Thornton Leigh Hunt, 10 Wellington Road, 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.

IN England, the course of the Ministers at re-elections continues to rnn smooth; even in South Wiltshire, where so strenuous an opposition to Mr. Sidney Herbert was threatened, it has broken down, and he is returned without the necessity of going to the poll. Oxford University is the grand exception, and it proves as difficult for a Chancellor of the Exchequer to make his way into the House of Commons through the portal of that Institution, as for a camél to pass through an Arabian postern. Oxford and the Irish Brigade preserve a parallel course, both probably being instigated by sectarian incentives. Some few sensible men of the Brigade have perceived the advantage of placing two of their distinguished members, Mr. Sadleir and Mr. Keogh, in the Ministry, but the majority of the party is intractable. The Irish members who have joined the combined Government are hooted as traitors and renegades, and they will have a hard contest for their seats. Limerick county rebukes this impracticable spirit in its unanimous return of Mr. Monsell.

In its own conduct, the Ministry still enjoys an undamaged opportunity. The death of Francesco Madiai, with whom there is a strong Protestant sympathy in England, may comparatively soon put Lord John Russell's demeanour towards Foreign Governments to the test, for the British public evidently expects something to be done. But the duty of outrunning the liberalism of the late Administration in Colonial affairs, appears to be somewhat more arduous than we might have supposed before the announcement of the *Times*, that despatches had been sent out, authorizing the Legislatures of New South Wales and Victoria to divide into an Upper and a Lower Chamber; offering to relinquish the management of the Land Fund to the Legislatures; and promising entirely to discontinue transportation. Much satisfaction had already been caused in Australia by the relinquishment of the gold revenue; altogether, therefore, the late Government had laid in a stock of popularity for the Australian market. For their successors remain improvements in emigration machinery, to say nothing of benefits for the Cape and Canada.

The Australias are worth conciliating. The accounts which we receive now, almost weekly, continue to overtake our anticipatory calculations. The labourers at work in the Victoria diggings alone already number 100,000: production was going on at the rate of 14,500,000*l.* a-year, and the *Australian* brings in one cargo of gold worth 890,000*l.* Notwithstanding this increase to the population, there is no talk of the threatened starvation. The Legislature of New South Wales was thoroughly conciliated by the cession of the gold revenue. In South Australia, where the labourers were getting through the agricultural work of the season before the periodical expedition to the gold diggings, the Legislature was considering resolutions to establish Universal Suffrage, with no Property Qualification; the Colonial Secretary and Advocate-General supported the proposition. To the riches of Australia may now be added diamonds and silver; but the inert riches of the soil would be of little avail without the energy and self-reliance of the colonists, who are evidently as able as they are willing to make terms with us.

It is scarcely less satisfactory to receive the most splendid accounts of material prosperity through the United States; fine crops of every kind, surplus revenue, ceaseless activity. Mr. Ingersoll, at Liverpool and Manchester, is the authentic channel for announcing the excellent disposition towards this country.

In a separate paper, we have shown how, backed by the surprising development of industry in Australia and America, the prosperity that now blesses our land is likely to endure and to increase.

Standing on that substantial ground and thus supported, we can view without perturbation the continued movements of conflicting principles on the Continent. France contributes another anonymous harbinger of war, in the shape of a long and elaborate article in the *Constitutionnel*, to prove that the Empire is peace. One argument shows the fallacy of the whole. The powers of Europe, says the writer, are so bent on peace, that they would not infringe it to maintain the treaties of 1815, which they have uniformly given up rather than defend by war. That argument is true only in a false sense. The Powers have conspired to violate the Treaties of 1815, and have permitted each other to infringe those treaties when it has been at the expense of the Peoples. Thus they have been violated in Poland, and virtually in Hungary or Schleswig-Holstein. The facts do not accord with the arguments of the *Constitutionnel*, unless peace is the same thing as armed aggression. Now a writer who violates historical facts patent to the whole world, must be at least as unscrupulous as to intentions which are hidden: it is evident that he calls war, peace; and so when he promises peace, we may understand what he means.

Meanwhile, however, under cover of professions, backed by implied threats, the powers of Europe have accomplished the recognition of the Emperor; Russia, however, still repudiating the "brother." This "insult" will rankle in the breast of the Imperial Parvenu.

The disruption of Turkey has attained a new stage. It seems to be evident that the people of Montenegro and the Herzegowine are making head against the Government. The preparations of Turkey are on a scale implying a contest, not with a revolted province but with a hostile state. A Turkish fleet is blockading her own ports on the Montenegrine coast, while the commander-in-chief advances against the rebels by land. Russia has offered assistance to the Sublime Porte, but the Czar has for a long time past encouraged a species of fanatical hope of political regeneration through the Greek church and Russian patronage, and the natives of the Herzegowine are fired with a strong religious zeal. Turkey dares not let in Russia to confer, even on the field of battle, with an enemy that might prove so sympathetic. Austria professes to aid the blockade against the introduction of military stores for the aid of the rebels, but is probably as much watching its ally as the revolted province. An article in the *Times* denying the right of Turkey over Montenegro is a political fact.

The records of crime and disasters at home are unusually copious and irrational this week. The utmost doubt having been thrown on the guilt of Kirwan his sentence is commuted to transportation, whence we infer that Government considers transportation a fit punishment for a man who is accused of murder, but not proved to have committed it. Barbour is respited, thanks to the importunity of his friends, without much reason worth official consideration, and Horler is hanged with as little logic for the inconsistency. Some extenuation is found for the engine-driver Tarry, who caused the fatal accident at the Oxford station, in the fact that he had previously committed an assault on his wife, and must, therefore, have been in a state of natural exasperation; so that the railway authorities, whose system is one of confusion likely enough to produce such accidents, may now get off on the plea that the sanguinary accident at Oxford was nothing more than

one of those conjugal disputes from which the sympathising English public respectfully averts its eyes.

And if we are not making much progress in the reform of convict discipline, or railway discipline, we have introduced reform into a new field—the poultry-yard—with great likelihood of success. In the Representative Chamber of Baker-street, after the more majestic quadrupeds have held their conclave, the poultry of the United Kingdom have been holding their conference. This Parliament of birds presents two remarkable points of contrast to the other Parliament of bipeds: the sale of members is *openly* carried on; and it is supposed that the conference will be really beneficial to the species represented.

ELECTION MATTERS.

WE have still to chronicle the fact that as yet none of the new Ministers have met with a defeat. The elections this week have been South Wilts, Cavan, Limerick County, Haddingtonshire, and Dumfriesshire.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY.

The University election has hitherto been decidedly favourable to Mr. Gladstone. We say "hitherto," because it is the intention of Beresford-Denison party to keep the poll open to the full extent allowed by usage—fifteen days. The fact that Major Beresford has taken a part in the contest, "beyond the mere giving of his vote," as the *Herald* alleged, is now undeniable; for a letter dated from the "Oxford University Election Committee Room," and bearing his signature, has been published. It has the brevity and the conciseness of the turf, and the slang of W. B. It is in these words:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—Pray go to Oxford, if possible on Monday, *when* WE *make our push;* and if we exert ourselves, we can win."

Mr. Charles Lempriere's share in the transaction is also now manifest. It appears that Mr. Lempriere called on Lord Chandos at Wotton on Sunday, the 2nd of January, and told him that his name was announced as a candidate in the *Standard*, and that it was intended to propose him whether he consented or not. Lord Chandos says, "I stated that I could not give my consent without consulting some of my friends." Nevertheless, Mr. Charles Lempriere had already written the following letter to the President of St. John's, which the President received on Sunday morning, *before* Mr. Lempriere had seen the Marquis!

"Dear President,—Lord Chandos feels as he ought the great honour conferred on him, and the imperative necessity of fighting the battle; but fairly thinks the people of Buckingham, who elected him free of expense, ought to have a voice. He therefore goes early on Monday to ask his friends' consent, and will see me at the Carlton Club at three on that day, to accept the Chiltern Hundreds. In the meantime, he *agrees to be put in nomination, and demand a poll.* Will you kindly send me up to the Albion Hotel, Cockspur-street, your committee, and send round his cards to common-rooms, &c."

This is the letter which Dr. Macbride had seen, and which Mr. Greswell so vainly tried to obtain. But the murder is now out, and Mr. Lempriere proved to be—what he is. At all events he has proved himself an apt pupil of W. B.

That the poll has told in favour of Mr. Gladstone, is no wonder, after the prompt exposure of the "dishonourable tactics of his opponents." On Saturday he had a majority of 87; this on Monday was increased to 111, rising to 113 on Tuesday, 116 on Wednesday, and to 125 on Thursday. The gross numbers polled on Thursday were—

Gladstone	929
Perceval	804

There were only 21 votes given during the day: 16 for Gladstone; and 5 for Perceval. As to Mr. Perceval himself, he still remains in obscurity. Nobody hears anything of him or from him. It is only too obvious that he is a mere name, and nothing more—a watchword in a disgraceful conflict; and his election, if he win, will be only a dishonour.

SOUTH WILTS.

In this county the Derbyites have signally failed. Mr. Grantley Berkeley, after insulting the shade of Lindley Murray by his original syntax, and the substantial presence of everybody by his wretched politics, vanished from the contest. Mr. Sidney Herbert was elected at Salisbury on Tuesday, with only the slightest murmur of opposition, which the audience in the Town Hall would not tolerate. Mr. Herbert then addressed his constituents. After delivering a succinct retrospect of the past year, and cleverly dissecting the defunct budget, he spoke of his connexion with the Administration and their future policy.

The party to which he was attached had long held an isolated position, but they thought that the time was come when, by collecting their forces, they might coalesce with those with whose political opinions they were to a certain extent identified. The Government was now formed, and the gentlemen around him could as well judge as himself what it was competent to achieve. They had, in some respects, a difficult task to perform. The foundation that was laid for the material prosperity of this country in 1846 was now rendered fixed and permanent, despite of the exertions of the fifty-three or fifty-six members of the House of Commons who still held on to Protection. Such a thing as a Protectionist was now hardly to be seen out of the House of Commons. They had this advantage over their predecessors in office—that they had not appealed to the country to find a policy for them; they had found a policy settled for them and they should call upon the country to assist them in supporting it. They would continue to adhere to Free-trade principles, and not only so, but they were determined to extend them, because they knew that they were wise, just, and beneficial. (Hear.) Talk about their not being an united Administration! Why, all the Ministerial addresses that had been issued showed their deep attachment to the institutions of the country, while they were determined to promote sound reforms. They did not hold various creeds—those who represented counties holding one creed, while those who presented themselves before borough constituencies professed another; they were decided upon principles which they themselves originated, and which they believed to be true. (Hear, hear.) He might be allowed to say that with respect to the question of reform, they should seek from the country time to give it a patient and deliberate consideration. He was not one of those who wished to abolish our ancient institutions, but still he thought they ought to be so modified as to adapt them to the circumstances of the times. (Hear.) He wished to see education extensively spread amongst the people. He thought that to the prevalence of education was to be attributed much of the peaceful spirit which had of late years prevailed amongst the people, and of that increased moral feeling which was perceptible in every direction. The people of England were generous and liberal, and must be governed in a generous and liberal spirit. Governments have spoken in fear of the people, and when governments spoke in fear of the people it was not unnatural that the people should fear the Government. Fear was not the right principle to prevail between the people and the Government. He hoped that whatever reforms they might have to make they would be guided by a firm attachment to the constitution of the country. In promoting education there were many difficulties to encounter on account of the religious conviction of England. There were countries in which education had been carried further than in England but with less success, because religion was not connected with it, and he was convinced that without religion education could have no lasting foundation. (Hear, hear.) He wished to see the Church of England predominant in this country, for he had a deep attachment to that church. He wished to see its usefulness extended, its efficiency increased, and all its abuses removed. At the same time that he professed his deep attachment to the Church of England, which was his church and his creed, he wished to give full toleration and liberty to all other religious sects, for he was not one of those who thought that the infliction of civil penalties ever tended to the advancement of religious truth. (Hear, hear.) Religion flourished most where persecution was unknown. For himself, he would make no promises, and would not bid for popularity. He would endeavour to do his duty in the situation he had been called upon to fill, and when at last he sheathed his sword he trusted he might have the satisfaction of reflecting that, to some extent, he had been humbly instrumental in promoting the benefit of his country.

CAVAN.

Sir John Young was re-elected on Monday. There was not the slightest opposition. Mr. Deane, an elector, alone submitted to the candidate a crowd of questions bearing on the Irish policy of the Government. Sir John disapproves of the abolition of the Vice-Royalty; he will not vote a grant for Galway Harbour, unless competent commissioners report its desirability; he will follow the Cabinet in questions of Irish taxation, even including the Income-tax; he will not vote against the Maynooth Grant; and he has no intentions of touching the Protestant Church. As to the Landlord and Tenant Bills, he said,—

"On one question in particular I was very sorry that Mr. Napier was displaced. I believe he placed on the table of the House of Commons propositions with regard to the settlement of the landlord and tenant question, which, if not in their present shape entirely acceptable to the country, might in their course through committee, and by deliberation, have been made a satisfactory settlement of that question. I believe that those bills will be so arranged, that they will be carried on, and, by improvements in the course of discussion, be made the basis of a settlement."

Religious politics he referred to in a statesmanlike spirit:—

"I think that a little less admixture of religious questions in political disputes would be one of the greatest elements of concord and good feeling. If we could leave to religion its own beneficent, charitable, and peaceable character, and not mix it up with acrimonious feelings—if we could regard others as sincere in their belief, and that that belief acts beneficially upon their practice, we should be doing good service to religion and no harm at all to political questions. I am quite sure of this, that it is not the doctrines of any religion, it is not its morality, it is not the mysteries it inculcates, which are promoted by its admixture with secular and other interested motives; and, if we could separate it from those motives, religion would be what it really ought to be,—the consolation of the afflicted, and the greatest benefit that can be possessed by man on earth and for hereafter."

Mr. William Monsell was re-elected for the county of Limerick, unopposed, on Wednesday.

SCOTCH ELECTIONS.

Mr. Francis Charteris was duly re-elected on Tuesday, without opposition, for Haddingtonshire. Lord Drumlanrig has met with nearly similar fortune in Dumfriesshire. Although Sir William Jardine issued an address, the origin of which we shall expose below, yet at the last moment he withdrew from the contest, and left Lord Drumlanrig in undisputed possession of the field. It appears from a passage in a speech he delivered last week at Lockerby that Sir William Jardine was the nominee of the Carlton. Here is the story:—

"He had been accused of a servile adherence to the Peelite party, and of compromising the independence of the county; why, for a whole session he separated himself from them—sitting on a different bench—and on that question voting against Lord Aberdeen, Mr. Sidney Herbert, and others, all intimate friends of his. No one, therefore, had a right to say that he had compromised the independence of the county. Lord Aberdeen and his friends had thought none the worse of him for the course he had taken on that question; they had made no attempt to oust him when he returned to their benches, as it was now attempted to oust him from the representation of Dumfriesshire. He was not so certain but that, if the nature of this opposition were sifted, it indeed would be found to compromise the independence of the county. He would tell them a somewhat remarkable story; he would give them a plain unvarnished tale, without any comments upon it; and on this they could think and draw their own conclusions. He would ask any one present when they had first heard of this opposition? (A voice from the crowd—Last Saturday.) Well, on Thursday last he was in London. He called in at the Carlton Club; they all knew, he supposed, what that was—it was a place where Tory elections were managed under the superintendence of Major Beresford. They had heard of Mr. Frail, and others like him. It was a place where a rod in pickle was kept for naughty boys who would not support men like Lord Derby. (Cheers and laughter.) When he went in, he met there a Dumfriesshire gentleman. He would make no secret of the matter, but give his name—Mr. Butler Johnstone. Mr. Johnstone was a good friend of his. He said—"Come here, Drumlanrig, I want to talk with you. Do you expect to be opposed in Dumfriesshire?" He (Lord Drumlanrig) said he did not think so; he did not see any reason why he should be opposed now. "Well," said Mr. Johnstone, "I can tell you you will be opposed. It was all talked over here last night, several names were mentioned, but it was not settled who the man was to be." He (Lord Drumlanrig) could have mentioned all these names, but he thought it better not to do so. So, then, the independence of the county was to be kept up by the Carlton Club. The electors of Dumfriesshire were not to be allowed to choose whom they considered the best man as their representative, but the Carlton Club was to arrange this for them. Now, he could most solemnly assure them that all these statements were facts. Letters, he believed, had also been sent to the county from the Carlton Club to ascertain if a Derbyite candidate could be found, and, if so, offering to support him. He would challenge contradiction to these statements, and leave them to judge what ground there was for the accusation brought against him."

Mr. Butler Johnstone was present at the nomination. He gave a slightly different version of the conversation, to show that the Carlton had nothing to do with the election. The other point he made confirms the report that "No Popery" is to be the rallying cry of the Derbyites. He persisted in asking whether Lord Drumlanrig would oppose the Maynooth grant, although the people laughed and jeered at him each time he put the question.

All the English elections are now at an end except that of the University of Oxford.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

LETTER LV.

Paris, January 11, 1853.

WE have been within an ace of war. The critical moment has passed, but for twenty-four hours the pigmies who have seized the direction of France were in anguish; they grew pale at the terrible menace of war, and war with Russia. For a brief moment, from Tuesday to Wednesday, they thought all was lost. Bonaparte himself was in a state of deep discouragement. Persigny forgot his habitual insolence, and despaired of the situation. The presentation of the Russian ambassador's credentials was the question. These letters of credence, or rather their contents, had been communicated to Bonaparte on Tuesday last. The Emperor Nicholas refused to bestow on Bonaparte the title of brother. He contented himself with calling our Emperor *Sire et bon ami*. This sent Bonaparte into a violent rage, and before all the Ministers assembled in Council he burst out in reproaches and invectives against the stupidity of the Sovereigns of Europe, "who (he said) after having demanded of him the immense service of saving their thrones by stifling the revolution in France, now refused to recognise him, or would only recognise him by affronts." And then he proposed to

his Ministers to punish Russia by an immediate rupture. Persigny, that apothecary who gives himself the airs of a swashbuckler and a fire-eater, loudly supported Bonaparte at first. "We must teach (he exclaimed) *cet insolent de Nicolas* manners, and my advice is at once to send the ambassador his passports." When once matters were pitched at this diapason, the rest of the Council joined in chorus, and M. Drouin de l' Huys received orders to communicate with M. de Kisseleff on those terms. His explanations with the latter were very categorical; he declared it was impossible for his Majesty the Emperor Napoleon III. to allow M. de Kisseleff to be accredited to him as long as the Emperor Nicholas declined to give his Majesty the title of "Brother." M. de Kisseleff himself was really expecting to receive his passports, when, on the following day, the court carriages (new style) came to take him to the Tuileries. In the course of twenty-four hours Bonaparte had changed his tone and his language; it was a very different thing to make war upon an unarmed population and upon the formidable power of Russia. This reflection made the hero of the 2nd of December turn pale, and he suddenly became all submission.

On the 5th instant Bonaparte sent the "court carriages" to conduct in state the ambassador whom the very day before he had called an *insolent*. All Europe will laugh at this flunkey servility (*platitude de valet*).

The *Moniteur* pompously records the details of the audience given by Bonaparte to the Russian ambassador. The letters of credence from Prussia and Austria are now expected.* They are said to have arrived. Every day we have presentations of ministers of petty powers, duchies, and principalities. After New Years' day, there was no further motive for the petty conspiracy of delay which the small powers had maliciously organized for the express purpose of leaving Bonaparte bereft of ambassadors at the usual complimentary reception on the first day of the New Year.

Yet Bonaparte thought, with reason, that he had done enough to deserve well of the Northern powers, especially of Russia. He had even given orders to the French ambassador at Berlin, to announce to the Prussian Government, that France would be henceforth closed to any Polish refugees who might come to seek an asylum within her territory. This fact deserves to be given in all its details. The authorities of Scheldborg (Posen) had recently expelled two Polish refugees, and had given them a passport (*feuille de route*) for France. The French ambassador at the Court of Prussia declared to the Prussian Minister of Foreign Affairs, in the name of his Government, that, for the future, foreigners of that class would not be received into France. Consequently, the Prussian Minister of the Interior gave formal orders to deliver no more passports for France to Polish refugees. Bonaparte, you perceive, has constituted himself the gendarme of Europe in France. Up to this time, it is his sole title to glory.

But it is not only before the Foreign Powers that this glorious Emperor bows humbly down—there is no kind, or degree of abject baseness to which he does not submit at home to win the favours of the clergy. He has just made a fresh concession to them, in reconstituting the Council of Public Instruction. All the liberal supporters of the University have been carefully ousted, and replaced by bishops, priests, and laymen, devoted to the clerical party. Even M. Michel Chevalier, the celebrated political economist, has fallen a sacrifice.† He had been so rash as to advocate, in the Council of State, the cause of the University against the encroachments of the priestly party. Notwithstanding all the good graces he appeared to enjoy from Bonaparte, he has been dismissed. But this is not all. The Emperor, it is rumoured, secretly meditates a project which even Louis Philippe never dared to entertain. This consists in withdrawing the Ministry of Public Instruction from the hands of a layman (and a layman of the University), to hand it over to a bishop.‡ This would be a return to the best days of the Restoration. For this purpose, the Ministry of Public Worship will be divided into two sections:—

1. That of Protestant, Jewish, and Mahometan churches, which will be committed to the Ministry of Justice.

2. That of the Catholic worship, which will remain under the protection of the Ministry of Public Instruction.

This separation is just now warmly solicited by certain members of the clergy to whom Bonaparte can refuse nothing. It is, therefore, very probable that these measures will soon be carried into execution.

The fact is, this weakness of Bonaparte for the clergy belongs to one of the fatalities of his position. He has no *point d'appui*, and he is seeking for one in every direction, and at any price. He is like a poor drowning wretch who catches at every reed and straw in desperation. Since the declared hostility of the Legitimists, and the complete failure of all the attempts at seduction, which have been brought to bear upon the chiefs of the Republican party, this disposition becomes daily more and more evident. The official journals seem all to have received the same *mot d'ordre*—they all preach the necessity of adhesion to the reigning power. Perhaps the *Constitutionnel* merits the palm in this respect. Mistrustful, no doubt, of its own resources, that journal began yesterday by invoking the authority of M. Troplong; while M. Troplong takes refuge in the authority of Machiavel. The *Constitutionnal* concludes, that there is no other course for wise Republicans, who are sincere asserters of the principle of the 'sovereignty of the people,' than to rally to the Government, which is the glorious exponent of that sovereignty. After having, in this wise, persuaded the Republicans, it turns to the Legitimists of the *Gazette de France* school:—"You are," it says, "partisans of the National Sovereignty; in that case, I am your man—'*prenez votre ours*'—take Bonaparte, the glorious product of the National sovereignty." Not even the Orleanists are spared the despairing appeal of the *Constitutionnel*—"You are Liberals," it says to them; "under that title you have fought for thirty-five years for the intervention of the people in their own affairs. Well then, now you have that grand thought realized. The Empire is nothing else but the people incarnate in the highest personification of our epoch, in that great man, called Bonaparte!"

This pertinacity of the official journals has been much remarked. It proves one thing at least, that the denizens of the Tuileries are beginning to be afraid of their isolation, and of the yawning void around them.

Indeed, this isolation is complete; it has reached even the saloons of the Ministers, open to any number of snobs that may condescend to enter them; and yet remaining half deserted. You have no idea of such a solitude. It seems as if there were a mute conspiracy of absence. No fêtes, no balls, no soirées, no dinners. All the saloons of Paris are closed. You might fancy that the plague had just passed away, and that Paris had become a vast Necropolis. The Government is reasonably scared at such a state of things. In vain does Bonaparte give orders to all those valets, disguised as marquises, to give balls, soireés, and dinners; in vain he gives them himself—the invitations are declined. It would be enough to make him shoot himself, if he were not reserved for *higher* destinies. Even the creatures he has enriched turn their backs on him. He counted on that world of finance to which he has thrown millions in money and jobs, being ready to spend their money largely, and so to enable the other classes of society to reap some advantage from their sudden wealth. Nothing of the kind. Bonaparte is reduced to his twenty-five millions (of francs) and to the heavy salaries of his creatures, to keep trade moving. On this point he has inherited of the Emperor Napoleon the most stupid notions. He fancies he is performing an act of genius when, after extorting a million sterling from the entire collective population of France, he spends that sum for the exclusive profit of a few tradesmen. When he has paid heavily his wine-merchant, his cook, his tailor, his jockey, his coachmaker, and his horse-dealer, he fancies he has enriched all France. Such are the traditions of imperial economy. Faithful parrot, he repeats them with imperturbable satisfaction, in spite of the progress of the age, and in defiance of the march of intelligence.

Meanwhile some recent nominations have aroused many jealousies among his intimates. It appears he had promised everybody all the vacant offices, and as it was impossible to satisfy each in his turn, all the ousted ones accused him of ingratitude. Berthier, otherwise Prince de Wagram, was to have been Master of the Hounds (*grand veneur*), he had told all Paris so, and I had told you. When Bonaparte gave this place, with its 100,000 francs, to Marshal Magnan, Berthier wrote a very pungent letter to Bonaparte, in which he sent in his resignation as senator. "I can no longer (he wrote) remain faithful to a man who has never been faithful to his own engagements." Several other Bonapartists who were to have been senators, and who were not appointed, have been equally mortified. The sons of Lannes, among others, (now the Montebello family,) saw Larochejaquelin, a Legitimist, promoted to the dignity of senator, and themselves excluded. M. de Nieuwerkerke, the director of the Fine Arts, in his capacity of *amant* of the Princess Mathilde, considered himself entitled of right to the 30,000 francs of a senator. Missing his name in the list, he betrayed the keenest disappointment. On the same day he had a terrible scene with Princess Mathilde, who promised to bring the Emperor to his senses ("*laver comme il faut la tête à ce crasseux Empereur!*")

There is no novelty stirring. The *Moniteur* is as dull and as vacant as the Tuileries. Two or three little insignificant decrees now and then just to "make act of" sovereignty, that is all it contains.

The electoral colleges of eight arrondissements are convoked: they have to replace eight deputies whose civic virtue has found its reward in admission to the senate. These elections, I need not add, possess no public interest at all. The Legitimist resignations are still going on, as well as the fall in the funds. In order to mislead public opinion, Bonaparte has been buying, at heavy prices, the Legitimist prints in the provinces, and after making them change their line of advocacy, his functionaries and agents spread the report that these journals are converted to the cause. This has been recently the case with the *Gazette du Bas Languedoc*.

One rumour, however, is abroad which deserves to be noticed. Bonaparte is absolutely bent upon glory. He is burning for a campaign; but it wont be a Russian campaign—it is to be the campaign of Sahara! A considerable expedition is preparing in Africa. In the spring Bonaparte (says rumour) is to put himself at the head of the troops, and to command the expedition in person. We shall have the pleasure of singing "*Malbrook s'en va t'en guerre.*" A more lively feeling against him prevails in the working population of Paris just now. In memory of Boulogne and Strasbourg, he is never known among them now by any other name than Bou-stra-pa, a name composed of the first syllables of the three words, Boulogne, Strasbourg, and Paris. A poor fellow appeared only a few days since before the correctional police for having called the Emperor Boustrapa. Another working man has been thrown into prison for having cut with a knife a piece of money bearing the effigy of Bonaparte. S.

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* They have since been presented.—ED. *Leader.*

† We may add, that the name of *M. de Montalembert* no longer appears in the list. So that even men "devoted to the clerical party" are inadmissible, unless they are equally devoted to Absolutism, spiritual and temporal. The omission of such a name is a negative fact, far more significant of the progress of retrogression in France than a host of decrees. With regard to M. Michel Chevalier, so long as he remains a senator, and (as we believe), a personal acquaintance of the Emperor Bonaparte, we may concede some credit to the existing French system of government (to give even Napoleon III. his due) for at least commercial tendencies in the direction of Free Trade, and this will, perhaps, atone for much in the eyes of certain of our "possible" Liberals at home.—ED. *Leader.*

‡ We recommend these "management clauses" to the sympathetic digestion of Archdeacon Denison.—ED, *Leader.*

CONTINENTAL NOTES.

THE Prussian and Austrian ambassadors presented their credentials to the Emperor on Tuesday last, and the Ottoman ambassador on Wednesday. Most of the petty states of Germany have presented their letters of credence.

The Spanish Minister has notified to the Emperor the delivery of the Duchess of Montpensier of a daughter.

A large quantity of the new coinage of the Empire has been thrown into circulation at the banks and changes. While the tasteful execution of the various coins is generally much admired, it is objected that their intrinsic value is far below that of the corresponding pieces of any coinage since the former Napoleon's in 1808.

A duel has taken place between M. de Nieuwerkerke and Colonel Edgar Ney. As these gentlemen are both intimates of the Emperor, the former being Director of the Fine Arts and attached to the Princess Mathilde, the latter an aide-de-camp of the Emperor, the affair has created some sensation.

The *Moniteur* has published a decree giving the title of Imperial to all the military schools and other establishments of the artillery and engineers.

A projected match between the Emperor and a Princess of the house of Hohenzollern is reported to have been broken off by the King of Prussia.

No person under *surveillance* is to be allowed to reside in any of the localities where there are imperial residences.

The correspondent of the *Daily News* writes, "You will remember that shortly before the Emperor's election the *Moniteur* took everybody by surprise by conspicuously publishing three red republican proclamations, which till then the police had used every effort to repress. One of these was signed by (amongst others) Victor Hugo. Another was understood to be the composition of Ledru Rollin. But the third, signed "the revolutionary committee," which openly recommended a general massacre of all the adherents of the present government, was indignantly disavowed by all shades of republicans in Paris. The authorship of this sanguinary document has now been discovered, and it is satisfactory to know that he is a person of no consideration, and one, who there is reason to believe, has no followers. He is a M. Seigneuret, an insurgent of June, 1848, who then took refuge in Jersey, where he has ever since resided. The proclamation was a constant subject of conversation among the Jersey refugees, who suspected it to be a fabrication of the police, and expressed the utmost anxiety to trace out its source, in order to relieve the republican party from the suspicion of harbouring designs which they desired energetically to repudiate. In the course of these conversations, Seigneuret at

length admitted that he alone was responsible for the production. He had signed it in the name of a supposed revolutionary committee, of which he was the incarnation, and had printed it himself at a private press."

The sale of some of the modern pictures of the Orleans family has taken place in Paris. They have, generally, realized very fair prices, especially those of Leopold Robert. Many of the pictures were much injured in the revolution of February, 1848.

While we are discussing the order system in our theatres, measures are being taken in France to put down the system of hired *claqueurs*, who arrange the success of new plays.

The King of Prussia has taken a step towards restoring the original character of the Knights of St. John. Persons in future receiving the cross as decoration, are to pay 15*l.* entrance fee, and 36*s.* yearly towards the support of an hospital.

There has been an animated debate in the First Chamber at Berlin, on the Poor Laws, the agricultural party demanding their total abolition, as an incentive to idleness and consequent pauperism.

Trials for offences of the press, in Prussia, are to be conducted with closed doors.

The Duke of Augustenburg has sold his estates in Schleswig Holstein for half a million sterling.

The Grand Duke of Oldenburg persists in refusing to accede to the treaty for regulating the succession in Denmark and the Duchies.

The state of siege was not repealed, as has been announced, at Vienna, on New Year's day.

Letters from Hungary complain of the insecurity of the country, caused by the numerous bands of men compelled by their outlawed condition—having taken a national part in the late civil war—to live in the forests and mountains, and lead a Robin Hood kind of life at the expense of their neighbours. Courts martial and executions are powerless against this evil; the gendarmes are harassed to despair, and never encounter the outlaws without having to enter on a combat of life and death. The Austrians imagine that the object of these poor men is to get together money for a new insurrection, and never seem to think that an honest amnesty, such as would permit the men to quit their wild way of life, might restore them to quiet homes. On the last day of the old year one of these men was hanged at Pesth. Previous to the execution he was taken about in a procession for two hours, during which he sung patriotic songs and displayed a supreme contempt for death. At the foot of the gallows an officer read a prolix statement of his crimes and sentence. The name of Kossuth occurred in this document, and had no sooner escaped the lips of the officer, than the prisoner took off his hat, and reverently inclined his head. As the fatal rope was slipped over his head, he gathered up his strength, and cried, "Magyars, keep up your pluck; we'll give it them yet," and died.

The reduction of the Austrian army turns out to be much like the reduction in the French army—a delusion. On the contrary, Austria is augmenting her army in Italy.

Austrian Italy is in the most deplorable condition: every species of persecution, and the worst cruelties of imprisonment, torture, slow death by confinement in noisome cells, only relieved by bloody executions—such are the rewards of suspected patriotism in Italy.

The disgrace of Marshal Radetzky, for having shown a disposition to clemency, is not confirmed by the latest accounts. A letter from Milan, in the *Opinione* of Turin, gives a rumour that the Marshal had ordered each of the Lieutenant-Governors to present him within a week with a list of the two hundred most wealthy inhabitants. For what purpose may be easily imagined. They will be accused of furnishing aid to the Italian party, and the most lenient sentence will be confiscation. Austria wants more money, with more troops.

The Portuguese Chambers were opened on the 2nd inst. by royal commision.

The new law on the press in Spain, as given by royal decree, is in some respects more liberal than had been expected, and looks like a concession to the constitutional party. There are many, however, who think that the unconstitutional projects are not abandoned, and that the real object of the coup d'état would be to get an absolute control of the Budget. In Spain, as in Portugal, Absolutist tendencies are taking the form of a huge stock-jobbing conspiracy. It is as if these royal and imperial personages were busy making a purse for an evil day at the expense of their subjects.

The new law and the circular of the Minister of the Interior state that there are only two capital points on which no discussion can be admitted 1st, the principle of monarchy and the legitimate rights of Queen Isabella; and, secondly, the representative principle considered in a fundamental point of view that is to say, the right of the nation to intervene in the affairs of government in the way determined by the laws. What is chiefly complained of in the new law is the power which it gives to a ministry, which may be less constitutionally disposed than the present, to make the freedom of the press a mere mockery. The address of the Moderate Electoral Committee is published. It counsels the electors to vote as if the late government of Bearo Murillo still existed, and to have no faith in concessions. The Government proposes to allow electoral meetings under certain conditions.

The retention in the law of the clause enabling the public prosecutor to throw into prison, preventively, any publisher of a journal who may be obnoxious to the authorities, and the fact itself of such a law being promulgated without the intervention of the Cortes, by Royal decree are grave infractions of the Constitutional regime.

The following account of the insurrection in Montenegro is from the *Oest-Correspondenz*: The Montenegrins have left Szabljak, after having demolished the fortifications. The Turks, fearing that the place was undermined, did not at first venture to enter. Two of Prince Daniel's relations are dangerously wounded. The Pasha of Scutari has assumed the offensive, and Omar Pasha (the Commander-in-Chief) is advancing towards the mountains. The *Trieste Zeitung* says, that 1000 Montenegrins are still in Szabljak, and that a most sanguinary battle had taken place, in which the Turks were "mercilessly cut to pieces."

The Emperor of Austria has sent an aide-de-camp to Cattaro, to watch the progress of the war.

The Turkish Governor of Smyrna has been recalled and disgraced for his remissness in arresting the frequent and audacious piracies that have recently been perpetrated in those waters.

A letter from Teheran, in the *Augsburg Gazette*, states that the sentence of death passed on the brother of the Shah of Persia, for having been concerned in the conspiracy of Teheran, has, on the intercession of the ambassador of England, been commuted into exile.

PROGRESS OF THE ANGLO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE.

MANCHESTER celebrated its international festival on Friday, by a public entertainment to Mr. Ingersoll, in the Town Hall. The Union Jack and the Star-Spangled Banner, hung side by side over and around the arms of the Prince of Wales. Among the guests were the Bishop of Manchester, Mr. Bright, M.P; Mr. W. Brown, M.P.; Mr. Cheetham, M.P,; Mr. Heywood, M.P.; Mr. Hindley, M.P.; Mr. Brotherton, M.P.; Mr. Bazley, the President of the far-famed Chamber of Commerce; and Mr. Turner, the President of its Conservative rival, the Commercial Association. Lancashire mustered in its great strength, and the journals publish a long list of the lords of cotton and commerce. The proceedings were much the same as those at Liverpool. The Mayor of Manchester presided over the banquet; on his right sat the chief guest, on his left the Bishop. The speaking, after dinner, was distinguished by the same hearty sympathy of feeling, and the same broad views of international policy.

The Mayor looked upon this feast, in the presence of the representative of the United States, as tending to promote that good understanding which should ever subsist between the two nations. Mr. Bazley and Mr. Turner united in urging the necessity and righteousness of that kindly feeling and good will.

Mr. Ingersoll gave his hearty thanks for their hospitable conduct. Referring to the addresses presented by Mr. Bazley and Mr. Turner, hinting at the removal of commercial restrictions, he said:—

"While it is true that a portion of the productions of our country is received by you without the assessment of duties of any consequence, if at all; and while it is undoubtedly true that there yet remains a portion of the productions of our country which is not only assessed, but is heavily assessed, I have no complaint to make, no appeal to introduce, no suggestion even to offer, except that what you shall deem wise and proper I will deem wise and proper, and that any changes that may be made in the course of the arrangements of legislation on the part of our country in which your destinies were concerned, or your interests alone were involved, I am sure that I can answer for them, not only with all sincerity, but with a certainty of their being listened to, and without any hesitation or doubt as to their being approved, admitted, and acted upon. But we also know that there are two sides to every question, and that whatever may be the view that may be taken of that important question—a question which, having been submitted lately (as has been referred to) to your great council of the nation, to your high impartial court, to that tribunal which for ages and ages has been filled with men of the highest honour and the greatest abilities, and with respect to which I may be allowed to say for I have listened to and felt it during the little time that I have been in England myself—that you yourselves in the borough of Manchester have distinguished yourselves not less by other qualifications, than those referred to, and by other attributes of duty to yourselves and respect to the world, and of considerations of what you ought to do, than by sending to the parliamentary representation of this great place, the ablest possible of your men. I have only to thank you, for a silent monitor to us all, which by any one seated where I have been to-day, could not have escaped notice I mean the union, on the other side the room, of those two flags (referring to a decoration, the British ensign and the American flag arranged as a trophy), which I hope may long continue united together, as they are at this moment, in peace and amity (great applause); and that they may be cherished in their present, and that an unaltered, condition, until the end of time. (Applause.)"

The valley of the Mississippi could supply the whole family of Adam with corn; and when the population of England overgrows the means of living comfortably, then they would find a hospitable welcome among the hundreds of millions of acres that abound on the other side of the Atlantic; and brothers, as well as friends, in that vast tract of country. He spoke of the two nations as the halves of one, separated for a season. Changing the topic, he thus spoke of education:—

"You have in England some higher sources of education than those which are said to abound in most of our colleges and other places of education in the United States; but the system of public instruction which abounds there might probably be familiarly known to you, not perhaps without advantage. (Hear, hear.) Our common schools are attended, as far as most states go, by every child of a poor man that chooses to attend them, and an education sufficient for all the purposes of life is given; so that there are at this moment, or rather there were two years ago, and there must be more now, 4,000,000 of individuals undergoing a course of instruction in the United States. I speak for my own particular place of residence, Philadelphia, when I say that 50,000 of its poor inhabitants are educated at this moment in its public schools, without costing their parents a penny, most of them not being able to pay for them one single farthing. We have also an institution there which has once or twice been adverted to by a distinguished man in conversation since I have been in England, and which I think is worthy of being introduced to your consideration and notice. A liberal individual, in making his will, bequeathed a very large sum of money, and with a margin further upon the whole of his estate, to establish a college not only for the poor, but a college for poor orphans; and that college, after perhaps expending a little more money than was absolutely necessary to make the principal building in which the education of these poor orphans is carried on, is, I have been told by individuals from other countries, the most magnificent temple of modern times. I mean the Girard College, in Philadelphia, now in full operation, under the magnificent donation of Stephen Girard. Education, therefore, is attended to, I believe, with great advantage; and if any individuals in our country are not able to perform the ordinary duties of life, from want of education, it must be the fault of their parents or of themselves. While I am upon this subject, there is another sort of establishment, which I think does not precisely prevail in this country, but which might be introduced to your knowledge as worthy of being known—I mean those places which, resembling your houses of industry, are called in my country houses of refuge, where the very young, exposed to the actual commission, or liable to temptation to crime, are withdrawn from evil example, and are placed where they are partially instructed in some trade, and thus secluded from evil communication and bad morals; bound out in the country to useful trades; and thus they become, in almost every instance, valuable members of society, instead of being liable to become the very reverse. This is an additional circumstance, as I have said, in which we have some resemblance to you."

His peroration is remarkable as an expression of confidence in our united destiny:—

"I believe that peace will continue to prevail between our two countries, because I believe there is an interest of communion and of feeling; and that it may be so, in kindness and goodwill, is not only the wish which we all of us will exchange, but it is a sentiment founded upon reason as well as upon truth; because there never was, I believe, from the beginning of the world to this time, a man connected with war who did not as fervently utter his sentiments in favour of peace as the mildest of all possible people in education, who never had anything to do with war or its machines. You are all perfectly aware of the sentiments on this subject of the Duke of Wellington, who, although the success of his campaigns led to a state of things which continued for a number of years in the nature of peace, yet his opinions with regard to war were just as familiarly and frequently expressed as upon other subjects, and by them he kept his country from running into it. Even the great captain of the French, Napoleon Bonaparte, after laying down his honours at home, and becoming a prisoner for life, frequently expressed to Montholon, before he ended his career at St. Helena, his horror at the system of warfare, and his belief that the true glory of nations consisted in a system of peace and amity. I have spoken, I assure you, from the inmost recesses of my heart; I receive with the greatest gratitude the kindness you have shown me, and expressed for my country; and I hope that that country and yours may long continue, in every respect compatible with the nature of things, with the actual separation by the Atlantic, with this little difference—notwithstanding our resemblance in language, literature, and laws—notwithstanding our devotion to constitutional liberty, which is, I believe, equally strong in both countries—notwithstanding these little differences, that they may remain, so far as requisite for individual and individual to do, subject to these circumstances—one and indivisible." (Cheers.)

The Bishop of Manchester took up the thread of the argument. He hoped Mr. Ingersoll would look with no partial eye on the indications of this country towards America. If in one or two instances we had appeared likely to cast censure upon some of their institutions, if remonstrances sent from this country had seemed to breathe the spirit of rebuke, we would pray him to tell his countrymen that we were deeply sensible that if there were a building raised in America which was devoted to unhallowed uses, the substratum was laid by British hands, and we would ask him to recollect that the spark which was to cause the explosion that would blow the superstructure to the four winds of heaven had been produced by the pen of "a talented American female." (Applause.) He referred to the two schemes of education which had been contested, to the improved system of criminal discipline which we had received from America, and expressed his belief that, though there were signs of improvement in our factory system, we might take a lesson from Lowell with advantage.

Several other speakers, minor lights, intervened; and then Mr. John Bright returned thanks for "the members of the boroughs of Manchester and Salford." He had been thinking that they were possibly in some danger of being misunderstood, for one of the Ministers from this to a foreign country had been examined on a committee respecting official salaries, and he insisted upon it that the very point of diplomacy was good dinners, and that the cook of an embassy was inferior

only to the ambassador himself. Possibly it might be thought they were making some attempt upon the political virtue of Mr. Ingersoll, but he feared that though some of our ambassadors to foreign courts might easily be taken in, we could not so easily take in an American Minister. They were met for an honest purpose—to welcome a gentleman who represented a nation that was looked upon with wonder and admiration by every country in the world, and he believed that in offering their cordial respects to Mr. Ingersoll they were only doing what every intelligent and good man in the United Kingdom would approve of.

"Now, there are little things which arise occasionally that cause irritation between the two countries. I see by the papers that have arrived here from America by the very last packet—as may be seen from an extract of what I am about to mention in the *Times* of yesterday or the day before—that there has been a speech delivered by a very eminent man there—General Cass—who alludes to things said and done in this country which have an irritating effect on the minds of the American people; and I confess I thought his case was not a very strong one. He quoted from two papers certain observations made about the United States which he thought were calculated to have an ill effect. Well, one paper was the *Britannia*, a paper that I think I have heard of (laughter), but I don't know whether more than once or twice I ever saw; and I certainly never discovered a man who was a subscriber to it or a reader of it. The other paper was the *Sun*. The *Sun* is an evening paper, and, like all the London evening papers, of a moderate circulation. The evening papers, like some others, are strangled by the stamp; they have not a free press, and will wither and die. But whatever may be said in the *Britannia* or the *Sun*, I do hope that General Cass and others who read papers—if they look at papers of no influence in this country—will not for one single moment suppose that they express the opinions of that class and body of the population of the country who alone can influence Government, and whose opinion should be taken as the opinion of the population of the United Kingdom. I might put it plainer to them. Suppose I quoted certain things that I had read in the *New York Herald*, and say that was the opinion of the American Legislature and people; but that would be a libel upon both; and I hope while there is in that country and in this, great freedom both on the platform and in the pen, that eminent men of both countries will learn that there is something far higher and far deeper and far greater in both countries than is to be expressed or described, or moved, by the irritating observations of some obscure scribe who may write his absurd nonsense in the columns of some obscure paper. (Cheers.) I am for viewing the institutions and the course of America with a vigilant but friendly eye. I would copy, so far as I could, all that is good in that country, and if there is anything that I thought evil I would remark upon it with regret, but in the most friendly spirit—and the very last thing I would attempt to utter would be any comment that should have a tendency to irritate the people of that country. If the Americans came here with their advice, and in an unfriendly spirit, and thought of dragging us into a change of policy on any question, we should take precisely the course the Americans now take when over zealous people in this country think it necessary to interfere with them. (Loud cheers.) Perhaps this is hardly the occasion for saying much about the politics or the institutions of the United States; but I have a great authority—a nobleman who only a month ago was Prime Minister, who attended a dinner at Liverpool within the last two or three days, and there descanted, in his usual able manner, on some of the institutions of the United States. He endeavoured to draw a parallel between the Senate of the United States and the English House of Lords. I shall express here no opinions as to whether the House of Lords is or is not the best legislative assembly we could have as a second chamber in this country, but I must altogether protest against the sort of argument Lord Derby entered upon. Bear in mind that the Senate of the United States is as firmly fixed in their representative system as the House of Representatives. Bear in mind that whatever storms and passions disturb the public mind in the United States, the Senate of that country is ultimately the most powerful body to influence and to control public opinion. On the contrary, in this country, our House of Lords, having no such foundations, finds itself, whenever there is a tumult of political excitement, not able to control, scarcely able to check, but always compelled to yield. I will not enter into the question whether there is an easy passage from humble life to the membership of the House of Lords. I should be the very last man to suppose that it would be an advantage to me, at any rate, to become a member of such a chamber as that; but all offices, even the office of the Emperor of the French, are open to any man that can get them, and so is the House of Lords. But the question which Lord Derby did not touch was this, whether it be advisable that any class of men in the country, in any position, should have the exclusive privileges which our constitution gives to that House. Now, I am expressing no opinion on it, and should never have touched it if Lord Derby had not, on an occasion like this, entered into a defence of his order, and endeavoured to persuade the people of England that in their House of Lords they have an assembly of equal wisdom, equal character, equal patriotism, and equal durability with the august Senate of the United States of America." (Cheers.)

Mr. Bright showed how political institutions which we are now contending for had subsisted in some of the states of America for upwards of two hundred years. In one state they had the "widest suffrage and the ballot;" and in the same state, two hundred years ago, there was an act passed, beginning with these remarkable words,—"To the end that learning may not be buried in the graves of our forefathers," and then it went on to enact that wherever there were fifty householders, one house should be set apart to teach the children of the rest, and wherever there were one hundred families, there should be established a grammar school to train the children, so that they might be fitted, such of them as could, to enter a university. In Maryland, the Catholic Lord Baltimore had established the freest religious liberty, so that the Puritans expelled by the Episcopalians of Virginia, and the Episcopalians expelled by the Puritans of New England, found there a refuge. America has religion as much as we have, with no sect dominant; legal reforms without a Lord Chancellor with a salary of 14,000*l.* a year; internal peace without a great standing army; respect abroad with great squadrons on every coast; and an admirable system of representation, without rotten boroughs.

"England does not fear the United States—the United States do not fear England; but all good and wise men in both countries fear quarrels between the countries, and fear war, which is the greatest calamity and the greatest crime that can afflict mankind. And it is impossible to say, and I think the most vivid imagination among us would not be able in any degree adequately to portray one thousandth part of the miseries that would be produced in the world if it were possible that the United States and England were to quarrel and actually to come to open hostilities. (Hear, hear.) I see recently there has been a small matter which got up a little irritation in America and here, arising chiefly, I suppose, out of some mistake. Well, now, let every Englishman and every American take this course; the moment any little matter of this kind arises, do not immediately see how many ships can be sent to that station, or how many troops marched to this point, but let us rather turn our minds to the point—can this question be settled without having recourse to that worst of all settlements, that which is brought about by force of arms? (Loud applause.) I believe there has been no ambassador from that country to England in our time—I have no recollection of one—that has not been anxious to cultivate the most friendly relations with our Government and our people; and if Mr. Ingersoll will bear in mind what he has seen in the papers—how when Mr. Everett was here, how when Mr. Bancroft was here, how when Mr. Abbott Lawrence was here, and now he is experiencing the same thing in his own person—that wherever the American Minister passes to, in all the large and populous and influential towns in the United Kingdom, there he will find the wealthiest, the best, the most educated, and the most patriotic of the population, in every one of those centres of industry, glad to rally round him, and treat him at least with as much kindness as we have endeavoured to show him to-night. (Applause.) If this meeting has had the effect of convincing the Minister of the United States of that one fact, and if the record of it, when it passes to the United States, should give to any friend of peace and human progress there the assurance that there are people in England—ay, thousands and millions—whose hearts beat in unison with his, then I think that the holding of this meeting will not have been in vain. I apologise for saying what I have said; perhaps, under the circumstances, I could say no less. I thank you for the kindness with which you have received the name of my hon. friend, my colleague, and myself. (Loud cheers.)

After some further speaking, the whole ended most appropriately with the toast, "The Health of the Ladies of the Old and New World."

We are glad to record, in connexion with this subject, the words used by Mr. Thackeray, at the close of one of his New York lectures. He is an Englishman who does honour to his country in the United States:

"In England, it was my custom, after the delivery of these lectures, to point such a moral as seemed to befit the country I lived in, and to protest against an outcry which some brother authors of mine most imprudently and unjustly raise when they say that our profession is neglected and its professors held in light esteem. Speaking in this country, I would say that such a complaint could not only not be advanced, but could not even be understood here, where your men of letters take their manly share in public life; whence Everett goes as Minister to Washington, and Irving and Bancroft to represent the Republic in the old country. And if to English authors the English public is, as I believe, kind and just in the main, can any of us say, will any who visit your country not proudly and gratefully own, with what a cordial and generous greeting you receive us? I look round on this great company; I think of my gallant young patrons of the Mercantile Library Association, as whose servant I appear before you; and of the kind hands stretched out to welcome me by men famous in letters, and honoured in our country as in their own, and I thank you and them for a most kindly greeting and a most generous hospitality. At home and amongst his own people it scarce becomes an English writer to speak of himself; his public estimation must depend on his works; his private esteem on his character and his life. But here, among friends newly found, I ask leave to say that I am thankful; and I think with a grateful heart of those I have left behind me at home, who will be proud of the welcome you hold out to me, and will benefit, please God, when my days of work are over, by the kindness which you show to their father."

Let our American friends take their views of English opinion from men like Mr. Thackeray, rather than from the journals quoted by Mr. Cass.

AMERICAN REPLY TO THE STAFFORD-HOUSE MEMORIAL.

THE following "Affectionate and Christian Address of many Thousands of the Women of the United States of America to their Sisters, the Women of England," is published in the semi-weekly *Courier and New York Enquirer*:—

"A common origin, a common faith, and, we sincerely believe, a common cause, urge us at the present moment to address you on the subject of enormous social evils which still prevail so extensively, and, even under kindly disposed rulers, with such frightful results, in every part of your country.

"We approach you to-day, not with fiction, but with fact—not fact as exaggerated, perverted, and discoloured by the novelist's imagination, but fact as presented in its naked simplicity by parliamentary documents, or other statistical writings, which are regarded in your land as of standard authority. It will be impossible for us to bring now to your consideration the immense aggregate of evils which are visited upon the poor and helpless by your husbands and brothers through the vast extent of your Sovereign's dominions. We must forbear to speak of the flagitious and bloody modes by which those dominions have been extended and are now extending in Southern Africa, in Southern Asia, and through the Southern Seas! We can say nothing of the iniquitous war your nation waged upon the Chinese, or of the untold miseries caused by the forced imposition of the opium traffic upon that people; not even for poor Ireland can we invoke your sympathies now—that land which, through British misrule, has decreased in population 20 per cent. within the last year, and of which one of your own admired writers—the Rev. Sydney Smith—wrote these words, as awful as they are true—'So great and so long has been the misgovernment of that country, that we verily believe the empire would be much stronger if everything were open sea between England and the Atlantic, and if skates and codfish swam over the fair land of Ulster.' Sisters, we suppress our indignation, and touch upon none of these things now. It is upon evils on your own soil, in your own communities—evils among which you daily live and move, and with which you have personally to do, that we now address you. We wish to speak to you of the ignorant, and the poverty-stricken, and the degraded population of your own land, and we shall do it with faithfulness, yet with kindness.

"Sisters, your land is filled with slaves—slaves to ignorance, slaves to penury, and slaves to vice. The terrible truth has been told you by one of the most learned and respected authors, Joseph Kay, of Trinity College, Cambridge, at the close of his great work on national education, which is or ought to be familiar to you all, that in England, 'where the aristocracy is richer and more powerful than that of any other country in the world, the poor are more oppressed, more pauperized, more numerous in comparison to the other classes, more irreligious, and very much worse educated than the poor of any other European nation, solely excepting uncivilized Russia and Turkey, enslaved Italy, misgoverned Portugal, and revolutionized Spain.' The first and greatest of all popular needs in every free Christian country is the need of instruction; and yet your country has no system of public education that is worthy of the name. The entire amount of your annual parliamentary appropriations for the education of your people is less by thousands of pounds than the annual public expenditures made for this purpose by the city of New York alone. One person out of every eight in your population is a pauper, and the average poor-rates of England for the last ten years have been 6,000,000*l.*; and yet to provide public education, and thus in a great measure remedy the very neglect which has cursed you with this grievous and yearly-increasing burden, your national Legislature has expended in six years only 600,000*l.* One-third of the population of the State of New York, according to our census tables just published, are regularly receiving education in our public schools; according to your parliamentary returns, only one-eleventh of your population are enjoying a similar advantage. Sisters, is that a Christian state of society which, for some millions of your people, renders the development and cultivation of all those faculties which distinguish man from the brute little better than a physical impossibility?

"You, whom we are addressing, live in all parts of England, but everywhere; in the metropolis, in the manufacturing towns, and in the country, you see about you the most pitiable destitution and degradation. In London there are, we understand, more than 1,000,000 of immortal beings who are never seen in the house of God, and practically think the thoughts and live the lives of absolute heathens. The condition of a large portion of the labouring population of that vast city may be judged from the fact, that of its 20,000 journeymen tailors, 14,000 can barely earn a miserable subsistence by working 14 hours a day, Sunday included; and that it contains 33,000 needlewomen, who earn on an average only 4½*d.* a day by working 14 hours. There are 50,000 people in London who obtain their living in the streets; and Henry Mayhew, an authority whom you will not venture to question, says of them 'When the religious, moral, and intellectual degradation of the majority of these 50,000 people is impressed upon us, it becomes positively appalling to contemplate the vast amount of vice, ignorance, and want existing in the very heart of our land.' There are 30,000 costermongers; of these he says 'Only one-tenth at the outside one-tenth of the couples living together and carrying on their costermongering trade are married;' that 'not three in a hundred of them had ever been in the interior of a church or any place of worship, or knew what was meant by Christianity, and only one in ten of them is able to read.' In your manufacturing towns the case is no better. In Glasgow there are 60,000 women engaged in factories or needle-work whose average earnings do not exceed 7*s.* or 8*s.* a week. Dr. Paterson, whom you know

and respect as one of the most eminent divines in that city, stated in a public speech not long since, that in three wynds, constituting but a portion of his parish, there were, in a population of 3,232, only 83 church sittings, or little more than an average of 2½ to 100; and that in the whole locality there were only 117 Bibles. 'Certain it is,' he exclaims, 'that nothing short of a levy *en masse* of whatever there is of living Christianity in the city, in all the branches of the Church of Christ, will suffice to make head against the augmenting ignorance, and ungodliness, and infidelity with which we have to deal. If we do not destroy the evil it will destroy us.' Out of 10,461 burials in that city in 1850 no less than 2,381, or nearly a fourth, were at the public expense. Glasgow, in these particulars, is but a specimen of your manufacturing towns generally. So, too, of your country population. A very large number of your agricultural population live in filthy and crowded cottages, where the sexes are in close and perilous contact night and day, where decency is difficult and comfort impossible; the effect of which is to break down the barriers of morality, to obliterate all the sweet and saving attractions of a home, to weaken and desecrate all domestic ties, and to brutalize the manners and debase every natural feeling. The cottage accommodation of your villages is little or no better; and the low tone of morality which this, in conjunction with other unfavourable influences, has caused, may be inferred from the following sad statement made last May in the *North British Review*:—'There are few things more remarkable in the sight of observant residents in many country villages than the small number of marriages solemnized in the course of the year. Among these few things, we are afraid, must be mentioned the number of illegitimate children that are born into the world. In some villages, indeed, these events are of such frequent occurrence as to excite neither surprise nor indignation. . . . There is something in this kind of insensibility which is very chilling and disheartening. This obtuseness of the moral senses, this deadness to shame, makes one almost despair over it. When the standard of public opinion is so low, there is little hope of practical improvement.'

"But, sisters, we have said enough; and we now appeal to you very seriously to reflect, and to ask counsel of God how far such a state of things is in accordance with His Holy Word, the inalienable rights of immortal souls, and the pure and merciful spirit of the Christian religion. How are you discharging your duties—your peculiar duties as women of education and influence? As one of your own writers has told you, to distressed individuals of every description, and of all ranks, you owe tender compassion and charitable aid; while to your lower orders, as such, you owe, not charity, but justice—not so much the open purse as the equal measure; advice, as far as they will receive it; guidance, as far as they will submit to it; education of the best quality and to the utmost extent that your unhappy sectarian jealousies will permit you to bestow. You owe them fair play in everything; justice of the most even-handed sort—full, unquestioned, and overflowing; the removal of every external impediment which prevents them from doing and being whatever other classes can do and be. You owe it to them to employ your superior capacities, your richer opportunities, your maturer wisdom in cheering their toil, smoothing their difficulties, directing their often misguided and suicidal energies. You owe to them every facility with which you can surround their conflict amid the obstacles of life—facility to obtain land, to obtain employment, or obtain colonization—facility to acquire temperate habits, to accumulate savings, to employ them wisely, to invest them well—facility, above all, to acquire that which is at once the key and crown of all, solid and comprehensive instruction in all the things which belong both to their earthly welfare and their future peace. How you have performed these duties may be learned from the following short paragraph in a work published last year, by William Johnston, barrister-at-law, entitled, *England as it Is*—'The separation between rich and poor—the dissympathy and isolation of classes—is the great social evil of the time. Institutions for scientific and literary teaching by lecturers, at the cheapest possible rates, are established; parks, for the recreation of the lower orders are established; even clubs upon something like the aristocratic model, where conveniences and luxuries are supplied at lower prices; but all this seems unsuccessful. What one wants to see—a mutual and hearty recognition of the difference of civilization, a kind and cordial combination on the one hand, and an equally cordial, but still respectful devotedness on the other appears to make no progress.' This is the common complaint among all your philanthropists.

"Now, sisters, we do not shut our eyes to the difficulties that might beset the sudden elevation of your degraded population to the rights and the dignity of manhood. But, nevertheless, we cannot be silent on those systems of your society which, in direct contravention of God's own law, deny in effect to the poor labourer the sanctity of marriage, with all its joys, rights, and obligations; nor can we be silent on that awful policy which, either by law, or by the absence of law, precludes any race of men, or any portion of the human family, from that education which alone can enable them to understand the truths of the Gospel and the ordinances of Christianity. We appeal to you as sisters, as wives, and as mothers, to raise your voices to your fellow-citizens, and your prayers to God, for the removal of England's shame from the Christian world."

AUSTRALIA.

At length the *Australian* has arrived: she made Plymouth on Tuesday. Her homeward course had been retarded by two significant facts the want of men and the lack of coals. Conjointly operating with these was the weather, which, on the other side of the Cape, seems to have alternated between strong head-winds and dead calms. She sailed from Sydney on the 20th of September, touching at Port Philip and Adelaide, arriving there on the 1st of October, and sailing thence on the 5th.

The *Australian* was detained at King George's Sound nearly eight days, on account of the weather and the deficiency of labour. She was thirty-two days from King George's Sound to the Mauritius, experiencing nothing but calms, and went fruitlessly out of her course to seek the south-east trades; it is said that she put into the Mauritius in consequence of breaking the eccentric rod of one of her engines, while others state that she had coal but for two or three days; she shipped 650 tons there. After leaving the Mauritius, she encountered contrary south-west winds and sprung her maintop-mast, which was unshipped and replaced by a new one, during a calm, after leaving the Cape. Fine weather prevailed from the Cape to St. Vincent's, and thence to the Channel; three days before reaching Plymouth, she had strong fair winds. The commander, officers, boatswain, and boys, went out and returned in the *Australian*, but all the seamen and all the firemen (14 or 15), except one, ran from her. At Sydney, she received six men from Her Majesty's ship *Fantome*, but left short-handed. None joined her at Melbourne or Adelaide, but at King George's Sound she engaged two Frenchmen, who landed at the Cape; at the Mauritius four Englishmen entered; at the Cape, five men and a boy; and, at St. Vincent's, three men. Wages from Sydney were 10*l.* per month; Mauritius, 3*l.* She is eight or ten short now. All hands behaved exceedingly well on the passage home.

The *Australian* brought, as a present to Her Majesty the Queen, the valuable nugget of gold from the Bendigo diggings, weighing over 28lb. It was purchased at auction by the Government authorities at Melbourne, with money raised by the sale of licenses.

The gold freight of the *Australian* weighs eight and a half tons, or 222,293 oz., worth upwards of 800,000*l.*

In addition to the gold-dust on the ship's manifest, the passengers have considerable quantities. The *Australian* shipped gold-dust, wool, and tallow at Sydney. From Melbourne she brings only gold-dust; at Adelaide she took in gold-dust and copper ore; and at the Mauritius 100 tons of sugar.

At the gold mines, twenty-eight miles from Adelaide, about 400 people were at work, gathering, it is said, from 2oz. to 3oz. per day each. The deposit is of a similar quality, and realizes the same price as at Melbourne. Rents at Adelaide have not risen, the run being still for the established gold fields, especially Bendigo; but trade and commerce are greatly improving. Flour is 38*l.* to 40*l.* per ton; beef 4*d.* per lb.; pork, 6*d.*; mutton, 4*d.*

The following important statement appeared in the City Article of the *Times* on Thursday:—

"It is understood that despatches were sent by the *Adelaide* steamer to the Governor-General of New South Wales and the Lieutenant-Governor of Victoria, authorizing the Legislative Councils in both those colonies to form themselves each into a Parliament of an Upper and a Lower House, it being at the same time intimated that so soon as this arrangement shall have been brought into operation the Crown will concede to them the management of their own affairs, including the entire receipts from the public lands, so as to assimilate their position to that of Canada. These despatches are said likewise to have contained an assurance that transportation shall positively cease within a short period, which will be named as soon as the necessary plans for a different disposal of the convicts can be completed."

The South Australian legislative council was busy revising the constitution. The following resolutions had been offered by Mr. Francis Dutton:—

"1. That it is expedient during the present session to amend act No. 1 of 1851, entitled 'An act to establish the Legislative Council of South Australia, and to provide for the election of members to serve in the same.'

"2. That it is expedient to introduce into the amended act the following alterations:

"*a.* To extend the franchise to every male inhabitant of this colony of 21 years of age who shall not be legally disqualified, and who shall be registered for six months in the electoral district for which he seeks to exercise his vote, previous to the day of such election taking place.

"*b.* That votes for the election of members of Council be taken by ballot.

"*c.* That the qualification of members elected to serve in the Legislative Council be abolished.

"*d.* That the time for which members of the Legislative Council are elected be limited to three years.

"3. That an address be presented to his Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor, requesting that he will instruct the law officers of the Crown to prepare a bill during the present session introducing the above amendments."

The first resolution was affirmed by a majority of nine. Sixteen members, including the Colonial Secretary and the Advocate-General, voted for the motion, and nine against it.

We learn that the agents of the Australian Auriferous Ore Reduction Company had met with so many difficulties after landing at Melbourne, that they had come to the conclusion of the utter impracticability of carrying on operations of gold-washing by a public company, and had abandoned the enterprise. Their reasons are manifold. The enormous expense of transporting men and machinery to the gold regions, the certainty that the men would desert when they saw others earning so much more by independent labour, the impossibility of obtaining a licence to work a large piece of land exclusively, and the necessity of taking out separate licences for every person employed, are among these. The Governor was anxious to help them, but "*he could not go against the mass.*" Moreover, the great expense of maintaining and lodging the men at Melbourne led the agents at once to give up, in order to save the remaining property of the company. It is clear, therefore, that in the present state of things gold mining by companies is a hopeless project in Australasia.

A lively picture of society at Melbourne, is supplied by the following extracts from the correspondence of a young emigrant, published in the *Times*. Writing, in July, he says:—

"Such a sum as 40*l.* is not thought much of here now, as gold-diggers think nothing frequently of giving 50*l.* or 60*l.* for a couple of two-horse flys to drive a wedding party about the town for two or three hours. There are one or two of these weddings here nearly every day; the party drive up one street and down another half the day, showing themselves off, and getting gradually drunk as the day advances. You would stare in London to see such a wedding, the whole party, excepting, perhaps, the bride and bridesmaids, smoking: and generally one, the drunkest of the party, leaning half over the back of the fly, black bottle in hand, inviting the public in general to have a 'nobbler.' One of these weddings frequently costs the 'happy bridegroom' 300*l.* to 400*l.*"

His letter, a month later, deals with graver subjects at first, but closes with more about those wonderful weddings:—

"People are flocking in from all countries now, and there is not accommodation for a tenth of them. Some have to sleep in sheds, &c., who never knew anything but a feather-bed in England. We have had very heavy rains lately; several people have been drowned on their way to and from the diggings in attempting to swim the creeks, as the Government does not think of putting any bridges where required; indeed, the people are beginning to murmur against the abominable way in which our Government is carried on. . . . . The people can, and will soon, govern themselves, if the authorities are not very soon altered, or change their mode of action—if such a word as 'action' may be used for their utter imbecility. You cannot walk the streets of the city after dark without being armed. I never go out at night without having an open knife in my hand. Robberies are committed also in the open day with impunity, while the Legislative Council is debating whether they shall give policemen 7s. 6d. or 7s. 9d. per day, when no man now will work under 10s. at even road-scraping. I cannot have lost less than between 300*l.* and 400*l.* by the mismanagement of the Post-office, letters being mislaid, missent, and lost altogether day after day. *We want a Vigilance Committee here*, as in California, and I would be one of the first to join it; it saved California, and we shall have no safety until it is adopted here. . . . . There are marriage parties driving about every day, as I described in my last. I was at the Botanical-gardens last Sunday, and there were diggers' wives promenading most splendidly dressed in silks, satins, velvets, feathers, and jewellery, who had been servants in situations a week before."

He gives, in September, a lively picture of the flocking-in of people; "1500 a-week," then 4283 a-week. He describes how the diggers are cheated by the gold broker, who weighs and buys their gold at his "office."

"A digger goes into one of these offices with his bag of dust and nuggets, which the broker requests him to empty on a large sheet of whity-brown or other large paper; he then begins a vigorous 'rousing' with his fingers and a magnet to extract the iron-stone from among it, and, a good deal of blowing and shaking having been gone through in a careless off-hand manner, he empties the lot into the scale. 'Seven and four is eight, eight and three is eleven, eleven and four is fourteen; fourteen ounces, four pennyweights and a half, at 3*l.* 7*s.* an ounce, is 43*l.*; there's a check, sir.' Now, all this shaking, &c., is to make a portion of the gold pass through two nicks each in two sheets of paper. When he takes it to put the gold into the scale, he shifts the two sheets, so that the nicks are no longer over each other, and consequently cannot be seen, even if the seller has any suspicion. Sometimes, after shaking and blowing the gold in the above manner, he offers 2*s.* per ounce less than the digger can get anywhere else, who of course declines selling, and goes away with an ounce or so less than he came with. Some never buy an ounce, but have a pound or two to sell at the end of a week. Some scales have the beam divided unequally, so that it takes a quarter of an ounce to turn the scale. If one half of the beam is the 16th of an inch longer than the other it will take this. The way to beat them at this work is to reverse the gold and weights from one scale to the other. The known weight of gold that has been sent from here up to this date is 64 tons; but this does not include that which parties take away of their own."

Altogether life at Melbourne must be exciting, novel, and hazardous. But from the above evidence there appears to be little control exercised over the people by the Government; and that our risk of losing Australia will come from conduct the reverse of that which lost to us America—too little interference.

THE DARIEN CANAL.

AMONG the gigantic projects of the day is that of making a ship canal through the Isthmus of Darien. It is confidently asserted that a passage has been discovered through the Cordilleras; and a company is forming to carry out the great work.

The Isthmus of Darien extends from the Atrato River to the point of St. Blas, in Mandingo Bay, and Caledonia Bay is the locality from which this inter-oceanic navigation is to commence on the Atlantic side, terminating on the Pacific in the Gulf of St. Miguel. No published maps give a correct notion of the interior of this country; it has been heretofore perfectly unexplored. The Cordilleras were supposed to extend in an unbroken range along the coast of the Atlantic; they present that appearance from the seaward, and the native tribes of Indians have so carefully guarded their territory that for 250 years this fallacy has been received as a fact. It appears, however, that the River Caledonia, sometimes called Aglasenaque on old Spanish maps, passes through a gorge, at the back of which extends a large plain; the true limit between the water sheds of the two oceans is situated in the centre of the isthmus, and consists of a low range of hills, separating the Caledonia and Savannah rivers. The culminating point of this range is only 150 feet above the mean level of the two oceans.

The Savannah river flows through an uninhabited tract of land; the high tide of the Pacific affects its waters for twenty miles into the interior, and there is six fathoms depth at low water seven miles from the mouth. The mean water of the two oceans, or that of mid-tide, is on a level. This had always been a disputed question, and one which the great Humboldt himself did not decide, although his opinion and that of the scientific men of the day has been confirmed. When we say on a level, we speak practically to within a few inches; further observations and investigations are necessary to submit the question to those learned in differential calculus. The Atlantic has only a tide of 14 to 16 inches, the Pacific one of 24 feet, so that every twelve hours the Pacific ocean is 12 feet above and 12 feet below the Atlantic, causing an alternate maximum current of three miles an hour each way. Mr. Gisborne recommends the formation of a continuous channel without locks, having a breadth of 160 feet and a depth of 30 feet at low water, the cost of which he estimates at 12,000,000*l.* sterling. The figures are rather startling to those who have hitherto limited mercantile speculation to the necessities of one or two countries, although in this respect even their impressions are false, for in Great Britain 30,000,000*l.* sterling have been expended in docks; the London and North Western Railway Company represent a capital of over 30,000,000*l.*; foreign loans amount to much larger sums; nearly 300,000,000*l.* have been sunk in the railways of this country; our national debt is beyond 770,000,000*l.*, the interest at three per cent. being collected from ourselves. What a trifle 12,000,000*l.* or 15,000,000*l.* is reduced to, when the payment of interest upon it is spread over the commerce of every nation. What a small outlay in the cause of peace and civilization.

THE GREAT POULTRY-SHOW.

NOW Protection is over, the English agriculturist is turning his attention to other sources of income besides wheat. Poultry—and it is astonishing how much poultry has been neglected—now has its shows. On Tuesday, the first annual exhibition of the feathered tribes intended for the table, was held at the Bazaar, in Baker-street, famed in the annals of the Smithfield Club.

The show includes fowls, turkeys, geese, ducks, pigeons, and rabbits, but among them what is ordinarily spoken of as the fowl tribe vastly preponderates, and in this little world of fowls, the Cochin Chinese have a decided majority. The Cochin China fowls were, we believe, introduced into this country some half-dozen years ago under Royal patronage, and now enjoy a preference over the Dorking, game, and Hamburgh fowls. The respective merits of these classes can, however, only be determined by connoisseurs, and it is enough for us to say that the Cochin China fowls in the collection are of remarkable size and beauty. The price set upon some of these birds seems almost incredible. There is a pen belonging to Mr. Fairlie, of Cheveley-park, near Newmarket, consisting of a cock and three hens, for which no less than sixty guineas are required. It may, however, be observed that all the hens have been exhibited separately at provincial shows, and that each has gained a prize; so that the pen is probably as valuable a one as could be found in the country. Among those which attracted marked attention, some exceedingly fine Poland fowls, with white topknots (class 36, No. 1); a pen of three geese, weighing together, as we were told, 48lb.; a pen of gigantic pigeons from India, whose heads are surmounted by a sort of plume, not much unlike the feathers of a peacock's tail; several very fine Australian pigeons, the beauty of whose plumage was much admired; a large collection of pigeons, including some very good specimens of fantails, tumblers, and carriers; and some remarkably fine turkeys, bantams, and rabbits. So great a value is placed upon the eggs of many of the birds in the exhibition, that eight police-officers of the detective force are continually on the watch to prevent their abstraction by persons employed in the building, or by visitors.

We find the following letter in the *Times*, provoked by this novel metropolitan exhibition:—

"During the present novel exhibition at Baker-street, it may prove interesting to some of your readers to have a description of the laying powers of a Cochin China hen in my possession. At the close of last autumn, one of my children was presented with a male and female bird by a clergyman in Kent; they were hatched late in spring, and in November, two eggs were found one morning in the nest, supposed at the time to be the produce of two days. However, upon the next day there was one, and the day after, two; one day then elapsed, and two eggs were again layed, and so on to the present time, when she continues to present her young mistress with five eggs every four days, which, for so long a period, is very unusual. It is a remarkable fact, that upon the days the hen lays two eggs, unless closely watched, the cock and she lay claim to one of them, which they invariably consume, leaving the other untouched, which is likewise the case when a single egg is layed."

The sale by auction of the various specimens was commenced at noon, on Thursday, subject to the reserved prices of the exhibitors. For many of the lots upon which high prices had been placed by the owners there were, of course, no bids at all approaching the nominal value, and although in some cases higher prices were obtained than had been fixed in the catalogue, in many instances the stock failed to realise the amount at which it had been valued. The highest price paid during the day was, we understand, 48 guineas, for a Cochin-Chinese cock and pullet (No. 81, class 15), which were bought by Mr. John Taylor, jun., of Cressy-house, Shepherd's-bush.

Among those who have honoured the show with their presence, were—the Duke of Rutland, the Earls of Clarendon, Harrington, Ducie, Berwick, and Glengall; the Marquisses of Salisbury and Granby, the Bishop of London, Baron Rothschild, Lords Hardinge, Monteagle, Hill, Wodehouse, and A. Fitzclarence, Sir G. Wombwell, Sir J. Cathcart, the Hon. C. C. Cavendish, M.P., and Mr. Hayter, M.P.

OXFORD RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

INQUEST CONTINUED.

THE inquest was resumed on Tuesday. Contradictory statements, respecting the lights on the engine of the coal-train, were made by John Lee, the driver, and Brooks, the policeman at the Sheriff's-bridge level. It will be remembered that, according to the evidence last week, a green light was attached in front of the coal train; and to this statement the driver adheres. He is corroborated by a person named Cooper, in the employment of the contractor. This man says he was on his way to the engine-house at Oxford, when he saw the coal train advancing, and heard the whistle of the passenger train. The green light was on the buffer of the first engine. The policeman is very positive in stating that there was no lamp, and that the only light came from the fire-box of the engine. This is his excuse for not having put up his danger signal in time to stop the passenger train. Another policeman, Bates, who was on duty at the Oxford-road Station, swears that the lamps were in perfect order when the coal-train passed.

William Hairvey, the policeman at the swivel-bridge, substantiated the account given by Hayes, the head porter, last week, and also deposed to the extraordinary speed at which the passenger-train left the station.

The important evidence was that of Joseph Kinch, the guard; but some difficulty occurs in reconciling it with his remarks immediately after the collision. There is reason to believe, however, that he was so unnerved by the accident, as not to be accountable for any statement he may then have uttered. His evidence on Tuesday was given with much clearness. We extract his story about the starting of the train:

"I knew that the coal-train had left Islip, because Mr. Blott had informed me that it had left Islip nearly half an hour. Mr. Blott added, that the 5.30 train was not to go till the coal-train had arrived. Mr. Blott said nothing more, but went into his office, and I did not see him again before the train started. Mr. Blott did not say to me, 'If you see the train, or it is sighted, you may go.' In two or three minutes after Blott had spoken, I went to the driver, Tarry, and told him that Blott had said the coal-train had left Islip nearly half an hour, and we could not go till the train came in. At this time I was standing on the steps of the platform, holding on by the handrail of the engine. I did not get on the engine at all. This was after Hayes had looked at the tickets. I was not talking with Tarry more than a minute, and then walked down the platform towards his break van. I kept my eye on the signal at the swing bridge. At this time the red signal was on. It was my duty not to start a train while that red signal is shown. I went again to Tarry at the engine, and asked him for his tickets, which, as Tarry was no scholar, I had been in the habit of making out for him; tickets of the hours of arrival and departure, number of carriages, &c. Tarry said he had not got them, but that he would give them to me in the morning. As I was getting off the steps, Tarry again hallooed out he would give them to me in the morning, and I replied, '*All right*,' meaning, 'all right; you can give me the tickets in the morning.' The red light was still on. I went back to my break, and had scarcely done so when Tarry opened his whistle and started. I did not know but that Tarry had been signalled by Mr. Hayes, or some one, to 'draw on' to attach trucks. Trucks are often attached in that way behind my van, the train being drawn on for the purpose by the engine. The train went on to the bridge. At that moment Hayes and another porter met the train, with lamps in their hands, and Hayes called out to me something about a ballast train. I did not exactly understand what, but I understood he meant that the coal train was not in, and directly put on my break. This ought to have retarded the engine, but it was a very short train, and Tarry had apparently put on full steam. I also exhibited my alarm lamp, but the train, instead of stopping, increased its speed. It was such a light train it could do this, notwithstanding the break having been put on."

The witness proceeded to state that he saw the red signal at the bridge changed for a green one, signifying "go on;" that he never released his break on tha aecount, but continued to show his signals, and did all in his power to stop the train; that he saw the coal-train, with its green signal, advancing at the distance of a mile; and that he had but slight recollection of what took place after the collision.

The railway officials called as witnesses to Kinch's behaviour at this time, agree that he was not composed; but they say he seemed sufficiently rational to understand questions, and to answer them. His replies to Mr. Blott were to the effect that he mistook the ballast-engine for the coal-train, and gave the word to start. But other witnesses, and especially the conductor of the omnibus which conveyed him to the Oxford-road Station, describe Kinch's confusion as having been much greater. James Turby, the conductor, states that Kinch, when asked how he felt, replied, incoherently, "put the break on; go steady." And William Todd, a servant of the Great Western Company, who went to the spot on the North Western line immediately after the accident, says he found Kinch in a perfectly delirious condition, calling out, "Where's my break? Where's my van?"

Other witnesses took the same side; and by far the weight of independent evidence shows Kinch to have been quite incapable of coherent statements at the time he was interrogated by the station-master. The inquest was adjourned at seven o'clock, till Monday.

THE RESPITE OF JAMES BARBOUR.

ELSEWHERE we have stated pretty clearly our belief that however much the persons subjected to criticism by the press may object to it, it is still one of the duties of that "mighty engine" to watch over the administration of the law, as it watches over the proceedings of Parliament, and to take as much care that nothing goes wrong in the one case as in the other. We shall not therefore stay to apologise to our readers for saying a few words about Barbour, nor to the gentleman who has forwarded us the documents to which we shall refer, for our exercising an independent judgment upon them. He sees, what we see and regret, that the press is now the only court of criminal appeal, and cannot, consequently, complain when we decline to lend him our advocacy, and venture to give him our decision.

James Barbour, the prisoner in this case, was tried at the York assizes, for the wilful murder of Alexander Robison; "had the advantage," according to Mr. Justice Talfourd, "of being defended with unrivalled ability;" but was found guilty, and sentenced, without hope of mercy, the judge entirely concurring in the verdict. The facts proved against him were these: Robison and he had formerly been in the same employ, that of a cousin of the latter, a linen-draper residing in Doncaster. They were travelling packmen in this person's service, but recently Barbour had been dismissed, and previously a watch, which his master had lent to him, was taken away for some misconduct, and given to the deceased as a reward. The murder took place on the 2nd September, and on the 3rd September the body was found, bearing upon it marks of violence and gunshot-wounds about the head. It was in August last the prisoner was dismissed from his cousin's service, after which, he went to Scotland for a fortnight, when he returned to Sheffield, where he had only been a short time. Whilst he was in his cousin's service, the prisoner had traded on his own account, and had been assisted by a man named M'Cormack, who lodged with him at the house of a man named Pigott, in Sheffield. The prisoner, after his dismissal, *had no goods to hawk, and had no money until the Monday after the murder.* On the day before the murder, from eleven to one o'clock, the prisoner, the deceased, and two Scotchmen, named M'Lellan and Fagan, were together. At one o'clock, they all went to an eating-house. At half-past one they returned, when the deceased had upon him his

watch and guard and pack. M'Lellan asked the deceased and the prisoner where they were going to in the afternoon, and the prisoner said he was going to show Robison some customers, that he was going with the deceased tonight, and that, *after that, in a day or two*, he was going to London, as trade was better there. All the men then left together, and parted at the bottom of the passage, M'Lellan and Fagan going one way, the deceased and the prisoner the other, in the direction of the Queen's Tower. From two o'clock until three, the prisoner and the deceased could not be traced; but *at three o'clock*, George Hind, a farmer at Newfield-green, was coming to Sheffield, and sat down on some steps where the footpath crosses the field, not a quarter of a mile from where the body was found, smoking his pipe. He saw two men coming up the lane, upon which he rose up, and said, "I'll give you room, gentlemen." The taller man had a bundle under his arm, and a bundle in his hand. After they passed, the *smaller man said to the farmer*, "*What are you doing here?* It's proper you were at some employment." The farmer replied, "I have as much right to be here as you have," and then said to the taller man, "Let the young man carry your bundle." The lesser man was the prisoner.

Further on, they were met by a man named Christopher Corbett. This was between three and four o'clock, and 375 yards from the place where the body was afterwards found. About that time, a young man named Charles Renton was in a field adjoining to that in which the body was found, and divided from it by a high hedge and brook, when he heard two shots fired quickly after each other. He was lying down in the next field, about 200 yards from the place where the body was. The deceased was never after that seen alive. About four o'clock that afternoon, the prisoner entered the "Royal Standard" public-house, where, by a singular coincidence, the body was taken the day after. He was then alone, *appeared heated, as if from walking very fast, and was carrying a pack. When last seen, he had no pack, but the deceased had; when the deceased's body was found, there was no pack.* He asked for threepenny-worth of gin, and asked the landlord, who was a stranger to him, to take charge of his pack, and said that he would call for it on the following morning. The prisoner never did call for it. *This pack was shown to be the pack of the deceased*, and Mr. Barbour (the prisoner's cousin, and former master) identified his private marks on some of the drapery goods it contained, and the goods in it were worth about 10*l*. At the time when the prisoner brought it to the "Royal Standard" public-house, *there were spots of blood upon it.* While at the "Royal Standard," the prisoner *wanted a cab* (an unusual extravagance for a man in his position).

When the cab came the landlord went into the room where the prisoner was, and found him brushing his trousers, which were soiled with clay at the bottoms, and the mud of the fields at the back of Queen's Tower was of the same description. At half-past four he left the Royal Standard in the cab and went to the Reindeer public-house, where were M'Cormack and others, whom he treated to beer. At a quarter to six o'clock he went to his lodgings, at 105, Meadow-street, where he gave M'Cormack 2s. to go and fetch a pint of gin. James Pigott, William Pigott, and Miss Pigott, were present, who all partook of the gin. Some one asked what o'clock it was, and the prisoner pulled out from his trousers pocket a silver watch and guard chain. James Pigott said, "Halloo, have you got a watch, Mr. Barbour?" and he replied, "Yes, I had sold it some time since, but, not having got paid for it, I took it back." That night the prisoner and M'Cormack slept together, and the prisoner put the watch on the dressing-table. M'Cormack took it up, and said, "How have you got it?" and the prisoner answered, "I've had it in pledge, but did not like to tell you of it." The watch was the murdered man's watch. On Friday evening Mr. Pigott observed that he had not the watch-guard round his neck, and asked him what he had done with it, and he replied that he had had an accident with it, and had sent it to the watchmaker's. The next morning, which was Saturday, the prisoner asked M'Cormack to meet him at the Reindeer at two o'clock, which he did, and having called for a pint of porter, when they were alone, he asked M'Cormack to pawn the watch for him at Best's, in West-street, which at first M'Cormack refused to do, but afterwards consented, and did pawn it for 30s. at the prisoner's request in the name of W. Smith, Glossop-road. The ticket he received for it he gave to the prisoner. On the Monday following the prisoner was taken into custody, and the pawnticket was found upon him; upon its being shown to him he said that he had bought it of a man in Glossop-road.

There are other facts more or less weighty, but for our purpose perfectly needless. It will be seen how impossible it is to escape from the conclusion to which this evidence so irresistibly leads; and it must be noticed that there is a marked distinction between what has been done since the trial in this case and in Kirwan's.

All that has been said in the latter has been supplementary, all that has been said in the former has been contradictory, to what had taken place before, or was adduced in, the defence. The landlady at the Reindeer says that Barbour told her that he heard of the murder on Friday night; Barbour "confesses" that he had no knowledge of the transaction before the Sunday following. The magistrates at Sheffield have instituted an inquiry, the result of which is the assurance that M'Cormack, to whom Barbour attributes the murder, was within doors at the time when it was committed. This investigation has not only completely exonerated M'Cormack, but has furnished additional proofs of Barbour's guilt. Barbour had described where he said M'Cormack concealed "the pistol that cooked Robison's goose." The pistol has been found there; but it is proved that Barbour was seen *near* the spot *alone*; while M'Cormack was actually at church. Barbour tells us that he got the blood-stained pack from M'Cormack; *common sense* tells us that he would not be likely to run messages for his assistant, nor to take without inquiry a parcel from a man to whom he know it did not belong. Barbour states that he received the watch from M'Cormack unsuspectingly; the evidence shows that he must have known to whom it belonged, it having not long previously been in his possession, and having been taken from him by his cousin expressly for the purpose of being given to Robison, now deceased. Where was this man between the hours of two and four? Why was he silent when M'Cormack, whom he now charges with the murder, came into the witness box against him? If these facts, of which he confesses such a profusion, were suggested to his counsel, why were they not used? It cannot have been without meaning that the judge said, he "thought it right to admonish the jury against being led to do injustice by the very powerful speech for the defence." Yet, after diligent searching of local as well as London daily journals we can nowhere find a report containing as part of that defence the facts which appear now in the confession. Either then they were given as instructions to Mr. Sergeant Wilkins, the prisoner's counsel, and by him rejected, because not believed; or else they were not given, because not yet concocted. We do not see how Mr. Dickson, our correspondent, is to extricate his client from this dilemma; possibly by importunity, he may win him a still longer reprieve, but, we very much fear, the proofs are too strong to admit the least hope that any such reasonable doubt can be raised as to avert the execution.

By making a false confession, Barbour has only deepened the dye of his guiltiness.

"CAPTAIN" JOHNSON.

THIS adventurous personage was again examined on Wednesday. Evidence was taken to prove that he choused the widow Stewart out of the shares; and Mr. Elliott committed him for trial. Subsequently, however, Mr. John Haward, a gentleman residing at Bidenham, near Bedford, got into the witness-box and related another exploit of our Count Fathom. In the autumn of 1845 the prisoner took a house belonging to him at Bedford, representing himself to be the son of a Captain Johnson who had lived at Bedford some years before, but who was then a Minister in some of our foreign possessions. His story was believed, and his alleged father, but who Mr. Haward no more believed to be his father than that Lord Palmerston was his uncle, having been a great favourite in the place, the prisoner got into excellent society, and without having paid a single crown to a single soul, he managed to fleece the tradesmen in the town to the tune of upwards of 700*l*. On one occasion the prisoner did him (Mr. Haward) the honour—as no doubt he deemed it at the time—of paying him a visit, and, swaggering into his counting-house, told him he should make him his banker, (laughter, in which the prisoner joined,) and, by his specious manner, managed to *do* him out of 80*l*. besides his rent.

Upon this Mr. Elliott remanded Johnson to hear further evidence.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.

Henry Horler was executed on Monday in front of Newgate by hanging, at the hands of Calcraft. He entertained hopes of a reprieve up to the last. He admitted that he cut the throat of his wife while they were on the bed together; but he said that it was quite a sudden thought. It will be remembered that Horler ill-used his wife; that her mother came to fetch her from him; that he partly consented to let her go; and it was during a brief absence of the mother-in-law that he killed his wife. He is said to have learned to read while in Newgate; and it is admitted that he had previously received no kind of education. Indeed his childhood was passed amid the worst circumstances. His mother eloped from his father; and his father kept another woman. Altogether it is a wretched case of almost criminal neglect; and shows how that system works which leaves education to chance. On the scaffold Horler made desperate efforts to escape; but in a few moments his body hung lifeless. The crowd is described "as more orderly than usual."

Alfred Waddington was hung at York on Saturday. He was the young man who cut the throat of his illegitimate child at Sheffield. The crowd is said to have been very "orderly."

Patrick Brady, a marine, has been sentenced, by a court-martial held on Monday, to receive forty-eight lashes, and be imprisoned for eighteen months in Winchester gaol. He had threatened to kill Serjeant Sanders, his superior officer. Brady is a bad character. He had just been punished with the cat; but it seems to have produced no effect.

Garotting, English Thuggism, is becoming fashionable in the metropolis. Everybody who walks abroad at night in the worst districts, such as St. Giles's, should carry effective weapons for punishing the cowardly brutes who come behind and seize on the throat, half strangle, and then rob their victims.

A convict, confined on the silent system in the Millbank prison, cut his throat with a razor on Saturday. The weapon had been given him for the purpose of shaving.

Robberies are sometimes works of art. Such an one occurred last Saturday at the shop of a watchmaker named Prince in the Walworth-road. The plunderers seem purposely to have selected that night, as on the night previously the intended victim had been up late, "keeping Christmas." So they got over into a forecourt, in front of a house five doors off, situate in a deep recess formed by the shops which have been built out on either side. From this convenient spot they climbed up on to the flat roofs of the shops, and so from one to another until they reached that of the devoted Prince. Over his shop is a ridge skylight, from the gable end of which they took out two squares of glass, and removed a bar; next a large gimlet was screwed into the frame of a skylight, and a rope attached, and down this the clever scoundrels easily dropped. Once in the shop they made short work with the gold and silver articles. But, disturbed apparently, and leaving some of the booty behind, they made their exit, not by means of the rope, but by the shop steps which stood accommodatingly near. A man has since been arrested on suspicion.

Newport Pagnell, in Bucks, has lately been repeatedly set on fire; now stacks of wheat; then a stall of cattle; and lastly, the whole village. Two lives have been lost. The Home Office has directed an investigation, and offered a reward of 200*l*. for the discovery of the incendiaries.

Four gentlemen, two of whom wore the uniforms and swords of a captain and lieutenant in the navy, went to the Grecian Saloon on Saturday, and created a great disturbance. First they appeared in a "box," and loudly quizzed the "actors and actresses;" then they descended into the pit, stalked up and down and insulted the audience; calling the men thieves, and the women by a name to which we need only allude. Of course "the pit" would not put up with this; and a general cry of "Turn 'em out" arose. Officers appeared, and a fight ensued between the rioters and the constituted authorities, ending in the victory of the latter. One of the four called to his companions, "draw your swords, gentlemen, and cut them down." But it was too late; the gentlemen were pinioned. In the police-court next morning they expressed great contrition for what they had done; and were all fined forty shillings, except the gentleman who advised the use of the swords; he was fined five pounds.

Stories about Kirwan still appear in the Irish papers; but as the investigation before the authorities has not yet taken place, we are unable to place any authentic account of the disappearance of Boyer before the public. It is, however, understood that the new charge will be proceeded with; as there is a strongly unfavourable suspicion against Kirwan. The bones of a child have been found in the garden of a house he formerly occupied. He has been removed to Spike Island.

Four men have been arrested on suspicion of being the murderers of Mr. Bateson, near Castleblaney, Ireland, in December, 1851.

An Irishman was subpœnaed at the last Galway Quarter Sessions as a witness in a dispute about property. He was required to surrender a lease; he refused "without the consent of his partners;" although he was threatened with imprisonment. He was ordered to be searched; and five policemen set upon him. He fought them all; and it was not until tables, chairs, barristers, and all had cleared away in the scuffle, that he was thrown on his back and secured. As soon as the deed was taken from him, and he had recovered his legs, he laughed heartily, saying he "did not care about it, as they took it from him by force; but he would not give it up without the consent of his partners." While this scene, which lasted several minutes, was being enacted, the greatest confusion pervaded the whole court.

Letters from Malta state that Miss Drummond, the eldest daughter of the London banker, was thrown while riding, and her jaw was broken by the fall. Nevertheless she kept her hold on the reins. Taken home, her jaw was re-set, and she seemed going on well; but in the interval of an hour after she had shown the highest spirits, she was found dead. Some internal injury is supposed to have been the cause of death.

There were two small fires on Monday, and three on Tuesday, in London. One of the latter was at the "Royal Tent" tavern, Silver-street, Golden-square, and was not extinguished until the premises, with the exception of the basement and front bar, were all but destroyed, and two adjoining buildings greatly damaged. The inmates, to the number of fifteen persons, had a most providential escape. They were roused from their slumbers with great difficulty by the police constable who first discovered the flames, and the fire had then attained such a height, that they were unable to descend the staircase, and had to make their escape through a trap-door in the roof. Upon gaining that point, Mr. Wilcox, the proprietor of the tavern, remembered that he had left his cashbox behind; he therefore returned through the smoke to procure it, and in passing through one of the rooms, discovered that a young woman, who served at the bar, was still unroused. Mr. Wilcox seized hold of her, and carried her in safety through the trap-door, the fire following them as they proceeded towards the roof.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Queen remains at Windsor. One by one the new Ministers have been invited to dine with her Majesty; and the *personnel* of the court is gradually undergoing a change.

The Duke of Wellington has, it is understood, been appointed Master of the Horse.

The *Daily News* reports, that Lord John Russell assured a body of diplomatists whom he received the other day in Downing-street, that he only holds the seals of the Foreign Office *ad interim*, and that in all probability Lord Clarendon would shortly be his successor.

We are, in common with all old Etonians, glad to hear that Dr. Hawtrey has been freely elected to the Provostship of Eton College. His election was confirmed, according to the usual ceremonies, by the fellows in College Chapel assembled, on Wednesday last. Dr. Hawtrey has been Head Master of Eton for upwards of eighteen years, having succeeded Dr. Keate in that capacity. And we are but echoing the respect and regard of all old Eton men for one who has so long and so brilliantly presided over the studies of the royal school, when we offer him our sincere congratulation on his having received this recognition of his high character, distinguished ability, and meritorious services. It is believed that Dr. Hawtrey has, more than once, refused very high promotion in the Church from his generous devotion to the onerous and responsible duties of Head Mastership. In the more tranquil func-

tions of the Provostship he will find that dignified and congenial repose which we trust he may live long to enjoy, to his own happiness, and to the advantage of Eton.

On Monday the counsel for Dr. Achilli will show cause against the rule *nisi* obtained last term by the counsel for Dr. Newman. Sir Frederick Thesiger, Sir Fitzroy Kelly, and Mr. Ellis are retained by Dr. Achilli; Sir A. Cockburn, Mr. Sergeant Wilkins, Mr. Bramwell, Mr. Badeley, and Mr. Joseph Atkinson, by Dr. Newman. A respectable contemporary somewhat one-sidedly protests that Dr. Newman's persistence in this case is calculated to bring scandal upon religion. We do not know to what religion our contemporary refers, but we think it more just and more generous to give Dr. Newman credit for no motives of personal animosity or glorification, but rather for a sincere and earnest desire to clear the honour of his Church involved in the issue of the trial; and the decided opinion of his counsel, no less than the general voice of Westminster Hall, renders him sanguine of a result favourable at once to the interests of religion, morality, and justice.

Earl Granville was thrown while hunting near Woburn Abbey, on Thursday week, and his collar-bone was broken.

The Earl of Stair died at Oxenfoord Castle, on Monday. Long known as Sir John Dalrymple, and a hearty Liberal, when it was unsafe to be a Liberal, the Earl of Stair never forsook the good old cause, but was always ready to help in the time of need. He was in his 82nd year when he died.

Sir James Graham attended his office at the Admiralty on Saturday for the first time.

Letters from Nice inform us that Lord Denman has suffered a paralytic stroke; but he is expected to recover.

Franklin Pierce is the youngest man who has ever been elected President. He is 48 years of age. Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, Maddison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams, and Van Buren, were each 58; Jackson, 62; Harrison, 68; Taylor, 66; and Polk, 49.

Catherine Hayes gave her first concert at San Francisco on the 30th of November. "The house was crowded with a brilliant audience," says the *San Francisco Whig!*

Mrs. Harriett Beecher Stowe, the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," has accepted an invitation to visit England "free of expense."

Sir Thomas Mitchell, the Surveyor General of New South Wales, has brought home a diamond, weighing three quarters of a carat, found at the Ophir diggings, west of Bathurst.

Some time ago the French papers paraded a statement that a General Rybinski, in the name of the Poles in France, had offered, in the most servile manner, the services of his countrymen to the new Emperor-usurper. It turns out that this General Rybinski is the last man who should have dared so to act. We have before us the protest of the Polish Democratic Committee against his conduct. Rybinski's behaviour in the revolt of 1831 is shown to have been treacherous in the extreme; and every possible pretext for his authority to speak in the name of the Poles is clearly taken away. The parade made of the matter in France seriously injured the success of the Polish ball; and we are glad to do the Poles in England the justice of showing that with Rybinski they have no connexion.

Madame D'Arusmont, well known as Miss Frances Wright, died, at Cincinnati, on the 14th of December. She first obtained notice by an eloquent little book, entitled, "A Few Days in Athens." It is a story, contrasting the philosophy of the schools of Epicurus and Zeno; written with all the fervor of romance, and much of the accuracy of reality. Subsequently, she published a book, entitled, "Views of Society and Manners in America," which was one of the most popular books on the subject of that day. After a stay of three years in Paris, she went to America, and bought a farm at Tennessee. She purchased negroes, gave them their liberty, and directed their labours on the farm, but her health failed, and she was obliged to give up the project. The negroes were sent off to Hayti at her expense. Her career afterwards, as a Socialist lecturer, through the United States, was very remarkable. Her last book was entitled, "England, the Civilizer," published in London. At the time of her death, Madame D'Arusmont was fifty-seven years of age. She was a tall, handsome woman, with a commanding bearing; her manners and conversation were extremely fascinating, and as a reformer of an advanced school, she has exercised a great influence on the progress of the race.

Southampton has been the scene of a novelty in the way of banquets—a steam banquet, to celebrate the connexion of the General Screw Steam-ship Company with Southampton. To this banquet were invited the chief men of all the great steam companies. After the loyal tosts, Sir Alexander Cockburn replied to "Her Majesty's Ministers;" others for the Army and Navy; and the Lord-Lieutenant of the county. Then, "The General Steam Navigation Company" drank to the "Peninsular and Oriental Company," and the Peninsular and Oriental returned the compliment in the spirit in which a matron would propose the health of a promising child. Then the two companies united to drink the health of the "Royal Mail Steam Navigation Company;" and finally, this company combined with the two others in jovial good wishes for the prosperity of the "Ocean Steam Navigation Company." By the mouth of its representative, Mr. Croskey, the American Consul, this company fraternized with the three others. Mr. Croskey "could not forget" that "as from the port of Southampton the *Mayflower* went with the first pilgrims to the New World," so it was to Southampton that the first American steamer came across the Atlantic." At the conclusion of Mr. Croskey's speech the four companies drank the health of the "Australasian, Pacific, Australian, and African Steam Navigation Companies" in a coalition toast. The whole passed off most harmoniously.

We understand the directors of the London and North-Western Railway are taking measures to apply to their trains the best practical communication between the guard and driver.

The Northern Boards of Guardians, meeting at Manchester, have resolved to urge on Mr. Baines the total and immediate repeal of the amended prohibitory order issued by Sir John Trollope.

Malt tax repeal, as of old, has its rustic supporters; but now they propose to "waive differences of opinion," and exert themselves for its abolition. A meeting of farmers adopting this view was held on Saturday at Norwich.

At a meeting of the Council of the Tenant Right League, held in Dublin on Tuesday, a resolution, "unequivocally condemning" the conduct of Mr. Keogh and Mr. Sadleir, in accepting office, was agreed to, after a gallant stand made by Dr. M'Knight, of Belfast, and others, in defence of the gentlemen condemned without trial.

At the first ballot for rights of choice on the Conservative Land Society's estates, on the 8th instant, at the offices in Norfolk-street, one hundred uncompleted shareholders in Middlesex, Surrey, Hertfordshire, Kent, Essex, Suffolk, Sussex, Herefordshire, Berkshire, Nottinghamshire, Warwickshire, and Derbyshire, were fortunate in the drawing, and will shortly have to select their allotments. Fifty shareholders have the same privilege by seniority of membership, besides one hundred completed shareholders.

In the Bail Court, on Wednesday, Mr. Justice Erle stated that, in conformity with the practice adopted by his predecessor in all cases of verdicts against acceptors of bills of exchange, and makers of promissory notes, and drawers of cheques, execution would issue in four days, but where the parties were only secondarily liable, execution would not issue for fourteen days, as those parties might be unexpectedly called upon to pay.

Whatever may be said to the contrary, the warfare of surprises is not yet over in Kafirland. Two British officers, with small detachments, were surprised in the early days of November by rebel Hottentots: one had to run for his life, leaving ten horses and five guns in the hands of the enemy; the other stood his ground. Oxen had been carried away in sight of the troops at Keiskamma Holk; and the names of Kat River, Fish River, and Committees Drift, where spoors (tracks) have been found, show that the enemy infests his old quarters. General Cathcart was in the Orange Sovereignty, whither he had gone to "settle disputes," not to make war.

Telegraphic despatches from Trieste announce that Pegu was taken on the 21st of November, and will be annexed. The campaign may be considered at an end, unless the Burmese government should invade our new territory, which they will probably do. In such a case we should march on Ava.

It is stated that Sacramento, lately destroyed by fire, was in great part rebuilt within a fortnight after the fatal catastrophe. San Francisco had nobly helped in the rebuilding.

The *Magdalena*, from the West Indies, arrived at Southampton on Saturday. Eight of her crew had died of yellow fever. No fewer than sixty of the crew of H.M.S. *Dauntless* had died. The fever was committing frightful ravages in some of the colonies; but especially among the shipping. As the last death on board the *Magdalena* occurred more than ten days from the date of her arrival, she escaped quarantine; but another man died on Saturday.

The *Pallas*, 50, Russian frigate, having undergone a thorough refit, was towed out of this harbour to Spithead on Monday evening after sunset. She has been supplied with a patent diving apparatus by Messrs. Heinké, of Great Portland-street, London. On Wednesday last, a gentleman from the firm came down and tried it before the officers and crew, some of whom were instructed in the use of it with the improvements made by Mr. Heinké. The trial gave great satisfaction, and the invention seems a most important and invaluable one for submarine operations.

Galignani's Messenger gives the following account of M. Raousset-Boulbon, who is at the head of the adventurers who have entered the Mexican province of Sonora:—"M. de Raousset Boulbon was a few years ago a brilliant member of the fashionable world in Paris. Having lost part of his fortune, he went with the remainder to take part in the colonisation of Algeria. Some unfortunate speculations there completed his ruin. He then set out for California, where he hoped to find new occasions for re-establishing his fortune. M. Raousset-Boulbon is about thirty-five or thirty-six years of age, of remarkable intelligence and warm imagination; of an active, bold, and chivalrous character; possessing, in fact, all the qualities which can render him, as a chief of partisans, successful in an enterprise to which he has attached his name. It is stated that the head of the family of M. Raousset-Boulbon was the illegitimate son of a prince of the House of Bourbon, and that he had been authorised to bear its name. Subsequently one of his heirs received a considerable sum of money to induce him to renounce the name of the house which occupied the throne of France, and he satisfied the desire that had been expressed by simply changing his name from Bourbon to Boulbon."

A question now universally asked in every society in Paris (says a correspondent of the *Daily News*) is, "Have you seen the broken window?" This refers to an accident of a very ordinary nature, followed, however, by an infinitely improbable result, which occurred a few days since in the Rue de la Bourse. M. Molière, a bootmaker, at No. — in that street, has had fortune "thrust upon him" by a cart knocking against his shop-window. Rather late at night, a restive horse backed a cart against the iron shutters of the shop-front, with such force, that a pane of plate-glass immediately behind the part struck was cracked into thousands of splinters. M. Molière's first care was to secure the address of the owner of the horse and cart, and in the morning he was about to send for a glazier, whose bill he would have charged to the person responsible for the trespass upon his property; but this window was cracked in such a manner as no window ever was before, and M. Molière observed that every passer-by in the street stopped to look at it, and exclaimed, "How curious!" "How extraordinary!" During the whole day, a crowd was collected in front of the house. It then occurred to M. Molière that since his broken window appeared to possess such attractions for the public, it might answer his purpose to make the public pay for the gratification of their curiosity. Accordingly, he put up his outside shutter, and charged one franc per head for admission to his shop. Visitors flocked to the exhibition, and in a few hours the fame of it spread far and wide. Not a single particle of the glass has fallen out, but the cracks radiating from the centre with wonderful regularity, are so numerous, that the pane presents the appearance of a gigantic cobweb. Seen from the interior of the shop by gas-light, it reflects the prismatic colours with extraordinary brilliancy, and may be compared to a peacock's tail. A speculator has offered the enormous sum of 4000 francs for the purchase of the fragile property, and the offer has been refused. M. Molière calculates that he shall receive that sum in francs from Parisians alone, and afterwards the pane may be removed in its iron frame, and carried round the provinces. This event has made more sensation than any other that has occurred in Paris since New Year's-day. The excitement is on the increase. Crowds, too poor to pay the admission money, stand about the house to talk over the story, and mathematical students in the Quartier Latin are working problems, in the confident hope of finding how to crack another window in the same way. Poor France!

The eruption of Mount Etna, which had nearly subsided, has recommenced with renewed vigour since the 9th ult. Accounts of the 14th and 15th state that violent detonations occur from time to time, and that the lava increases daily.

An odd marriage was celebrated on Monday at the church of St. Peter's, Walworth. In King's-row, Walworth, a small building, ordinarily used as a cooper's shop, is occasionally occupied as a sort of chapel by a congregation akin to the followers of the late Johanna Southcote. The leader of this band, an elderly woman named Vaughan, deemed it advisable to become betrothed to a young man named Peacock, said to be one of the priesthood of the above sect. Accordingly on Monday morning, about 11 o'clock, a procession was formed and set in motion towards St. Peter's Church. Some of the men wore jackets of light material, others a species of coronet, and several singular looking caps, while around the waist and across the shoulders of some were polished leather and other bands and belts, inscribed with, apparently, cabalistic and zodiacal characters. The women, about twelve in number, were attired in white, with various singular decorations, and from the head of each depended long showy veils. In this singular procession were borne sixteen various banners, comprising the standard of England, the union jack, one for each of the twelve tribes of Israel, one of the sun, and one of the moon and stars. In the midst of this was a sort of shepherd's crook, and the bridegroom, who, together with his venerable companion, headed the procession, bore on his shoulder a species of mace, surmounted by a crimson velvet cap with gold fringe. On reaching the church-porch the bridal party were compelled, by order of the minister, to deposit their flags, &c. The Rev. F. F. Statham, the incumbent, performed the marriage ceremony, and the entry in the register at the vestry was, "John Clearlight Peacock Peacock, aged 30 years, married to Elizabeth Fairlight Vaughan, aged 60 years." At the conclusion the bride conversed very freely with the rev. minister, whom she urgently endeavoured to convert, declaring that it had been revealed to her that she was to introduce Shiloh to the world. The procession then departed in the same order as it arrived, amid the hooting, laughter, and jeering of the assembled crowd.

The Braemar carrier, Alexander Grant, was overtaken by a violent snowstorm on the Cairnwell, and, finding it impossible to proceed from the drifting snow, he locked up his van and took his horse from the carriage, and retraced his steps to the Spital Inn. This he did with much difficulty. He called his dog to follow, and did not miss him until he arrived at the inn. After a diligent search no dog was to be found; but on the Monday following, Mr. Grant went with assistance to get his cart dug out of the snow, when, to his astonishment, he found his faithful dog alive and in charge of the van, having watched it two days and two nights. *Perth Courier.*

The chesnut-tree called "The 20th of March," in the garden of the Tuileries, is nearly in leaf; in the garden of the Luxembourg there are several rose-trees in full bearing as in the spring; and at the Jardin des Plantes some of the almond-trees are in flower. The mildness of the present winter renders the following enumeration of mild winters of some interest: In the winter of 1172 the trees were covered with leaves, and in January the birds were seen to build their nests. In 1289 there was no winter; the temperature was so springlike at Christmas, that the young girls of Cologne wore violets and spring flowers during the festivities of that part of the year. In 1421 the trees were in flower in March, and the vines in April. Ripe cherries were gathered in May. In 1558, December and January beheld the gardens variegated with bloom. In 1572 the leaves appeared on the trees, and birds built their nests in February. In 1585 the same phenomena were seen at the same season. In 1607, 1609, and 1617, there was scarcely any winter. In 1659 there was neither snow nor frost. In 1722 the month of January was so warm, even in the north of Germany, that there was no occasion to light the stoves, and all the trees were in flower in the month of February. In 1807 there was scarcely any winter.

HEALTH OF LONDON DURING THE WEEK.

THE total number of deaths registered in the metropolitan districts in the week that ended last Saturday was 965. In the ten corresponding weeks of the years 1843-52 the average number was 1145, which, if raised in proportion to the increase of population during these years, gives a mortality of 1260 for the present time. Therefore the deaths returned last week exhibit a reduction of 295 on the estimated amount.

The present return shows that 487 males and 478 females died last week, and of these deaths 432 occurred under 15 years of age, 319 at 15 and under 60 years, and 209 at 60 years and upwards. As regards the causes to which the 965 cases are assigned, the epidemic class numbers the largest proportion, namely 206, though this falls below the average of corresponding weeks; and the next in numerical results are "diseases of the organs of respiration," to which only 174 deaths were referred last week. The mortality of the latter class is lower than in any corresponding week since 1840, the numbers in this period ranging from 183 to 429, and is less than the corrected average of the ten corresponding weeks by 124. The 174 deaths are thus distributed: to laryngitis 4, bronchitis 93, pleurisy 5, pneumonia 52, asthma 11, other diseases of the respiratory organs 9. Phthisis, which stands in the tubercular class, also exhibits a comparatively low mortality, there being 104 deaths ascribed to it (all of which, except 9, occurred between 15 and 60 years), while the corrected average for the week is 147.

At the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, the mean height of the barometer in the week was 29·485 in. The mean temperature of the week was 45·3 deg., which is 9·7 deg. above the average of the same week in 38 years. The mean daily temperature was much above the average on every day of the week. It was highest on Sunday, when it was 48·9 deg., or 12·6 deg. above the average, and on the following days the excess was successively 7·7, 11·3, 9·7, 7·2, 11·4, and 8·3 deg. The wind blew from the south or south-west. The amount of rain that fell in the week was 0·71 in. The difference between the dew point temperature and air temperature was 5·8.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

On the 22nd of November, 1852, at Nassau, the wife of the Rev. Henry MacDougall, chaplain to H. M. Forces: a son.

On the 24th of December, at Gibraltar, the wife of Captain the Hon. George Grey, R.N.: a son.

On the 2nd of January, at Glen Stuart, the Viscountess Drumlanrig, prematurely: a son, who survived only a few hours.

On the 6th, at Bournemouth, Hants, the wife of Captain R. B. Watson, C.B., H.M.S. Imperieuse: a daughter.

On the 8th, at Field-place, Compton, Guildford, the wife of Edward George Hartnell, Esq., prematurely: a daughter, who survived her birth but a few hours.

On the 11th, in Chesham-street, the Countess of Desart: a son.

MARRIAGES.

On the 28th of December, at Thurso, Caithness, John Ramsay, Captain Bombay Fusiliers (Brevet Major), son of the late Lieutenant-General the Hon. John Ramsay, to Kate Sinclair, daughter of the late David Laing, Esq., Thurso, and granddaughter of the late Lieutenant-General Sinclair, of Lybster.

On the 4th of January, at Risby, near Bury St. Edmund's, Robert Woodhouse, Esq., of 17, Wilton-street, Grosvenor-place, barrister-at-law, son of the late Robert Woodhouse, Esq., Professor of Astronomy in the University of Cambridge, to Ellen Hurry, daughter of the Rev. S. H. Alderson, and niece of the Hon. Mr. Baron Alderson.

On the 5th, at Bassaleg Church, David Robertson Williamson, Esq., of Lawers, Perthshire, to Selina Maria, second daughter of Sir Charles Morgan, Bart., of Tredegar-park, Monmouthshire.

On the 5th, at Claines, near Worcester, Major Joseph Robertson Younger, late Deputy Judge Advocate General, Bengal Army, to Julia Ann Wilks, daughter of the late Lancelot Blackett, Esq., of Halton, and youngest sister of Mr. L. F. Blackett, merchant, of Headingley, near Leeds.

On the 11th, at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicestershire, the Rev. Montagu Webster, third son of Joseph Webster, Esq., of Penns, Warwickshire, to Frances Barbara, second daughter of the Rev. Marmaduke Vavasour, vicar of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, rural dean, and honorary canon of Peterborough Cathedral.

On the 11th, at the parish church of Uske, Monmouthshire, M. Digby Wyatt, Esq., of Guilford-street, London, to Mary, second daughter of Hfyd Nicholl, Esq., of Uske, Monmouthshire, and the Ham, Glamorganshire.

DEATHS.

On the 2nd of December, at Barbadoes, of the prevailing fever, St. George C. S. Davis, of H. M. S. Dauntless, son of the late Commander G. E. Davis, R.N.

On the 14th, at Barbadoes, of yellow fever, George Gordon Bushby, Esq., of H. M. S. Dauntless, second son of Joseph Bushby, Esq., of Halkin-street, Grosvenor-place, and St. Croix, West Indies.

In South Australia, by accidental drowning, Hugh Proby, third son of Admiral the Hon. G. L. Proby, in the twenty-fourth year of his age.

On the 1st of January, suddenly, of apoplexy, at the Army and Navy Club, Lieutenant William James, R.N., of Newton-house, in Cornwall.

On the 3rd, Aubrey Frederick James Beauclerk, Esq., formerly a captain in the Seventh Royal Fusiliers, and youngest son of the late Right Hon. and Rev. Lord Frederick Beauclerk, of Winchfield, Hants.

On the 4th, at Alnwick, Northumberland, Lieutenant-General Burrell, C.B., Colonel of the Thirty-ninth Regiment.

On the 6th, at his residence, No. 28, Bryanston-square, in the seventy-ninth year of his age, Francis Warden, Esq., late an East India Director, and for many years a distinguished civil servant of the Hon. the East India Company.

On the 7th, at 3, Kensington Palace-gardens, from the effects of fever contracted on the coast of China, Lieutenant Percy W. Coventry, Royal Navy, aged thirty-five, son of the late Thomas Darby Coventry, Esq., of *Greenlands, Bucks*.

On the 8th, at 5, Upper Eccleston-street, in the seventy-second year of her age, Mrs. Watson-Taylor, relict of the late George Watson-Taylor, Esq., of Erlestoke-park, Wilts, eldest daughter of the late Sir John Taylor, Bart., and heiress of her brother, the late Sir Simon R. B. Taylor, Bart.

On the 8th, at Ripon, in his seventy-third year, Joseph Beevers Terry, Esq., banker, of the Old Bank, Ripon.

On the 8th, at his residence, Lawn-terrace, Dawlish, Lieut.-General George Meyrick, at the advanced age of eighty-five years.

Postscript.

SATURDAY, January 15.

THE poll at Oxford yesterday shows an aggregate increase of ten votes over that of Thursday. Out of the 31 votes recorded, 18 were for Mr. Gladstone and 13 for Mr. Perceval. It was hoped that this extraordinary and unparalleled contest would at all events be brought to a conclusion this evening; but that, it appears, will not be the case, as the committee of Mr. Perceval are determined that the poll shall be kept open as long as the law will allow. The poll will, therefore, be continued until Thursday next.

STATE OF THE POLL AT FIVE O'CLOCK.

Gladstone	947
Perceval	817
Majority for Gladstone . .	130

Last night *The Captain of the Watch*, a farce in one act by Planché; and *The Windmill*, also a one act farce, by Morton, were performed before her Majesty. Mr. Charles Mathews was the hero of the former; and Mr. Keeley of the latter.

Sir James Graham, who has been on a visit to Windsor Castle, came up to town regularly to "business" in the day, and returned in the afternoon.

We understand that the Marquis of Breadalbane resigns his post of Lord Chamberlain in consequence of ill-health. We also understand no person has yet been appointed Under-Secretary for Ireland.—*Standard.*

Kossuth is, it is understood, about to pay an early visit to America, where the election of a democratic President has given many of his admirers new influence.—*Daily News.*

Extensive preparations are making for a congratulatory banquet, or *soirée*, at Oldham, in honour of Mr. W. J. Fox, on his re-election for the borough. A large marquee is being erected, which is expected to contain about 3000 people. The meeting will take place about the 4th or 7th of February. It was intended to have held the banquet at the Working Men's Hall at an earlier period, but that place had been licensed by the magistrates as a theatre, and somewhat unexpectedly the bench took care to insert a clause in the license, forbidding the lessee to suffer the building to be used for any other purpose whatever.

A public meeting of the inhabitants of Somerset was held at the Market-house, Taunton, on Thursday, to take measures for the repair and restoration of the monument erected on the Blackdown-hills to the memory of the late Duke of Wellington. There was a very large attendance of country gentlemen and inhabitants of the town; several ladies were also present; great interest appeared to be felt in the object for which the meeting had been called. Among those present were Lord Portman, the lord-lieutenant; Mr. Montague Gore, high-sheriff; Mr. W. G. Langton, M.P., Mr. H. G. Langton, M.P., M. W. F. Knatchbull, M.P., Mr. W. Pinney, M.P., Mr. Arthur Mills, M.P., Sir P. P. Acland, Sir A. Hood, Bart. Several appropriate speeches having been made, resolutions for carrying out the objects of the meeting were adopted. Over 4000*l.* was subscribed upon the spot.—*Somerset County Gazette.*

The first great ball given by the Emperor since his elevation to the Imperial dignity took place at the palace of the Tuileries on Wednesday night, and the public rooms of that ancient abode of royalty were seen for the first time with all the decorations which Louis Napoleon has lavished upon them since he has had the uncontrolled command of the public purse. The ball was upon the whole a very splendid one, although the company was not so choice as might have been expected. The number of invitations was limited to 2000, who had to assemble in apartments capable of accommodating double the number of guests. There was a vast number of public functionaries and foreigners, but it was observed that there were fewer of the fashionables of the Faubourg St. Germain than had appeared at any of Louis Napoleon's previous balls. The *corps diplomatique* and their ladies were all present, and also a great number of English officers in uniform. The Emperor, who wore the uniform of a general, with white small-clothes and silk stockings, opened the ball with the Princess Mathilde, having for *vis-à-vis* Prince Napoleon and Lady Cowley. It was the first time that the son and daughter of the ex-king Jerome had been brought, since their quarrel, so immediately in contact. Even the recent elevation of their position, and the improvement in their fortunes, are not able to conquer the enmity between the brother and sister. Lord Cowley danced with Mrs. Hope. At midnight, the doors of the supper-room were thrown open. The Emperor handed in Lady Cowley; M. Fould the Princess Mathilde; M. Baroche the Countess Walewski. The Emperor's table consisted of only ten places. It was placed at the further end of the supper-room, and was separated from the rest of the company. At this table the Emperor himself did the honours. The party at this table consisted of the above-named ladies, the Countess Montejo, Madlle. de Montejo, the wife of Marshal de St. Arnaud, the Countess de Hatzfeld, Madame Firmin Rogier, and the Countess Narischin. The Emperor retired at half-past one, but the ball was continued till day-break. There was some confusion at the supper-table, in consequence of the inexperience of the new chamberlains, but, upon the whole, the affair went off well, and was decidedly brilliant.

Notwithstanding the fatigues of the night, the Emperor presided on Thursday in the Council of State, where the new law respecting the pensions to be granted to retired functionaries was under discussion. By the eprsent law the highest pension cannot exceed 6000f. Louis Napoleon insisted that the limit should be extended to 12,000f., and the Council of State yielded. This decision will open the door to a heavy expense to the Treasury.

The latest news from Montenegro, as given by the *Triester Zeitung*, reports the blockade of the Albanian coast by the Turks, and the retreat of the insurgents into their mountain fastnesses, pursued by the army of Omer Pacha on one side, and by the levies of the Vizier of Scutari on the other. The Trieste paper is the only source of information we have, and its reports do not command unhesitating credence.

In the speech addressed by General Gemeau to the Pope on New Year's Day, when presenting the officers of the French army of occupation, the general thus spoke of recent events in the history of his country:—

"France, led captive by the Spirit of Evil, was marching to an abyss. The elect of Providence was revealed, and France knew him. Then it was that God paid to France the debt of his church. It is our joy, holy father, to believe that we owe this miraculous benefit in an especial manner to your prayers in favour of a country so proud of the aid it has been able to render and yet renders to the holy see."

A commission *de lunatico inquirendo*, touching the state of mind of the Earl of Eldon, was held yesterday at Shirley-park, near Croydon, his lordship's residence, by Mr. Commissioner Winslow and a most respectable jury of seventeen gentlemen resident in the neighbourhood, of whom Mr. Thomas Puckle, chairman of the Surrey quarter sessions, was foreman. The jury returned a verdict, finding that Lord Eldon was of unsound mind, and that he had been of unsound mind from the 4th of June, 1851. It is said the estates thus brought under the surveillance of the Court of Chancery amount to nearly 60,000*l.* a-year. It was also rumoured in the court, though it did not come out in evidence, that the over study which has had such a disastrous effect on Lord Eldon's mental health was incurred in collecting and preparing the materials for the life of his illustrious grandfather, which formed the groundwork of the late Mr. Twiss's well-known *Life of Lord Chancellor Eldon*.

A gigantic emigrant ship is now building by one of the first shipowners in the country, to be called the *Robert Lowe*, in compliment to the member for Kidderminster, for his exertions in promoting the prosperity of the Australian colonies. The *Robert Lowe* will leave Southampton, with a large number of emigrants, for some of the Australian ports, during the present year.

THE CONVICT KIRWAN.

The following statement appears in the Dublin police reports of yesterday:—

"Yesterday morning, shortly after Mr. Porter, the presiding magistrate, had taken his seat, Mr. Boswell again appeared, and said he had an application to make to the bench in reference to the case of the convict Kirwan and the imputations that were publicly attached to him, on a charge of his having murdered the late Mr. Richard Downes Boyer. He (Mr. Boswell) had in his possession, and he pledged himself to produce the most satisfactory, the most conclusive evidence, to show that this last accusation against Kirwan was the result of a conspiracy most foully concocted against him, and he would at once place documents containing proofs the most convincing in the magistrate's hands, provided he was promised that a public investigation should be held in the case. He was prepared with proofs showing that Mr. Boyer had, in fact, died at Killeshandra, county of Cavan, in the year 1841, and that he was buried there.

"Mr. Boswell then produced a document from the Rev. Mr. Martin, Protestant rector of Killeshandra, stating that a person named 'Richard Downes Bowyer Blake' had died, and was buried there in November, 1842.

"A certificate from a medical practitioner named Donoghoe (as we understood), resident in the locality above mentioned, was also produced, and stated that the writer had attended the person in question at Killeshandra in his last illness.

Mr. Porter said he should at once and distinctly refuse to hold any public investigation, because there was no complaint whatever against Kirwan as yet pending before him. The executive branch of the police had received certain statements, and had acquired a knowledge of certain facts which had from time to time been verified on oath before him (Mr. Porter) and other divisional justices. If Mr. Boswell placed himself in communication with the Commissioners of Police, such documents as those referred to would perhaps be received by them, and, when they should have been verified on oath, there would not, perhaps, exist any objection to give publicity to the entire of the circumstances.

"Mr. Boswell having declared his intention of waiting on Colonel Browne, retired from the board-room."

The Leader.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1853.

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 OPENING YEAR OF INDUSTRY.

"THE accounts of the state of trade in the provinces throughout the first week in the new year, furnish indications of a more uniform and satisfactory kind, than have perhaps ever before been presented on a similar occasion." So says the commercial editor of the *Times;* but we can give to his view a much more extended expression. The accounts of the state of commerce, in the largest sense of the word, for the immediate season, are more satisfactory than any that have ever been presented to the English people in the course of our history; and that remark may be extended, not only to the state of trade within our own frontiers, but to the condition of those colonies which are commercially most important; and even to the most important countries in commercial relations with us.

We insist upon this view, because it is important that all classes should know the substantial nature of the present prosperous condition, both in order that full advantage may be taken of the opportunities which are before us, and that all classes may attain to a just share of the unwonted blessings that we enjoy. The nation must take care that the Government continues the supreme direction of affairs in a manner calculated to promote the interests of the entire community. The individual who has substantial interests at stake, must furnish himself with the proper information to guide the enterprise in the best manner according to his capacities, his resources, and his opportunities. And the working classes especially are bound to acquire that exact information, which will enable them, without making exaggerated claims, to insist upon their just claims. At other and adverse seasons mistakes may entail calamity, and so they may even now. But most assuredly, any practical mistakes may entail the loss of profit which might otherwise be secured.

We proceed to make good the sweeping assertion which we have added to the emphatic averment of the *Times*. The first and most ordinary evidence of public prosperity is taken to be the state of the revenue. Now, the condition of our revenue has been seriously affected by the large remissions of duties. The Sugar-duties, for example, which yield so important an item, have been undergoing a progressive reduction. The Window-tax has been commuted into the much less onerous House-tax. In the past year the high price of barley has checked the consumption, and the consequence is a decrease in the Excise. All these are circumstances which might reconcile us, if we found a decrease in the revenue; but the fact is, that there is an increase on the whole year of 978,926*l.*, and an increase on the revenue for the closing three months only, of 702,776*l.*

If we pass to the City, we there find the same signs of high tide and healthful atmosphere. Consols, that universal standard, have long been at par; and if the rumoured rising of the Bank rate of interest has been followed by a slight decline in the prices, they are still done at par. The raising of the interest is ascribed to the necessity of checking a drain of bullion to Paris, suggested by those who, taking a merely routine view of such matters, regard a current of bullion out of the country as a thing in itself absolutely mischievous. They forget that a current is setting with still greater strength in the opposite direction, and that in the course of trade the great supplies which come to us through New York from California, and still more directly from Australia, will ultimately be spread throughout the commercial world—England deriving riches for her commercial fertility in the stream as it passes *through* her. The possibility of conflict with more than one foreign Government, especially that of France, may have been amongst the shadows that alarm the sensitive creatures in the City. But these little fluctuations do not affect the plethoric state of wealth, which in July last became almost an embarrassment to the Bank. The bullion then stood at the unprecedented amount of more than 22,000,000*l.*—5,000,000*l.* above any previous point; and if the amount has now been reduced to a more reasonable level, we find that within the present week one steamer has brought 890,000*l.*

Turn we to trade, and we find the same progressive increase. The exports for the first eleven months of the year were, in 1850, 60,400,525*l.*; in 1851, 63,314,272*l.*; and in 1852, 65,349,798*l.*: an increase in two years of 5,000,000*l.* And that is a *progressive* increase: in the single month ending on the 5th December, the exports had increased from 5,362,319*l.* in 1850, to 6,102,694*l.* in 1852. Such has been the ascertained increase in the surplus of produce carried abroad; while it is notorious that the home consumption would show yet larger results if we could collect them, and present them in the same compact form.

Our shipping trade corroborates the general view. The ships entered outwards have increased, in number, from 27,445 in 1850, to 29,871 in 1852; and in tonnage, from 5,531,715, to 6,367,519. Inwards, the number of ships has fallen from 29,206 to 27,722; but in tonnage, there has been an increase from 5,645,850 to 6,170,539. The British shipping is about two-thirds of the whole. The ships entered inwards show a slight decrease in 1852 as compared with 1851; partly through alterations in the method of building, which economize space; but we suspect also partly through the disproportionate activity of outward traffic in the latter half of 1852, an activity which will be amply compensated in the sequel. It is well known that our dockyards were never so busy with construction as they are at the present moment, especially in vessels of the largest class; not only for the contemplated increase of our war navy, but for an increase to provide for the incessantly expanding traffic with our distant dependencies.

That traffic, indeed, is taking quite a new character. The increase of passengers is coming upon shipowners, not so suddenly, but with a surprise not unlike that which visited railway speculators, when they found the passengers of so much more importance than the goods. Hitherto, vessels have been built for goods alone, the passengers a mere adjunct: now vessels are building with a view chiefly to passengers, at the same time that the transport of goods is largely increasing. The whole traffic continues to expand, and a new traffic is in process of creation. Work here for ship-builders, and sailors, and for all who purvey for ship-builders and sailors!

Our own productive trades continue to expand as they have done for the last six months, and yet they seem solid to the very heart. As 1852 wore away, the report of a deficient cotton-crop in America created some fear of a check to the activity, by an unprecedented price for the raw material. It proves, however, that the dealers had only been using a little sharp practice—that the cotton-crop has extended to enormous proportions, as if in anticipation of our wants. All is right in that quarter therefore. Manchester is a little quiet for the moment, after its excitement, but has on hand orders in abundance, from every quarter of the globe. The iron trade, both for mining and making, is embarrassed only by its over activity: it cannot get its work done fast enough for the demand. The coal trade shares the prosperity of iron. Nottingham has become quite a flourishing community. The story continues the same in Leeds and Belfast, and in all the centres of manufacturing commerce. America, North and South, Australia, China, appear as increasing consumers with our old customers.

Will all this continue? So far as human foresight can calculate, it will. Speaking generally, our customers are in the best condition. Prosperous as we are, we shall need more tea from China, and China will augment her demands on Manchester. Australia is increasing both in population and in wealth, at a rate never before related in the history of the world; and Australia is becoming one of our best customers in our markets. America is in a state of prosperity exactly parallel to our own. After the banking crash of 1837, the people of the Union set to work with their accustomed energy. One fact illustrates the decisive character of their conduct. Importations of French silks, and luxurious articles of commerce fell off; importations of iron increased. Another fact: the farmers of Michigan neglected their own farms to speculate, and flour rose to the inordinate height of thirty-seven dollars a barrel: the crash came; multitudes were ruined; but the farmers set to work on their own lands, and in that very year of crash, when necessaries of life were the most marketable things, flour fell to four dollars a barrel in Detroit: the vigorous supply keeping ahead of the demand. The repudiating States have redeemed their bonds, and the national exchequer has 17,000,000 of dollars surplus. The most enormous cotton-crop yet produced has been sent to this country; produce is increasing in every branch; the corn crops enjoy a brilliant prospect; and America, well stored with material wealth, not forgetting the gold in California, is likely to appear in our markets during the present year as a more jolly customer than ever.

We need scarcely say much about Australia. Down to the very latest point, experience has shown that the product of gold increases exactly in proportion to the hands at work upon it. Emigration still goes on. Since 1845, the numbers who have emigrated from the United Kingdom, under official supervision, progressively increased from 93,501 to 335,266; in 1851, and for the year 1852, the numbers were all but 350,000. A new direction, however, is given to the stream. The numbers that went out to Australia last year, under official control, were 82,000; but even that gives no sufficient idea of the number sent: the increase having taken place chiefly in the latter half of the year. There is little doubt that the improved prospects of the working classes in this country may tend to check the emigration; but the 300,000 and more who have gone westwards, form a large margin to fall back upon; and there is no probability that any material check will be given to the supply of hands for Australia. Every pair of hands that goes out is worth far more than its weight in gold. The comparatively small number of diggers have put 10,000,000*l.* of gold on the way to the field of commerce through England; and to anticipate a supply of 25,000,000*l.* for the present year is a modest calculation. The English pauper has become a purveyor of gold, and the English workman, whom he has left behind, has become the purveyor of the necessaries of life for that golden customer.

The one cloud that hangs over us, is the long rain-cloud of the autumn and early winter. Great part of our home-crop is doomed, and bread is rising. But, who is afraid? With more wealth in our warehouses, banks, and pockets, than we ever had before, we can bring corn, as we are already doing by anticipation, from the granaries of the world; and even the agriculturists whose corn prospects are disappointed, will find ample profit in supplying with other crops than corn, the wants of the richest country in the world's history.

Such is the opening prospect for the present year; a prospect which merits, under the Divine blessing, but intelligence, energy, good government, and a good understanding amongst the people, to secure for us blessings unprecedented. The people will do well to understand what they *may* have, and to see that they *do* get it.

CHURCH AND STATE: THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY ELECTION.

WHEN the future Historian shall write the history of the Aberdeen Administration, he will give a prominent place to the Oxford University election. He will narrate how, at the moment of its birth, the Cabinet of Lord Aberdeen was characterized as an unprincipled coalition, as the most unholy of all alliances, as a base conspiracy, as a Popish plot; as a "flagrant political immorality." Yet in describing the men of whom it was composed, he will be compelled to style them the most distinguished of whom the British Parliament could boast; and when he looks around to note who were omitted, he will not find one tried statesman, unless it be here and there a great lawyer. When he comes to the re-elections of the representative Ministers, he will tell how one after the other the popular, the middle class, and the agricultural consti-

tuencies of Great Britain and Ireland ratified the reconciliation of their statesmen, almost without a murmur of hostility. He will then relate that there was one marked exception to that ratification; and, however much it may seem to be against *à priori* reasonings, he will find that one exception to be the seat of learning, the well-spring of religious ministration, the presumed abode of all that is cultivated, generous, and refined. He will set forth how faction and vengeance took refuge in the halls and cloisters of Oxford, and there carried on a conflict, under the banner of a real coalition which, in its want of common prin-ciple, in its wonderful co-action of extremes, in its cordial union of the bigots of every sect within the Church of England, put all recorded coalitions to shame. He will show how it had its source in personal vengeance; how it found its weapons in the armoury of falsehood, and its leaders in renegados. He will tell how a Mr. Charles Lempriere went chasing, on a *Sunday* morning, after a clever young nobleman as a candidate; and how, to serve his momentary purpose, he perverted the words of that nobleman into the contrary of what they meant; how a Venerable Archdeacon took up the lowest of electioneering cries, "No Popery"—

> "What if his dull forefathers used that cry,
> Could he not let a bad example die?"—

and, while professing to believe that a "Churchman should have no politics," adopted the commonest political tactics of Taper and Tadpole; how he denounced the construction of the Ministry as an act of "flagrant political immorality," and then joined openly and shamelessly, glorying in his deeds, in an act which the words "flagrant immorality" but mildly characterize; how Mr. Bennet, of Frome, a man of almost Romanist views, felt no scruples in marching in the same ranks with Canon Stowell, a flagrant and intolerant Protestant; how, to crown all, the active presence of W. B. was visible in the fray, and active at head quarters, urging clergymen to make a "push" and win: and how a tool was found to serve as a pretext for the dirty business, in a gentleman of muddy intellect and extremely confused opinions; without any kind of ability, or even the statesmanship of an average English gentleman. Such, he may say, were the characteristics of the Election for the University of Oxford in 1853: begotten in the brain of a Derbyite, branded with disgrace by the House of Commons, the Press, and the People; fostered by the lowest of the morning journals; furthered by the prevarication of a Doctor of Law, and consummated by an alliance of all the jarring elements of a distracted Church.

Whatever may be the issue of this contest, unparalleled in a constituency where all are supposed to be gentlemen, such we imagine will be the verdict of posterity.

But to us, who are in the thick of the fight, this contest has a deep and momentous meaning. It could not have been engaged in and carried through by branded politicians and political parsons, had there not been materials of antagonism lying in heaps, *within* the Church, ready to their hands. Major Beresford and Archdeacon Denison would have found no tools to work with had the theory of Oxford representation been accordant with the actual relation of Oxford to the State, and had the Church been either national or true to herself. And it is in these elements of discord and profound hostility that we see mighty issues.

Theoretically the representatives of Oxford University are elected by what we may call the purely educational suffrage. Practically, however, the chosen members represent the church. Theoretically a learned institution is called on to send two of its best men to the Parliament of the State; not specially to look after any interest, but to perform the same duties as any other member, the duties of a member of the National Parliament. But in practice this is not the case. Churchmen, who should have no politics, are set to elect politicians; and hence the discord. The right of Oxford to representatives rests on a false foundation; the educational suffrage is the pretext, the real selection is made almost invariably on the ground of the candidate's churchmanship. Hence the infusion of such strong elements of ecclesiastical bitterness into this unnatural contest. The only course left open, in this state of things, for the honest churchman, is to select the ablest and most conscientious man they can. Mr. Gladstone may be *that* man, or not, as next week will show. And as the educational suffrage, bestowed on an exceptional and peculiar constituency, has, by no means, generally fulfilled legitimate expectations in the choice of men, and can no more be relied on than Universal Suffrage, when connected with an interest, it becomes a question how far such constituencies should be maintained.

This, however, is the lesser evil; we merely point it out as one of the questions which will have to be tried in the next issue between the Church and the State. The great evil is that so strikingly shown by this election; and one we have repeatedly stigmatized. It is the radical, shameful discord in the Church itself. No efforts of ours can make it clearer than the doings of Churchmen. It is not that Denison has joined with Beresford; it is that he has rowed in the same boat with Stowell, and Maurice, and Golightly, and Wilson; it is that High and Dry, Low and Moist, Evangelical and Romanist, have been pulling together. It is that, on the other side, we have had quite another section of the Church. It is that this has been made a Church contest; and if Mr. Perceval be returned, he will represent some supposed Church interest, but clearly not the whole interest of the Church. In fact, the relation between the Church and the State has crazed the former. She is distracted, not only by doctrinal disputes, but by the leaven of Erastianism which the State designedly infused. Representation in Parliament is only Erastianism in another form. A Churchman who had no politics would not vote at an election for a member of Parliament. It is not in the House of Commons but in the Houses of Convocation that the true field for a Churchman lies. And as the age increases in morality, and public opinion enforces strictness of concord between profession and practice, we shall find that Churchmen will be compelled either to adopt a totally new relation to the State or to quit the Church. Their true policy would be to mind the affairs of their Church; to let politics alone; to carry out with a lofty conscientiousness the principles and polity of their religion; to co-operate with the State when the path of the two lay in the same direction; to ignore the State when their paths separated; to make the State come to the Church, and not carry the Church to the State. The present Compromise cannot be long tolerated. The absurdity of any religion being set up as a kind of pillar of the Throne, and house of refuge for aristocratic and episcopal cadets, is becoming more obvious every day; and the iniquity of a Church calling itself National, yet containing within itself a host of discordant sects, is becoming also more obvious and unbearable. The "flagrant immorality" of the present position of the Church acts upon the nation. Her status in the community is false; she is not what she pretends to be; she is an agglomerate of groups for pecuniary purposes, and a group of separate sections as regards doctrine. Her only chance of escape is into pure ecclesiastical life, and the strict fulfilment of its imperative conditions, as an attempt towards a practical realization of her gospels; unworldly conduct in her ministers; and self government, cost what it may. The theory of the Church of England is not compatible with submission to the State, when the State is not completely one and the same with the Church of England; in fact, under existing circumstances, submission is a "flagrant immorality."

WHY DO WE WANT AMBASSADORS ABROAD?

FRANCESCO MADIAI is dead, and the English public is convinced that Protestantism has sustained a heavy blow and great discouragement, by the failure to extricate him from persecution. But it is really worth while to repeat the question, whether Protestantism was so much at stake in the person of Madiai as it is in the body of the Italian people. We believe, indeed, there is no proselytism which Missionaries can effect, half so important as the development of thought in the body of an intelligent people thirsting for knowledge; and the Italians have shown that they are prepared to emancipate themselves from the thraldom of spiritual Absolutism. Indeed, the intervention on behalf of Francesco Madiai, meritorious as it was in the mere matter of humanity, had incidentally an untoward aspect, since it must suggest hypocrisy as well as insincerity on the part of the English people. A great anxiety is felt about that one particular person. Deputations arrive in Florence from England, to intercede on his behalf. Our journals daily watch the condition of man and wife in their prison; and yet, when all were done, what would be the great gain of Protestantism in the release of a courier and his wife?

The people of Piedmont, led by their Government, have been taking measures exactly like our own, to rescue the institution of marriage from the exclusive control of the priesthood; a first step in the emancipation of the temporal concerns of the people from spiritual thraldom, which is nothing more nor less than a genuine Protestantism. No one will pretend that Protestantism is limited to the followers of Luther or Calvin; it means nothing different from the assertion of private judgment and individual freedom, as opposed to the infallible dictates of a high priest and the subservience of temporal power to the enforcement of those dictates. It may be said that the bulk of the population of Piedmont is at this moment, and in this sense, Protestant, and that it is prepared to develop its Protestantism from day to day. But in that process it is hindered by the Pope, who is supported by France and Austria, and, be it said with shame, by England also.

England, therefore, is upholding the great instrument which suppresses the Protestantism of whole States, while our people are making a hypocritical fuss about the fate of two particular recent Biblical converts in Florence. Does not such inconsistency of conduct, such excessive solicitude *de minimis*, while whole States are given up as a prey to spiritual absolutism, convict us of cant, in addition to insincerity?

But that is not all. We maintain a staff of officers at the principal courts of Europe, chiefly, we might say, for three purposes. As a channel for conveying the sentiments of the English State on the affairs of Europe; as a means of protecting British interests where they are affected, commercially or politically; as a means of protecting or aiding British subjects travelling abroad. We maintain these officers at a cost of many thousand pounds expended in each city; with what result it would be difficult to say. Mr. Mather is assaulted; Mr. Newton is arrested, and dismissed with a falsehood, which the British Government accepts without inquiry; the correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* is treated like a felon, and put off with a paltry excuse; and it is only by the most determined insistance, that the tardy and ungracious intervention of the English Minister on behalf of the British subject can be extorted. British subjects feel that they are not safe in travelling abroad, and they are never sure but that the cordial understanding which is said to subsist between foreign courts and the representatives of England may be kept up by the congenial sympathy of our diplomatists with the court atmosphere in which they live. British commercial interests shift for themselves; and they get on pretty well, although, as in the case of fertile states subjected to despotic rulers, we are practically excluded from valuable fields of commerce. As to the sentiments of England, they appear to be perverted in the representation.

Take an example. It is, upon the whole, the desire of the English public mind to lend at least a moral support to Protestantism. We have an ambassador at Vienna, the capital of that state which overawes Piedmont, and encourages Rome in suppressing Piedmontese Protestantism. A Minister who had been conspicuously hostile to that same Piedmont, dies, and at his funeral a mass is performed. Who conducts the music at that Popish ceremony? *The English ambassador!*

Two questions occur to us, which may be advantageous for England to examine. At a foreign court we have a representative who raises, or does not raise, the reputation of England for musical taste: but is it such a representation as our tax-paying public is prepared to pay for? Again: Mr. Gladstone wrote two lucid and impassioned letters, exposing the cruelty which the Italians undergo, through the tyrannical Government of Naples. Mr. Gladstone must be well aware that the same persecution is rampant in Rome and Lombardy. He addressed those letters to Lord Aberdeen, who sanctioned their publication. Lord Palmerston has recorded spirited protests on behalf of Piedmont and the Italians. All these statesmen have now entered office, and Lord John Russell, Foreign Minister, is understood to be perfectly in accord with them.

Are we not to hope, therefore, that a new spirit will be shown in the administration of our foreign affairs? May we not expect that England will really appear to sympathize with Peoples struggling for their freedom; that England will really seem to cast her solicitude on the side of Protestantism rather than Popery; and that England, in short, if not participating in any movement, will be at least sincere.

HINDŪ POLITICS.

THE natives of Bombay have made the first step from barbaric to political life, according to the European sense of the word, in making a direct appeal to the British Parliament for a recognition of their political existence. The petition which has been transmitted to this country, and the movement in which it has originated, prove that the people of Bombay, notwithstanding their diversities of race, are actually fitting themselves to receive, if not to extort, a due share of Self-Government, under British institutions. They have, by their own act, totally altered the relation in which they have hitherto stood to the British Government. It cannot any longer be considered that they are in tutelage; for although their claims are preferred in the form of a petition, strikingly moderate in its tone, the very method of their proceeding shows that they have already acquired a power which must enforce respect.

The document will be amongst the most respectable submitted to Parliament. It is written on several skins of parchment, in English; and it is conceived in a thoroughly English spirit, — plain, straightforward, and practical. Nevertheless, we have reason to believe that it is no work of English agitators, but entirely the result of a genuine native movement. Indeed, the origin of the movement may be traced to proceedings far anterior. The Parsees of Bombay have long held a position differing in its social traits from the Commercial classes in our own country, but still having great similarity to the circumstances of the leading classes in Liverpool, or Glasgow. The great balance of wealth lies amongst that body, which has been most active in trade. The relations between the members of that body and the corresponding class in the commercial capitals of the world has, since the improvement of transit, been frequent, intimate, and extensive. The town of Bombay itself, situated on a small island, has advanced to such importance as to have collected a population of 400,000 persons. It is now the great port of departure between India and Europe; and there are many towns of our own country less intimately connected with each other, than Bombay is with Southampton, London, or Liverpool. The acquisition of a free press, which was so much dreaded by Conservatives in India, has helped to communicate to the natives most fitted to receive information, a general knowledge, not only of facts, but of the habitual conduct of public and municipal affairs in this country. The Bombay papers, with all their faults, have been remarkable for activity and for talent; and the natives have had papers in their own language, which have copied these models. The fact that Queen Victoria has conferred English titles, like that of Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeeboy, on native merchants, establishes the next recognition of their social progress; and the movement in which this petition has originated, shows that they understand our methods of self-assertion in politics.

In August last, some of the gentlemen of Bombay, acting independently of European help, convened a public meeting, formed the "Bombay Association," which has had its members throughout the Presidency, and at once collected a subscription to the extent of nearly 3000*l.*, for the purposes of the meeting. The substantive result of that movement is this Petition. It asks for several improvements in the administration of the country—an enlarged educational grant; a grant of five per cent. out of the land revenue, returned for local improvements, in the way of roads, tanks, and bridges; a larger share for the natives in the administration of their own Government; and a better arrangement in the supreme administration. The Petition shows that the present method of governing India is not only inefficient for its purposes, but more costly than it needs to be. It is the constant complaint of our own critics, that the finances of India exhibit an annual deficiency, say about 2,000,000*l.* sterling, and the Petition points to the fit remedy. The principal posts in India are filled by Europeans, whose curriculum of education is performed at Haileybury, and not in India, but who draw their salaries of thousands sterling, while the work is done by subordinates, who are paid by hundreds sterling; and it is found that in these subordinate offices the natives show considerable capacity, and at least as much fidelity as they ever showed to their native Governments. The petitioners, indeed, do not claim the substitution of native for European officers; on the contrary, they expressly ask for the appointment of more efficient officers from Europe, drilled in the management of their departments. The Post Office is given as an instance. If a permanent officer were sent over from St. Martin's-le-grand, there is no doubt but the post office at Bombay would do its work better, would get more work to do, and would cost less; and, under efficient management, the natives would be employed in a larger proportion. There is a true business sense in this view, as well as the claim of justice.

At present, the supreme Government is conducted by various bodies placed apart, and exercising co-ordinate jurisdiction, not in the most convenient manner. Ostensibly, the supreme power lies with the Directory of the East India Company, but that supreme ruler wields power under the correction of the Board of Control. Virtually, the Queen's Ministers appoint the Governor-General of India, who resides at Calcutta, or travels about the more northern districts; and the local Governments of Madras and Bombay, each ruling over a large State, are obliged to refer continually to that Government at Calcutta, which is subject to the Directory in Leadenhall-street, which is under the correction of the Board of Control. The Petition suggests a much simpler machinery—a Board of Council, sitting in London, composed of twenty-four persons who shall have lived in India; the Board to be in part elective, and directly responsible to Parliament; a President of the Board to be appointed by the Crown, and to be, in fact, one of the Ministers of the day. Were the sittings of such a body public, there is great probability that subjects of vital interest to the natives of India would receive an attention now unknown. For, at present, Indian affairs are only an obtrusive episode in our own party conflicts; and a real development of their nature or merits becomes impossible. If, however, there were the means of explaining Indian subjects to the English public, and of showing the true direction of affairs in India, public opinion in this country would be better informed, and would be really inclined to maintain the joint interests of the two countries.

It is remarkable that this claim from the natives of Bombay, comes to us at a time when the subject of a somewhat similar representation for the colonies has been discussed with active interest. It has long been felt that a representation of our distant dependencies, even though it possessed, at first, no more than consultative powers, would be a very useful instrument for the practical discussion of legislative affairs; and the natives of Bombay have contributed a valuable suggestion.

There are nearly as many signatures to this Petition as there were pounds sterling contributed towards the funds, but they are collected from wider sources than that prompt subscription. All classes of the natives in Bombay are represented at the foot of the petition: the signatures being in the English character, the Persian, Guzerati, and the Mahratti. The last class of signatures are furnished principally by the nobles whom we deposed on the acquisition of their territory in 1817, and who are now substituting the pen for the sabre, in an endeavour to regain political existence *through* British institutions, and not in spite of them. Rammohun Roy, the Hindû Unitarian, who came over to this country some twenty years ago, was a living witness of the progress which a certain class of European ideas have made amongst the natives. Macculloch's *Commercial Dictionary* has long since penetrated beyond India, even to the land where the fantastic "Chinese drive their cany waggons light;" and now we find the natives of Bombay, not begging, like spaniels, at the feet of their master, but conducting a political agitation, with money and moderation, like the middle classes of Liverpool or Manchester.

Heretofore it has been presumed that the Indian Government is to be arranged by Parliament once for all in a generation—once in twenty years. But it would be a very mischievous plan again to lock up the subject thus. Probably neither Parliament nor public opinion in this country is prepared to grant full political privileges to the natives in India; and we are not yet warranted in saying that the whole body of natives is prepared to receive and use our institutions so as firmly to grasp them and appropriate them. A final measure, therefore, we do not hesitate to say, would be impossible at the present moment. On the other hand, the progress of the last twenty years is likely to advance in a geometric ratio, and the next measure will probably prepare for a larger measure within a comparatively short term. For this reason, we perfectly concur with the closing request of the petition, that Parliament "will not rest content, but adjourn the final settlement of the plan of the Indian Government until all available information from trustworthy, competent, and disinterested sources," has been laid before it; and the petitioners—very reasonably, we think—venture to hope that Parliament "will limit the period of existence for any future Government of India to ten years, in order that the interests of so many millions of British subjects may be more frequently brought under its consideration."

MORE OF THE KIRWAN CASE.

IF anything could have added to our conviction of the correctness of the views which we entertained, and of the propriety of the course which we adopted, in reference to the Kirwan case, it would have been to witness the avidity with which the reports now current concerning the convict have been swallowed, and to note, in the savage delight with which supposed confirmations of the verdict are received, the best proof we could have asked that those who most loudly disagreed with us in regard to this question were still, in their consciences, aware that they had let feeling get the better of logic, and in their anxiety to do poetical justice, had been helping to introduce into a civilized country that rather barbarous institution called Lynch Law. Of course, we do not expect that those who have differed with us so far will now or ever submit to "odious epithets," or confess in distinct terms that they have been mistaken; we know that it will be a triumph to them to find Kirwan proved, what they have pronounced him, a murderer; but, at the same time, we are equally certain that such sentiments will not outlive the occasion which has called them forth, and that, whatever becomes of the individual in whose person the principles for which we have contended have been accidentally involved, those principles themselves will not have been asserted in vain, and will not, even in Ireland, and by Mr. Justice Crampton, ever again in our time be either impugned or forgotten.

But now, having done, for the present, at least, with Mr. Kirwan, we have a word or two to say for ourselves, and some few observations to make with regard to the character of the controversy into which, in the interests of justice, and as one of the many organs of public opinion, we have been led.

It will be in the recollection of our readers that the first article which we dedicated to an explanation of our views upon the course which had been adopted in this trial, was written a month since, immediately upon the receipt in London of the intelligence that Kirwan had been found guilty, and that the judge who tried him had held out no hopes of mercy. At that time there was no very decided opinion one way or the other as to the correctness of the verdict; and no particular demand, as far as we could see, for any editorial remarks upon the question. We were perfectly free, therefore, either not to meddle with the matter at all, or, had it seemed fit, to adopt unhesitatingly the decision agreed on by the jury, write an epitaph on Mrs. Kirwan, point a moral with the convict's fate, remind criminals in general that "murder will out," and then sit down quietly with the knowledge that another man was shortly to be publicly strangled with the view of showing our legislators' consciousness of the sanctity of human life. But it so happened that we, who profess to be no less fallible than other people, had ourselves read the report of this trial with a prejudice, resulting from the enormity of the charge against the accused, and that we had yet, after the exercise of a little reflection, seen that to execute him—adulterer, seducer,

villain though he might be—on such insufficient evidence as had been brought forward against him, was to violate a principle which lawyers have always held sacred, and the obvious importance of which would render it dear even to laymen, when once they saw the danger into which a neglect of it would infallibly lead them. Accordingly, we recapitulated the facts of the case, stated what had been proved against the prisoner, and, whilst expressing a personal belief that he was innocent, admitted that those facts so proved were compatible with the hypothesis that he was guilty. We did not for a moment deny that Mrs. Kirwan might, according to the evidence given, have met her death in the manner alleged by the prosecution, but we asserted what everybody now allows,—that nothing, after all, had been proved which was inconsistent with the supposition that she had died in another way. We contended that, according to the recognised doctrine of circumstantial evidence, it was necessary to the establishment of the charge, that those who brought it should meet the defendant with a *reductio ad absurdum*, and having shown that the deceased might have died in such manner as they supposed, should have been able to ask, unanswerably, How else could she? Such was the position which we took up, and such the principle which we supported. A catacomb may be discovered under every house in which Kirwan ever resided, without shaking our belief that this was the right view of the question.

But it would seem, from a letter by the foreman of the jury who convicted him, that in once more asserting that the end does not justify the means, and that the law must not be wrested, even to get a scoundrel, if he were such, out of the world, "a portion of the press" were damaging "the character of trial by jury," and endangering a "sacred institution." An innocent man—a man not proved guilty, if he prefers it—cannot, we must be permitted to reply, be sacrificed even for the support of a "sacred institution." Let Mr. Dennis, the foreman, recollect what Victor Hugo says of all institutions, sacred or otherwise: they are not damaged from without; *they die of suicide.* Some people must be kept out of the panel, or the last inquest will be on a jury, and the "sacred institution" be pronounced a *felo de se.*

One thing, by the way, we should mention, as illustrative of the spirit in which this case has been tried. Our readers will recollect the new evidence, collected since the sentence, and that it was given on oath by most respectable and credible people. The twelve gentlemen who believe Nangle and Mrs. Campbell do not believe them! Half-a-dozen witnesses swear that Mrs. Kirwan was subject to fits of epilepsy: and the dozen gentlemen who constituted *pro tem:* the "sacred institution" decline to credit the statement—*i.e., rather than confess themselves in the wrong, accuse those who make it of perjury.* No wonder they say hard things of a body like the press, the only court of criminal appeal at present existing, when they can even do their little best to blast the character of individuals in preference to acknowledging that it is possible they may themselves have been, *for once in their lives,* mistaken.

For ourselves, as a "portion of the press," we conclude as we commenced, with the belief that to take up this case was a duty which we owed to the public. We have endeavoured to show that the conduct of both judge and jury was, as we thought it, ridiculous; and we have done so because we thought that it would be less likely to tempt imitation if heartily ridiculed than if solemnly impeached. We have professed no regard for Mr. Kirwan, and no regret for his wife; leaving sentimental cynics to wail spitefully over the dead, we have joined Mrs. Crowe, *the deceased's mother,* in an effort to obtain justice for the living. Of the new charges there is *nothing yet to be said.* According to law—but that won't matter in Ireland—Kirwan is *civiliter mortuus,* and cannot, therefore, be again tried. Probably, however, he will: we shall then, no doubt, see justice done, and the recently discovered witnesses, who tell of murders committed at periodical intervals for the last seventeen years, severally transported as accessories before or after the fact.

"PEOPLE" SCANDALIZED AT PEOPLE.

MISS GRAVEAIRS and Mrs. Slipslop who rail at each other in the stage-coach, under the abstract name of "people," for an equivocal charity to an extremely handsome and much denuded young gentleman on the one side, and a mortified austerity on the other—have had many models; and they have now the honour of being copied by the ladies of Great Britain on the one side, and the ladies of the United States on the other. The ladies of Great Britain assembled in Stafford House, are shocked that "people" can keep up the institution of slavery; and propose to abolish it forthwith as a Christian act. On which the American ladies call to the mind of the Sutherland ladies, that "people" in this country ill-use governesses; oppress their working hands; allow their fellow-creatures to starve, and so forth; and with "Christian affection," they propose that we should discontinue these unseemly practices. The latter proposal is, at least, more rational than the former. It would be far more easy to abandon the endeavour to pull down our work-people below the subsistence level in their wages, than it would to let loose the slaves by a stroke of the pen; since there is no question of any social revolt at the back of such a proceeding in England.

The *tu quoque* argument is usually accounted a weak one, and it is only tolerable when the first incrimination is accompanied by a pharisaical presumption that the accuser is himself immaculate. There is an illogical use in the word slavery as applied to Englishmen which we do not like; inasmuch as the so-called slave is under no species of compulsion except that of his own necessities. It is only a quibble to call him a slave; but that he meets with Christian kindness—that he is treated as a man and a brother, would be suppositions too ludicrous; and if England is not chargeable with maintaining an institution of slavery, she is, at least, chargeable with violating the plainest dictates of her national faith, and the precepts of her morality; and has, moreover, in the person of her ladies, violated the rule which tells us to take the beam out of our own eye before we offer to remove the mote from our neighbour's. It would be a good suggestion to postpone proceedings in England for the abolition of slavery in America until the English people, the ladies of Stafford House included, shall be converted to practical Christianity.

LET US COUNT OUR CHICKENS.

THE public is slow to deal in abstractions, quick to recognise that against which it breaks its shins. The great philosopher has but one motto,—"Seeing is believing;" a sceptical expression which may account for the slow progress of Christianity in this island. The public ignores until it sees; but then it believes with a total devotion. With the gentleman that lived between Manchester and Liverpool, who sneered away the possibility of railway travelling at nine miles an hour, it disbelieved in railways, and then ruined itself in the shares of any railway, including the John o' Groats, Orkney, and Heligoland line. With Dr. Lardner, it disbelieved in Transatlantic steam navigation, and now demands vessels bigger, quicker, and fleeter than Cunard's. It has great faith in collections. It hardly knew its own handicraft superiority, until it got together all its works in the Crystal Palace. It had no adequate idea of its own beef and mutton, or of its own wretched implements agricultural, until specimens were brought together in Baker-street; and then ideas concerning reaping machines, or newly invented beeves, dawned upon the agricultural mind. And positively, the public did not know anything about the cocks and hens that haunt our cottages, our poultry yards, our lanes, and bye streets, until a collection was made in that same Baker-street, which also congenially informs the public as to its crimes and its statesmen. If you want to see a celebrated statesman, a celebrated bull, a celebrated murderer, or a celebrated fowl, you must go to one of the collections in Baker-street.

And it is astonishing to see the ideas that instantly start to life in the collective suggestion. No sooner are eminent poultry collected at the bazaar, and proclaimed at prices varying not above sixty guineas a pair, than the public exclaims, through its organ, that the collection may be the means of making fowls cheaper. Show a Londoner a denizen of the poultry yard worth twenty or thirty guineas, and he at once sees his way to putting a fowl in every man's pot. They don't understand *these* things so well in France. There, we are told by the plaintive Rives, that poultry are not less than nine francs a pair; and there is no prospect of a decline; but we in England see, through this bazaar, the coming of the capon at a working-man's price.

Without joking. The fact is, that the materials for poultry exist, and are most dear to us at present; but there is a field for improvement. The breeds have much improved of late years; so have the means of transit. A tradesman in the suburbs of London can advertise his supplies of poultry direct from Devonshire or Somersetshire; and his next-door neighbour can advertise new laid eggs from his own back yard. The multiplication of poultry in all quarters has been the subject of frequent remark. The thing wanted to set improvement fairly going, is some system in the improvement of breeds, and especially some ideas on the subject. Baker-street will hatch the ideas. The public is now in a condition to contemplate the idea *fowl,* collectively, generically, and discriminatively; and in a few years we shall have fruit—perhaps we ought to say eggs—in specific ideas.

We shall begin to discriminate between the essential and the non-essential. We shall ask ourselves whether a snow-white breast and a sixth toe are reciprocally imperative conditions. Seeing that bigger eggs may rival bantams, and yet be more for the mouthful, we shall ask whether a delicate fulness and a stunted stature are inseparable. The Cochin-Chinese are tailless, and wear a species of tucked-up unmentionables; but are those "features" appreciated in the flavour? These are interesting inquiries. Indeed, we know no branch of the newly-developing science of embryology more exciting than that of new-laid eggs.

We speak of the practical science. New laid eggs are valuable at the breakfast table; but why limit them to the wealthy? Why not have universal omelette? We are inclined to think, from the practical experience of our streets, that no stock can be kept at a less cost than fowl. We have the authority of our own eyes for asserting that they can be fattened on granite chippings or the grit of macadamised road, with the condiments of those popular dishes. Indeed, the famous Barbezieux capons in the south of France are devoted to pebbles, as their admirers are to truffles. Every little helps in the poultry yard, and nothing of it that doth fade but doth suffer a remarkable change into something very pretty to eat. That breast of fowl on your plate was once scraps of various sorts; and the new laid eggs that you have just uncasketed of their light stony domes are pearls that were not pearls before. A little science in matchmaking and systematic feeding might improve on the Macadam diet; but assuredly plain good fowls and reasonable eggs may be multiplied now that we are going to have ideas on the subject of poultry.

One discovery, or re-discovery, let us claim for ourselves—that "Honesty is the best policy." It is a truth even at the poulterer's. Let the history of a new laid egg illustrate our meaning. It was brought to the domestic council by writ of summons, fee duly paid; it was qualified for table by the officer of the cuisine with the usual ceremonies; with the usual ceremonies opened. It was *green!*—not the usual colour of eggs newly laid. *The lord of the creation ate no more that day;* no more did the poulterer bring new laid eggs to that outraged board. The incident is not singular in its kind. The poulterer had a fee in lieu of a fine: but it was his last. Fowls that have joints, new laid eggs that have not yet made up their minds whether to rot or develope—these are the delicacies only contemplated by Henri Quatre, but now really looming in the future for those who breathe in this *annus mirabilis.*

THE UNPRINTED LITERATURE.

A CORRESPONDENT urges upon us the subject of a thorough reform of the press, arguing, with great truth, that our journals are imperfect in their construction, in their discussion, and in their working, as an instrument for disclosing real opinion. He wishes some machinery to rescue the suppressed literature which cannot find its way into the press; and there may be in the pigeon-holes of many a journal papers of merit, which would deserve to see the light. But the mass of the suppressed literature is so huge, and upon the whole so little fitted to compete with the literature which is not suppressed, that we doubt the possibility of providing a machinery for its promulgation. A special organ for the purpose would sink by its own weight. If we might hazard a suggestion, it would be that a

species of clearing house should be established in London, for journals of conflicting opinions to meet, and reciprocally exchange communications specially unfitted for themselves and well suited for their contemporaries. In this way much of the suppressed literature might find a path to the light.

All literary offences might, by a new statute, be amenable to summons at the police-court, and an editor might be charged for want of impartiality in suppressing an argument; for false logic in his own writing; for diffuseness, occupying the whole space due to a valued correspondent, or for general want of merit. For our own part, we might view such a statute with considerable alarm; but many of our contemporaries, we have no doubt, would rather hail such a test to their talents and distinguished qualities. We should only stipulate, in such case, that if there were a jury, not more than one-half of it should be composed of rejected correspondents; and that the magistrate should not be, as sometimes happens now, an unsuccessful author; for, depend upon it, of all cruel judges, the unsuccessful author, with an offending editor before him, would be the most tremendous.

Another plan might be adopted. Let there be opened in London a museum, for the deposit of rejected communications, open to the public, with the manuscripts of the current month accessible for immediate perusal. Probably, such a house of entertainment would be much crowded.

THE JUDGMENT OF HISTORY ON THE PROCESS OF REVOLUTIONS.

"WATCHMAN, what of the night?" is a question which at every ebbing of the waves of progress is involuntarily asked. Are we wrong in thinking that the Historian is the Watchman of Time, who throws the light of history over the world of events? If not, the following passage from Niebuhr (whose penetration and honesty cannot be questioned) has a pressing application to certain prevalent moods of political advocacy:

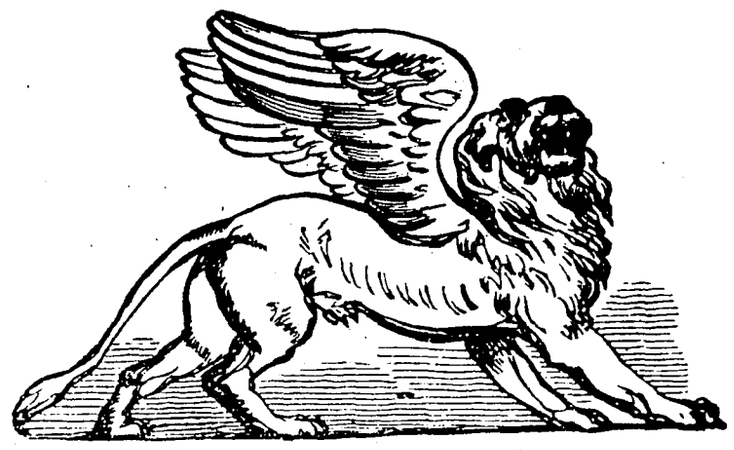
"Europe," says Niebuhr (as rendered by Chevalier Bunsen in his Hippolytus and his Age), "is threatened with great dangers, and with the loss of all that is noble and great, by two opposite but conspiring elements of destruction—despotism and revolution; both in their most mischievous forms. As to the former, the modern state despotism, established by Louis XIV., promoted by the French Revolution, and carried out to unenviable perfection by Napoleon, and those Governments which have adopted his system, after having combated its author—is more enslaving and deadening than any preceding form; for it is civilized and systematised, and has, besides the military force, two engines, unknown to the ancient world or to the Middle Ages. These are, first, the modern state-government, founded upon a police-force which has degenerated into a gigantic spy-system; and, secondly, a thoroughly-organized and centralized bureaucracy, which allows of no independent will and action to the country. So, likewise, modern revolution is more destructive of political life and the elements of liberty than similar movements in former ages; for it is a merely *negative*, and, at the same time, systematic reaction, against the *ancien régime*, of which it made the despotic part universal by carrying out uniformity, and by autocratic interference in the name of the State; whereas it gives no equivalent for the real, although imperfect, liberties which the old system contained, in the form of privileges; and in condemning such privileges, under the sanction of democracy, it destroyed the basis of liberty under the pretext of sovereignty. The *ancien régime* had, indeed, made a similar attempt in the latter part of the eighteenth century. The philosophical Catherine had made Russian serfdom universal and uniform; so, too, Peter Leopold, the liberal Grand Duke of Tuscany, had swept away, for the love of state-uniformity, the last remnants of the municipal independence of Tuscany; and his imperial brother, Joseph, had attempted to confiscate the Hungarian privileges in behoof of absolute kingship. Yet more utterly had the French Revolution destroyed the last living germs of continental liberties, in the name of liberty. All freedom which had escaped the irregular oppression of the Barons in the Middle Ages was now destroyed, together with the privileges of the latter, by a stroke of the pen. Whatever had survived the reaction of the not yet quite adult despotism of the Roman Catholic dynasties after the Reformation, and the philosophical liberalism of the autocrats of the eighteenth century—among whom Frederic the Great alone makes an exception—was swept away theoretically by that revolution. This universal despotism was to be recommended as freedom by the two beautiful words—Equality and Liberty; that is to say, the abolition of the privileges of the nobility, and the cessation of religious persecution and intolerance. The first was in reality a bloody confiscation for the benefit of the rulers; and the second a cheap homage to the claims of reason, offered by an age of religious indifference. The immense triumphs of the revolution in Roman Catholic countries, were owing to the *despair* created by an effete aristocracy and a hypocritical priestcraft."

Since Tyranny has received new developments, as those carried out by the first Napoleon, and, further still, by modern "state governments," it is necessary that the *Science of* Liberty should make more than corresponding advances. The element of revolution, or, as we would rather say, of radical and, at the same time, rational and practicable improvements, should recast its policy, where necessary, so as to supply, with the utmost distinctness, the *positive* quality which Niebuhr (who calmly and judicially passes sentence on the Present, his hand on the page of the Past) regrets to have missed in his searching historical inspection. One lesson is evident from Niebuhr,—namely, that Tyranny, both of Church and Crown, creates *despair*, and we know Despair invites excesses, and then, as we have recently seen, from these very excesses, Tyranny takes new life, and bolsters up a reaction in the name of that very "order" which itself had made a falsehood and a curse. We believe that the "cessation of persecution and religious intolerance" was not owing to "religious indifference," but rather to a manly and conscientious sense of equal justice. But, both the intellectual and the political intentions of Revolutionists have been overcast and obscured by the excesses which the intolerable cruelties of Tyranny had invoked, but could not justify. As the established power is commonly the strongest—if its excesses are suffered to beget excesses on the popular side, the victory will, by a series of alternations that makes good men despair, fall into the hands of constitutional and systematic Oppression. "They dig their own graves who make only half revolutions," was an exclamation often now repeated, and ascribed to St. Just; but, had St. Just lived thirty years longer, he would have seen reason to have said, "they *bury* themselves who make *whole* revolutions," after the favourite abstract fashion of the politicians of theory and impulse. An ardent love of freedom, and a manly and heroic moderation, patient to suffer the convictions of the majority to grow, are the true qualities that advance the science of Freedom. At least, so all History, as well as enlightened political philosophy, teaches. ION.

SPIRIT-RAPPING AND FORTUNE TELLING.

THE indefatigable reader who studies his daily paper as a duty, will have seen recently a case in which a woman, of plebeian origin and unascertainable residence, was sentenced to a very unpleasant penalty for obtaining money from servant maids by the pretence that she could tell them their fortunes; and he will also, when quietly enjoying his *Household Words*, have perceived that an American lady, who dwells in the quasi-aristocratic and highly respectable neighbourhood of Portman-square, has for some time past been taking from the more prodigal and curious of the "upper" classes the sum of one guinea as a consideration for introducing them to a Spirit. Perhaps it would be hard-hearted to suggest that a Detective should be provided with 21 shillings, and requested to get up a conversation, through the "medium," with his grandmother—supposing that female to be deceased, or, preliminarily, to have had any existence; we only draw attention to the fact that a certain number of people are day by day chatting, at one pound one the colloquy, with members of the invisible world; and that though gipsies, and persons of that stamp, notwithstanding their knowledge of stars, and their Egyptian descent, are perpetually picking oakum in consequence of the vigilance of the police, no recreation of the kind seems yet to have been recommended to those ladies from America, who undertake, at any moment, to make a quiet old Spirit, that would have been ashamed of such frivolities while in the flesh, hammer away, like a drunken carpenter, at the dinner table or on the wall, and come all the way from its quarters in the next world, to respond in a coherent and instructive manner to whatever absurd questions shall be put to it by silly people in this. Spirit-rapping may, or may not, be an imposture; but as it belies our experience, and is inconsistent with our religion, suppose we employ the secular arm, and try a little harmless persecution. Let us call the heresy "false pretences," and send an inquisitor in a blue coat, to hand the professors over to the civil power.

BEFORE THE WEDDING.—We had to wait in the vestry for the officiating clergyman. All the gloom and dampness of the day seemed to be collected in this room—a dark, cold, melancholy place, with one window which opened on a burial ground steaming in the wet. The rain pattered monotonously on the pavement outside. While Mr. Sherwin exchanged remarks on the weather with the clerk (a tall, lean man, arrayed in a black gown), I sat silent, near Mrs. Sherwin and Margaret, looking with mechanical attention at the white surplices which hung before me in a half-opened cupboard—at the bottle of water and tumbler, and the long-shaped books, bound in brown leather, which were on the table. I was incapable of speaking—incapable even of thinking—during that interval of expectation. At length the clergyman arrived, and we went into the church—the church, with its desolate array of empty pews, and its chill, heavy, week-day atmosphere.—COLLINS'S *Basil*.



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.

"PICTURE-CLEANING" AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

(*To the Editor of the Leader.*)

27, Soho-square, Jan. 13th, 1853.

SIR,—I should feel obliged by your publishing the accompanying notes relating to the inscription on Claude's recently-flayed picture, representing the "Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba," their writers having authorized me to make what use of them I might think proper. The evidence they contain will, if I am not greatly mistaken, be considered fully as trustworthy as that of Mr. Wornum.

I remain, Sir, yours obediently,

MORRIS MOORE.

Kemp Town, Brighton, 12th Jan., 1853.

MY DEAR MOORE,—With reference to the now half-obliterated inscription on the picture of the "*Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba*," by Claude, in the National Gallery, I can most positively affirm, that until the last vacation, the words "*La Reine de Saba va trouver Salomon*," were perfectly legible, without the aid of spectacles or catalogues. No picture in the gallery has been more rudely and wantonly defaced, with the exception, perhaps, of the "Plague of Ashdod," by Poussin, which appears to have been scrubbed with a brickbat.

Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM CONINGHAM.

Inner Temple, 13th Jan., 1853.

MY DEAR MOORE,—I have read your letter in the *Post* of the 10th inst. You therein speak of "other witnesses" to the removal of part of the contested inscription from "the Queen of Sheba." If it be any satisfaction to you, I shall be happy to add my testimony to that fact. Before the picture was cleaned I could read that inscription; since the cleaning, I have striven in vain to make it out.

But how discouraging that the question of the destruction of that work should be made to hang on such an isolated fact!

Why, I, a casual observer, can put my finger on many parts of the picture, from which the colouring of Claude has been removed, and can, if it would serve any purpose, on oath depose that the lights and surfaces of individual objects were visible before the cleaning, but exist no longer.

But all this is idle. You can easier turn back the tide than stem the madness of modern folly, yeleped "art." Always yours truly,

GEORGE ALFRED ARNEY.

M. Moore, Esq.

P.S.—I should add, that I only knew of the inscription from having seen it on the picture itself, never having read the catalogue in my life.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. I., who writes about the gender of mouse, has misunderstood the grammar. There being a distinction of sex—*i.e.*, a male mouse and a female mouse determines the gender as *common*. We say *it* generally of a mouse, simply because the sex is not obvious. But we say *it* of a baby as often as *he* or *she*. Germans, indeed, make the baby neuter; but they also make the mouse feminine.

Will the "English Operative" comply with our requirement, and send his name and address?

PREACHING THE GOSPEL.—Some years ago, I knew a piously-brought-up Methodist child caught spinning a cockchafer, and flipping him with his finger to make him spin, saying at every flip, "I'll make thee preach the gospel!"—*Blackwood's Magazine* for January.

Literature.

Critics are not the legislators, but the judges and police of literature. They do not make laws—they interpret and try to enforce them.—*Edinburgh Review.*

It is curious to observe the inaccurate estimates men form of the value of evidence. The unscientific mind is scarcely ever impressed by scientific so much as by personal or historical evidence. The testimony of the respectable Jones to a physical impossibility is of more value in ordinary eyes than the emphatic evidence of a scientific law. We had an amusing illustration of this not long ago. Our observations on Spontaneous Combustion were altogether unconvincing to a gentleman, who declared, "He didn't care what science taught, he, for his part, had heard of too many well-authenticated cases to doubt the fact of spontaneous combustion. He remembered reading, a few years ago, a most circumstantial account of one in—(*credat Judæus!*)—the *Chelmsford Chronicle.*" Here a newspaper statement of a marvel was thought of more value than the plain teaching of science, because the speaker could not realize the fact, that every law in science is the generalized expression of thousands of reiterated evidences; and therefore, although the law may subsequently be resolved into some higher law, and may turn out to be not a law, but a large generalization, yet, nevertheless, before it could ever have been accepted as a law, it must have had evidence far surpassing that of the most "respectable" testimony, when that testimony is *indirect*, as it almost universally is in scientific questions—that is to say, when the testimony is not limited to a fact, but to a fact carrying a theory along with it,—such as are the facts of *clairvoyance*, for example.

The incidental defence which Charles Dickens has set up in the last number of *Bleak House*, for the truth of Spontaneous Combustion, is of too imposing an aspect for us to slight it, as we slighted our circumstantial acquaintance, and the importance of the question forces us to recur to it. He refers to five authorities. But in the first place against the authorities of the laws of combustion, no five, no five hundred writers will avail; as long as the living body contains three-fourths of water to one-fourth solid substance the living body will *not* flame, it must be dried before that can take place, and when dried it is no longer living. In the second place, the authorities cited would not have weight in courts of science now-a-days, whereas Liebig distinctly says that in modern times no physician of any repute acquainted with the natural sciences has accepted the theory of spontaneous combustion. Nevertheless, as Mr. Dickens seems to have taken up this subject with his usual vigour, and desire to get at the truth, we will examine the evidence to which he refers, and report thereupon in due course. Meanwhile we may put this much on record, that in no case we have read has there been any evidence whatever that the combustion was spontaneous, and Liebig asserts the same; the evidence, such as it is, goes to prove that the man or woman was burnt to death, and burnt in some not obvious way; but there is *no* evidence, absolutely *none*, to prove that this "not obvious way" was spontaneous combustion. The hypothesis is a suggestion to fill up the gap of our ignorance; such as the "legends" which surround every unusual phenomenon.

From Spontaneous Combustion to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the transition does not seem natural—nor was it natural—it was forced by the accidents of contiguity. In our memoranda for the week we find an entry derived from American papers, that Mrs. Stowe is coming over to England; whether her purpose be one of merely visiting the land in which her reputation has grown with the rapidity of the *protococcus nivalis*, which in a single night will redden extensive tracts of snow; or whether it be to gather materials for an English *Uncle Tom*, this present historian not knowing will not say.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF POETRY.

Poetics: an Essay on Poetry. By E. S. Dallas. Smith, Elder, and Co.

This is a remarkable work—the work of a scholar, a critic, a thinker. It contains many novel views and much excellent matter. The style is fresh, independent, sharp, clear, and often felicitous. Amidst the intricacies of his complex subject, Mr. Dallas moves with the calm precision of one who knows the labyrinth; and if we cannot accept his clue as that of the real Ariadne, we at least can say that no more suggestive work has come before us. To discuss the various positions of a treatise like this would occupy a series of articles, and, unhappily, there are too many works now crowding our table to permit such a series. We will try to give such an account of it as will send the reader to examine it for himself.

In the Introduction, Mr. Dallas complains, and justly, of the exclusiveness of all definitions of poetry. He desires one that will include every known species; and he protests against the

DISTINCTION BETWEEN GENIUS AND TALENT.

"It is maintained, however, by some, that between the so-called poet and his fellow-man, or, in the phrase of Coleridge, between the man of genius and the man of talent, there is a difference not merely of degree, but even of kind. This opinion is beset with doubt and difficulty, and is in fact an unfounded opinion. But those who deny it are placed in the very awkward position of gainsaying that of which confessedly they know nothing. If you cannot understand the difference between touch and sight, you must have been born blind: if you do not see the essential difference between genius and talent, it may be said that you have not been born a genius. When he, therefore, who lays claim to no other feelings and none other powers than those common to his brethren, dares give his opinion, he may be told that in so doing he has begged the whole question, and that his methinketh must go for nothing, as not professing to be founded on a peculiar experience. The shortest way, then, of settling the point is by recalling the fact that men of undoubted genius, such as Johnson, when speaking of Cowley, of Pope, and of Reynolds; Reynolds himself; Thomas Gray, when he allows the possibility of a mute inglorious Milton; and, in our own times, Thomas Carlyle—uphold that genius is but mind of greater strength and larger growth than ordinary, carried hither or thither—to poetry, to philosophy, or to action—with a fair wind, and the tide of the age and a thousand chance currents, all more or less unknown and unknowable, but all under the eye and governance of that Almighty Wisdom which from the beginning foresees the end. Mind of such an order soon becomes alive to the powers with which it has been gifted; and fearlessly trusting in the same, shaking off, not indeed the guidance, but the yoke of authority, and going forward in its own indwelling strength, utters and fulfils itself in works quickened and bedewed with that freshness commonly called originality. We may therefore conclude, with Wordsworth, that among those qualities which go to form a poet 'is nothing differing in kind from other men, but only in degree.'"

Mr. Dallas here falls into a very common, if not universal, error—that of supposing differences of kind are not *always* differences of degree. The phrase "difference of kind" marks a magnitude in the difference which separates it from that minor difference named "of degree." The obverse is equally true, and thus, although the difference between an ape and a chimpanzee may only be one of degree, yet specific functions follow thereupon, as they do in the differences between ice, water, and steam; so that when Mr. Dallas contrasts a man of genius with a man of talent, he contrasts men in whom the magnitude of difference amounts to "difference of kind." He is inaccurate, therefore, in the absoluteness of the following statement:—

"Poetry may be packed between the covers of a book, but we know that it had its being and home within the poet's bosom before he thus embodied it in words and gave it an outward dwelling-place on paper. He felt it, and then he spoke out in words of fire. Now, although we may be unable to give such or any utterance to our feelings, we may be sure from reason beforehand, and are doubly sure from trial afterward, that the poet, as such, has no more, and no other, and not always even stronger feelings than ourselves; and that therefore what marks out the poet, commonly so called, is not simply loftier feelings or brighter visions, but power to give these forth, and to make others see what he has seen, and feel what he has felt. We may not have to boast of the accomplishment of verse; our muse may be Tacita, the silent one, beloved of Numa; but those feelings of the poet which precede expression are shared with us and with all men. This truth may be gathered partly from the very use of words. We speak of the romance of childhood, of a romantic adventure, of the poetry of life in general: thus also Keats, making mention of what is in plain English the rapture of a kiss, says that the lips *poesied* with each other. As heat is found in all bodies, poetry dwells with quickening power in every man's soul; but only here and there, not always, however, where it may be hottest, it breaks out into visible fire."

An illustration will probably convince him. There are men to whom music is rapture, and there are men to whom it is indistinguishable noise; there are musicians, and those who cannot perceive a tune. These differences in the auditory power are surely differences of kind? We say the one has a faculty which the other has not; both hear, but the hearing of one is so much more susceptible that a new faculty rises out of the intensity. What is said of music may be said of all the arts. It is not simply that the poet is gifted with a speech we have not; his deeper susceptibilities endow him with corresponding power of expression. There are innumerable differences of degree in the susceptibility, from the dullest prosaism to the most impassioned poetry; and when these differences assume a certain magnitude, we mark them by certain names, of which genius is the highest.

We are touching here upon one of the fundamental points of the book; the error, if error it be, lies at the basis of Mr. Dallas's speculations, and nearly all our differences from him would be found to arise directly or indirectly out of his not distinctly recognising the "difference of kind" (or magnitude of degree) which makes Art specifically Art.

One excellent distinction, however, he has seen, and everywhere insisted on, that namely between the objective and subjective aspects of the thing named Poetry. The subjective aspect—the poetic feeling—the susceptibility to certain emotions which originates Art and which responds to it from the public—he names *Poetry*. The objective aspect—or the Art itself—he names *Poesy* or *Song*. In answer to the question, What is Poetry? he first considers what is Poesy? and looking to its "being's end and aim," he declares it to be Pleasure. This leads to a psychological discussion, occupying Book I., on the nature of Pleasure. He defines it as *the harmonious and unconscious activity of the soul.* Within that, three laws are enfolded, the law of Activity, the law of Harmony, and the law of Unconsciousness. The philosophic reader will find matter in these chapters but we must hurry on.

Book the Second contains an examination of the Nature of Poetry. This is tantamount to asking, How is it that Poetry produces Pleasure? How does Art stimulate that "harmonious and unconscious activity of the soul" in a manner specifically different from other objects? To answer this, Mr. Dallas rigorously draws upon the nature of pleasure itself; and as correlative with its three laws of Activity, Harmony, and Unconsciousness, he sets forth the three laws of Imagination, Harmony, and Unconsciousness, which create poetry. Pleasure being the concord produced in the mind while in activity, poetic pleasure is the concord produced while the activity is charged more or less with imagination. The concord will be intensified, because of the power of imagination.

"Having thus considered in due order the three laws of poetry, let us look to the result. In the First Book was examined the nature of Pleasure: in the present Book has been examined the nature of Poetic Pleasure. Poetic pleasure has been shown to differ from other pleasure by being imaginative, so that Poetry may shortly be defined to be Imaginative Pleasure; and if for the latter of these two words we substitute a definition, Poetry will then more fully be defined, *The imaginative, harmonious, and unconscious activity of the soul.*"

Book the Third descends to the objective aspect of poetry—viz., poetry

as an art, and is divided into two parts, one embracing the "kinds of poetry," the other, "the language of poesy." The kinds are three, according to our system-loving author, and under the three he ranges all varieties. "The three kinds of poesy pair with the three laws of poetry dramatic with the law of imagination, epic with that of harmony, and lyric with that of unconsciousness." Mr. Dallas is fanciful enough in this section, but he is also extremely entertaining and suggestive. We will give a specimen:—

"There can of course be no doubt as to the lyrical tone of Eastern or primitive poesy; it may only be doubted whether the prevailing tone of modern poesy be dramatic, and the prevailing tone of the antique be epic. Let us look then to the epics of the former and to the dramas of the latter. Milton and Dante are the two greatest narrative poets of romantic times. Yet Milton roughcast his poem as a drama, and when giving it another, its present shape, expressed, with an instinct which lesser men dare not gainsay, a fear lest he might be living in an age too late for epic poesy; and his modern compeer, with a like albeit less-informed instinct, borrowing from the drama, entitled his work *The Comedy of Dante Alighieri*. Thus, on the one hand, the modern epic bewrays itself, and proves that it is the child of a dramatic age. On the other hand, the antique drama tells the tale of its epic parentage. Who in these modern times are the great sticklers for a classical taste, and for a classical taste in the drama? They are the heirs of that language remarkable above all the Romanesque languages for the store of tales which it has hoarded up—these chiefly the unconscious labours of its infancy. The old French of Languedoui has but few lyrics: romances and fabliaux form the bulk of its literature. The genius of the Trouvère was all for narrative; and his mantle so remained with those who in aftertimes turned to the theatre, that their drama is really a narrative delivered by many mouths; in other words, their classic drama is an epic drama. And here let it be observed, that while the history of the drama is the same in every country where it is allowed to run its course unfettered, there is a most marked resemblance between its rise in France and its rise in Greece. For France had not only, in the north, poets of an epic turn, Trouvères, speaking the Languedoui, but had also, in the south, poets of a lyrical turn, Troubadors, who employed the Languedoc. We find that the former flourished chiefly not at the French court, but under the sceptre of the English sovereigns in England and in Normandy; and although the latter, the Provençal, poets after the Albigensian war could no longer be said to flourish, yet their influence never died away, but passing into the sister dialects of Italy and of Castile, there lived, as it also in a manner continued to survive in the south of France. And it was the union of those two streams, the lyricism of Southern France, of Italy, and of Spain acting upon the epic genius of the true French, that gave birth to their drama such as it is. If instead of the Languedoui and the Languedoc we place the Ionic and Doric dialects (largely understood), the former employed by the epic and other cyclic poets, and chiefly, be it marked, among the colonies on the further side of the Ægean, while the latter, the speech of an elder race, was the very tartan of the lyric, do you not see that among the Greeks as among the French the same elements were at work, and working, too, under circumstances very nearly the same? What the Greek drama owed to the dithyrambic and other choral odes connected with the worship of Dionysus, the wine god, has often been rated so highly as to leave an impression that it sprung mainly if not entirely from a lyrical stock; a notion fairly met and set aside by the saying of Æschylus himself, that his tragedies were but scraps from the great feast supplied by Homer. Here is a receipt in full of a large epic debt, and coming from the most lyrical of the Greek dramatists it is entitled to the greatest weight. This meeting of lyrical with epic tendencies gave rise upon an entirely new stage, at Athens as at Paris, to the classical drama, a drama which in the parts not wholly lyrical, that is to say, in the parts which have a dramatic form, is truly epic in thought, word, and deed; dealing in narrative; delighting in the historical tenses, quite unlike the romantic drama, where if a narrative is to be delivered it is delivered in the present tense, and often, as in the well-known case of good Launcelot Gobbo, one of a thousand, the very circumstances are acted by the speaker. 'The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, *Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away.* My conscience says, *No: take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo;* or, as aforesaid, *honest Launcelot Gobbo, do not run; scorn running with thy heels.*'"

Further on:—

"That the Hebrew, the highest type of the lyrical mind, fed upon futurity—that the Greek, the highest type of the epic mind, fed upon the olden time—and that each revelled in its own department of thought with a zeal and a zest otherwhere unequalled, can hardly be doubted. The Hebrew lived upon prophecy, and in everything, even in their buildings, it may be seen how the Orientals looked forward to after-ages. The prevailing feature of their architecture is its massive grandeur, its stability; they built for posterity: said Solomon at the dedication of the temple, 'I have built an house of habitation for Thee, and a place for Thy dwelling for ever.' The only exception to this rule is the Saracenic architecture, and it is an exception that strengthens the rule; since, if need were, it could easily be shown that the slenderness for which it is noted was a true offspring of that Moslem faith which, disregarding a future upon earth, courted such a death as might ensure a future in the paradise above, amid the bowers of the Houris. Greek architecture, on the other hand, neither mocked the eye, as did the Moorish palaces, by a seeming frailty and contempt of permanence, nor, like the heavy piles of Egypt and the East, forced the idea of strength and of futurity upon the beholder; it sought rather, by marble friezes and other sculptures embodying legends of the past, to set the hoary crown of elder upon the brow of their temples. And if for a moment any doubt can arise that the Greeks have outstript every people, ancient or modern, in the remembrance of their forefathers and the days of yore, it can only arise amongst that German school of critics who, like birds of prey, would at one fell swoop tear from the field of history and carry up to the cloud-land of fable whatever legends refer to events preceding the Dorian conquest of the Peloponnesus, (B. C. 1104) Here is not the place to combat a theory which would thus deny to the greater and better part of Greek story, including the Homeric lay, even so much truth as may be contained in the stories of Charlemagne or of Arthur, and would sink it to the level of such tales as *Palmerin of England* or *Amadis de Gaul*, if not lower still to those romances which, for having turned the brain of Don Quixote de la Mancha, were by the priest and the barber most righteously given to the flames; nor, although proper to point out its existence, can it be worth while to confute a heresy which has never spread to this country, and which the instinct of a child would hold false against any and every comer. At any rate, it cannot be denied, that whatever amount of fable may cleave to their legendary lore, the Greeks themselves firmly believed in its truth; and in this lore there was amassed for them a heritage that no other nation can boast of, and that no other nation so highly valued. They valued it so highly that, although the query might often be renewed, What's Hecuba to us or we to Hecuba? the moderns have again and again been smitten with a desire to regard those legends in preference to their own.

"As the Greek thus dwelt in the past, as the Hebrew dwelt in the future, so the modern dwelt rather in the present. This is one of those facts which are so manifest that it would scarcely be more difficult to prove them than to prove a mathematical axiom. You see a token of it in the daily newspapers; you will find a token of it in your watch-pocket. In the preface to his work on Corneille, M. Guizot describes the French mind as ever fluctuating between the past and the future. The same is to be said of the modern European generally: his is the present life. The Hebrew looked to a golden age before him, a Messianic reign; the Greek looked to a golden age behind him, a Saturnian reign; to the Christian the kingdom of heaven is already come. Looking both before and after, sometimes he forgets and sometimes he remembers the past; sometimes he takes thought and sometimes he takes no thought of the morrow; but he has cast his sheet-anchor in the present hour. He conceives happiness to be a present reality. Either he is blest or he is unblest; if the former, he knows that he is blest now and for ever; if the latter, he knows that he has but himself to blame, and that the bliss which he hopes to enjoy hereafter he may have now for the asking. In our English, to have is to enjoy. On the other hand, the Grecian idea of happiness may be learned from what Aristotle says in the first book of the *Nichomachean Ethics*, and from what is better known the stories of Tellus and of Cleobis and Biton which Solon told to Crœsus, showing that no man could be called happy until we have seen the end of him. Poor soul, he must die, and his friends must see him decently buried before they can offer their gratulations. They can say He was happy, not He is happy. The Jew said neither: he could not accept the Pagan idea, and the Christian idea was foreign not only to his nature, but also to his language—the Hebrew verb having no present tense. As the Jew of Hounsditch counts upon a man's reversionary wealth, so the Jew of old looked to a man's future prospects, and judged him accordingly. You trace him dogging after this idea throughout almost every psalm; talking lightly of past, hugging present misery, if only by the help of God he will hereafter be revenged upon fortune, his enemy.

"The drift of these remarks will be learned from the following propositions, the bare statement of which will, I flatter myself, win assent. The Hebrew and lyrical idea of a poet is that of a prophet, *vates;* he divines, he foretells. According to the epic or Grecian idea, the Muses are all daughters of Memory, and in narrative everything is related as bygone. According to our modern or dramatic idea, the poet is the type and spokesman of his age, and by means of his art he represents everything as present. In other words, the drama is a crystallization of the present, the epic of the past, and the lyric of the future. As it has been shown that the Western mind inhabits the present, that the Greek dwelt in the past, and that the Oriental peers into the future, we have herein evidence that the art of romantic times is dramatic, that the art of the classical era is epic, and that the primitive or Eastern development of art is lyrical."

We should like to quote many other passages, but must reserve them for occasional use. The following we cannot resist:—

"I spoke of the absurdity of running one line into another as a general rule, so that the chief pause is not at the end of the line, but somewhere in the body of it. This has nothing to do with the music of the verse; it is a question wholly of penmanship and of printing. The writing of verse in lines is altogether meaningless, and there is no reason why words, however timed, should not be written as common prose, unless it is meant at the end of each line to make a powerful pause. Take the following example from Endymion:—

'By thee will I sit
For ever: let our fate stop here—a kid
I on this spot will offer: Pan will bid
Us live in peace, in love and peace, among
His forest wildernesses.'

"If you keep to the idea of a line, these verses ought to be written as they are spoken, with the rhymes in the middle of the bars: thus—

'By thee will I sit for ever: let our fate stop here—
A kid I on this spot will offer:
Pan will bid us live in peace,
In love and peace, among his forest wildernesses.'

This rule is as evident as that which forbids a comma in the place of a full stop, or a full stop in that of a comma. A poet may change the nature of his line as often as he pleases, but he is not free to violate habitually the very idea of a line. Sometimes he may take that freedom, as in the following from Beattie's *Minstrel:*

'And loud enlivening strains provoke the dance,
They meet, they dart away, they wheel askance:
To right, to left, they thrid the flying maze,
Now bound aloft with vigorous spring, *then glance
Rapid along;*'

or as in this from the *Princess:*

'She
Began to address us and was *moving on*
In gratulation, *till as when a boat
Tacks*, and her slackened sail flaps, all her voice
Faltering and fluttering in her throat, she cried
'My brother.'"

But the difference between an improper and an allowable freedom of this kind will be seen in what follows from the *Faithful Shepherdess* of Fletcher:—

'More foul distempers than ere yet *the hot
Sun* bred through his burnings, *while the dog
Pursues the raging lion.*'

And surely there must be something radically wrong in the mode of printing, when, as in the rhyme of Endymion, and in blank verse generally, the exception becomes the rule. Johnson quotes approvingly a saying, that blank verse is verse only to the eye. It is not a true saying, it is only a poor cousin of the truth. Blank verse is verse to the eye and it makes music to the ear; but the verse which comes to the ear is not that which meets the eye. It should not be written or printed

in the common way: it should be penned and printed like *Thalaba*. Here is the opening of that poem, written after no such arabesque fashion as Southey supposed, but according to plain sense:—

'How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain
Breaks the serene of heaven;
In full-orbed glory, yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark blue depths;
Beneath her steady ray
The desert circle spreads,
Like the round ocean girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night!'

This much-admired passage has the true melody of blank verse, and it may be so written, without any very deadly sin to trouble our consciences:—

'How beautiful is night! A dewy fresh-
Ness fills the silent air; no mist obscures,
Nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain breaks the serene
Of heaven; in full-orbed glory yonder moon
Divine—rolls through the dark blue depths; beneath
Her steady ray the desert circle spreads,
Like the round ocean girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night!'

But what is hereby gained? There is often as little pause between two words which are written in different lines as between the two syllables of *fresh-ness;* and those who are content that the idea of a line should thus be made a sham, need no longer quarrel with

'the water gru-
El at or absent from the U-
Niversity of Göttingen.'

SPENCER'S TOUR THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY.

A Tour of Inquiry through France and Italy. Illustrating their Present Social, Political, and Religious Condition. By Edmund Spencer, Esq., Author of "Travels in Circassia," &c. 2 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

MR. SPENCER'S previous books were devoted to topics in themselves so interesting and unhackneyed, that his qualifications, as a writer, were lost sight of, in the novelty and pleasantness of his subjects. We meet him now on different ground; and he does not appear to the same advantage. A very ordinary man will arrest the eye, if he appear in the picturesque costume of an Oriental; but he loses his interest for us the moment he puts on broad-cloth. Mr. Spencer is not a remarkable writer; not a profound thinker; not an artist; not even a statician: he cannot, therefore, place France and Italy before us in a novel and more appreciable form; he cannot give us new views on these countries; he does not even amass all the detailed information necessary for the thorough understanding of each separate section of these wide-branching topics;—in a word, his work does not give its *raison d'être*. It might never have been written; but, since it *has* been written, we are bound to say that it forms an agreeable and not unsuggestive amusement for a leisure evening or two. Mr. Spencer is an old traveller, and writes like a very pleasant gentleman. All that he has to say we listen to, as to the conversation of one travelling in the same railway carriage, and entitled to a hearing. Nothing strikes us as new, but much of it as sensible.

The *Tour of Inquiry* is a rather ambitious title for the record of an ordinary tour, interspersed with a more than ordinary amount of religious and political "remark." Mr. Spencer has a strong feeling against the Catholics, and this runs through the work, giving it unity. It strikes us, however, that he and most other zealous Protestants, prove more than is "safe," in proving the amount of "imposture" which Catholicism fosters. The very arguments used against Catholic miracles may be turned, with greater force against those of which we have such "irresistible historical evidence." Let us quote Mr. Spencer's account of Rose Tamisier:—

"It appears that Rose Tamisier, the heroine of our tale, had been educated gratuitously in a convent of nuns at Salon, Bouches-du-Rhone, where eventually she became an inmate, and made herself remarkable by the frequent visits she asserted she was in the habit of receiving from certain saints and angels, above all from the Virgin Mary. At length, impressed with the belief that to her was confided the divine mission of restoring religion to its original purity in infidel France, she left the convent, and sought a retreat in her native village, Saignon, where she made her first *début* on the stage as a miracle-worker, says her biographer, the Abbé André, by causing the growth of a miraculous cabbage! sufficiently large to feed the hungry villagers for several successive weeks, and that during a season of such universal drought that every other species of vegetation languished or died. In the meantime she refused every species of nourishment, but consecrated wafers, which angels were in the habit of purloining from the sacred Pyx of the Church, wherewith to feed the favourite of Heaven! and to compensate the good old curé of the Commune, the Abbé Sabon, for their loss, she mended his clothes with thread and buttons rained from heaven. But whether the villagers clamoured for more substantial food than cabbage, or the curé demanded a new *soutane* for the loss of his consecrated wafers, certain it is that one fine summer's evening she was borne aloft by angels, and deposited in the romantic village of St. Saturnin!

"Up to this time the believers in the holy mission of our village saint, chiefly comprised the simple vine-dresser, the mountain shepherd, and it may be their equally simple curé; but the odour of her sanctity, and the fame of her miraculous powers increased so rapidly, and spread so extensively, that she quickly acquired a European celebrity. She had already performed many surprising miracles, and by the intensity of her devotion caused the representation of a cross, a heart, a chalice, a spear, and sometimes the image of the Virgin and Child to appear on various parts of her body, at first in faint lines, and afterwards so developed as to exude blood! thereby exciting the amazement and pious admiration of every beholder. But she now worked in the little church of Saint Saturnin the crowning miracle, by causing a picture of Christ descending from the cross to emit real blood, and that in presence of the parish priest, and a numerous congregation, assembled to witness the extraordinary event. This took place for the first time on the 10th of November, 1850.

"The scientific men of France, after despatching several members of their body to ascertain the existence of these singular appearances on the body of the Saint of St. Saturnin, came to the conclusion that intense devotion, where the mind is absorbed in one subject, might from known causes, without the intervention of any supernatural agency, produce similar appearances; which they termed *stygmates sanglant!* But when the statement reached them of blood oozing through the wounds painted on a picture, and at the command of a mere mortal, they confessed science could not afford a satisfactory explanation of the phenomenon.

"The affair of the bleeding Christ now assumed an aspect of sufficient importance to attract the attention of the Government; when M. Grave, the sous-préfet of the department, M. Guillibert, juge d'instruction, M. Jacques, substitut du procureur de la République, and other civil and military officers, were despatched to investigate the correctness of their representations. Even Monsignor, the Archbishop of Avignon, was summoned, with the higher clergy of his diocese, to behold and verify the miracle in *propriæ personæ*.

"On the day appointed by the saint for the performance of the miracle, these great civil and ecclesiastical dignitaries, arrayed in the costume and insignia of office, attended her invitation, together with thousands of the curious and devout from every part of the romantic Provence; and, to prove that no design was entertained of imposing on the credulity of mankind, the painting, at the command of his grace the Archbishop, was removed from its place over the high altar, when, lo! to the astonishment of the awe-struck multitude, the back, which might have contained some machinery for carrying on the imposture, disclosed a numerous colony of spiders, who seemed to have remained there for centuries. Still the blood continued to ooze from the picture of the crucified Christ as fast as his Grace and the Préfet wiped it away with their cambric handkerchiefs from the hands, feet, and side of the figure. And what a value did these acquire! They were immediately cut into shreds, and transmitted to the faithful in every part of France.

"The public authorities and the clergy were satisfied, the spectators were satisfied, and the Archbishop preached an eloquent sermon suitable to so great an occasion; and, in order that everything should be done systematically and in due form, the Préfet and all the other high dignitaries affixed their names and seals of office to a public document attesting the truth of this most mysterious phenomenon, which was forthwith despatched to Paris, and by means of the public press circulated throughout every country in Christendom.

"'Ah! it was an imposing spectacle, ever memorable in the annals of France,' exclaimed the Abbé M. Grand, the curé of Saint Saturnin, as he pointed out to us, in the little church, the miraculous painting hanging over the high altar. 'There knelt the blessed saint herself at the foot of the painting, with the crucifix in her uplifted hands, imploring Heaven to continue the miracle, and by this merciful interposition proclaim to the whole Christian world the severe sufferings of the Saviour, on witnessing the growing infidelity of mankind.'

"The fervency with which he expressed himself might be received by the most prejudiced observer, as sufficient evidence to dispel all doubt as to the sincerity of his belief in the divine mission of his *protégée*.

"'Immediately behind the saint,' continued the Abbé, 'knelt his grace the Archbishop of Avignon, with several other dignitaries of the Church, attired in their sacred robes, and surrounded by a host of civil and military officers in their brilliant uniforms; while thousands who could not gain admittance were to be seen kneeling on the ground outside the church and every avenue leading to it, all absorbed in prayer, and so still, that each word pronounced in the silvery tones of the saint electrified the heart of the hearer.'

"Rose Tamisier was now at the very height of her fame, her miraculous powers acknowledged by the highest authorities of the land, and her mission adduced by the press, and the lectures of the clergy, as a convincing proof of the divine favour of Heaven towards France, in selecting a poor simple-minded peasant as its instrument to call the people to repentance.

"As might be supposed, the fame of the miracle-working saint spread rapidly from city to city, from country to country, till a pilgrimage to St. Saturnin became the fashion of the day. While the sale of tin medals bearing her effigy increased a thousandfold, she derived yet more substantial benefit from the jewelled crosses and images of the Virgin set in diamonds presented to her by her numerous friends. Still her enemies, the sceptics, would not yield their faith to the wonder, and many a painting on canvas might now be seen in the hands of those, who having some slight knowledge of chemistry were indefatigable in their endeavours to ascertain whether it might not be possible to perform a similar miracle, and thus have the honour of unmasking the impostor. But, alas! the blood of no living thing, either on the earth, in the air, the water, or under the earth, could be made to flow through the canvas in the same manner as the fluid oozed from the miraculous picture, and which when analyzed at the command of the authorities, was pronounced to be most assuredly the blood of some living creature, but of a purer nature than any known on our sublunary planet.

"The scientific world was puzzled. Any expert mechanician could operate the miracle of a winking or weeping Madonna, any professor of chemistry could liquify blood equally to the satisfaction of his audience, as the adroit priest at Naples dissolves that of St. Gennarius! Here, on the contrary, there was no juggling trick; the eye could not detect, even with the aid of the most powerful microscope, the smallest puncture in the front or back of the picture, through which it was possible for the blood to distil, and it only appeared after the most devout prayer and agonized sufferings of the saint—a simple peasant, who could not be supposed to be acquainted with the difficult science of chemistry.

"The intellectual man could not explain the mystery, and felt confident he had to contend with the inventive brain of some juggler, altogether his superior in cunning; and that Rose Tamisier was his instrument; but how to detect the imposture was the question. On the other hand, the devout Romanist contended that such a miracle ought not to be deemed improbable. Were not the instruments originally selected by Divine favour for the propagation of Christianity, taken from among the very lowest ranks of society? And now that infidelity had diffused itself so widely over the land, and that the ungodly had even lifted their hands against the vice-gerent of Heaven, driving him forth to be a wanderer among men, might not this be regarded as a sign from Heaven to remind the nations of their ingratitude, and call them to repentance, by making a poor illiterate woman the instrument, who had no other recommendation than her piety."

Now, we beg the reader to compare this miracle with any one of the miracles of the Old or New Testament, and see if—as far as "evidence" goes—it does not stand upon a far more authentic basis. The "testimony" is given by men and women of our own time; dignitaries of Church and State "examine" into it, and attest its truth by signing a document declaratory thereof; even "infidels," whatever they may think of

it, do not deny "the fact." Here is a mass of evidence, which, if it could be thrown back some eighteen hundred years, would indeed surpass anything of the same kind ever pretended to be possessed by the Christian Church. As a matter of "historical evidence," which of the miracles rivals it in *precision* and authenticity? Moreover, observe this: Rose Tamisier did not content herself with performing the miracle in the presence of credulous people, and then appealing to their testimony; she *repeated* the miracle on being desired, and did so in presence of a "Commission of Inquiry," sent by Government for the express purpose of ascertaining the truth. Yet hear the sequel:—

"The credit of unravelling this most mysterious affair of the bleeding Christ is due to the intelligence and assiduity of M. Eugene Colignon, chemist of Apt, who after wasting much time and labour in fruitless researches, at length succeeded in discovering that human blood, disgorged by a leech, having lost its fibrine, was capable of serving the purpose of Rose Tamisier, and might be made to penetrate a painting, and then issue forth in small globules or drops, according to the quantity employed, and which not only does not coagulate for many hours, but continues to flow from the face of the painting, however frequently it may have been wiped off while a drop remains.

"In short, the miracle of the bleeding Christ was imitated so successfully by this gentleman in presence of the public authorities, and a large number of the most eminent scientific men of the country, that not a doubt could remain in the mind of the most devoted believer in the miraculous powers of our heroine, that she was an impostor, particularly when it was proved that she invariably insisted on being allowed to pass some time in solitary prayer in the chapel, previous to performing the miracle, when no doubt she took care to saturate those portions of the painting necessary for her purpose with the sanguinous fluid.

"The cheat having once become generally known, such a storm of public indignation was raised in the country as compelled the authorities to have the impostor arrested and tried as such at Carpentras, the chief town of the district; but here the jury, we presume, influenced in their decision by a superior power, declared themselves incompetent to pronounce a verdict. This made bad worse, and the authorities, fearing some outburst of popular discontent, the affair was transferred to the assizes at Nismes, where about the middle of November, 1851, after a long and patient investigation, aided by the laborious efforts of counsel on both sides, the saint was pronounced *guilty* of *escroquerie et outrage à la morale publique et religieuse*, and condemned to six months' imprisonment, with a fine of five hundred francs and costs."

It is unnecessary for us to comment on such a *dénouement* and its suggestions.

Although religion occupies a foremost place in this *Tour of Inquiry*, there are other topics touched on by Mr. Spencer, sometimes with decided effect, as in the chapter concerning the rag-gatherers of Paris, which is very curious. We shall borrow for our "Notes and Extracts" a few passages, and, with this brief notice, quit the work.

THE DORP AND THE VELD.

The Dorp and the Veld; or, Six Months in Natal. By Charles Barter, Esq., B.C.L., Fellow of New College, Oxford. W. S. Orr and Co.

MR. BARTER, who intersperses his rapid notes with Greek, and points a small joke by a quotation from the *Agamemnon*, has something more than a "classical education," to show as titles to a hearing upon the subject of our African colonies. He has long been a traveller and a colonist; he has farmed and lumbered in New Brunswick, traversed Canada from east to west, and is familiar with America as a cockney is with Greenwich; and he looks at Natal with eyes that can see deeper than most. The little volume wherein he has recorded his experience of the *Dorp and the Veld*—village life and agricultural life—will be acceptable to most readers, and very acceptable to emigrants. He has "strong views," and expresses them without equivocation. He "goes in" for the extirpation of the Kafir. But we will not look at those chapters of his work; there is plenty of matter to extract, both of use and amusement.

HINT TO EMIGRANTS.

"I mean that of taking out cargoes of goods far beyond those needed for their own use, with the idea of increasing their little capital by their immediate sale at a considerable profit. I need scarcely say that their expectations are seldom, if ever, realized. There is a glut of such imports in the market; and the emigrant, finding his supposed treasure little more than an incumbrance, is driven to the alternative of either selling off at once, at a very great sacrifice, or of setting up a store, and entering into a ruinous competition with the already established tradesman, without even the prospect of success to justify the undertaking.

"The reader will conceive the folly of this practice when I mention that I have seen drills, scarifiers, and other costly implements totally unsuited to a new soil, lying on the beach where they have been landed, the owners being unwilling to incur the expense or trouble of removing them, and that I have known some of Ransome's best ploughs sold for 2*l*. Guns and rifles may generally be bought far cheaper than in England. One of our passengers had brought out a Scotch cart, which he told me had cost him 35*l*., before it arrived in Natal, and he was glad to part with it at a much less price, for though handy things on a farm, they are not suitable for long journeys, and do not supersede the necessity of buying a wagon."

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

"He had fallen in with a herd of quaggas, and was in full pursuit of them, when, crossing a valley, he observed four large animals at some distance drinking at a pool. Judging them from their size to be elands (*Boselaphus oreas*), the largest and most esteemed of the antelope tribe, he immediately abandoned the vile game, and galloped towards them, upon which they retreated slowly up the *hill*, three in advance, and the fourth, which he judged to be the male, bringing up the rear. Barkley had already marked this one for his own, and was now within two hundred yards of his stern, when the flying party turned slowly round, and to his surprise and consternation, he discovered he had been chasing a lion and three lionesses!

"Virgil tells us of a youthful hero who, while enjoying the puny sport of stag-hunting, longed to see a tawny lion approach; but even Ascanius might have been taken aback had he found himself unexpectedly brought face to face with four; and it was no disparagement to my friend's courage to say that he felt, as he candidly confessed, anything but comfortable. He was armed only with a single-barrelled rifle, and his horse, old Schutkraal, was in no plight for a race with the king of beasts, which can outstrip the swiftest antelope.

"In this emergency, however, his presence of mind did not forsake him, and knowing that to show any symptom of fear, would increase the danger of his position, he pulled short up, and sat motionless, with his eye fixed upon his formidable adversaries.

"The three females dropped quietly upon their haunches, gravely returning stare for stare; while the old '*mannetje*,' as the Dutch familiarly call him, a splendid fellow, with a long black mane, and his sides literally shaking with fat, stood a little in front, ever and anon whisking his tail over his back, but made no movement in advance. Barkley, on his part, had no idea of commencing hostilities, and when this mute interview had lasted some minutes, he turned his horse's head round, and rode slowly away. No motion was made in pursuit, and as long as the spot was in sight, he could distinguish the four figures, to all appearance remaining precisely in the same position in which he had left them."

HOW THEY MILK THE COWS.

"The dairy was a sad failure, as it is wherever the cows are left to the management of Kafirs. Calves are seldom weaned in Natal till they are at least a year old, and it is no uncommon sight to see a cow giving suck to an animal quite as large as herself. The milking process is quite a savage affair. The cow is hunted up into a corner of the kraal, and made fast by the horns to one of the posts, as if for slaughter; her hind legs are then tied together, that the operation may be rendered as disagreeable as possible; the calf is next permitted to take a draught, when he is pulled aside, and the remainder of the milk is yielded per force into the pail. It is the business of the Kafir to prevent the calves from anticipating this hasty meal by a fuller and more leisurely one, which they will assuredly do, if they can get the opportunity; and, when the cattle are let out in the morning to pasture, the calves are always driven in an opposite direction to that which is taken by the rest of the herd; but, notwithstanding this precaution, it is a frequent complaint that they have taken all the milk, and that there is none for tea. Nor is this the only inconvenience that results from intrusting the matter to Kafir management. A cow that has been accustomed to native milking will seldom allow a white man to touch her; still less will she yield her milk to his manipulations; so that, if, as frequently happens, the Kafirs should take it into their heads to leave the farm, the whole business of the dairy is at a stand-still."

Here we have Mr. Barter's answer to the important question,

DOES FARMING PAY?

"I will answer first in the words of a Dutch gentleman,—a twelve years' resident in Natal,—whose opinion is at all events disinterested, and whose well-known talents and enterprize give weight to his judgment. Of course, he takes matters as they have hitherto been, without making allowance for the improvements which may be introduced, or the discoveries which may be made, for the opening of fresh resources, or fresh markets, or any other effects of an extensive emigration from England. 'Agricultural farming by itself,' said he, 'will not pay in any part of Africa; and if by stock-breeding a man can live and bring up a family comfortably, it is as much as he can expect. No African farmer can afford to pay high wages, *i.e.*, to employ white men as labourers, and native labour, since the abolition of slaves, is so uncertain, and so little to be relied upon, that it can scarcely be taken into consideration at all.' Now, this verdict, although it must be received *cum grano*, still contains sufficient truth to form a fair starting-point for our inquiries.

"It has been the fashion with those who have promoted emigration to Natal, to insist much in their guide-books and prospectuses, on the fact that, throughout the greater part of the country, no clearing is required to prepare the soil for the seed, but that the settler, on arriving at his location, can at once commence ploughing without any of the previous labour or expense which he must incur in an American forest. All counterbalancing difficulties are passed over in silence, and the reader is left to infer that in other respects there is at least an equality of advantages, and that the Natal emigrant is, at first starting, so much in advance of his Canadian brother. If the soil of Natal were a rich mass of soft vegetable mould, so easily worked as to need no other preparation than that of a light harrow for the reception of the first seed; if its natural qualities were such as to enable it to bear the same crop year after year without artificial aid; if, in short, it resembled an Illinois prairie, the comparison would then indeed be altogether in its favour. But since, on the contrary, its surface, when not composed of sand, is so completely baked as to offer a strong resistance to plough or spade, since, at least, it is but of an average degree of fertility, by no means independent of manure, still less of irrigation, for which moreover the facilities are frequently wanting, the fact of its being, as some of the advertisements triumphantly affirm, 'for miles uncovered by a bush,' is not after all so great a matter of congratulation; and I shrewdly suspect, that if accounts were compared after the first harvest, the crop taken from among the stumps of a Canadian forest, would go farther towards defraying the expenses of clearing than the produce of the unencumbered ground of Natal towards repaying the necessary outlay of ploughing, digging a water-course, &c.

"I have said quite enough to prove that unless in peculiarly favoured situations, or in the immediate neighbourhood of a town, a system of small allotments, such as twenty, fifty, or even a hundred acres, is a manifest absurdity, and therefore that for labourers without capital Natal does not offer an advantageous prospect. Agriculture must be combined with stock farming, not only for the sake of the manure, but also for the simple reason that it cannot support itself alone. Six thousand acres of land have hitherto been considered necessary to support an undertaking of this double character. But we will suppose that one thousand might be sufficient, and that on every estate of that size twenty acres of irrigable land might be found, which is rather above than below the mark, still a capital of at least 400*l*. would be required for commencing operations with any hope of success. With this sum in his pocket, and a well-selected lot, (for it is not every farm in Natal that is high and healthy enough for cattle), the steady, industrious settler who devotes his time entirely to his business, goes rarely to the town, and can do a fair day's work himself, will run little risk of failure, though not to him, nor even to a larger capitalist, can I hold out the hope of making anything like a fortune by these pursuits."

The other extracts we had marked, must be reserved for occasional use among *Notes and Extracts*.

BOOKS ON OUR TABLE.

History in Ruins. A Series of Letters to a Lady, embodying a popular Sketch of the History of Architecture, and the Characteristics of the various Styles which have prevailed. By George Godwin, F.R.S. Chapman and Hall.

THE author of this little work is known, somewhat beyond professional limits, as an earnest and diligent pursuer of his subject for practical ends. The scope of the book is best described in the sub-title, which we therefore give at length. Several of the monuments illustrated are far from being in ruins—scarcely in decay—and have *not*

"Forgotten
Their very records."

Indeed, the last chapter brings us down to the street-architecture of Chambers, Dance, and Soane, whose time immediately preceded that of living architects. We will endeavour to sketch an outline of Mr. Godwin's pleasant and elegant little volume, and to suggest, by details here and there touched in, the charm of colour which he has conveyed into his representation of—we fear the words must be spoken—a not generally attractive subject. Having premised that he intends dealing historically with that subject, and not taking an æsthetic point of view,—a restriction which soon proves a little too much for his self-denial,—he begins by assuming the correctness of Biblical chronology, as sufficient for his purpose, and starts confidently along the road thus opened to him. The origin of types, continued indefinitely by the founders of great cities, is referred to simple accidents of locality, climate, and the pursuits of men in primitive existence. As, for instance, we find the Egyptian type to have its undoubted origin in the cane hut, which nomadic tribes would have built with a view to lightness as well as strength. *Stones of memorial* are noticed as the first indication of religious structures, and the rude altar is pointed to as "the germ of all religious temples." "A pavement about the altar, for the sake of cleanliness, and then a slight inclosure of upright stones around that, as a protection"—it is easy to connect the stages which follow. Five chapters, or letters, are given to Scriptural architecture, with collateral instances in Mexico and India, and a dissertation on Druidical remains. The sixth chapter starts afresh with classic forms, glancing at Pelasgic and Cyclopean distinctions, and then recurring to the subject of early types. Under this head, the origin of columnar structures is minutely considered, and exemplified by woodcuts. The progress of Grecian architecture, the development of its orders and styles, the birth of sculpture, fill two of the most interesting letters in the series; and here the subject widens. Rome, Pompeii, and Herculaneum close the history of classic architecture, and in the short chapter which tells their tale, preparation is made for a more extended survey. The continuance of the Roman basilicæ by Constantine forms the link between the classic and the Christian æra; and then we see how Byzantine art spread first over Italy, and then over Germany, and then filled every land on this side the Alps. From it spring the Mohammedan and Moorish types; while Russian architecture is wholly formed on its principles. To no locality is assigned the origin of pointed architecture, but it is carefully disconnected from the Goths, after whom it has been named, at first, most probably, in derision. A step backward has to be taken when we come to the history of architecture in Merry England. Roman remains are, of course, too fertile a topic to escape the writer fired with antiquarian zeal, and Mr. Godwin dwells fondly on this portion of his work. Another break occurs in the chain, where the occupancy of Britain by the Romans ceased; and the story is resumed with the commencement of Saxon dominion. Again Byzantine art obtrudes its influence, through Norman as well as Anglo-Saxon agency. Gothic art grows into form, and its beauties are exemplified in our fine old cathedral churches. To England, indeed, Mr. Godwin almost entirely confines this passage of his history, and the regretful tone in which he takes leave of church architecture, rather indisposes us, by the converse force of ideas, towards the "Renaissance," which we are next called on to observe. It is in a temperate and candid spirit that he speaks of the cinque-centists, who certainly had this in their favour, that they revived *in their own country* what had spontaneously grown there. But, as we cannot too strongly insist, nothing which has died deserves to live again; and we should have forgiven Mr. Godwin a greater display of warmth in asserting that "a *real* style must have its growth out of the country and the purposes for which its structures are required."

The Comets. By J. R. Hind. J. W. Parker and Son.
Bohn's Classical Library—Sallust, Florus, and Velleius Paterculus. H. G. Bohn.
Bohn's Standard Library—History of the Origin of Representative Government in Europe. By M. Guizot. H. G. Bohn.
The Charm Almanack for 1853. Addey and Co.
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Histoire de la Restauration. Par A. De Lamartine. Dulau and Co.
Mark Hurdlestone. By Mrs. Mordie. 2 vols. Richard Bentley.
Four Days in Connemara. By Sir D. Neave. Richard Bentley.
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The Prize Treatise on the Fine Arts Section of the Great Exhibition of 1851. By H. Weekes. Vizetelly and Co.
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Writings of Douglas Jerrold—Punch's Complete Letter-Writer. Punch Office.
Tait's Edinburgh Magazine. Partridge and Oakey.
Lawson's Merchants' Magazine. T. F. A. Day.
Biographical Magazine. Partridge and Oakey.
Putnam's Monthly Magazine. No. I. Sampson Low, Son, and Co.
Norton's Literary Register and Book-Buyer's Almanack for 1853. Sampson Low, Son, and Co.
The Scottish Temperance League Register and Abstainer's Almanack. Houlston and Co.
The Scottish Review. No. I. Houlston and Co.
History of English Literature. By W. Spalding. Oliver and Boyd.
Macphail's Edinburgh Ecclesiastical Journal. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.
The Picture Pleasure Book—The Charm—Grimm's Household Stories. Addey and Co.
A Plea for our own Coast and our Cape Colony—Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington. By H. T. Braithwaite.—*Light and Shade; or, the Young Artist.* By A. H. Drury. W. Pickering.
The Universal Library. Parts I. to V. Ingram, Cook, and Co.

Portfolio.

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

The Works of the Old Painters:

THEIR RUIN AND RENOVATION.

BY HENRY MERRITT.

"Who, in contemplating one of Raphael's finest pictures, fresh from the master's hand, ever bestowed a thought on the wretched little worm which works its destruction?"
MARIA EDGEWORTH.

CHAPTER II.

DIRTY PICTURES.

IT has been said that the delight of a connoisseur is "a dark, invisible, very fine old picture;" and there can be no doubt of the existence, among admirers of the old Masters, of considerable reverence for the mysterious stains and discolorations which pictures acquire by neglect in the long lapse of years. Enthusiastic collectors will exult in the "golden" splendour of a Claude, the "glowing warmth" of a Cuyp, or the "rich transparent browns" of Rembrandt, which qualities, in a large degree, are occasioned by coatings of discoloured varnishes and oils, producing upon the pictures effects similar to layers of stained glass. A celebrated critic, speaking of Sebastiano del Piombo's "Raising of Lazarus," in the National Gallery, grows eloquent on the dark incrustation by which that famous composition is obscured. He says, "the figure of Lazarus is very fine and bold. The flesh is *well baked, dingy,* and ready to crumble from the touch, when it is liberated from its dread confinement to have life and motion impressed on it again." Thus it is inferred that Sebastiano stooped to the trivial artifice of imparting an appearance of half putrefaction to the exhumed corpse. The "baked" look of the figure is an affair of time and the critics, and not of the original painter. Did not Hazlitt overlook the too evident fact that the noble picture referred to is embedded beneath a thick covering of half opaque varnish, modern paint, and common dirt, and that the figure of Lazarus is only discoloured in the same degree as the other portions of the work? The same critic dwells rapturously on the decayed cartoons of Raphael at Hampton Court. After describing the spirit and beauties of those divine pictures, he proceeds to account for their transcendental qualities, which he thinks "perhaps are not all owing to genius—something may be owing to the decayed and dilapidated state of the pictures themselves" which "are the more majestic for being in ruins." He delights to observe "that all the petty, meretricious part of the art is dead in them;" that "the carnal is made spiritual;" that "the corruptible has put on incorruption;" and that "amidst the wreck of colour, and the mouldering of material beauty, nothing is left but a universe of thought, or the broad, imminent shadows of calm contemplation or majestic pains." We dissent with deference from the opinions of one who so often thought justly, and always expressed himself well. But when the mind escapes from the enchanting thraldom of these imposing words, we are disposed to ask, Did it never occur to critics accepting these views absolutely, that if the painter had intended all these appearances of decay, and included the infirmities of age among the beauties of his design, it was in his power to have produced them before he dismissed the work from his studio? Doubtless, he never contemplated such effects, and we are bound to study the intention of the master, and to respect it. Is not every eminent picture-buyer jealous of the imposition of modern copies upon him as the incontestible productions of the master? The artistic impostor—the dread of the connoisseur and the disgrace of art—owes the success of his counterfeit issues to this fashion of preserving the genuine productions in a half invisible state. Artificial discolorations and layers of dirt are to these creators of the "modern antique" what night and darkness are to the highwayman and the burglar. If decay is to be trusted as the source of so much beauty, it should lead to practical results, which we never see attempted by any partisan of the theory. Whatever principle is true may become the foundation of practice; but what would be said if some ingenious theorist, of a scientific turn, should haply discover some process by which the decay of pictures might be facilitated, and the picture-gazer of this age be enabled to possess himself of intellectual delights which in the ordinary course of things he would never live to enjoy? What would be said if, seized with this idea, the trustees of the National Gallery should order the most valuable of the pictures in their charge to undergo an ordeal to get rid of their gross "material" and "carnal" qualities? We should soon see this theory of beauty by destruction considerably recast.

The value in which the learned Doctor Cornelius held the "rust, the precious ærugo," which clung so tenaciously to the famous shield, is not extraordinary, when contrasted with the singular affection manifested by able connoisseurs for the "venerable verdure" which obscures so many chefs-d'œuvre of the old painters. The strange appearances of decay which that learned doctor styles "the traces of time," and "beautiful obscurities, where doubts and curiosities go hand in hand, and eternally exercise the speculations of the learned;" these awaken quite as much interest and admiration when discovered on the surfaces of old pictures, as

when found on half-obliterated coins and battered armour. But whoever shall employ any artifice to decay pictures, in order to realize these beauties, will soon be reminded that we keep costly Picture Galleries and National Museums, in which to preserve valuable remains of the Fine Arts; and despite our theory that

"Statues moulder into worth,"

and that pictures put off the "corruptible" to put on "incorruption," we keep the day of supreme perfection as far distant as we are able.

Hogarth, being much in the company of cognoscenti, and hearing them continually aver that the works of the old painters were much indebted for the charms which they possessed to the mellowing influence of time, took an opportunity to venture a contrary opinion, asserting that "pictures only grew black and worse by age." Walpole, commenting upon this, sides with the collectors, saying, that Hogarth could not "distinguish in what degree the proposition might be true or false." Doubtless, Hogarth intended his words for those who, in his time, were affecting such unqualified admiration of rust and dirt. The painter would have admitted that colours do gradually soften in the drying; but this natural softening is a very different effect to that which is produced by a horn-like incrustation spread equally over the whole surface of the picture.

It may be said with confidence, that the charms of pictures, having any pretensions to fine colouring, cannot be enhanced by this over-rated "varnish of time;" especially those subjects which partake of a "gay and festive" character, of which the productions of Rubens and Watteau furnish examples. The annoyance which the delicate fantastic ladies of the Frenchman would have felt at its presence on their sparkling robes of silk and satin, is precisely what the gazer should feel when it interferes with his enjoyment of the pictures of this charming court painter; and the same may be said of the incrustation, when it hides from us the ruddy, glowing objects depicted by the luscious pencil of the great Fleming. It has been said of another painter's colours, whose pictures, from the intense religious sentiment they possess, are so well suited to the cloister, "That it would seem as if he could have dipped his pencil in the hues of some serenest and star-shining twilight:" and let it be urged, that colours so pure and refined as to merit this distinctive eulogy, little need the addition of a "golden" glaze.

The great preponderance of brown colour which we observe on the pictures of Rembrandt, and the yellow or gold cast on the works of Titian, have resulted from causes in no way originating with those painters. Few master's productions are seen to worse advantage than Titian's, and that by reason of the very effects which are said to mellow and improve them. In illustration of this we may cite an example offered by the present writer in a recent letter to the *Athenæum*. A picture by one of Titian's scholars (which came under our notice) furnished a striking illustration of time-mellowing. We take the lawn robe of a pope from the precise and delicate pencil of Bordone, with a century's dirt upon it. It is not like lawn, but like sackcloth. Its innumerable small folds and indentations; its chaste, lily-like whiteness, and violet-hued shadowings, are all buried and lost. Pope Paul has no longer the fiery eye of the serpent. The emerald stone on the shrivelled finger is no longer lustrous. The clean, elaborate grey beard is a fiction; the truth of the carnations a matter of faith; and the ample cape of crimson velvet has sunk into a coarse cloth of sober brown.

Granting to admirers of richly-toned pictures that old oils and varnishes sometimes produce pleasing effects in parts of the foregrounds in sunny pictures, yet the impropriety of preserving them, even on such portions, cannot be doubted, when we reflect that neither Claude nor Cuyp, nor any painter, is to be justly credited with the creation of beauties which are the result of chance; for chance never formed part in any great artist's calculation of effects. Reflection brings us to believe that the slightest film on a fine picture is an undoubted evil. Every good picture, no matter what the subject—whether figures or landscape, or both combined—suffers more or less in proportion to the extent of its obscuration. An idea of distances, and the appearances of remote objects, can only be realized by a skilful management of air tints. The most extreme distances are rendered with all the freshness and variety of nature by some modern painters, who rival, and even excel, the old landscape painters, in the management of aërial effects. Truth and science are as much obscured in a picture by the corruption of these tints as they would be in linear perspective by the perversion of the lines.

The horn-like glazing of old varnish and oils must needs defile all the refinements which constitute a fine landscape. Nor is the hateful incrustation less hurtful in other portions of the picture. Its pernicious influence is alike traceable on the boldest parts of near objects. The "purple tinge which the mountain assumes as it recedes or approaches; the grey moss upon the ruin; the variegated greens and mellow browns of foliage; in short, the colours in every part of nature," suffer alike from the much-admired "varnish of time." In historical pictures, the nicer points, which are the evidence of mastery, are alike involved. The various distinctions of colour in age and in sex, the "bloom of youth and the wan cheek of sickness," are not spared. The "golden" compound is permitted to reduce each and all into one level tone; and in deference to a taste so unsatisfactorily constituted as that to which we have directed our remarks, half the fine pictures in Europe are allowed to go on deteriorating and decaying. It is seldom the case that serious attention is paid to great works of art, with the view to preservation, until their ruin stares the prepossessed connoisseur in the face.

Any one who has devoted years of investigation to this subject, will readily admit that more old pictures are disfigured by ill-executed and unnecessary repairs and re-painting, than by any other means. The ablest painters are incapable of accomplishing any good by re-painting. The best they can do will be worthless, when compared with the merest wreck or faintest shadow of the original master. It ought ever to be borne in mind, that old pictures which are past cleaning, may yet be invaluable examples of design and composition, by virtue of which the reputation of the author may be perpetuated centuries after the tints are faded and forgotten. Hence it is criminal to cover up the ruin. The distinct characteristics of a master painter, if unmolested, never wholly disappear until decay separates the canvas thread by thread; but the brush of the presumptuous regenerator confounds all at one sweep, and substitutes a fiction for a reality—a modern falsehood for an ancient truth.

We have thus endeavoured to dismiss the idea that the works of the Old Painters do not need the appliances of art to preserve them, and that we are free to expound such rules for the guidance of the Restorer as experience has taught, and reflection confirmed.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

I LAY in the rushes,
Where summer light fell
On the trees and the bushes
That bordered the well.

All the flowers were gleaming
In crimson and gold,
And the sunlight lay dreaming
On meadow and wold.

But the bud and the chalice
Are fading away,
From the roses' red palace
Step Genie and Fay.

Step from golden pavilion
In blossoming bowers,
From hall of vermilion,
The souls of the flowers.

They wreathe their wild dances,
They glide and they spring;
Each recedes, each advances,
They laugh and they sing.

But with blushes and flushes,
One sounds on a horn,
And more green grow the rushes,
More yellow the corn.

But she sees, she befriends him,
She smiles on the boy;
She calls him, she lends him
That delicate toy.

And the Child loves and praises
Its mystical strain,
And Age feels the daisies
Bloom round him again.

M.

The Arts.

PRESS-ORDERS TO THEATRES, &c.

We have resolved, in common with the most respected of our contemporaries, to discontinue the use of the press-privilege of writing Orders of Admission to the Theatres and other places of public amusement. Henceforth no such Orders will be issued from this Office to any person, whether connected with the LEADER *or not.*

LEADER OFFICE, 15th January, 1853.

VIVIAN AMONG THE FLOODS.

How different from "Vivian among the buds," once pictured to your mind's eye in these columns! Different, yet the same; externally Nature then was smiling, loving, hoping, budding, and I looked with happy eyes upon her fair and happy face, and wrote, as the birds sang, "because I'd nothing else to do." Nature was in another mood these past days, lowering, weeping, wailing, sobbing. The heavy rain whipped the windows, and ran like tears adown the cheek of outraged childhood; the wind moaned with weird pain; the fields were swamps; the roads were rivers. Did I "sympathize" with Nature? Not I. The moist dulness of the landscape only gave a sharper edge to the hospitable enjoyment *within* four walls. We were an uproarious party! Wit, and wisdom, and unwisdom, and learning, and Beauty, and sympathy, and cigars, made the melancholy landscape but the background to our brightness. We talked

—ye gods! how we did talk! (At least *they* did; I am taciturn to a fault!) We laughed, we "made music," we probed deep questions, and ploughed up the old landmarks of tradition, as if Life itself were only matter for jest, though, in serious truth, we were serious men, to whom Life was very far from being a jest—(I *am* serious, and sad too, though you wouldn't think it to see my whiskers!)—but the sombre mood *without* raised a defiant spirit of mirth *within*; and Ajax defying the Thunder was but a *pose plastique* of our moral attitude.

There were moments, indeed, when left alone, and the loud echos of mirth had vanished into silence, I felt something akin to what was going on without.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean.

(Alas! I knew too well what they meant.)

Tears from the depths of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

The days that are no more!—that never more can be! What can be sadder than the Irrevocable? The poet says, and truly says, that these gone days are

Dear as remembered kisses after death.

Dear they are, but the awful Shadow rests upon them! There is a pleasure in the pain, but the pain is inevitable.

O death in life the days that are no more!

The wind which hurried these clouds across my soul's heaven, was a swift wind, and hurried them *over* it, so that, among the floods, I felt but moments of seriousness; the Hours were all of mirth.

I left this to return to damp and dirty London, and, arrived here, found a pretty squabble going on respecting

THE PRESS AND THE STAGE,

with reference to a certain absurd "privilege" which has grown into a huge abuse. Of course you know that newspapers, besides sending in their critics gratis to theatres, have also the privilege of writing "orders" nightly, which orders, ostensibly admitting critics and reporters, do really admit friends and advertisers. Charles Mathews computes that if every person admitted by a press order to the LYCEUM during his management had paid money for that admission, the theatre would have received no less a sum than five-and-twenty thousand pounds. It will be answered that so many persons would not perhaps have paid their money—a man will go to the theatre for nothing who will not pay to go. True; but the computation is nevertheless under the mark, for this reason: a man who has the chance of getting an order is extremely reluctant to pay at all: he waits till he gets one. Therefore, by giving orders, a theatre not only admits nonpaying visitors, but creates a disinclination in playgoers to pay.

It is an old observation, that we do not prize what is easily obtained; price is the standard of prizing. If therefore every week several thousands are admitted gratis to various places of amusement—and the actual figures would astound you—it requires little foresight to perceive that the amusement-loving public will be largely adulterated with indifference. No wonder the drama declines!

Yet patent as the abuses of the order system are, they need some "press agitation" to abolish them. No one manager could afford to break through the system; only a great journal like the *Times* could afford to do so. I will render this intelligible by a reference to the *Leader*. On the first establishment of this paper (a "most desirable medium for advertisements" you will be pleased to observe!) I refused every species of "privilege," because, as I intended to be perfectly independent, I thought the privilege was a "favour." For several months the paper had to contend not only against the manifold opposition *all* young papers meet with, and some *special* sources of opposition in its doctrine; but over and above these, it had to contend against this formidable argument from thwarted advertisers desirous of orders:—"What, you don't give orders, and the ——— and the ——— *do!*" Which, being translated, meant, "Do you expect me to advertise in your paper *without orders*, when I can advertise in papers greatly surpassing yours in age, circulation, reputation, and in *order giving?*" Man is flesh; I leave you to judge of the effect of such an argument.

I accepted "orders," therefore. Whether it has affected my independence may safely be left to your decision. Friend or foe, no man can say that this pen has written of him what this brain did not think. Impartiality is impossible.

Now that the question has come to be discussed, it behoves the Press, for its own dignity, to forego the use of such a "privilege," and I, for my part, now do so.

VIVIAN.

P.S. Besides the above "agitation," my absence has prevented me from seeing the new five act drama at Drury-lane. But another will tell you all about it.

GOLD!

IF the Murchisons and Hargreaves of O'Keefe's time had dreamed of "nuggets," to be turned up by tons from all sorts of places in the British colonies, *Gold* would have been a stock piece at those theatres where "genuine English comedy" is still "triumphant." Yes, it is quite true that the five-act drama, brought out on Monday at Drury Lane, is equal in merit, as near as may be, with the *Farmer*, the *Rovers*, or any of the O'Keefian plays which are sometimes galvanized, for experiment, about the month of November. Veterans choose such plays for their benefit nights, at the end of the season, when we are called on to rally round our old favourites, and support the legitimate drama. Yet *Gold* owes its success to novelty of interest, and was hissed only at certain passages where the "useful information," clothed in melodramatic garb, exceeded moderate limits; and at the end, by a few, persons whom we humbly conceive to have been misled by the announcement that the piece was in five acts; and perhaps also by the familiar sound of certain names among the *dramatis personæ*.

The scene at first is in Berkshire, afterwards on the banks of the Macquarrie. There is a young farmer, who is in love with his cousin; and there is a villainous cornfactor, his landlord and rival. There is, besides, a scientific Israelite, named Isaac Levi, whom George Sandford, the young farmer, saves from the violence of John Meadows, the machinating landlord. Thus the hero of the piece makes a friend and an enemy at a single *coup;* and in the counterplotting of these two persons lies the main interest of the play.

Mr. Davenport never played better than as the honest, impulsive young farmer; and a minor part, that of William Sandford, a younger brother, was filled by Mr. Moorhouse with carefulness and ease, which seem to promise superiority. Miss Fanny Vining is the rural heroine, a somewhat didactic and, withal vacillating, young lady. Mr. H. Lee has an uphill part as the cornfactor, but he does the best with it; and Mr. Edward Stirling sustains the chief "character" part of Isaac Levi. A London thief, who turns out quite a pattern of wisdom and justice, when elevated to authority at the "diggings," is vigorously embodied by Mr. H. Wallack.

A great improvement in the number of visitors is noticeable, and the applause was loud and general when the curtain fell on the happiness of the deserving characters, and the confusion of villany. The piece deserves, and no doubt (if only as a key to the Diggings for "intending emigrants") will have a run. The attention to scenic detail is a gratifying advance on the promise held out by *Uncle Tom*.

Q.

A LA MODE FRANÇAISE.—Ralph was, in truth, becoming positively illustrious in foreign society. He had fought a duel; he had imported a new dance from Hungary; he had contrived to get the smallest groom that ever was seen behind a cabriolet; he had carried off the reigning beauty among the opera dancers of the day from all competitors; a great French cook had composed a great French dish, and christened it by his name; he was understood to be the "unknown friend," to whom a literary Polish countess had dedicated her "Letters against the restraint of the Marriage Tie;" a female German metaphysician, sixty years old, had fallen (Platonically) in love with him, and had taken to writing erotic romances in her old age. Such were some of the rumours that reached my father's ears on the subject of his son and heir! After a long absence, he came home on a visit. How well I remember the astonishment he produced in the whole household! He had become a foreigner in manners and appearance. His mustachios were magnificent; miniature toys in gold and jewellery hung in clusters from his watch-chain; his shirt-front was a perfect filigree of lace and cambric. He brought with him his own boxes of choice liqueurs and perfumes; his own smart, impudent, French valet; his own travelling bookcase of French novels, which he opened with his own golden key. He drank nothing but chocolate in the morning; he had long interviews with the cook, and revolutionized our dinner-table. All the French newspapers were sent to him by a London agent. He altered the arrangements of his bed-room; no servant but his own valet was permitted to enter it. Family portraits that hung there, were turned to the walls, and portraits of French actresses and Italian singers were stuck to the backs of the canvasses. Then, he displaced a beautiful little ebony cabinet which had been in the family three hundred years; and set up in its stead a Cyprian temple of his own, in miniature, with crystal doors, behind which hung locks of hair, rings, notes written on blush-coloured paper, and other love-tokens kept as sentimental relics. His influence became all-pervading among us. He seemed to communicate to the house the change that had taken place in himself, from the reckless, racketty young Englishman to the super-exquisite foreign dandy. It was as if the fiery, effervescent atmosphere of the Boulevards of Paris had insolently penetrated into the old English mansion, and ruffled and infected its pure, quiet, native air, to the remotest corners of the place.—COLLINS'S *Basil*.

A FAIRY TALE.—The Sibuyows never eat the puttin, on account of an old tradition in their tribe. "One day a Dyak was fishing, and caught only a single puttin, which he gave to a Malay at whose house he landed to procure a light for his pipe. On his coming back to get the fish, the fish was no longer there, but crouched in the bottom of his canoe was a pretty little girl. The good Dyak was greatly astonished at this transformation, but carried the little girl home, where she was brought up with the family, and grew to be a woman, and in due course married her finder's son. No peculiarity was observed in her conduct; she was like any other Dyak woman, and made a good wife; she pounded the rice, drew the water, made mats, and conducted the affairs of the household with propriety and neatness. After a time, she bore her attached husband a son, and suckled the boy till he could run about, when one day, being at the edge of the water with the boy and her husband, she suddenly said to him, 'Here, take the child; be kind to him, for he is my child; I have been a good wife, but I must now rejoin my own tribe;' and thus saying, she plunged into the river, and became once more a puttin."—KEPPEL'S *Visit to the Indian Archipelago*.

1532 AND 1852.—The suppression of the monasteries, though less popular at the moment, yet was also felt by most serious persons, of whatever creed, to be imperatively called for. The grosser moral disorders have been probably over-estimated by Protestant controversialists, and the rare exceptions too lightly assumed to be the rule. But the evidence which came out on the visitation of them in 1532, singularly resembling, as it does, that lately given in reply to the circulars of the Oxford Commissioners, revealed a systematic breach of vows, non-observance of statutes, and misapplication of funds, which, after exposure, could be neither defended nor tolerated. — *Westminster Review* for January.

THE FIRST KISS.—Mr. Sherwin had gone out of the room; Mrs. Sherwin was at the other end of it, watering some plants at the window; Margaret, by her father's desire, was showing me some rare prints. She handed me a magnifying glass, through which I was to look at a particular part of one of the engravings, that was considered a master-piece of delicate workmanship. Instead of applying the magnifying test to the print, for which I cared nothing, I laughingly applied it to Margaret's face. Her lovely, lustrous black eye seemed to flash into mine through the glass; her warm, quick breathing played on my cheek—it was but for an instant, and in that instant I kissed her for the first time. What sensations the kiss gave me then!—what remembrances it has left me now!—COLLINS'S *Basil*.

Commercial Affairs.

MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

BRITISH FUNDS FOR THE PAST WEEK.

(CLOSING PRICES.)

	Satur.	*Mond.*	*Tues.*	*Wedn.*	*Thurs.*	*Frid.*
Bank Stock	225	225½	226	226	.....	225
3 per Cent. Red.	101⅛	101	101⅛	101	100⅞	100½
3 per Cent. Con. Ans.	100⅜	100⅜	100⅜	100	100	99¾
Consols for Account...	100⅜	100⅜	100¼	100	99⅞	99¾
3¼ per Cent. An.	104⅝	104½	104⅝	104⅜	104	104⅝
New 5 per Cents.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Long Ans., 1860	6½	6½	6½	6 7-16	.....	6½
India Stock	.....	.....	.....	.....	274	274
Ditto Bonds, £1000 ...	82	79	81	81	79	75
Ditto, under £1000 ...	.....	79	.....	.....	79	75
Ex. Bills, £1000	67 p	67 p	70 p	67 p	70 p	67 p
Ditto, £500.....	67 p	67 p	70 p	67 p	67 p	66 p
Ditto, Small	67 p	67 p	70 p	67 p	70 p	66 p

FOREIGN FUNDS.

(LAST OFFICIAL QUOTATION DURING THE WEEK ENDING THURSDAY EVENING.)

Belgian 4½ per Cents.....	99	Russian 4½ per Cents. ...	103¾
Brazilian 5 per Cents. ...	102¼	Ditto, Small	103¾
Brazilian New 4½ per Cts.	99	Spanish 3 p. Cents.	48¼
Ecuador.....	5	Spanish 3 p. Cts. New Def.	23⅜
Granada Deferred	12⅜	Spanish Com. Certif. of Coupon not funded ...	5
Mexican 3 per Cents.....	23⅛	Turkish Loan, 6 per Cent. 1852	par.
Mexican 3 per Ct. Acct. January 28	23¼	Turkish Loan, 6 per Cent. 1852, Acct., Jan. 28 ...	⅛ pm.
Peruvian 6 p. Cts., 1849	103		
Peruvian 3 per Cent. Def.	63		
Portuguese 4 per Cents.	39¼		

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