult cling to my arm under the same shock of pleased excitement. It was as if a burst of light had broken once more upon our beloved Italy. And what followed was calculated to strengthen that feeling of hopefulness.

The chairman, in plain English accents, described the wrongs which Hungary had endured, which Italy still sustained. He denounced the cruelties, the tyrannies, the barbarisms, the encroachments of Austria and Russia, with their dependent allies; and other speakers that followed kept up the strain. The meeting responded bravely with its cheers. One resolution, denouncing the tyrants, was moved by a gentleman who was announced as having travelled both in Hungary and Italy, and who told the indignities and sufferings of the people so as to draw tears even from the burning eyes of the men. The Reverend Alfred Conway, a clergyman of the Church of England, declared that Protestantism was at stake in the



struggle for which Kossuth asked their sympathies. The excitement spread and waxed. A fine stalwart fellow, who looked almost too free in his bearing for an officer of regulars, and whom I took for a revolutionary colonel, with rough ringlets overhanging a manly brow, and black moustache overhanging the portal of a magnificent voice, made the place ring with calls to battle against the tyrants. The whole meeting rose and cheered, many times. The cool Edwardes shared the general fervour, and, in seconding the bearded speaker, he declared that "the men of Marylebone had come forward, and thus supported, the patriots of Italy and Hungary would not quail before their gigantic but cowardly oppressors." It would be impossible to describe the piercing thunder crash of applause that followed that declaration of war: an Hungarian gentleman on the platform leaned over and shook hands with Edwardes, who extended his own hand to the audience, and introduced his foreign friend to them in dumb show, as Maria Theresa showed her son to the Hungarians. Many women were undisguisedly in tears; and I am not sure that the lights did not dance before my own eyes in a magnified and uncertain brilliancy. When the tumult had a little subsided, a feeling of discordant though suppressed uneasiness betrayed itself on the platform; and I found it was occasioned by an intruder, who was gradually making his way amongst us. The scene which followed was not pleasant, especially after the rest.

The people on the platform mostly shrank from him with an air strangely blending dislike, fear, and contempt; the chairman announced him to the meeting with a forced nonchalance, and the loud applause from a small section of the audience only marked the more strongly the passive silence of the rest. The speaker did not conciliate favour by his aspect. A mien and dress that civilians might call "military," was made up of a blue frock coat and an unconquerable effrontery. A large head, colourless eyes, and a natural wig of luminous curls—a piercing voice broken by "ahems," with a mincing utterance—a bustling manner, with hands in coat pockets, elbows stuck out behind, and breast expanded—were traits that conspired to stamp the *gentillâtre* with unquenchable vulgarity and ineffectual presumption. His speech was a farrago of bombastic oratory—violent in adjectives, without a single practical proposition; violent in denunciations of certain "oppressors" at home, who rivalled Austria in nefariousness; copious in insinuations that class must be natural enemy to class, and strewn with artfully contrived innuendos against the sincerity of every speaker but himself. His adjectives delighted his own party. The "amendment" which he moved appeared to me to be subjected to some impromptu alteration; while he rounded his inflated periods, his wandering eye—not the less cunning for a certain glassy wildness—scanned the numbers of his adherents; and probably seeing that he could not prevail in any real division, he ended by moving a "rider," which was nothing more than a democratic truism. The chairman hesitated to submit this truism to the vote; and then the scene of feebleness contending with false bluster was humiliating. At last, however, the chairman did "put" the motion; and it was scouted by nine-tenths of the bold Englishmen, who declined the responsibility of saying something or other about "the people"—I forget what, but it was very harmless. The cunning demagogue then, making the most of the chairman's hesitation, "now discovered the motive;" for, with shameless and overt disregard to facts before our eyes, he declared that his amendment had been supported by "a decided majority." Nevertheless, advising his adherents "to be quite peaceable," and declaring that, in spite of the infamous treatment which "the working classes" had received in his person, Hungary should still rejoice in his support, he "waived his right to put the question over again," and magnanimously retired into a conspicuous position. The painful thing was to see real men of the working classes connive at the barefaced farce; scarcely less so to see sturdy Englishmen of middle class taking the farce for a formidable tragic drama.

The tone of cordiality and courage was soon restored by the appearance of a gentleman who "had just seen Kossuth;" the stream of sympathizing eloquence flowed once more; and, after "resolving" various insinuations that England would not suffer Austria, &c. "to ride rough shod over bleeding and weeping nations," we broke up the public council with "three times three cheers for Kossuth and Mazzini."

A few of our platform friends went home with us to supper, Conway and the bearded man among them, and one silent man named Davis. The revolutionary colonel proves to be a young English artist, and a very fine fellow he seems. The spirit of the meeting continued at the supper table, and the talk was animated. Conway did not say much; but, hearing what I had of English clergymen, I was astonished at the freedom with which others talked around him, and at the perfect ease which he displayed amidst an incessant cross fire of the most subversive allusions. Politics, aesthetics, morals, religion itself, were glanced at; the people talking were various and vigorous in tongue. Walter Stanhope, the artist, is an avowed "Spiritualist," a new sort of Deist, if I understand the term rightly; Edwardes talks blank Atheism in Church of England dialect; you know my own feelings; Yselt, like all artists, is religious, but her creed seemed to be of a primitive kind, that might have frightened a gentleman in a clerical neckcloth even from the supper table. Conway, however, joined in the conversation with the readiest reciprocity, only I observed that he never hazarded an exposition of his own; he performed in the contest the part of the unknown quantity. In politics he did not scruple to be positive, and among them all he was the most sanguine as to the effect of the present

movement in England. Austria *must* be stopped; and England at last would know her duty, not only to the freedom of the people, but to the continuance of constitutional thrones. Stanhope joined him, and asked Edwardes what he thought?

"I think, my boy," he answered, "that I will take that pale ale if you will hand the bottle over. You can't get *this* in Italy; it is the newest of our 'free institutions,'—and the best."

"Don't trifle with serious questions, Edwardes," said Conway; "you are asked what we shall do next?"

"What next? Do you mean in the 'movement,' as you call it? Why, then, I say that we shall do—*nothing*."

"Nothing! What! not after glorious meetings like this to-night?—not after all the excitement that Kossuth has awakened? Surely you don't believe—"

"'Excitement!'—'glorious meeting!' Conway, I will get you a place on the *Morning Advertiser*, as reporter; you have quite caught the style. Well, I beg your pardon, I will be serious. Will you tell me what we *can* do next?"

"Make good our word. What we *can* do! Why, what is that England cannot do?"

"Nothing—except that which she doesn't feel inclined to. If she were to 'make good her word,' might it not lead her into a war? Well, then, there is one thing that England *won't* do—she won't go to war. That is her single, her fixed idea in foreign politics."

"But her sympathy?—her interest in keeping up constitutional principles?—her sense of right?"

Edwardes coolly emptied his tall glass of pale ale.

"Do you mean," I said, breaking the long pause, "that all this turmoil, this movement, this bold promising, will come to nothing? You have been resolving to-night; shall you not do anything upon your own resolutions? And 'the men of Marylebone'—have not they come forward at your own acclaim?"

"The men of Marylebone!" sneered Edwardes, his voice sinking to a whisper of contempt: "if they come forward with five shillings—why, then, the committee-men will have so much the less to pay for 'the expenses.'"

It is needless, if it were possible, to repeat our whole conversation. The substance of it was, that these "demonstrations" really mean nothing at all. Edwardes, indeed, denied such a conclusion; he thought that "there was a moral effect" from the implied threat; and he could not be made to see that to threaten, and to declare your intention of *not* fulfilling your threat, is really not a menace but a licence. He could not be made to see that by the double, the manifold farce, Englishmen are beating down their respect for each other—man to man, class to class. "It is so," he rejoined, "in all other matters. We meet, move, and resolve; but public meetings are not an official department, and nobody thinks them so. They express public opinion, and that, in its quiet way, is the real ruler of England. Meanwhile England succeeds, for herself, to herself, and in herself. Let well alone. As to expecting that England will *do* anything to follow up Marylebone in a crusade against Austria—you might as well believe that Lord John really means to pass some new Reform Bill, or that Disraeli would intend to restore Protection."

"How can you say," cried Conway, "that public opinion rules, when public opinion—that is, the opinion of the public—never stands forth?"

"No," cried Stanhope; "no man declares his opinion—except Mrs. Edwardes; such a face as that cannot cover a prevaricating tongue; and when her soft coral moves in its ivory-guarded couch, the music of truth penetrates through the mob-babble of hypocrisy. But no man —"

"If you make my wife blush, Stanhope, I must make your ribs blush deeper."

"We'll knock the buttons off the foils to-morrow morning. But tell me, Edwardes, who else speaks what he thinks? You don't; for you are an atheist, and speak in good round churchwarden slang. Davis, here; upon my soul I don't know what he is; but I only know that he hides it all. And Conway is —"

"A clergyman of the Church of England," said Conway, in a melancholy but firm tone.

A loud laugh celebrated the repartee, in a manner that all afterwards felt to jar with the sad expression of Conway's face.

"You exaggerate, Walter," cried Yselt, drawing off attention to herself; "*many* speak the truth. You do, for one; so does he," pointing to me, "and so does my worthy husband here, in his conduct, whatever he may think it right to do with a tongue enrolled as M.R.C.S."

"Nay, nay," cried Conway—

"Come," interrupted Edwardes, "let us leave vain opinions, and have some music. Art is always true; its dissonances are but the coy reluctances of harmony; its resolutions are not vain; its law wins obedience alike from ruler and vagabond. Let us close the night reverently with law, Yselt; and be thou the enthroned Queen of Truth."

We all rose from table, and Yselt moved to take her place at the pianoforte; but half way she stopped, and declared that she could not sing a note. Her white and quivering lips made good her words; she was evidently struggling with some revulsion of mind; and as a diversion to it, she began to caress the anxious Margaret, who had thrown her arms round her. Edwardes was scarcely less pale than his wife. Our visitors hastily

bade good night, and went; and I came up to my own room, to report to you this my first experience in the political life of England.

Abnegation and false seeming still, as far as I can see, crush the vitality of the great nation, not less in its public affairs than its home. But there is a life struggling underneath, and at times seen, either in the heaving of the surface, or in the rending of it—a life compressed, but strong and real. I begin to discern it.

## The Arts.

### DREARY LONDON.

"LONDON is the best place in summer," said Horace Walpole, "and the only place in winter." But he said nothing of September and October! O the dreary dreary place it is just now! One wanders forlorn through Pall-mall, and desolate through Piccadilly—not a dinner, not a ball, not an "at home," not even a cosy evening of unpremeditated "dropping in,"—nothing to vary and brighten existence! The operas are over: Covent Garden closed on Wednesday night; Mario being in such magnificent voice that the close is a calamity. Everybody is away. Albert Smith shuts up Mont Blanc on the 11th; he retires into privacy and meditation, intensely occupied with his work, *The Geology of the Glaciers*, some day to astonish Europe. "Last week" everywhere meets my eye. I begin to feel apprehensions such as must have visited the "Last Man."

What am I to do with myself? If only some "great American tragedian" would give a series of "Shakspearian impersonations," or Charles Kean open in "Macbeth,"—anything, in short, for me to fall upon in merciless delight. But no: London has no amusement now.

Jane is away: O when will she return? Julia is flirting at the President's balls. Isabella is at the sea-side; it is true, as she remarks, she has left me her husband to keep me company,—*la belle récompense!* (I don't know what your opinion may be, but I don't care much about husbands—do you?)

I must return to my Christian Fathers. There is no other resource. I don't say it is lively, but it is a resource; and who knows what treasures I may discover there? And yet stay! what is this? *Sadler's Wells* re-opened, with *All's Well that Ends Well*, a play no one has seen, revived with all Mr. Phelps' care; that gives pause! Tertullian or Parolles? Chrysostom or Bertram? The perplexity of Buridan's ass between water and hay is the perplexity I feel. While I am making up my mind, here is a word from the *Times*:—

"At any theatre besides Sadler's Wells, we should be surprised to see a revival of *All's Well that Ends Well*, but the Islington establishment is a sort of museum for the exhibition of dramatic curiosities, and we have no more right to be astounded at finding some Elizabethan crudity within its precincts than at finding a Buddhist idol in a missionary collection. That the piece is by Shakspeare, and that the piece is rare, is in itself a sufficient recommendation to the manager, who is sure that a number of English *litterati* will pay him a visit, just as the headmaster of Westminster School is sure that *Terence* will attract the 'Old Westminsters.' There is the further recommendation in *All's Well that Ends Well*, that Parolles, whose episode stands quite apart from Boccaccio's tale, affords Mr. Phelps an opportunity of displaying that comic humour which has, of late, been brought forward almost as a new talent. By his strong, sharp delineation of the poltroonery of Parolles, and that abject servility which succeeds empty vaunting, he maintains an interest in an otherwise weak piece, and commands incessant roars of laughter. As the plot of the play is of such a ticklish nature, we should in justice observe, that by making the production of the ring the sole condition named in Bertram's letter, and by other judicious alterations, the offensive peculiarities are kept so far in the background that nothing is left to shock the ordinary spectator, though, at the same time, we cannot help remarking that these sacrifices to delicacy weaken the real motives of the action.

"The *mise en scène* is in the best taste, as is usual at this establishment, and the applause of the audience, which was bestowed on the revival of the piece last night, showed that the manager's exertions had not been in vain."

### "STRIKE! STRIKE THE LIGHT ZITHER!"

If you have the slightest inclination to leave the gay and festive scene, the halls, the halls of dazzling light, and roam with me, and readers

green, I will soothe your weariness, and wake up your languid spirit by a new sensation.

But before I call it a new sensation, answer me, Did you ever *jodel* with Styrian peasants—(thick-ankled maidens, of incorruptible, untemptable virtue!) to the sound of the zither? Do you know what the zither is? You do not. It is of the guitar genus, but infinitely more musical. It is about two feet long, and possesses a distinct base and treble. The thirty-one strings are silver spun and gut, in the base; in the treble there are three wire strings on which the player strikes with a small plectrum worn as a ring on the thumb. This at least is the perfect instrument, the Viennese and *civilized* form of the zither—not that of the one played on by the aforesaid untemptables. But from my meagre description you can form no idea of the "ravishing division" with which Herr Schnitzer plays on it.

We were at supper the other night, supping as only people of *esprit* can sup, when one of the newly arrived guests proposed that he should drag a friend of his out of bed, and bring him with his music into our sparkling circle. Said—done! Before an ordinary man could have yawned away his surprise, Herr Schnitzer appeared; and placing his queer little zither on the table kept us spell-bound for hours—

His volant touch

Instinct through all proportions, low and high,  
Fled and pursued transverse the resonant fugue.

(Milton says *fugue*, but for *fugue* in this case read melody.)

And quickly his pupil joined him, and we had duos to witch the heart away! The questionings were endless; the desires to learn this instrument and witch away the coy reluctant hearts of maidens, not of the Styrian type, were loudly expressed. There was something so tremblingly plaintive in its tones that we all felt such an instrument cunningly played during the soft twilight hours, *must* subdue the haughtiest of beauties, and as we were all intense bachelors, (with the most steadfast intention of remaining so) you may imagine how eager we were to get Herr Schnitzer's address. (In confidence I give it you. It is Thomas's Hotel, Jermyn Street.) Thus furnished we now know where the secret of Orpheus may be learned, and our exultant cry is, "Beauties beware!"

But even to the more sedate reader, happily not haunted with visions of unsubduable Beauty, this bit of information may not be without its value; for I assure him in all seriousness, if he desire to have a new musical delight, let him engage Herr Schnitzer to play in a *soirée intime*, and he will probably not be content with hearing, but will desire to learn the instrument himself.

VIVIAN.

### THE LAST NIGHT AT COVENT GARDEN.

LET me say one word about the last night of the *Huguenots* and of the season at Covent Garden. VIVIAN has told you that Mario was in glorious voice. Yes! It seemed as though he were resolved to assert his supremacy at parting, and to be the despair of all succeeding *Raouls*. He had already convinced the most obdurate cavillers that neither Meyerbeer, nor the snows of Russia had yet worn out the manly and voluptuous tenderness of the loveliest of voices; though the fatigue of Grand Opera may perhaps have lent a certain coy reserve and dainty delicacy to its use. And his acting—ever more intense and more elaborated!

Grisi seemed a little out of voice and spirits, though still *la Diva*; but, *en revanche*, we had Anna Zerr, who, at an hour or two's notice, took the part of the Queen, and gave to *Marguerite* a prominence unsuspected by those who had only known Madame Castellan's sweet but insipid version of the character. Madlle. Anna Zerr, by the animation and grace of her acting, and the brilliancy of her singing, not only superseded the indulgence which was officially asked for her, but achieved a triumph of her own, and divided the honours with Mario, who seemed at first a little scared at the unusual torrent of German gutturals. To be sure, these gutturals became a shower of pearls as they fell from Anna Zerr's lips. By the bye, the four horses appeared as usual in the second act, and I did not observe that they excited the indignation of the audience as on the first night of *Pietro*, and yet Meyerbeer surely did not *compose* the horses, or we might understand why certain critics admire in the *Huguenots* what they denounce in *Pietro*. But then Meyerbeer is never noisy, and he never wrote good dance music—witness the *Rataplan* and the *Pas des Patineurs*.

LE CHAT-HUANT.

## Commercial Affairs.

### MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE. BRITISH FUNDS FOR THE PAST WEEK. (CLOSING PRICES.)

	Satur.	Mond.	Tues.	Wedn.	Thurs.	Frid.
Bank Stock .....	230	229	230	.....	229	229½
3 per Cent. Red. ....	100½	100½	100½	100½	101	100½
3 per Cent. Con. Ans. ....	100	100	100	100	100½	100½
3 per Cent. Con., Ac. ....	100	100½	100	100½	100½	100½
3½ per Cent. An. ....	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½
New 5 per Cents. ....	.....	.....	.....	6½	615-16	.....
Long Ans., 1860 .....	.....	.....	278	.....	.....	276
India Stock .....	.....	.....	86	.....	86	85
Ditto Bonds, £1000 .....	89	86	86	.....	86	89
Ditto, under £1000 .....	.....	.....	.....	.....	86	89
Ex. Bills, £1000 .....	68 p	74 p	71 p	71 p	71 p	70 p
Ditto, £500 .....	.....	74 p	71 p	.....	71 p	71 p
Ditto, Small .....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....

### FOREIGN FUNDS. (LAST OFFICIAL QUOTATION DURING THE WEEK ENDING FRIDAY EVENING.)

Belgian 4½ per Cents. ....	90½	Mexican 3 per Cents. ....	25½
Brazilian, Serip .....	2½ pm.	Peruvian 3 p. Cents. Def. ....	60½
Chilian 3 per Cents. ....	73	Portuguese 4 per Cents. ....	37½
Dutch 2½ per Cents. ....	65	Russian 4½ per Cents. ....	104½
Dutch 4 per Cent. Certif. ....	99½	Sardinian Bonds .....	95½
Granada, ex Dec., 1849, .....	.....	Spanish 3 per Cents. ....	50½
coupon .....	24	Spanish 3 p. Cents. Acct. ....	.....
Granada Deferred .....	12½	Sept. 17 .....	23½

## The Zoological Gardens,

### REGENT'S PARK,

Are Open to Visitors daily. The Collection now contains upwards of 1500 Specimens, including two fine CHIMPANZEES, the HIPPOPOTAMUS presented by H.H. the Viceroy of Egypt, ELEPHANTS, RHINOCEROS, GIRAFFES and young, LEUCORYX and young, ELANDS, BONTBOKS, CAMELS, ZEBRAS, LIONS, TIGERS, JAGUARS, BEARS, OSTRICHES, and the APERYX presented by the Lieut.-Governor of New Zealand. All Visitors are now admitted to Mr. Gould's Collection of HUMMING BIRDS without any extra charge.

The Band of the First Life Guards will perform, by permission of Colonel Hall, every SATURDAY, at Four o'clock, until further notice.

Admission, One Shilling. On MONDAYS, SIXPENCE.

**MONT BLANC.**—Mr. ALBERT SMITH has the honour to announce that his ASCENT OF MONT BLANC will CLOSE for the Season, with its 230th representation, on Saturday Evening, September 11, and re-open with several interesting additions, on Mr. Smith's return from Chamouni. In the recess the room will be entirely re-embellished, and some alterations and improvements made which, it is hoped, will contribute much to the comfort of the general audience.—Egyptian Hall, Sept. 1, 1852.

**LADIES' COLLEGE, BEDFORD SQUARE.**—Education. Parents wishing to complete their Daughters' Education at this College, are informed that a Home will be in readiness for them at the opening of the Session in October, in the immediate neighbourhood, on a plan of equal division of Expenses, so as to reduce the cost to the lowest, consistent with the habits and feelings of Gentlemen. Though not formally connected with the Ladies' College, no Pupil will be admitted into this Family unless recommended by one of the Lady Visitors, or of the Professors.—Particulars may be had at the Ladies' College.

EDUCATION.—In early life, the brain is too lax in its structure and limited in its powers of action, to permit safely the study of some of the profounder parts of knowledge, which the injudicious anxiety of parents often forces upon young minds; or indeed long-continued study of any sort. Rash is the attempt in early life to enter on the study of algebra or geometry, or whatever else demands sedulous exercise of the powers of reasoning, in preference to the lighter labours of memory. The accumulation of facts; the learning of languages; and the investigations of natural history, are safer subjects for youthful study, which build up the mental powers, and do not break them down. The obscurity in after-life of many of the young men who have won the highest honours in our Universities, too plainly show us that their labour was beyond their strength, and could not be sustained; and as such unnatural efforts are sure to be followed by exhaustion and inaction, this strong endeavour after eminency defeats itself.—COUCH'S *Illustrations of Instinct*.

MONEY VALUE OF MINISTERS.—I believe we British have been quite as well governed as we deserve, perhaps better; but we sometimes have men in high authority amongst us, even as cabinet ministers, to whom no prudent private person would give six and twenty shillings a-week for anything they could do.—*Fraser's Magazine*.—August.



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**ALLSOPP'S PALE ALES AND BARON**

**LIEBIG.**—Although not in the habit of replying to anonymous advertisements, and although they cannot condescend to answer some of a very discreditable nature to the parties concerned, ALLSOPP AND SONS are compelled to take notice of an announcement bearing the name of Professor LIEBIG, to which an invidious publicity has been given. Messrs. ALLSOPP AND SONS regret this necessity, as they have reason to suppose that advertisement has emanated from an unworthy ealously on the part of those who should rather have shown gratitude for the labour and expense which Messrs. ALLSOPP AND SONS have not spared to remove the otherwise ruinous prejudice impending over the Pale and Bitter Ales of this country, from the mistake of a French chemist.

Messrs. ALLSOPP AND SONS would now call the attention of the public to the following points:—

That the original letter of BARON LIEBIG is addressed to Mr. HENRY ALLSOPP, individually:—

That he therein intimates that he had been applied to by Mr. HENRY ALLSOPP on the subject, and that his opinion had been requested, of course, for publication by that gentleman:—

That he therein acknowledges the receipt of samples of ALLSOPP'S PALE ALES, from the London bottlers, as well as other samples of the same, sent to him direct, by private friends. On these he, specifically, founds the opinion reported by him to Mr. HENRY ALLSOPP in that letter—the general mention of the Burton brewers being incidental:—

Thus, then, the letter of BARON LIEBIG, having been written for Messrs. ALLSOPP AND SONS, and sent to Mr. HENRY ALLSOPP, on the subject of Messrs. ALLSOPP AND SONS' ALES, they, having, as they had, BARON LIEBIG'S authority to do so, were fully entitled to publish it.

Messrs. ALLSOPP AND SONS consider it not unnecessary to add, that their intercourse with BARON LIEBIG is of some duration; they having frequently consulted the learned Professor on certain processes of brewing. And they are confident, therefore, that this last letter, anonymously issued, must either have been greatly mutilated previously to publication, or that it could only have been sent in reply to some wrong impression conveyed to that eminent man in respect to an alleged undue publicity given to his opinions.

Burton-upon-Trent, August 25, 1852.

**PROFESSOR LIEBIG on ALLSOPP'S PALE ALE.**

FROM BARON LIEBIG TO MR. ALLSOPP.

"The specimens of your Pale Ale sent to me afforded me another opportunity of confirming its valuable qualities. I am myself an admirer of this beverage, and my own experience enables me to recommend it, in accordance with the opinion of the most eminent English physicians, as a very agreeable and efficient tonic, and as a general beverage, both for the invalid and the robust.

(Giesen, May 6, 1852.

JUSTUS LIEBIG."

That the Public might form a correct judgment of the intention of that eminent authority, Messrs. ALLSOPP AND SONS have re-published BARON LIEBIG'S LETTER TO MR. ALLSOPP in extenso, in all the London Daily Journals, as well as in other Papers; Copies of which Letter, and of the very numerous and continually increasing Professional Testimonials in favour of their PALE and BITTER ALE, may be obtained on application at the Brewery, Burton-upon-Trent; or at their Establishments in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Derby, Dudley, Glasgow, Dublin, Birmingham, and elsewhere.

[T. No. 4.]

**HEAL AND SON'S ILLUSTRATED**

CATALOGUE of BEDSTEADS, sent free by post, containing designs and prices of upwards of 100 different Bedsteads, and also their Priced List of Bedding. They have likewise, in addition to their usual Stock, a great variety of PARISIAN BEDSTEADS, both in wood and iron, which they have just imported.

Heal and Son, Bedstead and Bedding Manufacturers, 190, Tottenham Court Road.

**GUTTA PERCHA TUBING.**—Many

inquiries having been made as to the Durability of this Tubing, the Gutta Percha Company have pleasure in drawing attention to the following letter, received

FROM MR. C. HACKER, SURVEYOR TO THE DUKE OF BEDFORD:

"Office of Works, Woburn Park, Jan. 10, 1852.

"In answer to your inquiries respecting the Gutta Percha Tubing for Pump Suctions, I find that the water has not affected it in the least, although it will cut lead through in two years; we have adopted it largely, both on account of being cheaper than lead, much easier fixed, and a more perfect job.

"Yours, &c., C. HACKER."

N.B. The Company's Illustrated Circulars, containing Instructions to Plumbers for joining tubes, lining tanks, &c., will be forwarded on the receipt of three postage stamps.

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Number of Policy.	Sum Assured.	Date of Policy.	Age on effecting Assurance.	Annual Premium.	Total amount of Premiums paid.	Amount of Bonus added to Policy.	Date of Death.	Amount paid to the representatives of the deceased.
1105	£ 400	April 18, 1843.	23	£ s. £ s. £ s.	8 1 72 9 87 2		Feb. 7, 1852.	£ s. 467 2

Being, in addition to the sum assured, a return of all the premiums received, with the exception of £5 7s.

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The profits are divided annually amongst those policy holders who have paid five or more annual premiums, and may be taken by way of reduction of premium, or addition to the sum assured.

JENJINS JONES, *Actuary and Secretary.*

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WILLIAM PURDY, *Manager.*

London, September.

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For further information apply at the Company's Offices, 122, Leadenhall Street, London; and Oriental Place, Southampton.

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## ATHENÆUM LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

The FIRST ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of SHAREHOLDERS, held at the Office, 30, Sackville Street, London, on Tuesday, 31st August, 1852.

The Report was made, in which it was stated that Branch Boards, consisting of Directors, influential in their various localities, had been formed at Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield, Hull, and Isle of Man; and others were in course of formation. Agencies of great respectability had also been formed in towns and places of importance; and efficient measures are being taken to extend this system to all parts of the Kingdom.

That an arrangement has also been made with an Institution of a kindred nature, entitled the Athenæum Institute, which has already secured to itself very high patronage and influential support. By this junction of interests, that large and powerful class, the members of the Literary and Newspaper Press, will have a direct interest in supporting and promoting the Athenæum Life Assurance Society, and it is only owing to the unavoidable delay occasioned by the arrangement of technical details, that several policies thus flowing into the Society do not appear in the financial statement of the present year.

That the features peculiar to the Athenæum, such as policies being made payable to holder, and other arrangements, had been found to be popular; and every means had been taken by the Directors, and the Officers, to place them effectually before Assurers.

It appeared by the balance sheet that the capital and deposits amounted to £18,515 3s. 2d., and the preliminary expenses to £2585; and that during this first year (or rather nine months only of active operation) 322 policies had been issued, yielding £4419 5s. 2d. in premiums, and the total number of proposals 413. £5020 had been invested on unexceptionable securities, yielding excellent interest.

The following resolutions were then unanimously adopted:—  
Resolution 1.—Proposed by Alexander Richmond, Esq., seconded by John King, Esq.—That the report now read be received and adopted.

Resolution 2.—Proposed by James Andrew Durham, Esq., seconded by Alexander F. Ashton, Esq.—That the Directors, the Rev. J. Bartlett, M.A., John Baldwin Buckstone, Esq., and Henry Harriss, Esq., retiring by rotation, be re-elected.

Resolution 3.—Proposed by Henry Harriss, Esq., seconded by William L. Howard, Esq.—That a dividend at the rate of five pound per cent. per annum (clear of income tax) on the paid-up capital be declared, and that the directors be empowered to pay the same half-yearly between the intervals of the annual meetings.

Resolution 4.—Proposed by William Cribb, Esq., seconded by Edward Brooks, Esq.—That James Andrew Durham, Esq., and Charles Mitchell, Esq., be re-elected auditors for the shareholders for the ensuing year.

Resolution 5.—Proposed by Alex. Richmond, Esq., seconded by Charles Mitchell, Esq.—That the cordial thanks of this meeting be given to the medical officers.

Resolution 6.—Proposed by F. G. Tomlins, Esq., seconded by Michael Sola, Esq.—That the cordial thanks of this meeting be given to Henry Sutton, Esq., for his efficient and successful services.

Thanks were afterwards tendered to the Chairman, Directors, and Auditors.

J. BARTLETT, Chairman.  
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