Thornton Leigh Hunt. 10 Wellington Street, Strand.

The Leader.

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

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News of the Week.

ENGLAND remains quiescent; the movements which most concern her, comprised within the "News of the Week," happening in lands distant, and in diverse quarters. Our ally, the great Republic of America, is continuing her advances—at present only on paper, but with action looming in a future somewhat more immediate than that of measures nearer home. In the Cape colony, General Cathcart is threatening to withdraw.

In a slight degree, indeed, the American movement may be considered to incline backwards. Mr. Webster has virtually revoked his claim on behalf of Benjamin Morrell, as the "discoverer" of the Lobos Islands. He now contends that the Islands were habitually frequented by Americans, before Benjamin Morrell was "supposed" to have discovered them; and he treats that habitual frequenting as sufficient to constitute the *right* of entry. A contemporary has well likened his claim to that of any Frenchman, who, happening to discover a piece of gold on the Isle of Wight, should insist on the French right of access to that island. Mr. Webster has made another concession. He has declared that the American Government will not extend its protection to private adventurers who forcibly land on the Islands; but that those adventurers will be left to run the risk on their own responsibility. This is to make a great retreat from the original position; and although Mr. Webster still keeps open the question, whether or not America has a right to seize the islands without much regard to the technical hold of Peru, the present tone of the correspondence leads to the hope that more discreet counsels amongst American statesmen may prevail over the rash advances of a gentleman distinguished for his promptitude and power, rather than for his discretion or his sense of the gravest of public duties.

The question of the Lobos Islands sinks into insignificance, as compared with a great spontaneous popular movement, now first disclosed authentically to the world. The secret society founded in New Orleans, to repeat the Cuban expedition on a larger scale, and with greater resources, which we mentioned some time back, has now come distinctly before the public. Its enrolled numbers amount to 15,000, it has branches throughout the Union, and it already includes within the compass of its influence such a mass of social power and activity, as to show that its ultimate success is certain. It may be said already to have taken possession of the Union at large; and such being the fact, the Union now being practically committed to the expedition, it must be understood that the next attempt upon Cuba will be made under circumstances that will either ensure immediate success, or the perseverance of the whole republic until that island shall have been formally ceded. The moral propriety of the expedition is still discussed, in America as well as in England; and in this country opinion will very reluctantly acquiesce in any forcible appropriation of the West Indian Islands. But there is no doubt that in the English version the American grounds for the proceeding have been misrepresented, and we have endeavoured to explain that misrepresentation in a separate paper. Meanwhile, whatever the merits of the case, the resolution of so wide-spread and powerful a body is a fact beyond dispute, and the result must be already foreseen.

It will be for statesmen abroad, therefore, to busy themselves less with the merits of this particular seizure, than with the consequences of it; less with the statesmanship preceding that seizure—already out of date—than with the course it will become statesmen to take after the seizure shall have been effected. This much of the merits may already be taken into the account—that a party in Cuba, not inconsiderable, is disposed to the annexation; and statesmen will have the right to lay what stress they please on that willingness within Cuba itself, when they are called upon to reconcile alliance between England and America, by acquiescing in the seizure. That they will be called upon to acquiesce, there is no question; and it will be a great error in statesmanship to let that difficulty force us into impracticable enterprises.

As we have repeatedly explained, this annexation will inevitably be followed, at no distant date, by another still more extensive—that of the Mexican main. In considering the future course of statesmanship, it will be necessary to keep that in view, as an incident not to be avoided.

The course of English statesmanship at the Cape is untoward. General Cathcart threatens to throw the Colonists on their own resources; a threat which the past history of the war must render peculiarly galling and exasperating. In fact, it is impossible to imagine a position of affairs more demoralizing to the loyalty of the settlers, than that now taken up by the Governor. As we have repeatedly explained, the whole course of Border policy carried out by the servants of the Colonial Office, has been against the counsel and wishes of the local statesmen. The frontier colonists were prevented, when philanthropy was in office, from settling the native tribes in their own way; the military colonization of Caffraria was a crotchet of the Colonial Office; the Anglo-Dutch Farmers, whom the official philanthropy, coupled with Black marauding, exasperated into emigration beyond the Border, who were warred upon as rebels, are now treated as an independent republic, and Prætorius, for whose head a reward was offered, is now in the receipt of complimentary official despatches as President; the British, who have not rebelled, who have done much against their will to aid the ill-conducted war upon the Kaffirs, are now reproached with that war as an expense to England, and are almost accused of cowardice for not coming forward; and in the mean time, the man who came, saw, and has *not* conquered, but finds himself nearly at the end of his resources, is preparing to bequeath to them the discredit and the consequences of defeat. It is one of the modern official lessons in rebellion.

M. Louis Bonaparte is out of health, and chilled in mind and body, "nurses" for his journey to the South, where he is promised a warm reception. Whether it may be too warm for the budding Emperor, or only just so warm as to quicken the bud into blossom, or even so hot as to scorch the blossom into dust, Time and the Fates alone can tell. That we shall hear of overwhelming rural enthusiasm, of delirious civic transports, of intense popular manifestations, the story of past progresses is our guarantee. Probably the despatches are already cooked by the forty-falsehood power of Prefectoral servilities: and those uncouth and monstrous lying machines of despotism, the telegraphs, will be set whirling their gaunt, weird arms almost to dislocation: silent ministers of fraud and tyranny, apt to the hands of adventurism: impassive instruments of royalty and revolution, of Louis Philippe, Ledru Rollin, and Louis Bonaparte in turns: a type of

the nation, giddy, apathetic, inconstant, violent, and slavish: a type, too, of that centralization which enmeshes, and of that functionarism which degrades. The Ministers are found disputing the perilous privilege of waiting upon their master; and the Generals, who did the bloody work in December, and staked their heads on the success of the crime, are plotting a Triumvirate to succeed the President—*in case of events.*

The Empire is for the next 2nd of December, *barring accidents.* We have always said that the worst thing that could happen for the cause of liberty in France would be an abrupt termination of M. Louis Bonaparte's career. France is not yet ripe for freedom; nor does she deserve it: sick of disorder, but not of servitude, her purgation is not yet complete.

Louis Bonaparte has found a ready mimic in his nigger prototype, Emperor Soulouque, who, through his Consul at Hamburgh, has solemnly warned the European Press, and threatened caricaturists with reprisals. Soulouque will be making an international insult of the "African Opera Company" in the Strand, and demanding the "Bones" of Pell from our Lord Chamberlain. Ethiopian serenaders, beware!

Sir Harry Smith is well out of the Cape troubles, and appears more in his element reviewing the militia of the Channel Islands with soldierly encouragement. The declarations of a veteran, as to the power inherent in a citizen soldiery, may carry that conviction into quarters where the truest history from a civilian pen would fail. The British politician would do well to compare the pathetic appeals made by Sir Harry Smith's successor, to the citizen soldiery at the Cape—his own mercenaries insufficient for their task—with the career of conquest in which the citizen soldiery of America is advancing unchecked.

There is indeed a citizen soldiery in our own country, which is making its conquests against greater odds than Indian or Mexican can offer. The Sanitary Reformers, though coldly supported by the public hitherto, and betrayed by officials who pretended to help them, are gradually bringing town after town under their rule, and have now, at Tottenham, taken an outpost of the metropolis itself. The works for drainage and water supply in that suburb have been officially inspected by the Board of Health, and are pronounced to be good! In the midst of reaction or stagnation, other movements, of the quiet order, are proceeding. As the Sanitary Reformers are establishing themselves in Tottenham, while furious bullocks are ranging Clare-market; so, while stupid audiences are gaping at the ascent of Monsieur Poitevin on his dangling pony, Lord Rosse is explaining to the British Association how he polishes his great telescope, or Mr. Locke is telling how Ireland is regenerated; and while the miracle protectionists of Ipswich are pursuing their Laputan investigation into the phœnomena of Elizabeth Squirrell, the agricultural Protectionists, no longer clamouring for seventy shillings a quarter, are vigorously testing the capacities of reaping machines, by practical experiment.

AFFAIR OF THE LOBOS ISLANDS.

PRESIDENT FILLMORE has communicated the correspondence which has passed between Mr. Osma, the Peruvian Minister at Washington, and Mr. Webster, to Congress. The dates of the letters are from August the 3rd to the 21st.

On the part of his Government Mr. Osma asserts the right of Peru to all the Lobos Islands, on the ground that she has always exercised authority over them; that they belong to Peru, as they formerly belonged to Spain; and that from time immemorial the Peruvian Indians have been in the habit of visiting them for the purpose of catching seals, killing birds, and gathering eggs, and that this exclusive right to the islands by Peru has never been doubted or disputed.

Mr. Webster states that he does not rely on the "supposed discovery of Captain Morrell, as founding an exclusive right to the Lobos Islands on the part of the United States. It was only mentioned as a fact fit to be considered in common with other facts and occurrences. The truth appears to be that Captain Morrell was on a voyage of discovery, and he did in fact discover, or was supposed to have discovered, guano on these islands."

In reply to the allegations of Mr. Osma, Mr. Webster puts in a prior claim on behalf of the United States, on the ground that American fishermen have long used the islands.

"Fisheries, and the pursuit of amphibious animals, especially the seal, have long been carried on around their shores, and even on those shores themselves, since it is well known that seals are usually taken and killed upon the land. In these pursuits and in this use of the islands, citizens of the United States were engaged for half a century before any actual interruption took place by the Peruvian Government or anybody else; their visits to them having commenced at least as early as 1793. All this is well known to the commercial world."

And he further contends that seal fishing was as much an invasion as the taking of guano.

"Nevertheless, no complaint was made of this course of things, nor any interruption attempted or threatened, until September, 1833, in which month, as it would now appear, a decree was issued by the Peruvian Government, prohibiting foreigners from fishing for seals and amphibious animals on the shores and islands of Peru, and declaring that the captains of foreign vessels who evaded the order should be considered as smugglers. It is important to observe that this decree was issued after the publication of Captain Morrell's narrative."

Against this decree the Chargé d'Affaires at Lima protested. "Without formally denying the original right of Peru, he requested a reconsideration of the decree, or that it might be so far modified as to permit to the citizens of the United States the pursuit of an occupation which they had been allowed quietly to follow for a number of years." Mr. Webster then asks, "Can Mr. Osma's averment therefore be maintained, in which he asserts the universal and absolute sovereignty of Peru never to have been denied or questioned by any Government?"

Mr. Webster gets rid of the decision of the English Government by asserting that the two cases are widely different; and that Lord Palmerston gave in to the Peruvian claim because the English had not the ground which the United States have, of "long and uninterrupted usage."

But he has another reason, expressed as follows:—

"Mr. Osma refers to a decision of the English Government, and observes that, as both the mercantile and agricultural classes in the British empire have a strong interest adverse to the claim of Peru, if the British Government has decided in favour of that claim, that decision must be ascribed to considerations sufficient to outweigh a regard for the interests of British farmers and shipowners."

Mr. Webster disputes the authority of Alcedo, the great Spanish geographer, who describes the Lobos as Spanish possessions, because Alcedo was a Spaniard, speaking geographically, and not on political rights!

"In this case, therefore, the authority of Alcedo cannot be regarded as decisive. In order that it should be so considered, the undersigned must be informed what acts of jurisdiction his Catholic Majesty exercised over those islands. The occasional visits of Indians from the neighbouring continent, to which Mr. Osma refers, cannot be said to have imparted to the sovereign of Spain, or the Government of Peru even, as good a title to those islands as the habitual resort thither of the vessels of the United States, so long and uninterruptedly continued, for the purpose of capturing seals on their shore and whales in the adjacent ocean, would give to the United States. The use of these islands by the Peruvian Indians for the last half-century has no doubt been vastly less than by the citizens of the United States; and, upon the ground of Mr. Osma's argument, a better title could be asserted by possession on the part of the United States than could be maintained by Peru."

The last paragraph is important:—

"Under all the circumstances, the President thinks it most advisable that full instructions on this subject should be despatched to the chargé d'affaires of the United States at Lima, and that proper orders should be given to the naval forces of the United States in that quarter to prevent collision until further examination of the case. No countenance will be given to the authors of such enterprises, claiming to be citizens of the United States, who may undertake to defend themselves or their vessels by force in the prosecution of any commercial enterprises to these islands. Such acts would be acts of private war, and their authors would thereby justly forfeit the protection of their own Government."

We might infer from this that the Government had not made up its mind; or is it only a Whig show of impartiality and forbearance.

THE KAFIR WAR.

ACCOUNTS were received from the Cape of Good Hope, up to the 3rd of August, by the *Hellespont* Since our last, no alteration has taken place in the state of affairs. Depredations, cattle liftings, military forays, and the usual incidents with which the public have been so long familiar, form the staple of the news. The Kafirs and Hottentots still hold possession of parts of the Amatolas and the Waterkloof; they are still as daring as ever within the frontier. The files of Cape papers give the usual accounts of cattle lifting by combined Hottentots and Kafirs, and of reprisals by the regular forces and burghers. The only attack worthy of notice was one made on the Waterkloof by Colonel Buller, of the Rifles, on the 24th of July, when the Kafirs were lured from their stronghold by a feigned retreat, and were thus exposed to the full fire of the Artillery and Rifles, suffering a loss of more than 100, while only three of Colonel Buller's force were wounded.

Perhaps the most important news is that, on the 1st of July, General Cathcart issued a proclamation, calling for the assistance of every man capable of bearing arms, and on the 20th his Excellency issued an explanatory circular, in which it is stated that all he required was a deputation of all the fighting men who can really come to represent the district, and for those who cannot come to assist those who can. The Governor insists on this help. The mother country has sacrificed much life and treasure, while its only real advantage was the possession of the seaport of Simon's Bay. The protection of certain colonists who settled on the frontier thirty years since might be considered an obligation, but such obligations have their limits. This must probably be the last Kafir war carried on at the cost of the British Government. The object of General Cathcart's intended expedition was twofold—first, to test the willingness of the colonists; and secondly, if they came forward, to demonstrate to the Kafirs that, independently of the Imperial force, there was sufficient strength in the colony to chastise the enemy should he again attack the frontier. If the General found the colonists unwilling, he had ample force to cross the Kei and vindicate the national honour; but this would convince the world that the colonists were deficient in their former energy, and their chief opponent Kreli would ever after hold them in contempt. After returning from the expedition beyond the Kei, the Governor says it will be his duty to report to the Home Government if the colonists had not rendered him proper support; in that case, he will probably be ordered to withdraw his army, when his parting recommendation to them would be to keep less sheep and oxen, and more shepherds and herdsmen, for wild men and wild beasts would soon recover their ancient sovereignty in the Fish River and Zuurberg, and the colonists will not be able to drive them out as their fathers did in the olden time. Such were the views of the Commander-in-Chief on the present and future.

Under date of the 2nd of August, Lieutenant-Governor Darling has addressed a circular to the Civil Commissioners of the western districts, in which, after referring to General Cathcart's letter of the 20th of July to the eastern provinces, he says that, by the last newspaper accounts from Graham's Town and Port Elizabeth, the Governor's views had been promptly responded to, and that considerable contributions had been cheerfully rendered towards equipping the contingent from the eastern districts. Lieutenant-Governor Darling then gives instructions to the Commissioners to make known through the field cornets that they are ready to receive contributions in money or kind towards the equipment of the eastern volunteers, to be forwarded to the Treasurer-General in Cape Town, and sending at the same time to the Governor's secretary accurate lists of the names of the contributors.

From the Orange Sovereignty, Natal, and the Trans Vaal Republic, the news is of the most satisfactory kind.

SIR HARRY SMITH AND THE MILITIA.

SIR HARRY SMITH reviewed a portion of the Guernsey Militia, on Thursday week, on the New Ground. The troops selected for the purpose consisted of the artillery, under Colonel Giffard; the 1st regiment of infantry, commanded by Colonel Harvey; and the rifle companies of the four regiments, brigaded under Lieutenant-Colonel Falla, numbering, altogether, about 1,000 men. After the troops had passed in review, the whole were formed in square, and the generals and staff having entered, Sir Harry Smith addressed the men. It is not often we get such strong testimony to the merits of citizen soldiery.

"Royal and loyal Militia of Guernsey,—Your Lieutenant-Governor, Sir John Bell, has kindly permitted me to express my opinion of you; and I esteem it a personal compliment to myself that you have turned out for my especial gratification. I had heard of you, but much as I was prepossessed in your favour, I did not expect to find such military skill and military appearance as you possess. Now a word to you, Comrades! *Never has an enemy so much cause of dread as when opposed to armed citizens.* History is full of examples. Look to the plains of La Vendée, where the armed people so successfully foiled Napoleon's veteran armies. Look to Algeria, where France's four hundred and fifty thousand men have found full employment, during many years of territorial occupation, without bringing the people to subjection. *Look to Circassia,* which still withstands Russia's host of eight hundred thousand. *I myself have never been so nearly foiled as when opposed to the armed peasantry.* I have just returned from a long and fatiguing war in a country,

where, when I have beaten them in one place, they have started up in another with renewed vigour to resist me. You, loyal Guernseymen, would have to do and would do likewise did the foe dare to plant his foot on your shores. Heaven grant that England may never have to repel an invader! but, if she should, and I had to take part in her defence, I would not ask to lead better soldiers than you—I call you soldiers—*I would not ask to lead better troops than the royal militia of Guernsey.*"

As a matter of course the militia so handsomely complimented roundly applauded the orator. We may now write the name of Sir Harry Smith beside that of Lord Palmerston and Mr. Disraeli, as supporters of a national army.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

LETTER XXXVII.

Paris, September 7, 1852.

THE Empire (we have great reason to believe) is to be officially proclaimed on the 2nd of December. That day, the triple anniversary of the coronation of Napoleon *le Grand*, of the Battle of Austerlitz, and of the *coup d'état* of Louis Bonaparte, is considered auspicious. Bonaparte will have just returned from his progress in the South, his brow beaming with the new halo of glory that official enthusiasm will have cast around it. The Senate will have had time enough to assemble, and to declare that the safety of the State, and the national will, demand the proclamation of the Empire; and so Bonaparte will be Emperor!

His journey to the South is fixed one day sooner than previous arrangements; he is to start on the 14th instead of the 15th, to enable him to pass one day at Bourges, where the Préfet du Chers is preparing an ovation.

Singular discussions have been taking place at the Elysée for deciding which of the Ministers should accompany the President on his tour. All the arguments advanced by each of the Ministers in turn, turned on the hypothesis of an assault on the life of their Prince. There were some who declined to accompany him from unwillingness to share his fortunes. Persigny alleged that his presenee was absolutely requisite in Paris to prevent mishap—to maintain the departments under the Bonapartist yoke by means of the telegraphs and the Prefects. St. Arnaud, Minister of War, stated that it would be imprudent for him to leave the central post, because the *coup d'état* having compromised him, together with other Generals, an accident to Bonaparte in the South would be the signal of a general revolt, which would have to be crushed at any cost; and that as the safety of his own head would depend on the issue, he would rather not trust it to any other hands. General Magnan, when called before the Council, expressed the same opinion. Other Ministers, on the other hand, though for the same reasons, were anxious to accompany Bonaparte, in order to be constantly *au courant* of any events that might happen, rather than be surprised by them; "that in the South, where the President was going, there was but one line of signal-telegraphs, so that in case of any mishap in any town in the South, if only one telegraph were destroyed, Paris would get no news for a week."

Great was the perplexity of both parties in the Council: at length they came to a decision that no more than two of the Ministers at a time should accompany the President: but that they should relieve one another at intervals of a week, at Marseilles, Toulouse, and Bordeaux: St. Arnaud to remain at Paris to keep the army together, and to be relieved from the duty of attendance "about the Prince," which the rest of the Ministers are to take in turns.

The official journals are full of programmes of the official fêtes which are to be given to Bonaparte along his route. The authorities of Toulouse have concluded that the best honour they can pay him is a grand military fête, representing by a sham fight the battle of Toulouse, *won by Soult over Wellington in* 1814.* The whole of the troops quartered in the South have been concentrated upon three points, Montpellier, Toulouse, and Bordeaux, leaving only a few detachments, horse and foot, in the intermediate towns. In case of "events," it is intended that the troops shall be concentrated in strong masses: 1. To maintain among themselves the sentiment of duty; 2. To prevent them being surrounded and invested, or seduced and won over, by the insurgent population; 3. To be ready if necessary to crush the first symptoms of revolution. The grand object is to perpetuate the *military régime*. If Bonaparte were to die we should have a triumvirate composed of the three generals most *compromised*, viz. St. Arnaud, Magnan, and Castellane. These, and the field officers they have drawn with them, know well that they have staked their heads: that they have won the first throw, but that the game is still going on, and that if fortune turns against them they are irrevocably ruined. These Generals feel all the force of circumstances, and have resolved, in order to save their heads, to maintain the military *régime* even after the death of Bonaparte. They will set up some phantom of a Bonaparte in power, the young Lucien perhaps, as a dummy and a blind, and behind that dummy they will rule in very self-defence.

Such are the eventualities the future has in store for us. Everybody knows it, and everybody recoils: the Republicans like all the rest. It must not be forgotten that the Republican party has lost nearly a hundred thousand of its bravest combatants; the few who remain are *suspect* and closely watched. The work of organization is not so far advanced as to allow this party to resist the army in civil combat from one day to another. It is this that makes men temporise; otherwise justice would long since have been done to Bonaparte. Events, however, are often unforeseen, and in the South passion carries all before it. There are but two great parties—the *parti prêtre* and the *parti anti-prêtre*;* the Legitimist party and the Republican party, the Catholic party and the Protestant party. Now, in these two great party sections, Bonaparte is equally detested to an extravagant degree. Nothing is impossible. The journals already report the arrest of a man at Toulouse for publicly uttering threats against Bonaparte. "The central Commissary of Police," says the *Messager du Midi*, "proceeded to arrest the Sieur Loirette, draper. He was confined in the cellular prison, and placed at the disposal of the *Procureur de la République*. The facts that led to his arrest are as follows:—Loirette entered a *café* in the Marché aux Fleurs yesterday, the 2nd instant, and after having ordered something to drink, then and there, in cool blood, and without any provocation, publicly uttered insults against the Prince President of the Republic, saying, amongst other things, that 'if he came into the south of France he should not go back again.' This individual is known to entertain legitimist opinions."

You perceive that nothing, as I have said, is impossible; and out of this progress to the south may (I do not say *will*) spring the conflagration of the world. God help us!

At the present moment Bonaparte is suffering from an attack of pleurisy. He was shooting in the forest of Marly and caught a chill. He is scarcely permitted to leave his apartments till the 14th inst., the day of his departure. He is said, too, to be out of spirits. The representatives of the people exiled on the 10th of January, and pardoned a few days since, with the exception of M. Thiers, who, I believe, was compelled by private and exceptional circumstances to hasten his return, and M. Chambolle, formerly editor of the *Siècle*, have been found very tardy in accepting the gracious boon. Bonaparte's clemency is wasted. But by way of playing out this comedy of "clemency," he modified the punishment of a hundred political convicts. The sentences of transportation to Algeria he commuted into *internement* (confinement within a certain district) at home: the sentences of *internement*, into surveillance of the *haute police*. These objects of clemency, nevertheless, are exposed to all the severities of the police, debarred from resuming their occupations, and from exercising their former pursuits. Instead of thanks, Bonaparte is continually receiving letters full of insults and reproaches, demanding transportation or exile again. Indeed, all these pretended pardons are derisory, and in no case full and complete. It is the same with the pretended "voluntary exiles," which a letter of M. Hetzel (the publisher, who served under the Provisional Government) amply exposes and refutes. His letter was addressed to the *Indépendance Belge*, and caused the seizure of that journal at the Post in Paris.

"Your correspondent," writes M. Hetzel, "makes me *a refugee without having been proscribed*. I left Paris on the ninth of December by order of M. de Morny, who sent me a passport signed by himself, from which the form of words—*Nous prions nos agents de donner aide et protection au porteur de ce passeport*, had been effaced, and these words written in their place: *M. Hetzel*, going into Prussia, is enjoined to *depart out of France, and not to return*. I preserve this brief autograph of M. de Morny at your disposal: it constitutes me, you see, something quite different from what your correspondent calls a 'voluntary *refugee*.' Your correspondent seems to be unaware, that where a few hundreds of decrees of banishment have been published, thousands of fiats were notified secretly (*à voix basse*) to all such persons as it was deemed advisable to drive across the frontier in silence."

Protests like these, published in the foreign journals, and lighting upon France in the midst of the universal darkness and silence, have a surprising echo, and are the more dreaded by Bonaparte, who prosecutes them with unremitting jealousy.

As often as a Belgian journal publishes any such communication it is seized at the frontier.

In Prussia, Bonaparte has required of the Government to warn the *Gazette Nationale*, and the *Gazette Constitutionnelle*. The editor of the latter was summoned to the *bureaux* of the police, and there warned that unless he changed his tone he would be subjected to ulterior prosecution. As for England, your Government being unwilling or unable to succumb to such a disgrace, Bonaparte now contents himself with threatening articles in his own journals. The *Pays* declares positively "that France is not disposed to allow the Elect of her choice to be called in question, and that the nation that will not respect him must beware." Look to yourselves, then!

The Councils General have not voted the Empire with the unanimity and *ensemble* the Government had expected of them, and had announced at first. Out of the 85 Councils, *thirty-one* expressed a wish that the "chief power should be perpetuated in the hands of Louis Bonaparte;" *nine* formally demanded the restoration of the hereditary Empire; *eighteen* confined themselves to the general expression of wishes for the consolidation and stability of power; *twenty-six* simply assured the Government of their support, without making any allusion to the secret desires of Bonaparte.

As to the municipal elections, the abstention of the electors exceeded all anticipation. At Dieppe, the first result of the votes was null. In the majority of the communes of the *arrondissement* of Orange, it was with great difficulty that a bare quarter of the electors were got to vote, and at Orange itself, out of 2800 registered electors, more than 2000 declined to vote. At Boulogne, only 2751, out of 8684 electors, were found to vote; at Calais, 1542, out of 4795; at Tarbes, 814, out of 3233. In several localities, even the candidates of the Government were unable to gain their election.

All these repulses are not calculated to induce the Government to relent in its career of violence. Everybody is its enemy, and it returns the compliment. I have mentioned the measures taken against Belgian and German writers: the frontiers (I should add) are under the closest surveillance. Two special agents have been despatched from Paris to Boulogne, Calais, and Tourcoing. At these points they search every traveller, to seize any forbidden publication. Even passports are to be refused, until after strict inquiry, by the French consuls in Belgium, Germany, and England. A Frenchman abroad, whose passport has expired, will find it next to impossible to procure another, to return to his country. The Channel Islands are especially "tainted."

Prosecutions of the press are unceasing: the warning now proceeds directly from the Ministry of Police.

By a singular mockery of chance, a journal called *La Liberté* was the first to be struck by the new censors. M. de Girardin is the most distinguished of the recent "warnings." He had told Granier de Cassagnac, that condottiero of journalism, that he was a liar. The Government took up the cudgels for its hired bravo, who was too great a coward to meet his accuser, and struck the editor of the *Presse* with a second "warning."

Recourse is now had to the reports of the mixed commissions to prosecute and drive out of France the few citizens who had been permitted to remain quietly at their business after December 2nd. Among others, M. Méchain, brother of the ex-representative, has just received orders to leave Paris, by virtue of a decision which is dated so far back as last March. M. Méchain had remained utterly ignorant of the sentence pronounced against him, and of which he has only just now received notification.

In all Cafés and cabarets, too, the strictest surveillance is exercised. A village wine-shop in the most

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* We do not alter, but simply italicize, these words, which our correspondent (as a Frenchman) writes no doubt in perfect simplicity and good faith. It is well known that the French claim the Battle of Toulouse as a victory, which the English "never knowing when they are beat" were singularly unconscious of. We can afford it.—ED. *Leader*.

* The *parti prêtre* does not include the whole of the Church; nor does the *parti anti-prêtre* imply an absolute hostility to religion; but the former means the violent reactionary ultramontane party, of which the Bishop of Chalons and M. Veuillot, of the *Univers*, may be considered exponents; the party that glorifies the Inquisition, exalts the anniversary of the massacre of the Huguenots into a solemn feast, condemns the Classics in Education, and blesses the bayonets of despotism. It is to be feared that in the next revolution religion will be identified with this violent faction of the Romish Church, whose excesses the better and wiser of that communion are the first to deprecate and condemn. The Revolution of '48 respected and exalted the Church; the Church betrayed the Revolution. We do not understand the hostility of the *parti prêtre* to Bonaparte, their creature and willing tool. Despise him, while they use him, they may, and betray him they no doubt will, when he can serve their passions and their interests no longer. Perhaps they find it difficult to believe in him as a true "son of the Church."—ED. *Leader*.

remote province of France makes the elect of 7,500,000 voices, sustained by 450,000 bayonets, and by a budget of 1800 millions of francs, tremble in his palace. Twenty-nine *cabarets* have been closed in the department of Finisterre. "They were found to be dangerous," says the Prefectoral decree. To avow that *cabarets* down in Basse Bretagne are becoming dangerous is to confess that the Revolution is afoot, and that the usurpation is afraid.

Rigours of another kind are not forgotten. This time it is the working men who are the victims. The working carpenters of Paris refused to work for the Government: several of them have been arrested, and men from the regiment of Engineers set to work in their stead. The stone-cutters of Montrouge have also struck. Fifteen of them were committed to prison by the police. The liberty of labour fares like all our other liberties. It is the bayonet that rules, the sabre that governs. S.

CONTINENTAL NOTES.

THE report of the recall of the French Minister at the Hague, in consequence of the rejection of the literary convention with France, turns out to be false. The Ambassador has returned to Paris on leave of absence, and the report was a fabrication of the "Bears" of the Amsterdam Stock Exchange.

The *Moniteur* announces that the remaining 25 million francs of the 50 million borrowed of the Bank of France in 1848, have just been repaid by the State.

The interest on Treasury Bonds has been reduced another ½ per cent. by decree, and the interest for the savings banks is expected to be restored to what it was up to February, 1848—4 per cent.

The Bishop of Chalons, the most servile of a servile crew, has issued a circular to the clergy of his diocese, on the occasion of the President's forthcoming visit to the South, which, after extolling his merits and services, concludes as follows:—"May that man of God" (the title of the prophets of old), "that great man, be blessed, for it was God who selected him for the happiness of our country, to remove all the evils inflicted by 60 years' revolution and cruel wars, which appeared interminable; once more, may he be blessed! We will pray for him; he is entitled to that tribute from us for the eminent services he has rendered and is still anxious to render us; it is a duty we ought to be anxious to discharge towards him."

The Grand Duke of Baden has put an end to the state of siege in his dominions.

The civil law has come into operation at Vienna, in matters affecting the press, and all publications are now subject to the official censors. In other respects the state of siege, with its pleasant accompaniments of scourging and imprisonment for trifling misdemeanours, is in full vigour.

The *brochure* of Dr. Franz, an ex-functionary of the Government, has fallen in the midst of the bureaucracy of Berlin, and of the dilettanti Pietists of the Royalist party, who insist on the restoration of "authority" as the great problem of modern politics, and actually believe the "restoration of belief" in Right Divine possible, like a revolutionary bombshell. Dr. Franz (we cite the resumé given by the Berlin correspondent of the *Times*), although a strong Royalist, declares boldly such a restoration is impossible, and traces the "decline and fall" of the principle through every stage of authority with an inexorable logic; he even seems to revel in the abundance of proof that the past is dead, and ought to be buried; he welcomes the new developments of science and society, and is prepared to go as far and as fast as steam and telegraphs will carry us. Make them, he tells the princes, the base of your power, and do not imagine you gain anything by restoring a feudal ruin, and rebuilding old castles which the people found necessary to knock down four centuries ago, having first hung the owners over their battlements. All the appeals in behalf of the past are phrases, themes full of unction, but barren of effect. "Authority," in the old sense of the term, can never revive. We have power and discipline, organized and active enough, but the sacred character of rank and class is gone, and it is absurd to lament it. He takes three illustrations of the most familiar kind, and asks the political antiquaries to observe only our modes of dress, building, and conveyance, in each of which forms of life the levelling tendency of modern times, the tendency to equalization, may be observed, difference of cost being now the only distinction; and the most bigoted denouncers of these levelling methods being forced to adopt them. The discovery of new powers of locomotion, and the consequent intercommunication of ideas, Dr. Franz asserts to be an element of political freedom to which the very progress of mechanical science conduces. The writer then traces the inroads of the spirit and inquiry in the moral and intellectual sphere, "heaps proof upon proof of the decay of authority in its ancient sense, and asks the revivalists how they can expect to restore it? Rather, he says, accept the present, and build your authority upon that. He then goes into a long examination of all that princes and Governments have left undone, by separating themselves from the progress of society, and standing aloof, as if they had no interest in it, often impeding more than promoting." He points out the want of an Academy as a "point of union for the intellectual life of the nation," complains of the pedantic, pedagogic stamp of German literature; of the lack of national museums and monuments, and laughs to scorn the sentimentalists who, in the face of science, with its wonderful conquests over time, space, and matter, making even monarchs revolutionary in spite of themselves, would dream of reserving the obsolete frippery of the past. Imagine the effect of this bold and searching treatise from an ex-official, who writes with the trenchant thoroughness of a Carlyle or a Proudhon, the force and directness of an Emile de Girardin, the merciless logic of a Herbert Spencer, falling in the midst of the mystical intoxications of Frederick William! No wonder that the work was seized by the police.

The grand military reviews and manœuvres, sham fights, field exercises, &c., have been taking place at Berlin, before the King, the Prince of Prussia, the Duke of Cambridge, &c.

The trial of Guerazzi (the ex-minister) is proceeding at Florence. The accused is deprived of the chief witnesses he had desired to call in his defence. On the 3rd he made a brief address, in which he affirmed that he had ever been a friend to constitutional monarchy and to order, and that the acts of the provisional government which might appear contrary to those principles were done under violence and constraint.

The Emperor of Austria returned to Vienna on the 2nd, but was to leave again in a few days, to review the troops in different parts of his territory.

Letters from Turin of the 5th instant state that several of the French refugees residing at Nice had been removed to the interior of Piedmont at the request of the French Government, their presence so near the frontier being considered dangerous during the visit of the President to the department of the Var.

Louis Bonaparte seems resolved to fight the battles of his uncle over again, at least in effigy. At Toulouse, he is to be amused with a representation of the Battle of Toulouse in 1814, which, if we are to believe the French, was won by Soult; and at Toulon the French squadron are to combine with the troops on shore, to represent the first exploits of Napoleon at the recapture of Toulon from the English.

A grand ball was given by the French admiral at Naples, on the 28th ult., on board his ship, the *Ville de Paris*. The officers of H.M.S. *Firebrand*, anchoring opportunely in the Bay, were present.

Petitions for the abolition of bull-fights in Spain are met with counter-petitions for the creation of a great national school of tauromachia.

The Posen correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette* communicates a curious mode of meeting the cholera at that town:—"The local committee of health has unanimously agreed to combat the cholera with gunpowder. Application has been made to General Tietzen, the commander of the fortress, who has just had the misfortune to lose his consort by cholera, to make an attempt to purify the air by discharges of artillery, and he has declared his readiness to comply with the request, if the permission of the civil government can be obtained." But the civil government has no powder to expend in preserving the lives of the Poles.

MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

LAST Wednesday week's proceedings at Belfast were followed up by the usual gatherings of the members in their sections on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. Here papers of varying interest were read; some on subjects too recondite for the mass of readers, others on popular topics, scientifically treated.

The statistical section waa in great force. An important paper was read by Mr. Locke, showing how great has been the Irish Exodus, and how the loss of population is being compensated by importations of Scotch and English farmers, who have purchased lands under the Encumbered Estates Act, "the greatest boon ever conferred on Ireland."

Dr. Edgar and the Earl of Mayo supported the views of Mr. Locke's essay. The greatest changes are taking place on the western coast.

A paper by the late Mr. G. R. Porter, "On the Productive Industry of Paris," was read by Mr. M'Adam, secretary. It contained most valuable details of the productive industry of Paris, furnishing important *data* for comparison with our own. In it will be found matter for the serious consideration of our political economists, as in several of those branches of manufacture which are supposed to press most weightily on our own trade it appears that the wages paid for labour are higher than with us, while the raw material is about the same price. An interesting portion was that in reference to the education of the workmen. Of the entire number, 87 per cent. of the men and 79 per cent. of the women could read and write.

Mr. Heywood, M.P., read a paper on the income of the University and some of the colleges of Oxford, compiled from the report of the Oxford University Commissioners, from which it appeared, as far as could be ascertained of nine colleges, that the average income of the heads of houses was 1100*l*. a-year; and, as regarded Fellows, taking in the Canons of Christ Church, the average was 234*l*. a-year. The total income of the Oxford University was 22,000*l*., and of the colleges, 152,000*l*. The income of Cambridge University was about 133,000*l*.; and of Trinity College, Dublin, about 50,000*l*., making the total about 355,000*l*. There were 557 fellowships in Oxford, of which about thirty-five were vacant every year. The revenue arising from the University press, by the printing of Bibles and prayer-books, was stated to be about 8000*l*. a-year, though the amount was not regularly paid over, but only when it increased to sums of 40,000*l*. or 60,000*l*.

The meeting of the *Mathematical and Physical Section* was opened by an exhibition of numerous drawings of appearances presented by some of the nebulæ, the results of the observations of the Earl of Rosse, and made by experienced draughtsmen under his own inspection. These were severally explained by his Lordship and Dr. Robinson, of Armagh, who remarked, that the result of their observations was very likely to overturn many of the theories hitherto adopted, and render a large amount of labour entirely useless.

In the Chemical Section, Dr. Andrews read a paper "On the application of polarized light to the discovery of minute quantities of Soda." The author stated, that the double chloride of potassium and platinum showed no depolarizing action when placed in the dark field of the polariscope; but that the double salt of sodium and platinum was remarkable for its depolarizing power, and that a minute trace of this salt, invisible to the naked eye, could readily be detected by the brilliant display of primatic colours when under the action of polarized light. The delicacy of the test is such that soda can be detected when in a quantity so minute as the 1,000,000th part of a grain. "On a new variety of magnetic iron ore, with remarks on the application of the bicarbonate of baryta to quantitative analysis." "On the atomic weights of platinum and barium."

Dr. Hamilton, in the Zoological Section, read "Remarks on some of the marine birds which produce guano on the coasts of Peru and Bolivia, with reference to the Lobos Islands." This paper excited much interest, both on account of the recent question as to the sovereignty of the Lobos Islands, and on account of the importance of an increased supply of guano. After much matter of historical and geographical interest, the author gave his reasons for expressing his belief that large deposits of guano might still be found if the Government would undertake the search, as there yet remained a large portion of the Pacific unexplored, principally that lying between Valparaiso and the Isthmus of Panama.

Grand conversaziones were held on Thursday and Friday in the warehouses of Mr. Warkman, fitted up for the occasion. On Friday evening, Professor Stokes, of Cambridge, described his optical discoveries.

A meeting of the general committee was held on Monday afternoon at three o'clock, on the conclusion of the proceedings in the several section. Colonel Sabine, the president, occupied the chair. A number of officers were appointed, and other routine business transacted; but the principal subject engaging the attention of the committee was the selection of a place in which to hold the next annual meeting. Letters of invitation from Hull, Leeds, Brighton, Glasgow, Liverpool, and Dublin, were taken into consideration, and their respective claims advocated. After some discussion, Hull was ultimately selected. The whole proceedings were wound up by pleasure trips to the Giant's Causeway, and other noted local wonders.

THE BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(*Abstracted from the Times.*)

THE Birmingham Musical Festival was instituted nearly a century ago. The first meeting took place in 1769, since when it has been celebrated triennially without cessation. England is justly renowned for those great provincial gatherings in which music helps the cause of charity, and none of them has done better service than that which is held in this rich and populous town. The Birmingham Festival has alike promoted the ends of benevolence and advanced the progress of a great and civilizing art. It has, for a lengthened course of years, been the chief support of one of the most admirable institutions in the kingdom. But for the triennial music-meeting, the Birmingham General Hospital would probably have been bankrupt long ago. Between 1769 and 1849 the committees of management have been enabled, from the profits of the meetings, to hand over to the charity, at various periods, something short of 70,000*l*.

Not only has the Triennial Festival mainly supported the General Hospital, it has also supplied the town with "its noblest architectural monument," the present Town Hall, which was inaugurated by the Festival of 1834. "The mere fact that Mendelssohn's oratorio of *Elijah* was expressly composed for, and first executed at, the Festival of 1846, gives Birmingham a name in the records of the musical art, of which London, and indeed all the cities of Europe, might reasonably be jealous. The *Paulus* of the same composer, written for the festival of the Rhine cities, held at Dusseldorf in 1836, was first introduced in this country at the meeting in 1837; while at the following meeting, in 1840, another of Mendelssohn's greatest works, the *Lobgesang*, composed, like *Elijah*, expressly for Birmingham, was performed for the first time. These, and other circumstances less notorious, are enough to show that the Birmingham Festival, while ministering to charity, has done good service to music. The singers engaged for the meeting were, Mesdames Viardot, Garcia, Clara Novello, and Castellan; Mdlles. Anna Zerr and Bertrardi; Misses Dolby and Williams, Signors Tamberlik, Polonini, and Belletti; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Lockey, Williams, Weiss, and Herr Formes. The solo instrumentalists, Messrs. Sainton (violin), Piatti (violoncello), Bottesini (double bass), and Kuhe (pianoforte). The band, the most numerous and splendid ever collected together at a festival, numbered 28 first violins, 26 second, 18 tenors, 18 violoncellos, 17 double basses, besides the usual number of wind instruments, doubled in most departments. These, with the chorus, made the executive force about 500, under the supreme sway of M. Costa."

The *Elijah*, "the most perfect of musical compositions," was the opening performance on Tuesday morn-

ing, of which the eminent critic whose report we are abstracting says—

"We have never heard so magnificent a performance of *Elijah* as that at the Town-hall this morning. The orchestra was prodigious, the chorus prodigious, and the principal singers almost faultless. There appeared but one predominant feeling in the whole phalanx, marshalled and conducted with such skill and decision by Mr. Costa—that of doing honour to Mendelssohn, who, only six years back, in the same place, himself directed the first performance of his greatest work, and was aided by no inconsiderable number of the same executants. Of that event, which will live for ever in the history of music, the performance of this morning was a worthy anniversary."

Madame Viardot and Herr Formes, perhaps, bore the palm in this performance; but Madame Castellan, Madame Clara Novello, Misses Dolby and Williams, were, each and all, irreproachable in their execution of the music; and Mr. Lockey, who elicited the special approval of the composer at the first performance of *Elijah*, in 1846, proved that the praise "had been well bestowed." Encores are very properly forbidden on these occasions; but the unaccompanied trio, "Lift thine eyes," was so deliciously sung by Madame Novello, Misses Dolby and Williams, as to extort a manifestation from the audience to which the president conceded a repetition of the air, with questionable discretion, as the effect of the succeeding chorus was entirely spoiled.

The pecuniary result of this performance was a total sum of 2303*l.* 13*s.* 7*d.*

The first miscellaneous concert took place on Tuesday evening; the great instrumental works performed being Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night*—"on the whole, admirably executed," Mdlle. Anna Zerr and Signor Tamberlik being the vocal stars; the lady astounding the audience by her brilliant vocalization in the variations of Proch's air. The pecuniary result of this concert was 439*l.* 7*s.* On Wednesday morning, the great attraction was the fragments of *Christus*, an unfinished oratorio of Mendelssohn, of which the performance was "certainly not perfect, but meritorious." These fragments created a "solemn and deep impression," representing, as they did in their beauty and grandeur, "the genius of Mendelssohn in the fulness of his strength and majesty." Haydn's *Creation* excited the usual delight. Dr. Wesley's anthem was found to be tedious, and the motett of Mendelssohn (given for the first time) was so indifferently performed as to leave the audience quite in the dark about its merits—a blot on the record of this festival. The amount of money received at this morning's meeting was 1649*l.* 0*s.* 5*d.*

The second miscellaneous concert, on Wednesday night, was extremely well attended. The *Jupiter* symphony of Mozart was gloriously executed. The Finale of *Lorely*, a posthumous work of Mendelssohn, consisting of a grand scena for a principal soprano and chorus, concluded the first part of the concert. "The execution," says the *Times*, "presented much that was commendable, but left quite as much to be desired." Madame Clara Novello was deficient in passion and dramatic fire, but sang conscientiously and correctly. The band and chorus were careful and assiduous, but the general effect was incomplete, from the want of a more thorough study of the difficult music. The sensation created by this Finale was enthusiastic, and lent fresh poignancy to the sense of the irreparable loss the world of music sustained in the untimely death of the great composer.

The second part of the concert was chiefly distinguished by the celebrated air from the *Flauto Magico*, sung by Mdlle. Anna Zerr as she alone can sing it, and tumultuously encored. Tamberlik sang the *Re del Ciel* from the *Prophète*, the effect of which has been quite lost these last two seasons at Covent Garden from being transposed to coax the voice of Mario, with a startling power that convinced his hearers that he alone is the legitimate successor of Mario in the character of John of Leyden.

The amount received at this concert was about double the amount obtained at the first—viz., 869*l.*

On Thursday morning the *Messiah* attracted an immense audience, and the performance, under Mr. Costa's guidance, was as nearly as possible faultless. The novelty was Signor Tamberlik's first attempt at singing in the English language. The splendid tenor air, "Thou shalt break them," was assigned to him, and was delivered with prodigious fire and animation.

The almost unprecedented result of this performance was an addition of 2762*l.* 4*s.* 11*d.* to the charity.

The third and last miscellaneous concert took place on Thursday night—Beethoven's Choral Symphony being the pillar of the programme. On Friday morning the oratorio of *Sampson* concluded with great *éclat* the music of the festival; and in the evening a grand dress ball crowned a memorable week.

PROGRESS OF ASSOCIATION.

JOINT STOCK BREWING.

In the present state of opinion on co-operation it is pleasant to record the success of an experiment, based to a great extent on co-operative principles. We refer to the Metropolitan and Provincial Joint-Stock Brewery. Mr. J. F. Bontem, who presided over a meeting of the shareholders on Wednesday, gave a cheering account of its prospects. They had commenced brewing early in order to test the public, and try whether an attempt to manufacture unadulterated beer would meet with encouragement. He was happy to say that their expectations on that head had been fulfilled.

Some discussion arose on the remark of a shareholder that the public would not encourage the Company, unless they brewed beer *more* suitable to the public taste. This was met by Mr. Stevens, the manager, who, from his acquaintance with the customers of the Company, could state that the beer did suit the public. The only objection he had ever heard came from a customer who had purchased a four-and-a-half gallon cask of small beer, at sixpence a gallon. A shareholder also said that the only complaint he had heard was, that orders were not executed fast enough.

This was accounted for by the smallness of the plant, and the chairman said they had met to increase it. In order to effect this it was agreed that all those shareholders who had signed the deed and had not paid the call should be called upon to do so.

QUATT INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

The examination of the children connected with the Quatt Industrial School took place on Friday week, and was conducted by the Reverend Dr. Dawes, Dean of Hereford, and the Reverend George Bellett, rector of Bridgnorth. A numerous company were present to witness the proceedings, among whom were Mr. Jelinger C. Symons, one of the Government inspectors of schools. Quatt is an industrial school for the unions of Bridgnorth, Madeley, Cleobury Mortimer, and Seisden (Staffordshire), and is capable of accommodating 150 children, or more. The farm consists of twelve acres—nine arable, and three meadow land. Potatoes, turnips, mangold wurtzel, vetches, carrots, &c., are cultivated to great perfection. The stock comprises six cows and a number of pigs. The cattle are stall-fed, and the manure is carried off into tanks, where it is available for manuring the land. The children were examined by the Reverend G. Bellett, and the Dean of Hereford. After the examination the children were regaled with tea and cake at Dudmaston Hall, the seat of Mr. Whitmore, where also the spectators were entertained to an excellent luncheon.

LORD LONSDALE ON LIQUID MANURE.

An intelligent correspondent of the *Times* has taken up the rather flippant remarks of the Earl of Lonsdale at the meeting of the Cumberland Agricultural Society, on the subject of "liquid manure," in a letter from which we extract the following useful sentences. In reply to Lord Lonsdale's assertion, that in order to make the dirt of a town available to agriculture the town must be situated on a hill, so that the sewage may be applied by natural gravitation:—

"It is a great mistake to suppose that the sewerage manure of towns, or the liquid manure of farm-steadings, cannot be applied to the fields by irrigation unless the towns or farm-steadings are considerably elevated above the fields to be irrigated. In every town containing a number of well-constructed water-closets the waste of manure is immense, and of greater value than most men think; and as to the drainage of farm-steadings, which almost invariably is allowed to run to waste in the nearest ditch or stream in the neighbourhood of the steading, as being of little or no value whatever, it is certainly in many instances a greater yearly loss to the tenant than the half of his rent. Where towns are situated on a sloping bank, what can be more simple than to convey, by properly constructed drains, all the sewage water into tanks situated in a low place, and then to pump the whole away, by the aid of powerful steam-engines, almost to any distance, or, as in London, over a stand-pipe or an elevated place, to obtain the necessary pressure?"

Our readers will here recognise the influence of the bold suggestions of Mr. F. O. Ward. The writer continues:—

"In many parts of England, where farming is carried on with much spirit, it is usual to cart out in spring a large quantity of the solid dung of the farm-yard, and spread it on the grass lands, and the tenant, when he beholds in a few weeks a beautiful crop of grass springing up, makes a boast of his skill and management; but what is that but the effect of the soluble salts of the dung being washed out by heavy rains, and, sinking to the roots of the plants, affording them instant and never failing nourishment? and the straw and coarse refuse of the dung, being bleached white and valueless, is tossed about with every wind that blows. Such management is bad, for the chances are that before rain comes, the valuable ammoniacal salts are extracted by the heat of the sun, or by drying winds, and the value of the dung, as well as the tenant's labour, is for ever lost. When we shall see pipes laid from towns along railways, and from tanks in a well-constructed farm-yard through the fields, with branches right and left, stopcocks at proper intervals, with hose and nozzle, then we shall behold a better state of things, and certainly a better prospect, than at present for the enterprising tenant."

To the discouraging sneers of Lord Lonsdale at the quality of sewage-fed produce which his cattle refused to consume, the reply is simple enough:—

"His lordship should have diluted it well—two-thirds of water to one of sewage—for depend upon it that, and the absence of fermentation, and, probably, a wet soil together, was where the mistake lay. Liquid manure, when well prepared, compared with solid manure, is somewhat like the tea and the leaves—for who would be so mad as to throw away the tea and use the leaves?—yet it is astonishing that nine-tenths of farmers do this with the manure of their farm-steadings."

And he concludes with the following apt and just rebuke to the President of the Council:—

"Lord Lonsdale should go into Ayrshire, and there he will see some spirited and intelligent farmers proving what can be done by the proper application of liquid manure; for it is usual with some of them to cut their Italian rye grass six and seven times in one season, two feet each time; and, as to the cattle eating it, they prefer it certainly to any other food. Before his lordship again addresses a body of agriculturalists on the application of liquid manure, he should experiment a little more than he has done, for to speak from theoretical knowledge only on a matter of so much importance to the agricultural world, is the sure method to discourage a most important improvement in agriculture, which, sooner or later, will become, as in Belgium, universal over England."

THE SANITARY REFORMERS AT TOTTENHAM.

Tottenham leads the way among the places which have lately resolved upon cleansing their habitations. Last Monday the members of the General Board of Health went down to that village, officially to inspect its new water and drainage works. The reforms effected by these works are indicated in the report, which was read at Tottenham Hall, the residence of Mr. Purton. The guests from the Board of Health were Lord Shaftesbury, Dr. Southwood Smith, Mr. Edwin Chadwick, and Mr. F. O. Ward, of the Sanitary Association.

Upon the subject of expense, the local board cannot forbear to remark that, so far as they have proceeded, they have found that in economy the improved system is as remarkably superior to the old arrangements as it is in efficiency. The construction of a complete system of sewers, upon the old plan of brick drains wide enough for men to pass through, would have entailed an enormous expense; while the pipe drains have cost so little that it is probable that the rates levied to repay such cost will not much exceed the former expense of cleansing and maintaining cesspools, &c., to say nothing of the original expense of constructing them. Again, the charge for water supply is expected to be so moderate, that in all probability it will fall below the annual expense of labour and repairs, even to those who have already incurred the expense of erecting pumps, cisterns, &c., for their own use. The total expense of these advantages of perfect drainage, with the use of a separate water closet, together with an abundant supply of pure soft water, with a separate tap for each house, will probably be somewhat less than 3*d.* per week for each house, such as those occupied by the working classes, viz., not exceeding 10*l.* per annum rental, being of course higher for house of greater value in proportion to the greater accommodation required. Gentlemen acquainted with the amount of sewerage and water rates under the old system, and who know something of the expense of buying water of water-carriers where there is no systematic supply, will be well able to appreciate the economy of the improved system. The local board would point out, with gratitude, to the legislature, the very moderate expense of obtaining the necessary legal powers under the operation of the Public Health Acts, the cost being in the case of the district of Tottenham 66*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* only; whereas, had these powers been obtained by a local act in the face of an opposition, the expense, judging from an average of other cases, would probably have exceeded 2000*l.*

The approach of cholera is referred to, in the same document, with a propriety of feeling, and a soundness of judgment, by which our metropolitan authorities would do well to take example:—

The local board, in learning that the cholera is again approaching our shores, pursuing the very course by which it has always arrived before, feels a new and powerful motive for pushing on the works with the utmost speed, in order that, so far as they are concerned, nothing may be left undone that mere human means may accomplish for protecting the district from the visitation of that fearful scourge.

Lord Shaftesbury, on behalf of the General Board of Health, addressed the members of the Local Board of Tottenham, on this occasion, in a speech of great eloquence and interest; dwelling with especial earnestness on the moral and religious ameliorations for which sanitary improvement furnishes the material basis, and expressing his ardent hope that the example of the people of Tottenham would be followed by the inhabitants of other localities.

Mr. Chadwick enforced similar truths, in his usual quaint and original manner; adducing, as he is accustomed to do, various striking anecdotes and illustrations, to show the evils of the old sanitary regime, and the advantages of the new one; and emphatically pointing out, in conclusion, the direct connexion which has been traced between the ravages of cholera and the existence of stagnant putrifying matter under or around human habitations.

PEEL'S BIRTH-PLACE.

SIR ROBERT PEEL was born at Chamber Hall, near Bury, a comparatively lowly cottage. Bury has not forgotten her mighty son. Beside electing Mr. Frederick Peel to represent her in Parliament, she has set up a statue to the memory of his father in her market-place. On Wednesday, a vast assembly, among whom were Mr. Frederick Peel, and Mr. Lawrence and Dr. Peel, brothers of the late Sir Robert, inaugurated the statue, the multitude and the authorities marching on to the ground in grand procession, preceded by a military band. Afterwards banquets were given in the Town Hall and at the Albion Inn.

The statue is 10 feet high, and the attitude easy but commanding. The statesman is represented standing, with his left hand resting upon his side, the right hand slightly raised and extended, the chest well thrown out, and the uncovered head, though erect, is natural and life-like. The attire is that so generally worn by Sir Robert, and the sculptor, Mr. E. H. Bailey, R.A., has succeeded in placing the open surtout in a manner exceedingly characteristic of the late statesman's mode of wearing that article of his dress. The features were pronounced by most of those who should be able to form a judgment to be good and truthful. As a whole, the figure appears rather massive in breadth, but it is undoubtedly a noble monument; and placed as it is in the centre of the town, which was Sir Robert Peel's birth-place, it will possess greater interest, perhaps, than most of the statues that have been erected. The money paid to the artist is 2,500*l*. The figure rests upon a piece of rock-work in bronze, 18 inches high, placed upon a square pedestal of Aberdeen grey granite, 12 feet high. In front of the pedestal the four letters composing the name "Peel" stand out in granite, and are surmounted by the arms of the family. On the two sides of the pedestal are bronze bas reliefs, one representing "Commerce," the other "Navigation;" and at the back is an inscription, giving the memorable words used by Sir Robert when moving the repeal of the Corn Laws: "It may be that I shall leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of good will in the abodes of those whose lot it is to labour, and to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow, when they shall recruit their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because it is no longer leavened by a sense of injustice."

DESTRUCTIVE STORM.

MANY parts of Herefordshire, Shropshire, and Worcestershire, have been ravaged by a terrific tempest of thunder and lightning, accompanied by a great fall of rain. It is decidedly the most notable catastrophe which has happened this year from similar causes.

The storm began between four and five o'clock on Saturday evening, and continued until daylight on Sunday. During that interval the rain occasionally poured down a perfect torrent, with some intervals of calm, but for nearly twelve hours the thunder and lightning were incessant. The thunder roared without intermission, and the flashes of lightning were of the most vivid and awful character, lighting up with the distinctness of noonday every object, which in another instant was enveloped in the deepest night. On Saturday evening the Severn was a pellucid stream, and no higher than the low summer level; but daylight on Sunday morning disclosed the most fearful havoc; the river had overflowed its banks, and its surface was covered with trees, cattle, furniture, and crops. At Worcester there was not much damage done beyond the flooding of houses, fields, and gardens. A quantity of grocery articles which had been left upon the quay on Saturday night, were either carried away or destroyed. The greatest damage, however, appears to have been committed in the valley of the river Teme, which runs from Herefordshire and Shropshire, and falls into the Severn about two miles below Worcester. Upon this river and its tributaries, Laughern and Leigh-brook, the destruction of property has been awful. A great majority of the bridges upon these streams have been either carried away, or must fall on the subsidence of the water. The rise of water in the Teme was one of the most rapid and the highest not only within the memory of man, but of tradition. Its effects on the village of Powick, the lowest parish upon the river before its confluence with the Severn, were fearful. At this place an island is formed by the deviation of the stream, for the purpose of supplying the corn and china mills at this place. The water rushed across the island, flooding the half dozen houses here placed, and rising six inches above the second floor of the grist-mill, in the occupation of Mr. Hadley. Just below these mills are two stone bridges over the Teme; one of these is built at a considerable elevation above the banks of the river, with a corresponding embankment on either side to lead the road to the bridge. This embankment, which in the highest floods had never before been reached, was flooded up to the village of Powick. The houses were inundated, and furniture was floating about all Sunday. To give an idea of the rapidity of the rise of water, it may be stated that the miller at Powick left the mill at a quarter past eight on Saturday evening, and although the tempest had been heavy but little rain had fallen, and the river had not risen at all, it being dead low water then, and he never dreamt of a flood. However, at ten o'clock, less than two hours after, as the storm still continued, he thought he would have a look to see whether the river was rising, when, to his unspeakable astonishment, he found it over the road and a yard up the first floor of the mill, and by midnight it is supposed it reached its height. In consequence of the suddenness of the rise the damage done to live stock and to the meal and grain at the mills on the Teme and brooks is incalculable. The number of sheep washed away in the parish of Powick alone is estimated at 2000, but it is impossible as yet to ascertain the extent of the damage, as the water is still out. There were a great many sheep depasturing on Powickham, belonging principally to the poor villagers; these are all swept away. Mr. Herbert has lost about 100; Mr. Badgery, of Wick, 170; Mr. Essex, 40; Mr. Pullen, 30; and many others. On Sunday the carcases were strewn about in all directions, stuck in the hedges, and numbers of men were going about in boats and with carts gathering them. Many were sold at 2*d*. per pound. The loss to the millers is very great. Messrs. Richard and William Hadley have suffered severe loss by the spoiling of their meal at Powick-mills, but it does not appear as yet that the mills have sustained damage. At Laughern-mill, too, the property of Mr. Hadley, the mill was between three and four feet under water, and a great deal of flour and wheat spoiled. At Henwick-mill, the occupier, Mr. Smith, had 11 pigs swept away, and the pigsty in which they were with them, and a great quantity of meal spoiled. At this spot two men were returning home, and were overtaken by the flood, and obliged to swim for their lives; they luckily reached a tree, in which they were obliged to remain till daylight, when they were rescued. The Henwick gatekeeper states that three drunken farmers passed through his gate at midnight, and that one of their hats was found floating in the flood next morning. At Down Leigh-brook the water appears to have rushed with great violence and blown up the bridges in a similar manner. It is reported that there was a waterspout at Knightwick, and that a man and child, or a woman and child, have been swept away by it. The Leominster mail was obliged to go over Broad Heath to get on its route on Sunday. At Malvern the storm was awful, and a great deal of damage has been done by the flooding of the houses. When we consider the vast quantity of sheep that are at this time of year depastured all down the river, it is awful to think of the destruction there must have been. The general character of the lightning to those who were in doors appeared like sheet-lightning, but to those who had the temerity to witness the phenomenon, it was forked in every diversified form, always attended with awfnl peals of thunder. The horses of a coach between Worcester and Birmingham were alarmed by the lightning and ran away, coming in collision with a wagon, whereby Hemming, the driver, was killed, and several passengers were injured. At Malvern Link a horse and gig were overturned, but the occupants were not seriously injured. The water is represented as having come down the Teme with "a head" similar in appearance to the "bore," the tidal phenomenon observed on the lower part of the Severn at the spring and autumn equinoxes. At Bridges stone-mill, on the Leigh-brook, the bridge was blown up, and a cottage below it was swept away, the furniture strewn about the fields, and a poor woman, its occupant, drowned. Many of the hop-yards, with their crops, have been destroyed by the floods.

There was not much rain at Gloucester city; but the Severn, on Sunday, rose "half-bankful" in an hour, and trees, crops, and furniture were floating in the current.

THE SHOTTISHAM "MIRACLE."

Is Elizabeth Squirrell an impostor? "That is the question," as the French journalists used to say, when there were French journals. We continue the recital in order of time.

Four documents are before us: the first from Mrs. Squirrell, enclosing "a statement" by her daughter; the third from Dr. Matcham; the fourth from the "Watch Committee." Mrs. Squirrell asks the editor of the *Ipswich Express* to insert her letter, as she feels it her duty, in justice to herself and the public, to contradict some false reports published by the journals. Mrs. Squirrell continues—

"1. It is stated that I have received from visitors to my house in charity a sum of money amounting to 300*l*. I utterly deny the statement. I have not received in all (during the affliction of my daughter) from the public to the amount of 7*l*. in charity or as a present. Let all the visitors combine together in one body, and prove it if they can. I do not say this to reflect upon any one, but simply for truth's sake. I acknowledge that there are persons who have been to some considerable expense to bring the case clear before the public, to whom I shall ever owe a debt of gratitude for their kindness, but this did not come into my pocket, nor did I desire it.

"2. It is stated that the ringing of the glass, or tumbler, is caused by the sweep of the angel's wing. Such an expression as that I never heard escape her lips.

"3. It is also said that the girl had an open parasol, which she often screened herself under. She has a parasol, which she did use for that purpose previous to the setting of the watch, which she at once declined using. This the watchers can certify.

"4. It is also stated that a harmonicon was placed close to the tumbler, which by some means caused it to ring; but how is it that the tumbler did not cease to ring at a time when the harmonicon was at Ipswich to be repaired? Marvellous indeed would it be if there were that unity subsisting between the harmonicon and glass that the harmonicon should cause the glass to ring when at a distance of fourteen miles from it."

So far Mrs. Squirrell; her daughter's statement contains sentences we cannot print; but without using the plain language she employs, we shall be able to convey her meaning. As a specimen of her remarks on her own case, take the following:—

"Sir, with your kind permission, I will insert the following in your chronicle of passing events as a lover of justice and of those who, before setting the final seal to a case which admits of no compromise, adduce fair proofs to substantiate their evidence against it. In consequence of external privations I am not in possession of all the editorial details as given in the several journals of the county, but enough has been communicated to make me fully aware of the position in which I stand; and if my case is marvellous, most marvellous and unsystematic has been its treatment, for had calm reflection and prudent discretion been used from the moment that suspicion was aroused, I should not now breathe in an atmosphere of calumny, but as the want of this has awakened a fearful excitement in the public mind, and given the case much unguarded publicity, it is our duty while defending ourselves to inscribe on the pillars of that defence satisfactory information. Before going further, I would say that I am not a mad-brain enthusiast, nor has the mystic pall of fanaticism ever covered my case; on the contrary, nothing has been manifested but must tend to confirm the close existing union of the visible with the invisible world, for every chord of our life vibrates in eternity, and every seed is a germ of immortality. Notwithstanding the many conflicting reports of this tumult, not one fact obviously clear has been cited sufficient to brand me with imposture, for gross misrepresentations have enshrouded it in a kind of mystery, and wearing no tangible form, it is difficult for the public to conceive of the truth in its primitive form."

The essence of her statement consists in an explanation of the discovery of the napkins. She admits that they were found concealed under the side of her bed, "most undoubtedly placed there by me in moments of embarrassment, and unintentionally forgotten." But at the same time she asserts that she has been exempt from the ordinary operation of physical laws for twenty-four weeks.

"It stings my heart to the very core," she says, "to be thus openly degraded—degraded to the full extent, swelling into a prodigious badge of dishonour that which has, unfortunately, remained unnoticed by me; for none who know me would believe me so devoid of decency as to allow anything of the kind to remain under me if memory had not failed. But those who possess any feeling must be aware how often circumstances like these have unguardedly become incidental to a long and painful affliction; but woe to those who fall beneath the scrutiny of hearts as hard as the nether millstone, for if they ever rise it is by the beautiful simplicity of truth, whose genial rays never fail to disperse all mischief-boding rays. My conversation with the nurses on the night of my examination is, I find, adduced as an evidence that I can hear; but as I have a distinct remembrance of all that passed between us, I am prepared for any attack on that head. It is therefore useless for them to fabricate any more falsehoods, as they have already given evidence of swerving from truth."

We next extract a portion of Dr. Matcham's letter to the *Express*:—

"I have been anxiously waiting for the last week to witness the 'report of the committee' who have inquired into the Shottisham case. Such report has not, however, as yet, for very substantial reasons, made its appearance. The public are promised, on the faith of gentlemen, that it shall appear 'next week.' What the contents of that 'report' may be time will show. [We here omit some observations of the writer which reflect on Messrs. Webb and Whitby.] If I really thought the public had any confidence in the statements of the two nurses, I would proceed to show how utterly at variance their assertions have been to the truth. I may mention that I had a personal interview with them, and in the presence of a witness they positively declared that Elizabeth Squirrell said, when the discovery was made, 'that the devil must have put them there.' I mentioned this to Elizabeth Squirrell yesterday, and I shall never forget the virtuous indignation she displayed at this gross libel. As she intends replying to some of the most outrageous statements herself, I will not trespass on your valuable space; but I must say, after what I have heard, I cannot believe any statements made by the nurses.

"A sentence copied from the *Journal* was yesterday communicated to Elizabeth Squirrell by Mr. Hayward, farmer, which, together with her reply, I enclose:—'The editor or correspondent of the *Journal* terms yours the "ravings of a diseased spirit." She immediately burst into a loud laugh, and then exclaimed, 'It is rather paradoxical; I thought in the spirit there was no combination of matter. Their hearts are better than their heads; they are not used to writing on such subjects. thought that

the spirit was an essence uncontaminated by matter. The "spirit" is indissoluble; it partakes of no other existence but its own, and we only know of a "spirit" by its gleaming through the aperture of its own organization. I would be very awful to see a spectre "raving," because no physician can heal the diseases of an invisible; and I fancy that the most subtle philosopher would find his wits cracked in attempting to conceive of a "diseased spirit." However we will let this matter rest, and earnestly pray that the journalist may never have to witness the "ravings" of a "spirit" this side of eternity, and I am sure I hope he never will on the other. Most devoutly would I pray that he may realize in the invisible world what the so-called "diseased spirit" has an ecstatic glimpse of now.'"

Dr. Matcham is "more than ever satisfied of the genuine nature of the case, and cannot imagine how persons can so belie a girl of such transcendant talent, and, as I believe, exemplary piety."

The Watch Committee have issued their report, and they are decidedly of opinion that Elizabeth is an impostor. They believe that she can see and hear, and that she takes food, though in small quantities. The use of the parasol, denied by the mother, is asserted by these gentlemen. So here is an end to the "miracle."

THE CASE OF THE POITEVINS.

MR. ARNOLD has heard "both sides," in the matter of the animal-balloon ascents at Cremorne Gardens. The ascents were made with horses, on the 23rd and 26th of August, and the charge was one of cruelty to said horses, by suspending them.

The first witness, Mr. Daws, a veterinary surgeon, was of opinion that the "effect of hanging up the animal by these fastenings would be compression of the abdominal viscera, congestion of the blood-vessels in the hinder extremities, extravasation in the peritonium lining, the abdomen producing internal bruises, and giving a great deal of pain and suffering to the animal. The external appearances would be, violent perspiration, and symptoms of great exhaustion from continued pain. The excessive perspiration would be a sign of nervous distress, arising from terror, together with other causes."

But when he was cross-examined, he admitted that "a pony might be beat or bruised every day, but still might be in good health. Had not examined the horses very carefully, but believed them to be in good health. Thought if they were brought to him as a veterinary surgeon, notwithstanding the compression of the abdominal viscera and the congestion of blood-vessels in the hinder extremities, and the extravasation of the peritoneum, he should certify that they were in good health. The compression and congestion of the blood-vessels would injure only for a time, for as soon as the cause was removed they would resume their former form."

It came out that Mr. Daws was a friend of Mr. Simpson's, that he was with him on the night of the ascent, and did not tell him of the intended prosecution.

Sergeant Underhill said he witnessed the descent on Wimbledon-common. The horse was exceedingly hot when it alighted, and perspiration was rolling down its shoulders, but it stood quiet. A gentleman jumped on it, and galloped away. He knew little of the ordinary habit of horses.

M. Poitevin, having been cautioned by the magistrate that, by the law of this country, he was liable to three months' imprisonment if convicted upon this charge, and need not answer any question that might criminate himself, said he had had one horse three years, and the other four or five. One had gone up 100, and the other 150 times. He had made altogether between 540 and 550 ascents. The horse started quietly on the 23rd ult., merely moving its legs once or twice, as living animals would do. When it came down it always fed heartily. The horse was fed when suspended for trial by the authorities, at Paris, between fifteen and twenty hours. In his opinion it did not suffer any pain by the ascents. Witness had communicated to Mr. Simpson that he had had the permission of foreign powers to ascend, and that the proprietors of another establishment in London had written him word that the Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty had given their sanction. Madame Poitevin confirmed her husband.

A number of other witnesses were called for the defence, including veterinary surgeons, whose evidence went to show that slinging for a period of years was a common practice with horses, and attended with beneficial results. The general testimony in other respects was exculpatory of the defendants.

Mr. Arnold said he should reserve his decision in this case sine die, but would communicate with the parties when he had gone through the evidence. That although the evidence had been to show physical pain on the one side, and to rebut it on the other, another question arose to which Mr. Lewis, he thought, might have addressed himself—that of a horse being placed in a situation of risk, and deprived by his position of the means of assisting himself in difficulty. It was a different matter if a rational being pleased to do it. If a man were to place a child in such a position that in the moment of danger it could not assist itself, it was a question whether it would not be cruelty; and the question arose whether an animal strapped up in case of anything going wrong it would not be dashed to pieces.

Mr. Simpson, against whom two of the summonses were issued, said that no more ascents would take place with animals.

ELECTRIC TIME SIGNALS.

UNDER the signature of "Edwin Clarke," and dated "Electric Telegraph Company, Engineers' Office," September 7, 1852, the morning journals have published the following account of the Electric Time Signal at Charing-cross.

"It has for several years been the practice of the company to transmit daily to their more important stations in the provinces, as nearly as circumstances would permit, the true London time; but it was felt by the Electric Telegraph Company that, possessed as they were of means so extensive, it would be possible, as well as desirable, that an accuracy might be obtained, which would prove extremely valuable to the principal towns and sea-ports in the United Kingdom, and be available, not only for ordinary, domestic, and commercial purposes, but also for the rating of chronometers, and for all scientific investigations, in which time forms an important element.

"During the summer of last year a sum of money was accordingly voted by the Electric Telegraph Company for these objects; and I, as their engineer, was instructed to take all necessary steps for carrying them out. An application was soon after made to the Astronomer Royal, for his valuable and indispensable co-operation in the undertaking, which, it is needless to add, was instantly and most cordially afforded. He had, indeed, long contemplated a telegraphic communication between the Greenwich and other observatories, for astronomical purposes; and he proposed at once to make arrangements for giving the company a daily signal from Greenwich. Wires were accordingly laid down for him between the Observatory and the Lewisham station on the South Eastern Railway, and thence to London-bridge along this line; one of these wires was liberally appropriated for the Strand time signal, and was continued for that purpose through the streets by the Electric Telegraph Company to their office in the Strand. The permission of the South Eastern Railway was necessary for this arrangement, and was granted without hesitation; and the work along their line was executed by their able and well-known telegraph engineer, Mr. C. V. Walker. The ball at the Strand is liberated directly by a current sent from Greenwich through this wire. The ball, six feet in diameter, is made of zinc, and, with its attached piston, weighs about 2½ cwt. When fully raised it is 129 feet above the level of the Thames, and it falls through a space of 10 feet. The rod which supports it passes down the centre of the column and carries at its base a piston, which, in its descent, plunges into a cast-iron air cylinder ten inches in diameter, the escape of the air being regulated so as to check at pleasure the momentum of the ball, and prevent any concussion from its weight. The raising of the ball half-mast high takes place daily at ten minutes to one; at five minutes to one it is raised to its full height, and at one precisely, and simultaneously with the fall of the ball at Greenwich, it is liberated by the current sent from the Observatory. The true moment of one o'clock is therefore indicated by the first appearance of the line of light between the dark cross over the ball and the body of the ball itself. Should anything interfere with the operation, the ball will be lowered half-mast high, where it will remain until five minutes to two, and will be liberated at two precisely by a second current from Greenwich, or will be slowly lowered to the base of the pole.

"The illuminated clock now in course of erection in the centre of the crossing is moved by a voltaic current from a good regulator in the office; and is liable, therefore, only to the minute errors of this regulator during twenty-four hours; as by an apparatus attached to it, it is daily set right by the fall of the ball. The minute hand moves only at the termination of each minute, and the instant of its departure from any minute indicates the commencement of the next minute. It will thus be found to move over the last minute before one o'clock, simultaneously with the fall of the ball. The Telegraph Company is indebted to Mr. Clark, the extensive lamp manufacturer in the Strand, for the willingness with which he gave up the prominent site selected. It is well known that the communication of time by means of voltaic currents, originated with Mr. A. Pain, who has lent his valuable assistance in the details.

"The time-ball already acts with the greatest precision. The internal arrangements of the clock are, however, not quite completed, but will be so in the course of a few days. Absolute reliance may at all times be placed on the correctness of the signals whenever they are given, and it is hoped that the arrangements made are so perfect that few interruptions will occur."

Mr. Clarke also states that the Electric Telegraph Company intend to make similar arrangements for signalising time at their stations in most of the principal towns throughout England.

RAILWAY ASSURANCE.

IT was a happy idea that of assuring lives on railways; and it has been practically developed to an immense extent; but still, as the following facts from the Report of the Railway Passengers Assurance Company will show, the number of travellers by railways who assure their lives is quite insignificant compared with those who do not.

The gross number of tickets issued by the company in 1851 amounted to 122,202, divided as follows:—periodical tickets, 2,365; double journey tickets, 1,844; single journey tickets, 117,993; in 1852 the gross number had increased to 127,615, divided as follows:—periodical tickets, 2,398; double journey tickets, 7,063; single journey tickets, 118,154. The total receipts during the Half Year amount to 3,066*l.* 8*s.* 1*d.*, and this with the Balance brought forward, shows a total of 4,384*l.* 8*s.* 9*d.* to the credit of Revenue Account, out of which the amounts estimated as payable at the close of last year, the claims adjusted, and the working expenses, amounting in all, to 3,354*l.* 5*s.* 7*d.*, have been paid, leaving a surplus of 1,030*l.* 3*s.* 2*d.* This sum, together with the amount due from Clearing House and Agents, as shown by the statement of accounts circulated among the Proprietors, forms a Balance of 1,727*l.* 18*s.* 11*d.* on Revenue Account on the 30th June, to which date the Accounts were made up. This Balance is subject, however, to the usual charges of commission and duty on the last Quarter's Receipts not paid when the Accounts were closed; but, after allowing for all the necessary deductions, the Balance justifies the Directors in recommending the payment of Interest on the paid-up capital of the Company for the Half Year, at the rate of Four per Cent. per Annum.

The amount paid as compensation during the last six months is 1,457*l.* 1*s.* 4*d.*, principally arising from claims unsettled in December last. The Claims on Insurances effected during the period under review, have been comparatively few, accidents having been, happily, much less frequent than usual, but the periodical recurrence of these casualties is remarkably shown by the number that have happened since the close of the Half Year, and which have been generally of a very severe description. One of the most serious of these occurred at Stockton, on the 21st July, in which no less than three of the sufferers held Insurance Tickets, one of them being Mr. Grainger, the well-known and much respected Civil Engineer, who was so severely injured that he died shortly after. The Company's Surgeon, Mr. Holt, proceeded to the spot immediately on receipt of intelligence of the accident, and at the request of the friends of the unfortunate gentleman (who expressed themselves much pleased by the attention) he remained to the last, to give the benefit of his great experience and professional skill in removing the fractured limb, which unfortunately was found impracticable from physical prostration, so that mortification finally supervened. The amount insured, 1,000*l.*, is payable to Mr. Grainger's family, and although a heavy claim on the funds of the Company, and the first of such magnitude, it may be expected that this remarkable instance of the utility of the system will have a beneficial effect on the future business.

EUROPEAN RACES IN THE UNITED STATES.

(From an American Correspondent of the "Times.")

THE predominance of the Anglo-Saxon race in numerical, as well as in intellectual capacity, in that part of North America comprised within the area of the Republic of the United States has been generally admitted, or, indeed, scarcely denied, until within a very recent period. It now seems to have become important to political demagogues, in their anxiety to wield an influence with the numerous classes of the American population, principally from Ireland and Germany, who have swelled the ranks of emigrants to those shores within the last quarter of a century, to misrepresent and exaggerate the proportion of the Celtic and modern German element in the aggregate numbers of the American nation. An Irish-American writer of this stamp, I observe, is quoted as an authority in the last January number of the London *Quarterly Review*, and on that account deserves attention, for the purpose of correcting his gross misrepresentations.

In the article referred to (on "Highland Destitution and Irish Emigration,") the *Quarterly* says:—

"But what will be the influence of the Irish exodus upon the destinies of the great American Republic? The population of the United States is probably the most mixed and heterogenous on the face of the earth. The Slavonic element, which is entirely antipathic, is almost the only European one unrepresented there. The native German, the Anglo-Saxon, the Milesian, and the Gaelic sub-varieties of the Celtic race—to say nothing of the African—have all contributed largely to the composition of that strange people. But, if any reliance can be placed on the accuracy of the following table, which seems to have been constructed with great care by a Mr. William E. Robinson, and read before a learned and statistical assemblage at Clinton, in New York, the Celtic blood even now predominates. The gross population of the Union was, in 1850, a little above 23,000,000, which (says Mr. Robinson) may be thus appropriated:—

Irish born	3,000,000
Irish by blood	4,500,000
German by blood or birth	5,500,000
Anglo-Saxon by blood or birth	3,500,000
French, or other Celts, by blood or birth	3,000,000
Coloured, free or slave	3,500,000
Total	23,000,000

"According to this table (the *Quarterly* gravely remarks), more than half the white population of the United States are Celts; more than a third Irish Celts; more than a seventh actually of Irish birth. This increasing predominance of a race of so strongly-marked a character, and of qualities so opposed to those of the Anglo-Saxon, may well give rise to considerable anxiety on the other side of the Atlantic, and to interesting speculation here. If the Irish, enabled by their numbers to congregate together there as in the old country, and thus to withdraw themselves in a great measure from the influences of a new scene and a superior race, shall retain their national features unchanged or only slightly modified, they may affect greatly the aggregate character and the political and social proceedings of the Union. The stern and resistless energies of the Anglo-Saxon may, and probably will, still enable him to retain the supremacy, but even then the destinies and the nature of the American people, as a whole, must be affected by this inordinate infusion of Irish blood."

As I shall be able to show that the reviewer reasons upon false premises, founded upon the misrepresentations of the Irish lecturer "before a learned and statistical assemblage at Clinton, in New York" (which assemblage, by the way, was principally composed of young men and plain country people at the commencement of Hamilton College, a minor institution in central New York), I think he may dismiss his apprehensions as to the effects which an Irish Celtic emigration in large numbers may produce on the character of this Anglo-Saxon Republic in its social or political relations. If I were, however, to admit the facts stated, such is my confidence in the predominance of the Anglo-Saxon intellect, and governing powers and influence over the

other races with which the people of this vigorous stock comes in contact, that I should still believe in the permanency of Anglo-Saxon institutions, government, and social superiority, as much in America as in Great Britain. All experience on both sides of the Atlantic serves to confirm the soundness of this opinion. In the United States it is well-known that the only influence the Celtic race, when banded together, has exercised upon our politics has been in the use which has been made of them by demagogues (generally of other races, and most frequently Anglo-Saxon) to hold the balance of power between contending parties, and thus to elevate aspiring individuals to office and power. A transfer to the American continent of the entire Celtic population of Ireland need not, therefore, create any feelings of apprehension among those who are anxious for the perpetuity of Anglo-Saxon rule and predominance. Indeed, most of the Irish and other emigrants who settle among us seem to consider this result as a necessary consequence, and to acquiesce in it with a readiness which shows that they appreciate Anglo-American institutions, manners, and customs, as the best calculated for the adoption and use of a free and republican people.

I propose, however, to show the erroneous character of the statement respecting the elements of the population of the United States, as quoted by the *Quarterly Review*. This I shall do very briefly, but I trust satisfactorily, by two statements; first, by answering the inquiry which may be made, what was the character, as to races, of the population which composed the thirteen British colonies which declared their independence in 1776; and, secondly, in giving the numbers and character of the emigrants from Europe to the United States since the American Revolution, with an estimate of the probable numbers of the descendants of those emigrants, thus added to the population.

The British colonies in America, forming the original thirteen States, it is well known, were settled by emigrants, a large proportion of whom were natives of Great Britain. No considerable emigration of Celtic Irish, or other people of Celtic origin, took place until after the commencement of the present century. The New England States, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, were mainly settled by Englishmen. New York, the only Dutch colony, passed under British dominion, with a small population, partly Dutch and partly English, in 1674. The Dutch records of 1673 say: "They, and as many of the Dutch nation as are yet residing under this Government, are calculated to amount, women and children included, to about 6000." In 1698 the total number of inhabitants in the colony was 18,067, and in 1723, the whites had increased to 34,393, and the blacks to 6171:—total, 40,564. This was under the English Government. A few Dutch, Germans, and Poles settled in New Jersey; a few Swedes in Delaware, many Germans in Pennsylvania, where they afterwards became one-third of the population; and some French Protestants, called Huguenots, in New York, New Jersey, and South Carolina. Besides the small Polish colony in New Jersey, referred to above, another branch of the Slavonic race was represented by a colony of a few Moravians and Bohemians in Pennsylvania.

With the exception of a few Scotch Highlanders who settled in North and South Carolina and Georgia, I believe no Celtic colony is to be found among the settlements in the British North American colonies of either the 17th or 18th centuries. Settlements of Lowland Scotch and Scotch Irish from the north of Ireland were made in Pennsylvania and the Carolinas, and a small number of Irish Protestants settled in the town of Londonderry in New Hampshire. The very considerable numbers of Irish Protestants from Ulster and other parts of Ireland (of Lowland Scotch and not of Celtic origin) who have, from time to time, emigrated to the United States, have led to much confusion and error in investigating the elements of American population. But minute inquiries into the progress of the colonies will satisfy impartial observers that no considerable Celtic element existed in the population of America previous to the United States census of 1790. The Welsh, considered by some as Celts, but who, in truth, are the descendants of the Cymri, furnished a small proportion of the early emigrants to British America. They have doubtless mixed more with their English neighbours on their native island than have the Scotch and Irish; and of the emigrants to America, particularly to New England, it was often difficult to distinguish between the Welsh and English who came over together in the early colonial history. There were, however, a few Welsh colonies in the United States, in the last century, where the emigrants retained their language, manners, and customs. Such is the county of Cambria, in Pennsylvania, and some smaller settlements in New York and other States. It is probably fair to estimate the Welsh element in the present population of the United States at 500,000.

In giving a view of the various races who contributed to form the population of the colonies, I should mention that a few Jews were among the number, principally commercial adventurers in the Atlantic cities and towns; but the greatest proportion of the Jewish race now found there is of recent emigration.

We see, then, that the following European races made up the population of the British Colonies previous to the American Revolution, viz.—Anglo-Saxon, Lowland Scotch, Scotch-Irish, Welsh, Highland Scotch, Germans, Dutch, French (Huguenots), Moravians, Poles, Swedes, and Jews. To these may be added a few Flemish or Belgians, who came over with the Dutch to New York and New Jersey. At the commencement of the Revolutionary war, in 1775, the population of the thirteen colonies has been estimated at 2,000,000 of whites, and 600,000 blacks. There were a few Irish gentlemen of Celtic origin who accompanied the English Catholics of Lord Baltimore's colony to Maryland, and a few families of like origin are to be found among the old families of New England, and some of the other States, but their numbers were too inconsiderable to affect a general inquiry and calculation like the present. The same remark will apply to the Irish Celtic servants and labourers, who accompanied the Anglo-Saxon, Welsh, and Scotch emigrants in the 17th and 18th centuries to the middle and southern colonies.

I now proceed to examine, very briefly, the effect of emigration from Europe to the United States, for a period of sixty years—viz., from 1790 to 1850, upon the present population of America. The following is the result of estimates and returns made up at the Census-office at Washington, bearing upon this subject of emigration:—

IMMIGRANTS FROM FOREIGN COUNTRIES INTO THE UNITED STATES.

From 1790 to 1810	120,000
From 1810 to 1820	114,000
From 1820 to 1830	203,979
From 1830 to 1840	778,500
From 1840 to 1850	1,543,850
Total number of immigrants for sixty years	2,760,329
Natural increase in periods of ten years	1,590,605
Total number of immigrants since 1790 and their descendants in 1850	4,350,934

The aggregate number of whites, as shown by the census of 1850, was 19,631,799; so that, if we allow half a million for the gain of white population by the accession of Louisiana, Florida, Texas, California, and New Mexico to the territories of the United States, with a further allowance for other accessions by immigration previous to 1790, it appears that about three-fourths, or more than 14,000,000 of the present population, are descendants of European colonists previous to the American Revolution.

Twenty years, since when the white population of the United States was 10,537,378, and the number of coloured people 2,328,642 (viz., slaves 2,009,043, free 319,599), according to the census of 1830, Professor Tucker, of Virginia, who has written much on the subject of population, made the following estimate of the division of the people of the United States, according to races and descent, viz.:—

	Census of 1830.
English and their descendants . .	6,000,000
Scotch	500,000
Irish	2,000,000
German	1,000,000
Dutch	500,000
French	300,000
Swedish, Spanish, Swiss, &c. . .	200,000
Total whites . . .	10,500,000
Africans and their descendants . .	2,328,642
Total white and coloured .	12,828,642

On the above basis, slightly varied, I give the following estimate of the approximate proportions of the different races forming the population of the United States in 1850:—

Anglo-Saxons	11,000,000
Lowland Scotch	700,000
Scotch and Anglo-Saxon Irish . .	1,500,000
Celtic Irish	2,000,000
Welsh	300,000
German	2,000,000
Dutch	800,000
French (including Huguenots) . .	1,000,000
Danes and Norwegians . . .	100,000
Swedes	100,000
Swiss	50,000
Spaniards, Italians, Jews, &c. . .	100,000
Total whites . . .	19,650,000
Africans, slaves and free . . .	3,600,000
Total	23,250,000

With regard to the Irish Celtic population in the United States, it may be remarked that, compared with the inhabitants of the Anglo-Saxon stock, it is a short-lived race, and the average rate of mortality among these recent immigrants to America is much greater than among other portions of the population.

THE "WILD BEASTS" OF LONDON.

THAT there are wild bullocks in the metropolis, as there are packs of wolves among the Alps, is an unquestionable fact; only the wolves are native to the Alps and the bullocks are kindly supplied to the London public by its own connivance. What a metropolitan wild beast can do was shown by a fine specimen on Monday.

Three bullocks, belonging to Mr. Price, butcher, of Clare-market, were being driven from Smithfield to be slaughtered in Bear-yard, Lincoln's-inn-fields, when one of them became very restive in Sheffield-street, where the slaughter-houses are situated, and started off at a furious rate, butting at everything in its way. In this manner it turned into Clare-market, which place, fortunately, at the time was not so crowded as usual. Here it made several atempts to toss the persons it came near, but not succeeding, vented its fury on every article exhibited for sale in the streets. It then proceeded leisurely into Clement's-inn-passage, where in the first instance it seriously gored two children, named Atkinson, residing at 46, Clement's-lane, one of whom was only aged seven years, the other, its brother, five months; it then passed on, and in the same passage attacked a girl named Phillips, aged nine years, whose nose it broke, and inflicted other serious injuries on different parts of her body. From this point it proceeded slowly, spreading great terror, until it reached the northern entrance to Clement's-inn, which is protected by two upright bars to prevent the ingress of loads, &c.; having inserted its head between the bars it forced its body through, completely bending one of the bars, and passed through the first and second squares of the inn without meeting any obstruction. In the third square, or the first from the principal entrance, it encountered an aged laundress, named Smith, whom it run at and tossed. On being lifted up the unfortunate woman was found to have some dreadful injuries on the forehead, and she was at once removed to King's College Hospital. From Clement's-inn the infuriated beast proceeded into the Strand, through Temple-bar, Fleet-street, and Ludgate-hill, with a very quiet demeanour. In St. Paul's Churchyard it overturned an empty truck, and made several attempts on those passing. Turning into Aldersgate-street an attempt was made to stop its progress by some Irish paviours repairing the street in that locality, but it put on a bold front and with great coolness advanced to the charge, making its valiant opponents seek refuge behind the piles of stones at which they were labouring. Having tossed a lad a little further on without seriously injuring him, the enraged animal was eventually secured in Charter-house-square, and having been placed in a beast-cart was conveyed to Bear-yard, where it was at once killed. On inquiry at King's College Hospital, it was ascertained that the two youngest children were but slightly injured, but that the injuries on the face and head of the girl Phillips were of so very serious a description as to warrant her being kept in the institution. The wound on the head of the old woman was of a frightful kind, the scalp being laid bare for several inches from the top of the head to the eyebrows, and her system has been so completely shook that, from her great age, nearly seventy years, it is feared she will not recover; her wounds, however, having been dressed, she persisted in being removed to her residence in Milford-lane.

Within the last fortnight two wild beasts have performed in the same interesting fashion near Clare-market, but fortunately the former onslaught was harmless.

MURDER NEAR SHEFFIELD.

Two children were picking blackberries, about a mile and a-half from Sheffield, on Saturday, when they found the body of a man lying in a hedge bottom. His face was shattered by a pistol shot, and otherwise cut about.

Information was, of course, given, inquiry set on foot, and the body soon identified as that of Mr. Alexander Robinson, a travelling draper. It was then found tha the had been robbed of money, a silver watch, and a pack of drapery. Next, that he had been dining with James Barber, once his fellow-apprentice, and a nephew of his late employer, Mr. David Barber, of Doncaster. After dinner, Robinson and Barber adjourned to Naylor's public-house, adjoining where Robinson was in the habit of staying. There they had something to drink; and Barber was heard to say, that he would introduce Robinson to some good customers near Gleadless, a village about five miles from Sheffield. Robinson then made up his pack, and he and Barber left the house together, about 2 o'clock. What occurred on the road there is only strong circumstantial ground for believing.

We find Barber at the Royal Standard public-house, in Sheffield, which he entered, apparently in great haste. Here he placed in the care of the landlord a draper's pack, and, at his urgent request, a cab was sent for. Between the messenger starting for and returning with the cab, Barber asked for a clothesbrush, and was at considerable pains to cleanse his clothes and boots. He was driven to the Reindeer Inn, Devonshire-street, where he asked for a bed, but the landlord not being able to accommodate him, he went to his own lodgings.

So far he was traced by the police up to Monday afternoon. In the evening of that day circumstances were brought to light which quickly led to the unravelling of the whole mystery. They then received the number, maker's name, and a general description of the deceased's watch, and within one hour from the receipt of that intelligence the watch was found in the possession of Mr. Beet, of West-street, with whom it had been pawned on Saturday evening for 30*s*. It having been found that the pack left at the Royal Standard by Barber, on Thursday after

noon, was that belonging to the deceased, Barber was, at 7 o'clock on Monday evening, taken into custody. He was told that he was suspected of the murder of Robinson, but he denied the whole affair. On searching him, however, there was found in his pocket-book the pawnbroker's duplicate of the murdered man's watch. But, on being confronted with the pawnbroker, it was found that he was not the person who had pawned it. There was found also upon him 2*l.* 15*s.* in money, and a post-office receipt for a registered letter, which he posted on Friday to a friend at Port Carlisle, Cumberlannd, and which it is thought contained a remittance of money. A young man, named George M'Cormack, who was traced to having been in Barber's company, was next apprehended. He was identified as the person who had pawned the watch; and he at once admitted it, stating that he received it from Barber at the Reindeer Inn on Saturday night, and gave to him the money for which it was pawned.

Both Barber and M'Cormack were remanded by the magistrates.

As to Barber's motive, a story is told which gives little assistance. Barber and Robinson had both served a term of years under Barber's uncle, Mr. David Barber, of Doncaster. About two months ago Barber was discarded by his uncle, in consequence of embezzlement. Previously the uncle had given 9*l.* for a silver lever watch as a present for the prisoner Barber. His misconduct, however, lost him his uncle's favour, and the watch was given to Robinson. About six weeks ago Robinson's engagement with Mr. Barber terminated, and the latter, as is customary, provided him with a pack of drapery as a stock in trade, and he commenced travelling over the district which the prisoner Barber had previously perambulated. It was, no doubt, by the offer of Barber to assist him in obtaining customers, that he was lured into the secluded spot where he was murdered.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Queen continues at Balmoral, where she enjoys open-air-driving among the hills; while Prince Albert goes on deer-stalking excursions.

Mr. John Stuart, Q.C., has been appointed Vice-Chancellor in the Room of Sir James Parker. Mr. Stuart is a distinguished Tory, and an eminent opponent of legal reforms.

Lord Eglinton and his wife visited Lord and Lady Londonderry, at Garron Tower, on Thursday week. They returned to Belfast on Monday, and thence set out for Armagh, on a visit to the Lord Primate.

Dr. Blomfield and his family has lately been to Armagh on a visit to the Protestant Primate of Ireland. Before he left, the Dean and Chapter of Armagh sent him a complimentary address, which he duly acknowledged. There was nothing of great note either in the address or the reply.

Mr. Ord, late Liberal Member for Newcastle-upon-Tyne, was entertained by his late constituents on Wednesday. The principal speakers were, Earl Grey, Lord Carlisle, and the young Earl of Durham, who appears to have made his bow on the occasion. Eulogy of Mr. Ord and of Whig principles of reform formed the staple of the oratory.

A dinner was given on Tuesday at Newcastle-on-Tyne to Mr. Liddell, M.P. for South Northumberland, by the Conservatives.

It is stated that a Mr. Henry James Porteous Oaks will be the Derbyite candidate for Bury St. Edmunds, the seat vacated by Mr. Stuart, just raised to the Vice-Chancellorship.

Mr. John Oliver Hanson has been elected Director of the Bank of England in the room of Sir John Pelly.

The Queen has purchased a fire-proof-safe, as a birth-day present to her aunt the Duchess of Gloucester. The safe was made by Mr. John Chubb; it is composed of polished steel inlaid with gold; and the Society for the encouragement of Art awarded to Mr. Chubb an honorary testimonial as a token of their approval.

The Tenant Right Conference, attended by twenty-seven Members of Parliament, several priests, and other notable persons, commenced its sitting at Dublin on Wednesday. At present only the programme of the resolutions are before us. That the Conference would decide to go for Mr. Sharman Crawford's bill, there is little doubt; but strictly speaking we have no official information of that result.

A Mr. Hernaman has just been appointed Inspector of Government Schools, with a salary of 500*l.* a-year. This is precisely one of those appointments which, as we have again and again pointed out, literary men are the best fitted to fill, while they form the legitimate means by which governments can extend their patronage to literary men. We are willing therefore to hope, in the absence of any knowledge on the subject, that Mr. Hernaman belongs to the class for whom benefices and duties like the above are most evidently appropriate; but so seldom do we find the right men selected to fill up vacancies of the kind, that we have always the fear of a job or a political motive before our eyes.—*Athenæum.*

Mr. G. R. Porter, the well known author of the "Progress of the Nation," and one of the secretaries of the Board of Trade, died recently at Tunbridge Wells. Mr. Porter worked too hard and took too little relaxation.

The King of Belgium has conferred the order of Leopold with the civil decoration, upon Sir Henry De la Beche, of the Geological Survey Office of London, as a public testimony of His Majesty's esteem and satisfaction for the eminent services rendered by him to geology by his numerous and valuable publications.

Mr. Isaac Wilson, a gentleman of great turn and genius for mechanics, well-known and respected at Bath, died last week. He was the inventor of a power-loom for receiving cotton in a raw state and turning it out a complete fabric, fifty-six years ago. At that time, however, such was the prejudice against machinery, that Mr. Wilson was compelled to work in secret; and once, when his hiding-place was discovered, he was compelled to fly for his life, and a barn, the theatre of his operations, was burnt to the ground. He afterwards became a dentist, but still continued to make machinery for his own amusement.

Madame Poitevin safely descended in a parachute from a balloon on Monday. The parachute was so constructed that the air had free play through it, and thus the risk was greatly decreased.

The *Leinster Express* of Saturday last has the following paragraph:—"Considerable excitement has been created in a south eastern county, by the elopement of a titled lady, the spouse of a wealthy commoner, with a gallant captain belonging to an adjoining garrison, a relative of her own, and who was before on very intimate terms with her husband." We (*Globe*) believe that the parties alluded to are Lady Elizabeth Bryan, daughter of the Marquis of Conyngham, and wife of George Bryan, Esq., of Jenkinstown, county Kilkenny, and Captain James George Hay, of the 92nd Highlanders. Lady Elizabeth Bryan is in her 23rd year, and was married to Mr. Bryan (who possesses a very large property in Kilkenny) some two years ago. Captain Hay, the partner of her flight, has been quartered, for some months past, at Carlow, with the depôt of the 92nd. Mr. Bryan is said to be in pursuit of the fugitives.

Six farmers appointed by the Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester, have issued a report on the trial of Hussey's and M'Cormack's reaping machines which took place lately. The machines cut upwards of one hundred acres of different kinds of grain. The gist of the report, which is long, is, that of the two machines thus tried, M'Cormack's has the advantage in lightness of draught, security of cutting and clearing itself under adverse circumstances, and in the more convenient delivery of the sheaves. They think, however, that the work of both was sufficiently well done. Nevertheless they are both susceptible of very great improvement, especially in providing for the cutting and proper delivery of heavy and laid crops, and for working without the risk of the wheels clogging in wet and soft ground; points in which they are as yet defective.

The Poor-law Commissioners have at length sanctioned the proposition of the board of guardians of St. Martin's parish for the emigration of a considerable number of their able-bodied poor, and the vessel has been selected which is to convey them to Port Adelaide. On Tuesday they were assembled in the schoolroom of the workhouse, and addressed by the Rev. H. Mackenzie and Mr. Cobbett previous to their departure.

Galway will have a line of steamers at last. The *Northern Whig* reports that a New York company have got an Act through Congress, securing them 2000*l.* a trip for carrying the mails when they run over their vessels. A new steamer is being built for the purpose.

The *Cleopatra*, whose outfit we noticed some time ago, started from Blackwall, for Australia, on Saturday. She carries three hundred passengers, and anticipates reaching Sydney in sixty days.

The steam-ship *Australian*, from Plymouth, arrived at Table Bay on the 19th of July, and sailed on the 22nd for Adelaide, Port Phillip, and Sydney. She is the first of the bi-monthly line of mail packets.

The *Great Britain* was spoken at eight o'clock in the morning of the 25th ult., in lat. 42.37, lon. 12, by the brig *Lisbon*, from Lisbon. The *Great Britain* was crowded with sail, and going at the rate of thirteen knots an hour. An estimate of time and distance gives her, so far, about ten knots an hour.—*Liverpool Standard.*

The *Mining Journal* speaks of a "startling project" devised by Mr. D. S. Brown, who proposes to build a steamship which shall reach America in forty-eight hours; and go to India and back in a fortnight! His ship will not go *through*, but *on* the water.

Emigration from the port of Liverpool during July and August was considerable; 21,385, in July, and 21,907 in August. The emigrants were bound for America and Australia, and are Government emigrants.

Captain Reed, of the barque *Polly*, of Newcastle, was unaccountably fired at by the Turks in passing through the Dardanelles, on the 3rd of July. Captain Reed published the facts in the *Gibraltar Chronicle*, in order that notice might be taken, and such occurrences in future prevented.

The German Emigration newspaper, called the *Auswanderer Zeitung*, says:—"One item of intelligence in the last South American mail is rather startling; German emigrants to Peru are articles of sale, and are advertised in the papers as merchandise. They are the remains of a band of emigrants who some time since were induced, by the representations of an agent, named Rodolfo, to sail for Lima; the enterprise totally failed, and sixty of the men took service in the army. General Flores had purchased 120 for the Ecuador expedition; a landed proprietor had bought 80 for his estate; 40 were working on the guano islands; 100 had died, and 50, left in the hands of the agent, were advertised in the paper as 'for sale.'" We may, therefore, safely infer that these German emigrants were nearly as badly off in America as in their native land.

What paupers can do with waste land is shown by the following anecdote:—Several years ago two or three paupers pressed so heavily on the rates of the parish of St. Mary Extra, in Hants, that the parish authorities gave them pieces of land on a wild common, situated between Itchen Ferry and Botley, to cultivate, in order to get rid of them. The men were looked upon as transports, and the place to which they were transported was called in derision, "Botany Bay." The poor men, however, by industry did well, and Botany Bay now figures on the Ordnance maps, it having become an extensive hamlet.

The Museum of Manufactures, in connexion with the Department of Practical Art, was re-opened on Monday. It consists of woven fabrics; metal works; pottery; glass; furniture; and a miscellaneous of works in many materials. It will be opened to the public on Mondays and Tuesdays; the other days being for pupils only. In the pottery department, besides the Queen's collection, there will be selections from the cabinets of Mr. Thomas Baring, M.P., Mr. Minton, Mr. Farrar, and Mr. Webb. The Museum is also very well stocked with specimen ornamental casts of what is called the Renaissance period.

Thirty volunteers were sworn in for the City Militia, at the Mansion House, on Tuesday. Volunteers are so numerous that the ballot will not be required, so it is stated.

Since Monday last upwards of seventy young men have been sworn in at Marlborough-street police-court to serve in the East and West Middlesex Militia. The term of service is five years, and the whole of them received ten shillings each, being the first instalment of the bounty of 6*l.*

Accounts from the provinces are varying; in some counties volunteers come forward freely enough, in others there are none. The ballot after all "looms in the future."

Caroline Shaw, one of the "ladies" who beg of Mr. Solly, has been sent to prison for fourteen days, by the magistrate at Clerkenwell. Mr. Solly's butler said the nuisance was rather increasing. An old woman against whom a similar charge was brought, was discharged.

John Gains, a constable who was wounded in assisting to arrest Thistlewood, and the Cato-street conspirators, has been found guilty of stealing some harness from a stable where he had been allowed to sleep for the night. Sir John Musgrove said he should send him to prison for 14 days, and in the meantime make arrangements to insure his admission into the Union, on the ground that he had "served his country well, and was therefore entitled to some provision in his old age." Gains, however, wanted *sixpence*, and to be turned adrift.

Agrarian murder in a dreadful shape has appeared in Tipperary. Last Saturday, Mr. O'Callaghan Ryan was shot in the public road near Kilmanahan, dragged into a ditch, and cut about the head with an axe. He had been to Clashganny to prevail on certain tenants against whom he was about to issue a writ of ejectment to come to amicable terms. Strangely as it may sound in English ears, yet we read that Mr. Ryan had only just passed a policeman, who heard the shot and ran forwards, but too late. Five men have been arrested—four named Hackett, and one named M'Naghten.

Edward Westwood, a stableman, who, according to the testimony of his wife, "used to drink a good deal, but not to say get drunk," quarrelled with Mr. David Sheward, his master, on Monday week. They wrestled together and exchanged blows; Westwood fell to the ground, and was found by his wife "getting black in the face and insensible." He was taken to St. George's hospital with a fractured skull, and died on Thursday morning. An inquest was held on Saturday, and the jury found "That the deceased died from the effects of a fall, but whether that fall was caused by a blow or otherwise, there is not sufficient evidence to satisfy the jury." The Coroner said, he considered it was right to state that the jury had given the case a very attentive consideration, and although this was their ultimate decision, a majority of them were in favour of a verdict of manslaughter.

Coal-mining accidents, of late so frequent and so fatal, have at length spirited up the coal-owners to prevent them if possible. We observe that an association has been formed, having its head-quarters at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, composed of coal-owners and mining engineers; and called "The North of England Institute of Mining Engineers."

Another man injured by the explosion of the boiler at West Bromwich, died lately.

Three persons were killed and nine badly scalded, on Friday week, by the explosion of a boiler in the bleaching works of Smith and Company, near Bolton.

Mr. Philip Salomons, high sheriff of Sussex, bought the centre house of Brunswick-terrace, West, Brighton, some months ago. It was undergoing a process of internal repairs and decoration, when on Saturday morning a fire broke out and destroyed it; the houses on either side being at the same time much damaged.

Last Saturday night an old woman, named Mary Lowes, was killed on the Shrewsbury and Chester Railway. She persisted in walking on the line, and was run over by an excursion train.

Another railway accident is recorded. It took place on Wednesday. The express on the Bristol and Exeter ran off the rails at Creech, beyond Bridgewater, from some cause at present unknown. The fireman was killed and one passenger injured. We shall doubtless hear more at the inquest. This train carried the Cape mails; two hours were lost at Creech by the accident, and one at Langley Marsh, owing to defects in the locomotion.

An engine drawing a passenger-train on the Midland Railway, near Nottingham, exploded on Friday week. A tube leading from the fire, which had recently been plugged, got deranged; the plug came out, allowing the water to rush on to the fire. The driver was much hurt, but the stoker escaped.

Some soldiers of the 16th foot were practising with the Minié rifle, near Parsonstown, last Monday, when one of the balls went through the mound, and shot Nugent, the bugler, dead.

While out grouse shooting, Mr. Charles Miles, brother of Mr. W. Miles, M.P., has had his thumb shattered by the bursting of his gun.

A groom was killed by the accidental explosion of a gun near Howden, last week. The gun had been stowed away in a dog-cart, but it slipped out, and exploded as the party were getting out of the cart.

James Baylis, a labourer, living at Longford, in Gloucestershire, had taken a loaded gun partly to pieces, and

was putting the barrel in his pocket, when the percussion cap, which he had imprudently placed on the nipple, exploded, sending the charge through his heart.

A venomous snake was found in Queen-street, Cheapside under a pile of window sashes. How it came there is not known.

Edward Dunn, a private of the 30th foot, who appears to have been somewhat deranged, jumped off Shakspere's cliff on Monday week, and was killed.

James Lewes and Thomas Cookson, old heroes in Thames sculling matches, both died last week; the first by drowning, the second in a kind of apoplectic fit.

Another man has died from wounds received at Six-mile-bridge; and two other persons have been arrested on the information of the soldiers, for being concerned in the riot.

HEALTH OF LONDON DURING THE WEEK.

IN the week ending last Saturday, 966 deaths were registered in the metropolitan districts, showing a considerable decrease on the mortality of August. In the ten corresponding weeks of the years 1842—51, the average number of deaths was 1143, which, with a correction for increase of population, becomes 1257. In comparing the deaths of last week with this average, it is proper to bear in mind that the latter is much increased by the cholera that prevailed at this season in 1849.

In the epidemic class of diseases it will be perceived that small-pox has become much less fatal in London than it was at an earlier period of the year. Twelve cases were registered last week, and amongst these is recorded the death of a labourer, at the age of forty-five years, in Upper Holloway, who had caught the disease from one of his children who had not been vaccinated. It is omitted to be stated whether vaccination had been performed in his case. Last week, diarrhœa carried off 89 children, and 16 persons of more advanced age; cholera was fatal to 8 persons, 4 of whom were adults. It is satisfactory to observe that these complaints, usually so fatal among children during the summer months, are now on the decline. The Registrar of Fulham, however, calls attention to the great prevalence of diarrhœa at the present time in part of his district, and also to the bad sanatory condition of the locality.

Fifty-three deaths are returned as caused by scarlatina. In Hoxton, Old Town, at 8, Old Ivy-street, the three sons of a spectacle-maker, aged respectively 7 months, 2 years, and 4 years, died of scarlatina maligna, each after five days' illness. Two of the deaths occurred on the 1st of September, one on the 2nd. Mr. Pearce, the Registrar, remarks in reference to these cases: "In this house there are frequently very offensive smells, arising from imperfect drainage, and having a tendency to produce infectious disease. The above cases were in a state of collapse when the medical attendant was first called in. The fatal results might have been prevented by proper attention to cleanliness and seasonable medical aid."

Last week the births of 785 boys and 739 girls, in all 1524 children, were registered in London. The average number in seven corresponding weeks of the years 1845-51 was

At the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, the mean daily reading of the barometer was above 30 in. on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. The mean of the week was 29·979 in. The mean temperature of the week was 62·4 deg., which is 2·8 deg. above the average of the same week in ten years.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

On the 1st inst., at Pixton-park, the Lady Mary Hood: a daughter.

On the 3rd inst., at Brunswick-square, Brighton, the wife of the Rev. William Montgomery Beresford, of Mellifont Glebe, county of Louth, Ireland: a daughter.

On the 3rd inst., at 31, Lower Brook-street, the Lady Wodehouse: a daughter.

On the 4th inst., at No. 5, Upper Harley-street, the Lady Caroline Garnier: a daughter.

On the 4th inst., at Field-house, in the county of Durham, Lady Brackenbury, of Skendleby-hall, in the county of Lincoln: a son.

MARRIAGES.

On the 20th of July, at Fredericton, New Brunswick, Edmund Cornwall Legh, Esq., 97th Regiment, to Julia, second daughter of the Hon. Neville Parker, Master of the Rolls of that province.

On the 31st ult., at Hurst Church, Berks, Frederick Lewis Scrymgeour Wedderburn, Esq., of Wedderburn, Forfarshire, and Birkhill, Fife, to Selina Mary, second daughter of the late Captain Garth, R.N., of Haines-hill, Berks.

On the 2nd inst., at Peartree green Church, near Southampton, Charles Garner, son of the late Sir Henry Richardson, of Chessel, Hants, to Caroline Seaborne, second daughter of the Rev. C. W. Davy, of Heathfield Bitterne, and niece of Lieutenant-General Sir Wm. G. Davy, C.B., K.C.H., of Tracy-park, near Bath.

On the 4th inst., at Trinity Church, Brompton, Mathew Parker, Esq., son of the late Wm. Parker, Esq., Culham, Berks, to Nevillia Emilia Donnelly, only daughter of the late Thomas Gunning, Esq., Inspector-General Army Medical Department, of Brompton-crescent.

At the British Legation, Brussels, Richard Guinness Hill, of Stillorgan, in the county of Dublin, Esq., to Amy Georgina Burdett, youngest daughter of the late William Jones Burdett, Esq., of Stowey-house, Somersetshire, and Twickenham, Middlesex, and niece of the late Sir Francis Burdett, Bart.

DEATHS.

At her residence, Bramford-hall, Suffolk, Lady Middleton, widow of Sir W. Middleton, Bart., of Shrubland-park, in the 98th year of her age.

On the 22nd ult., at Gibraltar, aged 76, Thomas Power, Esq., during many years Russian Consul at that port, and senior surviving partner in the house of Archbold, Johnson, and Powers.

On the 31st ult., at Plaistow, Essex, aged 53, Edward Stock, late of Poplar, Esq., one of Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the county of Middlesex.

On the 2nd inst., at Claysmore, Enfield, Merelina, wife of I. W. Bosanquet, Esq., and only daughter of the late Right Hon. Lord Chief Justice Tindal, aged 37.

On the 2nd inst., at Tonbridge-wells, George Richardson Porter, Esq., Joint Secretary to the Board of Trade.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

It is impossible to acknowledge the mass of letters we receive. Their insertion is often delayed, owing to a press of matter; and when omitted, it is frequently from reasons quite independent of the merits of the communication.

No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. Whatever is intended for insertion must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer; not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of his good faith.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

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

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

Postscript.

SATURDAY, September 11.

THE Tenant Right Conference was brought to a close on Thursday evening, and resolutions intended to secure the enactment of Mr. Sharman Crawford's bill were agreed to. It should have been stated that forty-one members of Parliament attended the conference. In the evening a banquet was given to Mr. Crawford, which was a very spirited affair. And yesterday a meeting was held at which seventeen Irish members attended; and a committee was appointed, preliminary to a conference, to decide upon the manner in which the question affecting religious equality shall be treated next session.

Thursday will be memorable in the rule of M. Bonaparte. It has been marked by the first unmistakable exercise of despotic power, which has occurred since the ostensible deposition of the dictatorship on the 29th of March. The Paris newspaper *Corsaire* has been suppressed by a decree, signed Louis Napoleon.

Austria (says the *Constitutionnel* of yesterday) has just made an additional step in her attempts to absorb all the petty States in a commercial and customs union. The Duchy of Parma, which had long repulsed the propositions of Austria, has at length acceded to them. A treaty has been signed, and Baron Ward has left Parma for Vienna to exchange ratifications. He was to have arrived there on the 6th instant.

The Minister of the Interior has postponed the opening of the Provincial Diet of Posen from the 12th to the 19th inst., on account of the prevalence of the cholera. The last returns are to the 3rd, on which day there were 99 new cases, and 37 deaths; 434 remained under treatment. The Catholic Archbishop of the diocess had issued a pastoral letter to the clergy, directing them to exhort the people from the pulpit to contribute funds for the relief of the places in which the epidemic rages, and to form committees to assist the authorities as much as possible in their sanitary measures. In Bromberg the disease has increased; in consequence of its progress, a telegraphic despatch from the War-office in Berlin of the 4th countermanded the annual exercise of the Landwehr for the present season. The men who had assembled were dismissed to their homes. The manœuvres of the division of regular troops stationed in the district have also been suspended for the same reason. The disease had appeared in Ortelsburg and its vicinity. In Ostrowa the number of cases has been in all 428, of whom 225 died; 191 have recovered.

In Dantzic by the last returns the disease was on the increase; on the 30th and 31st ult., 60 new cases and 20 deaths were reported; it also appeared in the villages of Oliva and Oppot. Reports of the appearance of the epidemic in Breslau have been contradicted officially. The report of its having appeared in Magdeburg was founded on some isolated cases of dysentery that terminated fatally.

Mademoiselle Wagner appeared on the 7th at Berlin, for the first time after her long absence, as Romeo, in Bellini's *Capuletti e Montecchi*.

The valuable musical library of the celebrated organist Rink, of Berlin, has been purchased by Professor Lowell Mason, of New York.

The Emperor of Austria, whilst attending some military manœuvres at Vienna on the 4th, fell from his horse; but fortunately his Majesty was not hurt.

The Birmingham Musical Festival concluded on Thursday. It has realized the sum of 10,751*l.* In 1849, 8962*l.*, and in 1846, 10,170*l.* were collected.

We are glad to hear that the City of London School has given fifty guineas to the widow and family (eight children) of their late professor of drawing, Mr. J. W. Allen, the well-known landscape painter, whose sudden death on the 29th ult., left them in such a state that it was found necessary to make an appeal to his friends and the admirers of art. The head-master, the Rev. Dr. Mortimer, has also given ten guineas, and the other masters have made this sum up to thirty guineas. As the sum of 1000*l.* would permanently benefit the widow and family of this truly English artist, a great effort is being made to raise this sum; and we heartily wish well to this proper testimonial to the artist and the man.

The inquest on the body of Robinson, who was murdered near Sheffield, was concluded on Thursday. A man, named Hinde, who saw Barber near the spot, gave the following characteristic evidence:—

George Hinde—I live at Newfield-green, and rent a small farm under Miss Brownell. On Thursday last I was coming from Newfield-green to Sheffield, as near three o'clock as I can tell. When I got at the bottom of Mr. Pearson's clover-field, and just below Mr. Renton's house, I sat on the stone steps leading from the road to the footpath across the fields. While I was sitting there, smoking a bit o' bacco, two men came up. One of them carried a bundle under his arm and a parcel in his hand. He was taller than the other man. I got up to let them pass over the steps along the footpath leading to Newfield-green and Gleadless. I said to them, "I will give you room, gentlemen, to come over," and the man without the bundle said, "What are you doing sitting here? It's proper you were at some employment." I told him I thought I had as much right to sit there to smoke a bit of 'bacco as he had. (Laughter, in which the prisoner joined.) He did not say anything more. I turned myself round and looked after them, and I tell'd that young man that hugged (carried) the bundles to let that other young man "hug one." (Renewed laughter, the prisoner joining.) Him that had the bundle turned round and smiled, but said nothing. I did not take particular notice, but I know that the one who carried the bundle was taller and slenderer than the other.

Would you know him again?—Well, I don't know. I didn't take particular notice of him. I didn't think it worth while. (Laughter.)

The witness was here taken into an adjoining room, and from four others he instantly selected the prisoner, exclaiming, "That's the man," and said to the prisoner, "Didn't you see me in my smock-frock on't steps?" The prisoner replied, "Never." On returning to the room this was reported to the jury, and the witness added, "I'm sure it's the man that spoke to me on Thursday, and who was with the taller man that carried the bundle."

The Deputy Coroner.—You have also heard the prisoner speak just now; do you think his voice resembles that of the person who spoke to you?

Witness.—I am quite certain he is the man.

Three boys who were near, heard pistol shots. At the close of the inquiry, Barber was asked what he had to say; and he replied in a firm voice, and repeating the words dictated by his solicitor, said, "I am not guilty of this supposed murder; and, if sent for trial, I reserve my defence to the charge."

The prisoner signed his name to the statement "James Barbour," though throughout the proceedings the name had been treated as Barber. The jury returned the following verdict:—"We unanimously agree in a verdict of Wilful Murder against James Barber."

A truly "horrible" accident happened on Wednesday evening, on the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway. The train was one of the Great Northern Company, which leaves the Sheffield station at 9.10 p.m., in order to arrive at Retford in time for the mail train from the north, which is due at the latter place at 10 o'clock. On arriving at the embankment about three-quarters of a mile from the Woodhouse junction, and less than four miles from Sheffield, on Wednesday evening, the train from some cause or other got off the line; the engine and carriages ran some distance, tearing up the rails and earth, when the former fell over the south side of the embankment, which is here fifty feet high, and the latter over the north side, the driver being crushed under the fire-box, where he lay, with his legs burning, for upwards of an hour before he could be extricated. The guard was killed on the spot, and the other persons in the train more or less injured. The following statements, by the stoker and one of the passengers, embody all the material details of this shocking occurrence:—

William Lee, the stoker, states,—We left the Sheffield station at ten minutes past nine o'clock last night (Wednesday), and went on as usual until we got to within a mile of Woodhouse junction. I perceived nothing wrong until we ran off the rails. The engine ran off the up-line, after tearing up about eighty yards of both the rails, when, by a jerk, she ran across the down-line, tearing some of the lines up there, and then fell over the embankment on the down or south side of the line. The carriages, break van, and goods carriages were thrown down the embankment on the up, or north side of the line. By the engine going off on the other side of the line, the electric wires were broken down by the chimney. When we got to the bottom of the embankment, I found myself under the engine, and crept out between the driving-wheel and one of the others. I looked around, but could see neither guard nor driver. I afterwards saw Gosling, one of the passengers, but I was so affected with being scalded and stunned, that I scarcely know what I was about. I then determined to go to the Woodhouse junction, but, instead of doing so, by mistake I took the road to Sheffield, whither I ran as fast as I was able all the way. On arriving there I procured the pilot engine belonging to the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway, and again proceeded to the spot. When we got there, some persons had dug poor Wright out, and conveyed him away to the Woodhouse junction. He had been found under the engine, completely imbedded in the sand. I proceeded to Woodhouse junction, and there saw Wright with both his legs burnt to a cinder, and almost off. He had been smashed down under the firebox. When I found Tuckwood, he was

apparently sitting composedly at the bottom of the embankment, but quite dead. He exhibited no external signs of injury. There were four passengers; I think one first-class, and the other three second-class. I myself am considerably scalded about the head, face, and arm, but I hope not seriously so.

John Gosling, police-constable of East Retford, stated—I left the Sheffield station last night by the Great Northern train at a little after nine o'clock; we came on for some minutes at a good speed, when I heard a crackling kind of noise—crack after crack. I had just time to say to my fellow-passengers, "What can be the matter?" when we found ourselves topsy-turvy, and going down we knew not where. Ultimately we stopped, with the carriage lying on one side. We were considerably shaken, but I cannot say how often the carriages went over. When we recovered ourselves we tried to get out, but could only do so by breaking the glass of the window with an umbrella. On getting out we could see nothing, for it was very dark, and we shouted out, but received no answer until we got on to the top of the embankment, where we found William Lee, the stoker, who told us to keep off, for he expected the engine boiler to burst every minute, and he also said there was another train due from Retford. He then took off and ran on the line, but I believe he did not know which road he was going—whether to Sheffield or the Woodhouse junction. I then directed two of the passengers to proceed towards the junction to stop the train which was due from Retford. I remained on the spot for some time by myself (as I thought), and kept calling out, and ultimately found the fourth passenger, who complained of having been shaken, and of his fingers being cut, but I told him not to mind his fingers. Seeing a light at a distance, we went in that direction, and found it to be the residence of Mr. Smith, solicitor, who kindly furnished us with matches, candles, &c., and accompanied us to the spot. We then found a lamp, which we lighted, and on looking round found the guard dead in a sitting position. I felt his arm, but it was cold, and had not the slightest pulsation. One of the buffers was pressed against his chest, and his back was jambed against another carriage. We tried, but could not release him. We then went to the engine, on the other side of the line, and found the driver with his legs under the firebox. He was sensible, and begged of us to lift it (the engine) up; we tried to release him, but found we could not. We then went for some assistance to dig him out: it soon arrived, and he was got out, and taken to the Woodhouse Junction Inn. I then took the lamp, and went towards Darnell, and lighted one lamp on the road, and got the other lamps lighted at Darnell. I waited there until the pilot-engine arrived from Sheffield, and went with it again to the place. When we got back, poor Tuckwood was in the same position, but Wright had been taken to the inn at the Woodhouse junction. A surgeon arrived shortly afterwards, but pronounced Tuckwood to be dead. The station-master at the Woodhouse junction behaved most kindly towards the whole of us, and did everything in his power to alleviate the sufferings of both Wright and Lee.

On the following morning the engine, which did not appear to be much damaged, and the debris of the train were removed, and the line repaired by a staff of workmen from the Great Northern Station at Doncaster. The unfortunate engine-driver lingered until a quarter-past eight o'clock on Thursday night, when he died. He has left a wife and a child by a former wife. He had been for several years past engaged on railways, having been a driver for four or five years, on the Paris and Rouen railway. About two months ago, while in the service of the Great Northern Company he ran his engine into another at Leeds, for which he was suspended two months, and Wednesday was the first day he had resumed his work.

The most extensive fire that has occurred in the metropolis for a considerable period broke out yesterday morning at a few minutes before four o'clock, and at noon was far from being entirely extinguished. The scene of this terrible fire was Denmark-street, St. George's-in-the-East, whereon was erected the extensive sugar refining houses of Messrs. Braden and Co. The discovery was made by a police-constable. Engines were on the spot with all possible expedition; but at thatt ime the flames had assumed a most terrific appearance, for they had taken possession of every floor in the building. From what was called the "Large House," where the fire originated, the flames extended to the "Small House." Each place contained many tons weight of sugar, and, as the same became ignited, the flames rolled forth like streams of liquid fire, throwing up a glare of light which illuminated, not merely the eastern portion of London, but the reflection could be seen as far off as Gravesend. Fortunately the mains yielded an abundant supply of water, from which the firemen set their engines to work; but, in spite of their exertions, the roof and floors of the large houses fell, and, consequently, the costly stock in trade fell along with them; so that in a few hours this building became gutted, and the smaller building about two-thirds destroyed. The loss, it is expected, will exceed 20,000*l.*; and, unfortunately, the firm was insured for only 6,000*l.* The origin of the misfortune is unknown.

A scaffold fell suddenly from the front of a house at Kentish Town on Thursday. Two men were fatally injured.

The re-cutting of the Koh-i-noor was finished on Tuesday. It is now a gem unequalled in shape, lustre, and beauty.

A retired drayman, in the employ of Messrs. Truman. Hanbury, Buxton and Co., came up from the country a few days ago and presented 50*l.* to the London Hospital, in token, he said, of his gratitude for the great kindness and attention he had received when an inmate of that institution thirty years ago. At the same time he gave 50*l.* to the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum.

The Leader.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 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.

"THE ORDER OF THE LONE STAR."

CUBA is to be annexed to the United States; so has decreed the great society which exists in the American Union—a society embodying the determination of Young America. Hitherto it has been secret, less because it feared the restraint than because it desired to save its Government from the embarrassing duty of recognising the popular movement. But now, like the phantom fate of Otranto, it is too big to be secret any longer. The American citizens have resolved to possess Cuba, and they will not be disappointed. More than a year ago we mentioned to our readers the existence of the secret society in New Orleans, with its branches throughout the Union. It is some time since we mentioned the existence of the revolutionary paper, the *Voice of the People*, in Cuba itself, continued in spite of the attempts of the local Government to suppress it. We have already told our readers that the revolutionary party still maintains its organized existence, partly in the hills of the Island, and partly by favour of the popular connivance, the official or Spanish party notwithstanding. There is no Government which can be established in Washington capable of resisting the popular resolution of its own citizens, enforced as that resolution will be by tens of thousands of the most restless and energetic of the American citizens. The public writers of the Union already confess to an organization of 15,000 strong: we believe that our own journal was before many of the American papers in announcing the existence of this society; and we equally believe that the American papers much under-rate, if not the enrolled numbers, at least those vast numbers who are prepared to support and back the movement when it shall take effect. From these facts it will easily be perceived that the annexation of Cuba to the United States is simply a question of time.

The leading article in the *Times* of Monday last, setting forth in animated terms the popular notion against the new Cuban expedition, must be received, we conjecture, in more than one sense. It is, in the first place, a very able essay on passing politics, such as the routine of every journal requires to have in its chief columns. Secondly, it is as vivid a statement of the English case as one of the most skilful writers in one of the most skilful journals in Europe can set forth. Thirdly, we may conjecture that it is not altogether alien to some understanding as to the probable course which Downing-street may take in the affair. It may be considered as a feeler on behalf of Downing-street—that sort of tentative suggestion which invites public acquiescence without too strongly committing the official party to the course indicated.

As an effort of composition—brilliant, lucid, clear in its purpose, graphic in its illustrations—it must be confessed as an admirable specimen of the work that can be turned out of the richest office of journalism. It would be difficult to find a greater number of ideas, of visual allusions—always the most telling in public writing—and of historical references, within the same space. The power of the pen surprises the mind of the reader into acquiescence, and many will accept the conclusions, however false, which are wrapped up in such brilliant truisms and glittering analogies.

As a representation of the English case, the feebleness lies rather in that case than in the powers of the advocate. It may be said to divide itself rhetorically into two parts:—One is a suggestion to the United States, how much better it would be for that country to adhere to "the policy of commerce" rather than to "the policy of conquest"—how much more is to be made by fidelity to "the almighty dollar" than by yielding to the intoxication of territorial aggrandizement. The second part consists of an example. The grounds upon which "enlightened opinion" in the United States would sanction the annexation of Cuba are analyzed and marshalled thus—the sympathy of the discontented Creoles; guarantee for the permanence of slavery; extension of commerce; and an agreeable retreat from the severities of a New York winter. Such are the reasons which Americans are supposed to entertain for the measure. They are not perfectly sound. The *Times* supposes the sympathy of the Creoles to be negatived by the experience of Lopez: a mistake, since the experience of Lopez only showed that he himself did not understand the geographical distribution of the Island defences. The permanency of slavery is *not* desired by the leading minds of America. On the contrary, if America be left alone, that institution will be extinguished at the earliest period of time that is possible; the only delay can arise through intervention from without. The other reasons fail, because the annexation of Cuba is needless to supply America with a field for the extension of commerce, or with a winter retreat. But, argues the *Times*, after marshalling the suppositious reasonings, we might on similar grounds take possession of Madeira, with a commanding commercial position, and its climate regarded as a specific for the national disease of consumption. Why, then, do we not make it our own? Because it would tarnish our character for fairness, and we dare not face the retribution which follows on such acts. So says the *Times*. A strange argument to come from the leading journal of that country which has so recently annexed Hong Kong, and which forcibly retains the Ionian Islands to the British dominions against their will. The *Times* argues as if annexation were entirely a new passion, and peculiar to the United States; but it is not new, and it is not peculiar to the Anglo-Saxon in America since he has become a self-acting "statesman." The string of annexation may be made out continuously, from Canada, annexed by the *English*, and the Cape of Good Hope, annexed by the English, through Louisiana or Texas, Hong-Kong or Aden, down to California and Scinde. It is a propensity not peculiar to either branch of the Anglo-Saxon, and not limited to any period of its history.

But the proposed annexation of Cuba is by no means an isolated fact; it has its context at present but partially disclosed to us; and it is in reference to that context that the exposition of the *Times* must be regarded as in part an official feeler. It is evident to us that some mischievous spirit is at work in Downing-street, intending to array the prejudices of the English people against the interests of the English people. An attempt was made to embroil the Protectionist interest of the Colonies in a contest with America. Next, a use has been made of what we cannot help regarding as a serious mistake (not to say a political immorality) of Mr. Webster's, in proposing to seize the Lobos Islands. It appears to us that that seizure would be impolitic, because mean and dishonourable. In spite of the respect which we entertain for the American republic, and for the individual citizens in that republic, we use these strong, if not coarse, expressions because we wish to have the meaning of a journal which they *know* to sympathize with them and to be honest before them, made thoroughly clear to their understanding. We repeat, that the seizure of the Lobos Islands, against the usage of international law, from an inferior power, for the sake of mere commercial advantage, would be dishonourable and mean, and for that reason eminently injurious to the great republic that could be guilty of such an act. We believe, and we speak with scarcely less confidence, that the use to which that mistake has been turned in Downing-street is in itself dishonest and fraudulent; that the aberration of official individuals in America on a subject utterly paltry in itself, is systematically used to rouse the prejudices of the English people against the interests both of England and America.

It has been reported, with great show of probability, that negotiations are on foot to maintain the interests of Spain against those of the Anglo-Saxon republicans. Now, Spain has no *locus standi* in America: her rule is not beneficial; if she be left absolutely alone, it will be shaken off by her own subjects; as her rule has already been cast aside by the republic of Mexico. About that

republic, also, some intrigues are going on in Europe. And, in short, for the interests rather of the classes to which the Spanish families of the island belong, the royal and official classes, England is to be arrayed against America. Whether the rumours of such a fact are entirely correct or not, there is no question that they have a considerable influence in moving the popular mind of the republicans, in stimulating them to meet that antagonist force more than half way, and to settle, before the battle is waged against them, the question whether or not the Anglo-Saxon or the Spanish shall be dominant on the waters of the Mexican Gulf. As to the result of that conflict there cannot be the slightest doubt. As to the question, whether or not Englishmen sympathize more with the upholders of constitutional freedom in America, or with the upholders of legitimacy in Europe, there cannot be much doubt. As to the side on which the material interests of England are staked, there will be but one opinion. If England should chance to be opposed to America in that great contest, her prospects would be thunder-clouded indeed; her very commercial men would write her horoscope on the Stock Exchange, in "quotations" sufficient to shake the throne itself with alarm. But should that contest be waged on the other side of the Atlantic, whichever side might conquer—and who can think for a moment that the Americans would be conquered?—whichever side might conquer, we repeat, the contest would be prolonged on *this* side of the Atlantic; and the victorious star-spangled banner would cross the ocean to avenge in Europe the insult offered by braving it in America. In such case, especially, we ask the most calculating Englishman, whether he would rather see the Union-Jack ranged on the field against the Americans, or whether he would feel more confidence if the two were moving forward side by side?

THE NEW ÆRA.

A NEW æra is opened to us," and the *Times* proclaims it: "*that* none can doubt."—"We are come upon an age when the value, the powers, and the wants of man, are suddenly and considerably raised, and when everybody gives more, and receives more in return. How fortunate that on the threshold of this new state of things, more wonderful than any which revolution could have brought us to, we have already got rid of Protection, and have not that old fraud to mar our present good fortune! We have committed ourselves to the general laws of Providence, and Providence now rewards our confidence with a vista of social improvements and unexpected blessings such as man had not dreamt of ten years ago." The farmers themselves have discovered that "whatever is to be done" for them, "must be done by themselves;" although expecting no more than the forty-shilling average for wheat which they have had for several years, they are not pressing their friends in office. The "country party" which had seceded so long from office, flared up into agitators, and subsided into misanthropes; learning at the end of several years, "to sit like Patience on a monument, smiling at forty shillings a quarter."

Under these conditions, we scarcely wonder at the enormous vicissitudes elsewhere. What with the joint attractions of hope and gold in Australia, of republicanism and prosperity in America, the Irish are leaving those desirable premises which they have so long celebrated as "the gem" or "flower of the ocean," &c.; and concurrently with this depletion of its native race, is going on a quiet settlement by English and Scotch. A splendid grocer's shop is opened in Connemara, and the Irish who remain are learning to buy groceries, for cash, to the extent of 60*l.* a week! Such is the effect of the reparative operation of the Encumbered Estates Act, reported to the British Association by Mr. Locke. While an alienated population is leaving the land, that statute is sweeping away the spurious tribe of insolvent landowners; a race of gentry whom the grocer aforesaid finds it most difficult to keep off his books.

"The empire" to be proclaimed in France, on or about the second of December, will be but a trifling trait of the new æra as compared with this pantomime transformation of Ireland into a Western England. The *Times* may well say, "changes are now occurring of the most momentous character, that require as much vigilance on our part as if we were passing through icebergs at the break-up of an Arctic winter."

But, *where is the vigilance?* That is the point. Amongst other great movements, there is the migration of the cholera; and Tottenham, in anticipation of that fashionable arrival, has been preparing itself *not* to receive the distinguished guest. Tottenham is to belong to the new æra. It has provided itself with drains that will perform the office of draining; with water so soft, that people can really wash with it, or make tea with it, and so pure, that it cleanses rather than pollutes; and with other arrangements proper to a state of civilization. But London at large belongs to the old æra: its drains no houses draining, its water returning the filth that might escape; its Smithfield, and its grave-yards, spreading nuisance and pestilence.

Doctor Franz has been teaching the philosophers of Germany how the present age is witnessing the departure of "authority." Costumes of different ranks are disappearing, and one costume covers all; the castle and palaces of patrician orders are exchanged for mere large houses, not distinguished from those of bankers or traders; the railway is abolishing the six-horse carriage and its outriders; electric telegraphs are about to bring Celestial Empires to our very door; philosophy, after analyzing the bolt of Jove himself, does not scruple to analyze Institutions. But all this while the princes, who might have allied themselves to the great movements of civilization; who might have been its leaders, have endeavoured to remain behind with the machinery of the six-horse carriage; in the castle, impregnable to arrows alone; in the faith, political or ecclesiastical, that will not stand the eye of science. Doctor Franz rates the philosophers of Germany, and the princes thereof, for being behind the age: possibly he might be able to preach these instructive sermons to people in authority nearer our own home, even to those who witnessed the vast movements, the iceberg risks described by the *Times*, and the vaster opportunities, and who yet suffer the work of the day to be done against every difficulty by amateurs, or succeed only in postponing it until to-morrow. A new æra is come, but the premier for that æra has not yet been "sent for."

Here is a chance for an enterprising young man. "Wanted, a statesman for the new Æra." How many might answer that advertisement, even though "all letters must be post-paid." But But to whom should the candidate address his tenders? Scarcely to any department in Downing-street, since he must be unknown there, and so lack "interest"; or, if known, disliked. Should he address his proposal to V. R. direct? His letter would be intercepted: the man of the new æra would not be able to penetrate the beef-eaters. Should he go to the British public? British public is always too busy in the hours of business; and after the hours of business, it never attends to business. Besides, we are told that the British public, the true people, never appears in public, having no time: it stops at home, and attends to business. Really it is not easy to see whom the man of the new æra could apply to. He could obtain no attention; or if he did, the official folks would get hold of him, and would put him in office—probably making the man of the new æra a Chancellor of the Exchequer, and setting him to blunt his teeth on an Income Tax, or banishing him from the presence, for talking too freely about bottle-holding. Sometimes, indeed, the man of a new æra can obtain an exclusive attention from one potentate,—King Mob; and that is probably the reason why so many a new æra has commenced so roughly and painfully. Could not the *Times* add to its information a recipe for beginning the new æra in a more workmanlike and quiet style?

MOLOCH.

CRIMES, says the *Morning Chronicle*, are often national. Sin is old, and pervades all countries; but particular crimes become nationalized in particular countries, and crime in England is acquiring special characteristics far from honourable to her fame; they are evidently, however, the results of faults in ourselves, and are not imported diseases.

"English rufflanism has not taken to the knife; but it has advanced in the devilish accomplishment of biting off noses and scooping out eyes. Kicking a man to death when he is down, or treating a wife in the same way—stamping on an enemy or a paramour with hob-nailed boots—smashing a woman's head with a hand-iron—these atrocities, which are of almost daily occurrence in our large towns, are not so much imported crimes as they are the extravagant exaggeration of the coarse, sullen temper of an Englishman brutalized by ignorance, and stupified by drink."

Note—We have made wonderful progress in "putting down" boxing, wrestling, single-stick, and other hardy but hard games, and while our easier classes have become so refined that they scarcely dare to open an omnibus window for fear that "the draught" should make them "catch cold," our hardier tribes behave as aforesaid. The sum of the two is what we call "progress."

But certain crimes, says our contemporary, are new to our calendar, and are almost peculiar to our country; they are poisoning relatives to obtain money from Insurance and Benefit Clubs; brutal violation of women by several persons in succession; and infanticide. For the most part these crimes stand on separate grounds. The mercenary poisoning may be traced to that general drift of popular philosophy which has taught attention to parsimony and lucre, and has not cultivated either the intellect or the better feelings. Commercial 'cuteness has outgrown education, and natural morals have stood still; and thus the "common people" have learned to think it clever to turn an honest penny by child, parent, or husband. The principle of insurance amongst the rude and uneducated has practically operated as a premium upon death; not because the principle of insurance is in itself bad, but because the unfortunate people have not been taught to handle the edged tools of civilization, and their natural feelings have been stifled in their hearts by the morals of the cruel œconomy. The brutal violation may be referred to the fact, of the like kind, that the passions have been ignored and hurried from the surface of society, rather than regulated and refined by the higher influences which ought to have been extended along with the restraints of civilization. And still more is the crime of infanticide referable to the same ignoring of that which cannot be extinguished, but which remains without enlightenment or regimen. The *Morning Chronicle* adduces a terrible catalogue of accusations under this head:—

July 10—Northampton—One case of concealing birth.

July 13—Lincoln—One child murder, one concealment of birth.

July 14—Home Circuit—Ann Welsh, tried for murder of her female illegitimate child; acquitted.

July 15—Nottingham—One concealment of birth.

July 17—Norfolk Circuit—Ann Raven, tried for destroying her illegitimate infant; acquitted—insanity.

July 17—Nottingham—Emma Lewis, indicted for wilful murder of her infant child; acquitted—insanity.

July 20—Winchester, July 19—Richard Roe, and Frances Roe, indicted for conspiring to kill Alfred Roe son of male prisoner; acquitted.

July 20—Cardiff—One prisoner charged with murder of her infant.

July 20—Ellen Venns, convicted of concealment of birth (bad case).

July 21—Derby—Selina Ride, charged with murder of her infant child; acquitted.

July 21—Mary Mahoney, charged with murder of her infant child; acquitted.

July 22—Mary Glarvey, charged with murder of her infant child; acquitted.

July 23—Worcester—Mary Robins, tried for the murder of her illegitimate child; condemned to death, but sentence not to be carried into effect.

July 24—Dorchester—Louisa Walborn, for wilful murder of her male infant, by administering vitriol; acquitted.

July 24—Ann Applin, for the murder of her child; acquitted. At the close of the proceedings, Mr. Baron Martin, who tried the case, observed that the crime of infanticide was most dreadfully common in this county (Dorset). There had been six cases last year, and out of six prisoners on the calendar for this circuit, two were charged with this crime. They had both been acquitted, and in the case just tried most properly so; but those subjected to this temptation had better take warning, or perhaps another case would be better proved, and the unfortunate woman would have to expiate her crime by an ignominious death.

July 28—Maidstone—Catherine Brooke, tried for the wilful murder of her male illegitimate child; acquitted.

July 29—Elizabeth Campeny, for attempting to murder her son, by throwing him into a pond; acquitted.

July 30—Durham—Jane Harland, for the wilful murder of her new-born male child; acquitted.

Aug. 2—Ipswich—Maria Stewart, for wilful murder of her female child; acquitted.

Aug. 3—Bodmin—Mr. Baron Platt, in charging the grand jury, observed, in the course of his address, that there was one case where a young woman was charged with the heinous offence of destroying her own offspring; and if they (the grand jury) should be of opinion that a bill ought to be found, and if the petty jury should find a verdict of guilty against her, it would be necessary, for the putting down of this dreadful crime, *to make an example*. At the same time they must take care that they were right in what they were about, and see that a person was not convicted unless the crime was brought home by clear and substantial evidence.

Aug. 4—Maria Chitty, tried for the wilful murder of her child, aged seven, by beating out its brains; acquitted—insanity.

Aug. 6—Carlisle—Eleanor Pattison, for the wilful murder of her child; acquitted.

Aug. 9—Wells—Mary Amory, for the wilful murder of her illegitimate child; acquitted—insanity.

Aug. 13—Ellen Roberts (Chester), for the murder of her illegitimate child; seven years' transportation.

Aug. 19—Liverpool—Alice Shaw, for having killed and murdered her new-born female child; not guilty.

(Same day)—Selina Mooney found guilty of concealing birth, after being charged with murder; sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

For the large proportion of acquittals, the *Morning Chronicle* accounts by the fact, that it is very difficult to procure positive evidence in support of this crime; and also by the fact, that juries, instead of restricting themselves to the simple questions before them, take regard to consequences, and withhold a verdict of guilty because they will not condemn the prisoner to death. It is, we are convinced, most proper, both in humanity, in rigid justice, aye, and in strict logic, to withhold a verdict of guilty where life and death are at stake; excepting upon that positive and logical proof, which is in such cases nearly impossible. There are other crimes, as the *Chronicle* says, for which juries will not convict; but when our contemporary infers from that fact, that it may be more pertinent to enquire whether it would not be better to revise the system of trial by jury itself than to remodel the law on infanticide, the suggestion is tantamount to a confession that the perplexity is too great to be solved, except by a violent inroad on our constitutional guarantees. There are many imperfections in the working of the trial by jury; but to give it up would be to give up the great practical guarantee for political and individual freedom. A proposition of that kind therefore we may dismiss as beside the question.

There is, however, a much deeper question involved in this inquiry of the *Morning Chronicle*. When infanticide, to say nothing of the other vices, is growing to be a national characteristic, we have tangible proof that there is some fatal flaw in our social system. The dilemma is formidable, but not very complicated: either the people is thoroughly depraved in understanding and heart—which is a supposition that we are not at present prepared to admit; or a people not thoroughly depraved in mind and heart is driven to such straits that it violates the strongest natural instinct—that of the mother to preserve her child. And *that* is the fact. No sooner do we come upon this bare rock of fact than we perceive how the question branches out into others. At the root lies inexorable poverty; which is almost invariably the one cause that compels the mother to her unnatural crime. If we had a sound poor-law—by which every able bodied person might have access to reproductive employment—we should hear little of infanticide. Let us but glance at that branch of the subject, without pursuing it at present.

Another cause of the compulsion to murder is shame. By the moral code of the day in English society, a shame more agonizing to endure is felt in the birth of a child without the previous ceremony of marriage, than in that violation of natural law by which the mother destroys her own offspring! Religion has so little done its work, that to conceal her misdemeanour from the sight of man, the mother will violate the laws of nature, the decencies of her own soul, in the sight of God. So teaches the national faith, in every school where that faith is taught; and yet the teachers of that truth will not carry it home to the ears and hearts of those who constitute their charge, unless they, the hearers of the truth, are duly *paid* for it in current coin of the realm. God have mercy upon the soul that cannot pay its pew rent.

We do not stop now to "suggest a remedy," as cant requires us to do, when we "point out a fault." The first thing for us to do in all such cases, is gravely, simply, and candidly, to admit the existence of the fault. And here, in the presence of these twenty-six culprits arraigned before the national tribunals for violating one of the first laws of nature—women, we have supposed, not thoroughly depraved in mind or heart—we see it declared to the world that our social system, ingeniously pretending to keep down crime, to check vice, positively acts as an impulse to the one, and literally creates the other.

SOCIALISM AND ITS NEWEST TRADUCER.

When a public writer undertakes to make explanations and distinctions for the profit of his readers, he is especially bound, if not to attain accuracy, at all events to seek it; but a writer in the *Daily News*, whether from incomplete acquaintance with his subject, or from inadvertence, seems to scout accuracy as a superfluity or an obstruction to his pen. With the first part of his explanation, indeed, we are little disposed to quarrel; indeed, we cordially adopt the sharp line of distinction he has marked out to sever that body of economical doctrine, comprised under the general term "Socialism," from those violent and subversive theories (if theories they deserve to be called) of professed political revolutionists and destructive demagogues, for with which fear, bad faith, and ignorance have combined to render it responsible.

Endeavouring to disprove the assertion of M. Louis Bonaparte, that he had crushed "Red Republicanism *and Socialism*," synonymous in official mouths with disorder and pillage, in France, (an assertion which Emile de Girardin so triumphantly refuted last week as to cut the ground from under the feet of the Saviour of Society,) the *Daily News* objects, with shrewdness and good sense, that the Bonapartists in France always speak of those two things, "with a convenient vagueness," as the same; and the English writer proceeds to discriminate and correct.

"Red Republicans," we are told, "are those unreasoning blunderers who always appeal to arms, and to arms alone. Their only idea, their only mission, is destroying by brute force whatever exists, or whatever has incurred their enmity. With such men there is only one way of dealing. Inaccessible to argument, they must of necessity be encountered with their own weapons. Brute force can only be put down by force animated and directed by reason."

This may not be a very close description of the political sect whose origin is too recent to have escaped the memory of all writers; but we are not the less disposed to accept the conclusion. A more exact description of "Red Republicans," setting aside the odious associations which the name suggests, would be, that they were so called from hoisting a red flag, which (according to their own creed) was intended to signify, that they would seek to defend "the Republic" even at the cost of blood, in contradistinction to the peaceful revolutionists of July, 1830, who had so done their work by halves, that, after eighteen years, it had to be done over again; and to the "Moderate" Republicans of February, who had temporized with the Reaction, until a crouching phantom of treacherous compliance had become an amalgamated Party of Order, avenging panic by persecution. We are here describing the "Red" Republicans, as they describe themselves in their more reasonable and discreet moments. We pass by without comment the fundamental folly of making "the Republic" a standard of patriotism, an empty name, without the virtues it demands, and the liberties it is supposed to guarantee—a form of government which in France has never yet been dominant, but as a revolutionary dictatorship, under which freedom was a byeword and citizenship a curse.

There is, however, let it be avowed, another "Red" Republic, to which we may suppose our contemporary here alludes. *That* Red Republic is an odious, a sinister, a fatal anachronism: it is the impotent plagiarism of a gang of demagogues, who seek to cloak their isolation in turbulence, and their barrenness of thought in revolutionary jargon. Lamartine, in the noblest moment of his life, covered that flag with shame, and swept back into the foul kennels of crime the scum that had polluted for a moment the pure air of freedom. It is not, we rejoice to affirm most emphatically, in the columns of the *Leader* that the "Red" Republic will find a syllable of faint excuse or sympathy. We heartily abhor and despise all that it worships and exalts; its *personnel*, its symbols, its traditions, its organization; its contemptible consecration of *sansculottism*, its deification of monsters like Marat, its envy of all true dignity of mind, its corrupt and greedy discontent, its cowardly hankering after terrorism, its stale vocabulary, and its coarse and barren formulas. We eagerly snatch this occasion to tell our extreme political friends that as English writers, breathing English air, the present conductors of the *Leader* have no part nor lot with "Red" Republics; and this, not that we hate despotism less, but that we love freedom and civilization more. It is often painful to us to find our native English tongue sullied by the mischievous slang of foreign demagogues. In France, it is true, these "Reds" are a miserable minority, and in England they are at most a dozen or two of stage-struck Spartans; but it is well to denounce the excesses from which liberty now suffers all Europe over; it is well to separate the cause, which we believe to be a good and a true one, from the contagion of a disastrous alliance. True, there are "Red" Monarchies as well as "Red" Republics. Absolutists, Bonapartists, Royalists of all kinds, and indeed Moderate Republicans, have not been more scrupulous on the score of shedding blood than the Red Republicans: witness the slaughters of June, of the 2nd of December, in Hungary, and in Italy, at Brescia, Naples, Berlin. True it is, that the Democracy was everywhere clement, when everywhere triumphant: may it not be feared that when the next deluge shall come, the uproused people will believe the men who say that bloodless revolutions are failures, and who point to the dungeons and the scaffolds by which kings have requited the forbearance so many of them received at the hands of those same Red Republicans? But let that pass. For our part, we believe that in repudiating and denouncing terrorism, who or whatever the perpetrator (as we said last week) may be—whether professed revolutionists or professed "Saviours of Society," Marats or Louis Bonapartes—we do but express the sound-hearted and intense conviction of nine-tenths of the English people. Our contemporary, in distinguishing Socialism from Red Republicanism, does well, and deserves our thanks. It is the perfidious conjunction of the two by the Saviours of Society which has thrown dust in the eyes of the great inert mass of the public, who do not judge for themselves, and who are ready to be scared at any bugbear.

How often shall we repeat that Socialism is essentially an ideal revolution, an intellectual and moral doctrine, an industrial and economical problem; that it has no more to do with political revolutionists than any other phase of economical science? The conservative politician, the orthodox churchman, may quite as reasonably and properly be Socialists as the democrat in politics and the free-thinker in religion: and there is no more reason why the latter should be, than that the former should *not* be Socialists. In this country it is well known that many of the most orthodox of our clergymen, and many of the most tory of our politicians, are Socialists in all but the name; and the *name* they abjure as "revolutionary." So far from Socialism being destructive, it is in the strictest sense conservative, since its operation tends to universalize the "something to conserve;" till, as *Lear* says—

> "———— distribution shall undo excess,
> And each man have enough."

In seeking to abolish pauperism, Socialism conservatizes (if we may so say) the now "dangerous" classes. Whether it take the form of co-operative self-employment, or of mutual assurance universalized, it is equally harmless and equally sound. But when it is considered as the attempt to reconcile the laws of society, which is the work of man, with the laws of humanity, which is the work of God, then Socialism, in its largest acceptation, as a grand peaceful transformer, may be held worthy of the respect of the Statesman, the Philosopher, and the Priest.

The writer of these lines has seen revolutions and revolutionists too closely not to desire to clear the cause of social amelioration from a fatal contact; and it is due to the *Leader*, and to the cause for which we strive against that

conspiracy of silence which, if not another and more subtle form of calumny, is a testimony to our strength, that our principles should be clear as the dawn of their fulfilment, which we do but herald and prepare.

To return to the *Daily News*. Our business is chiefly with the second half of its analytical explanation.

"Socialists," says the *Daily News*, "are crafty theorists, who seek to promote their views by argument and experiment. What these views are it is not so easy to define; for almost every expounder of socialist or communist views has a separate theory of his own. Closely examined, however, the intellectual stock in trade of all of them will be found to be substantially the same. It is neither very rich nor very varied, consisting of one truth imperfectly apprehended, and of one gross fallacy. The truth is, that there is an associative instinct in man quite as powerful and ineradicable as the instinct of emulation and competition; and that theoretical and practical politicians have too exclusively directed their attention to the latter, and have almost entirely overlooked the former. The fallacy (like most fallacies) has its origin, not in the reason, but in the passion and the will. The desire of acquiring property is strong in most men, and the power of gratifying it is generally proportioned to the strength of the desire. This desire to possess, however, does not originate simply in a craving to have; it springs from a wish to direct the application and distribution of property. Men who by planning, and toiling, and pinching, have scraped together property, believe that they have a right to dispose of it as they please in setting other men to work or relieving their necessities. Now, there are always among those who, being more disposed to reflect than act, are least able to acquire property, a good many who persuade themselves they could expend it better than those who have earned it. It is this flattering estimate of their own abilities that makes most Socialists and Communists. They see that the property which is called into existence by the heads of a few and the hands of many is in fact consumed by all; they see that its distribution and consumption is regulated by those who contribute head-work towards production; they believe that themselves could regulate consumption and distribution better; and therefore they try to persuade society to take from the producers of property all power to regulate its distribution, and to attribute that function to wiser and more competent heads—that is, to themselves. Such is the modest impertinence of Socialism. The instinct which prompts men to acquire and preserve private property is too universal and too strong to be argued out of them. The Socialists have undertaken an impossible task, and of course will not succeed. Again, Socialism is an opinion, a faith, and that cannot be eradicated by prohibitionary laws or force, though Red Republicans may be put down."

The show of candour in this passage does not disguise its disregard of truth. Either the writer is ignorant of what he professes to describe so authoritatively, or he is informed, and deliberately sets aside his better knowledge: in either case he disregards truth. This accusation against a contemporary, for whom we entertain at least a professional respect, we make with regret, but we make it deliberately and without qualification.

There does *not* exist the diversity of theories attested by the writer. A diversity of *plans* does exist, and some Socialists hold certain auxiliaries to be essentially necessary to the establishment of an associative practice. Robert Owen holds the dogmatic belief that man's character is made "for him" by circumstances within his own control, and that he should be fitted for socialist practice by a previous education under the influence of "favourable circumstances." John Minter Morgan believes, with more support from strict reasoning, that associative practice can only be rendered possible where men are swayed by the higher motives, including religion. But these distinctions of method, or plan, or circumstance, do not annul the one radical fact on which all Association or Socialism turns—that concert in the division of employments is an essential element to the truest and most productive economy. The theoretical Communist holds further, that if economy were perfected by association, labour would be minimized, and the care to possess separate property would expire; that property would be not destroyed, but so developed as to extend its benefit to all. With almost a single exception, and that of the most transparently pure-hearted kind, it would be difficult to rake up any evidence that Socialists become so in the desire to dictate or dispense. The Socialist says to any given number of men engaged in industrial occupations—If you cease to keep separate from one another, if you come to a common understanding, if you cease to compete and begin to work in concert, you will not work to waste, but will all of you make more than you now do. Amongst the working classes, speaking generally, the Socialists are distinguished for orderly demeanour, intelligence, and industry. If, in a public meeting, you see a man rise, with a better external appearance than the average, to counsel candour towards opponents, and moderation with perseverance in action, the chances are ten to one that that man is a Socialist. The insinuation that Socialists are actuated by the desire to possess other men's earnings is on a level with the same insinuation levelled in *Blackwood* and the *Quarterly*, years back, at Radicals like the *Daily News*. It is a species of reckless aspersion, which degrades him who casts it.

The pretence that "property called into existence by the heads of the few and the hands of the many, is in fact consumed by all," is idle talk. How much of the great landowner's property goes into the hands of the cottagers on his estates? How much of a great millowner's hundreds of thousands sterling, or material luxuries, is available to his workmen? We do not envy either of the two the luxury enjoyed in the midst of want; and in many cases amassed to the one by the screw of the want upon the many. But we do say that if the many perceived their own interests and their own powers they would not continue to let the benefits of combined work go into the hands of the few; they would not continue to work like beasts of burden or draught-horses, passive and helpless, without will of their own.

It is not the working men, however, whom the *Daily News* most injures by its prevarications, but its own clients. The awe-stricken servants of the Burmese Emperor conceal from him the reverses which his empire sustains at its frontiers and portals; they tell him not the defeats of Martaban and Rangoon; and thus he is prevented from taking counsel with reality, or giving any veritable exertion to defend his own territory. Meanwhile, the power of Britain is steadily eating into his domain. Thus it is that the *Daily News* serves its own Grand Llama, its idol king, by consoling it with tales of what "naughty Socialism" is not, and assuring the great ruler that the abhorred influence will never prevail; although that influence has already invaded not only the frontiers of the factory system, but is establishing its footing in the very pages of orthodox economy.

DE MORTUIS.

DEATH balances the account of all men, and sometimes the balance is not exactly what we have expected, even when the whole of the details have been before us. The poor old Miser Neild, whose tenants took him for a needy man, has suddenly developed, in *articulo mortis*, a fortune of 400,000*l.*; and not being powerful in the inventive art of knowing what to do with his money, he could think of nothing better than to leave it to the Queen. He has doubled her salary for twelve months. Even that, however, is not so base a disposal as some men might devise. The philosopher who cut off his son with a shilling and left a museum to a nation, was still more a pauper than the man who could possess 400,000*l.* and find nothing to do with it for himself or others.

Sir James Parker had risen by his own ability and professional virtues to one of the highest stations in the country. He had helped to maintain the very high character of the English Bench, and beyond that had contributed his share to the influences of Law Reform; nevertheless, now that his life has finished, and nothing more remains for him to add to his achievements, one is struck with the comparatively tame result of so much labour as that which himself and his teachers compressed into the education of his life. He will stand as one amongst a very long series of honourable English lawyers; one of an endless row of caryatides supporting the vast national pediment.

In a much lower position, working in a much humbler sphere, as a subordinate to the Board of Trade; still more notably working in his own closet, through the humbler instrumentality of the publisher, G. R. Porter filled a position between the official man and the professional writer. It would be difficult to define his exact station in society. He has not been a very remarkable man while he lived amongst us, in any way. His industry in a particular branch of literature was self-moving; but there are few men who, single-handed, have contributed so much for the service of others. If Porter did not help to develope new laws in economy, he performed the next best service, of bringing up the old laws to their most perfect form, and rendering them compact and intelligible in their application to actual facts; thus presenting to the students of economy in the real business of life a text book as a new point of departure. In this way he has furnished a stand-point for the men who have stepped beyond him, and his *Progress of the Nation* will grace the shelves of every library in the indefinite future, as one of those standard books, the mastery of which is necessary to comprehend the history of the country. He did not amass four hundred thousand pounds to present to the Queen; nor had he attained the exalted professional rank which made him a vice-keeper of a sovereign's conscience; but posterity will recognise him as a servant of its own.

HINTS TO NEW M.P.'S.

BY AN EXPERIENCED "STRANGER."

IV.

GENTLEMEN,—I have by this time assumed that you agree with me in the several propositions I have brought forward; first, that only those who are "men of the world," and have an enduring physique, should go into the House of Commons; secondly, that all men, qualified by body, brains, and worldly tact, have an equal chance of success in the House, if they will study and conciliate the requirements of a busy assembly, bent, not upon theorising, oratorising, or showing off, but simply and solely on practical government; and, thirdly, that only those are wanted in the House who are content, for the sake of the direct advancement of their views, to merge their individuality into the organization of "a party." It has taken three epistles to you to make these three points palpable and plain; and whatever doubts you may have originally had, are now, I would hope, removed by a careful consideration of the personal illustrations with which I have furnished you. I am not talking abstract maxims, I am only giving you a list of the men who succeed—men whom you know and can study, 'at your leisure, and whom reflection will induce you to imitate.

Look at the House of Commons from the right point of view—as a club, composed, principally, of members of the governing classes, tolerably honest, but intensely prejudiced, and managing to combine what they regard as public good with an immense amount of private-family-class-profit. The relations of the majority of the House to their constituents are not rigorous: they depend for their private comfort, personal position, and party prosperity but slightly upon the opinions of the voters who voted for them; and their constituents being, again, but a section of the vast public, the "member" who is ranked among the Whigs or the Tories never thinks and never acts with the sense of national responsibility—with a deference to national will. He got into Parliament to rise or fall with the "party;" and he has, consequently, a lax morale about public affairs. His own existence in Parliament is a job—a sham; and English public life—a series of jobs and shams—does not startle him; and his conscience is comforted with the reflection that, somehow or another, the country takes care of itself, in spite of the inadequacy and dishonour of the Government. He finds the political differences between himself and "the honourable gentleman opposite" exceedingly slight, while he is sure the said honourable gentleman is, privately, and apart from his politics and endurance, nay, applause, of all the shams and jobs, a high-spirited, high-minded, good-tempered English gentleman. There is, then, no sharp political animosity between "Conservative" and "Liberal Conservative," and there is consequently no exalted tone in public life. The Whigs and the Tories are on the same committees together; they dine together; they even may belong to the same club. They meet at common houses; their families become interlaced; and when these are the conditions of political opposition, there is too much social friendliness about it, to allow it to be very honest or very national. Whigs and Tories, as a mass, proceed from the same class; and, except on

technicalities, they really think alike. They together constitute an oligarchy—a special caste which possesses the official government of England; and, in reality, they are unitedly fighting together against that national dictation which they read in newspapers and hear from Radicals, which they defer to after long resistance, but which "being unorganized," and visible only in "vile rabble" at election times, they unaffectedly despise. It is all very wrong and very melancholy; but so long as these things are, let those who seek Parliament remember that they are enrolling themselves, not in a popular assembly whose heart beats with the pulse of the nation, but in a close club, perfect in itself, nearly independent of out-of-doors verdicts or individuals, and therefore deciding absolutely the fates of its own members. If you want to revolutionize the House, work away from without; but, being a member, make a proper estimate of its composition and constitution, identify yourself with it, labour with it and for it, and, in a word, manage it. Think first of your party; but secondly always of the House; and when it is thus seen that you are not there to air your individuality, you will cease at once to be regarded as a *novus homo* whom it would be dangerous to trust and absurd to listen to. The House of Commons Club looks, in fact, with suspicion at every new member who is not one of the oligarchy—as an intruder—a possibly hazardous man, who may work like Hume or talk like Roebuck; and it is this suspicion which every new man, not a silent member by right of birth or position, has in the first place to overcome. As I have said in a former paper, the representative of a large constituency, looking to his re-election, cannot satisfy their ignorant expectations, without appearing frequently in debate, to reiterate his stale opinions; and, as I have also hinted before, this might be done without long speeches, without insulting the club, and without endangering personal position. But it is a great out-of-doors error to suppose that the club itself regulates its approval in proportion to display. It is not so in the world, and it is not so in the House; and, indeed, in the House, the taciturn, careless, back bencher, who never appears on the stage, is often the teacher in rehearsal—the prompter—felt, not seen—when the curtain is up. For instance, Mr. Cornewall Lewis had more to do with the government of England, in Lord John Russell's time, than Sir George Grey; and Mr. Henry Baillie and Lord Lonsdale—two silent men—now affect Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli more than the rest of the cabinet put together. Fox had a foolometer, upon whom he tried his measures, just as Molière experimented with his plays upon his cook; and in that sense, in a club, such as the House of Commons, the "public" may be in reality more truly represented by a Colonel Sibthorpe than by a Colonel Mure. The leader of the House is seldom the most intellectual man in the House—the leader of the party is not at all necessarily the greatest thinker, best talker, or profoundest writer, in its ranks; and, among the file, rank is accorded not at all in reference to what "literary men" call intellect, and not at all in reference to acquired general knowledge. Again, to use illustrations, Mr. Talfourd was less a power than Mr. William Williams; Lord Mahon than Mr. Christopher. In the world we laugh and sneer at those who don't "get on," much as they may be our betters in all except "getting on;" and why not in the St. Stephen's Club?

I have used the word "rehearsal" several times:—let me explain my meaning. I have suggested what is the real constitution of the House of Commons; and it suggests itself that every member of that House is perfectly aware of the precise facts. I think they *are* "the first assembly of gentlemen" in Europe—patricians, no doubt, but patriots, too, whose blood leaps through their limbs when there is occasion, as though they never had trafficked away small national perquisites—and who will (about midnight) cheer madly noble sentiments. But, whether or not the first gentlemen in Europe, this is certain, that they are a cleverer, shrewder, more dexterous set of men than you will find elsewhere in England—House of Commons existence being in itself the most magnificent of educations, in teaching the relative importance of men and things; and the reason why the ordeal of a maiden speech is so greatly dreaded, is simply because you know the sort of men who are your auditors; keener men than are in the whole world beside—accustomed to measure intellect by its exact results on the world, and capable of seeing at a glance through any pretence that may be offered by a Virgin orator. The Demosthenes of the public house may have a profound contempt for the back bencher member of the House of Commons who never talks. But where would the Demosthenes be if the back bencher met him in society—at a railway meeting—at Quarter Sessions—at the bar—in the sweating parlour of a banking-house? These clever gentlemen who are only chorus when the curtain is up—when the Speaker is in the chair—the "Strangers" plentiful—the Reporters arrayed—the ladies aghast—are as potent as Disraeli, and as powerful as Sir James, when they come across one another at dinner-parties, in the smoking-room, at committees, or country-house gatherings. For their own reasons they are insignificant on the stage, where they submit to the necessities of discipline. But who would recognise Mr. Glyn of the House, in the Mr. Glyn who sits chairman twice a year over a noisy meeting in a Roman Doric room ten times as handsome as "the House," and who manages to a marvel the finance of the "North Western?" Who would suppose that the Mr. William Brown, who never speaks in the House, is the same Mr. William Brown who, at Liverpool, regulates hundreds of vessels, thousands of employés, and millions of merchandise? Who would suppose that that quiet Mr. Walter, universal in his knowledge, and because so wise, so very temperate, "leads" the "leading journal?" This club is by no means to be estimated by reference to its own chiefs: a Russell or a Disraeli are selected and put first; not because they are the first men in all respects, but because they have, with most time, the most serviceable special capacity as mouthpieces of large bodies. The House, then, being a crowd of the cleverest, keenest fellows going, position in it is not dependent solely upon public appearance, but upon the impression produced off the stage, in private society, in the smoking room, in committee. M.P.'s are gossips: they know everything of each other; they canvass one another; they estimate one another; and, if the hon. gentleman who has talked very loud, and perhaps very well, on the stage, has not also been a hit in the green room, his success is very incomplete and partial; and the applause of his local journal will but slightly compensate for the sneer he will detect in the lobby. There are some men in the House who may count friends in the whole 656 of their colleagues,—Lord John, for one; Mr. Labouchere, for another; and there is no accident in such instances,—it is the result of a deliberate persevering system of gaining good opinions. There are certain men with whom reserve tells better than cordiality,—as with Sir Robert Peel; but lesser men will lose everything if they neglect the art of producing favourable impressions. Fenelon, in his account of Cicero, says, "when he began to dedicate himself more earnestly to public business, he thought that while mechanics knew the name, the place, the use of every tool and instrument they take in their hands, though these things are inanimate, it would be absurd for a statesman, whose functions cannot be performed but by means of men, to be negligent in acquainting himself with the citizens. He therefore made it his business to commit to memory not only their names, but the place of abode of those of greater note, what friends they made use of, and what neighbours were in their circle." Certainly the "great favourite" class of men in society owe something to a natural amiability, but at least the unsympathetic men might learn the alphabet, the letters, of the language they have to read; might master the House in detail as well as collectively. No orator succeeds who does not know his audience: and the House of Commons is cruel to those whom it does not like. Its likes and dislikes have little to do with the politics of the object. Mr. Hume, the most plain-speaking of Radicals, has been for twenty years the most popular man in an oligarchical House of Commons, and not because, but in spite, of his public appearances, which have been, first, "unbusiness-like," as having no party at his back, and further, have been slightly too numerous, although, as Charles Buller said, "there is never any monotony about him." Mr. Henry Drummond never rises but to sneer at all public virtue and all political pretence; but he is attentively listened to and laughed at, not that the wit is so acute, but that so many have met him out at dinner, and enjoyed the sample in the bulk. To point a contrast, it is enough to say that Mr. Bright carries his inexorable detestation of Toryism into the lobby: whence he is shunned in the green-room and hooted on the stage. A great blunder, for Radicalism cannot do without Mr. Bright.

These suggestions will show to new M.P.'s. the wisdom of a long study of the House *out of* the House, before they venture on the pursuit of the Speaker's eye. A stranger, who is not known and ascertained privately, has no chance of being heard, he is only stared at. But also, before rising to speak, the man who means to win should have come to a conclusion as to what modern House of Commons Oratory amounts to, should catch the knack of the arena, and talk in the tone of the place. Next week you shall have my "Hints" on that theme.

ON THE CULTIVATION OF FLAX.*

VIII.

WE are sorry to be compelled by circumstances to issue our remarks on the culture of flax in rather an unconnected manner. We had hoped ere this to have informed our readers of the precise nature of Mr. Donlan's patent for the dry preparation of the fibre. This we cannot yet do, for the following reasons:—The patent was sealed in June last, and it was scarcely granted when the inventor, a person far advanced in life, and with a constitution weakened by anxiety, died after a short illness. The specification had been fortunately lodged previously to Mr. Donlan's decease, and his widow will, therefore, as we trust, reap the full benefit of her husband's labours; but it will not, we fear, be made public much before the expiration of the period allowed under the patent laws, viz., six months from the date of the patent. This is said to accord to Mr. Donlan and his heirs the sole right of extracting the wood of flax from its fibre by the dry preparation. The *principle* is, in fact, said to be patented; and if so, after all we have said in its praise, we hope that the specification will describe some cheap and efficient machinery available for the ordinary farmer. If not, we shall have some reason to complain of a law which will have the effect of impeding the progress of our clever agricultural machinists, as far as flax machines are concerned, for fourteen years from the date of Mr. Donlan's patent, if not, indeed, for a longer period. We must, therefore, fill the space allotted to us this week with some remarks upon the uses of linseed in the fattening of stock.

The lead which was taken by the county of Norfolk in improved agriculture has been fully maintained in the treatment of fatting stock. At the head of the enterprising farmers in the county, it is not strange that we find the name of Mr. John Warnes, of Trimingham. It would have been strange if a gentleman so thoroughly imbued with the flax mania had not discovered some means of turning the seed into something better than linseed oil and its refuse, oilcake. We accordingly find him erecting loose boxes for his cattle, and cooking their dinners for them with as much care as did M. Soyer for the magnates of the Reform Club. Instead of their being blown out with two cwt. of frozen turnips and a bundle of hay, given at all imaginable irregular periods, Mr. Warnes' cattle are fed with an object, and fed more profitably by other means. The object is to lay on flesh and fat with as little delay as possible, and to accumulate vast quantities of manure in the best condition for agricultural purposes:—The means are, housing the cattle in warm loose boxes favourable to the exercise of their digestive powers, and food given in such quantities and so prepared that the meal may be expeditiously eaten with a good appetite, and ample time therefore allowed for that repose so essential to the development of fat. The cooking apparatus is simple enough: it consists of an iron boiler, capable of holding forty gallons, fitted with a wooden curb sloping outwards, to prevent the mucilage from boiling over; an iron bowl, with handle; a small brewer's mashing-stick; a linseed crusher; a 100-gallon trough or tub; a wooden rammer; a bushel basket; chaff-cutter and turnip-cutter; a fork, with four or five flat prongs; a pail; a peck measure, with handle like that of a pail; and a bin fitted up with the necessary partitions for ground and whole linseed, &c. Most of the above are already to be found in English farm-yards. At any rate, about 10*l.* would supply what is not there. In summer time Mr. Warnes uses ryegrass and clover, or any other green crop, cut into chaff about an inch in length, mixed with linseed compound. In winter

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* *Vide Leader*, Nos. 110, 112, 113, 114, 115, 124, 126.

the food consists of seven-eighths straw, one-eighth hay, with turnip-tops or wurzel leaves, cut into chaff, with a similar addition of linseed compound. The compound is thus made:—Fill the furnace with water to within six inches of the surface, and, as soon as it boils, after damping the fire, strew in by hand one-fifth of linseed meal to four-fifths of water, and stir it thoroughly till well mixed. To do this properly, two persons must be engaged—one to strew the meal, and the other to stir at the same time. After simmering gently for five or six minutes, a strong jelly will be formed; then put into the large tub, or on the barn floor, about three bushels of the chaff, and add enough mucilage to wet it; mix, and ram well down; then add more chaff, mixing and ramming as you proceed. Throw a sack or two over the mixture, and in about two hours it is ready for the cattle. If it is wished to push the cattle or sheep, barley or pease meal may be added, with Swede turnips, carrots, &c., cut small. With respect to the feeding hours, it is Mr. Warnes' practice in summer time to give each beast half-a-bushel of the compound at five a.m. and three p.m., feeding the remainder of the day with the chaff peculiar to the season. In winter he also commences at five a.m. by giving each beast half a peck of the compound; and continues these small feeds until they are nearly satisfied. At seven and nine a.m. they receive half-a-bushel of cut Swedes each; at eleven another small feed of compound is administered; at one and three p.m. more Swedes are thrown in, but *very little at a time*; and at six the animals are treated to a good feed of the compound, and then left for the night. Water should be given sparingly. The best plan is, probably, to keep a vessel of clean water constantly before them, and it will be found that very little will be used. A piece of rock salt should also be placed in each manger.

We believe that Mr. Warnes litters his cattle entirely with straw and flax chaff, so that the manure is always fit to go to the field without much further preparation. The animals trample down the chaff into a hard mass, and it is never removed until they are fat and sold off. No ill effects on the health of the cattle appear to follow this plan, which seems to us to be quite perfect, except that we should employ the flax chaff unsteeped for some better purpose than litter. This, as Mr. Warnes is a flax *sleeper*, he cannot do. But he will, we predict, learn to do so in due time.

The profits to be derived from this system, or a parallel one, of feeding, appear almost fabulous, as will be understood by an example from, of all places in the world, the county of Cornwall. A farmer, attending the annual meeting of the Cornwall Agricultural Association, in December, 1847, stated that, in 1846, he bought an indifferent lot of eight Devons for 98*l.*, or 12*l.* 5*s.* a-head, and commenced feeding them on the 11th November. He sold them on the ensuing 15th of March, when they had cost for feeding, and realized as follows:—

Cost of feeding eight Devons for four months.

Tail barley, 7½ quarters, at 24*s.* . .	£9	0	0
Tail peas, 7½ quarters, at 36*s.* . . .	13	10	0
Linseed, 3 quarters, at 56*s.*	8	8	0
	£30	18	0

Additional food.

One bushel steamed hay, one half cwt. of chaff, and one bushel of white carrots or swedes, each, per day; valued at	10	2	0
	£41	0	0
The cattle sold for . . .	£170	10	4
Deduct cost price . . .	98	0	0
	£72	10	4

The lot thus paid for keep 9*l.* 1*s.* 3*d.* each.

This return for four months is tolerably good, seeing that the expense of keeping each beast was only 5*l.* 5*s.*, after purchasing linseed at 56*s.* per quarter, instead of growing it on the farm. The value of the manure is not reckoned; but it was, of course, considerable. Other lots of cattle were fed with equally good results upon home-made cakes thus manufactured:—

23 lbs. of ground linseed were stirred into 21 gallons of boiling water, with 84 lbs. of rye meal, and two handfuls of salt. After being well stirred for a quarter of an hour, it was poured into tin moulds, forming cakes of 7 lbs. each. These quantities would make 36 cakes, which a man and two children could manufacture in half an hour. Each beast received one of these cakes per day, and, in addition, got a bushel of chaff or hay, mixed with a weak linseed liquor, composed of 12 lbs. of ground linseed, and 240 lbs. of water, which, being well boiled together, was poured over 50 bushels of the chaff. The feeder also gave each fatting beast three-quarters of a cwt. of swedes per day, in three feeds.

It was found that this compound was fully equal to the best oilcake, and had the merit of costing about 4*l.* per ton instead of at least 10*l.*

Had the linseed been grown by this Cornishman, and had he used the unsteeped flax chaff in place of a portion of his hay, his profits would probably have been increased by fully one-third. Therefore is it that we urge the executors of the late Mr. Donlan to leave the country in a state of expectation no longer than is absolutely necessary for the completion of their arrangements. They have a public duty to perform, and we invite them to execute it with as little delay as possible. The culture of flax can receive no strong stimulus in this country until more economical means of preparing it are within the reach of our farmers. These means are said to be at the exclusive disposal of Mr. Donlan's executors; and we trust that, in the course of another month, we may have the satisfaction of winding up our remarks on this subject by a publication of full particulars of the patented process.

WAR-SHIPS MADE USEFUL IN PEACE.

If her Majesty's Ministers belong to a policy of the past, and are reactionary in their sympathies, they are also not afraid of innovations; and one which they have just initiated promises well. Her Majesty's ship *Hercules*, of 72 guns, is placed at the disposal of the Emigration Commissioners, to be fitted up, under their inspection, for emigrants to Australia, and she is to bring back timber, for the use, we presume, of her Majesty's dockyards. Employment of this kind is perfectly compatible with the primary use to which war-ships are applicable, and it is one which, by rendering them serviceable in the intervals of war, practically diminishes their cost. That it can be reconciled to the dominant œconomic principles of the day nobody will pretend; but her Majesty's Ministers for the time being will probably reconcile it to practice.

IMMORALITIES OF THE MARRIAGE LAW.

Not a word needs to be altered in the subjoined letter to the *Times*. The one fact for us to note is the appearance of such a letter in that great organ of received opinions. It is not the first, neither is it the least striking of its series; neither, we venture to predict, is it the last. The subject upon which it touches has long been demanding such utterance as it is beginning to receive within that forum of discussion; and we shall hear more of it.

"Sir,—You are always ready to rouse the general ear if a clear case of grievance can be made out. Let me tell my tale,—no solitary one, I fear, or there would be less need that it should be told. A poor man married, and had half a dozen young children, but the mother forsook them and her husband. Not only his wife was gone, but his cook, his nurse, his laundress, and his housekeeper. To feed his little ones he must be away in the fields all day; so he found a clean industrious woman to come and tend them, and, for awhile, all was well.

"Could this last? You have told me what the poor man's dwelling is—those eight, and two small rooms; answer me.

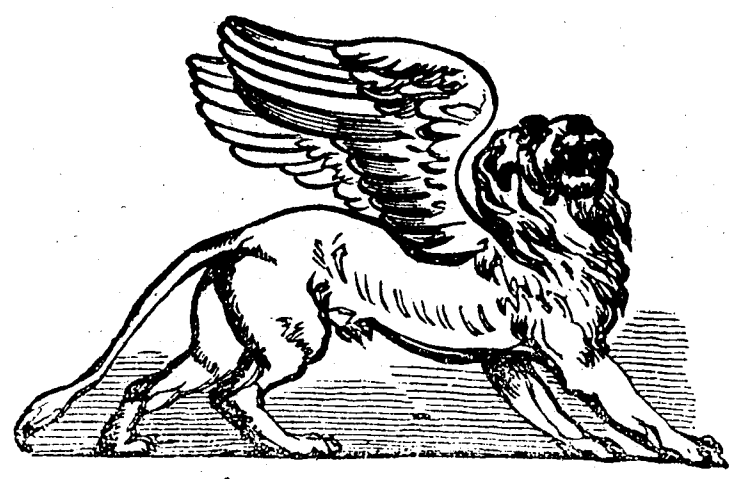
"Neighbours whispered, the district visitor passed by the door, the clergyman rebuked the offenders, and withheld all village charities. (Do not blame him, the poor, who were a credit to his parish would have blamed him sorely had he done otherwise.) But Christmas and Easter bring no laden baskets to gladden the poor little ones who live with 'that horrid woman.' The man would marry his companion if he dare, but trial for bigamy stares him in the face.

"A divorce! How can he hope for it? His rich neighbour, who can better keep house without a wife, can buy one, but not he! Ought this so to be? "A Lady."

How to Rule.—"You must flatter or frighten the interest or the self-love of men. Men are asses or monkeys, who only jump for nuts, or skip about in fear of the whip."—*Fraser's Magazine* for September.

National Love.—M —— once said to me, "I have known women of all countries. The Italian woman only believes in the sincerity of her lover when he is ready to commit a crime for her; the Englishwoman when he is disposed to be downright mad in her behalf; and the Frenchwoman when he is disposed to render himself silly and ridiculous for her sake."—*Fraser's Magazine* for September.

A Gentle Soul.—Madame de Tencin, with the suavest manners in the world, was an unprincipled woman, capable of anything. On one occasion, a friend was praising her gentleness. "Ay, ay," said the Abbé Imblet, "if she had any object whatever in poisoning you, undoubtedly she would choose the sweetest and the least disagreeable poison in the world."—*Fraser's Magazine* for September.



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 TRUE PRINCIPLE OF CONCERT IN RAILWAY ADMINISTRATION."

(*To the Editor of the Leader.*)

Sir,—Agreeing generally with your very excellent remarks on "Concert in Railway Administration," I must beg to differ with you on one special point of your argument. I take the liberty of doing so on the grounds, that, before the evils attendant on the present railway administration can be removed, the real cause of those evils must be discovered. When this is done—and not until then, can the true principle of "concert" be applied to the advantage of *all* parties concerned—the workers, the proprietors, and the public.

I think, then, that you are scarcely warranted by the circumstances in stating as a "fact," that "the traffic on the London and North-Western Railway overcrowds that line, compels the managers to send trains too large, or too rapidly after one-another."

Now the trains which are started the most rapidly after one-another are usually those of the greatest speed. And railway statistics will show that accidents by these trains are but units compared to those occurring to trains that are more slow of speed, or those having the greater amount of time between the departures.

The real practical working of a railway train, when in motion, rests with the driver and fireman on the engine, and the signal-man and points-man on the road. And the reason that there are fewer accidents by the trains I have mentioned is, that every man is compelled *instinctively* to *feel* the extra dangers and responsibilities attendant on fast travelling, and that extra caution, activity, and attention are required of him, and he gives them accordingly. The slower trains are not considered to be attended with such great risks as in the other case, and the men have no interest, and little else to make, or cause them to *feel*, the necessity of the same strict attention; and hence we may account for the difference in the number of casualties in the two cases.

That the line is overcrowded I believe will be found to be equally erroneous. And, after some years' experience in the practical working of the line, I would venture to assert that one-third might be added to the present traffic with equally as much safety and certainty. The extra traffic consequent on the Exhibition of last year will bear me out in that assertion. For be it remembered, that, throughout the whole of that busy time, with all its extra pressure upon the time and attention of the railway-servants, not one accident of a serious nature occurred on the main line of traffic of the London and North-Western Railway.

It is true that during that time there was considerable inconvenience to passengers, occasioned by the delay of trains, in consequence of the unusual numbers to be accommodated. But for this evil, resulting from the want of room, and other arrangements, at the various stations and termini, time and experience would have taught the remedy. With this drawback the fact is patent, that nearly double the amount of traffic *was* conducted, without injury to any one, during the summer of 1851.

Why, then, so marked a freedom from accident at that extraordinary epoch of railway travelling? And why the frequent serious accidents that have happened since that time? When I have shown that the element is absent that insured the safety of the travellers during the Exhibition, it will easily be seen how to account for the difference.

It was a national ambition that success should attend all that related to the Exhibition, its contributors, and

its visitors. And in no class of persons was this ambition more ardent, or more enthusiastically put in practice, than by the servants of the London and North-Western Company. Each vied with the other in endeavouring to secure regularity with safety.

And it was this spontaneous feeling of interest in the industrial gathering, knowing that success partly depended upon themselves, that gave them the greater interest in their duties at that time, and insured the required attention.

And it is the want of this feeling of interest towards the company (which the Exhibition was enabled to draw forth) that causes the carelessness and inattention that have since produced the opposite results—the destruction of property and loss of life.

The expansive idea of amalgamation has materially assisted (though perhaps unconsciously) to bring about that "concert" which will ultimately insure the general welfare of all; a step so far in advance of the general administration, that it may be taken as an indication that the time is not far distant when the head that arrived at so clear and disinterested a conclusion of the requirement of the day, will also devise and introduce a policy that shall insure from the employed that feeling of interest and devotion to the perfection and prosperity of the company, as was called forth by the great National Exhibition of 1851.

That this feeling is required, no one will deny; and that it is obtainable is equally certain, when the proper means shall be used to bring it out. Unfortunately, railway companies, and the North Western with the rest, do not yet sufficiently understand the human animal so as to govern it to the best advantage.

The majority of railway managers have been schooled to the doctrine that man can be forced and disciplined into duty with the regularity of a machine. And they take the army as an evidence of that fact. But that institution itself would, if closely examined, disprove their conclusions in many particulars. That men have feelings relative to their employers and employment, cannot be doubted; and that those feelings may be made subservient to a particular interest is also true, according as that interest is made *attractive* or *repulsive* to the individual. It does not follow that in all cases it can be so successful as the railway liabilities demand it should be. But supposing the army to be the machine as represented, neither does it follow that it is desirable the railway staff of workers should be the same. There is this wide difference between the two, which should never be lost sight of—that while the whole of the movements of the one must be directed by a superior or despotic power, to the other much must always be left to the judgment and discretion of the employed: and hence the individual, who is in *fact* held responsible for his discretion and judgment (or the want of it,) cannot but feel that the exercise of these faculties of mind, and the services rendered by them, should at least demand an acknowledgment; whereas, such services are practically treated as valueless, and men without these abilities and good conduct, or without any real qualification, from private interests alone, are found receiving the advantage of an improved position to which the more deserving naturally prefer a superior claim.

With this want of appreciation, and the cold and formal language in which he finds himself addressed by those in authority over him; denied the right to think, or of offering an opinion adverse to those who claim to be his superiors, the railway servant is forcibly reminded of his inferior position, until his feelings become alienated and estranged from both his employers and his employment. And the result is, men to do the work—work the most responsible that a man can undertake, if we consider the lives that depend upon the activity and correctness of his actions—who have no thought for the company or the public interest, no thought for the very great responsibilities resting on themselves, and who only value the situation as a means of helping out a mere physical existence. Such is the result of man being treated rather as a machine, than as a living, thinking, and feeling human being. The effect of which is the indifference of the men, inconvenience to the public, and loss to the company. And hence arises the appearance of "over-crowding the line," which you allude to. Removing these appearances would no more remove the increasing casualties to life and property, than it would add to the convenience of the public, or enrich the exchequer of the company, while the causes I have imperfectly alluded to remain in operation,

Although the view I have taken is not usually acknowledged, yet I have a faith that so soon as the great idea of amalgamation—which is seeking, by extending the powers of association, or concert, to impart to the public and the proprietors the benefits that only "concert" can give—shall have felt the benefits arising from the destruction of useless competition, it will then direct this power to other improvements; the first of which should be the securing the services of men—by acknowledging them *as men*, and you will thereby make them more interested in the success of the body by whom they are employed, and our railways will then attain to the regularity and completeness we desire; and their true and natural office will show itself in bearing a just value, to the proprietor, the public, and the worker.—Yours, most respectfully,

NORTH WESTERN.

DEFENCE OF THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

(*To the Editor of the Leader.*)

SIR,—"The dangers of the Temperance movement" have been argued by "Ion" in your paper: I readily grant the justice of that writer's remarks, so far as they assail the coarseness and intolerance of Temperance advocates and committees, wherein they impute the worst of motives to our opponents, whether they be licensed victuallers or moderate drinkers. It is, however, well known that drunkenness is a great and unfortunate fact, and the Temperance movement was organized to destroy it: our object being reformation and prevention; our conditions of membership, abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, without reference to creed, political or religious.

This is all that is meant by the "disagreeable designation, Teetotalism." "Ion" in other places has taken some pains to show us, that for the sake of truth and progression we ought not to set much by a mere name. Then why object to it?—we began with it—we have continued with it—and we now see no reason for abandoning it.

We do not pretend that intemperance is the sole cause of all the distress, evil, and oppression, to which civilized flesh is heir, but we do say that there is a vast amount of evil in the shape of immorality, dissipation, disease, imbecility of mind, and wickedness the most gross, all attributable to drunkenness.

It is true that "thousands are hopelessly poor and rigidly temperate at the same time," but "Ion" gains nothing by this objection; for it is a fact that intemperance would render their condition still more hopeless; and we say that Teetotalism, because it is the antidote for drunkenness, will cure all those evils which, as cause and effect, are the result of drunkenness.

We say next, that our work would only be half complete were we to rest here, for drunkenness being the effect of moderate drinking, we cannot as social reformers be content in tampering with mere effects, hence we wage war against all moderate drinking.

Then if it be a fact that much of the evil and distress which at present afflict humanity is the effect of drunkenness, it is also a fact that drunkenness is the effect of moderate drinking, which Teetotalism consistently practised and carried out will cure.

In arguing the question fairly, the analogy of "Ion" does not stand good, wherein he compares alcohol to a mutton chop, for any body knows, whatever may be the conscientious opinion or motive of the vegetarian, that a mutton chop is not a poison, and before "Ion" took this ground he ought to have shown that alcohol is not a poison.

"Ion" tells us that "many have well stored cellars which they supply to their friends, but never were nor ever will be intoxicated themselves." (query). It is a fact, according to the law of example, by which man is more or less influenced, that whether such gentlemen be educated or illiterate, inasmuch as they drink, or cause others to drink, they have a share in the great product of drunkenness.

If it be a fact that no man is born a drunkard, then moderation is the only road to drunkenness, and all who drink have a share in making and perpetuating drunkenness, whether they be priests or philosophers, no matter what may be their conscientiousness of motive.

"Ion" tells us that Temperance hotel-keepers, although they be abstainers themselves, ought to supply alcoholic drinks to their customers; why, to say the least, this is defending the grossest inconsistency. Does not "Ion" know that some of the most benign movements have been sacrificed by their advocates on this very ground, at the shrine of patronage and interest, perhaps for a mess of pottage?

If we grant for the sake of argument that the "educated gentleman," on the ground of mere opinion, has a right to have his taste satisfied, surely he ought not to insist that the Temperance hotel-keeper, being an abstainer, shall be a party to the gratifying of a taste that he conscientiously thinks vitiated.

That some "drink moderately all their life without ever being drunk themselves," is quite the exception, and the fact would be no proof that alcohol is not a poison.

I knew a woman that lived to a good age, who had contracted the habit of taking laudanum, until she could take as much at one dose as would kill three healthy men unaccustomed to take it; but can it be said, therefore, that laudanum is not a poison, because what our opponents would call excess in the men did not kill the woman.

Then the same is true in reference to alcohol.

All about the Homeopathist, the Allopathist, and the Hydropathist, can only have reference to invalids, whom the Teetotaler is quite consistent in leaving in the hands of the physician. Few medical men practise for themselves where there is danger, and although men may have a right to choose their physician, and the kind of medicine, we have no right morally to choose the use of strong drink as a beverage, seeing that it is but gratifying a vitiated taste at the expense of the best interests of society, especially where such practices have a tendency to train up the rising generation in the way they should *not* go.

JOHN WATT.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.

[We readily insert the earnest letter of Mr. Watt, as we have those of others on this subject. Mr. Watt further presents the other side of the topic discussed, which we are willing should stand before our readers, who after perusing this letter and others in course of insertion, will not we think be of opinion that "Ion" has much mistaken the "dangers of the Temperance cause."—ED.]

THE RECENT CO-OPERATIVE CONFERENCE.

(*To the Editor of the Leader.*)

London, September 4, 1852.

SIR,—As I am desirous of relieving, if possible, the perplexity of a "Looker-on," concerning the subject of the recent co-operative conference, will you permit me to say, in reply to his inquiries, that that conference was convoked (as stated in my former note) by the "Society for promoting Working Men's Associations;" and that the constitution of the conference was very similar to that of the one held at Bury, Lancashire, in April, 1851, except that in issuing their "proposals" for the conference, the society stated that, "as it is desirable that as many co-operative bodies as possible should be represented at the conference, it is proposed that any number of associated bodies should be at liberty to unite for the purpose of sending delegates;" and it also being by the society considered desirable that a larger number of productive associations should be represented at this, than was represented at the former conference, to effect this object it was proposed that such associations, though having a less number of members than distributive associations (which have generally a much larger number of members) should be permitted to send delegates. The subjects proposed for discussion at the conference, and the conditions of representation were sent to every society known to be engaged in practical co-operation, and in no one instance was any complaint made as to those conditions, or any suggestion received for their amendment.

The constitution of the "Society for promoting Working Men's Associations," is contained in No. 5 of the *Tracts on Christian Socialism*, published by Mr. Bell, of Fleet-street, to which tract I must direct your correspondent for information as to its organization and management, at the same time informing him that I believe it to be in contemplation to revise that constitution, in consequence of the changes that will be effected in the working associations by the passing of the Industrial and Provident Societies Act. The proceedings of the society have been regularly reported in the *Christian Socialist* and the *Journal of Association*, until the recent discontinuance of the latter publication. A report of the society will shortly be published.

The resolutions of the conference, as contained in the *Morning Advertiser*, are quite correct; a full report is, however, in the press, and will be ready in a few days. The request of your correspondent, and the importance of a clear and cordial understanding between all friends of the co-operative movement, must be my apology for again troubling you.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

THOMAS SHORTER,
Secretary to the Conference.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. P. of Ipswich. We omit his letter of corroboration and acknowledgment of the side taken by "Ion" on the Temperance question, as we are anxious to insert as many as possible from dissentients. We have a valuable communication from Dr. Lees, of Leeds; letters from Mr. Pallister, Mr. G. Sunter, and others, standing over.

We are obliged to "A Subscriber" for the correction of a slight error of statement in our last impression. We reported the dinner to the Guild of Literature at Manchester to have been held in the Free Trade Hall, whereas it was only the performance of the Guild that took place in the Free Trade Hall, and the banquet given to the Guild by the members of the Manchester Athenæum, took place in the rooms of that Institution.

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.*

IF there is one thing a decrepit Church should avoid above all others, it is the danger of making the antagonism between it and Science more apparent by frivolous and vexatious formalities. Hence all politic friends of orthodoxy should be anxious to abrogate *tests*, for these tests awaken strange thoughts in conscientious minds. On the face of it few things can be more absurd than to demand of a professor of physical science an oath in conformity to a particular Church. It is not the chemist's *religious* orthodoxy, but his *chemical* orthodoxy that concerns his pupils.

DR. GEORGE WILSON, of Edinburgh, has called public attention to this subject in a pamphlet on the *Grievance of University Tests as applied to Professors of Physical Science in Scotland.* An eminent lecturer, and an unquestionably orthodox Christian, DR. WILSON, declines to become candidate for the chair of Chemistry, because, if elected, he could not fill the chair at the expense of his conscience in signing a profession of the faith held by the Church of Scotland. To put such a test to a professor is preposterous:—

"Is it reasonable that a teacher of physical science should be bound to declare, not only (as every Christian would willingly do) that he believed that the souls of the righteous after death go to heaven, but in addition that they are 'received into the *highest heavens?*' Would you deny his Christianity, because he declined to be positive on a matter so far beyond human inquiry, and felt it to be difficult to reconcile the statement of the Confession with the declaration of the Apostle Peter concerning one righteous man, namely, that 'David is not ascended into the heavens?'—a passage generally understood as referring only to David's body, but which appears plainly to teach that David is in no sense exalted to those highest heavens where 'Christ sitteth at the right hand of God.'

"Once more: Why should a Christian professor of anatomy or physiology be required to declare, that at the Resurrection, 'the dead shall be raised up with the *self-same bodies, and none other*, although with *different qualities?*' The passage is obscure in grammar; but even if we understand it as signifying, that the body possessed during life by each individual shall be restored to him at his resurrection, 'the self-same, and none other, although with different qualities,' is it not hard that hundreds of persons should be required to declare their belief in the resurrection in these questionable terms?"

DR. WILSON shows how such a test would exclude the greatest names in Chemistry—BOYLE, HOOKE, CAVENDISH, PRIESTLEY, BLACK, WOLLASTON, DAVY, DALTON, and FARADAY.

"Faraday, who is a member and minister of the body of Christians calling themselves Sandemanians, of whose genius, great discoveries, high scientific reputation, rare excellence as a lecturer, conspicuous integrity, religious earnestness and piety, it is needless to write at length, would not be more welcome than Allen or Dalton. He is Christian enough to lecture to her Majesty and Prince Albert; Christian enough to lecture to peers and peeresses; Christian enough to lecture to clergymen, to men of letters, to men of science, to young ladies, professional students, and children, within the walls of the Royal Institution, London, and at the meetings of the British Association; but he is not Christian enough to be made a professor at St. Andrews, Glasgow, or Aberdeen!"

Not only does the test exclude the greatest teachers of Chemistry—or coerce them into a lie—it also makes public oath-taking a mockery and a "mere form." As THEODORE HOOK said, when asked to sign the Thirty-nine Articles, "Certainly—*forty*, if you like."

But when a Church persists in enforcing these shams, it makes evident the vital antagonism there is, and must be, between its vague unsatisfactory dogmas, variously interpreted by various minds, and the precise, satisfactory, immutable dogmas of science, which are everywhere accepted, and carry conviction with unity.

On the continent, Reaction in the plenitude of imbecility is fast undermining its own existence by shortsighted cunning. The Minister of Public Instruction in Vienna has actually ordered an Edition of the Classics to be prepared, wherein all passages bearing upon Religion, Morals, and Politics are to be accommodated to "correct ideas." This is to stay the progress of the *ver rongeur*—the corrupting influence of the classics! One can imagine the havoc they will make with TACITUS and SENECA, especially when one thinks of GRANIER DE CASSAGNAC writing an eulogy on TIBERIUS, by way of covertly praising LOUIS NAPOLEON! In respect of dirt one might wish the Classics altered, but the dirt, be assured, will be religiously preserved; it is not dirt that is dangerous, but Thought! MARTIAL, and ARISTOPHANES, CATULLUS and PETRONIUS will form *les délices* of the *bien pensants* as heretofore,

Not only is a vigilant eye to keep dangerous sentiments out of the Classics, but also to look more sharply after the Moderns. Hitherto the Censor has discovered the "danger" after the book has been extensively circulated; now his post is to be Leipsig—the great book-mart—and before a new work enters Austria it must pass through his hands. So that an intellectual quarantine is established to prevent the entrance of the pest of knowledge into Austria. Why not re-establish the Inquisition at once, as the bolder and more logical partizans openly advise?

The cordial hatred and profound contempt which Englishmen feel for the Decembrizers of France, will find ample justification, if justification be needed, in the circumstantial pages of VICTOR SCHOELCHER in his *Histoire des Crimes du 2 Decembre*, published in London, and giving a minute history of the *coup d'état*, worth consulting by those who have read the "official" accounts of that infamy; accounts to which LOUIS NAPOLEON referred with characteristic assurance in his ludicrously "dignified" reply to the *Times*.

Although Society is saved, Literature does not seem to flourish. Its main activity lies in reprints; among these, let us notice two agreeable books,—*Caprices et Zigzags*, by THEOPHILE GAUTIER, containing his "impressions de voyage" in Belgium and England; very amusing pages they are, witty, picturesque, ephemeral. The *Nouvelles*, by CHARLES REYBAUD, though not so amusing as *Jerôme Paturôt*, have nevertheless some of the gaiety and point of that pen. GEORGE SAND has again made a dramatic effort, *Le Démon du foyer*, and again failed. Her admirers deeply regret to see such genius struggling in a sphere so ill adapted to its forces; but their regrets are idle, Genius is moved from *within*, and what seems capricious to byestanders, is in reality the most perfect consistency. GEORGE SAND has an impulse to create a new school of drama. If she succeed, the *quidnuncs* will forget their regrets.

We cannot close our weekly gossip without calling the attention of all readers to the fact of a new and very cheap edition of NEWMAN'S grave and searching book, *The Soul; its Sorrows and its Aspirations*, forming the fourth volume of *Chapman's Library for the People*. It contains a new Introduction, vindicating the claim of human reason to be the arbiter of its own creed, to be the witness to First Principles, and not to be subjugated by Authority. This beautiful book is now within the reach of the humblest purses.

TODD AND BOWMAN'S PHYSIOLOGY.

The Physiological Anatomy and Physiology of Man. By Robert Bentley Todd, M.D., and William Bowman. In two vols. J. W. Parker and Son.

ALTHOUGH the concluding section of this work still remains to be published, we will no longer delay our review of a book which deserves a place in every scientific library. The aim of the writers is to furnish an accurate view of the structure and functions of the human frame, and they have given more anatomical detail in their work than is usual in treatises on physiology.

We cannot approve of the arrangement of their work, although it is the one commonly followed. After "general considerations," there is a chapter on the Constituents of Animal Bodies; and an investigation of the Tissues; from this a start is made at once to the functions of *animal* life, locomotion, and sensation.

"The subdivision of the functions of the human organism into the animal and the organic, as already stated, may be adopted as the least objectionable basis for their arrangement. Under the former title we include those functions, which are peculiar to and characteristic of the animal part of the living creation, and to which there is nothing similar or analogous in the vegetable kingdom. These are locomotion and innervation. The *organic* functions are present in both kingdoms, with certain modifications. They are digestion, absorption, circulation, respiration, secretion, and generation.

"In examining these various processes, we propose to follow the order in which they have been enumerated. We find it convenient to take the locomotive function first, because so large a proportion of the mechanical arrangements, or of the anatomy of the body, is connected with it. The transition from locomotion to innervation is easy and obvious; for the nervous system has a special connexion with the locomotive organs, in order that the influence of the will may be conveyed to them. It may be here stated, that in the animal functions the interference of volition is more frequent than in the organic ones; and that, in all, the nervous system exerts a certain control, and may influence to a great degree the performance of the functions, although some of them are essentially independent of it."

These are reasons that will satisfy no philosopher. Strange, indeed, that men should overlook so plain a precept as that of proceeding from the simple to the complex in their study of organization. If animal life is but a superposition on vegetative life,—if it is not only a later development of organization, but is absolutely dependent on vegetative life for its own continuance, then it is clear that physiologists lose many an advantage in not following the course of nature in their exposition, and making the student familiar with the simpler forms before proceeding to the complex.

The objection we make must be made, however, to all writers on this subject. They follow each other in unthinking routine. The objections we are about to make, apply more especially to Messrs. Todd and Bowman, and we make them that we may be more at ease in our emphatic commendation of their work.

Excellent anatomists and physiologists as they are, they have fallen into a ludicrous blunder with respect to muscular heat—a blunder which no *properly* educated physiologist could have fallen into, because to be properly educated, a physiologist must have mastered the preliminary sciences of Physics and Chemistry, whereas, in defiance of the plainest facts, Messrs. Todd and Bowman attribute muscular heat to the *friction of the muscular fibres!* Read the passage:—

"Two phenomena yet remain to be mentioned, which by admitting of a satisfactory explanation on this view of the subject, give strong testimony to its correctness.

"The first is the *muscular sound*, heard on applying the ear to a muscle in action. It resembles, according to the apt simile of Dr. Wollaston, the distant rumbling of carriage-wheels; or rather, perhaps, an exceedingly rapid and faint tremulous vibration, which, when well marked, has a metallic tone. It is the sound of friction, and appears to be occasioned by those movements of the neighbouring fibres upon one another, with which the partial contractions must be attended in their incessant oscillations.

"The other phenomenon is one whose existence has been recently ascertained by MM. Becquerel and Breschet, viz., that *a muscle, during contraction, augments in temperature.* They have found this increase to be usually more than one degree

Fahrenheit; but sometimes, when the exertion has been continued for five minutes (as the biceps of the arm, in sawing a piece of wood), it has been double that amount. This development of heat may be in a great measure attributable to, and even a necessary consequence of, the friction just alluded to.".

The idea of soft moist semi-liquid fibres producing this heat by *friction* is one that we confess astounded us, coming from such writers.

We were less surprised at finding them fall into the old routine of separating mind from the brain, and making it an independent existence, because they bring the authority of "Revealed Truth" into the field—an authority which, in matters of science especially, is most unhappy. Their treatment of this subject, however, is such as we observe in a large class of orthodox writers: their facts and arguments all go one way, their conclusions another. No positive Biologist would desire a more specific statement than this:—

"From these premises it may be laid down as a just conclusion, that the convolutions of the brain are *the centre of intellectual action*, or, more strictly, that this centre consists in that vast sheet of vesicular matter which crowns the convoluted surface of the hemispheres. This surface is connected with the centres of volition and sensation (corpora striata and optic thalami), and is capable at once of being excited by, or of exciting them. *Every idea of the mind is associated with a corresponding change in some part or parts of this vesicular surface;* and, as local changes of nutrition in the expansions of the nerves of pure sense may give rise to subjective sensations of vision or hearing, *so derangements of nutrition in the vesicular matter of this surface may occasion analogous phenomena of thought, the rapid development of ideas,* which, being ill-regulated or not at all directed by the will, assume the form of delirious raving."

Elsewhere it is said:—

"Although the workings of the mind are doubtless independent of the body, experience convinces us that in those combinations of thought which take place in the exercise of the intellect, the nervous force is called into play in many a devious track throughout the intricate structure of the brain. How else can we explain the bodily exhaustion which mental labour induces? The brain often gives way, like an overwrought machine, under the long-sustained exercise of a vigorous intellectual effort; and many a master mind of the present or a former age has, from this cause, ended his days 'a driveller and a show.' A frequent indication of commencing disease in the brain, is the difficulty which the individual feels in 'collecting his thoughts,' the loss of the power of combining his ideas, or impairment of memory. How many might have been saved from an early grave or the madhouse, had they taken in good time the warning of impending danger which such symptoms afford! The delicate mechanism of the brain cannot bear up long against the incessant wear and tear to which men of great intellectual powers expose it, without frequent and prolonged periods of repose. The precocious exercise of the intellect in childhood is frequently prejudicial to its acquiring vigour in manhood, for the too early employment of the brain impairs its organization, and favours the development of disease. Emotion, when suddenly or strongly excited or unduly prolonged, is most destructive *to the proper texture of the brain, and to the operations of the mind.*"

The quiet assumption of the opening sentence about the independence of the mind, is made with reference, we presume, to "Revealed Truth;" and if the rest of the passage flatly contradicts it, "so much the worse for the facts." Logic is not the forte of these writers, as we may note in the following extraordinary passage:

"The nature of the connexion between the mind and nervous matter has ever been, and must continue to be, the deepest mystery in physiology; and they who study the laws of Nature, as ordinances of God, will regard it as one of those secrets of his counsels 'which angels desire to look into.' The individual experience of every thoughtful person, in addition to the inferences deducible from revealed Truth, affords convincing evidence that the mind can work apart from matter, *and* we have many proofs to show that the neglect of mental cultivation may lead to an impaired state of cerebral nutrition; or, on the other hand, that diseased action of the brain may injure or destroy the powers of the mind. These are fundamental truths of vast importance to the student of mental *pathology* as well as of physiology. It may be readily understood that mental and physical development should go hand in hand together, and mutually assist each other; but we are not, therefore, authorized to conclude that mental action results from the physical working of the brain. The strings of the harp, set in motion by a skilful performer, will produce harmonious music if they have been previously duly attuned. But if the instrument be out of order, although the player strike the same notes, and evince equal skill in the movements of his fingers, nothing but the harshest discord will ensue. As, then, sweet melody results from skilful playing on a well-tuned instrument of good construction, so a sound mind, and a brain of good development and quality, are the necessary conditions of healthy and vigorous mental action."

The individual experience of every thoughtful person affords convincing evidence of mind working apart from matter, we are told. But where is the evidence? Who ever witnessed the phenomena of thought when no nervous matter was present? Name your authority (we decline "Revealed Truth"), give a single instance, give a single argument. All we know of mind is in connexion with a living brain. Give us an instance of a brainless mind, and we will thankfully acknowledge it.

But the logic of what follows is peculiar. We are told that there is evidence, apart from Revealed Truth, of the independent existence of the mind, "*and* we have many proofs to show that the neglect of mental cultivation may lead to an impaired state of cerebral nutrition." This *and* is very noticeable. So, indeed, is the whole passage. The more clearly to expose its fallacy we call attention to this exact parallel.

That Strength has an existence independent of mere matter, will be evident to the experience of every thoughtful person, though Revealed Truth is silent on the point; and we have innumerable proofs that neglect of the exercise of this Strength leads to an impaired state of muscular nutrition; so that a man who does not employ his strength will be found to have small and flaccid muscles; while, on the other hand, as a further proof that Strength is independent of muscular fibre, any disease of the muscular fibre will derange or totally destroy the powers of the muscle. It is true that physical Strength and muscular development go hand in hand, but we are *not* to conclude that Strength results from the physical action of the muscles!

We have formerly shown that mental phenomena are the peculiar phenomena of nervous tissue, as muscular actions are of muscular tissue, and we refer hesitating readers to that exposition, especially those who may conclude from what has just been said that we are "materialists." (No. 124, p. 762.)

Having made these objections, let us cordially commend the excellencies of this work: these are, great clearness and minuteness of exposition, exhaustive erudition of what has been done by previous writers, great care in the examination of dubious evidence, impartiality in stating conflicting views, candour, and, above all, valuable *original* matter. Mr. Bowman is a first rate microscopist; and this work bears ample testimony to the original observation and experiment of the authors. High praise this, and deserved. If the work do not exhibit great philosophic merit, it exhibits such practical excellencies, that no student should be without it.

The chapter on the tissues, though very deficient in philosophic grasp, is valuable for the minuteness of its details; the chapters on Innervation are also eminently useful, especially that on the reflex action of the nerves. Indeed, the importance and space given to the nervous system in this work entitle it to be considered in the light of a monograph. On the completion of the work we may return to it, and examine its chapters on vegetative life, for which space at present fails us. The illustrations also deserve a word of praise: they are very numerous, many quite new, and all admirably engraved.

NOVELS FOR NOVEL READERS.

Constance Tyrrell; or, the Half Sister. By P. H. Pepys, Esq. 3 vols. Bentley.
The Heir of Sherborne; or, the Attainder. 3 vols. Bentley.

In enjoyment of a readable novel "we yield to none," as the elegant writers say when they "fearlessly assert" their extremely harmless opinions. But the novel must be *readable*, and "there's the rub" (to use an elegant and unfamiliar quotation). So few novels *are* readable, after one has had a certain experience of circulating libraries. It is pleasant enough at first: the youthful mind has profound faith in the Reginalds and Claras; ignorance of the world lends a willing ear to the conversations which novelists liberally employ; and an ardent imagination believes in the probability and practicability of all the "adventures." But the illusion vanishes. Experience comes to teach us that life is supremely unlike the circulating library; and the very abundance of the circulating library painfully teaches us that it is very like itself, so that after awhile we know exactly what turn the story will take, what the villain will do, what the wronged but haughty beauty will say, what misery the lovers will finally emerge from into festal joy, and what escapes will diversify the "adventures."

Had we never read more than a dozen novels we should eagerly "devour" *Sherborne; or, the Attainder*, an historical novel of the most approved type, but owing to the cause just hinted we found it totally impossible to get through more than the first volume. The author will rebel, no doubt, at this the critic's "unfairness." But after all, is not that unreadability sufficient criticism? We asked nothing better than to accompany him gaily to the end of his third volume; but it is not our fault. You cannot induce the pastrycook's boy to dine off raspberry puffs; he has had his surfeit long ago, and would prefer a little plain bread and cheese.

Then, as to *Constance Tyrrell*, we remember the day when such a novel would have been wept over, when Reginald Mowbray would have been the secret ideal and Constance the avowed idol of our "imaginings" (whatever *that* may be); but, alas, the day! we cannot command sufficient *naiveté* and credulity now, and this novel, like so many others, we put down unfinished—*à qui la faute?*

To those whose appetite is stronger, and whose experience of novels is more limited, we may recommend these two books; they are neither better nor worse than hundreds of others, but to us possess the incurable sin of not being real; they are like no life but that which moves through three volumes or five acts—the library and the stage. All the characters remind us of the "characters" of the celebrated Mr. Marks—"One penny plain, twopence coloured," which characters also were the glory of our youthful days!

Apropos of youth, Mr. Pepys must be a very young man, or he would never have fallen into that novelist's error of calling Mason old at forty. Think of a man being necessarily excluded from a girl's affections because he is forty—what immense ignorance! It is, however, the conventional belief of the circulating library, where a man after five-and-twenty, and without black moustache and raven ringlets, has a feeble position. And see what comes of being forty and proposing to one's cousin! Here is a serious man seriously declaring his love, and

"The only reply vouchsafed to him, however, was a loud burst of ringing laughter that made the very walls resound again. Mason started to his feet, and paced up and down the room, his blood boiling at the insult, but his usual self-command still enabling him to preserve outward composure, that no burst of irritation on his part might contribute to the downfal of his hopes, which now seemed so momently impending. He bit his lips almost through, and waited impatiently till Constance should recover from her fit of laughter, and give him some definite reply. This, however, she did not seem to find it easy to do; one paroxysm succeeded another till her eyes were running over with tears, and sheer exhaustion at length brought the fit to a conclusion. The indignant aspect of Mason's countenance, as he paced up and down the room, served only to add to her amusement, and she seemed on the point of indulging in another outburst, when she checked herself, and said:

"'I really beg your pardon, James, for receiving your serious proposal with such ill-timed hilarity; but I assure you, it was too much for me. I could not resist. Why, my dear, fond, venerable cousin, what could possibly have possessed you to think that you were endowed with qualities likely to captivate a gay young thing like me, or to believe that I was likely to make a suitable wife for you? But I cannot believe you were serious: you wanted to see how I should behave when you went through the solemn farce of making me a formal proposal. In that case, I hope you are as much gratified as I have been at the successful manner in which

you have played your part in this little comedy. I only wish Captain Mowbray could have seen you; how he would have laughed,' and here she again relapsed into a violent fit of laughter, upon which Mason rushed out of the room, seeing that the case was evidently hopeless, and stung to madness by the last taunt, which showed him how the image of Mowbray was impressed upon her mind, and suggested that he might have been partly instrumental in procuring him this defeat.

"'It is then all at end,' said he to himself, as quitting the house he strode hastily across the park. 'The toil, the care of so many years, is utterly thrown away; and as if these were not enough—as if the disappointment of hope, so long cherished, were not sufficiently bitter—she has added insult to my mortification. If she must have refused me, she might surely have done so kindly and tenderly. She does not suspect that my views had reference only to her fortune! for aught she knew, I might have felt the love I feigned. Surely then, it was inexcusable of her to turn it thus into ridicule. But, by heaven! I will be revenged: she shall not be able to boast that she can insult me with impunity. No, I will leave no stone unturned, no plan untried, until I have devised means of making her bitterly repent the day when she heaped insult on the head of James Mason.'"

To protest against the fearful untruth of such a scene as this would be idle; the whole book exhibits a complete misapprehension of realities. Young girls laugh in the faces of suitors in novels, but no girl does such a thing in life; unless, indeed, there be some impertinence to justify it, by betraying a want of real feeling in the suitor.

THOMSON'S TRAVELS IN TIBET.

Western Himalaya and Tibet; a Narrative of a Journey through the Mountains of Northern India during the years 1847-8. By Thomas Thomson, M.D. Reeve and Co.

THIS work should have been named, "Botanical Memoranda, made during a journey, &c.;" and by that name have prevented the serious disappointment of every candid reader who, believing in its title, will expect a book of travels. Dr. Thomson is a careful and apparently trustworthy man, his memoranda, therefore, would have earned their meed of praise. All genuine observation is useful; and we presume that botanists will make some use of Dr. Thomson's book. But the general reader will pronounce it one of the dullest of dull books. Every one remembers the wearisome iteration of the historian of the great Retreat, and his minuteness in specifying the number of parasangs the army marched each day, till one began to think that the incessantly recurring phrase, εντεῦθεν εξελαυνει σταθμους δυο παρασαγγας δεκα, κ.τ.λ., must have been written with an eye to a land-surveyorship; but tiresome as these details are, they are at least *definite*, whereas Dr. Thomson's incessantly recurring phrases, "the ascent was steep," the "descent was rugged"—and the vague descriptions of the road, are not only wearisome, but convey no definite information. The one good remark of this kind we noticed was the following:—

"It is not easy to convey an idea in words of the mode in which these mountains are arranged, unless it is recollected that it is an universal rule that all mountains are ramifications of an axis, giving off branches on both sides, and that each branch is again divided in a similar manner, till the ultimate divisions are arrived at. All mountainous districts are in this respect similar to one another, and differ principally in the proportion borne by the altitude to the superficial extent of the ranges of which they are composed."

But for the rest, his itinerary notes are as useless as they are tedious. They are written by a man who is "nothing if not botanical." Scenes are to him interesting only as they enrich his herbarium. The romance of the Indus is shut up in the *Caragana* or the *Pinus excelsa*. The Indian races interest him not, but he is in raptures with the *oxybaphus Himalayanus*. Altogether, man seems regarded in this work as a "cultivating animal"—a biped having the tendency to grow crops and cultivate gardens. The whole spirit of the book is summed up in this extract:—

"We encamped at Lara, a village nine miles from Dankar, at which there were only two poplar trees, and a very small extent of arable ground. The wheat was ripe and very luxuriant, the ears being large and well filled."

The poplar trees, and the full-eared wheat, were what he saw at other places besides Lara.

The botanist, as before hinted, may gather something from this minute record, but only the botanist in the most exclusive sense. The general reader may love flowers with the passion of a Dutchman for tulips, and not gather much entertainment here. He will toil through chapter after chapter hoping to meet with an interesting page, which he meets with just often enough not to make him give up in despair; but when the volume is closed he will find that he has learned little, and been amused less.

In trying to get an extract or two from its pages we have been even more struck with its continuous dulness. Here is one which may interest the reader who has been tramping through ploughed fields all day, and has returned home hoarse with shouting "down charge" to a volatile pointer:—

"About the same time, I was invited by the Thannadar of Iskardo to be present at a hunting party, which he had arranged for the capture of the *chakor*, or painted partridge, by surrounding a spot of ground, in which these birds are numerous, with a ring of men, who, approaching from all directions, gradually form a dense circle of perhaps a hundred yards in diameter. When the partridges are disturbed by a horseman in this enclosure, they naturally fly towards the living wall by which they are surrounded. Loud shouts, and the beating of drums and waving of caps and cloaks, turn them back, and they are driven from side to side, till at last, exhausted with fatigue, and stupid from the noise and confusion, they sink to the ground, and allow themselves to be caught by hand. The scene was a very striking one. The spot selected was a deep dell, full of rocks, but without trees. The sport, however, did not seem so successful as usual, six or eight birds only being captured. The chukor is an extremely common bird in all parts of the valley of the Indus, and indeed throughout Tibet. In winter, when the hills are covered with snow, they are to be found in great numbers close to the river, even in the immediate neighbourhood of the villages; and in general, when approached, they lie very close among the crevices of the stones."

Dr. Thomson's qualities as a writer of travels may be gathered from this account of Kashmir and its valley:—

"On the morning of the 22nd of April, after following the base of the low hills for half a mile, till the last projecting point had been rounded, I entered the valley of Kashmir. This "celebrated valley" did not at all come up to the expectations which I had formed from previous descriptions, and from the appearance of the termination of the valley of the Sind river. The first impression was one of considerable disappointment. It was by no means well wooded, and the centre of the valley along the river, being very low, had an unpleasant swampy appearance. The road to the town, which is about ten miles from Ganderbal, led over an elevated platform. There were several villages, and plane, willow, and fruit-trees were scattered here and there, though far from abundantly. The platform was in general covered with a carpet of green, now spangled with myriads of dandelions and other spring flowers. The mountains on the left, which at first were very low, gradually rose in elevation, and were throughout rugged and bare. As I approached the town I mounted an elephant, which formed a part of the *cortège* sent, according to the usual oriental etiquette, to receive an expected visitor; and I consequently saw the town to much better advantage than I should have done had I ridden through it on my little Ladak pony. Passing completely through the city, I was conducted to the Sheikh Bagh, a garden on the banks of the Jelam, at its eastern extremity, in a pavilion in the centre of which I took up my quarters.

"The town of Kashmir is apparently of great extent, and seems very densely populated. Its length is much greater than its width, as it is hemmed in between the Jelam on the south and a lake on the north. The principal part of the town is on the north side of the Jelam, but a large suburb occupies the opposite bank, surrounding the Sher-Garhi, or fortified palace of the ruler of the country. The streets are in general so narrow, that there are but few through which an elephant can pass; and the houses, which have mostly several stories, are built with a wooden frame-work, the lower story of stone and those above of brick. There are no buildings of any great note; and the elaborate account of Moorcroft renders it unnecessary to enter into any detail. The river is crossed by many bridges, all built of deodar-wood."

Portfolio.

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

LETTERS OF A VAGABOND.

IV.

December 5, 1851.

ILENA bella,—Shall I apologise for the meagreness of my two last notes? I can imagine your face when you opened the last, and saw that the bulk of it was not in the handwriting of your vassal—I can see your proud flush, and impatient look round at Giorgio,—as if he could help it! But I kiss your white hand, and am forgiven—as well as Giorgio, guilty of standing by while you opened the insulting meagreness. I know you would make me feel the *vis vitæ* in your beloved fingers for calling your hand white; but I will maintain against Europe, on the bridge across the river, that your hands are exquisitely white—under the brown.

Talking of white hands, Yseult—I mean the living Yseult here in London—must have been so named after the whiteness of her hands—for that is something wonderful; the more so since they are not *white*, in the sense that linen is so. Walter Stanhope, whom at one time I suspected of a very vivid admiration for Mrs. Edwardes, declares that her hands are the brightest piece of painting he ever saw in nature. And when, at times, he has called me Tristan, I assure you that he hit closer than he thought. Even the sadness of the name fits; for when I left our own valley to escape from sadness, I was mistaken to seek the antidote in England; and the person of all others who seemed most likely, in my wandering, to give a healthier mood, is now a source of anxiety. There is something seriously amiss in the household of the Edwardeses: neither of them is happy; although Edwardes is prosperous in all respects, and their children are the envy of all. But I have found that it is often so in English houses; and there is this difference between the sorrows of the Englishman and those of any other countryman whom I have known, that his do not so often lie in the natural visitations of humanity—in happiness snatched away by death, in disappointed love, in sudden reverses of life—as in some self-made trouble, or some slow negative endurance, too paltry to talk about. It is not sorrow so much as "worry."

This, however, has been one reason why I have written less; for I had much to note and think upon, and little definite to tell.

I must confess that in Cheshire the reason was less respectable. I might have told you much that Stanhope said in our long walk, our ride, and the sail we took in coming round to Liverpool; but in the first place, tours have been drugs with your English reading; and in the next, conversations reported after long intervals are not good material. Stanhope has told me much that made English society intelligible, and his conversations may reappear in more fresh and substantial form. My note from Werneth was the reflex of life in a country house—empty. If I could have put a brace of game within, it would exactly have contained what life amounts to at the foot of the hills in Cheshire. I have now accounted for that abortive letter-bud; and also for my not writing more when I enclosed Julie's letter. If you had known her, how much more charming that would have seemed to you; for we cannot read a letter thoroughly until we can recall the voice and manner of the writer—until we can *hear* what we read.

Do not imagine from what I have said that life is extinct in England. Let twenty-six millions attest the contrary, if you, most august Helen, are

insane enough to imagine such an extinction. Life abounds, and will yet show itself; but the wonderful thing is to see how far it is stifled or perverted. To a stranger, perhaps still more to one who is strange by habit and yet familiar with it by memory, this compression is terrible. The Frenchman is amazed at the English "Sonday;" but I am appalled rather at the working day in its most familiar hours. Not that there is an absence of employment or amusement; but the employment is not pursued for its own sake, with the hope of its object, or the love of action; and the amusement is fretted down to a mere rag of pleasure.

The peasant toils in the field, without any living care for the corn that is to spring up under his hand; he toils for his "wages" only. The English themselves notice how every artistic feeling has declined in handicraft trades: a bricklayer used to take a pleasure in laying his brick with an exact fitness, in spreading his trowel with a sweep that showed the master's hand; the tailor took a pride in supplying cloth that laughed at time, and in sewing it so that the toughest cloth should wear before the work of *his* hands should give way. I have boasted of this to Italians, or backed Giorgio's boast. But now the Englishman has forfeited his fame: the tailor's stitches yield, before the newest gloss goes off, and almost as soon the stuff itself gives way. A degenerate and dishonest oblivion of the *object* runs through all trade. Once, the English tradesman could boast that all he sold was "sterling;" but now, Edwardes tells me, on the strength of scientific inquiries, which have even been published in a medical paper here, that even the houses of best repute have used a reputation for fairness as a cover for practising adulteration, while exacting the highest price for a supposititious certificate of the genuine in all that they sold.

It appears to me to be the same, so far as I have had an opportunity of witnessing it, in "the upper classes." Not that I deny the pretty grounds which I mentioned at Werneth, nor the "comfortable" mansion, with its breakfast room opening on to the lawn—not so damp, in summer, I was told, as I found it; nor do I deny the agreeable leisure of an English family in villeggiatura; still less the intelligent conversation, none the less intelligent for being unstudied and often moved by common topics; nor do I deny the good cookery, none the worse for borrowing from the Continent a little more disguise for that which, in the middle class, seems to be supplied more directly from the butcher's stall; nor the superabundance of luxuries—the burdensome conveniences, the science of using which must come with practice alone; nor the graceful music with which the evening closes—sometimes, Sundays excepted; and the music oftener graceful in its composition than in its execution. Though I do assure you that amongst those leisurely classes you may meet with musicians who can execute their work as well as "professional" folks—as well as either of *you*, dear Helen, bating, perhaps, your insight into the soul of the thing. But no, I am wrong; no Englishman that ever I heard yet, except Stanhope, can fling himself into the labour of art as Giorgio does. An Englishman never burns his ships—never "cuts his painter;" but he launches even into song, with a rope round his waist, lest he should flounder. I do not deny the agrémens of an English country-house; nor could Giorgio himself deny its listless hours, its never-ceasing want of purpose. Invariably—except in a few solemn households, and possibly in those proudest of mansions to which I have not yet penetrated beyond the dining-room and saloon—you are told that the house is "Liberty Hall." The chief and best-used privilege is, the freedom to yawn.

It is exactly the same in the ways of the English in public matters. We laugh in Italy at a nobility that has lost its station and power; but in England you would have to laugh at a nobility which is deliberately suffering its own power to lie idle and rust. Estates of great extent, and immense value, are in the hands of men who *do* nothing in relation to those estates, except to receive the rents; or who make a few "improvements" as a great stroke of patriotism. The rest they leave to the steward. The distance in intercourse between the "Land Lord" and the common man would amaze you: it is not less than that between the peasant and the king with you. At John Audley's I met Lord Werneth, the son of the nobleman whose Cheshire estates are continuous with Audley's, and who will leave large pieces of England in charge to his son. Werneth is a fine fellow; and he has told me how perplexed he is to consider what he shall do for the numbers placed under his influence;—to better their condition, to make them *men*; but he confesses that very few, almost none of his own order, are intent on the same considerations. The amusements of Paris and London, in the season, are sufficient at first; then the amusements of the House of Commons, for a change; and then the amusements of the House of Lords become very suitable as advancing years suggest quieter recreations. All the "movement" that delighted me when I first returned to England is a delusion—a surface ruffle—one of the amusements—a substitute for the theatres, which share in the general suppression of life, and the general insipidity. There is *no* real movement. Nothing is done in public just now that could not be done by the officers of a commune. In every department of life, public or private, political or commercial, it is the æra of journeymen.

And in working the *machinery* of life according to rule, life itself is sacrificed. The Englishman tells you that you must see him in his home: but he will not let you in. The home, indeed, looks quiet and "respectable," and everything is sacrificed to keep it so—in appearance; but of the things that haunt it, he will not speak. Formerly, when superstition permitted the belief that houses were "haunted," you were told not to talk of the ghost, lest it should appear: now the English home is haunted by its ghosts, and they are not talked about. I am not speaking in metaphors: it is literally the fact, that the custom of England forbids all conversation on the consequences of the English system of society. Is it not strange, that Englishmen can *do*, or suffer universally, what they dare not speak about? Is it possible that such a people can really have a religion, can really *believe* in anything?

To the English child there are,—as the best of English modern statesmen used to say, and as his countrymen are always saying after him,—three courses open. He may fall in with the usages of the country and time, and if he be of a very moderate medium disposition, he may be happy, especially if to a character little *prononcé* he adds the possession of so much wealth as to make him master of his material circumstances; though, even then, it will be necessary that his feelings should not be engaged too deeply in the fate of those around him, however "near and dear." This division of English society represents so much of orthodox happiness as there is in the country. The second path open to English society, is to submit to the laws, however grievous, sink slowly under the oppression, and forego the life which is seen from a distance, but not enjoyed, as the free country is seen by the prisoner. This, in its various degrees, is the most numerous class. The third course is *to break the laws;* and this, also, is a class much more numerous than that of the arraigned criminals, who have but little in common with the outlaw class to which I direct my thoughts. The law-breakers run the greater risks, enjoy the most sense of life, and comprise a larger portion of the active intellect of the country.

I have now been in England three months, and I have just told you my general impressions; but I will make my meaning clearer when I leave the general impressions, and tell you particular instances of sacrifice or rebellion. Where shall I begin?

Let us plunge into the middle of "society" where it is most congregated—at a party. "Christmas parties" are beginning, and I am holding Miss Johnson to her promise of showing me the middle class when it is "very gay;" but it is not to a party of that kind that I mean. It is one that will better suit us, since it is a more miscellaneous gathering. Mr. Allan Buchanan is the son of a vast manufacturer, at Glasgow or Liverpool, I forget which—the first of his race, since it has been enriched, who has the courage to shake off "the factory;" and his wife, appreciating his ambition, collects around her all the notabilities who will attend parties of her stamp. She has a very large house, beautifully furnished; her arrangements in the way of attendance—so say the learned—are exactly what they ought to be. She has a natural genius for that sort of dominion, and can collect around her the best of friends, the best of servants, and the best of lions. Of irreproachable character herself, there is an amiable and intelligent freedom in her presence which permits the congregation of as strange a medley as any part of the world could witness.

I went with Stanhope, Edwardes and his wife coming after us. Large rooms, filled, but not to a crush—Mrs. Buchanan's taste is too exquisite to copy that fault, even of the very highest in the land; an atmosphere of light, with breezes of perfume glancing here and there; a buzz of conversation, subdued to a velvet whisper, broken once or twice by the brazen exclamation of some dowager of equal majesty and effrontery—no *dame de la Halle* can match an English dowager; a general stir throughout the polite mob, some ever still, others moving about, elbows well disciplined, utterance adjusted to the most finished retinence; a perpetual summer lightning of epigram and repartee, often empty, sometimes worthy of any *Ana;* and occasionally a burst of splendid music from lips of your own countrymen, Elena—or rather of Giorgio's. How apt I am to transpose your nativity!

Whom should I meet in that picksome market-place—and it *is* a market place, as any careful mother, with daughters to sell, would confess to you. By the way, these market-places almost have their "quotations," and "the So-and-so girls" may be "quoted" at their premium or discount with a frightful accuracy. But I am forgetting my encounter with one who looked astonished to meet me, though we have met so often, and never, I think, twice in the same place—Giulia Sidney. She is as dashing as ever, as handsome—handsomer, a trifle more brilliant, a trifle thinner, a trifle more worn; and as startlingly "natural" as she was at sixteen. You cannot remember how recklessly natural that was. When she saw me, she looked at first slightly daunted; surveyed me, to see if I could pass muster; seized me, took me under her protection, as "a country cousin from Cairo;" and by making herself protectress, guarded against any lack of *savoir faire* in me that might bring discredit upon her. Her provident playfulness amused me, but I did not let her see that I noted it.

She grew animated with her work, and showed me all the notables, all the lions, all the monsters of that strange crew—with the secret history of all. But what surprised me was the proportion of Bohemiens in that good English house. There stood a patrician, whose step-children were a wonderful image of himself; another who had a brace of mistresses—"but that is not the wonder; the curiosity is, that Danvers's girls are sisters, and he makes them live together—*in peace.*" There moved another whose conduct at cards had been "hushed up;" and then another. There followed a host—"all wild, you know: most men are so." In the midst of them was Lord Voltaire, an evangelical philanthropist, with a cut and mien that made him as indistinguishable from the waiters as *they* were

from the clergymen dotted here and there. "Ah! there's Conway, too!" and so he was, with his earnest, truly pious face—"an *atheist* in the church of England; and he says that there are scores more—he has told me their names." There was the lady of a great lawyer, whose last child is wonderfully like young Federigo Ambrogetti, quite his dark ivory complexion and black curls; another—her husband eminent among statesmen—of course, with the insinuating physician at her elbow. "Ah! there goes the Reverend Elkanah Smith, with his wife on one arm, and his Egeria on the other! There is *Lucrezia Borgia* too, the lovely authoress, who *does* her romances first, and then writes them. Let me see," cried Giulia, unconscious of the confession, "there is not a single woman present—at least none that I *know*, whose virtue would bear discussion. Oh yes,—I beg her pardon,—there is Mrs. Buchanan;—ah! and there is Mrs. Williams, too. I dare say there *is* more virtue than I thought at first."

Do not suppose that I am telling you a fiction, or dealing only in verisimilitudes. I cannot vouch for names, nor for exact details, or I might write less freely; but I am telling you plain facts, and nothing else. Yes, in the heart of moral England, Lok has "burst his tenfold chain;" and if you go to any great gathering, except a Bible meeting, or a party at the house of Lord Voltaire,—and I will not answer for the last,—you shall meet with titled blacklegs, right honourable keepers of hareems, gentlemen and ladies with bars sinister over great escocheons, and more escocheons that ought to bear the bar, matrimonial confusions rendering it difficult to extricate the peerage from the Italian stage, or the French green-room; atheists and pantheists in holy orders, Roman-catholics in Anglican benefices; and young maidens who have descendants, or have *not*, as the case may be.

But society, except in the frankness of facetiæ, in irresponsible epigram and repartee, ignores all this—its social gendarmerie fires over the heads of its own disorders. And all goes smoothly while ignored. Let the notorious atheist *talk* orthodoxy, with a transparent smile, or the outlaw Bohemien talk "morals," and promotion is not checked. But let indiscretion forget itself into frankness, and all is wrong. The limping hyena is eaten up by its own comrades: Mrs. Windham actually fainted one day at hearing that her lover had hurt himself; her husband was fool enough to avow his anger at her indiscreet frankness; she was cut by "society," and died a few weeks back of a broken heart. "It is melancholy for her daughters," said Giulia, "it will be so difficult to get them into society!" Meanwhile, the young lady who so strikingly resembles her stepfather that everybody remarks it, is an ornament to the highest circles.

These, I say, are facts, and I have more to tell you; although our conversation was cut short strangely. While we were talking, Edwardes and his wife came up; and Edwardes, who had known Giulia, and admired Sidney's genius, introduced his wife. Mrs. Sidney bowed coldly, drew up, turned to me, shook hands with marked contrast in the cordiality to *me*, and walked off. The "cut" was evident; but *why?*

Never was there a more striking spectacle than that of a noble nature rising against injury. Yseult coloured, and the tears of hurt feeling rose to her eyes; but she stood erect, her countenance assuming a marvellous expression of firmness and grave ingenuousness. Edwardes soon found a reason for going, and Stanhope and I went with him.

"Let us walk," said Edwardes; and our thoughts turned gladly from the lights and the perfume as we faced the wind and the stars.

The Arts.

JACK SHEPPARD.

WHEN a man is so far not a master of his actions that he deliberately goes to see such an "Historical Drama" (the name is not mine, but the author's) as *Jack Sheppard*, his friends, naturally filled with compassion, inquire into the cause. I went to see it. The cause was this.

Henri Latouche was accustomed to lay down the axiom,—"That man is totally wanting in *savoir vivre* who, being tête-à-tête with a young and pretty woman for one quarter of an hour, has not obtained either a kiss or—a smack in the face." I was alone with Louisa for more than a quarter of an hour. I told her Latouche's axiom. "I perfectly agree with him," she said, with a slight implication of sarcasm, that drove me wild, for it proved me to be the *grossier personnage* Latouche defined. Louisa's aunt entered at that moment, and I, taking a hurried leave of them, found myself in the *Haymarket Theatre*. I was not master of my actions, or else the very playbill would have kept me out. Only the other day I printed for your amusement a specimen of provincial playbills. This of the *Haymarket* transcends it. I can't afford space for the entire bill, but read this:—

REVIVAL of the REAL ADELPHI

JACK SHEPPARD.

The great celebrity of MRS. KEELEY in her personation of *Jack Sheppard*, and of MR. PAUL BEDFORD in the character of *Blueskin*, has induced the Management to revive this Popular Drama, and

The Public is respectfully requested to Notice,

That the Version at this Establishment (*which has never been Interdicted, and therefore not now re-licensed*) is the

ONLY ONE

That was written by J. B. BUCKSTONE, Esq.,

And Licensed by the Lord Chamberlain.

This statement is rendered necessary by the numerous unlicensed imitations that have been acted under the same title, and in which scenes and situations have been presented to the Audience, that however harmless when followed by the context in reading the Novel, were deemed unfit for delineation on the Stage. In the present adaptation all objectionable passages are carefully expunged, and whilst every care is taken to illustrate the striking incidents of the Drama, the most scrupulous may rest assured that in "adorning a tale" the great end of Dramatic Representation—"to point a moral"—has not been forgotten.

What do you think of that for a theatre holding the rank of the *Haymarket?* And to think of the old cant about "pointing a moral" as the great end of Dramatic Representation, being revived at such a juncture! The only moral is—

"Him as prigs wot isn't hisn,
Ven he's cotched will go to prisn."

[I hope you appreciate the delicate art which prompted that quotation; for quotation *is* an art, and a supreme one; there was a "local colouring" to be preserved. Had I ventured upon a sentence from Epictetus or Tillotson, the moral would not have been clearer, and art would have been outraged.] Jack is triumphant, beloved, feared, and ends with walking off to Tyburn. Morality is saved!

But what nonsense it is to talk of morality as the great end of the Drama. The great end is amusement. And I pledge you my word *Jack Sheppard* attains the one end as little as the other. The acting is wretched. Mrs. Keeley, who has no greater admirer than VIVIAN, made some of the points in her own inimitable way; but, either because she has not recovered from her recent illness, or because the part is not suited to her, as a picture of the daring young housebreaker it was singularly spiritless. I was never one of those who could discover the slightest humour in Paul Bedford, and his *Blueskin* is, to me, one of the most melancholy exhibitions: a monument of dull vulgarity. His notion of making speeches humorous by always repeating the sentences twice or thrice, is not conducive to general hilarity; nor could I taste the flavour of fun in his pronouncing "Rory tories" "rowry towries," and making "glories" glowries. And yet, perhaps I am absurd and hypercritical in making a remark on the subject: to those who think *Jack Sheppard* an endurable drama, Paul Bedford may be a humorous actor.

Of the rest *non ragioniam di lor*, except to remark upon the strange effect produced by O. Smith's degradation—I mean in a theatrical sense. Imagine O. Smith the terrible, O. Smith the Vampire, Frankenstein, Flying Dutchman, Black Ralph, the compound of all that is Satanic and bluefiery in melodrame, in the part of a timid henpecked husband! Hercules spinning at the feet of Omphale was a pretty and a loving repose, but Zamiel as Jerry Sneak shocks the theatrical sense.

VIVIAN.

A PUBLIC.—A clever man, M——, who had run counter to the general opinions, pronounced himself strongly against a popular work. In all societies, he was answered, that the public had come to a very different conclusion from his. "The public!" he rejoined, "how many fools must you collect together to form a public?"—*Fraser's Magazine* for September.

A BON MOT OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.—The familiarity which the great Frederick of Prussia permitted to those who lived on intimate terms with him, is well known. A certain general who shall be nameless, enjoyed this intimacy in the highest degree. The king, before the battle of Rosbach, said to his friend, that if he lost it, he would retire to Venice, and there practise physic. "Ah," replied the general, '*toujours assassin—toujours assassin.*'"—*Fraser's Magazine* for September.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.—The Chevalier de Montbarey lived for a time in a provincial town of no note. On his return to the capital, his friends were condoling with him as to the wretched society, &c. "You are quite mistaken," cried he; "the good company of that little town is like good company everywhere, and the bad company is most excellent.—*Fraser's Magazine* for September.

WISE PRUDENCE.—M. de Turenne, seeing a child pass behind a horse in such sort that the urchin might be maimed for life by a kick, called the little truant towards him, and addressed him thus, "My fine little fellow, never pass behind a horse without leaving between you and the animal abundant space to escape unharmed. I promise you that in thus acting you will not travel an additional league in the whole course of your life, and remember it is Turenne who has told you so."—*Fraser's Magazine* for September.

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3½ per Cent. An.	104⅞	104⅞	104⅞	104⅞	104⅝	104⅞
New 5 per Cents.	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Long Ans., 1860	6 15-16	6⅞	6 15-16	6⅞	6⅞	shut
India Stock	278	278	.....	.....	.....	.....
Ditto Bonds, £1000	87	.....	88	87	88	87
Ditto, under £1000	.....	.....	85	.....	.....	.....
Ex. Bills, £1000	.....	71 p	.....	68 p	71 p	.....
Ditto, £500	.....	.....	68 p	.....	.....	.....
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