Thomas Leigh Hunt, 10 Wellington Rd, Strand.

The Leader.

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

Contents:

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News of the Week.

MR. COBDEN has contributed to the novelties of the season, by a new impulse to the national defence movement, in the shape of a pamphlet which overdoes argument and statistics on the opposite side. We put Mr. Cobden before the Empress Eugenia; because, in these fast days, a week-old bride will be classed among the things that have been; although, by the bye, she is not yet married. But we know all about her—her enormously long Spanish name, her bewitching smile, her impregnable virtue, her household, and the allowance of 12,000*l.* that she will "require", so that her story may be classed, by this time, with that of "John Anderson's" bride. The marriage has not yet made so many alterations as it was expected to do; but it has sown the seeds of political mischief—or good. All Louis Napoleon's ministers have not yet resigned. Although the Austrian minister is said to be offended at the terms in which, on announcing his marriage, Louis Napoleon alluded sneeringly to the marriage of Maria Louisa as sought by Austria, the outraged ambassador has not yet demanded his passports. But both the alliance and the manner of its announcement can scarcely fail to have serious consequences. Louis Napoleon renders his formal announcement, which is printed and posted up in Paris, a medium for defying those who have repulsed his advances as a suitor for the hand of a princess, for hinting rebuke to the Senate, and for declaring, in short, that he acts on his own will, without fear of any power, but only with a romantic deference for the clergy, the army, and the people. It would almost seem as if Louis Napoleon had broken with the powers of the North; but if so, with whom is he in alliance?

The announcement of his projects for establishing a convict colony in French Guyana, are followed by the correspondence which shows that the political exiles residing there in durance, are, in some cases successfully, attempting escape, and are seeking protection from the United States of America; a species of alliance for General Cass highly ominous for French colonization.

In another province Louis Napoleon is getting on better; his Bourse has improved in tone, and confidence appears to be reviving. It would appear, that as nothing is to be gained by panic, the stock-dealers are content to let quotations rule as before.

At home we are not subject to the ups and downs of the French Bourse; the Bank of England has not lowered its discounts; the substantial prosperity of trade has not been checked; workmen continue to receive rising wages; and Birmingham is still busy with warlike as well as pacific manufactures. In spite of Mr. Cobden, much is expected in that inland armoury from "a new cannon."

Nor will the great meeting to intercede on behalf of Rosa and Francesco Madiai, have any influence on the money market. The thunderbolts of Exeter Hall cannot be hurled beyond the doors of the building. The speakers can do no more than pass resolutions; they do not even propose any practical step to secure the safety or release of their two protégés. Their position is so weak, being an organized complaint without any organized measure for redress, that even while they are talking, new "perquisitions" are made in Tuscany, into the dwellings of persons living under British protection. Dr. Cumming has put forward a plea for the Grand Duke, in thus persecuting subjects sliding from their catholic standards—that he is acting under the direction of his ecclesiastical superiors, in accordance with his own sense of duty. The plea shows how hopeless it is to effect anything for Protestantism through the Grand Duke, or through intercession of any kind. Protestantism continues to be oppressed individually in Tuscany, and by wholesale in Piedmont, where it exists by wholesale; and yet if Great Britain actually interferes on the soil of Italy at all, it is in maintaining the position which she consented to take in conjunction with France, that of supporting the Pope. If Rosa and Francesco Madiai were surrendered to the prayers of an English deputation, the act of mercy would do little for Protestantism; since the case of the couple is comparatively exceptional. But they do not succeed even so far: new persecutions are a contemptuous defiance of their efforts; and they consent to persevere in their impotent and insincere agitation rather than run the risk of doing their duty manfully.

From Vienna, reports of the most contradictory kind are received. It is said that the Government is paying unusual deference to Englishmen; that English travellers will henceforward find greater favour, and this country a franker alliance. On the other hand, it is averred that Austria is very indignant at our friendliness to France, and is rather prepared to drop an alliance which is no longer serviceable to her. It may be so; but, in point of fact, the particular interest in Austria turns just now upon the special point of conflict—the district of Montenegro. Turkey has sent a large army of 34,000 men. Austria is strengthening her own armed resources upon the spot. Russia is said to be actively supporting the chiefs who are in revolt. But some of the other Sclavonian neighbours are drawing back from the insurrection and siding with Turkey. Why is this? We may conjecture that they prefer to remain for a time under the Government of Turkey, which is feeble, rather than to hurry into the iron grasp of Russia, or even to admit Austria on Sclavonian territory. For be it remembered that, besides the powers endeavouring to possess Sclavonian Turkey, there is another power competing for that possession—the Sclavonians themselves.

General Godwin, it appears, though without the quickness of youth, cannot say that he is without its imprudence. Detaining Captain Tarleton from carrying out a rapid victory, with a small force, in order that he may make his own approaches in due form and deliberation, he, nevertheless, leaves a small force at Pegu, within a short distance of the main body of the Burmese army; and when that is invested with loss, he sends, to relieve it, a small force, also driven back with loss; and *then* he finds the necessity of sending a respectable body of troops. It seems that General Godwin's ideas are brought to bear very slowly.

Words are facts, writings are events—when they are important. Louis Napoleon's declaration of marriage is important. An eccentric writer not long since published a book called "Hactenus;" a titled lady in this country puts forth one called "&c."; and Mr. Cobden produces one called "1793 and 1853;" three letters, in answer to a sermon and two letters by a clergyman, not included in the pamphlet. Mr. Cobden's pamphlet is written to show that France has turned quite pacific, and never could do anything so barbarous as to commit a war of aggression; that this country must be now amply provided with defences, since she has paid so much for them—an argument which would prove the sufficiency of Vauxhall slices of ham; and he advises us to *presume* the peaceful intentions of France, and to imitate the Quaker gentlemen who took maize and sympathy to British subjects starving on the West coast of Ireland during the famine—a hint, perhaps, that if hungry foreigners invade us, we may catch them with a tid-bit in a hat, as runaway horses are caught. The pamphlet

was only a preface or epilogue for the "Peace Conference" at Manchester, which is becoming a periodical entertainment.

Almost contemporary with this correspondence, appears the correspondence between Mr. or Major William Beresford, better known as "W.B.," and Lord Drumlanrig. W.B. insists on satisfaction, because Lord Drumlanrig had been "impertinent" in supposing it possible that W. B. could interfere at elections in Dumfriesshire Lord Drumlanrig disclaims the assertion; he had only shown that interference by the Carlton Club had been threatened, and that there had been interference in Dumfries. It was quite natural that, under these circumstances, W. B. should feel himself criticised; and as he has borne her Majesty's commission, of course he behaved as if he were insulted, and demanded satisfaction. Lord Drumlanrig gave it him; and with a gentler complaint of new aggression in the disclaimer, W. B. is satisfied.

Another trait of English society in the upper circles is disclosed by the case of Pries, just committed for trial, on a charge of gigantic frauds on the corn merchants. His frauds were rather transparent; but he escaped detection in a marvellous degree. Of course no one can feel mistrust towards a gentleman whose dealings are realized by tens or hundreds of thousands sterling! The attempt to trap a young clergyman, by offers to lend money, and then giving him no money for his bill, but only demanding it—exposed in the case of Casey *v.* Arden—is a more commonplace incident of educated society.

On Wednesday, the Achilli case came on again. The question this time was, whether the rule *nisi* should be made absolute, or whether it should be discharged—*i. e.*, whether Doctor Newman should have a new trial or not. Lord Campbell, who has all along been "on the other side," delivered the judgment of the court, and having exhausted his stock of jocularities during Serjeant Wilkins's speech, was decently dull on the occasion. The upshot of a very long, and rather tedious oration was that no second hearing could be allowed, the reason being that the defendant had not proved the whole of his plea of justification, and that consequently it being only attempted to be partially established, it would be illegal to have the case reheard. Lord Campbell, however, took great pains to explain, that, as yet, he had expressed no opinion whatever with regard to the soundness of the verdict. He only said that the issue had been properly found, and that as Doctor Newman had alleged certain things unprovable, though possibly true, the jury must again, if they again had the chance, find that the defendant wrongfully published the libel, but at the same time he went laboriously to work for the purpose of showing that the entire question of punishment was with the court, and that, whereas in a civil action the jury assessed the damages; here the sentence rested entirely with the bench who, taking *animus* and all other circumstances into consideration, might, without disrespect to the jury, give as slight or as heavy a penalty as they pleased. On Monday, as we understand, the case is to be finally adjudged. Dr. Newman's counsel will then be heard, for the last time, in his favour, and as it seems that from his advanced age and feeble state of health, Dr. Newman's life would be seriously endangered by imprisonment, it may be reasonably presumed that such will not be his sentence. The general opinion, so far as it can be collected, points to a merely nominal penalty—justifiable according to Lord Campbell's own principles, probably avowed for the occasion—on the grounds that the verdict was against the weight of evidence, that twenty-two persons were discredited on the testimony of one whom the jury themselves found to be perjured, that Dr. Newman, knowing nothing of Achilli, and never having seen him, could be actuated by no personal malice, and that, already, Dr. Newman has been put to immense anxiety and expense. We look rather anxiously for the result, but after Wednesday's proceedings, we can scarcely doubt that this protracted investigation will emphatically, though, perhaps, not technically, vindicate the defendant. Before the public conscience at any rate, the positions of plaintiff and defendant are already reversed.

PEACE CONFERENCE AT MANCHESTER.

THE meetings of the friends of international arbitration and peace commenced on Thursday morning at Manchester. The first meeting of the Conference was held at the Corn Exchange, when Mr. G. Wilson was elected chairman, supported by Mr. Cobden, M.P., Mr. Bright, M.P., Mr. J. B. Smith, M.P., Mr. Joseph Brotherton, M.P., Mr. G. Hadfield, M.P., Mr. Joseph Sturge, Mr. C. Hindley, M.P., and other members of the Legislature and persons of distinction. After the usual preliminary business, during which it was stated that 500 members had promised to be present, and most of whom were present, the Conference was opened by a speech from Mr. George Wilson, who dealt, with his usual ability, with the abuses of our naval and military systems, showing how we have an excess of officers in both services, kept up at an enormous cost. He insisted that the Peace Conference had especial claims on the financial reformer and free trader; and on the whole he effectively put that side of the question which appeals to the pocket.

Letters were then read from numerous gentlemen who, cordially sympathizing with the objects of the society, were unable to be present. Among them was the following:—

"Paris, Jan. 18.

"SIR,—I have received the letter in which you inform me that a conference of the friends of peace will be held in Manchester on the 27th and 28th of January. I regret the more earnestly my inability to be present because I think I should have expressed the unanimous opinion of indnstrial France in saying that never has it better comprehended than now that the durable maintenance of peace will be the inevitable re-establishment of liberty by the progress of civilization and the exchange of ideas: also, that it does not at all understand the preparations and armaments of the English Government—arrangements and preparations that are without an aim, unless they have some other than the absurd supposition of a disembarcation without object.

"Receive, Sir, and convey to the conference, the new and constant expression of my fraternal sentiments.

"EMILE DE GIRARDIN."

Mr. George Hadfield moved the following resolution:—

"That it is the special and solemn duty of all ministers of religion, parents, instructors of youth, and conductors of the public press, to employ their great influence in the diffusion of pacific principles and sentiments, and in eradicating from the minds of men those hereditary animosities and political and commercial jealousies, which have been so often the cause of disastrous wars."

Mr. Hadfield admitted that the war party are making great inroad on public opinion, and that if the ministers of the Gospel, the instructors of our youth, the educators of the people, the newspaper editors, come forward and stem this torrent, we shall be at loggerheads very soon. There is no greater mistake, Mr. Chairman, in my humble opinion, than is made in supposing that all danger is over when we are armed to the teeth. That is the moment of danger (applause), depend upon it; and if two hostile armies are within 20 miles of each other—at Calais and Dover—they will have blows. You may try to stop them when it is too late; but arm them cap-à-pie, and, depend upon it, they will come to violence.

The Reverend W. Aspinall, of Liverpool, seconded the resolution, on well-known Scriptural grounds, but with great moderation and charity, without a single word of bitter attack on his opponents. Then followed the Reverend G. W. Condor, of Leeds, who sustained the same line of argument in a similar spirit, and strong expressions of hope that the end of war is near at hand. The Reverend John Burnet, of London, moved the following resolution:—

"That, as an appeal to the sword can settle no question on any principle of equity and right, it is the duty of Governments to enter into treaties on behalf of the nations they respectively represent, binding the parties to refer to the decision of competent and impartial arbitrators such differences arising between them as cannot be otherwise amicably adjusted, and to abide by such decision."

Mr. Burnet did not take up the Christian ground. He thought proper to stigmatize war as a humbug; the causes of war as humbugging; all the opponents of the Peace Society, all military men as humbugs: all ultra loyalty and ultra royalty as humbuggery.

"There is no end to the humbugging of these warlike men. They are all humbugs together. The only thing they can possibly do to turn away the charge is to fling it on their neighbours, just as when a thief is running away for fear he should be caught, he cries "Stop thief;" and no one supposes he is the thief himself. It is just so with statesmen when they conceal the character of other nations, and make John Bull the dupe of their humbug. But the resolution I have to propose tells us that war can never settle anything on principles of justice and equity, and if any man feels that it can, I tell him he is humbugging. When the sword is drawn, justice leaves the battle field, and there is nothing left but brute strife. Who ever dreamt that justice could be wrapped up in a bomb-shell (great laughter), and fired upon people who had nothing to do with the quarrel, exploding in the midst of those who don't understand it at all? The statesmen humbug the soldiers, and they go to battle without knowing what they are fighting for. I don't think there is any glory in that, I can only find something very inglorious in this ignorance. Let us, then, substitute arbitration for war. We are not such fools as to wish to revive anything like a national board like the Amphyctionic Council in Greece; but we propose that the differing parties shall select their own arbiters for the settlement of the dispute, and that only, and select men who are not interested in the quarrel, and by whose deliberate judgment they can abide. Let us, then, continue to advocate the principle that men should settle their quarrels like men, and leave beasts to settle their quarrels like brutes. (Cheers.)

Mr. John Bright followed, seconding the resolution, as he said on the spur of the moment, at the request of the managers of the conference. Mr. Bright made an excellent speech from his point of view; contending that war decided nothing as to the right or the wrong of a question; that numbers, courage, skill, not Providence, decided the fate of battles, and that the arbitration of the sword was expensive, unsatisfactory, and unjust. The peace-policy, it is said, is impracticable; but so it was thought some years ago, was the abolition of duelling. But the system of duelling is altogether changed. Then how the influence of public opinion has increased, as evidenced by the effect it had in preventing Russia and Austria from obtaining the surrender of the Hungarian exiles from Turkey. The Lobos question furnished a capital illustration. In the treaty between Peru and the United States, there was a clause inserted by which both powers bound themselves to submit any differences to arbitration. No doubt that caused the United States to look into the grounds of their claims to the Lobos, which ended by a honourable withdrawal on their part of those claims. The *Times* was advising us never to go to war with America; but what security have we against war unless some arbitration convention be agreed upon?

"We pretend to lead the world in some things. We are conceited and very vain, and it is imagined we do a great deal that we do not do, and a good deal more than other countries which are, at least, on a level with us. But if we live on this island with a mercantile navy surpassing that of almost all the world—if we have a people pugnacious beyond all former example—if we have an industry so productive that the thousands of millions which have been spent in former wars have not yet pauperised and exhausted us—if we have glory recorded on our pages of history, so that the most gluttonous among us ought to be satisfied and ask no more—and if, besides that, we have liberal institutions which give to the people of this country that measure of contentment that gives security to the Government, then I say are we not in a position before all other nations of offering to the nations of Europe, and to the United States, a new policy—a policy which, though it differs as much as white from black from the policy of past times, yet shall be one that in the future shall give greater security to Governments and greater happiness and contentment to peoples, and shall promote the advance and progress of all that is good in the world, infinitely beyond anything that can ever be hoped for from the most glorious and bloody conflicts of armed men?" (Loud applause.)

Mr. Bright's speech was very remarkable for the absence of anything like personal charges or imputation of motives, except as regards the cause of military expenditure, which he referred to the large interested party in the State, who can build their magnificent stores in Pall Mall. Nevertheless, it was a statesmanlike speech, and full of hope and trust in the justice of the cause in which he is embarked.

The resolutions were carried, and the conference adjourned until the evening.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

LETTER LVII.

Paris, January 25, 1853.

IN conformity with the invitation addressed to them officially, through the *Moniteur*, the Grand Bodies of the State, the Senate, the Council of State, and the Legislative Corps, proceeded on Saturday last to the Tuileries, to receive the official notification of Bonaparte's marriage with Mdlle. de Montejo. The reception took place at noon precisely, in the Salle du Trône. All the official world was present. Bonaparte then communicated, in a spoken message to the Grand Bodies of the State, his intention to espouse Mdlle. de Montejo. This message, pregnant as it is with menacing eventualities, is too remarkable not to be given in full. Here it is textually:—

"I yield to the wish so often manifested by the country in coming to announce to you my marriage.

"The alliance which I contract is not in accord with the traditions of ancient policy, and therein is its advantage. France, by its successive revolutions, has ever abruptly separated from the rest of Europe. Every wise Govern-

ment ought to try to make it re-enter in the pale of the old Monarchies. But this result will be more surely attained by a straightforward and frank policy, by loyalty in conduct, than by Royal alliances, which create a false security, and often substitute family interests for those of the nation. Moreover, the example of the past has left in the mind of the people superstitious feelings. It has not forgotten that for seventy years foreign Princesses have not mounted the throne but to behold their race dispossessed and proscribed by war or by revolution. One woman alone seemed to bring happiness, and to live more than the others in the memory of the people—and that woman, the modest and good wife of General Bonaparte, was not the issue of Royal blood. It must, however, be admitted that in 1810 the marriage of Napoleon I. with Marie Louise was a great event. It was a pledge for the future, a real satisfaction to the national pride, as the ancient and illustrious branch of the house of Austria, who had been so long at war with us, was seen to solicit the alliance of the elected chief of a new empire. Under the last reign, on the contrary, the *amour propre* of the country had to suffer, when the heir to the Crown solicited, fruitlessly, during several years, a princely alliance, to obtain it only in a secondary rank and in a different religion.

"When in presence of old Europe one is borne on by the force of a new principle to the height of ancient dynasties, it is not by giving an ancient character to one's escutcheon (*envieillissant son blason*), and by seeking to introduce oneself at all costs into a family, that one is accepted. It is rather by ever remembering one's origin, by preserving one's own character, and by adopting frankly in presence of Europe the position of *parvenu*—a glorious title when one obtains it by the free suffrages of a great people. Thus, obliged to depart from precedents followed to the present day, my marriage became a private affair, and there remained only the choice of the person.

"She who has been the object of my preference is of distinguished birth. French in heart, by education, by the recollection of the blood shed by her father in the cause of the empire, she has, as a Spaniard, the advantage of not having in France a family to whom it might be necessary to give honours and fortune. Endowed with all the qualities of the mind, she will be the ornament of the throne; in the day of danger she would be one of its courageous supporters. A Catholic, she will address to heaven the same prayers with me for the happiness of France. In fine, by her grace and her goodness she will, I have the firm hope, endeavour to revive in the same position the virtues of the Empress Josephine.

"I come, then, Messieurs, to announce to France that I have preferred the woman whom I love and whom I respect, to one who is unknown, and whose alliance would have had advantages mixed with sacrifices. Without disdaining any one I yet yield to my inclinations, but after having taken counsel from my reason and my convictions. In fine, by placing the independence, the qualities of the heart, domestic happiness, above dynastic prejudices and the calculations of ambition, I shall not be less strong because I shall be more free.

"Soon proceeding to Notre Dame, I shall present the Empress to the people and to the army; the confidence they have in me assures me of their sympathy, and you, Messieurs, on learning better to appreciate her whom I have chosen, you will allow that on this occasion also I have been inspired by Providence."

The moral of the message is absolutely that of the Fable. I have not chosen a princess of blood royal for my bride because I have resolved to marry according to the impulse of my heart. Is it not the fox who could not reach the grapes, and said they were sour, and only fit for the vulgar? Never was spite more manifest. The whole speech, in every phrase, in every word, betrays the deepest disappointment. Every turn of expression seems distilled in gall and venom, and in every syllable one catches the murmur of anger ill-suppressed. One perceives that the man is conscious of a mésalliance: that this bourgeois marriage makes him secretly ashamed, and that vanity alone and wounded *amour propre* drive him to put a good face upon bad fortune. How bravely it sits upon him to scout dynastic alliances after having so long and so painfully manœuvred to get them. (*Après les avoir si longtemps "briguées."*) How amusing he is when he expresses his perfect disdain for princesses of royal blood, after having stooped to the meanest humblenesses to merit them—after having gone so far, and sunk so low, as to forbid the soil of France to the exiled Poles, and that too, to win the good graces of the Emperor Nicholas, who only despises him the more.

What a disastrous effect in France all this creates; what a severe judgment it draws down upon him. Not a sign of approbation. Not even from his courtiers this time; not even from his two most intimate counsellors, Persigny and Abatucci. Wholesale resignation of all his Ministers—new fall in the Funds. On the Bourse, just as the public securities were recovering faintly, discouragement and decline. Amazement and utter disapprobation in the diplomacy.

Since last Saturday, Paris has suddenly recovered the use of speech, to utter its censure audibly. You have no idea what a rummage and uproar it has all made. In the very ministerial saloons men have dared to speak out loud (for the first time since the memorable 2nd of December) what they contented themselves with whispering from ear to ear before. The danglers of the Palace and the courtiers of the Empire are in consternation; the public rub their hands, and—laugh! And well they may, *il y a de quoi!* You, too, will laugh when I tell you that it is the general belief, perhaps I should say the general *certainty*, that our bridegroom only marries Mdlle. de Monitjo because his "intentions" were not honoured with acceptance. (*On n'épouse Mdlle. de Montijo que parce qu'on n'a pu l'avoir autrement.*) It is only after a long and fruitless siege that the fair beleaguered one marches out with all the honours of war; indeed, it is the besieger that capitulates in this case, not the besieged.

Stories are told of the famous curée by torchlight at Compiègne, and our aping friend is said to have on this occasion aped—not his uncle—but Louis XIV., whose passages-at-arms with Mdlle. de la Vallière at the Château de St. Germain you may have heard of. But on this occasion, how it fared with the window, rumour whispers not: certain it is that the proud and sprightly Andalusian proved far other than the soft and tender La Vallière. Of this tale there are two versions current. In one, the two brothers or brothers-in-law of the fair lady figure as the Matamors of the Spanish comedy, while Bonaparte enacts the part of the "Knight of the Rueful Countenance." The other version, without denying the intervention of the brothers, places them at the beginning instead of the *dénoûment* of the piece.

However this may be (and that nine-tenths of the floating rumours are wicked scandal who can doubt?) the character of the new Empress is quite in harmony with her new position. She has a romantic spirit, and a soul of chivalry. Here are two traits which will give you some idea of her nature: Her eldest sister made a superb match in marrying the Duc d'Albe; Mdlle. Théba de Montijo then declared that she would surpass her sister, and would marry a crowned head, if it were but some petty German Princeling, furnishing a contingent of four men and a corporal to the forces of the Germanic Confederation. Another trait, equally characteristic, relates to the 2nd of December, 1851. At eleven o'clock in the forenoon of that day, Mdlle. Théba presented herself at the Elysée to mark her name on the visiting book, as having come to compliment Bonaparte on his audacity. She was the first person (and the only one) that appeared at the Palace. Bonaparte, puzzled at this unheard-of act of admiration, sent orders that the visitor should be introduced, and gave a brief interview to the lady. He was said to be deeply touched at this strange enthusiasm of a young girl. He did not forget the visit of that day, as France will not forget him when the day of reckoning comes.

For the last few days the Government journals have surpassed themselves in folly. The day before yesterday they made Mdlle. de Montijo a Countess, yesterday a Duchess, and to-day again a Countess. In order to mask the *mésalliance* of their master, they affect to embellish with titles the pedigree of the new Empress, and seek to transform the baptismal name Théba (Ste Thébe) into a title of dignity. Like the sage of the fable, saved by a dolphin, who took the harbour of the Piræus for a fish, they make Mdlle. de Montijo the Duchess ofThéba—a Duchy which never existed.

Mdlle. Théba de Montijo is an Andalusian, and was born at Granada, in the country of the Alhambra. Her mother comes from the Kirkpatrick family of Closburn. She is daughter of a colonel of artillery, the late Count of Montsjo. The latter, one of the best officers in the Spanish army, served the French cause till the year 1814; in other words, he served in that heroic war of Spanish nationality asserting against the despot of France its independence, and its liberty. The Count de Montijo took arms against his own country; unfaithful to Spain, he was always faithful to France. In the campaign of 1814, he served in France as colonel of artillery; and even had the honour to fire the last shots for the defence of Paris. On his return to Spain he sat in the Chamber of Proceres, or Grandees of Spain, till his death, which occurred in 1839. The Countess of Montijo, his widow, after the fall of Espartero, became Camerera mayor, or *surintendante* of Queen Isabella. The Montijo family is allied with most of the great families of Spain, among others, with the Gusman, the Leyva, the Cordova, and the La Cerda. As far as aristocratic blood goes, Mdlle. de Montijo is of higher birth than Bonaparte, who (as we know well enough) is simply the bastard son of a French Creole and of a Dutch admiral. So much for origin.

With regard to charms of person, Mdlle. de Montijo is not one of those royal and sovereign beauties who seem to have been born to the diadem, and before whose native majesty every brow uncovers and every head bows down spell-bound; neither is she one of those dazzling angelic types which we all are wont to worship as the ideal of more than mortal loveliness. She is not what you would call beautiful, or pretty. She is simply pleasing. She has the proud air of a noble lady, without the beauty one ascribes to noble blood; and she has all the *piquant* of the grisette without the *sansfaçon*. She has, moreover, *le geste libre et la désivolture cavaliere*. Her features are destitute of character. She has your Spaniard's eye—the black eye of the Andalusian. Unfortunately, *she is red-haired*, and the French detest red hair! The French people's hatred of poor Marie Antoinette—a blind, dark, unreasoning hatred as it was, which dragged that unhappy Queen to the scaffold, sprang from that fatal antipathy to red hair; now Marie Antoinette's hair was *golden!* But you will say, by what magic spell did Mdlle. de Montijo captivate the heart of Bonaparte? By the magic of her smile! In sober truth, that smile of hers is an empire in itself: it is the smile of an enchantress—a triumphant smile! But here am I lapsing into the poetics, while events are all turning to prose.

Bonaparte makes a bourgeois marriage — *voilà tout!* He was anxious to bring his bachelor days to a close, and to have done with the irresponsible pranks and frolics of the *vie de garçon*. "I am determined to set the example of virtuous conduct," he lately told his courtiers. Virtue at the Court of France—virtue at the Court of Emperor Bonaparte—you may easily imagine how we shall all enjoy a hearty laugh at these new saints of ours. Since the word "virtue" was let slip, wedlock has become quite fashionable among the Court danglers. Old Jérôme has *confessed* his left-handed marriage with the Marquise Bartolini, his son Jérôme has demanded the hand of the granddaughter of Marshal Berthier, who replied that she would have married the Emperor, but that she did not aspire to a cadet of the Imperial family. The intimates, Pietri, Conneau, Chevreau,—all these old bachelors of another epoch,—are now looking out for wives. It is quite an epidemic at the Tuileries. But to return to our subject.

Bonaparte, I was saying, has made a bourgeois marriage—a *mésalliance*—and all his courtiers are profoundly discouraged. In fact, the consequences of such a marriage are incalculable. He puts himself at once out of the pale of dynasties, under the ban of crowned heads; he stands forward before the European sovereigns as the representative of another principle—he stands forward as the champion of the principle of the sovereignty of peoples against the principle of the sovereignty of kings. If this position were only true,—if by his acts he had made himself the emancipator of peoples, taking advantage of the immense popularity attached to the name of Napoleon, if he had placed himself, with all France at his back, at the head of the crusade of peoples against kings, what glory, what nobleness, what dignity would he not have achieved,—with what grandeur he might now have pronounced these words! But it is quite otherwise. What has this man to do with rights or liberties, that he should flaunt defiance in the face of monarchs, while he turns his back upon peoples?

No one, even among his intimates, has failed to disapprove this perilous escapade. Persigny and Abatucci, to whom on Sunday last, previous to the meeting of the Council, Bonaparte had communicated his intentions of marriage, could not abstain from expressing their disapprobation. Next came the turn of the ministers. All were unanimous in declaring this marriage an error, a great political error. So penetrated were the ministers with this truth, that on the following day they met together and proposed to resign *en masse*. That was their first impulse, the first impulse of men who are alarmed, and who seek to escape. Others pretend that the design of this collective resignation was to force Bonaparte to reconsider his decision. It was M. Fould who then reminded his colleagues of the doggedness of the man they had to deal with, and demonstrated to them how futile would be their flying in the face of that obstinacy only to precipitate the catastrophe. In the ministerial salons, where all parties on this occasion at least, throwing off all sullenness and reserve, flocked together from sheer curiosity, there was but one voice; the ancient friends of the Empire blamed aloud the conduct of the Emperor. One senator, quite in a passion, said to Persigny before 800 persons, "Bonaparte for a love affair (*pour une amourette*), stakes our heads and his own." The fact is, that the men who threw themselves into the service of Bonaparte, in the régime that sprang from the coup d'état, now begin to feel the ground trembling under their feet, and their alarm looks like the first signal for a general *sauve qui peut*. Even the shopkeepers who have rallied to the government are not less displeased. They would have greatly preferred a marriage with a reigning house. But in default of a dynastic alliance, they would have consented to a marriage with a Frenchwoman, with some inheritress, for example, of one of the great names of the Empire; even a marriage with a simple daughter of the people, bearing a name made illustrious by popular virtues. But this marriage with a young Spanish lady responds to none of the ideas and sentiments of these

shopkeeping adherents. Nothing but a strong personal impulse explains it in their eyes. The chief of a great nation like France who aspires to be the founder of a new dynasty, ought to have more serious thoughts and more elevated views than those of a caprice to satisfy, and of a homage to bestow upon the beauty of a young girl, more or less elegant. With regard to the working classes, perhaps their feelings on the matter is well hit off by this *mot* which one of them addressed to me not two hours since; "Bonaparte's crown is getting very like a night-cap." (*La couronne de Bonaparte tourne diablement au bonnet de coton.*) Indeed the situation could not be more happily expressed. An Empress of Royal Blood would have brought with her to the Tuileries that majesty and sovereign dignity which are wanting in our *Parvenu*, as he now calls himself. But, as it is, by his marriage with a simple lady, Bonaparte does not marry an Empress, he simply takes a woman to wife. There will be the Emperor's wife, as we speak of the wife of a marshal, the wife of a general, the wife of a prefect. We shall hear of the Empress as we hear of the *Maréchale*, the *Générales*, the *Préfète*, and even the Mayoress. But, let me repeat, there will, strictly speaking, be no Empress, no Empress of her own right and condition, Empress by her own blood, imposing by her right of birth on all, on the Emperor himself, first of all!

Such were the first impressions in Paris at the bare announcement of the marriage of Bonaparte with Mdlle. de Montijo. But on Saturday evening, when the speech appeared, the disapprobation grew darker, and the worst apprehensions seemed confirmed. The danger of the situation became patent to all; it was felt by all that this marriage was an open rupture with the crowned heads, and the speech read like the preamble to a declaration of war. This speech, in which Bonaparte declares himself, in a tone so parched with bitterness, a *parvenu*—this speech, I say, was posted in the Chamber of the Stockholders at a quarter before 2 p.m., and at 2 p.m. the Funds, which had just begun slowly to recover, were in full decline again. The diplomatic body were not simply displeased, they were almost hostile. Seeing the disastrous impression produced by the speech, the knowing ones of the court have been immensely busy working their ground ever since Saturday. To amuse the weak-minded and the credulous, they have industriously circulated reports that the marriage of Bonaparte was to be the signal of a general and complete amnesty, and the beginning of a return to a *régime* of liberty. Many have believed this report, and are enticed into silence. As for Europe, to quiet all apprehensions about the hard words of the speech, all the trumpets of rumour have been set blowing a fresh reduction of the army to the extent of 60,000 men. These declarations are skilful; no doubt their immediate effect is to suspend all unfavourable comments. But this can only last a short time, and if the people wait in vain for the amnesty, and Europe for the reduction of the forces, the manœuvre will only render the isolation of our Parvenu more and more complete.

It was on Tuesday last that the marriage contract between Bonaparte and Mdlle. de Montijo was signed. This took place at the Elysée. Immediately after the ceremony, the bride elect entered into formal enjoyment of the palace which has been assigned to her as her private domain—probably in remembrance of the first meeting!

Since that moment, at the domestic dinner-table, the lady sits in the place of honour opposite the Emperor. The household of the Empress is already completely formed. Persigny, like a skilful and wary courtier, presented his wife to be one of the ladies-in-waiting. By this means, the husband and the wife will hold the threads of the Empire between them. The marriage was originally announced for Saturday, the 29th inst., but as the interval of eleven days required by the Code Civil to elapse between the declaration and the act would not thus be satisfied, the *Moniteur* announced on the day after, that the marriage would take place on the 30th. But the 30th is a Sunday, and the Catholic Church does not celebrate the sacrament of marriage on Sundays. Bonaparte, whose religious fervour is of quite recent origin, had not had time to learn this circumstance. The Archbishop of Paris was obliged to communicate to him in person the impossibility of holding the marriage on the Sunday named. Great was the embarrassment of the Emperor. To return to Saturday would be a violation of the Civil Code, but to postpone the ceremony to the Monday—ah! the impatience of our gallant *maletier Castellan* revolted at the thought. *A bas donc le Code Civil!* and the poor *Moniteur* has just announced to expectant France that this time at least the marriage would come off, in spite of all law and custom, on Saturday, the 29th inst., at Notre Dâme.

En route, then, all England, if you desire to assist at the unparalleled splendours of this august marriage. The preparations are immense. It is to be an exact repetition of the ceremony of the coronation of the Emperor in 1804. The unfortunate Princess Mathilde is condemned to bear the train of the Empress, as the sisters of the first Bonaparte had to submit to the humiliation of bearing the train of their sister Josephine. You know the scenes of passionate vexation which at that epoch afflicted the Tuileries. Those scenes are revived since last Saturday. The Princess Mathilde is capable of perishing of spite, if only to exempt herself from bearing that horrible train.

Poor Mrs. Howard has been sent shamefully about her business with her two children. Sarah exacts the dismissal of Hagar. All the other sultanas, more or less *en titre*, have been similarly repudiated. "You will adore me, and me only," says the lady. Our unhappy Ariadnes are counted by scores, and in certain quarters of this city the voice of lamentation is heard.

In other respects, nothing is changed in the régime. Do I say changed? Quite the reverse. M. Ponsard's tragedy of *Lucrèce*, which has kept the stage these ten years, is forbidden by the censorship. It is not difficult to imagine why. Alexandre Dumas has not succeeded in getting his new colossal work, *Isaac Laquedem* (a popular name given to the Wandering Jew), published *en feuilleton*. The Archbishop of Paris warned the *Constitutionnel* that if it published that *feuilleton*, he would, in a special pastoral to the faithful, denounce the journal as infected with impiety. The *Constitutionnel* recoiled before this formidable threat of excommunication. The priests are all in all just now in France. Bonaparte flatters and cajoles them assiduously. You must have remarked that abject piece of sycophancy in his recent speech, where he said that he would not marry any but a Catholic.

Finally, in this blessed year of grace, 1853, after three revolutions, two centuries after Louis XIV., we have advanced so far in freedom that *Tartufe is banished from the stage!* As I write these words the pen falls from my hand. S.

P.S.—I take it up again for a single moment to announce the *rumour* of a republican insurrection at Cayenne. Report says that the town is in the hands of the insurgents—that the Ministry of the Marine is all on the alert—that armaments are being pressed at Rochefort, and that troops are embarked for the seat of the rebellion.*

CONTINENTAL NOTES.

THE French Senate and Legislative Corps are convoked for the 14th of February.

By imperial decree the following household is appointed for the Empress. The names are worth giving if only to show the poverty of selection and the nullity of the names:—The Princess d'Essling, Chief Lady; the Duchess de Bassano, Lady of Honour. Ladies of the Palace: the Countess Gustave de Montebello, Madame Feray, the Viscountess Lezay-Marnezia, the Baroness de Pierres, the Baroness de Malaret, and the Marchioness de las Marismas. The senator, Count Tascher de la Pagerie, is appointed Lord Steward; his relative, Count Charles, First Chamberlain; Viscount Lezay-Marnezia, Grand Chamberlain; and the Baron de Pierres, Equerry to her Majesty.

M. Berger, the Prefect of the Seine, displays his devotedness to the Emperor in the most practical form. On Tuesday he called an extraordinary meeting of the municipal council of Paris, and proposed that as the city of Paris had made a marriage present to Napoleon I. on the occasion of his marriage with Maria Louisa, the example should be followed on the present occasion. He accordingly moved that 600,000f. should be voted from the funds of the city of Paris for the purchase of a diamond necklace for the future Empress, and 300,000f. to give *tochers* to a certain number of young Parisian girls. The vote was at once carried.

Simple people, not to say common councillors of the city of London, a corporation usually reported to be wealthy, may reasonably inquire, where *does* the money come from for all these fêtes and gifts? Imagine the city of London giving away 36,000*l.* at a vote, for a necklace to a princess, and "*tochers* to a certain number of young London girls." They manage these things more easily in Paris.

Napoleon Jérôme, the son, is created General of Division in the French army, by imperial decree, in consideration of his nearness to the Throne. "Our well-beloved cousin" has seen no military service except as Colonel of the Second Legion of National Guards of the Banlieue these last two years.

With regard to the state carriages to be used in the wedding procession, the *Morning Chronicle* has the following story:

"The difficulty about the State carriages has been got over. The old Royal carriages of the last dynasty are to be used, with a change of decorations. By the bye, a curious thing has occurred respecting them. When the workmen removed the arms of Louis Philippe, to make place for those of Louis Napoleon, they found that the arms of Charles X. were below, and on going a little further, the arms of Napoleon le Grand appeared. Whom will they serve next?"

A proposition is under consideration to take measures for getting into cultivation the *landes* of Brittany. If all these barren tracts in France were put in cultivation, seven million of acres would be reclaimed.

M. Auber has been appointed musical director and chapel master to the Emperor, thus uniting in himself the functions which were divided between Lesueur and Paër.

The Belgian journals contain accounts of disastrous inundations from the overflows of the rivers. At Hal and Vivorde, and in the valley of the Senne, considerable loss has been sustained.

All foreign officers in the Belgian army are now placed on half-pay.

From Lisbon we learn that a vigorous opposition to the dictatorial, dishonest, and unconstitutional policy of the Ministers is expected in the Cortes. The Duc de Saldanha remains dangerously ill, having suffered a relapse.

In Spain matters are reported to be returning to the critical state they were in before Bravo Murillo gave place to the present Cabinet. The incessant press-prosecutions do not look like a leaning to more liberal measures. Considerable agitation exists in the electoral districts and anticipations of a violent demonstration and of a bloody resistance are still felt. Everything indicates the desire to make a *coup d'état*. It is reported at Madrid that the English government had notified that in the event of any attempt to deprive Spain of her constitution, England would consider herself absolved from the quadruple treaties which assure the crown to the Queen Isabella II.

The fall of the funds at Madrid continues. It is ascribed to the violent measures of the Government, and particularly to the strong dissatisfaction of the army at the treatment of Narvaez.

A telegraphic despatch from Madrid, of the 22nd, announces that an arrangement had been concluded with some foreign capitalists for a loan of 57,000,000, guaranteed on national property.

The consequences of our one-sided policy of non-intervention, which means allowing all other powers to intervene while we look on and are insulted, are becoming commercially significant. We say *commercially*, as that is, in fact, the only sense in which Englishmen care for foreign politics. Thus writes the correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* from Italy on the subject of the recent Austrian League:—

"Before leaving Tuscany, I made some inquiries with respect to the present consequences of the annexation of Modena and Parma to the Austrian Customs League, and found that its effects already have proved baneful to British commercial interests. Some British merchants at Leghorn having made considerable sales to parties at Modena some time before the new customs tariff was introduced, the Modenese Government has now thought fit to search the warehouses of its subjects, and requires them to pay the new duty (the difference varying from fifteen to sixty per cent.) on articles of commerce which were introduced prior to the amalgamation of Modena with the great empire of protection. The consequence of this step has been the failure of some houses at Modena. Some English houses at Leghorn are creditors to a considerable amount, and thus are victimised, together with the unfortunate inhabitants of the Duchy of Modena. The interference of her Britannic Majesty's minister at Florence has been invoked, and it is hoped that something may be done to guard the interests of British subjects. I am, however, not aware in how far the acts of Francis V. towards his own subjects can be interfered with by a foreign power, even though hurtful in their consequences to foreigners. Of course, now, the two Duchies of Modena and Parma are quite lost to British commerce."

The following is an extract from a letter dated Florence, Jan. 18:—

"One of those domiciliary visits by the police, technically called '*perquisizione*,' which have of late years become no uncommon occurrence, though contrary to all existing treaties, was perpetrated the other day on the houses of two persons living under British protection. The persons who have been the objects of this outrage are Mr. Lawley and M. Bertolacci, a Corsican by birth, but who served in the British army during the last war, and is still in receipt of a pension from our Government. They both live in country houses, in the neighbourhood of the Pontadera station of the Leghorn Railway. Mr. Lawley has a large farm, and M. Bertolacci devotes himself, it would appear, more to horticulture than agriculture, for the most suspicious article found on the premises of either, after a most rigorous search, was a letter in the pocket of M. Bertolacci from a M. Bastiano, a friend of his at Leghorn, thanking him for his present of a magnificent red cabbage, which, as the writer declared, had created quite a '*furore*' at Leghorn, and was eagerly partaken of 'even by the Austrians.' This mysterious allusion naturally excited suspicion in the minds of the astute police, who can detect the seeds of revolution even in a head of cabbage, and M. Bertolacci narrowly escaped incarceration as a cure for his love of vegetables. Sir Henry Bulwer left this on Saturday for Leghorn, and is expected to embark to-night for Marseilles.

A letter from Rome of Jan. 14th, says:—The Sacred College has recently been convoked for an extraordinary congregation, and important matters have been brought under discussion, which it has been attempted to conceal from the public. The current report is, that a discussion took place on the subject of the voyage of his Holiness to France, and that the majority of the cardinals decided in the negative. It is also said that certain governmental reforms have been mooted, and more especially one with respect to the territorial divisions established by the *motu proprio* of Pius IX., published in 1850, and which has not yet been put in execution. There is also a report that the Pope has submitted a plan for the cession of the principalities of Benevento and Pontecorvo, both of which are within the Neapolitan territory, to the King of Naples for 40,000,000f. It is said that the majority of the cardinals

* This rumour is not confirmed. What is true is the escape of certain prisoners, which we have related in another part of our present impression.

notwithstanding the pressure for money, have rejected the project, on the ground that they could not sell the patrimony of the Church. General Gemeau is preparing to leave, and the report is current that M. de Raynoval is also recalled.

Other letters state that the Pope, who is Bonapartist in his leanings, has made up his mind to go to Paris in the spring, to crown the Emperor, in spite of the opposition of the cardinals, who are more Austrian in their sympathies.

After a discussion which lasted four days, the Senate of Piedmont adopted on the 22nd the bill for suppressing the slave trade; and it now only remains to vote on the *ensemble* of the law. The bill (says the *Parlamento*) has long been a necessity. An edict issued by Victor Emanuel, Jan. 17, 1818, forbade to Sardinian citizens all participation in the slave trade under pain of an exemplary punishment. A law made in 1827 forbade captains of vessels to carry slaves, unless to deliver them, and made offenders liable to fifteen years at the galleys, and a fine of 24,000 livres. These were the only laws on the subject when, in 1833, France and England signed a convention for the suppression of the trade—a treaty to which our Government adhered in the following year. But after this there was still wanting a regular measure by which should be determined the nature and punishment of offences, and also the tribunals before which the latter should be tried. By the bill now before the Legislature the cognition of these causes will belong to the Courts of Appeal, and no longer to the Admiralty. This arrangement is wise, because it re-establishes the judicial authority in its rights.

It is proposed by the Sardinian Government to transfer the chief naval station from Genoa to Spezzia, where great docks will be constructed by an English Company. The Piedmontese Government is perhaps apprehensive of the Republican element so strong at Genoa.

Public attention is turned in Piedmont at present to the case of a person named Daniel Mazzinghi, who was condemned on the 18th instant, by the Tribunal of Appeal of Genoa, to three years' exile on an accusation of Protestant propagandism. It appears that the principal charge against him was his reading Diodati's translation of the Bible in company with other persons. On the following day, M. Brofferio, the leader of the Left in the Piedmontese Chamber, announced his intention of addressing a question on the subject to the President of the Council, and the 25th instant was fixed for the purpose. We now see in the *Parlamento* of the 23rd, that the Government intends to grant Dr. Mazzinghi a full pardon, on the ground that the condemnation is in accordance with old laws still in existence on matters of religion, and which are confessedly not in accordance with the present state of things; the Chamber having, on two occasions since 1848, declared its intention of revising them.

On the 23rd, at Vienna, there was a heavy fall of snow—the first this winter.

The new scheme of government for Hungary has been decreed from Vienna. The pith of the new organization may be summed up in a few words. Hungary is henceforth to be governed bureaucratically, and therefore absolutely; and the newly elaborated organization which has been decided upon by the Emperor takes every particle of power away from the native populations, and gives it to the Monarch, or his Vice-Regent, the Archduke Albert, Governor of Hungary.

The Austrian Government is engaged in negotiations for a concordat with the Holy See.

The Russian Minister of Finance is about to re introduce his plan for taxing railways: the amount to be levied on the net profits after deducting all expenses, interest, and contribution to the reserved fund.

It is positively stated that the Russian Government is preparing an expedition to Japan to watch the Yankees, while the ostensible object is scientific. It will be more important to us to watch the Russians on these Eastern seas.

The Montenegrine insurrection is likely to lead to serious complications. The intrigues and jealousies of Austria and Russia are involved in the struggle. The difficult and inaccessible nature of the country makes all reports of the progress of the war extremely uncertain and unreliable. It is certain that Turkey is making very expensive and apparently disproportionate preparations to subdue the mountaineers.

We subjoin some of the latest reports from the seat of war, as given in telegraphic news from Trieste.

A telegraphic despatch from Trieste, dated January 21, announced that, on the 15th, Omar Pacha took the fortress of Grahovo by storm; but that in an attempt to take the capital of Montenegro in the mountains, he was repulsed. He purposed renewing the attack on the 17th.

The rumour that the Ban Jellachich had crossed the Turkish frontier, near Caltaid, with a large force, is not confirmed. Meanwhile, a cousin of Prince Daniel, of Montenegro, is off to Vienna and St. Petersburg to solicit aid in favour of the Montenegrines.

Advices from Cattaro of the 16th state that on the 10th a British frigate was seen anchored off the Bojana; that the captain went on shore and had a long interview with the Pacha of Scutari, when he returned on board and set sail for Corfu. Montenegro is to be surrounded by an army of thirty thousand Turks, who are to attack it simultaneously on all points. The communes of Herzgowine which had rebelled against the Porte have made their submission again; the Grahovians alone hold out yet, but as the Montenegrins cannot come to their aid, it is expected they will soon submit.

Abd-el-Kader has arrived at Constantinople on board the French steam frigate *Labrador*. He was to have been received by the Sultan on the 10th inst.

We gave circulation a few days since to a rumour very prevalent in Paris, that the Duc de Bassano had been largely engaged in certain speculations of a hazardous character. We have authority for stating that there is no truth whatever in the report, the Duke being one of the few who in the present mania for speculation in France has abstained entirely from any undertakings which partake of that character.—*Times.*

DISASTROUS NEWS FROM BURMAH.

THE following telegraphic despatch was received in town yesterday :—

"TRIESTE, Jan. 27, 1 A.M.

"The steamer Germania has arrived,

"General Godwin having imprudently stationed an advanced post of only 400 men at Pegu, 60 miles from Rangoon, and within a short distance of the main body of the Burmese army, the Burmese commander immediately attacked it, cut off its communications with Rangoon, seized an ammunition convoy, invested the place, harassing the little garrison day and night, and cut off the approaches from Rangoon.

"A naval force, 150 marines, 300 European soldiers, and a steamer, attempted to force the passage, to relieve Pegu, and were driven back with loss.

"Two columns of 2,400 men left Rangoon, encountered the Burmese, defeated them with great loss, and succeeded in reaching Pegu."

LORD DRUMLANRIG AND "W. B."

AN exchange of hostile letters has taken place between Major William Beresford and Lord Drumlanrig, arising out of expressions used by the latter at the late Dumfriesshire election. Major Beresford opened the correspondence, on the 15th instant, by charging Lord Drumlanrig with making "a personal and an unfounded attack on me, in language most uncourteous, and at a moment most inappropriate." Lord Drumlanrig, he continues, was bound to have ascertained "whether, either now or for some time past, I have had any hand in conducting the election business of the party to which I belong," before he insinuated or asserted such an "unfounded calumny."

"Except for three days, during the absence of Mr. Forbes Mackenzie and Colonel Forester from London, in July last, I have not interfered in such election matters since I accepted the office of Secretary at War, in February last. Such fact was proved in evidence before the Derby committee, and therefore you were bound to have known it."

And he calls on Lord Drumlanrig to state why he coupled the name of Major Beresford with the intended opposition to his lordship.

Lord Drumlanrig replied on the 16th. He did not know what expressions Major Beresford specifically alluded to; but if he meant the speech delivered at Dumfries on the 5th instant, Lord Drumlanrig felt "bound to apologize for having said 'the Carlton Club was a place where Tory elections were managed under Major Beresford.' I ought to have said the Carlton Club was a place where Tory elections *used* to be managed by Major Beresford. I had overlooked the fact that, except for three days in July last, when Mr. Mackenzie and Colonel Forester were absent from London, you had not interfered in election matters since you accepted office in February last. I offer every apology for this inadvertence." But should this explanation not apply to the remarks challenged by Major Beresford, Lord Drumlanrig held himself ready to explain further.

"In the meantime, allow me to say, that having been purposely most cautious, I never insinuated that either you or any other particular individual was concerned with any meditated opposition to my re-election in Dumfriesshire. I confined myself to two simple statements—to two remarkable but mysterious facts. The first was, that I heard of this opposition to my re-election in the Carlton Club three days before any one had heard of it in this county. The second statement was, that I knew a member of the club had made several communications into Dumfriesshire for a good and safe Derbyite to oppose me. These facts I stated openly and frequently, and I entreated my constituents to ponder them over, and to reflect whether it was not just possible that their independence might be in danger of being compromised in a very different manner from what others were anxious to make them, which was the case. I never mentioned or thought of your name in connexion with my immediate re-election for Dumfriesshire, but in explaining to the uninitiated what the meaning of interference by the Carlton Club was in its general sense, I certainly did on more occasions than one make use of your name; and, by your own admission, it appears I was only incorrect in my dates.

"I again tender every apology for this inadvertence; but, after all, in speaking of matters of history, one generally is understood to speak of the past; still I am bound to say I ought to have said 'used to be managed.' I distinctly deny that I ever coupled your name with any meditated opposition to me in Dumfriesshire. I had no right whatever to do so, and I did not do it."

Major Beresford, writing on the 18th, was "bound to accept the apology" for inadvertence.

"At the same time, I must beg to point out to your lordship, that if I have no hand in managing such election matters; it is a most unintelligible line of argument, when you are speaking of an opposition to your re-election, to drag in my name *àpropos de bottes*; and, unless I am in some way concerned in that opposition, I consider it also an impertinent act."

Lord Drumlanrig complained, on the 20th, that the expressions complained of were not pointed out; if they were, he would have no objection either to explain or retract them.

"In the meanwhile, I cannot allow you to conclude this correspondence, and to use the words 'impertinent act,' without saying that I am quite prepared either to explain or to answer for any act which you may consider impertinent."

Major Beresford replied on the 22nd. After recounting the steps of the correspondence, he says,—

"I am glad to see by your letter just received that you repeat your willingness to retract or explain any expressions that I have a right to complain of, and that you will be prepared to answer for any act which I may consider impertinent. I am quite willing to give your lordship credit for the sincerity of your first declaration, and I hope that you will not deem me intentionally wanting in courtesy if I say that it seems that from some peculiarity you are not always aware when you are using offensive terms towards individuals who are totally unconnected with the matter on which you are speaking.

"I rejoice to be assured of the straightforward readiness which you avow in your second declaration of offering satisfaction in case you should be betrayed by chance into the use of offensive expressions.

"I sincerely hope that this correspondence may now be closed, and that I may not be called upon to renew it by a fresh aggression such as I have distinctly, I trust, pointed out."

What further steps may have been taken, does not appear.

THE UNIVERSITY ELECTION.

THE following circular, which requires no comment, is in circulation at Oxford :—

"ELECTIONS FOR THE UNIVERSITIES.

"It is to be hoped that the authorities of both Universities will speedily take steps to effect a change in the present mode of electing burgesses. Certainly we in Oxford have been taught by our contests in 1847, 1852, and 1853, what inconvenience the existing law entails upon us.

"The following changes, or something like them, would surely be desirable:—

"1. The polling should be limited to four days, or even to two, power being given to have as many polling-places as may seem necessary. Both in 1847 and in 1852, the election was virtually decided in two days, and that with only one place for receiving votes.

"2. The Vice-Chancellor should not be bound, as now, to fix the beginning of the election within eight days from the receipt of the writ.

"3. There should be a day for the nomination of candidates, and then an interval of some days before the polling, so that the electors throughout England may know for whom they have to vote; and these two intervals, before and after the nomination, should be so arranged that the Vice-Chancellor might always be able to take the middle days in a week for the voting, and also, in the case of a general election, to avoid the days of polling for English counties.

"These three changes alone would be a great benefit, and would be in close accordance with modes of election now used in England. But

"4. Why should not members of the Universities be enabled to give their votes in writing, without the trouble of a journey? Their signatures, in a set form, stating name, college, and degree, attested, perhaps, by a magistrate or some credible witness, might be publicly read before the Vice-Chancellor, and recorded, as now, in the poll-book, the papers themselves also being filed. And if each polling-paper were made to bear a 5s. stamp, the Exchequer would gain some hundreds of pounds at every contest, while the voters themselves would be saved a vast amount of expense and trouble. Many more votes would then be given, and the sense of the electors would be more fully and fairly expressed.

"One who has been a
"'WRITER OF THE POLL.'"

"Oxford, January 21, 1853."

NATIONAL DEFENCES.

A MEMBER of the Metropolitan Rifle Club, replying to a correspondent of the *Daily News*, states "that the club is still in active existence, but that, unfortunately, its growth and activity in co-operation with other clubs was greatly—indeed, almost totally—checked by the refusal of the Derby Government to sanction its formation into a rifle corps. It is true that under the same Government we obtained permission to practice, as a club, on the Woolwich Artillery Practice-grounds, but this indirect encouragement was not enough to counteract the chilling effect of a prior refusal.

"The amount of assistance refused by the Derby Government in the beginning of last year may be estimated by the fact that in a single fortnight sixteen embryo country clubs voluntarily put themselves in communication with us. Our own numbers were rapidly approaching a thousand, which was to have been the limit of the Metropolitan Club. Of course all, or most of the minor clubs, have died out since then, and our own number of active members has sadly fallen away. I saw enough, however, of the spirit which was manifested in the beginning of 1851, to feel certain that a word of Government encouragement would call into existence tens of thousands of volunteer riflemen from all parts of the country, ready for national defence."

We understand that it is the intention of the Government to call out the whole of the Militia of England, for one lunar month's training in April or May next. The force is to be out all over the country at the same time, with the object of checking the double, and even triple enlistments, which it is suspected have taken place. The appointment of an adjutant-general of Militia is only postponed till the force is raised. Lord Palmerston so perfectly understands the working of the Militia, that since his accession to office, matters have been adjusted which needed the master's hand. All now promises well.—*Naval and Military Gazette.*

The *Belfast Mercury* says, that since the lowering of the standard for recruits, a great number of young men have been enlisted in this town. Almost every day a batch of recruits is attested at the police-office. The three-fourths of them are lads from the country, with tattered garments, who, having come to Belfast with a view of obtaining employment, and not getting it, decide in favour of the army and against the workhouse.

LETTER FROM ROSA MADIAI.

AT a meeting held at Exeter Hall on Tuesday, on behalf of the Madiai, the Lord Mayor presided. Among the speakers were the Earl of Cavan, Mr. T. Chambers, M.P., and the Reverend Baptist Noel. There seemed a general inclination to propose that our diplomatic agent should be withdrawn from Florence until religious freedom was established. There was a good deal of speaking against the Pope and the Austrians; but no sympathy was expressed for the political victims.

The most interesting incident was the reading of the following letter from Rosa to Francesco Madiai by the Earl of Cavan:—

"If you knew the pleasure which the news that you are better gave me! It was very great, and tears of pleasure covered my cheeks—for two motives; *first*, that God has made you worthy of suffering with his dear Son; and, secondly, that he restores your health. Oh! if we knew how to appreciate the degradations that we suffer for having confessed that there is but one Mediator between God and man! My dear, you speak to me of expecting *grace*—pardon; but permit me to tell you that *the great pardon* we have already received. How broken asunder are all our conjugal rights; our house and goods scattered like dust to the wind! We ourselves you see in what state; and, with all that, we would not make an exchange with all the treasures of Pharaoh, or lose that holy rest which the Holy Spirit has given us out of full grace! This I call grace (or pardon), and the *great grace*. If a star is again to shine for us, it can be but the star of *justice*, for we have done evil to no one, but, on the contrary, we have received evil. Selling us for a few *francesconi* (this alludes to the bribes which are known to have been given to their ungrateful betrayers and false witnesses), one for the sake of a shop gratis, another for fifty pieces of money: our accusers are the descendants of Judas! Poor souls! I pray that God may give them the tears of Peter, and not the punishment of Judas; and that one day they may enjoy eternal glory. And if (*la povera*) that poor woman who has been bought came and asked alms of me, as at other times, I would still give it her; for which God help me.—Amen. My dear, let us be ready to do the will of the Father, as it was done by his Son—our *Master!* Let us not be troubled. Peter was troubled, walking on the water, fearing the waves, and forgot that, since the Saviour walked towards him on the same waves, he should not fear. He feared them, and cried out, 'Lord, save me!' The hand of love succoured him, saying, 'Man of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?' Yes, the waves of this world too often make us fear, and the shame is ours. Let us remember the holy words—'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy, and ——. My dear, rest upon the Lord, whether for prosperity or suffering, in bad as well as in good health. All passes. *Eternity* is the essential! Be cheerful, and seek to restore your health. While there is that, dear soul, do not give yourself the trouble to write to me, since he will give me news of you. God bless you and cover you under the shadow of his wings for the sake of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.—Amen."

Similar meetings will be held in the provinces.

Birmingham has raised its voice on behalf of the Madiai. A meeting was held in the Town-hall, Birmingham, for the purpose of giving an expression of public opinion in the case of the Madiai, and the hundreds of other victims imprisoned in Florence for reading the Bible. Several speeches in accordance with the objects of the meeting were delivered, and a memorial to the Queen was adopted, praying that her Majesty would impress upon her advisers the desirability of stronger remonstrances to the persecuting power or powers; hoping that the high name and lofty character of England may enable her to stand forth as a shield for the protection of the unhappy victims of unchristian laws; and that by the interference of her Majesty, united with other Christian powers, a liberation of the prisoners and a mitigation of persecuting laws may be obtained.

GRIEVOUS OPPRESSION OF A LION AND A UNICORN.

CERTAIN Scotch gentlemen of repute and station have actually addressed a petition to the Earl of Kinnoul, Lyon King of Arms, praying that an unwarrantable alteration of the royal standards in use in Scotland may be suppressed, and that the new florin may be recalled and restruck. It appears that formerly the lion rampant, the arms of Scotland, occupied the first and fourth quarter on the field of the royal standard when that standard was hoisted in Scotland. Latterly, however, royal standards similar to those used in England have been displayed in Scotland; namely, with the Scotch lion in the second quarter. That is the first grievance. Next, the petitioners say that the cross of St. Andrew is placed behind instead of in front of the cross of St. George. Then, that on the new florin his leonine majesty of Scotland is placed in the third shield, the Irish harp occupying the second, much to the disgust of the said lion. The next charge is distressing. It appears that from time immemorial the imperial crown has been borne upon the head of the unicorn, "the supporter of Scotland on the arms of Great Britain; but that now, with trembling be it uttered, the crown has been struck from the head of the unoffending unicorn!" In virtue of powers conferred on the Lyon King by acts of James VI. of Scotland, and Charles II. of Great Britain, they pray the said armorial monarch, the Earl of Kinnoul, to seize and escheat all the royal flags, and recal the florin!

Surely her Majesty will tremble for her throne. What will the British Lion do?

ACHILLI *versus* NEWMAN: NEW TRIAL REFUSED.

THIS notorious case was closed on Saturday, as far as the arguments of counsel for and against the granting of a new rule were concerned, with a powerful address from Mr. Sergeant Wilkins in support of the case for Dr. Newman. The Court of Queen's Bench took time to consider its decision, and on Wednesday its mouthpiece, Lord Chief Justice Campbell, delivered judgment. After a lengthy disquisition on the recent alterations of the law, and some allusions to the peculiarities of the evidence in the present case, he said:

"It has been very powerfully argued that with respect to nearly all the cases the jurymen were wrong in saying that the charges were not proved, and that another jury would have come to a different conclusion. Even if we should be of opinion that with respect to any one, or to all of these charges, the evidence greatly preponderated against the prosecutor, we conceive that we could not with propriety set the verdict aside and grant a new trial. The only argument used at the bar which would lead to a different conclusion was, that the plea may be considered distributive, and that the jurors were entitled to find a verdict to be entered on the record for the defendant on any part of the libel covered by a corresponding part of the justification, which they find to be proved. But this argument proceeds on a fallacious assumption. It has uniformly been held that even in a civil action for a libel the plea of justification is one and entire. It raises only one issue, and unless the whole plea is proved, that issue must be found for the plaintiff. Some difference of opinion has prevailed as to how far a partial proof of the justification ought to operate in reduction of damages; but all the authorities agree that there can be no partial finding for the defendant on the ground that the justification is partially established. All doubt upon the subject is removed by the express enactment that, wherever there is a conviction after a plea of justification, 'the Court in pronouncing sentence shall consider whether the guilt of the defendant is aggravated, or mitigated, by the plea, and by the evidence given to prove or disprove the same.' The Court is to consider the evidence on the one side, and on the other, and to form its own conclusion whether it aggravates or mitigates the guilt of the defendant. By that conclusion the sentence is to be regulated, and not by any declaration of the jurymen, as to the credit which they think ought to be given to the witnesses examined. It is quite clear that the opinion expressed by the jury on any particular parts of the plea (the whole not being proved) could not be entered on the record. It might be reported by the judge who presided at the trial to the Court by which the sentence is to be pronounced, but still the judges, in deliberating upon the sentence, are bound to form their own opinions upon the evidence, and as they think that it aggravates or mitigates the guilt of the defendant, they are to apportion the punishment accordingly. The evidence, as it appears on the notes of the judge who presided at the trial, comes in the place of the production of affidavits in aggravation or mitigation of punishment, when sentence is to be pronounced. Under these circumstances, how can we set aside the verdict and grant a new trial? This course is to be adopted only where some issue has been improperly found, and a different verdict may be expected. But here it is admitted that the issue has been properly found, and that the jury must again find that the defendant wrongfully published the libel, without the cause or justification which he has alleged in his plea. Again, the defendant must come before us for sentence, and the evidence to be considered by us in measuring out the punishment, would (as far as we know) be in no respect different from that given upon the trial which has already taken place. For these reasons a new trial must be refused, and sentence must be pronounced; but, pronouncing sentence, we shall, in the discharge of our sacred duty, consider whether the guilt of the defendant is aggravated or mitigated by the plea and the evidence given to prove and to disprove it. In this manner we conceive that the intentions of the Legislature will be strictly fulfilled, and the ends of justice will be fully answered."—Rule discharged.

ESCAPE OF FRENCH EXILES FROM CAYENNE.

THE *Courier des Etats Unis* has published the following communication by M. Riboulet, one of the refugees, who arrived in New York a few days since from Curaçoa:—

"You some time ago inserted a letter speaking of the escape of twelve political refugees from the Isle de la Mère, in French Guiana. This drama has now closed, and I hope it is not too much to ask the insertion of another letter, which will give to our friends in America the particulars of the escape. As no hatred is involved in my principles, I shall simply relate the facts without comment.

"From the time of their departure from France, the Cayenne exiles submitted with difficulty to the bad treatment of their keepers, but, thanks to discreet counsels, no disorder took place during the whole passage. On their arrival at the Isle de la Mère, their troubles were greatly increased. Not a day passed in which the Governor of the island, M. Dubourg, did not threaten that he would put us in irons or shoot us, and that on the most trivial pretences. Our hearts, which had not yielded to cruel sufferings, were aroused to rebellion by this conduct, and we determined either to perish or to regain our liberty. We formed several plans of escape. It was first proposed to seize the Governor-General and his suite on one of their visits to the island; with such important hostages, it would have been easy for all to get on board a steamer and make our way to America, where we were certain of being well received. A few moments before acting on this plan, several of the principal conspirators refused to go on, fearing a serious resistance, and, in consequence, the effusion of blood. Besides, the hope of returning to their families, which depended on them for support, held back many of the married men. Another plan on a larger scale was conceived; this was to take possession of Guiana and join forces with the blacks. I deem it my duty not to say anything more on this subject—my friends will understand why.

"The plans for a general escape having fallen through, 12 of us combined on the 8th of September, and formed a plan for a partial escape. At 10 o'clock in the evening two of our number went to the telegraph and broke down the signals. After the gendarmes had gone the round of the barracks the 12 refugees quietly left their chambers, and, each with a small parcel under his arm, went to the place of rendezvous. There were concealed a small sack of biscuit, some boarding pikes, and carpenter's tools. Everything was placed in a little boat, which was pushed out by the men swimming. While this was being done, Barthelemy, one of our best swimmers, went to take another boat which was about a pistol shot from the house of the Governor and pilots. We then struck altogether, some swimming, others pushing the boats, towards two large pilot boats which were in the offing. After unheard-of pains the anchors were weighed, the sails bent, and we put off with both the small boats in tow. An hour afterwards we threw overboard everything which was of no use to us, and sailed towards the west, without chart or compass, and with no provisions but five pounds of biscuit, some raw potatoes which happened to be on board, four demijohns of wine, and two pots of mustard, but not a drop of water. Everything went pretty well through the night, and at daybreak we were able to repair the defects in our sails. We then made rapid headway, and thought we had already reached the Dutch territory when we perceived the Isles du Salut. We lost some precious time in attempting to reconnoitre these rocks; orders had already been sent everywhere to stop us, and we were not a little surprised to hear the alarm gun. We then perceived our error, and were chased by a gun boat sent in pursuit of us by the officer at the Isles du Salut, with orders to shoot us down without notice. We learnt this fact from the engineer of the Voyageur and from three of our comrades who escaped after us. Our boat moved well and was double coppered throughout.

"We had got among the breakers of Synamerie, where it was impossible for our enemies to follow us. The night put an end to the chase, and we thought we were safe, when we were brought up short by the sandbanks; we then perceived the fire of a schooner which had also given us chase; it was the gendarmes, but they did not see us, and they could not approach us at low water. At three o'clock in the morning the tide rose, delivering us from our prison of mud and from the gendarmes; we stood out to sea for eight hours, and from that time were not again disturbed. After keeping on our course for twenty-four hours, we arrived at Brandwarscht, the first Dutch post. On making a signal of distress they came to us. We requested water and provisions, and sent three men ashore to get supplies. The commander of the post was absent, and we were received by a Dutch resident. He found us in a condition which led him to suspect us; he thought that we were convicts escaped from the Isles du Salut, and told us that he considered it his duty to place us in arrest. I then made this declaration to him:—'We are twelve prisoners of war escaped from the Isle De la Mére—we can keep on in spite of you—your post is too small—but I will inform you that on account of your suspicions we will not leave the place—we throw ourselves on the protection of Holland in virtue of the law of nations.' The resident told us that if we were really political refugees, we had nothing to fear from Holland, and that we might trust ourselves in his hands.

"He gave me a written declaration that we should not be delivered up, and I made my comrades disembark. The next day M. Mais, the commander, arrived. He is a Frenchman. He cared for us as for brothers, and kept us with him for three days to make us forget our sufferings. We were then conducted to Paramaribo, where we were received as foreigners arriving without passports. Heldin was assigned to us as a residence, and Paramaribo as a prison. Meantime the governor took every precaution to satisfy himself of our identity, and on the 2m

December the Dutch Government gave us our entire liberty.

"During our stay at Paramaribo three other Republicans escaped from Cayenne, and came to the Dutch fort under the American flag. M. Troyon, commander of the French brig Voyageur, came the next day to demand them: but a meeting of all the American merchants was held at the office of the acting consul, and it was decided that every political prisoner who had set foot on an American vessel was free. Measures were taken that our friends should be well treated on board, and three days after they sailed for Boston.

"American brothers! I have now an appeal to make to your hearts. Eleven of my comrades have very unwillingly remained in Guiana. They all wish to come to America. They have need of a new free country. They need to press the hands of friends. Is there no means of giving them aid? I only present the question. The large and generous hearts of Americans and of Frenchmen in America, I am sure, will give the answer.

"My comrades are all good soldiers of universal democracy; they are all young and active, and own property."

This document shows what a denial in a semi-official French journal is worth. Not a month has passed since one of Louis Napoleon's organs denied that any prisoners had escaped.

A RAILWAY ACCIDENT IN THE UNITED STATES.

(From the "Boston Atlas" of the 7th inst.)

THE train consisted only of one seventy-two-passenger car, a baggage car, and the engine. It left Boston at a quarter past twelve o'clock on the 6th inst., for Concord, New Hampshire, and reached Andover soon after one. The catastrophe happened about two miles beyond the depôt, and was occasioned by the breaking of the flange of one of the rear wheels, and also the axletree. The train was running at the time at a high rate of speed, say forty miles an hour. The passenger car at once became detached, and after proceeding some ten rods ran off the track and then went over the embankment. The precipice was some twelve or fifteen feet in depth, and at the bottom was a pile of stones. The car turned completely over, and the passengers, some sixty in number, were thrown into a state of the greatest confusion. When the car fell, the stove containing burning coal was thrown upon several of the passengers, burning them and destroying their clothes. The wife and daughter of Charles Marsh, apothecary, of Roxbury, had their clothes destroyed, and were themselves slightly burnt. General Pierce occupied a forward seat. His wife sat beside him, and his son sat in front on the side seat behind the door. As the car approached the precipice he put his arm round his wife, and bent forward to catch his son. At this moment the car went over and glided down the bank on its side. It is believed that a rock penetrated the window behind young Pierce and caused a terrible fracture of his skull, which produced almost instantaneous death. Nothing could be more heartrending than the spectacle presented by the mangled features of the child. He lay upon the floor of the car with his skull fractured in the most frightful manner. The cap which he wore had fallen off and was filled with his blood and brains. This was the horrid sight which met the eyes of Mrs. Pierce when she returned to consciousness. She sprang towards the body of her boy, but was restrained by the general and his friends, who endeavoured to soothe her. She sustained no visible injury, but the shock occasioned by the destruction of her son, added to her previous debility, had a serious though not dangerous effect upon her. The unfortunate lad was named after his grandfather, Governor Benjamin Pierce. Throughout the whole of this horrid scene General Pierce preserved the most admirable presence of mind. The party in the immediate vicinage of General Pierce, with the single exception of Master Pierce, escaped without much injury. The general was accompanied by Professor Packard, one of his family connexions; and when the car was thrown off he was engaged in conversation with Mr. Young, the superintendent of the new mills at Lawrence. Mr. Newell, of West Cambridge, was severely injured internally, and one of his ribs was broken. Mr. Newell was on his way to Lawrence to visit his son, Mr. C. S. Newell, and it was erroneously stated the son, instead of the father, was injured. Mr. Bailey, of Lawrence, had his leg broken, and received other severe injuries. He was well attended in Andover. Mr. Kittredge, of Pelham, N.H., had his leg broken. Three or four others were somewhat bruised, and few of the passengers escaped partial injury. The conductor, who was standing at the back part of the car, fell over, and received a slight cut on the forehead, by coming in contact with the back of a seat. The car was badly dissevered. It belonged to the Concord Railroad Company, and was deemed as perfect a car as any on the road. The Boston *Courier* of the 7th inst., says, "General Pierce, accompanied by his wife and son, left this city on Wednesday afternoon, and passed the night at Andover. They had been here to attend the funeral of the late Mr. Lawrence, and were on their journey home when the accident happened. General Pierce and his wife returned to Andover yesterday afternoon, and remained there last night, Mrs. Pierce being too feeble to proceed. Master Pierce was about eleven years old, and being an only remaining child, was of course an object of great endearment to his parents. He was of slender frame, but a youth of much promise. The president and superintendent of the Boston and Maine railroad, upon hearing of the accident, proceeded with a special train of cars, with two physicians, to Andover. There were also several physicians present from Andover, and everything was done for the comfort of the wounded. The breaksman, Michael Donnavan, on the injured train, had a narrow escape. He was in the act of stepping from the platform of the passenger car to that of the baggage car at the moment of the separation, and was very near falling between them. He succeeded, however, in gaining the opposite landing. The car was on the Manchester and Concord road at the time of the accident, in that part of Andover known as 'Frye's Village.' The train was under the conductorship of Mr. Joseph Aborn, who was at the time standing on the rear platform, and, seeing the car was about to be precipitated down the bank, he jumped off, thereby receiving several bruises."

SLEDGE-DRIVING IN NEW YORK.

THE *New York Herald* gives a lively account of the first snow storm, and the consequent "carnival" of sleighing which took place in New York on the 12th instant:—

"The storm continued with unabated rigour during Wednesday night, and yesterday morning the snow lay from eight to nine inches deep upon the ground, taking the entire of the level surface of the city. In undisturbed places the drifts were very heavy. The wind blew a strong gale from the northeast, and remained in that point, with very slight variation, from early morning up to a late hour last night. The advancing day was exceedingly cold. At half past seven o'clock the thermometer stood at 30 degrees. The merry tinkle of the first sleigh bells aroused the people at daybreak, and afforded a joyous impulse toward fun and frolic to each. The mammoth stages, belonging to the different city lines, drawn by sprightly teams of four, six, and eight horses, were in early requisition, and before noon an omnibus running upon wheels was looked upon as an antiquated mode of conveyance. The entire town was in motion, and every person, young and old, male and female, prepared for sledge riding and sport. In Broadway the fun soon grew 'fast and furious,' and the great thoroughfare presented an exciting and varied scene, not excelled, and perhaps unequalled, by the merriest carnival display seen either in Rome or upon the Rialto. The centre of the street was occupied by one unbroken line of stage sleighs, running up and down, whilst the entire way was crowded with those of private families, dashing along with a rapidity which would have been dangerous but for the grace with which they were driven. A person standing at one point, and glancing to the right or left, became almost bewildered with the variety of robes, winter-dresses, blooming faces, cheers, and merry greetings, which saluted his eyes and ears. The large public stages were crowded to overflowing, and the cry of "plenty of room," with ringing laughter, and inviting smiles, welcomed each new passenger. Some drove up the avenues with as many as eighty persons, and none enjoyed the fun more than the ladies. Every hair-breadth escape from a sudden capsize occasioned a fresh burst of laughter on their part, whilst the gentlemen in passing vehicles saluted each other with hearty and repeated cheers. The well-matched horses, decorated with strings of burnished bells and polished harness, looked very fine. In private sleighs they were driven singly, and in double and tandem style, whilst the majority of those of the stage lines were drawn by six horses. Noon, evening, and at midnight, the scene was still the same. The very side-rails of the stages were filled with people, and every jolt, jam, and incident produced a fresh burst of laughter and fun. All were in good humour, and accommodating. Ladies were provided with seats in every available angle, and looked upon the temporary inconveniences under which they laboured as adding zest to the sleighing amusements of our first snow storm. The boys had a day suited to their most ardent wishes, and they kept a constant fire of snow-balls from stage to stage, which, falling at random in the crowd, afforded much fun and merriment."

A LEGEND OF BILL DISCOUNTING.

ABROAD on the town are gangs of men of all kinds who victimize the unwary. Not the least notable of these depredators are the advertising bill discounters. Their plan is this:—they advertise largely that money may be had on personal security; a gentleman in difficulties reads the tempting offer—money he must have, and here are good people who will lend, and lend secretly, so that friends need know nothing of the matter. He writes to the benevolent capitalist of the advertisement, who forwards him a draft acceptance; the victim signs, and transmits the document, and trusts to receive the "consideration" by return of post. But having parted with his signature, the knave who receives it passes it to another person, and in due time it becomes due. The victim who has to pay it has never received a farthing in exchange.

Such was the case of the Rev. Francis Edward Arden, who, in the spring of last year, found himself in want of money, and who, in an ill-omened hour, was induced to answer an advertisement inserted by "Zeta," in a Cambridge paper. "Zeta" turned out to be "A. Graham, of Duke-street, Portland-place," *alias* James Whalley Gardiner, who had been convicted some short time since at the Old Bailey. After a short correspondence in the latter end of April, A. Graham expressed himself to be satisfied with Mr. Arden's explanations, and inclosed a stamp and the form of an acceptance for 150*l.*, which was duly copied out and returned to him by the defendant. Receipt was acknowledged, and a promise made that the money should be obtained from a "capitalist" with as short a delay as possible. This "capitalist" was ostensibly one Robert Thompson, but really a gentleman who seems to have been known as "Little Tommy Casey," an insolvent debtor, a defaulter as collector under the Income and Property Tax Act, and a part proprietor in the "National Sweep and Betting-office" in the Haymarket. Four names appeared on the back of the bill—as we understand the evidence as given in our report—those of Graham, Crutchley, Thompson, and Casey. Casey, as indorsee and holder of the bill, brought the action. Of Graham, and Thompson who is identical with Casey, we have already spoken—Crutchley was proved by a witness to be a notorious gambler. The strangest part of the transaction was that Thompson indorsed over the bill to Casey, Thompson and Casey being one and the same person. A witness who had taken the benefit of the Insolvent Act some years ago, and who had not paid subsequently one farthing to his creditors, was actually put into the witness box to swear that in his presence Thompson indorsed to Casey, and that at the same time Casey took out money from his strong-box and handed it over to Thompson. It is needless to say that Thompson upon this occasion was represented by some other person—a "tall, stylish-looking man;"—and that the witness was to all appearance no stranger in the transaction. He admitted that this was not the first time he had given evidence for the plaintiff in bill transactions. It was clearly proved, by the evidence of William Phipps, the secretary to the Lambeth Waterworks Company, that the letters produced in evidence, and signed "Robert Thompson," were written by Casey, the plaintiff. Casey had been one of the collectors to the company when Phipps was first borne upon the books of the establishment, and he was consequently well acquainted with his handwriting. The evidence on the other side entirely broke down, and Mr. Prendergast, in the exercise of a most wise discretion, did not allow the plaintiff to enter the witness box. The case, of course, ended with a verdict for the defendant, and we are very happy to see that the presiding judge, Baron Platt, ordered the bill to be impounded that it might serve as the foundation for an indictment for conspiracy against the gang of swindlers who have been too long allowed to infest the town.

MISCELLANEOUS.

QUEEN VICTORIA keeps quiet state in her Castle at Windsor. She admitted the Duke of Wellington to kiss hands on his appointment as Master of the Horse, on Monday. Three Cabinet Ministers, Lord Aberdeen, Earl Granville, and the Duke of Argyll, have been her visitors. Prince Albert still shoots most assiduously in the Royal preserves.

Shortly before the Dublin Queen's Bench rose on Monday, Mr. Brewster, the Attorney-General, entered the court, and, addressing their lordships, said he had an application to make on the part of the Crown in the case of "The Queen *v.* Delmege, J.P., and others," that the depositions against the traversers might be returned to the office of the Clerk of the Crown for the county of Clare, for the purpose of the prosecution at the next assizes. The documents in question were brought up to town upon an order of the Court on an application made last term to quash the finding of the coroner's jury. The Court granted the order. The Crown having thus undertaken to conduct the prosecution of Mr. Delmege and the soldiers of the 31st Regiment, it must follow of course that a like duty will devolve on the Attorney-General as regards the case of Messrs. Burke and Clune, the two Roman Catholic clergymen implicated in the fatal riot at Sixmile-bridge. "Like case, like rule."

It is understood that the Duke of Wellington has ordered Mr. Mitchell, of New Bond-street, to prepare a catalogue of the various curiosities exhibited at Apsley House.

The Earl of Oxford and Mortimer died last week, without leaving any issue to claim his title. The Earl of Beauchamp also died; but General Lygon, an old Waterloo officer, succeeds to his title and estates. This will cause a new election for Worcestershire.

The Rev. Charles W. Goodford, M.A., has been elected to succeed Dr. Hawtrey in the Head Mastership of Eton College.

Colonel Bouverie, having accepted an appointment in the Royal Household, is, we hear, about to retire from the command of the Royal Horse Guards, and will be succeeded by the Earl of Cardigan.—*United Service Gazette.*

A letter from Rome states that the Reverend Mr. Manning, who seceded some time ago from the Church of England, preached his first Roman Catholic sermon in the church of St. Andrea della Valle, at Rome, on the 12th, to a crowded congregation.

Manchester purposes to erect a memorial to the memory of Dr. Dalton, the eminent chemist. On Wednesday a meeting was held in the town council chamber, the Bishop of Manchester in the chair, and resolutions to the effect were agreed to.

A monument in bronze, by Burnard, is about to be erected in Sheffield, to the memory of Ebenezer Elliott, the "Corn-law Rhymer." Through the influence of Mr. Hadfield, M.P. for Sheffield, the council of the Anti-Corn-law League have given a subscription of 50*l.* towards the cost of the monumental memorial. Mr. Hadfield has likewise given a second subscription of 5*l.*, and a like contribution has been received by the monument committee from Colonel Thompson, who also promises to canvass his friends for further subscriptions.

Sir Charles Wood and Mr. Frank Crossley will be entertained by their constituents at Halifax next Thursday.

An important meeting was held on Thursday at the Royal Hotel, Birmingham, for the purpose of establishing an industrial school for the reformation of criminal juvenile offenders. Lord Calthorpe presided, supported by Lord Lyttelton, Mr. Scholefield, M.P., Mr. Adderley, M.P., Mr. Frederick Ledsam, Mr. Charles Holte Bracebridge, Mr. William Chance, and other gentlemen.

The reformers of Lancashire are to have a social *soirée* on Thursday, the 3rd of February, in the Town-hall at Manchester, to which they have invited the Reform members of the various towns in the county, and for the county itself. Numerous acceptances have been received from those gentlemen, and also from influential Reformers. This is preparatory to the meeting of Parliament.

In consequence of the refusal of the high sheriff of Devon to call the meeting which he was requested, a few weeks since, to convene upon the subject of auricular confession, as enforced by certain of the clergy of the diocese of Exeter, the requisitionists themselves called a county meeting, which took place at the Royal Subscription Rooms, Exeter,

on Friday afternoon. The Earl of Morley and a large number of the landowners and magistracy attached their names to the requisition. The meeting was most numerously attended. Mr. W. Porter was in the chair. Sir J. Buller was present, but did not speak. A resolution was adopted, setting forth that some of the clergy encouraged auricular confession of a Romanising character, and that inquiry was necessary by competent authority. It was also carried that a memorial be presented to the Queen, praying for a royal commission to examine into the matter, and take steps for putting an "effectual stop" to Romanist innovations, the memorial to be signed throughout the county, and to be presented by the Earl of Morley.

A series of lectures to working men will be delivered in the theatre of the Museum of Practical Geology, on Monday evenings during the present session. The first will be upon the practical applications of physical science, by Robert Hunt, professor of mechanical science; the second, on the elements of geology, by Andrew C. Ramsay, F.R.S., professor of geology; and the third, on the elements of natural history, by Edward Forbes, F.R.S., professor of natural history, To working men the price of admission will be 6d. for the whole course.

A free library has been opened at Hampstead, near Chalk Farm. It is styled the Library of the North-London Anti-Enclosure and Social and Sanitary Improvement Society. As this is the first free library established in the metropolis since the passing of the Public Libraries Act, it has additional claims to support.

Wonderful to relate—and we suppose the act must be taken as one of international amenity of the confectionary order—Louis Napoleon has actually ordered his bride-cake at the famous Purssell's, on Cornhill!

By the latest news from the Cape we learn that General Cathcart was encamped with 2500 men on the river Caledon in the Orange Sovereignty on the 3rd of December. What he intended to do was unknown. The Hottentots and Kafirs still continued their cattle-liftings, surprises, and murderings on the frontier. General disgust at the continued postponement of the Constitution had also been expressed.

The United States Senate, up to the latest date, the 14th instant, had been occupied with the discussion of the Clayton and Bulwer treaty respecting Central America. The President was requested to transmit all correspondence between Mr. Lawrence, late Minister at the Court of St. James's, and the British Government in regard to Central America, and particularly any correspondence relating to the claims of Great Britain to the Mosquito Coast, or any portion of the territory of Honduras or Yucatan. The Americans dispute our right to found a colony on the islands in Honduras Bay, called the Bay of Islands colony. They insist that these islands are included in the Clayton and Bulwer treaty, by which it is stipulated that neither the United States nor England shall plant colonies in Central America. But what are the limits of Central America has never been defined by the two powers.

The twenty-ninth party of female emigrants left England for Port Philip, Victoria, on Tuesday. They were sent out by the Female Emigration Society. The parting scene was impressive and affecting. This excellent society deserves support.

The *Builder* suggests the following practical remedy for an acknowledged nuisance:—"A mode of making cabriolets less objectionable vehicles in London, would be to limit the charge (within a certain circle, as in Paris) to 1s. only for two persons, and 6d. for every extra person or luggage. The operation would be similar to the penny postage, depend upon it, for many would prefer this to an omnibus for cheapness—and many more, when they knew at once what they had to pay. Thus the cab would be kept generally employed even in fine weather, instead of standing half a-day idling. For cleanliness and civility the name and number of the proprietor, large inside, would prove partly, if not quite effective."

Our readers will remember the famous anti-turnpike riots in Wales, by the so-called Rebeccaites. An imitation on a small scale has been got up in Somerset, between Bath, Frome, and Warminster, and on Thursday week one of the turnpike-gates belonging to the Black Dog Trust was forcibly removed. This trust for some time past, it appears, has been in difficulties, and under the provisions of their act the trustees, a few months ago, endeavoured to compel the parishes through which their roads pass to repair them. They failed, however, in consequence of its being shown that a former treasurer was a defaulter to the extent of about 5,000*l.*, and that this sum had not been brought into the accounts. Accordingly, since that time neither the trustees nor the parishes have repaired the roads, which have now become in a shocking state, while the bondholders, who have seized the gates, continue to take the tolls for their own security. High tolls and bad roads have caused complaints to be incessant, and about one o'clock on Thursday morning week a number of persons quietly assembled, and carried away the massive gates at Midford, about four miles from Bath. The firing of several guns had the effect of keeping the tolltaker within doors, and so effectually was the thing done that not the slightest trace has since been obtained of the missing gates, or any clue to the persons who removed them.

About 500 brickmakers went from Manchester by railway to Ashton-under-Lyne on Thursday week, for the purpose of intimidating some non-society men. Mr. Metcalfe, mayor of Ashton, met them at the Guide-bridge railway station, and advised them to be peaceable, warning them of the consequences of any infraction of the law. They proceeded, however, in procession, to the brickcroft of Mr. W. Cowley, where twelve men not belonging to their society were at work, and their conduct, though not accompanied with violence, induced two of the twelve men to go away. A demonstration was afterwards held in the theatre, where the mayor again tendered them good advice, and they separated peaceably. Three companies of the 4th infantry were ordered out of barracks and stationed in the Town-hall, but their services were not required.

Wages of labour are rising in every direction. The trade reports of last week mention a rise at Nottingham; and the consequences of a rise in the wages of the colliers of Yorkshire has been serious to the proprietors of the Great Northern Railway, who will, it is hoped, benefit by this costly experience in opposing a legitimate rise in wages. Owing to the opening of the Great Northern and South Yorkshire Railways, the demand for coal from the South Yorks pits has very greatly increased during the last twelve months. Formerly a large supply was always in readiness at the pit's mouth, but latterly it has been found impossible to meet the demands of the railway companies, notwithstanding the number of new shafts recently sunk in this district and now in full working operation. The operative miners, perceiving this state of things, demanded at the close of last year an increased rate of wages, which, in almost all instances, was complied with by the coal proprietors. This concession necessitated an increased price to the consumer, through the larger and more immediate purchasers, the Great Northern Company. It was therefore intimated to the directors of the company, early in the present month, that an increased price of sixpence per ton (viz., from 4s. to 4s. 6d.), at the pit's mouth, would in future be required by the coal proprietors, and also that the extra hundredweight theretofore allowed in each ton for breakage would be charged in the traffic account. This demand the directors of the Great Northern Company rejected. However the accumulation of orders on the books of the company, rendered it imperative that a new source of supply should be forthwith obtained; and, after some negotiation, they effected terms with the proprietors of the Gawber-hall pits, near Wakefield, notwithstanding that the arrangement involved an increased mileage of twenty-four miles, at the rate of 10d. per mile, and an increase of 9d. per ton in the price of the article as compared with the original charges of the South Yorkshire pits. The effect of this change was, as might be expected, very considerably to diminish the traffic returns of the South Yorkshire Railway Company (whose line runs from Doncaster to the pits), the reduction being, in fact, as much as 2000*l.* per week. The Gawber-hall proprietors, however, having learnt the state of affairs just described, and that the Great Northern Company had resorted to them as a matter of temporary expediency, resolved to increase the price of the Gawber Pit coal in the same ratio as the South Yorkshire pits, viz., 6d. per ton. This being intimated to the Great Northern directory, arrangements were made for resuming their traffic with the South Yorkshire pits at the increased price.

Mr. Panizzi made another razzia for missing copies of books. His victim was again Mr. Bohn. Mr. Jardine, who acted as peace-maker, inflicted only a nominal penalty; but the whole of the costs and the penalties amounted to 11*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

As a pendant to the hanging of Barbour and Waddington, it is related that a convalescent lunatic at Sheffield, excited by the talk of the execution, has hanged himself; and that a boy, who set a snare to catch a cat, has also, by some unexplained accident, fallen a victim to his desire to hang the animal, and hanged himself.

The little child, so inhumanly burnt by the woman Oldham in the Greenwich Union, has died. It will be remembered that Oldham was sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment—a ridiculous sentence considering the enormity of the offence. Oldham was liberated on the 15th instant; and a few hours after went, drunk, to the Greenwich Union, and claimed admission. Surely she should be further punished.

It would appear from the following story that it is not safe for women to travel in second class carriages without a protector. Mrs. Duffil, the wife of an innkeeper at Beverley, got into a second class carriage at Hull. Her only companion was a man named Holliday. She was afraid, and asked her uncle to go with her, but he refused. At Cottingham, between Hull and Beverley, a porter heard a woman calling "Thief, thief." The train was gathering speed; the porter shouted; a hand was seen on the handle of the carriage-door; a moment after the body of a woman fell heavily on the line. The porter ran up; it was Mrs. Duffil. Either she had jumped out, or Holliday had thrown her out. The porter picked her up; but she soon died. Holliday got away, but was afterwards apprehended.

A dastardly case of stabbing occurred, on Friday week, at Manchester, resulting in the death of Quin, the person stabbed. The facts were admirably narrated at the inquest held on Monday, by John Clements, who witnessed the whole affair.—"About half-past seven on Friday night I was going up Oldham-road, Manchester, on the right-hand side, and met with Quin, whom I knew from having worked with him. He was along with Thompson and William Tyrrell, the prisoner. The latter was rather inclined to fight, and deceased said he would fight him if he would show him his hands. Tyrrell held up the left hand, but would not show the right, which he kept in his pocket. Tyrrell asked Quin to come along with him and have it out, and they all three went up Addington-street. I followed, keeping on the flags. All was peaceable until they got to the first lamp, leading into Chadderton-street, and Tyrrell said to Quin, 'Hit me first.' Quin said, 'I won't fight unless you show me both your hands.' Tyrrell said the same several times, and Quin still stood with his arms crossed, saying he would not fight till he saw both hands. Tyrrell drew out his right hand, and I saw the glitter of a blade in his hand, and he ran at Quin and stabbed him in the belly. Quin did not speak on the instant, and Tyrrell again said, 'Hit me first,' and stabbed him in the shoulder. Quin said, 'I am stabbed, take me somewhere,' several times. The moment it was done the officers came up, and Tyrrell had then run along the street, and was making his escape towards Rochdale-road. Quin was taken to the infirmary. The blade seemed to have been as long as my finger. I saw very plainly by the light of the lamp both times where he stabbed Quin. I did not see the haft. All the three men seemed sober. The same night I went with the police to search for the prisoner, and we found him at Lang's public-house. At the police-station I charged him with stabbing Quin, and he never contradicted me. I did not know of their having quarrelled before. They seemed to me as if they had been coming down Oldham-road. They had had some liquor. They were standing opposite the 'Cheshire Cheese,' and it was hearing Tyrrell say, 'We will have it out,' that made me stop. He stabbed Quin so suddenly that I had not time to say anything, and that instant he ran away, and the officers came up. There was no time for me to interfere." From other evidence it appeared the prisoner and Quin had been quarrelling and fighting previously, and Tyrrell had taken out a clasp knife, saying, "This knife has killed many a one, and has only another to kill." Quin died at the Royal Infirmary on Monday morning. The jury having agreed to a verdict of "Wilful murder," as above stated, the coroner made out a warrant for the committal of Tyrrell for trial at the next South Lancashire assizes at Liverpool.

"Captain" Johnson has been again remanded, as no further evidence of the horse-stealing affair has been produced.

The "small bottle" has been fatal to one landlord: we do not mean that he has died of drink; but that he has been convicted of selling beer in bottles not imperial quarts and pints. At the Sunbury Petty Sessions on Tuesday week, John Wayte, of the Angel and Crown Hotel, Staines, was fined 40s. and costs for selling beer in quart bottles, deficient 12 ounces 14 drachms, and pints deficient 6 ounces 7 drachms. We trust the anti-small-bottle crusade will continue.

The Reverend Edward John Chaplin, Fellow of Magdalen College, was found dead in his bed, on Monday morning. He had purposed going out shooting. His servant called him twice, and got no answer; he looked in the bed, and found the dead body. A jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death;" in fact there was no reason to doubt that Mr. Chaplin died of an apoplectic fit.

A gentleman well known in city circles, having been on a visit on Friday last at the country seat of an eminent railway contractor, narrowly escaped destruction from the accidental discharge of a pistol. His attention was called by the latter to some novelty in the manufacture of these weapons, and in pointing out the change, as he was unconscious of its being loaded, he pulled the trigger of one he held in his hand. The pistol went off, lodging the ball in the looking-glass, after having passed, in its course, through the breast of his visitor's coat.

John Williams, the hawker, who had his arm so seriously injured by the late dreadful accident at Oxford, died in the Radcliffe Infirmary on Monday. This is the eighth victim of that accident.

The Rhyl life-boat went on the night of the 22nd to assist a vessel which was wrecked on the Hoyle-bank: nine men went out, but the vessel was abandoned before the boat reached her. On the boat returning she capsized, and all the men were obliged to make the best for shore; six met with a watery grave, and three were saved.

About twelve o'clock on Sunday night, a fire was discovered in one of the officers' cabins in Pembroke dockyard, which, from the fortunate circumstance of its early detection, and the prompt measures adopted for its suppression, did little injury.

A locomotive exploded at the Newcastle station. The report says: "Great complaints have frequently been made that old worn out engines are used on the Tynemouth branch;" and it is significantly added,—"break-downs are not of uncommon occurrence."

A railway "accident" occurred near Womersley, last week, to a Great Northern train, running on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway. The train, which consisted of an engine and tender, a horsebox, a guard's van, eight or nine passenger carriages, and then another guard's van, had arrived within about a mile of Womersley station, twelve miles from Doncaster, when the engine-driver, Phillip Johnson, and the fireman or stoker, William Oliver, felt one of the leading wheels of the engine jolting very much, and, suspecting the real cause, they at once endeavoured to stop the train. As, however, it was then running at a speed of something like fifty miles an hour, this could not be very quickly accomplished. They reversed the engine, and signalled to the guard to put on the break, and were in hopes they could pull up without any serious consequences. The train had run about 600 yards in this way (the distance was afterwards traced for our information by the marks on the rails), when suddenly the engine jumped off the line on the side where the embankment was at least twenty feet high, with a deep cutting full of water immediately beyond. The driver and stoker, who were prepared for this, but stuck to their posts to the last moment, sprang off the engine on the other side, but unfortunately both sustained severe injuries in the fall, Johnson having his leg broken, and Oliver his foot crushed. The ponderous engine and tender, the horsebox, and first guard's van immediately heeled over down the embankment with a tremendous crash. Luckily, from the velocity of the train having been reduced, the coupling chains of the first passenger carriage gave way, leaving all the remaining vehicles on the line, with no other injury to the passengers than a violent shock. The guard's van, which went down with the engine, was smashed to pieces, but the guard inside miraculously escaped with only some slight bruises. The unfortunate animal in the horsebox, which was likewise smashed to pieces, was very much cut and mutilated, and a portion of its skin was literally peeled off by the scalding water from the engine. It was shot on the spot. As soon as the passengers had recovered from their consternation they rushed out of the carriages and proceeded to render assistance to the driver, fireman, and guard, who, as soon as possible, were rescued from their terrible position, and conveyed to a cottage close by to await the arrival of medical assistance. The cause of this accident was the coming off of the tire of one of the leading wheels.

HEALTH OF LONDON DURING THE WEEK.

THE number of deaths registered in the metropolitan districts in the week that ended last Saturday is nearly the same as in the week preceding, being 994. In the ten corresponding weeks of 1843—52 the average number was 1084, which, if corrected for increase of population during these years, gives a mortality of 1192 for the present time. Last week's return, therefore, exhibits a reduction of 198 on the estimated amount.

It will be seen from the observations of registrars that cases of fever, both typhus and scarlatina, have been numerous and fatal in particular parts; but it is satisfactory to find that, taking the whole of London, the mortality of the epidemic class of diseases shows some diminution when compared with that of the previous week, and that it is also less than the average of corresponding weeks in former years. In the last four weeks scarlatina destroyed successively 67, 66, 63, and 38 lives; typhus, which has been more uniform in its results, was fatal in 51, 43, 52, and 48 cases. Judging from the mortality, diarrhœa shows no disposition to prevail, and no deaths have been recorded from English or other cholera during the last three weeks. But hooping-cough rose from 39 deaths in the previous week, to 49 in the last; bronchitis from 67 to 82; phthisis was fatal in the last three weeks in 104, 125, and 134 cases. In connexion with this increase in affections of the respiratory organs, it may be noticed that the mean weekly temperature, which at the beginning of the year was so high as 47.5 deg., and was afterwards 45 deg., fell last week to 41.9 deg.

Last week the births of 790 boys and 187 girls, in all 1577 children, were registered in London. In the eight corresponding weeks of the years 1845-52 the average number was 1427.

At the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, the mean height of the barometer in the week was 29.468 in. The mean temperature was on every day above the average of 38 years, but it showed much variation, having fallen on Tuesday to 37.5 deg., or only 1.1 deg. above the average; and thereafter having risen on Thursday to 49.6 deg., which is 12.9 deg. above the average of that day. On Saturday it fell again to 38.9 deg.; and the mean of the week was 41.9 deg., which is 5.4 deg. above the average. On Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday the wind blew from the north-west; on Wednesday from the south; at other times from the south-west. The mean dew point temperature was 35.4 deg.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

On the 17th of January, at Stratton-Strawless, Norfolk, Mrs. Charles Marsham: a son and heir.

On the 19th, at the vicarage, Mapledurham, Oxfordshire, the Lady Augustus Fitzclarence: a son.

On the 19th, at St. Leonard's-on-sea, the wife of Colonel the Hon. E. B. Wilbraham: a son.

On the 20th, at Nice, the wife of Sir William Miller, Bart., of Glenlee: a son.

On the 22nd, at Rathmines-villa, Southsea, Hants, the wife of Captain T. R. McCoy, late Sixty-fifth Regiment, one of her Majesty's Hon. Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms: a daughter.

On the 22nd, at Wimbledon, the Countess of Kerry: a son.

MARRIAGES.

On the 18th of January, at the British Embassy, Stuttgard, Augustus, son of the Prince Wilding de Radali, to Matilda, daughter of Captain Gronow.

On the 18th, at St. Paul's, Wilton-place, the Rev. H. Sandham, to Sophy, fourth daughter of R. Bernal, Esq.

On the 18th, at St. George's, Bloomsbury, Henry Birchfield Swabey, of Doctor's Commons and Great Cumberland-place, Esq., to Charlotte, daughter of the late Sir Robert Baker, of Montague-place, Russell-square.

On the 19th, at Genoa, in the French Protestant Church, the Rev. Cæsar Malau, minister of the French Protestant Church at Genoa, third son of the Rev. Cæsar Malau, D.D., of Geneva, to Louise, daughter and heiress of the late J. J. Sturzenegger, Esq. of St. Gall, Switzerland.

On the 20th, at St. John's Church, Notting-hill, the Rev. William Holdsworsh, M.A., incumbent of Notting-hill, to the Hon. Augusta Matilda Irby, daughter of the late and sister of the present Lord Boston.

On the 25th, at the parish church, Eccles, Arthur Henry, third son of Sir Benjamin Heywood, Bart., of Claremont, to Alice, eldest daughter of William Langton, Esq. of the Rookery, near Manchester.

At St. George's Bloomsbury, the Viscount Malden, to Emma M. Meux, youngest daughter of the late and sister of the present Sir Henry Meux, Bart, M.P., of Theobalds-park, Herts.

DEATHS.

Killed, in a skirmish with the Burmese, near Prome, on the 19th of November, 1852, in the thirty-third year of his age, Captain Edward Cornwall Gardner, Fortieth Regiment Bengal Native Infantry, third son of Lieutenant-General the Hon. W. H. Gardner.

On the 21st of December, of the yellow fever, at Barbadoes, aged thirty-one, Mary Hutton, wife of Richard Holt Hutton, Esq., and only surviving daughter of the late William Stanley Roscoe, Esq., of Liverpool.

On the 4th of January, accidentally drowned in the Nile, near Cairo, on his passage to Bombay, Harry G. Fraser, Esq., Cadet H.E.I.C.S., in his seventeenth year, eldest son of Major T. G. Fraser, Twenty-ninth N.I., Bombay Army, and Assistant Commissary General, Belgaum.

On the 6th, at Cagliari, in Sardinia, after a few days illness, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Harry Francis Colville Darell, Bart, late of the Seventh Dragoon Guards, aged thirty-eight.

On the 17th, at St. Leonard's-on-Sea, aged thirty-six, Major Henry Paget, Assistant Quartermaster-General at Cork, son of the late General the Hon. Sir Edward Paget, G.C.B., and the Lady Harriet Paget.

On the 19th, at his seat, Eywood, Herefordshire, aged forty-four, the Earl of Oxford and Mortimer.

On the 20th, at Christ's Hospital, the Rev. Edward Rice, D.D., in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

On the 20th, at his residence, 47, Finsbury-square, Jonathan Pereira, Esq., M.D., F.R.S.

On the 21st, at Paris, the infant daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Dudley Ward, aged three months.

On the 22nd, in Portman-square, the Right Hon. Reginald, Earl of Beauchamp, aged seventy-one.

On the 24th, at 17, Harrington-street, Mornington-place. Clarkson Stanfield, eldest son of Clarkson Stanfield, Esq., R.A.

On the 25th, at 6, Camden-square, George Gregory, Esq., M.D., for thirty-one years physician to the Small-pox Hospital.

Postscript.

SATURDAY, January 29.

PEACE continued conferring on its prosperous way at Manchester, on Thursday evening, and again yesterday. The following letters were read on Thursday. We give them as curiosities:—

"Eglise Réformée de Paris, January, 1853.

"Dear Sir,—I deeply regret that the state of my health and my ministerial duties at this season of the year form an insurmountable obstacle to my attending the conference of the friends of peace of Manchester. When my fellow-citizens of this large capital had named me, a Protestant Minister, by 111,000 votes, a member of the Constituent and Legislative National Assemblies, I considered it a political and religious part of the discharge of this mandate to lend my humble aid during the proceedings of the Peace Congress in Paris.

"Time has flowed on; very many things have changed; I have the confidence to say I am not, and whatsoever may be the actual fate of political and religious liberty in Europe, still I feel fully convinced that public opinion is, and will be, the sovereign of the intellectual and moral world. When it shall be evident for all Governments and all nations that every statesman or citizen, true friends of their country, and every Christian of every denomination are fully convinced that they would act against the will of the Creator and of the Redeemer, and violate the commands of the Gospel, in not declaring against the absurd and impious custom of going to war between fellowmen and fellow Christians, then war will be utterly impossible.

"Let public opinion advance, and, in proportion, war will recede. The day of this Christian triumph is dawning, though through heavy clouds; and that the congress of the friends of peace now assembled at Manchester may advance the sacred cause is the earnest prayer of rev sir, with high regard, your most obedient servant,

ATHANASE COQUEREL,

"Pastor of the Reformed Church at Paris.

"P.S. Allow me to add, that all this is equally in the name of my son, the Rev. A. Coquerel, junior.

"N.B. Your friends will excuse this English from a Frenchman: if the words are not English enough, I am sure the ideas are.

"Rev. Henry Richard, Secretary to the Peace Congress Committee."

"Paris, Jan. 20.

"SIR,—In reply to the invitation which you have done me the honour to address to me, in the name of the Committee of the Peace Congress, I beg to say that family duties do not permit me to leave Paris at the moment when the conference will be held; but I do not wish to allow this occasion to pass without expressing my sympathies anew for the work which the friends of peace are engaged in accomplishing.

"In labouring to efface the last vestiges of ancient hatred, they prepare the pacific and mutual emancipation of the peoples, and lay the foundation of their solidarity. Woe to those who, by their resistance to progress, provoke the return of the barbarous conflicts of the past.

"Already, in that which relates to England and France, the task of the friends of peace is almost accomplished; the two nations are incited by the services which they have rendered to humanity, and the culpable appeals now made will not succeed in reviving in their hearts the sentiments of another age.

"I believe I am the interpreter of my more honourable fellow-citizens in declaring that they would regard an armed quarrel between France and England as an enormous evil, which would becloud the hope of oppressed people. England, which is to-day the last bulwark of political liberty in Europe, the only asylum where the defenders of right can lift their hands against persecution.

"I have the honour to greet you, sir, with the highest cousideration.

"CARNOT, Ancient Representative of the People, formerly Minister of Public Instruction."

Mr. Cobden was the hero of the evening. He surveyed the question of our relations with France at great length. Leaving out nearly all mention of Louis Napoleon, the despotic ruler over the French people and the French army, he argued the French people had no kind of intention or wish for an invasion of England. We, he insisted, misled by wicked persons, especially wicked silly persons connected with the press, were all in a ferment expecting invasion from a people who possessed the land, who were subjected to one of the best systems of taxation in the world, and who enjoyed social and religious equality in its fullest extent. He drew an Arcadian picture of France—happy, peace-loving, prosperous France. French labourers are better paid, better housed, better clothed than ours; you get silver forks and napkins at road-side public-houses; the world copies the dress of a Frenchman: and this is the nation whom wicked journalists, and a Government glad to avail itself of so profitable a cry, accuse of wanting to make a piratical descent on our coast, to carry away our gold and our silver, and to burn our towns! Throughout his speech, Mr. Cobden assumed that those who opposed the peace party did so not because they mistrust the French Usurper and the French army, but because they unjustly mistrust the French people. We have an atonement to make to France for the last war, and it is shameful for wicked persons to inflame us against the French Emperor. Mr. Cobden intimated hat subscriptions would be raised to send lecturers into very borough and every town in England to counteract the wicked arguments of those who spread the war panic. "We are going to make this a revival gentleman." (Cheers.) He explained, also, that he did not object to defence against actual aggression, to which he, Mr. Cobden, would be more likely to offer a strenuous opposition than those who are now crying out in a panic, "who, I suspect, would be very likely to run away." Having delivered a long and effective speech, in this taste, Mr. Cobden sat down amid great cheering. Mr. Carter, M.P., and Mr. S. Bowley, spoke.

The Conference yesterday opened at ten o'clock in the morning, at the Corn-Exchange. The attendance was again large, and highly respectable.

The Rev. Dr. Davidson, Professor of Theology in the Lancashire Independent College, as vice-chairman, opened the proceedings; and was followed by Mr. Bell, M.P., the Rev. H. Richard, Mr. Joseph Sturge, Mr. Gilpin, and Mr. Hindley, M.P. The speeches were of great length; and the meeting separated at three o'clock, having passed various resolutions declaratory of the principles of the Congress.

At the close of the proceedings, Mr. Cobden gave us some reasons why he advocates a removal of the taxes on knowledge, which show that the reception of his letters by the wicked journalists has hurt his feelings:—

"Never had they such a proof of the evil effect of taxation upon anything as was to be seen in the tone recently taken by a large portion of our press; and continued: 'I am an advocate for a free press; but the press must not assail me if I wish to apply to them the same argument as I have applied to every other trade. I advocated free-trade in corn because I thought it would improve agriculture. I advocate the freedom of the press because I think it would improve the character of the press—[hear, hear]—because it would tend to save the community from the consequences of having the greater part of the press rushing headlong and without consideration into any cry or any panic on the vital question of peace and war. I want to see the press so free, that the Peace party might have what I promised them they should have if newspapers were emancipated from the trammels of the excise laws—namely, a daily organ advocating and reiterating the sound doctrines which had been enunciated in that conference.' (Cheers.)"

The Conference met again last night, in the Free-trade Hall.

The fourth dramatic performance at Windsor Castle took place last evening. The pieces selected upon this occasion were a comedy in three acts by John Poole, entitled *Paul Pry*, and a serio-comic afterpiece, in one Act, by Alfred Wigan, entitled *A Lucky Friday*.

On Thursday some friends of Mr. Gladstone entertained him at luncheon in the hall of Balliol College. His health having been drunk, he made a speech, in the course of which he said—He would venture to say that, if the House of Commons afforded any criterion of public opinion, that opinion was, on the whole, friendly and respectful towards the University, but that the retaining of that confidence and respect depended much on the course now taken by the University itself. There were resources, both pecuniary and moral and intellectual resources, which were not brought to bear on the proper work of the University, and which might be brought to bear upon it by such improvements as had already been commenced in some of the colleges. With respect to that within whose walls they were assembled, he could say with satisfaction that he believed it was doing nearly the utmost that could be expected from the means it possessed. But it was well known that in other cases there were large resources not hitherto so usefully applied, and he trusted that all would co-operate in the endeavour to justify themselves in the eyes of the country by making the best use of their means for the advancement of education. If the University would do its duty in this respect, especially by extending its advantages to more of the classes it now receives, and to as many as may be practicable of other classes, who partake less of its benefits at present, he felt confident that the country and the parliament of England would maintain its independence, and would only desire that it should continue to put in practice those fundamental principles on which it had ever hitherto worked, of the authoritative inculcation of religious truth, and something like a domestic superintendence of pupils. But the continuance of public confidence depended on the course now pursued by the University. For himself, however he might fail of his duty as the representative of the University, it could not be for want of an affectionate regard for its interests.

Major Thomas A. Larcom, of the Royal Engineers, and deputy-chairman of the Board of Works, has been appointed Under Secretary for Ireland.

The *Moniteur* of yesterday announces that the Marquis de Castelbajac, the French Minister at St. Petersburgh, had presented his letters to the Emperor of Russia on the 15th, and that His Majesty expressed in warm terms his satisfaction at the re-establishment of official relations with the French Government.

The Leader.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 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.

MR. COBDEN'S PEACE PAMPHLET.

Ever since the success which attended his agitation as chief spokesman to the Anti-Corn law League, Mr. Cobden seems to have felt it incumbent upon him to invent some new mission for the politicians of the middle classes; and if he has not been successful in securing the acceptance of his proposed clients, it has not been for want of variety in his offers. He now presents them in the form of a pamphlet, with a new mission and a new machinery. Having asserted that the character of the French people has wholly changed, that France never desired war with this country, and never will, he proposes to effect a corresponding change in the character of this country. He assigns the duty to the peace party, and teaches them how to do it. From the time of Froissart when the English "loved war better than peace," down to that of Richard Rush, who says "other nations fight on or near their own territory, the English everywhere," Mr. Cobden finds that "we have been the most combative and aggressive community that have existed since the days of the Roman dominion." Quite satisfied with the reform effected in the French people, through the great revolution which has converted them into a land-owning, socially-equal, greatly-manufacturing, peace-addicted people, Mr. Cobden sets himself to the Herculean task of correcting that obstinate character borne by the British people from time immemorial, and specifically—Mr. Cobden is very particular about dates—from the time of Edward the Black Prince to that of William IV. and Queen Victoria. This would seem rather a wild project, even for people so dauntless in the face of facts as Mr. Cobden and the Peace party, to whom he assigns the duty; but he knows a way. It is by "rousing the conscience of the people."

This is a specimen of his remarkable presumptions: he presumes that "conscience" must be altogether on the side of a doctrine which, with peculiar exclusiveness, he and his party call "peace," and that there is none on the side of National Defence; and he treats the movement on behalf of those defences as the result of Wellington's "infantine alarms," or of "depraved" impulses, or of personal interest in wasteful expenditure.

He not only assigns the duty to the Peace party, but tells them how to do it. It is by reading history to the people. Mr. Cobden has somewhere picked up a clergyman, who does not seem to be at all up in his history; since, to judge from Mr. Cobden's responses, that intelligent clergyman's unpublished share of the correspondence consists of requests to be enlightened and directed in his reading. Accordingly, after the manner of Chesterfield writing to his son, Mr. Cobden commends to the perusal of his clergyman the *Annual Register*, the *Pictorial History of England*, *Hansard*, Alison, and Walter Scott! We presume the clergyman does not read French; or perhaps Mr. Cobden considers that if the inquirer sticks to one side he will save his mind from confusion. It is the more remarkable, however, that the student should not be referred to French authors, since Mr. Cobden's purpose is to show that when France declared war against England in '93, it was England that intended war against France; which he makes out by quoting the French agent in England, and various *English* speeches. Amongst those speeches is one by Mr. Windham:

"It was," says Mr. Cobden, "delivered on the 1st February, 1793, the day on which war was declared by France, but before that event was known here.—'*He agreed that in all probability the French had no wish at this moment to go to war with this country,* as they were not yet ready to do so; their object seemed to be to take all Europe in detail, and we might be reserved to be the last.'"

So that Mr. Windham's presumption of a probability as to the pacific intentions of the French, on the very day when they really did initiate war, is, with amazing versatility of logic, advanced among the arguments to prove that it was *not* France who began! A large portion of Mr. Cobden's pamphlet, written in this style, consists of history for the use of young people, and the peace party.

It is not only historical logic that our missionary employs, but also inducements of the persuasive kind. France, he argues, cannot act like a piratical horde, a race of Pindarrees, she is so civilized.

"All nations, from Russia to the United States, bow down to the taste of France, and accept her fashions as the infallible standard in all matters of design and costume; there can be no doubt that it is a homage offered to intrinsic merit. Nothing is more difficult to agree upon than the meaning of the word *civilization;* but, in the general acceptation of the term, that country whose language, fashions, amusements, and dress, have been most widely adopted and imitated, have been held to be the most civilized. There is no instance recorded in history of such a country suddenly casting itself down to a level with Malays and New Zealanders, by committing an unprovoked act of piracy upon a neighbouring nation."

No, a well-dressed nation like France cannot be so rude. Besides, France imports "raw material" to a vast extent, and then exports manufactures. Yet it does occur to us that we have read of aggressions on Algiers, of expeditions to Rome, of assaults on Warsaw too, on Mexico, and even of "piratical" designs on Cuba. Mr. Cobden admits violations of his principle in the cases of Italy, Hungary, and Hesse Cassel. But war is bad because it interupts internal improvements and reforms; and, he argues, if the French are under one man, there are advantages even in a bad monarch, which we ought not to begrudge the French, after having enjoyed them ourselves.

"Admitting, for the sake of argument, that all that is said of the tyranny, treachery, and wickedness of Louis Napoleon be true; those are precisely the qualities in despotic monarchs, to which we are indebted for our liberties. Why should not the French be allowed the opportunity of deriving some of the advantages which we have gained from bad sovereigns? Where would our charters and franchises have been, if our John's and James's had not reigned, and misgoverned? Nobody pretends that the French Emperor is quite so bad as our eighth Henry, yet we contrived to owe to him our Protestantism. If half that is alleged against Louis Napoleon be true, the French people will have him at a great disadvantage in any controversy or struggle they may be engaged in with him."

Quiescence, then, is the Cobden precept; he trusts not in arms, but in exports and imports; Wellington, who would prepare to defend our country if attacked, was a dotard; but Cobden, who relies on commercial and national interest, and a conscientious dislike of war—who, in 1853, after Europe has been torn with strife, gravely sets up the Peace party to teach history and the science of government from his new manual, is the only true prophet and gude! The logical sequel to his argument would be, to receive our invaders, if they came, à la Gilpin, (Charles not John) with offers of trade, and with "benevolences" in cash. And extravagant as such an idea may seem, truly enough Mr. Cobden *does* close his extraordinary attack on Wellington and the advocates of national defence, with upholding, as a better model in this behalf, the Quakers who took food to the Irish in the cholera time! And that is the conclusion of the most "practical" philosophy of the day!

NAPOLEON'S BRIDAL POLICY.

The address delivered by Napoleon III. to the Senate, on his marriage, is a glove thrown in the face of the Imperial powers of Europe. By placing the independence, the qualities of the heart, the domestic happiness above dynastic prejudices, and the calculations of ambition, he says, "I shall not be less strong, because I shall be more free." Could he understand this last averment in all its force, he would indeed be the strongest man in Europe. Could he be free, and know himself to be so, and place himself at the head of the people of Europe, he would be the strongest man, not only of the day, but of the century. Whether he possesses sufficient power over himself, or within himself, to obtain that post, we do not know. Unquestionably, hitherto he has not shown it. But should it lie within him, beneath the strange husk of selfishness and vulgar ambition which has hitherto characterized him, the third portion of his career may be more surprising to the world than that which has closed with the Imperial crown, or the previous one which closed in the prison of Ham.

At all events, by the step that he has taken, and the manner in which he has taken it, he has established a new relation with Europe, and, therefore, opened a new condition of European affairs. Whatever may be the state of his resources in detail, the broad facts which are apparent to every one that reads newspapers, are incontrovertible. He possesses supreme power in France; he is master of the most efficient army in the world; he has been repulsed after offers of alliance by the old legitimate powers of Europe; he accepts, in defiance of them, "the position of a *parvenu:*" and he not only does so, but he flaunts the fact in their faces, and adopts the derogatory title that they have indicated by their actions, though they did not dare use it in their speech. With the power of a strong will, he shows himself prepared, whatever may be the measures used against him, of resorting to still greater lengths than his adversaries can go to. He is prepared to outdo in hardihood every man opposed to him; and the adventurer who takes that position, possesses an enormous advantage over those who must stand upon their guard, or move upon routine.

A *mot* is current in Paris, that the *passion de l'Empire* is succeeded by *l'Empire de la passion;* an antithesis which prettily expresses the newest event in Paris, but has, indeed, a meaning, if it be true, terrible to the established order in every State on the most civilized continent of the globe. At present, every constituted authority, every organized order, depends upon the abnegation, not less than suppression, of that which is understood by the word "passion." In society, in public life, in Government, the very object of the practical philosophy of the day, is to ignore passion, and to annul the natural impulse and energies of human nature by the force of a mechanical routine. Great strength has thus been derived for the few. The private citizen consents, as with us in England, to forego the natural impulses of his nature, and to submit himself to that which is "usual" round about him. The workman, for example, puts his own rights and his own sense of them in abeyance; will not stick up for himself or his fellows when he thinks they are wronged; forgets the sturdy voice that the English workmen once exercised, and accepts for wages "the rate of the market," or for rules "the decision of the trade;" and thus we have purchased peace in the streets of our towns, at the expense of the total annihilation of the independence for the working-classes. It is the same with the statesmen: we have no *man* it is said, because it is the custom for men to forego the dictates of their own ambition, their own tastes, their own passions, and to accept the etiquette of the class or the clique to which they belong. By this means we have an organized factory system; customs of towns; rules of law; routine of office; standing armies; etiquettes of royalty; etiquettes of parliament; etiquettes even of battles and international relations, all of which are stronger than the men, or even the women, who form individual agents in carrying forward the whole system. There was something like it in Venice, when every individual was presumed to be a living debt to the State to the whole extent of his means; insomuch that, if he were wanted, he might be confiscated or destroyed without a second thought. But with us, instead of paying that sacrifice as a contribution towards the positive power of the State, each individual taking a pride in rendering the aggregate state as vigorous, energetic, inexorable, and irresistible, as it could be; we have promoted routine and etiquette as much as possible, to restrict power in its positive action, and to organize Government into one grand prohibition. It is an age of locomotives tempered by "buffers." John Bull has put corks upon his own horns, and hedged himself into the smallest and smoothest of paddocks. Hence it is that, however we may dissent from the rationality of that which rules, we submit almost without repining to any system as it is;

to the system of trade, which is that of cheating and adulteration; to the railway system, which is that of unpunctuality and accidents; to the official system, which is that of neglect of everything which ought to be done; to the parliamentary system, which is that of making laws that nobody can obey. There is an incessant tendency on the part of society, of the individual, to rebel against this negative tyranny; and if it is true that the empire of passion has been once more reinstated by the crowned adventurer of Paris, the fact is the most formidable event that has yet occurred for those legitimate authorities which exist by favour of common-place, of abnegation, of despondent mediocrity.

Whatever may be the ulterior consequence, it is at present plain that Louis Napoleon is a daring knight errant, who perfectly understands his isolated position, accepts it, and is prepared, sword in hand, to wage war with all adversaries. Also, that instead of repudiating the old traditions which still survive in the world, and which are, indeed, older and more established than the imperial dynasties now repulsing him, he has allied himself to those which are most thoroughly interwoven with the history of Europe. High birth is one: the lady whom he has espoused has a pedigree, and an escutcheon that might grace the noblest lady in the romances of Scuderi. And he has also espoused Beauty, whose reign is more enduring than that of dynasties. By these means he has drawn to his support sympathies not peculiar to any party, or even to any nation, but inherent in human nature; and however political theorists may doubt the career that lies before him, because they cannot calculate it on the principles of their own arithmetic, it would be possible to render it more brilliant than any which he has yet passed through.

A large portion of Louis Napoleon's character has, at least, been hidden to the world. Various stories have been circulated respecting his relation to womankind; but they have been as uncertain as the heroines of them. More appears to be known respecting this, the last lady associated with him, than of any previous one; and all that is known is favourable. Of course it is so; the most brilliant and engaging colours will naturally be used for the picture, where the incidents are so picturesque, and the character of the lady at least inspires so many glowing romances. She is endowed with beauty — a supreme advantage. Her charms possess that peculiar fascination, which attaches rather than dazzles, and wins rather than commands. All accounts conspire to paint the witchery of her smiles. She has exercised no small amount of power over the Emperor already, and is prepared to exercise more. Rumour, indeed, spontaneously bestows upon the future Empress of the French the most generous impulses: amnesties, restoration of the Orleans property, and almost a redemption of the dark side of the adventurer who has ascended the Imperial throne of France.

CONCERT BETWEEN MASTERS AND MEN.

WE are delighted to see, not only that the working classes in more than one department of trade, are exercising a knowledge of the true constitution of industry, in order to obtain their fair share of the existing prosperity: but that they also understand their own position, sufficiently, to take the very best course towards attaining those rights. Throughout the Coal and Iron Trades they have realized an advance of wages. How far the same advance has been attained in other branches of industry, we are not at this moment able to say; but we do know, that the business in which they have the most generally succeeded in procuring attention to their demands, is exactly the one in which, on some grounds, excuses might have been pleaded in bar of their claims. The Coal Trades of the North have for a long while been in a peculiar position. They have been multiplied to so great an extent beyond the natural demand, that they have been, in very many cases at least, carried on at a loss. Those who were paying for the work, were sustained by the hope that a better time might come, and that present losses might be compensated by future profits. Some coal owners, we suspect, have even gone so far, as to speculate upon the probability that some of their fellows might be ruined, and thus driven from the field. Not a few of the pits would then be closed, and the other owners would then reap that share of profit which has been so long denied them. In this operation it became a trial of the length of purses, and with an outlay thus for some years protracted, it would be quite natural to meet a demand for higher wages by a representation of continued loss. It might have been represented, that if the whole of the proprietors were to consult their interests, by closing several of their pits, the workmen would become redundant as respects the coal labour market, and would be unable to command that advance which now they are obtaining. We do not believe, indeed, that this would be sound policy. So long as the coal pits are working, the object must be to get out of them the largest possible amount of revenue; and if the present prosperity of the trade does no more than diminish the loss to the owner, it is so far a gain to them. But their workpeople have as much right to insist upon a share of the prosperity which the owners thus feel in mitigated losses, as they would have to demand a share in prosperity exhibited by more positive profits. The rise, therefore, has been justified by the facts; but, *à fortiori*, if there is a rise in coal wages, there ought to be, at least, a corresponding rise in the wages of industry throughout commerce at large.

We see that this has not been denied at Nottingham, a town so recently an example of pauperized industry. In some cases there is a demur to the demand of the men, but in most it is expected that the men will obtain that for which they ask. The trade reports, in some degree, describe that which is a novelty; "The workmen have grounded their requests upon the sound and improved condition of the trade, and having preferred their solicitations in a temperate manner, they have been courteously listened to." Both sides have gained by this quiet arrangement; the business of the employer has not been interrupted, and the workman has attained his wish. The working classes are too apt to imagine that a respectful and temperate manner will be regarded as a mark of servility on their part, and they assert their independence by a threatful and offensive demeanour. If they would reflect a little, they would observe that amongst the employing class themselves, a certain respectful courtesy is expected and given; and they would observe that between man and man, in whatsoever class, a hasty and menacing style always provokes a disposition to retort and to refuse. Many of the demands of the working classes have been foiled by the manner in which they have been put forward. Again, the working classes have sometimes pushed their demands, simply because there was an emergency, without regard to the soundness, or the profitable character of the trade then carried on. It is possible, in unfavourable seasons, to have an alternation of loss and of hasty profit, which may place the employer at the mercy of his hands, although in the long run his books will show a scanty profit. When the working man takes advantage of that awkward state of things, it is he who appears as the hard and exacting bargainer. It has sometimes been so. In the present instance, however, it cannot be said that the working classes in any branch of trade have been impatient. They have abstained from pressing their own rights until the whole trade of the country is in a state of great activity and soundness; and they have a perfect right now to claim a reasonable share in the solid returns which the employing class has been so largely reaping. In Nottingham they appear to have put forward their claims in this style and spirit, and, as we have observed, the consequence is a ready acquiescence. The school of adversity is said to be good, but a change to the school of prosperity may also have its moral healthfulness.

PROSPECTS OF UNIVERSITY REFORM.

MANY beneficial consequences seem likely to flow from the Oxford University election, beyond those we have pointed out. The whole academical constituency has been shaken, as with an earthquake, much more effectually by its internal and discordant forces, than it could have been by any external action. The old crust, political and clerical, has been broken into fragments; and there has been a concord of discords alike in the minority and majority. The pure churchmen of any section could not choose the man they preferred; neither could the pure politicians. The blunder of proposing a man like Mr. Perceval at all, much more of proposing him through the medium of a Denison, lay in the very nature of affairs; and the choice of Gladstone, who is much more of a statesman than an ecclesiastical or academical representative, "pure and simple," was also a necessity for the Tractarian party. Of course the Low Church section voted with some of the political High Church parsons, the former that they might flout Mr. Gladstone, and the latter that they might avenge Lord Derby's defeat. And the University reformers performed a graceful act in voting for Gladstone, and thereby showing that they were not actuated exclusively by resentment at his speech against the Commission, when they stood neutral in July. To do them justice, it must be stated that they looked, and do look, upon that anti-commission speech as levelled not against the particular Commission issued by Lord John Russell, but against *any* inquiry; inquiry being, as the more exclusive of Mr. Gladstone's supporters well know, the indispensable preliminary of any broad reform. And that speech, which was a concession to the illiberal part of the constituency, did its work. It rallied the anti-reformers to Mr. Gladstone's banner: and it compelled the reformers to neutrality. They could not overlook it, though they were bound to consider other things as well; and as it was on general grounds they refused to vote in July, so it was on general grounds that they voted in January.

Mr. Gladstone, then, had this not wholly valueless contingent of votes—the votes of the Reformers. But there was another section of the constituency (and this shows how profound are the divisions) who supported him because they believed that he was opposed to Reform! We believe the Reform contingent is an increasing force morally and numerically; and that its opposite is a decreasing force. But how admirably this illustrates the mysterious position of the sitting member. It is understood that he *talks* as if he had been moved by the Report; but that he urges his High-Church supporters to do what will tend to strengthen the hands of the University. This may mean that they should bring about, spontaneously, internal improvements to stave off the application of reform from without, or it may mean the reverse: for it is more than doubtful whether Mr. Gladstone would consent to remove the tests, or to the infusion of a large lay element—above all, of learned lay theologians. Indeed, it is notorious that the Provost of Oriel supported Mr. Gladstone as the "protector" of the University; that his London Committee were men of all religious parties, who supported him for his politics, and little else; and that his Oxford Committee were High Churchmen, who, while they disliked and feared his political course, sustained him as one of themselves. This description of the Gladstone party forms a complement to the accounts we have before given of his opponents; only, as it appears to us, the combination of the latter was, by force of events, flagrant, factious, and unnatural.

That all is now confusion and discord in the University, as in the Church—that the old parties are broken up, as in the State—we did not need the evidence of the election to prove: probably the public did; and so far it is useful service. But the election has evolved a far more important consequence. The Reformers feel their strength, and are determined to use it. They have drawn the sword, and thrown away the scabbard. Morally their position is doubly strengthened; and they feel that they ought not to suffer tamely the obstructiveness of the antagonists to reform, and the general discredit to the University which has followed from this election. They are strongly inclined to advocate a much more strenuous reformation than heretofore, and they see that it is time the egregious abuses of academical institutions should be put an end to. They say that it is true there should be as little demolition as possible; but that there will have to be a good deal to make the institutions of the Thirteenth century good for the Nineteenth. Without any vulgar love of destruction, they simply advocate whatever change is necessary. They have no reverence for Institutions except as they effectually answer their ends—especially when they are institutions which, professedly, the nation is to look to as the source of truth. In fact, the most advanced now insist that exclusive clerical domination and immoral tests

must be got rid of—that sinecurism must be abolished—that all restrictions which privilege incompetence must be removed—and that an efficient body of really learned men and unshackled witnesses to truth in the different subjects of knowledge, must be established. The rest, they say, they can do for themselves, or if they cannot, it is a proof that the Universities are obsolete.

For our own parts we fully concur in these views. We have no desire to destroy the Universities—far from it; we desire that by reform they may be strengthened and made permanent; that education of the best and the cheapest may be had within their walls; so that our children and our childrens' children may resort thither with profit to themselves and their generation. It is from very love for her that we would see Oxford reformed, and made the first seminary in the world. *All* that is noblest and best in Britain should be able to strive in her schools and carry off her prizes; and fairly win that prestige which association with her confers among men. Now, the élite of Wealth throng her colleges; some with little profit, many with none, more for ambition and social rank, few for learning and the true culture of gentlemen. We want to see the élite *of Poverty* within those venerable precincts still teeming with glorious traditions, in spite of all that is intolerable and unjust; and gaining there those noble manners, those solid acquirements, that high character, which stamps the true man. It was for all, and not for a class, that the institution was founded in those wonderful centuries when England was bursting the bonds of black ignorance; and at this time of day restriction is an iniquity which cries aloud for summary burial.

Let the reformers *within* be true to their convictions, and accept the independent aid of reformers from *without*, and the "clerical domination" they now complain of will, like all monopolies, be speedily dethroned.

UNION OF ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

"HEAVEN has joined all who speak the British language, and what Heaven has joined, let no man think to put asunder." So says the *Times*, speaking of the Anglo-American alliance. And the *Chronicle* too, has a very good moral: Let us, it argues, speak candidly to each other in grand essentials; but let us be tolerant, if not indifferent, about trifles. The Anglo-American alliance is making way, not merely by the canvassing of votes to support it, but by the real understanding which the several classes of the community are attaining in both countries, as to the community of interest. We have never denied that England and America are practically independent. We have never sought to bind them by treaty stipulations. We see that they have a power of reciprocal criticism, and we observe that it is exercised, almost without measure, on both sides. We have asserted distinctly that both countries possess immense powers of reciprocal injury. These are great facts, which it would be idle and weak to deny. If England and America chose, they might range themselves on opposite sides, and inflict blows upon each other by sea and land, such as the world has never witnessed in the conflict of states. Ruin, death, and misery could they scar each other with, far beyond the power of any other potentates in the world to wound. But if they also possess the largest amount of fresh and ready power, there is this peculiarity in the condition of the two countries, that whereas they are powerful separately, united they become much more than doubly powerful. Together they furnish a fleet which might defy the world, not only in the number and strength of its ships, but in the fact that no nation can bring a crew to match with either, except the other of the two.

Moreover, there are no two countries, the interest of whose inhabitants is more obviously bound up with the maintenance of political and social freedom. England and America, therefore, are charged with the custody of that which all other great states have abandoned—national freedom; they alone being able effectually to protect it, and they alone can hand it down to future generations.

For these reasons it is, that we view with jealousy any disposition to uncharitable criticism on the one side or the other. When the American taunts us with our social evils—with the depressed condition of our working classes—with the hardness of that treatment which characterizes the relation between employer and servant—he reproaches us with evils that we never forget, and that we are making some progress in correcting; and he makes us feel that if he were to press these reproaches very hard, he might incite such impetuous efforts on the part of the working classes, and such obstinate exasperation on the other side, that instead of mutual concession favouring progress, he might establish nothing but bitter conflicts, obstinate resistance, and despondency of good. In the like spirit we view the presumptuous criticisms which are hurled at America for the most painful of her institutions. We have always rested our own belief on Locke's capital instance, of the process which he calls "bottoming;" where he says, that when you are about to discuss any subject, you will save yourself trouble by coming at once to the fundamental part of it; as for example, if the question be raised, whether the Sultan ought to have power of life and death over his fellow men, you ask in reply, if all men are not equal; which settles a question, Locke says, needless to discuss: the axiom would equally settle the slavery question. It is held that whatever disparity exists in the faculties of races, yet in the eye of eternal justice, all have an equal claim on generous treatment. Neither can arrogate to use the other as his own property. But when we come to the soil of America, where this truth appears to need the most vigorous assertion, we find it, especially, in the hands of a party removed from the institution itself and the interest concerned in it, having no practical concern or right of its own; and uttering the truth as a means of creating social discord dangerous to the very objects of the truth. We find, on the other hand, that there is a practical party distinctly recognising the truth, frankly avowing it; but going to the opposite interest, and saying to it, "We do not mean to invade you; we do not mean to visit your homes with revolt; we wish to settle matters as they stand on an intelligible basis; and having assured you that we will do nothing sudden or violent, we wish then to plan with your concurrence some means of arranging this great social difficulty consistently with the honour and future safety of the republic." That moderate party appears to us not to "compromise" its own views, but only to recognise the existence of two interests, as well as one truth. When you are making a mutual arrangement with slave owners, you must admit the existence of slave interests, and you must recognise slavery laws; not because you approve of slavery, but because the very party with whom you are negotiating represents it. It is simply the recognition of a fact; and when you procure that party to enter into the compact, any concession you make is but a small price for the progress thus peacefully and securely attained. We hold that the Clay party in the United States occupy that position. To our eye they constitute the true Abolitionists; and all that we desire is, by a respectful forbearance from importunities which can do no practical good, to leave the matter in their hands.

In like manner with respect to Cuba; while we have palliated no piratical invasions, we cannot blind our eyes to the march of facts. We discern that the American Union has made up its mind to possess the island, from the very wildest Locofoco to the discreet Mr. Everett, whose diplomatic letter on the subject has made a deep impression amongst the best informed politicians of our own metropolis. When we look at the map, we see that Cuba is the key to that immense sound called the Bay of Mexico, into which is poured the great back road of the Missouri-Mississippi stream. The Americans have not declared their intention of seizing the island, but in the mutation of States an opportunity may occur for transferring its ownership, and when that happens, we do say with the Americans that they are the people who can logically claim it best. The history of other States shows that they will, in point of fact, acquire it; as they will also acquire that Guiana which France has been stocking with political refugees—pioneers of revolt and annexation. Cuba is destined for the United States; and we do not grudge them the possession.

With this view we retain all our independence of criticism; and fairly exercised, such criticism will have the due effect of public opinion upon intelligent neighbours. On English grounds we set an example of abolishing slavery; and however imperfectly our measure may have been carried, we have shown that a commercial nation can set duty above profit. The example could not have been lost on the Americans, and it has not been. And the Americans are doing good work when they send over such passages as the following by the correspondent of the *Times*, in reference to the emigration for the gold diggings.

"I cannot entirely resist the impression that these auriferous motives for emigration may draw off too much of the hardy Anglo-Saxon bone and sinew of England, and open in the vista of the future the possibility of exhausting your productive population. It seems to me that you will be compelled *to liberalize all your institutions, to equalize the privileges and conditions of your subjects,* in order to present motives strong enough to keep your hardy, working, intelligent men on your own soil. If this business is carried too far, I foresee in my fancy that the attractions on the other side of the world may one day sow your green island with salt. This, too, may all be well, for it may teach your legislators that lesson which the *Times* has been ringing in the adder ears of Parliament for so many years, that the exigencies of modern labour, modern commerce, and modern policy, require a larger and more comprehensive legislation for the great mass of the British people."

Representations like these will have a great moral effect in strengthening the working classes to support their own interests; in suggesting to the ruling classes the policy of liberal action; and in showing the commercial classes that "double-entry" itself demands an enlargement of our constitutional restrictions. We must give the people a greater interest in the success of the whole community than they yet possess. If the Americans indeed were to organize an association for the purpose of stimulating the English working classes to revolt and to seize political rights, it is probable that not only all the educated classes, but all those who have sympathy with social elevation by birth, might feel called upon to organize themselves, and to maintain our exclusive constitution by strategy and force. But there is no such organization, there is no such presumptuous and impertinent attempt. We have nothing more, and nothing less, than the full force of American opinion in support of our own impulse to render our constitution more national; to assimilate us, in short, more with that great republic which is our natural companion and ally. These things are far better understood than they were when the *Leader* was alone in probing this question, and if here and there we meet with misconstruction, we can point to the one great test of merit, practical success.

TAXATION REDUCED TO UNITY AND SIMPLICITY.

TAXATION AND REPRESENTATION IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE gradual formation of states which followed on the disorders of the fall of the Roman Empire took place under circumstances which gave to kings, and other sovereigns, little or no power of taxation beyond the territories held immediately of them under feudal obligations. The king was little more than the strongest baron; and the theory (if theory can be, where everything is done under mere pressure of circumstances) was, that the king should bear the money expenses of the state out of the proceeds of his domains. The feudal nobility contributed, as much as they did contribute at all, in the form of military service. They and their tenants were exempt from royal taxation; but this did not protect the commonalty and the towns from the unchecked oppressions of the nobles themselves. This general state of things had, however, its variations; for while in France the great nobles were each singly a match, or nearly so, for the nominal head of the nation, and so resisted at pleasure his attempts to tax, for national purposes, the inhabitants of their estates, in England the royal power was so predominant, that the country was often severely taxed by the Conqueror and his early successors at the mere pleasure of the king. In Spain, liberty, as far as it is implied in consent to taxation, seems to have flourished at an earlier period than in either of the two countries already mentioned. For while England was groaning under the harsh exactions of the Norman kings, and France, not having yet encountered the question of royal taxation, was suffering under the still more severe fiscal oppressions of the nobles, the Cortes of Castile had already gained power enough to refuse, or modify, their king's demands for money; and they carried their inter-

ference so far as to desire him to be more economical in his household.

The subsequent history of the power of taxation in these countries is, however, by no means in accordance with this beginning. The defective constitution of the Castilian Cortes was further impaired by irregularities insidiously converted by the crown into permanent changes; the effect of which was gradually, but surely, to transfer to the king that power which departed from an assembly deprived of its popular basis. In the fourteenth century, the Cortes, stimulated hy recent encroachments, were able to obtain from the king an express engagement to abstain in future from raising money by taxes without their consent; and they were strong enough, after that period, to refuse subsidies, and to call for accounts. But three hundred years later, although meanwhile even Charles V., in the height of his political power and his pecuniary embarrassments, had not laid a tax without their concurrence, yet such had been their real decay, that they only ventured to petition against illegal ordinances. The Cortes itself had declined from an assembly of 190 representatives from more than ninety towns, to a body of deputies from only seventeen towns, and those conservatively jealous of an increase by admitting other towns to the representation.

In England, discontent at taxation led in the eleventh century to frequent collisions between the barons and the king, the former often having, in this common quarrel, the natural aid of the commonalty. The extorting of Magna Charta from John, in 1215, was followed by a great accession to the active appreciation of public liberty; and in 1264, the Commons were admitted to that share in determining the nature and amount of the public imposts, which was finally made paramount in the struggles with the Stuarts, and has ever since led to the most momentous improvements in the purposes and machinery of government in general.

After Spain and England had been, for a length of time, engaged in these struggles with the early difficulties and obscurities of the question of national taxation, France entered on the same course; but although she made some efforts for liberty, she never had a permanent control equal to that of Castile over the demands of the government; and her taxation fell sooner by a century into the unchecked power of the king.

Separate from the imposts and charges levied by feudal lords, within their own estates, and from those accruing to the crown from the incidents of the feudal system, the first tax in France seems to have been a gift to the king, Louis-le-Jeune, by a popular assembly in 1145, of a twentieth part of the income of each person for four years, for the support of the crusade then being prosecuted.

Several other subsidies followed in succeeding reigns; and in 1290, Phillipe the Fair put a tax on all merchandize sold in the kingdom—a device readily derived from the practices of the day; for every petty lord, who was strong enough, fleeced for his own profit whatever merchandize passed his castle; just as for ages it has been done in India.

The same king having overcome the resistance of the feudatory barons to the authority of the royal legislation within their possessions, called together the States General in 1302, and admitted to that assembly the representatives of towns, under the title of *tiers-état*, or third estate, as they had been admitted to the English parliament in 1264. This assembly required that the produce of the taxes should be placed in the hands of persons of their own appointment, and not in those of the agents of the king. Their object was to ensure the due appropriation of those funds to the expenses of the war with England, which war was the necessity alleged for the taxation. Sixty years before, the barons of England (the commons not being yet represented in parliament,) had entrusted the taxes to administrators separate from the officers of the crown.

The States General, in 1304, went further still, in nominating nine commissioners, three of each order, to decide disputes arising out of matters connected with the taxes. In 1314, Louis Hutin is said to have bound himself to impose no taxes without consent of the States General—a point which, in that generation, was as much in debate in Spain and England as in France.

In 1318, Philip the Long attempted to impose the tax on salt, or *la gabelle*; the discontent it occasioned compelled him to call together the States General, in which he declared the tax temporary, and justified it by the exigencies of the war. In 1328, he re-established and augmented it by mere force of prerogative.

The *gabelle*, or tax on salt, like the *aides*, or tax on merchandize, seems to have been merely an adaptation to national purposes of a practice long before established by the rapacity or needs of feudal nobles. Some ages previous to this time, an impost on salt had formed one of the many exactions by which the owner of a castle had often made a profit by means of his strong arm, whether in his hands it was a local and novel device, or the remains of an ancient national tax diverted to his own use.

In 1355, during the troubled period preceding and following the battle of Poitiers, the States General appointed a committee of the three orders to consult with the king, and also deputies of their own to superintend the assessment and collection of the taxes they granted. Charles V., the succeeding king, endeavoured to rid himself of the control of the States, at first in vain; but in 1359, he succeeded, and imposed taxes without their consent, as his father had done. From this period the king sometimes was bound by promise to abstain from taxing by his own authority; and sometimes he did as he pleased, without regard to promise, until at length Louis XI., after the middle of the fifteenth century, taxed the kingdom at will with remorseless and unsparing hand; it was only during the minority of his successor that any considerable attempt was made to restore the liberties of the nation in the matter of taxes, and even then with little permanent success. The king nominated and dismissed at pleasure the *generals*, or chief superintendents of finances, who had originally been appointed by the States General; and the constitutiou of the administration of taxes was put into the form which, with variations of detail, it retained down to the date of the great Revolution.

It was in 1379, during the period of struggling transition to the undivided power of the crown, that to the *aides* and *gabelle* was added the *fonage*, or hearth-tax, afterwards known by the name of *la taille*. It is said, but on no sufficient authority, to have been granted in perpetuity by the States in 1439; and being without a definite basis of assessment, it grew in later times into one of the severest of the severe inflictions of the old French taxation.

The system by which these various taxes were managed became in time a source of extreme waste and oppression. Our space does not permit us to enter on this part of the subject, or to specify the smaller, but not less vexatious taxes, which were added to the principal imposts we have mentioned. The embarrassments of the system seem to have led, as in India, to the device of farming the revenues; and that device only added to former evils others peculiarly its own. Where simplicity and directness of relation do not so prevail as to facilitate the reference of technical facts to original principles, and where integrity and clear-sightedness do not control the actual proceedings, every artificial plan intended to meet the consequences, only brings round the same evils again in new forms, and with aggravated effect. To evade the difficulty of direct administration of the taxes which arises from want of integrity, by resorting to the practice of farming, is only to replace the dishonesty or rapacity of the government and its officers, by those of substitutes interested in aggravating every abuse to the last degree at which it can be borne.

The evils of the farming system are indeed so obvious, that we now look back with astonishment on their being endured at all. The fact, however, was that that system lasted for many generations. The explanation is, that, established and long continued abuses appear at the time to most minds as parts of a necessary system of things, and it is rarely possible while they exist, to show the real nature and extent of their ill consequences. Time, and the means of comparison, alone supply a detection of the trnth; and we are probably now labouring, although in a great measure unconsciously, under evils which our successors will scrutinize with curiosity and wonder not unlike those we bestow on the fiscal enormities of feudal France.

In those early ages of modern European civilization, the chief question debated between rulers and people, was that of taxation; liberty and its results were little understood, and modern law was yet but growing out a vague and often perverted sense of right. The power of the people grew or faded as they maintained or neglected their control over the supply of funds to the monarch, and their influence over the expenditure of those funds. We must remark, however, that this was a result only of the circumstances of the times; and more advanced states of society should witness, not indeed a relaxed attention to the raising and spending of the national revenue, but a diminution of the relative importance of the subject, as compared with other and higher matters. It can be from no natural necessity that the greater part of the attention of every government is absorbed, and the greater part of the discontents of every people occasioned, by questions relating to the taxes; and probably the greatest improvement which the progress of society has brought within reach at present is to be effected by so establishing our taxation on just, natural, and permanent principles, as to leave the attention both of governments and people free for the higher objects, in respect of which the taxes should only take rank as defraying the incidental charges.

JUSTICE TO MR. ARCHDEACON DENISON.

AN esteemed correspondent, who certainly cannot be accused of sympathy with the High Church party, thinks that "Denison and his friends have had hard measure." "Denison," he continues, "is right in saying that the aphorism, 'A Churchman should have no politics,' does not apply to the members of the Established Church, and that the act of Gladstone's is a distinct piece of political latitudinarianism, such as he spent the early part of his life in denouncing, and which they still denounce." We have never disputed the fact. Our ground of quarrel with Mr. Denison is, that he, who abominates Erastianism and State Churchmanship—that he who concurred with "D. C. L." in his now famous aphorism, should suddenly turn round, and take a violent part in politics, not only in his own University, where the anomaly of a clerical constituency makes the act somewhat excusable, but in his own county of Somerset. We have always pointed out the extraordinary position of the Established Church, which makes its priests politicians, and rewards them for being so. And we last week ventured to comment on the inconsistency of this dependence with that independence demanded by Church principles, and to point out that the true, the possibly saving course for the Clergy, would be to leave politics alone, and attend to their clerical duties. Mr. Denison has fairly a right to that defence which places him in the ranks of State Churchmen and political parsons. But we still hold that it is a shocking fact that a member of the Church of England, professing strict Anglican principles, can conscientiously become a hot politician.

MR. JUSTICE CRAMPTON'S CONSISTENCY.

ON Thursday we were informed, on no less authority than that of the *Times*, quoting Mr. John Wynne, the late Irish Under-Secretary, that Lord Eglinton was induced to commute the capital sentence pronounced upon Kirwan *at the suggestion of the two Judges who tried him*. The information is gratifying but odd. Were not these the very gentlemen who sympathized with the verdict, and was not one of them Mr. Justice Crampton, the man who assured the "wretched criminal" that there was but "a short period left to him in this world?" We have a dim and misty recollection that this pious Judge did, whilst postponing the execution of the capital sentence for an unprecedentedly long time, go with unctuous particularity into the origin of Kirwan's immorality, and the prime cause of his ultimate execution. We cannot forget an illogical, but virtuous, expression of judicial indignation at adultery, and an opinion, from the Bench, that irregular affections must invariably result in hanging. But of course we do not for a moment suppose that the Judge who, aspiring to the chaplaincy—vacant at the time, we presume—assured the convict that in a month he might realize "everlasting happiness," and obtain "a crown of eternal glory," was at that time intending to recommend him to mercy, or to beg of Lord Eglinton to commute a sentence—which he then said—possibly believed—was righteously pronounced. We are rather inclined to credit the account which tells that, in the fervour of mistaken orthodoxy, the learned Judge fancied that he was doing a service to religion in promoting injustice; and that upon reflection, and on seeing the earnest protest made by us and others in favour of law and of the principles of evidence, he repented him of his Lynching eccentricity, and determined most honourably, though at the sacrifice of his consistency, to assist in saving the life of one whom he had improperly, though honestly, helped to convict. Would that Lord Campbell might do the same, and, having had his fling at the Inquisition, and his cheers from the mob—the only persons who are ever likely to approve him—say boldly that the verdict which his small jokes and great partiality succeeded in obtaining was as wrong as regarded Dr. Newman, whom everybody knows to be innocent, as was that due to Mr. Justice Crampton concerning Kirwan, whom nobody believes to have been proved guilty. As to the ultimate destination of Kirwan, and the mere commutation of his sentence, this much remains to be said. True, he is either, as law goes, innocent or guilty. He either deserves capital punishment more than ever did any man whose career ended at Tyburn, or he is injured and ill-used, and walks the earth an instance of what prejudiced juries—married men, probably, for the most part—may do in the way of injustice where—perhaps under the pressure of domestic influence—they venture, possibly on a basis of experience, to say, that the jealousy of a wife though of twelve years' standing, and not proved, is a sufficient motive for her murder by a husband, and that, assuming the murder, the supposed motive may be deemed identical with the unknown cause. But Lord Eglinton has, it must be admitted, thus much of apology. He may fairly say it was not for him to recommend her Majesty to do what was unconstitutional, to tell the jury that they had forgotten their oaths, or the

judges that they were oblivious of their law; but it was, in his power, as legally as it was in theirs to find guilty or to sentence,—to say that he disagreed with both judge and jury, and that though he would not interfere with the constitutional privileges of either, he would use that equally constitutional privilege which remained to him, and affirm that this man ought not to be hanged. We admit what we have asserted, that those who think Kirwan's penalty, even now, is unjust, may declare that it is also illogical. But we confess that the objection might have been met with the reply, that if the ultimate punishment were to be logical, Lord Eglinton had the right to say, Then let Kirwan be hanged. This, it will be seen, is no apology for the jury. It simply goes to show that Lord Eglinton, after all, was not in fault, and that the true moral of the whole story is, that we ought to have a Criminal Appeal. Of that moral we shall not lose sight.

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.

WHAT IS THE ENGLISH LAW OF OATHS?

(*To the Editor of the Leader.*)

SIR,—It is good to be a Mahommedan. Mr. Commissioner Phillips (as reported in your Friday's impression), has sworn Mr. Molena the surety of Taleb Bohlal without one harsh word. It is better to be a Moor and believe in a false God, than to be an Englishman and not capable of answering off-hand the theological questions of the learned Commissioner of the Insolvent Debtor's Court.

But the chief point I crave leave to notice is this. Mr. Commissioner Phillips, on this occasion, undertook to explain the English law of oaths, and the authorities upon which he relied were Lord Kenyon and Lord Tenterden, so far back as the Queen's Trial. Of later judgments and later law, the learned Commissioner appeared to make no recognition, and insisted that "our law required a belief in God, and the dispensation of future rewards and punishments in a future state," without which belief an oath cannot be administered.

Yet the following act—the 1st and 2nd of Victoria, has been upon our statute book for fifteen years. It is so short that it may be quoted entire. It is entitled An Act to remove doubts as to the validity of certain oaths; passed August 14th, 1838:—

"Be it declared and enacted by the Queen's most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, That in all cases in which an oath may lawfully be, and shall have been, administered to any person, either as a juryman or a witness, or a deponent in any proceeding, civil or criminal, in any court of law or equity in the United Kingdom, or on appointment to an office or employment, *or on any occasion whatever*, such person is bound by the oath administered, *provided the same shall have been administered in such form, and with such ceremonies as such persons may declare to be binding:* and every such person, in case of wilful false swearing, may be convicted of the crime of perjury, in the same manner as if the oath had been administered in the form, and with the ceremonies most commonly adopted."

What can be more explicit than this act? It is certainly much more explicit than acts of parliament usually are, and though never heard of in Portugal Street, it is not unknown to Provincial Insolvent Courts. In 1839, one George Connard, an Insolvent, was remanded to Lancaster Gaol, solely because he would not take the customary oath. This act was then quoted in the public papers; Lord Brougham and Mr. Hume both presented petitions on behalf of the Insolvent, and Lord Normanby ordered his liberation without conditions. In this case Mr. Commissioner H. R. Reynolds quoted as his authority Cooke's Practice of the Insolvent Debtor's Court.

The first person really sworn under the act above quoted, was one very likely to test its application, namely, Mr. Robert Owen. In 1840, this gentleman appeared as a defendant in a Crown prosecution in Leeds, under what was then called the "New Stamp Act." Mr. Hill, the counsel for the Crown, having the Kenyon-Tenterden dicta in mind, objected to Mr. Owen's oath. This deponent however demanded to be allowed "to affirm." To this also the counsel objected "as Mr. Owen was neither Quaker, Moravian, nor Separatist," but when Mr. Palfreyman pointed the Court's attention to the 1st and 2nd Vic. Chap. 105, the Court after *reading the act*, instructed that Mr. Owen be sworn in the following manner:—

"I affirm that what I shall say in this case shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

Now, Sir, if this was not a legal proceeding, how came the Crown to allow it? If it was legal, should not a metropolitan judge know it? is it optional with a judge whether he shall recognise an Act of Parliament or not?

If your influence should induce some legal correspondent to instruct the public on this subject, it may prevent an application to Parliament, either to explain the 1st and 2nd of Victoria, or to enforce it.

Yours faithfully, G. J. HOLYOAKE.

Woburn Buildings, Tavistock Square,
28th Jan. 1853.

ANTI-SLAVERY PETITIONING.

(*To the Editor of the Leader.*)

SIR,—Yesterday, as I sat at dinner, there came a gentle knock at the door, which being opened disclosed a lady, who held in her hand a small roll of paper. It appeared on inquiry that she was obtaining signatures to a petition on behalf of slaves in the United States. I will give you a slight outline of our conversation:—

"And what is this petition you want me to sign?"

"O no, sir, it is not you who must sign it. I am only to obtain women's signatures. The petition is to be from the women of England."

"But I suppose the men of England may see it. Allow me."

Here the lady unrolled the paper she held, and displayed two half sheets of letter-paper, ruled for signatures. One of them had already some seven or eight names written upon it, principally, however, by one hand, some of the subscribers having "made their marks." But there was no petition or remonstrance of any kind—not a single word to indicate the nature of the document in support of which these names were to be sent to America.

"The petition you named," said I; "I don't see it."

The reply was, that those were the only papers the lady canvasser had.

"Is it possible," I asked, "that these persons have given you their names without having seen the petition?" Yes, such was the fact.

"Well," said I, "it is of no use to proceed with the matter. I am sure Mrs. —— will never sign these sheets without knowing what her signature authorizes. But perhaps you can tell us the nature of the 'petition.' What does it state about slavery, or what remedy does it suggest?"

The only thing the lady knew was, that it was a "petition against slavery." Of course she left without the coveted name.

So it appears that Englishwomen are not yet satisfied with the reception which their former letter to their American sisters experienced. Are they fond of being rapped on the knuckles, that, having had that salutation once, they place themselves in its way again?

When will they remember that advice, even when sought, is seldom followed; and that when volunteered and intrusive, it is worse than useless. The women of England forget that if they send this second letter, they may receive not only the "retort courteous," but the "countercheck quarrelsome." ORION.

Bradford, 25th Jan., 1853.

"SCOTCH WORTHIES" AND THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

(*To the Editor of the Leader.*)

SIR,—Your correspondent "Aliquis" informed us last week that a crusade was being got up in the metropolis of the north, by an "association of Presbyterian preachers," against the opening of the Crystal Palace on Sunday. Permit me, after the fashion of "Mrs. America" to "Mrs. England," just to advise those zealous Sabbatarian worthies to look at home. Is it not now admitted at all hands that they have got among themselves "palaces" enough to "close"—ale and whiskey ones—even on a Sunday; more than is quite consistent with high religious professions, or even with the maintenance of a very common morality?

"Pass where we may, through city or through town,
Village or hamlet, of *that* merry (?) land,
Though lean and haggard, every twentieth pace
Conducts the unguarded nose to such a whiff
Of stale debauch, forth issuing from the styes
That law has licensed, as makes temperance reel."

Look to your own "palaces," then, or rather "styes," "preachers" and people of Scotland; and pray, in the fervour of your devotional feeling, that you may realize the true sentiment of your own dear Burns—

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us;
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

It is not very many years, sir, since a similar agitation to the present was got up in that same city, and, for aught I know, by the same "preachers," against the directors of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, for running Sunday trains. And as evidence of how much the religious mind of Scotland is governed by "pious influences," so often talked about, I need only tell you that the crusades of those "Presbyterian" gentlemen were cheered on by an Edinburgh newspaper—then, as, I believe, now, regularly "composed" and printed on a Sabbath evening; and, moreover, read and supported by the "cream of the country." At the present moment methinks I still hear the *click, click*, of those Sabbatarian types, which perpetrated, all unconsciously, a beautiful piece of saintly inconsistency. The publishing office, if my memory is not dimmed by a "Scotch mist," had also some relationship to the "old fish-market;" and hence, doubtless, the aptitude of the veritable editor *not* to cry "stinking fish."

It is in no idle or irreligious strain that I offer these remarks. One of the greatest satirists of saintly and priestly arrogance and pretence has said in rhythm what never can be so well expressed in prose—

"All hail, Religion! maid divine!
Pardon a muse sae mean as mine,
Who in her rough, imperfect line
Thus daurs to name thee;
To stigmatise false friends of thine
Can ne'er defame thee."

It is rather a pilfering pen mine, you see, Mr. Editor, but with the help of one and another we may be able to teach those Presbyterian gentlemen that "those who live in glass houses," &c.

Yours, A.

TO OUR COUNTRY SUBSCRIBERS.

Our Country Subscribers will in future receive a Saturday edition of this Journal. When it was first started, we published our Friday edition desiring to suit the convenience of those residing at a distance, but we have reason to believe that the inconveniences of the arrangement more than balance the conveniences; especially in making it appear to many of our country readers that we do not bring up the news to a sufficiently late point. In future the two editions for "Town" and "Country" will be amalgamated, and there will be but one edition published in the middle of the day on Saturday.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. PENROSE.—We handed the note to the gentleman for whom it was intended.

GEORGE GILL.—Ion's note on "Niebuhr's Course of Revolutions" was intended simply for those peoples in the possession of a certain degree of constitutional liberty, and who attempt its completion. The moral of the note was that with such peoples its completion by development rather than by *coups d'état* of any complexion is perhaps the better. Neither Kossuth nor Mazzini make revolutions on an *abstract* fashion, nor are *they* men of mere "theory and impulse." Both are eminent for *practical* qualities, engaged in the most positive and practical of causes. But Ion's note related to politicians at home. France, Italy, Hungary, and Poland, are wholly different from England, and are not to be judged by British policy.

We thank "A. B. C." for his letter, in which we found a great deal of truth expressed. We have always endeavoured to comply with the *spirit* of his suggestions.

"J. M. T's" letter is after date; might have been admissible last week.

REFORMATION AND SOCIALISM.—The poor Lollards went to the stake as usual; and Cromwell, when he ventured upon leniency towards them, went to the scaffold. The movement on the continent was ruined in the eyes of the sober English by the Anabaptist exiles, who had, many of them, belonged to John of Leyden's congregation, at Munster; and the language in which they and the foreign Reformation were spoken of, might seem, with the change of a few words, to express the feelings with which sober-minded people now regard the liberals of Germany and France. The exceedingly profligate doctrines attributed to the Anabaptists existed (as in the modern parallel) rather in the terrors of the orthodox than in the poor misbelievers themselves.—*Westminster Review* 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.*

In default of literary gossip this week, we will say a word on FARADAY'S lecture, "On the Magnetic Forces," at the Royal Institution; a lecture which commanded the attention of the most crowded audience we remember within those walls. FARADAY is still pursuing his researches, and has not yet arrived at any conclusion sufficiently definite to bring forward; but he gave one of his admirable expositions of the nature and objects of his search in determining magnetic force; and called attention to a most remarkable and far-reaching discovery recently made, a discovery which, while it opens new tracks

"In the shadowy thoroughfares of thought,"

well illustrates the value of all direct and accurate observation, even when the observation seems to have little practical application. It is this. A German astronomer has for many years been watching the spots on the sun, and daily recording the result. From year to year the groups of spots vary. They are sometimes very numerous, sometimes they are few. After awhile it became evident that the variation in number followed a descending scale through five years, and then an ascending scale through five subsequent years, so that the periodicity of the variations became a visible fact. Now, of what *use*, asks the practical JONES, is this fact? We know that every ten years there has been a cycle of variations; what then? What *are* these said spots, what do the groups mean, how do they affect us? JONES sees nothing but astral twaddling in this patient observation. And in truth, so long as the fact remains an isolated fact, it is silent to us; but connect it with some other fact, and it may discourse significantly. Can this be done? There seems good hope it may.

While our German friend was busy with his groups of sun-spots, an Englishman was busy with the variations of the magnetic needle. He, too, was a patient recorder of patient observation. On comparing his tabular results with those of the German astronomer, he found that the *variations of the magnetic needle corresponded with the variations of the sun-spots,*—that the years when the groups were at their maximum, the variations of the needle were at their maximum, and so on through the series. This relation may be *coincident* merely, or *derivative;* if the latter, then do we connect astral and terrestrial magnetism, and new reaches of science are open to us!

How beautifully this illustrates the slow and certain conquests of Science, compared with the rapid and illusory usurpations of Metaphysics! The facile method of a metaphysician would have been employed in vain upon these sunspots. The "depths of moral consciousness" might have been ransacked, and *die Idee zu construiren*—the construction of the true Idea would have been hopeless. Nature answers if we "interrogate;" but only if we interrogate *her*, not if we interrogate ourselves. She will have nothing to say to the *Idee als solches!*

And yet on the other hand this discovery (if it be one) lends only partial countenance to the narrow dogmatism of the "fact men." Observation was necessary; it was the laborious Hodman toiling with a weight of bricks, not the great Architect, who shaped bricks into palaces and cathedrals. Without the facts no progress was possible, nor was it possible *with* them, if they were unaccompanied by "man's large discourse of reason looking before and after." Science is the synthesis of facts. It is the Temple built by the soul from the materials furnished by Nature, wherein the soul may fitly worship Nature's God; and if Science has ever seemed irreligious, it is because the thinkers were not truly scientific.

In answer to some queries about Spontaneous Combustion—a subject exciting interest just now—we repeat our intention of investigating the subject and bringing the results before our readers. We have not had the time to gather together the authorities cited by CHARLES DICKENS, and until we have done so, and carefully examined them, discussion must be in abeyance. Our columns are open, however, to all opinions. Let correspondents furnish their evidence and arguments, they will meet with that attention uniformly accorded by us to differences of opinion.

THE RELIGION FOR OUR AGE.

Ten Sermons on Religion. By Theodore Parker. John Chapman.

WE seize on the volume Theodore Parker has just published, as an excellent opportunity for saying a few words in the more positive direction of our religious views. The accidents of position, the necessities of combat, make us often assume here an antagonism which, though needful, is wearisome. We are constantly criticising, denying; we are seldom affirming. A journal like ours must take its topics from the hour. It must be antagonistic whenever the adversary descends into the arena. It can only be positive on the rare occasions afforded by its own cause. A series of negative articles were written on *Butler's Analogy;* a series of positive articles may now appear on *Parker's Sermons.*

Theodore Parker, as every reader probably knows, is a celebrated American preacher, who, having worked his way through all formal theology, and cast aside as false or obstructive everything but the central ideas of Christianity, speaks to the present generation with the boldness of conviction, and the warmth of a lofty passion, bidding it cease to quarrel over, and to ossify itself in the details and formulas which have from time to time been set up as the embodiments of the religious spirit, and bidding it rather fix its devout eyes upon the real significance of Religion. For all religious men are tolerably agreed upon essentials; they only dispute over collaterals. In the hearts of all there is agreement; in theories alone is there discord. That God is Truth, Love, Justice, Omnipotence, no one denies. That Religion is a *binding together* of all our faculties—the keystone of our being's arch—no less than the binding together of all men into one humanity, the keystone of the social arch—that to live a noble life, to live a happy life, it is imperative we should follow Truth, Love, and Justice, which is the act of both—no man, be his sect what it may, will for a moment deny. If no man reaches that ideal standard, all men have that standard as their aim. In the silent hours of serious thought it is clear to us all; in the turmoil of daily needs it is more or less consciously operative. We fall away from it! we lie, we hate, we err! we think injustice, and act it too! we are weary, and faint, and sad, but still the loosened keystone of the arch, though shaken, is never utterly thrown down; and over the crumbling mortar we mourn, as a soul in ruins ever will mourn!

Now, if this agreement exists, by what short-sighted tyranny of opinion is it that men refuse to act on this agreement, and persist in quarrelling over details? If Religion be love of God and love of Man, why do we start off from the proper culture of those emotions into sectarian disputes respecting the form these shall assume? Love is love, though spoken in Arabic differently from its language in English. We, of the *Leader*, have abundantly shown how perfectly we believe in the sincerity of the most diverse forms of belief; and have only protested against them when they were to be imposed on those who rejected them, or when they seemed to *obstruct* the very aim they wished to reach. Let us see how Theodore Parker understands the aim and scope of Religion.

His first sermon is on the Relation of Piety to Manly Life. By a psychological distribution, which is very arbitrary and questionable, but which serves his purpose, he divides the faculties of the human spirit into four classes: the intellectual (including the æsthetical), the moral, the affectional, and the religious, or Mind, Conscience, Heart, and Soul. This is not an acceptable classification, but it is only advanced for the sake of "convenience," and we let it pass.

"I shall take it for granted that the great work of mankind on earth is to live a manly life, to use, develop, and enjoy every limb of the body, every faculty of the spirit, each in its just proportion, all in their proper place, duly co-ordinating what is merely personal, and for the present time, with what is universal and for ever. This being so, what place ought piety, the love of God, to hold in a manly life? It seems to me, that piety lies at the basis of all manly excellence."

He then undertakes to prove this proposition, by showing how the spirit of man is in proportion to its clearness and purity animated by this piety:—

"The Mind contemplates God as manifested in truth; for truth—in the wide meaning of the word including also a comprehension of the useful and the beautiful—is the universal category of intellectual cognition. To love God with the mind, is to love him as manifesting himself in the truth, or to the mind; it is to love truth, not for its uses, but for itself, because it is true, absolutely beautiful, and lovely to the mind. In finite things we read the infinite truth, the absolute object of the mind.

"Love of truth is a great intellectual excellence; but it is plain you must have the universal love of universal truth before you can have any special love for any particular truth whatsoever; for in all intellectual affairs the universal is the logical condition of the special.

"Love of truth in general is the intellectual part of piety. We see at once that this lies at the basis of all intellectual excellence,—at love of truth in art, in science, in law, in common life. Without it you may love the convenience of truth in its various forms, useful or beautiful; but that is quite different from loving truth itself. You often find men who love the uses of truth, but not truth; they wish to have truth on their side, but not to be on the side of truth."

In the same way Conscience contemplates God as Justice, or the love of right:—

"The love of right is the moral part of piety. This lies at the basis of all moral excellence whatever. Without this you may love right for its uses; but if only so, it is not right you love, but only the convenience it may bring to you in your selfish schemes. None was so ready to draw the sword for Jesus, or look after the money spent upon him, as the disciples who straightway denied and betrayed him. Many wish right on their side, who take small heed to be on the side of right. You shall find men enough who seem to love right in general, because they clamour for a specific, particular right; but ere long it becomes plain they only love the personal convenience they hope therefrom. The people of the United States claim to love the unalienable right of man to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. But the long-continued cry of three million slaves, groaning under the American yoke, shows beyond question or cavil that it is not the universal and unalienable right which they love, but only the selfish advantage it affords them. If you love the right, as right, for itself, because it is absolutely beautiful to your conscience, then you will no more deprive another of it than submit yourself to be deprived thereof. Even the robber will fight for his own. The man who knows no better rests in the selfish love of the private use of a special right."

The Heart and the Soul are similarly considered, but with less success, in our opinion, because the psychology is inaccurate. The result, however, of the whole survey is to show how naturally the human soul in its free energetic action shapes itself according to religious aims; and that, deeply considered, Religion is not dependent on "orthodoxy," but on sincerity—not on *rightness*, but on *uprightness:*—

"There may be an unconscious piety: the man does not know that he loves universal truth, justice, love; loves God. He only thinks of the special truth, justice, and love, which he prizes. He does not reflect upon it; does not aim to love God in this way, yet does it, nevertheless. Many a philosopher has seemed without religion even to a careful observer; sometimes has passed for an atheist. Some of them have to themselves seemed without any religion, and have denied that there was any God. But all the while their nature was truer than their will; their instinct kept their personal wholeness better than they were aware. These men loved absolute truth, not for its uses, but for itself; they laid down their lives for it, rather than violate the integrity of their intellect. They had the intellectual

love of God, though they knew it not; though they denied it. No man ever has a complete and perfect intellectual consciousness of all his active nature; something instinctive germinates in us, and grows under ground, as it were, before it bursts the sod and shoots into the light of self-consciousness. Sheathed in unconsciousness lies the bud, ere long to open a bright, consummate flower. These philosophers, with a real love of truth, and yet a scorn of the name of God, understand many things, perhaps not known to common men, but this portion of their nature has yet escaped their eye; they have not made an exact and exhaustive inventory of the facts of their own nature. Such men have unconsciously much of the intellectual part of piety."

Most true! They war on the arrogance of ignorance, they war on the false conceptions men frame of God, they war on the wickedness cloaked by his name—not on the feeling itself! They feel God—feel his presence equally in the grander reaches of Science and in the impassioned depths of Love—in the Beauty that enchants them—in the Good that is done, and that they do. The presence of a Highest and Best is never unacknowledged by their souls in the strong heroism of a noble act, or in the gentleness of a kind one, although the ravings of one class and the absurdities of another may rouse a spirit of antagonism which, in denying the names, seems to deny the thing. They are driven into blasphemy by bigotry. It is Exeter Hall makes Atheists.

Set aside Churches for awhile, and consider whether it be not truly said, Man when he loves truth, love, and justice, loves God under these special forms, and should unite them therefore in one total act of piety. In proportion as he loves these, he is religious. In proportion as he disregards them, he is practically atheistic; let his belief in "evidences" be of the strongest. For, truly, *Christianity is a belief in Christ*, not a belief in the "evidences" of his having lived, and done, and said, such and such things; and a belief in Christ which undoubtingly accepts every word recorded in the Testament as God's truth, yet nevertheless practically disregards the plainest of its teachings, setting collaterals above essentials, orthodoxy above sincerity, is demonstrably irreligious:—

"Nobody thinks it necessary or beautiful for the accomplished scholar to go back to his alphabet, and repeat it over, to return to his early arithmetic and paradigms of grammar, when he knows them all; for this is not needful to keep an active mind in a normal condition, and perform the mental work of a mature man. Nobody sends a lumberer from the woods back to his nursery, or tells him he cannot keep his strength without daily or weekly sleeping in his little cradle, or exercising with a hoop, or top, or ball, which helped his babyhood. Because these little trifles helped him once, they cannot help him now. Man, reaching forward, forgets the things that are behind.

"Now, the mischief is, that, in matters of religion, men demand that he who has a mature and well-proportioned piety should always go back to the rude helps of his boyhood, to the A B C of religion and the nursery-books of piety. He is not bid to take his power of piety and apply that to the common works of life. The Newton of piety is sent back to the dame-school of religion, and told to keep counting his fingers, otherwise there is no health in him, and all piety is wiped out of his consciousness, and he hates God and God hates him. He must study the anicular lines on the school-dame's slate, not the diagrams of God writ on the heavens in points of fire. We are told that what once thus helped to form a religious character must be continually resorted to, and become the permanent form thereof.

"This notion is exceedingly pernicious. It wastes the practical power of piety by directing it from its natural work; it keeps the steam-engine always fanning and blowing itself, perpetually firing itself up, while it turns no wheels but its own, and does no work but feed and fire itself. This constant firing up of one's self is looked on as the natural work and only form of piety. Ask any popular minister, in one of the predominant sects, for the man most marked for piety, and he will not show you the men with the power of business who do the work of life,—the upright mechanic, merchant, or farmer; not the men with the power of thought, of justice, or of love; not him whose whole life is one great act of fourfold piety. No, he will show you some men who are always a dawdling over their souls, going back to the baby-jumpers and nursery-rhymes of their early days, and everlastingly coming to the church to fire themselves up, calling themselves 'miserable offenders,' and saying, 'Save us, good Lord.' If a man thinks himself a miserable offender, let him away with the offence, and be done with the complaint at once and for ever. It is dangerous to reiterate so sad a cry.

"You see this mistake, on a large scale, in the zeal with which nations or sects cling to their religious institutions long after they are obsolete. Thus the Hebrew cleaves to his ancient ritual and ancient creed, refusing to share the religious science which mankind has brought to light since Moses and Samuel went home to their God. The two great sects of Christendom exhibit the same thing in their adherence to ceremonies and opinions which once were the greatest helps and the highest expression of piety to mankind, but which have long since lost all virtue except as relics. The same error is repeated on a small scale all about us, men trying to believe what science proves ridiculous, and only succeeding by the destruction of reason. It was easy to make the mistake, but when made, it need not be made perpetual."

In reference to this Pharisaic care for one's soul, and disregard for active piety, we quoted a charming passage last week from *Ruth*, to which we beg to call the reader's attention. It is a most pernicious habit. It coddles the mind into insincerity. It makes "seriousness" equivalent to religiousness; whereas Truthfulness and Love are real religiousness. Life is not a *mood;* and the mind of man cannot sincerely preserve one unvarying attitude. We may be very frivolous without endangering our seriousness; and to be serious on frivolous occasions is the worst frivolity. So that when we place Religion in "seriousness," and not in active piety, we invariably become hypocrites—we act a part, we do not live a life. Moreover, as Parker says:—

"Then this method of procedure disgusts well-educated and powerful men with piety itself, and with all that bears the name of religion. 'Go your ways,' say they, 'and cant your canting as much as you like, only come not near us with your grimace.' Many a man sees this misdirection of piety, and the bigotry which environs it, and turns off from religion itself, and will have nothing to do with it. Philosophers always have had a bad name in religious matters; many of them have turned away in disgust from the folly which is taught in its name. Of all the great philosophers of this day, I think no one takes any interest in the popular forms of religion. Do we ever hear religion referred to in politics? It is mentioned officially in proclamations and messages; but in the parliamentary debates of Europe and America, in the state papers of the nations, you will find hardly a trace of the name or the fact. Honest men, and manly men, are ashamed to refer to this, because it has been so connected with unmanly dawdling and niggardly turning back,—they dislike to mention the word. So religion has ceased to be one of the recognised forces of the state. I do not remember a good law passed in my time from an alleged religious motive. Capital punishment, and the laws forbidding work or play on Sunday, are the only things left on the statute-book for which a strictly religious motive is assigned. The annual thanksgivings and fast-days are mementoes of the political power of the popular religious opinions in other times. Men of great influence in America are commonly men of little apparent respect for religion; it seems to have no influence on their public conduct, and, in many cases, none on their private character; the class most eminent for intellectual culture is heedless of religion throughout all Christendom. The class of rich men have small esteem for it; yet in all the great towns of America the most reputable churches have fallen under their control, with such results as we see. The life of the nation in its great flood passes by, and does not touch the churches,—'the institutions of religion.' Such fatal errors come from this mistake.

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"The age requires a piety most eminent. What was religion enough for the time of the Patriarchs, or the Prophets, or the Apostles, or the Reformers, or the Puritans, is not enough for the heightened consciousness of mankind to-day. When the world thinks in lightning, it is not proportionate to pray in lead. The old theologies, the philosophies of religion of ancient time, will not suffice us now. We want a religion of the intellect, of the conscience, of the affections, of the soul,—the natural religion of all the faculties of man. The form also must be natural and new."

We anticipate the response these passages will call forth from our readers, and close this first article with the following:—

"We must possess all parts of this piety,—the intellectual, moral, affectional,—yea, total piety. This is not an age when men in religion's name can safely sneer at philosophy, call reason 'carnal,' make mouths at immutable justice, and blast with their damnations the faces of mankind. Priests have had their day, and in dull corners still aim to protract their favourite and most ancient night; but the sun has risen with healing in his wings. Piety without goodness, without justice, without truth or love, is seen to be the pretence of the hypocrite. Can philosophy satisfy us without religion? Even the head feels a coldness from the want of piety. The greatest intellect is ruled by the same integral laws with the least, and needs this fourfold love of God; and the great intellects that scorn religion are largest sufferers from their scorn."

NEW LIGHTS ON SHAKSPEARE.

Notes and Emendations to the Text of Shakspeare's Plays. From early Manuscript corrections in a copy of the folio of 1632. Forming a Supplemental Volume to the Edition of Shakspeare. By J. Payne Collier, Esq. Whittaker & Co.

If there be any approximation to truth in the current belief of a worship of Shakspeare on the part of reverent Englishmen, this volume will have a prodigious sale. Perhaps the reverent admirers will grow red at the mention of "sale" in any way affecting the question. Yet this vulgar consideration we find put forward in the preface to the first folio of Shakspeare. The editors beg the public "to censure" if the public pleases, but at any rate to *buy*. "That doth best commend a book, the stationer says." We will not be more lofty than his loving editors.

Sale or no sale, there can be no dispute as to the value and interest of this volume, which forms not only a supplement to Mr. Collier's edition, but ought to stand on the shelf beside every other edition. To literary historians and critics better versed in Elizabethan lore than we can pretend to be, must be left the task of deciding on the age, position, and authority of the emendator. On such matters we are but one of the public; and as one of the public we can only speak of the intrinsic value of these emendations, which is indubitable. The unknown emendator may have been one in authority, or merely a writer of conjectures like those who succeeded him; the simple fact remains, that his emendations are of irresistible plausibility in most cases, and that his stage directions are not to be despised.

Let us first hear Mr. Collier narrate his story of the folio:—

"I was tempted only by its cheapness to buy it, under the following circumstances:—In the spring of 1849 I happened to be in the shop of the late Mr. Rodd, of Great Newport-street, at the time when a package of books arrived from the country: my impression is that it came from Bedfordshire, but I am not at all certain upon a point which I looked upon as a matter of no importance. He opened the parcel in my presence, as he had often done before in the course of my thirty or forty years' acquaintance with him, and looking at the backs and title-pages of several volumes, I saw that they were chiefly works of little interest to me. Two folios, however, attracted my attention, one of them gilt on the sides, and the other in rough calf: the first was an excellent copy of Florio's 'New World of Words,' 1611, with the name of Henry Osborn (whom I mistook at the moment for his celebrated namesake, Francis) upon the first leaf; and the other a copy of the second folio of Shakespeare's Plays, much cropped, the covers old and greasy, and, as I saw at a glance on opening them, imperfect at the beginning and end. Concluding hastily that the latter would complete another poor copy of the second folio, which I had bought of the same bookseller, and which I had had for some years in my possession, and wanting the former for my use, I bought them both, the Florio for twelve, and the Shakespeare for thirty shillings.

"As it turned out, I at first repented my bargain as regarded the Shakespeare, because, when I took it home, it appeared that two leaves which I wanted were unfit for my purpose, not merely by being too short, but damaged and defaced: thus disappointed, I threw it by, and did not see it again, until I made a selection of books I would take with me on quitting London. In the mean time, finding that I could not readily remedy the deficiencies in my other copy of the folio, 1632, I had parted with it; and when I removed into the country, with my family, in the spring of 1850, in order that I might not be without some copy of the second folio for the purpose of reference, I took with me that which is the foundation of the present work.

"It was while putting my books together for removal, that I first observed some marks in the margin of this folio; but it was subsequently placed upon an upper shelf, and I did not take it down until I had occasion to consult it. It then struck me that Thomas Perkins, whose name, with the addition of 'his Booke,' was upon the cover, might be the old actor who had performed in Marlowe's 'Jew of Malta,' on its revival shortly before 1633. At this time I fancied that the binding was of about that date, and that the volume might have been his; but in the first place, I found that his name was Richard Perkins, and in the next I became satisfied that the rough calf was not the original binding. Still, Thomas Perkins might have been a descendant of Richard; and this circumstance and others induced me to examine the volume more particularly: I then discovered, to my surprise, that there was hardly a page which did not present, in a hand-writing of the time, some emendations in the pointing or in the text, while on most of them they were frequent, and on many numerous.

"Of course I now submitted the folio to a most careful scrutiny; and as it occupied a considerable time to complete the inspection, how much more must it have consumed to make the alterations? The ink was of various shades, differing sometimes on the same page, and I was once disposed to think that two distinct hands had been employed upon them: this notion I have since abandoned; and I am now decidedly of opinion that the same writing prevails from beginning to end, but that the amendments must have been introduced from time to time, during, perhaps, the course of several years. The changes in punctuation alone, always made with nicety and patience, must have required a long period, considering their number; the other alterations, sometimes most minute, extending even to turned letters and typographical trifles of that kind, from their very nature could not have been introduced with rapidity, while many of the errata must have severely tasked the industry of the old corrector."

Mr. Collier thinks that the corrector was some manager or actor—some one connected with our early theatres. This supposition explains the erasure of whole speeches, the insertion of stage directions, and the insertion also of lines and passages which connect the disjointed meanings of the text. He estimates these corrections of punctuation, printing, and meaning at little less than 20,000!

We scarcely know what to say to the assault made on the authenticity of our old friends, Heminge and Condell, Shakspeare's first editors and his fellow-actors.

"It is to be observed that these last emendations apply to plays which were printed for the first time in the folio, 1623. This fact tends to prove that the manuscript, put into the hands of the printer by Heminge and Condell, in spite of what they say, was not in a much better condition than the manuscript used by stationers for the separate plays which they had previously contrived to publish. The effect of the ensuing pages must be considerably to lessen our confidence in the text furnished by the player-editors, for the integrity of which I, among others, have always strenuously contended. Consequently, I ought to be among the last to admit the validity of objections to it; and it was not until after long examination of the proposed alterations, that I was compelled to allow their general accuracy and importance.

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"It was, as may be inferred, very little, if at all, the habit of dramatic authors, in the time of Shakespeare, to correct the proofs of their productions; and as we know that, in respect to the plays which had been published in quarto before 1623, all that Heminge and Condell did, was to put the latest edition into the hands of their printer, so, possibly, in respect to the plays which for the first time appeared in the folio, 1623, all that they did might be to put the manuscript, such as it was, into the hands of their printer, and to leave to him the whole process of typography. It is not at all unlikely that they borrowed playhouse copies to aid them; but these might consist, sometimes at least, of the separate parts allotted to the different actors, and, for the sake of speed in so long a work, scribes might be employed, to whom the manuscript was read as they proceeded with their transcripts. This supposition, and the fraudulent manner in which plays in general found their way into print, may account for many of the blunders they unquestionably contain in the folios, and especially for the strange confusion of verse and prose which they sometimes exhibit. The not unfrequent errors in prefixes, by which words or lines are assigned to one character, which certainly belong to another, may thus also be explained: the reader of the drama to the scribe did not at all times accurately distinguish the persons engaged in the dialogue; and if he had only the separate parts, and what are technically called the *cues*, to guide him, we need not be surprised at the circumstance. The following is a single proof, the first that occurs to memory: it is from *Romeo and Juliet*, Act III. Scene V., where the heroine declares to her mother that, if she must marry, her husband shall be Romeo:—

'And when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris.—These are news indeed!'

This is the universal regulation; but, as we may very well believe, the closing words, 'These are news, indeed!' do not belong to Juliet, but to Lady Capulet, who thus expresses her astonishment at her daughter's resolution: therefore, her speech ought to begin earlier than it appears in any extant copy. Juliet ends,—

'And when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris.
La. Cap. These are news, indeed!
Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.'

There cannot surely be any dispute that this is the mode in which the poet distributed the lines, and in which the old corrector of the folio, 1632, had heard the dialogue divided on the stage in his time."

Far be it from us to put on even the show of teaching Mr. Collier anything on such a subject as this; yet we cannot forbear recalling to his attention the phrase used by Heminge and Condell, in opposition to that passage wherein he speaks of their manuscript, "such as it was," having been borrowed from playhouse copies, which might sometimes consist of the separate parts allotted to different actors—a passage which throws unmerited discredit on the first folio. The language of these player editors is precise, unequivocal. Referring to the surreptitious copies which had before been printed, "even those are now offered to your view, cured, and perfect of their limbs; and all the rest absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them. Who, as he was a happy imitator of nature, was a gentle expresser of it. *His mind and hand went together; and what he thought he uttered with that easiness that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers.*" This passage, be pleased to observe, not only records an interesting literary fact—viz,, that Shakspeare, like Goethe, Voltaire, Scott, Dickens, and other men of great intellectual energy, wrote without hesitation, without "blotting"—but it also distinctly states that the *papers* from which Heminge and Condell printed were written by Shakspeare's hand, and were not playhouse copies or actors' parts. Now, of two suppositions, one: either Heminge and Condell deliberately lied; or their word is absolute on this point. We leave it to critics to settle the question.

Respecting the emendations themselves, only a careful perusal of the book will convey an adequate idea of their importance. It is curious to see them cutting short the vexed disputes of commentators in the simplest way. It is curious also to see the new significance given to passages by an altered punctuation, or the insertion of a line. We will cull, *ad aperturam*, a passage or two.

In the celebrated passage of the *Twelfth Night*—

"It had a dying fall;
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour."

The reading of all the editions until Pope's time was—

"O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet *sound*."

And Charles Knight has returned to the old reading. In the long note he appends to this passage we see his perverse erudition and ingenuity striving in vain against common sense. A *sound* may be said to *breathe*, but how can it be said to *give* or *steal* odours? Moreover, Shakspeare does not compare the *sound* of music to the *sound* of the breeze, but the effect of music to the effect of the breeze on a bank of violets. The "old corrector," whom Mr. Collier follows, anticipated Pope, and corrected "sound" into "south." In the same way this old corrector anticipated Theobald in the obvious correction of "weary" for "merry," disdained by Charles Knight. *Rosalind*, in *As you Like it*, says—

"O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits!"

Whereupon *Touchstone* answers—

"I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary."

This answer, one would think, sufficiently explains the old misprint—

"O Jupiter! how *merry* are my spirits!"

But Charles Knight prefers sticking to the folio, and restores "merry," adding in a note, that "Whiter, *with great good sense*, suggests that *Rosalind's* merriment was assumed as well as her dress"! This great good sense never asked itself why *Rosalind* should assume merriment in presence of *Touchstone*, nor why, if the merriment was assumed, her remark following *Touchstone's* answer should be, "I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and cry like a woman."

The effect of slight alterations may be judged from these two specimens:—

"P. 540. All appeals failing to move Shylock, Antonio entreats for judgment, observing, as the lines are printed in the folio, 1632,—

'Or even as well use question with the wolf,
The ewe bleat for the lamb: when you behold.'

Such are the words, and such the punctuation; but the earlier folio, of 1623, gives the sentence even more imperfectly:—

'Or even as well use question with the wolf,
The ewe bleat for the lamb;'

the rest of the line being wanting. How, then, is the defect remedied by the corrector of the folio, 1632? Simply by a transposition and the removal of a colon, which accomplishes all that is wanted by making the meaning indisputable: he reads,—

'Or even as well use question with the wolf,
When you behold the ewe bleat for the lamb.'

"P. 557. At the end of Portia's speech we have this passage, as it is found in all the old copies:—

'Peace! how the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd.'

Malone changed it to 'Peace, hoa! the moon,' &c.; but the manuscript-corrector of the folio, 1632, tells us that the error was not *how* for 'hoa,' but *how* for 'now:' this is the more likely, because when the folios came from the press it was not usual to spell the interjection 'hoa,' but *ho*; and we know that it was a very common mistake to print 'how' for *now*, and *vice versâ*; therefore we ought to read,—

'Peace! *now* the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd.'"

Have we fired your curiosity? If so, we have done enough. Possess the book by all means, if you have any care for Shakspeare's text.

GREG'S ESSAYS ON SOCIAL SCIENCE.

Essays on Political and Social Science, contributed chiefly to the "Edinburgh Review." By William R. Greg. 2 vols. Longman and Co.

MR. W. R. GREG is among the active contributors to our Reviews, and by no means one of the least able; but we cannot bring ourselves to regard his fugitive articles as of sufficient importance to justify their republication in this imposing form. They can have no pretension to stand on the shelf beside Macaulay, Jeffrey, Sidney Smith, and Macintosh;—indeed, on a far lower shelf they would be out of place. Mr. Henry Rogers reprinted his articles, and was justified by the permanence of his topics, no less than by the thoughtful care and ability of their treatment. Mr. Greg writes in newspapers and reviews on passing subjects; writes well, we are bound to add, but not better than hundreds of others, and not so well as several who do *not* reprint their ephemera; and we are at a loss to divine the motive which could have suggested these reprints from the *Edinburgh*, *Westminster*, *North British*, and *Economist*. Mr. Greg has no views of his own to justify re-publication, nor does he make the views of others forcible in novel applications; he brings a well-

informed mind, but no special erudition, to the illustration of the old topics; he brings a clear, animated style, but not one of peculiar grace or felicity, such as would make commonplaces charming. Thus, Mr. Greg being neither Thinker nor Stylist,—not claiming audience in right of important views, nor in right of commanding erudition,—not treating of topics which, because they are permanent and lie somewhat out of the course of journalism, may reasonably justify a desire to rescue them from the oblivion of journalism,—we feel ourselves called on to protest against this re-publication, lest it be a precedent. If he was in love with his writings, and could not suffer them to remain uncollected, a cheap, unpretending, "Railway" edition might have sufficed.

Having made this protest, let us briefly indicate the contents of the two bulky volumes. In these days of sounding titles, it may be idle to question the propriety of the term "Political and Social *Science*," here employed, but we warn the reader that he will find no more "science" in the volumes than is contained in the negative criticism of socialism from the politico-economical point of view,—criticism often excellent and just, often one-sided and shallow. The one new idea, which may be regarded as Mr. Greg's contribution to philosophy, is the one promulgated in the opening article—viz., *that the African race is destined by Providence to realize and make operative in European civilization the moral aspect of Christianity!* It is certainly a novel idea: *risum teneatis amici?* One may accept it as the dogma of which Uncle Tom is the exemplar.

Peasant-proprietorship, taxation, investments for the working classes, French and English Socialism, employers and employed, the *coup d'état* in France, and the expected Reform Bill, receive in turns the consideration of Mr. Greg. They are excellent articles; will be admitted as excellent even by those who dissent from the opinions expressed; they are written clearly, agreeably, earnestly; they served their original purpose of review and newspaper article, but are essentially *articles*—*i.e.*, ephemeral. We shall tolerably indicate the tone when we add, that he speaks of our greatest prose writer as "Mr. Burke," says that "France is κατ'εξοχην" something or other, and thinks Mr. Alison a "fascinating historian."

It is as a thinker, however, that we feel Mr. Greg's deficiencies to be greatest. A specimen or so of his reasoning on religious topics must be given.

That we really cannot penetrate the "designs of Providence," he is willing to admit:—

"The wisdom of Providence is, indeed, unsearchable, and its ways past finding out. Mortal plummet cannot fathom them. Human sagacity can rarely penetrate them. The frailty of human affections cannot always acquiesce in them."

But if that be his opinion, what may *this* mean?—

"In casting our eyes over the various countries of the globe, and considering both the past history and the intrinsic qualities of their peculiar races, we cannot fail to come to the conclusion that several of these have been destined by Providence for early extinction, and were created merely as temporary occupants to fill the void, till pushed out of existence in the fulness of time by other races of more commanding energies and greater capacities, exhibiting a higher development of humanity, and bearing upon them the marks of a more permanent duration."

"We cannot fail" to come to this conclusion! Let Mr. Greg be assured that we *can* fail,—indeed, we come to a totally different conclusion, and absolutely refuse to believe that God made races of men for the express purpose of being "merely temporary occupants to fill the void" till a better race should destroy them by brandy and bullets!

"Why, or with what object, Providence should have peopled so many countries with races of men destined to answer only a temporary purpose, and then to be swept away before the advancing tide of human civilization, it would be useless in us to conjecture. That such, however, *is* the plan of Providence, we think no doubt can remain."

The doubt *does* remain. Moreover, we desire to know how it is, if Providence is beyond our ken,—if we really are not taken into the "wise councils,"—we can assert so positively that we know them?

"Be this, however, as it may, everything points to the one certain conclusion, that whatever other tribes may, in the wise counsels of God, be destined to extinction, the African race is not of the number."

Elsewhere, after quoting some reflections on the slowness with which the designs of Providence are fulfilled, he says:—

"The human heart has, however, seldom enough depth in its philosophy, or resignation in its faith, to acquiesce contentedly in reflections such as these. We have a vague, dim, haunting feeling that, however true, they are yet unsatisfactory. We cannot contemplate without much profound awe, and something of natural regret, the arrangements of a Being who can watch, with calm and impassive eye, generation after generation roll by, without contributing, it may be, one calculable mite towards the accomplishment of his designs, and millions after millions of human creatures pass across the stage, their destiny unfulfilled, the objects of their existence unattained;—who, for six thousand years, has sent labourer after labourer into his vineyard to till the soil and to sow the seed for a harvest which still seems immeasurably remote, and in which these labourers are to have no participation; in whose estimation, in a word, any lapse of earthly time, any expenditure of human existence, seems wholly beneath consideration. The reflection unavoidably comes over us, that *we* too may be as they who have gone before us; that our fate, like theirs, may be to wander in the desert, afar from the promised land, which is the object of our common search; that our lot, like theirs, may be to sow, and not to reap."

These reflections are just, and must have frequently tormented the mind. But what answer has Mr. Greg? This is all:—

"Nevertheless, like many, doubtless, who have preceded us, we are disposed to hope for better things. Beyond all question we do inherit something—much—from our forerunners. The world has indisputably advanced, though with steps deplorably wavering and slow; and as we reap what the past has sown, it is but just that we should sow what the future is to reap. We trust, too, that the final harvest is somewhat nearer than it was; and our progress towards it steadier, surer, and more rapid than of old."

Surely, silence would have been better than this lame and impotent conclusion! We select religious in preference to social topics, because the author of the *Creed of Christendom* has at any rate rejected orthodoxy, whereas the articles on Socialism are in the very sanctum of politico-economical orthodoxy, swearing by Malthus and competition.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

ALTHOUGH the holidays are over, or nearly so, it may not be too late, perhaps, to say a word, which parents and guardians will do well to listen to, in favour of two or three books published by Addey & Co.

Here is a translation of Grimm's *Kinder und Hausmärchen*, a book known all over the world, as a sort of "*European* Nights' Entertainments," and fastened on by children of all ages with untiring avidity. These *Household Stories* are in two volumes, capitally illustrated by Wehnert, well translated, and nicely got up. A better book cannot be named, nor a more charming present.

The first volume of *The Charm* also lies in its gay binding before us. We have already spoken of this monthly magazine for boys and girls, which we can pronounce, on the very best authority (their own), to be excellently adapted to juvenile curiosity; and this volume, containing stories, descriptions of animals and foreign countries, poetry, and useful information, may be accepted as a work complete in itself.

Mrs. Follen's *New Nursery Songs* are charming. This is a tiny volume, full of nonsense verses, and good illustrations. The stories in *Wonder Castle* (by A. F. Frere) are pronounced wonderful enough, but we have not yet had time to read them, and add our authority to that of the young critics whom we follow.

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 IV.

STANDARD PICTURES.

THE number, variety, and condition of pictures by the Old Masters would seem to leave no hope of accomplishing their classification; but, in other subjects of scientific inquiry, much greater difficulties have been surmounted, and distinct departments prescribed. What is wanted is an analysis and classification of pictures for the use of the Restorer, to the end that he may proceed with his work with precision. Hitherto, in the absence of such a guide, his operations have been too much at the mercy of chance. It is quite possible to specify the peculiarities of certain pictures which constitute them the representatives of a class for the special purpose of the cleaner. As an illustration we will take Backhuysen, who, as a painter of sea pieces, ranks with Vandevelde. The difference in quality of execution between these two painters is not great, but they exhibit marked dissimilarity of style. Both present the same subject effectively, but by a different process, as respects the manner of laying on the colours, the pencilling, and the retention, or rejection of minutiæ. Vandevelde delights in details, and prides himself on his seamanship with all a sailor's coquetry; he individualizes the perfect model of a ship, defining and elaborating, from his familiar recollections, more than even a sailor's eye can seize at a glance: he supplies what distance would obscure, or storm and battle confound and obliterate. Backhuysen, on the contrary, while he betrays no ignorance of a ship's physiognomy, is content to realize the broader and more prominent features of his subject. Backhuysen's ships roll heavily, and pitch deeply, and founder fearfully in the gale or in the battle. His pictures look real, and full of motion. For richness of invention, fulness and completeness of effects, he rivals Vandevelde. Yet, perfect as is the touch of Backhuysen, and complete as are his effects, in minute mechanical dexterity of execution, and in delicacy of tint, he is altogether exceeded by Vandevelde, who, as a portrait-painter of Ocean life, has no rival. Vandevelde's sea pictures are, in a manner, so comprehensively expressive, that they may be said to include all other pictures of the kind.

The lesson to be derived from this comparison is, that in cleaning pictures by these two masters, the distinctive method of working employed by each should be fully understood, for the reason that the means and method which would safely clean a picture by Backhuysen, would destroy a work by Vandevelde, because of its greater delicacy and excessive minuteness. The process which would remove dirt from the more delicate picture, would perhaps answer in all respects for the bolder or coarser. It must be evident that a general rule *can* be drawn for the practice of restoration. In the instance of marine pictures, those examples which contain the greatest amount of refinement of execution in drawing, light, shade, and colour, must be taken as the basis of study. A knowledge of every picture to be operated upon is indispensable, and this would be attainable by the restorer making himself thoroughly acquainted with the distinctive character of the most intricate and perfect works of each class. A knowledge of the works

of Vandevelde would not suffice, perhaps, to qualify a restorer to handle all other sea pictures; but if choice were made of one master's works to serve as the groundwork of investigation, perhaps no artist's are better than Vandevelde's for this purpose.

Take another example, of a somewhat opposite kind, in the pictures of Rubens and Vandyke. It will be inferred that the pictures of Vandyke should serve as a study for a class of pictures painted on principles taught by Rubens. Rubens describes the process of laying on colours which he himself practised, thus:—"Begin by painting in your shadows lightly, taking particular care that no white is suffered to glide into them: white is the poison of a picture, except in the lights; if once your shadows are corrupted by the introduction of this baneful colour, your tones will no longer be warm and transparent. It is not the same in the lights, they may be loaded as much as you think proper; provided the tones are kept pure, you are sure to succeed in placing each tint in its proper place, and afterwards by a light blending of brush or pencil melting them into each other, without tormenting them; and on this preparation may be given those decided touches which are the distinguishing marks of a great master."

The effects of these instructions may be traced in the works of Rubens's best pupil, Vandyke. The master furnished the style, the pupil perfected it; the master drew the fearless and flowing outline, the pupil, in his works, corrected it of some of its extravagances. A similar distinction may be seen in the colouring of the two painters; Vandyke, for his great works, spread his palette with the same colours as Rubens, laid on the tints by the same process, but more sparingly, using a smaller pencil, giving them the same pure unsullied look, never "breaking" nor "torturing" them; every touch right to its purpose. The rule to be drawn from a knowledge of these two painters is the same as that drawn from Backhuysen's and Vandevelde's, *i. e.*, the necessity of an acquaintance with the most intricate and delicate pictures of each class. The process that would clean a picture by Rubens would ruin a picture by Vandyke, but the hand that has touched Vandyke without injury, will 'restore' Rubens without fear.

Admitted the restorer should be guided in his operations by the study of set standards from each class of pictures, selected on the principle described, the difficulty of deciding on the proper picture would be very trifling. A little reflection would convince us that Adrian Ostade would include a host of Dutch painters of his class, from Isaac Ostade downwards. Even Teniers might be included in this class, for the simple reason that Teniers has a firmer, broader, and more durable touch than Adrian Ostade; in other words, that one touch of the pencil by Teniers towards describing a Boor's face, would do the work of a score of small touches by Adrian Ostade. Now, though the effective single touch of the one might be worth the other's score, it would be *twenty times more critical a task* (*in the process* of cleaning) to ensure the safety of the more minute and intricate treatment. For the restorer to reckon a score of minute touches by Ostade to one dash of Teniers's brush would save from decay the works of the one and doubly preserve those of the other. It would be better to reckon fourscore touches to Ostade than to underestimate the number. It is the more necessary to do this, as the finer the touch the more likely it is to be disturbed, not only from its smallness but also because the colour laid on is thinner for fine articulations than for more decisive pencilling.

No matter what the class of pictures under treatment by the restorer, their safety can only be ensured by a full apprehension of the painter's peculiar and distinctive manipulation. If this be admitted of the sort of pictures referred to, which appeal for the most part to the senses only, how much more emphatically true is it of those works which appeal to the understanding. If there be danger, from ignorance, in the treatment of the works we have cited, how much greater must the danger be when the works of a Raphael are at stake? Those who have only tried their hands in the restoration of a Rubens, Vandyke, Teniers, or Ostade, would be very little in the secret of the rare qualities which raise the Italian so far above the Flemish and Dutch painters as to reduce them, by comparison, to mere caricaturists.

CHAPTER V.

AN IDEAL PROCESS OF PAINTING.

Suppose for a moment we have the privilege of observing a superior artist at his work. A vase of flowers just brought in from the garden with all the freshness of the morning on the buds, leaves, and blossoms—roses, white and red, hyacinths, white purple and pink, soft, rich, deep tinted African marigolds and tall tulips, pure white, and striped with crimson and scarlet, and petals dusted with gold. Children sporting with a goat are delicately sculptured on the vase. The painter has completed his outline. The lines are faintly indicated, so as to be just perceptible; being first drawn on a sheet of thin paper and traced through with a needle on to a panel, as smooth and white as the paper itself.

Spreading his palette with pure white and lamp black, finely ground, and selecting a few good sable pencils, the painter proceeds to relieve by shadows the vase, slab, and flowers from the flat surface. He accomplishes this with great nicety by the admixture of black and white; realizing in form and texture every fine distinction of character which the various subjects present, and doing this so effectively that even the practised eye could scarcely detect an oversight or inaccuracy in the transcript. If it were possible to metamorphose the realities of the variegated flowers, marble slab, and antique vase into forms of driven snow, then would the representation bear strict resemblance to the original objects; soft, delicate shadows, and every graceful and various quality having been rendered in perfect unison. Satisfied with his work thus far, the artist next arranges his light from the window of the studio, so as to let a sunbeam fall upon the prominent objects of the group. This change in the light makes it necessary to pass a tender shadow across the picture, so as to leave those parts on which the sunbeam falls the lighter by comparison. This management of the shadows is a refinement which may be pursued to a very intricate degree, but in this instance the track of sunlight would produce an effect simple to imagine. We observe some flowers in splendour, and others quiet, cool, and retired. The vase of flowers is placed just within the opening of a second chamber, which has only so much cool light diffused over it as serves to make the darkness visible, and this space forms a very effective and soft back-ground, an even contrast, neither too abrupt nor too dark. By this arrangement the whole group is relieved with great force and distinctness. The warm light searches the inmost depths of the open flowers, and peers through every little crevice, filling some with radiance, and fringing others with gold. Swarms of insects are seen sporting about, with fiery coats, and wings of various hues, from the fierce and gorgeous dragon-fly to the minute ant; and fresh, pearly drops of dew, fresh as if just fallen from the sky to disappear with the opening day, hang here and there, nestle in the bosom of the rose, glide down the satin surface of the tulip, and drop on to the cool, polished marble below, mingling with the mingled colours reflected from above. Each water drop is a little mirror, imaging in little something that is near it; each flower, borrowing a tint from its neighbour, yields its own tint in return; the white rose looks more tender and more intense beside the hyacinth's deep blue, and the rich rose reflects its crimson blushes all around.

The painter has succeeded in denoting the various forms composing his subject, in black and white. As at the commencement of the work he devoted his attention to the distinguishing characteristics of each particular form, so now, in the same methodical manner, he proceeds to particularise each colour and its variations. Thus, the rose has three or six shades of colour in its blossoms, from the whitish divisions of the young buds to the deep clefts of the mature flowers. The same transparent lake or carmine serves for all; for he commences with the faintest blush, and then deepens each tint in succession down to the darkest crimson. This process is repeated for every flower and object in the picture. The most subtle tint is thus obtained, whether of blue, yellow, green, or red, including the reflected hues. The treatment which serves for the rose, serves also for the hyacinth, marigold, tulip, and even the smallest leaf or stalk. Thus the utmost purity, freshness, richness, depth, brightness, transparency, and truth are ensured. The painter having first secured the true colour of each object, that is, its colour before receiving reflections, reserves the reflected hues for after consideration. The purple which the rose attracts from the hyacinth at its side, is obtained by a faint wash of blue, thus changing the tint, with every hue throughout. When the local colours and accidental tints are completed, the pointing is proceeded with. The borders of the flowers and edges of the leaves are tipped with sunlight, which also sparkles on the insects and gives a central light to the smooth stalks. Those parts which are of a heavy dead texture, not reflecting light, require retouching with opaque colour to distinguish them from the transparent.

All these beautiful and various effects John Van Huysum could imitate so closely that the imitation seemed to have "motion and life, and almost an odour." Whoever feels a pleasure (and who does not?) in gazing at nature's loveliest and most innocent creations—"a group of beautiful flowers—will readily allow that to look on a picture by John Van Huysum is the next best thing." There is a feeling so happy in his conceptions of flowers, selected and disposed with the nicest susceptibility to their gentlest influences. He gives to each particular flower, bud, and plant, its peculiar character, unruffled by accident. With profusion there is no repletion; grace and simplicity are everywhere.

It may be said that the process of painting a picture after the method particularized has never been pursued—that neither Van Huysum, Mignon, De Heem, nor Baptiste, in fact, pursued such a process; nay, that these painters worked to perfection by means quite different; that their works are more natural, solid, and durable, than they would have been if so painted. The writer has seen a picture by Van Huysum in a half effaced condition, painted on a white ground, in which the tulips and roses were first perfectly formed in white and black. The more elaborate works of Van Huysum were thus worked up. Pictures painted in this manner are very susceptible of injury, owing to the extreme delicacy and thinness of the finishing transparent colours. For this reason it has been thought that a thorough acquaintance with the nature of a picture so hazardous to treat, would be the best standard to fix in the mind. There would be risk of destroying every beauty in a picture by Van Huysum, by use of solvents, which might be safely employed in restoring a picture by Baptiste. In a flower-piece by Van Huysum, the faint and scarcely perceptible blush on the rose is almost as transient as a reflected hue. It is the sensitive eye alone that would be conscious of its presence, and only the delicatest handling that could venture on its surface. In a similar subject by Baptiste the corresponding tints would not, as in Van Huysum, be produced by a transparent wash, but by opaque colour which the ordinary eye could not resist, nor the ordinary handling endanger.

LETTERS OF A VAGABOND.

XIII.

March 22, 1852.

OUR plans have been materially altered since I last wrote to Valperduta; at least, in the method of proceeding to discover Margaret's health; and I am afraid, my dear friends, that you will find the change not advantageous to my correspondence, since it must furnish materials less amusing than an actual tour.

We, that is, a few of us, assembled in Stanhope's studio to settle the details. When I got there, Margaret was enthroned, sitting for a sketch; which Stanhope is to repeat in a finished form after her return. "I shall be unable to finish this," he said, "because, after a month's wandering, every line will be altered." But he would not wait. And he was right; for there is in Margaret's aspect, now that illness has impaired the rounded outline, a severer beauty, and at the same time a gentler, which ought not to pass without record. And Stanhope is executing his work beautifully; at which I am rather surprised; for I have always found that the hand refused to be faithful to the portraiture of the faces we best know; perhaps because, knowing them in so many aspects, we vainly seek to compress those many aspects into one view. But Stanhope's hand is more masterly than most of us can boast, and Margaret is a sitter such as we seldom meet. Although her face is far from moveless—is, indeed, visited by an endless variety of feeling—its predominant expression is that of life in repose—great intellectual animation and strong emotion in a self-possessed and observing repose.

I found only Conway there, and we had to wait for Edwardes; but Werneth came in to know if he might join us in part of our journey. "May he?" I asked of Margaret. "Yes," she answered, with that full utterance which makes a single word thoroughly do its office. I do not know by what transition, from our tour to Cheshire, and thence to our recent experiences at Audley Hall, we passed to discuss the state of affairs there; but I soon found myself asking Werneth for the reasons which regulate the apparent discrepancies of society in certain matters. I was anxious to learn through him, for many reasons; and especially because his courageous spirit, his philosophic insight, and his rank, combine to give him opportunities of learning realities such as few men possess. At first, I think he denied much that I assumed, especially in social matters. "The cases you have observed," he said, "are exceptional. *You* are yourself an exceptional man, and you have fallen into exceptional circles; and you must not judge of society by what you witness."

There may be some truth in that, and I confessed as much; yet a difficulty would be thrown upon every social inquirer, *if* he admitted the cancelling of personal experience. What we see, *is*, or we should not see it. Besides, as I told Werneth, I doubt the degree of the exceptional. Indeed, the cases are *not* to be presumed to be exceptional. Johnson is no exceptional man—you may match him anywhere; so you may his son William, his wife, his cousin, his daughters—save the one exception enthroned before Stanhope; whose influence *within* her family, through her youth and pride, had been negative. Audley is not an exceptional man; nor are those two families connected, save by the accident of my knowing both. But many of the things I had observed are as little connected. And it is to be remembered that these things are systematically hushed up among the English. The exception consists in the outspeaking upon them, or even in the discovery. The skeleton in every house knows not his neighbour; but if all were called out, what a grim militia might we review!

Werneth, however, went further in his philosophic mood; and Edwardes, who came in, sided with him. Werneth insisted that I made too much account of *one* influence in life, and expected people who had settled down in life to be too much swayed by the romantic passion which can only find free scope in ruder society. Love, he said, is not the business, but the condiment of life. "Your metaphor will not do," I answered; "because love is an essential of human life—in its rudest element, essential to the continuance of human kind; in its highest element, affection, essential to happiness; in its full perfection, essential to the full action of life. I do not complain only that love is mortified; there might be redemption in that. The mortified devotion of a widowed heart, or the religious devotion to a great cause of a heart naturally affectionate, may be noble exercises of the highest virtues. And in ordinary life, short of sublime perfection, there may be a placid middle course which is estimable—when affections, and circumstances, and events harmonize. The Hartnells are not alone in their happiness. But what I complain of is, that even that full but modest developement of life is denied to many; that the denial of it to others begets depraved substitutions; that the reducing of affection to routine, and substituting contract for inclination or for the *earning* of affection, destroy the vital part of life; insomuch that, with many bright exceptions, the level of society is dull, where the home is a pleasure only professedly; that numbers pine away in mortified frustration of life; that numbers are sacrificed to the depravities which tread upon laws at variance with nature. I point to your own institutions: I say the faces of your people are not unhappy, but dull; that your young men are, in multitudes, not wild only, nor rude, but *low* in their indulgences; that multitudes of women are victims to a custom which encounters you in the streets, though it must not be named, which is an institution, and which is the actual, if not the necessary, complement of the institution of marriage. You hold your tongue about these things, and speak and look as if they were not. If I say these things generally, you object to general charges; if I bring instances, you say they are exceptional."

"We do not, as Lord Werneth says," insisted Edwardes, "make so much account as you do of love. It is inevitable, and we undergo it. But devotion to it we leave to idlers, or to the young; intellect gradually breaking away from the thrall."

"I did not say that," said Werneth.

"Edward himself does not think it," said Margaret from her throne, with an indignant emphasis that her deep voice could give, although it did not grow loud; "he *knows* better."

Edwardes did not look at her, and he kept his countenance unchanged.

"It was," I said, "*they* who mistook me. I did not insist on love as the sole influence or end of life. Quite the reverse. Give to life all its action in other things than love, and in due proportion. What I assert is, that you either deny love altogether, or that you are low sots in the counterfeit of passion; it is those excesses that shock me. You suffer the human race itself to degenerate with inaction, and leave youth, idle, to the worst temptations of pleasure. Or you find 'employment' of an irksome and tedious kind, as a vent for the superabundant vitality of youth; stimulating excitement with intellectual restlessness, or making the nervous faculties thirst for excitement by wearisome drudgery. Yet worse, I complain that you do not discuss these things fairly. Although matters of life and death, you hold your tongues, and trust to chance. Barbarians have known better. The grand corrective of vicious tendencies in youth is, not intellectual study, nor mechanical drudgery, but action, physical action, bodily activity and fatigue. Your physicians now will confirm the moralizer of old. But you mew your boys up in a school-room or counting-house; and if they issue forth with pale, worn-out faces, you will not ask the reason why. Nay, worse still—some of you know better, and you refuse to act according to a code so mortal in its consequences. But *how* do you act? Do you protest against it? do you extend the benefit of your awakened experience to others? do you assist with your countenance and support those who agree with you? No; you pretend to think as your adversaries do, and only take for yourselves, secretly, the benefit of your better knowledge. Why, you know, Edwardes, as well as I, that there are hundreds, thousands, who think with us, who act with us, and who yet pretend to be of the prevailing faith, in morals and politics, as well as religion."

"But," said Conway, "we are not so independent as you are. You are not bound by any ties: we are."

"Yes, I am; but let that pass. You do not even do what you might. You arrogate to yourselves private judgment, and then suffer society to suppress individual judgment, joining with those who frown it out of sight. I say it is so, not only in matters of social affection—important as that is—it is so in public action. You are now all consenting to institutions for which you have little respect; you join in crying down the working classes, or in tacitly withholding their equal right with yours, because 'influential people' are against you. You pretend to religious views which you have not."

"In all these things," answered Conway, "there is much to be said with you. We are weak. But it is a respectable weakness, that makes the majority shrink from change, and that makes us, the minority, shrink from offending the majority; that makes us love stability. You have no sympathy with repose."

"Not respectable at all, unless you mean to say that sincerity must be offensive or tyrannical. And what do you mean by 'repose,' or 'stability?' What is stable? Not organic life. What organic creature can find an inorganic structure that shall contain it permanently? Clothes wear out, walls crumble, and institutions change. The only worthy result of human 'institutions' is that which accrues, at a given moment, from the vital energy of that moment. Organic life is not still for an instant; secretion, circulation, breath, thought, are all action, ceaseless action. Cultivate the human mind to its highest perfection, and the result, at any given moment, will be the most perfect human action: that is the true 'institution,' which cannot be builded or reduced to statutes, and which forbids repose,—breaks down by the conviction of this moment the stiffened notion of the last."

"It appears to me," said Edwardes, in his systematic way, "that the position you take up as an observer is open to three qualifications, which you have not answered. You take a part for the whole; you disturb without giving us anything instead; and you set up your own individual opinion above others."

—"If you frown so, Margaret," cried Stanhope, "I shall paint your brow as I see it."—

"No," said Conway, earnestly, "he does no such thing. As to your first qualification, he *has* answered that; and if he has not, I will. It is true that these abnormal aspects of society are only partial—the whole is not cankered, or it would die. But the disease appears in many parts, in parts wholly unconnected with each other. I know, as a clergyman, how widely extensive is the disregard or evasion of the marriage rule; how the young men of the working class disregard it, in town or country; how young men of the middle class 'take their fling.' I know how many sceptics there are to that faith among the most educated classes. Tristan does not exaggerate. We must not say in these things, any more than in boasting, that we are not as other men. And it is not true, Edwardes, that Tristan sets up his own opinion above others."

"No," I interrupted, "I only say that what I see shocks me, from its

hypocrisy and its cruelty; that I cannot find *life* amongst you, full or free in its growth; and that I abominate such life as numbers accept—loathe it, and fly from it."

Conway held up his hand, in sign that he desired to speak *for* me. "He has a *right* to his own opinion, the right to declare it, the right to act upon it. If we could all do as much, if we could come to each other's real opinions, our usages and statutes would more readily conform to our real knowledge and convictions; instead of being made to conform in many things to the knowledge and opinions of a fierce, high-nosed race of Stony Arabia more than two thousand years ago. Tristan's mistake is, that he does not appreciate our difficulties. You know me too well, Tristan, to think that I would willingly be the—what shall I call it?—the hypocrite I am—it is better to say it out—if it were not for the sake of others. I am in the church; when I was a youth, I was inclined to study, and there was 'a living in the family;' and so I 'went into the church.' *After* I was there, I began to ask myself what it meant, that church. Many never ask themselves the question, or put it down as soon as it rises to their minds; others ask it, and answer it as I did once before—that we are a College of Soothsayers, and that the church is a provision for cadets and scholars. But answer it how we may, we mostly ask the question *after* we have entered the fatal circle, and can get out no more. Or if I were to leap over it, what would become of my two sisters, to whom the rectory is as much a provision as to myself? No; my only solicitude is that they may not see the renegade I am; and they do not know, they have not a suspicion of that which is no secret to all of you, or to many more beside."

"Then you do not help them to know you or your duties," interposed Margaret, from the throne where she sat, a living picture. "Tell them."

"No, Margaret; they are not strong enough—neither born so nor bred so. But that is a difficulty, Tristan, which you do not appreciate. It is only one sample of numbers."

"I appreciate it fully. I only say, that if your timidity—pardon me, Conway, for using the word—were not endemic, your case would be seen to be the case of hundreds, if not of thousands; and thousands cannot be punished for sincerity in our day. Your difficulty would cease, if none of you regarded it as a difficulty. But it is that bugbear 'difficulty' which holds down the Englishman morally, as it does the Italian industrially. I do not blame you; I suppose you all like it—you to live without your real religion in the midst of a false one—every man to live in fetters. I would rather starve unfettered."

"And your sisters?"

"I never had any—except Julie. Well, I would rather that she should starve, too; and so would she. But still, you all surprise me. Englishmen used to boast of speaking their mind, when they had but little mind to speak: they now dread to say what they think, and profess to think only what the average mind licenses. But come, we are ourselves getting to be an 'institution' for the maintenance of talk, and we are forgetting our business in hand."

"Except Walter," said Edwardes; "his pencil has not stayed, and the face there on the canvas grows more and more a reflex of that dread countenance which we all worship so devoutly."

"If you make Margaret smile," said Stanhope, "you will foil me as much as by making her frown. That is right."

"How serene and grand she looks!" said Edwardes.

"Edwardes, I will turn you out," exclaimed Stanhope; "leave me to my business, and attend to your own."

Accordingly, we all fell to discussing the day of departure, the transit, the resting-places; resolved to mix salt water with our fresh winds: for Edwardes would not be content without.

While we were on that point, another friend came in—Markham, with a new proposition. He had heard of our project from Johnson, and came to ask us to his own place, in Sussex, close by the sea; large grounds, with a large house; all at our service. In spite of his manifest sincerity, I saw that the others hung back, from the Englishman's dread of an "obligation," or of "being troublesome," especially as they were so many. I do not suppose that either Stanhope or Margaret shared that dread. Margaret had risen from her chair when Markham came in;—she permitted him to hand her off the throne as they shook hands; and she placed herself by Stanhope's side, with her hand on his shoulder. Seeing the hesitation, Markham specifically directed his request to Margaret; who turned to Stanhope. He looked upon her with a smile of assent, and she accepted. "Who will come?" asked Markham. "You, of course, Tristan; and you, Conway. Lord Werneth?" Werneth said he was going to join the party. "At your own time," replied Markham; "and you, Edwardes, with your wife. A house, a park, a cutter, all your own." "And you yourself, Mr. Markham?" asked Margaret. "If I have your permission, on the Sunday: I, you know, am a slave."

It was agreed. Edwardes has promised to give us as much of his time as he can; Markham the same; Werneth will join us in a week. We shall not disappoint Sophy Johnson, whom Yseult and I have promised to visit; but from her place we shall go straight to Seven Hills. Of course Julie is of the party—Margaret volunteered that promise to Markham, with a sly smile that sat strangely on the grave countenance of young Ceres; and the great grocer received the promise with a blush that would have adorned the face of any girl. No man feels quite himself when the woman he has wooed in vain points his choice in another direction.

Talking of Julie, the mystery is out. She has cultivated her lovely and brilliant voice to disengage her little property for *me!* "No, Julie," I said, "no property for me. It is a burden. I should give it away. I disapprove, seriously"—for she began to laugh—"of so many things connected with property, that I will not meddle with it. I will not buy and sell. I will not take other men's earnings, nor exact a fee for letting other men get at God's earth. I do not say that those are wrong who do so—you, at all events, cannot be wrong; but I say that I have scruples; I have no practice in the matter; I do not care to be troubled with the thought, or with settling my scruples, or with the responsibilities of property. I will pitch my tent where I am welcome, and when I cease to be welcome anywhere, I will strike my tent altogether in this world. And that will not be while dear Julie is alive—nor while Valperduta belongs to Giorgio and Elena."

Dear Julie looked disappointed; but I soon made her know that I valued her sacrifice, though I would not use it.

I think we shall start for Dutton on Monday, to be at Seven Hills on Tuesday or Wednesday. We all go to Dutton, taking up our abode at the inn, and the rest doing what they list while Yseult and I pay our visit, and Edwardes too; for he will not miss the visit to Sophy Johnson.

The Arts.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S NEW COMEDY.

"BASE is the slave who pays!" When Pistol uttered that energetic and admirable sentiment, he had never known what it is to enjoy a "press privilege," and, suddenly deprived thereof, to open the theatre by means of a silver key. *I* knew it on Saturday last. It was a new sensation: "quite refreshing," as the elegant writers phrase it. I felt independent for once. I, who had never dared to whisper a word of objection against any manager, actor, or author,—I, whose amiable admiration had been uniformly purchased, (cheap, too, at the price,)—I, who called Caulfield a tenor and Charles Kean a tragedian, who rhapsodised about Harrison and doated on Castellan,—I was at last to "speak my mind!" And *what* a mind!

There was a terrific rush for places, and criticism was represented by a "most powerful cast." How could it be otherwise? The new comedy was by Douglas the witty, Jerrold the keen. It had been produced at Windsor, as in old times the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Molière were first produced at Versailles; as in old times, also, our modern Molière was invited to Windsor, gracefully received by the Court, and treated with all the respect due to intellectual kingship. Yes; you may not, perhaps, have seen it in the papers, but Douglas *was* invited, Douglas was present, and the Court felt flattered and pleased by his presence. Men of intellect always *are* welcome there. These lords and ladies convened to laugh at the sparkling fancy of the dramatist, emulated each other in attentions to the man. We are so proud of our clever men, in England! We leave to other, and more sordid nations, the worship of inanities,—we worship genius. (I have paid my money, and I am speaking my mind.)

And what was this comedy which so delighted the Court? *St. Cupid; or, Dorothy's Fortune.* Let me try and give some report thereof. In the first place I note that the piece is written without a part for Charles Kean; yet they say Jerrold is deficient in construction! In the next place, I note that, both as to writing and construction, one cannot name a better first act: it is a model of an "exposition;" all the points in the story are artistically presented, and the curtain falls leaving us in a pleasant titillation of curiosity and interest. The dialogue has been brilliant, the satire humane yet keen withal, the fancy playful. But the second act, though very amusing, has one great dramatic sin—want of progression. The curtain falls, and leaves all the characters, and all points of the story, in the same position, only a little intensified, as at the end of Act I. *Valentine's* love is more confirmed, the cousin's jealousy is deepened, the spy's suspicions have grown into certainties; but the story has not moved to a climax, and, dramatically speaking, there is no second act at all. Act third winds the various threads into a dramatic ravel, and then unravels them again in a swift, summary manner.

The curtain descends, the bravos and clappings finally cease, the laughing applauders stream out of the theatre, and as the critical mind settles down in quietness, and asks itself briefly, What is *St. Cupid?* the answer is slow in coming. Underneath the fireworks of wit there is in truth but a slender thread of dramatic anecdote; a simple story of wooing and winning makes up the piece. One is pleased, but never excited—except to sudden laughter at the flashing dialogue; the serious interest is so quiet, and the intrigue so transparent, that it passes on without raising any quick emotion.

In the hands of a good French company this comedy would have had another kind of success. A word of praise, however, is due to James Vining for his gentlemanly portrait of the gouty old diplomatist; to Walter Lacy, for his quiet gaiety in the lover; and unqualified praise to Wright for his gipsey queen: with unexaggerated humour he entered into the character, and filled up the second act so that one never noticed its dramatic stationariness. Harley as the pompous old schoolmaster was—Harley.

On Monday the season of *French Plays* begins, to the delight of all lovers of amusing pieces and good acting. Ravel, the incomparable, opens the campaign with *Un Monsieur qui suit les Dames*, a piece which some of my readers may have had the misfortune of seeing played at the Strand Theatre under the title of *Kensington Gardens*, where a humorous idea was entrusted to the most intolerable *jeune premier* ever inflicted on the credulity of a British pit.

VIVIAN.

THE TYRANTS OF THE HOUSEHOLD.—And so it is, and for his rule over his family, and for his conduct to wife and children—subjects over whom his power is monarchical, any one who watches the world must think with trembling sometimes of the account which many a man will have to render. For in our society there's no law to control the King of the Fireside. He is master of property, happiness,—life almost. He is free to punish, to make happy or unhappy, to ruin or to torture. He may kill a wife gradually, and be no more questioned than the grand seignior who drowns a slave at midnight. He may make slaves and hypocrites of his children; or friends and freemen; or drive them into revolt and enmity against the natural law of love. I have heard politicians and coffee-house wiseacres talking over the newspaper, and railing at the tyranny of the French King, and the Emperor, and wondered how these (who are monarchs, too, in their way,) govern their own dominions at home, where each man rules absolute? When the annals of each little reign are shown to the Supreme Master, under whom we hold sovereignty, histories will be laid bare of household tyrants as cruel as Amurath, and as savage as Nero, and as reckless and dissolute as Charles.—THACKERAY'S *Esmond.*

SCOTCH AND ENGLISH.—The Scottish poets have not been afraid to commit themselves by a show of feeling; the English poets have. Even of such a public virtue as patriotism the Englishman is often very slow to make confession; and yet no one is prouder of his fatherland. After the manner of Balaam the son of Beor, he gives a blessing to nations that he cordially hates; aud his love for England gushes forth in words of reviling, if not in some dreadful malison. "England! with all thy faults, I love thee still," says Cowper; and then he goes on to enumerate her faults, without mentioning a single excellence, only hinting at English mind and manners; *still*, he says, as though it were a hard job, he will manage to love his country. How truly English! and how different from the "Rule Britannia" of Thomson; from the "Ye Mariners" of Campbell; from Scott's burst of enthusiasm when addressing the "Land of brown heath and shaggy wood;" from Beattie, even from Byron, at least when he sings of Scotland, and, above all, from Burns. The songs of Burns owe their success to this egotism, this personality, this outpouring of the inmost soul which the English avoid as they do the confessional.—From DALLAS'S *Poetics.*

HEARING.—Of all our senses, hearing seems to be the most poetical; and because it requires most imagination. We do not simply listen to sounds, but whether they be articulate or inarticulate, we are constantly translating them into the language of sight, with which we are better acquainted; and this is a work of the imaginative faculty.—From DALLAS'S *Poetics.*

Commercial Affairs.

MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

BRITISH FUNDS FOR THE PAST WEEK.

(CLOSING PRICES.)

	Satur.	*Mond.*	*Tues.*	*Wedn.*	*Thurs.*	*Frid.*
Bank Stock	227	227½	226½	.....	227½	227½
3 per Cent. Red.	100	100¼	100¼	100⅜	100¼	100⅜
3 per Cent. Con. Ans.	99⅜	99¼	99¼	99⅜	99⅝	99⅝
Consols for Account	99⅜	99¼	.....	99⅜	99½	99½
3½ per Cent. An.	103¼	103¼	103⅜	103½	103½	103⅝
New 5 per Cents.	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Long Ans., 1860	.....	6⅛	6 7-16	6 1-16	6 7-16	6 7-16
India Stock	.....	.....	.....	.....	272	272
Ditto Bonds, £1000	.....	71	71	67	67	70
Ditto, under £1000	.....	67	71	.....	71	71
Ex. Bills, £1000	58 p	61 p	61 p	61 p	57 p	61 p
Ditto, £500	58 p	.....	61 p	57 p	57 p	61 p
Ditto, Small	58 p	61 p	61 p	57 p	57 p	61 p

FOREIGN FUNDS.

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

Brazilian New, 1829 & 39	102½	Sardinian 5 p. Cent. Acct. February 14	95
Ecuador	5¼	Spanish 3 p. Cts. New Def.	22⅞
Granada Deferred	11⅜	Spanish Com. Certif. of Coupon not funded	5¼
Mexcican 3 per Ct. Acct. February 14	23	Dutch 4 per Cent. Certif.	98½
Peruvian 6 p. Cts., 1849	103½		
Peruvian 3 per Cent. Def.	63		

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40	1 5 0	1 6 9	3 0 7	2 14 10
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