THE LEADER
AND
SATURDAY ANALYST;

A REVIEW AND RECORD OF POLITICAL, LITERARY, ARTISTIC, AND SOCIAL EVENTS.

No. 531.
New Series, No. 21.

May 26th, 1860.

Price 5d.
Stamped, 6d.

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EFFECT ON PARTIES OF THE VOTE IN THE LORDS.

AS people begin to recover from their surprise at the overwhelming majority of Monday last against the financial policy of the Government, the question inevitably suggests itself to every mind,—What will the probable consequences be as regards the relative condition of parties? Great pains were taken during the debate to repudiate the imputation of party aims or motives. The rejection of the Paper Duty Repeal Bill was first suggested by a *ci-devant* Whig Chancellor of the Exchequer; and amongst those who helped him to carry his motion were twenty of the stanchest members of the political congregation worshipping at Brookes's. About the party-colour of men like Lords DONEGAL and NORMANBY, PANMURE and GREY, CAMPERDOWN and STRATFORD, there can be no doubt; and as little as to the politics of men like Lords HARRINGTON, AIRLIE, ABERCROMBIE, AVELAND, HOLLAND, OVERSTONE, and GOSFORD. Some of these have held Cabinet office, and others places of more or less confidence under Whig administrations. But there is perhaps still more significance, under existing circumstances, in the fact that men like Lords COWPER, BLANTYRE, CLIFTON, and LECONFIELD, men who are not supposed to be easily carried away by individual opinions, and who are very closely connected by ties of relationship and friendship with prominent members of the Government, should have helped to swell the majority of eighty-nine; while persons of the highest weight and distinction, like the Dukes of BEDFORD and GRAFTON, Lords LEICESTER, CLARENDON, and STANLEY of Alderley, refused to aid in reducing it. It is, indeed, quite true that in the ordinary sense of the term the vote cannot be called one of a party description; and it was not concealed by the speakers in the debate that the matter was regarded very much with reference to class interests. Nevertheless, it is clear that a strong undercurrent of specific animosity to Mr. GLADSTONE and those whose ideas he has lately adopted, influenced various sections of the Peers. It was the allusions during the discussion to the principles and projects of the Manchester School that evoked the loudest cheers; and it has been truly said by a keen observer of passing events, that there was no such speech made in the House of Lords *against* the second reading of the Paper Duty Bill as that which Mr. BRIGHT made at St. Martin's Hall. If the Peers, Liberal as well as Conservative, were to speak their minds unreservedly, nineteen out of every twenty would declare that they believe the finances of the country are in unsafe hands so long as the Manchester party are allowed to dictate the policy to be pursued with respect to taxation, or, in other words, as long as Mr. GLADSTONE is Chancellor of the Exchequer. We are not here considering whether in this conviction they are right or wrong; we are simply stating a fact of the utmost significance in estimating correctly the character of the remarkable vote of Monday last—a vote, probably, with hardly an example or parallel within the memory of the present generation. Had Mr. GLADSTONE always been an advocate of the policy of direct taxation as opposed to indirect, and of peace with France at any price for the sake of commercial intercourse with the people of that country, more deference, perhaps, would be paid to his authority as a financier, and more respect would undoubtedly be shown for his motives as a man. But it happens, unfortunately for him and for the section of politicians of whom he must now be deemed the head in Parliament and in the Cabinet, that he has won that position, whatever its value be, by the most signal abandonment of specific pledges, and the most abrupt conversion to novel views. It may have been thought, by some, undignified that a statesman like Lord DERBY should choose for the staple of his speech on so great a question, conflicting quotations from those of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER during the last three years. But Lord DERBY knew well the audience he addressed, and the ideas that were uppermost in their minds. He thoroughly understood what it was they wished to have done, and what were the incentives that would most effectually impel them to aid in doing it. It was not about the Paper Duty as a form of excise, or the specific amount of deficiency its repeal might create in the ways and means of next year, that the Peers were thinking of. They believed themselves standing below a sluice-gate, which, if opened rashly, it would be difficult to close, and through which a flood might pour that would sweep away half the privileges and immunities they most valued; and they believed that he whom they saw standing by the side of the sluice, brandishing the key in his hand, was a man governed by imagination and impulse, regardless of his own recent promises and opinions, and equally indifferent to the ordinary misgivings and apprehensions that influence mankind. They had recently watched with wonder and admiration the way in which he had contrived to persuade his prosaic colleagues and a half-incredulous House of Commons to allow him to perform certain experimental exploits of a financial kind. But they had subsequently perceived that even in some of these his confident assurances of success had not been justified; and supposing him to be thoroughly sincere, upright, and disinterested, they could not but regard him with aversion and terror as a pre-eminently dangerous man. What the majority of the Lords really meant by supporting Lord MONTEAGLE's motion was not to displace the Government, but to drive Mr. GLADSTONE out of it. The son-in-law and stepson of Lord PALMERSTON, the brother-in-law of the Duke of ARGYLL, the brother-in-law of Sir CHARLES WOOD, and the nephew of Lord CARLISLE, would not have been found among the non-contents had this not been clearly understood; and the brother of Lord JOHN RUSSELL and the brother of Mr. VILLIERS would not have been found wanting on the other side. But there is no denying the fact, that among statesmen and politicians of all shades of opinion save one, Mr. GLADSTONE has lost influence and character by identifying himself with Mr. BRIGHT and his party. Whether it be too late for him to retrace his steps with safety and with honour, or whether he must pay the forfeit of his generous and unreserved adoption of their peculiar tenets by abjuring office at least for a season, we cannot tell. But certain we are that the governing instincts of both Whigs and Tories are irreconcilably opposed to the financial views of the Manchester School, and that the vote of want of confidence in Mr. GLADSTONE come to by the House of Lords will inevitably, though perhaps not immediately, lead to the break up of the coalition of which Lord PALMERSTON is the head. The noble Viscount may retain the helm of State, of which nobody just now is anxious to deprive him; but if he would weather the impending storm, he must part with some of his present crew.

THE GLADSTONE HASH.

WHATEVER be the result of the present crisis, Mr. GLADSTONE has been the chief agent to bring it on. His much-boasted eloquence has sharpened the desire of envious rivals to upset him, and increased their chances of success. His Budget, which has occupied so much of the time of Parliament, has provoked opposition and supplied opportunities for protracted debates, discomfiture, and defeat. He has inflicted a deep wound on the party he took office to serve, and has delayed the cause he undertook to forward. If every part of his Budget were not unavoidably necessary, he is inexcusable for the mischief he has done.

It cannot be urged as a reproach to us that we pride ourselves on wisdom gained after the event. Immediately on his Budget being promulgated, flattering ourselves on having escaped the seductiveness of his eloquence, we insisted on the necessity of reducing the expenditure,—we pointed out a means of doing it. We stated the propriety of leaving all great financial questions to the Reformed Parliament; and we then said Mr. GLADSTONE had "added to all the difficulties of the Government the great difficulty of unnecessarily disturbing the whole financial system." We stigmatised as ill-timed his furtive attack on the publicans' monopoly, which, if left alone, would have become, with free trade in wine and other things, utterly unbearable in a short time, when it might have been easily and totally suppressed. We condemned the many new and petty Custom-House regulations and duties he applied to trade, and more than once we insisted on the necessity of simplifying our fiscal regulations, which his plan complicated. The result justifies our remarks. When it is seen that excessive expenditure involves the two Houses of Parliament in a quarrel, dislocates a ministry, endangers public credit, begets animosity amongst different classes, and even threatens our institutions, it will be admitted that greater exertion should have been made to keep it down. The Ministry which shields itself behind a popular cry, be it what it may, for having brought on by unnecessary expenditure such a series of calamities, merely admits its inability to rule. It shows that the aristocracy and the advocates of the aristocracy refuse parliamentary reform to avoid, already exists; and the Ministers are only the instruments for giving effect to the wishes of the little-instructed democracy. Besides sanctioning unnecessary expenditure Mr. GLADSTONE's Budget was unnecessarily complicated; it pretended to promote freedom and multiplied restrictions; it was confused as well as complicated. If the session have been wasted, the Ministry injured, and the Commons degraded, Mr. GLADSTONE is to blame.

He has failed before. In 1853 his budget was essentially different in all points from his budget of 1860, except that it too was a failure. Some excuse was found for him in the Russian war, which ensued in the following year, but an increase in the value of money had, before that, rendered his financial plan a byword in the City. The war hid his blunder.

Now his failure is plainly and exclusively due to the complexity, vastness, and inconsistencies of his scheme. Since February trade has increased, and the revenue has increased. The whole nation is now extremely prosperous. Even the shipping interest has ceased to grumble. In the first three months of the year, the British tonnage entered inwards and outwards was 133,952 tons in excess of 1859. The warehouses of Liverpool are insufficient for the imports; the capitalists of Lancashire want labourers; the farmers want hands, and there is every probability that the revenue will exceed in the ensuing year, as it exceeded in the year which has just elapsed, the CHANCELLOR'S estimates. What is it then which, in spite of Mr. GLADSTONE'S great talents and commanding eloquence, makes him always fail?

The man seems to us a series of contradictions. He was educated in the diligence of the counting-house and the Toryism of Oxford. He can master minute points of grammar and casuistry, but not great principles. His mind is extremely subtle, but not profound. It was imbued with servility to authority when that was the fashion, while his public life has been a constrained submission to principles of freedom. These he was bred up to counteract, and cannot therefore understand them. His reverence for the doctrines of the Church exceeds his reverence for the rights of humanity. Obliged by circumstances to profess liberality, or cease to be a politician, he desires one thing and is compelled to do another. The teaching of college and the teaching of the world have given him a double aim, which he cannot reconcile. Excessively active, and equally ambitious, he is continually engaged in finding out and expressing reasons for contradictory lines of policy. He has always apparently more to hide than to express, and confuses himself as well as his hearers by his many explanations.

His capacity is great, but being neither a stubborn adherent to usage, nor an enlightened advocate of progress—for ever trimming betwixt them, he is for ever employed in a subtle advocacy of the side he for the moment embraces. Such a man is more sure to get the Government into difficulties than carry it successfully through them. Our system is by no means perfect, and his ambitious activity, shooting out in all directions, only makes anomalies more striking. It may indeed be doubted, from his example, and the example of the two clever men who are now at wordy war in India, whether the system be not rather endangered than served by having skilful, active, ambitious administrators. Certain it is, that since it has become the practice to educate official men with increased care, and import into the public service talents from other quarters, the deficiencies of the system have been made extremely palpable. Mr. GLADSTONE is a type of a class of highly educated officials. They are more clever than wise, and better acquainted with what has been done, than with the enlarged principles by which modern statesmen must guide their conduct. If it be true that Mr. GLADSTONE omitted all consideration of poundage in estimating the yield of the income tax, and so overstated the amount, we must infer that he is better acquainted with the writings of HOMER, and the doctrines of the Church, than with the business of the country. Nevertheless, he is one of the cleverest of the lot, and his repeated failures are bringing the whole to their proper level.

A Custom House commissioner, or a clerk of the Inland Revenue Office, might know as well as Mr. GLADSTONE that it was right to remove trifling duties from the tariff, and get rid of the excise on paper; but a statesman, taking all the circumstances of the country into his consideration, should know the proper time and proper mode of doing either. Mr. GLADSTONE had quite enough on his hands, as we said three months ago, to meet the exigencies forced on him by the commercial treaty, without introducing a heap of other fiscal changes. He was bound to know the men and the circumstances with which he had to deal, as well as the amount of revenue required, and the best means to raise it in the present year. He was bound, therefore, so to steer his course as to carry his measures, and carry the ministerial bark successfully to the end of the sessional voyage. Instead of whipping up the House of Commons and the press into a paroxysm of enthusiasm by his unrivalled oratory in favour of a confused, contradictory, and impracticable budget, it was his business to consider all the obstacles in his path. He was as much led away, it is now evident, by his own eloquence as his auditory, and has done great injury to the cause and the party he ought to have served. He has damaged the House of Commons by inducing it to support what turns out to be an impracticable measure. He is too subtle for this plain world, and to be unsuccessful in an expedient politician is tantamount to being criminal.

Mr. GLADSTONE has the same merit as Mr. SPURGEON. He carries away his hearers from practical matters, and leaves them with a sorrowful conviction that eloquence is very different from wisdom. It is a good motor, but a bad guide; and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER is emphatically, in these quiet times, to be rather a damper than a stoker. Could Earls COWPER and SHAFTESBURY, with other friends of Lord PALMERSTON, have warned him of the rock ahead before voting against him, he might have been served and saved. Had some TREVELYAN started up with authority from amongst his colleagues some eight or ten weeks ago, and explained to the House of Commons and the public the probable consequences of Mr. GLADSTONE'S highly-recommended scheme, the country would have been spared great inconvenience, considerable trouble, and some disgrace. Had it been supposed that the maintenance of his mellifluous infallibility was the one thing needful, such a TREVELYAN would have been summarily dismissed, and Mr. GLADSTONE would have continued to be the idol of the House of Commons, though it might have led to the revolutionising of the country. Infallible men administering a faulty system are very analogous to the Inquisitors of a former day, and can only be preserved in power by injustice and cruelty.

THE PRIVILEGES OF THE COMMONS.

THE day before the Lords rejected the Bill for the repeal of the paper duties by a majority of 89, speculations were rife as to the result of the division, and it was considered that no striking defeat of the Government measure would take place, unless Lord PALMERSTON was, if not actually privy to it, at least not hostile to such a result. An examination of the division list, and a perusal of the Premier's announcement on Tuesday, countenance this supposition. It is inconceivable that a large number of Lord PALMERSTON'S friends, including his relative and ecclesiastical patronage dispenser, Lord SHAFTESBURY, should have opposed the Bill, unless they had felt certain that they could reckon upon the indifference, if not the active support of their chief; and many newspapers, representing reactionary views, at once expressed their confidence that the Government would take the matter as quietly as possible. The House of Commons and the country were entitled to a distinct and definite announcement of ministerial plans, but were put off by Lord PALMERSTON in a manner that justifies grave suspicion concerning the integrity of his intentions. A committee is to seek for precedents, and "HER MAJESTY'S Government disclaims any intention of taking any step that would be calculated to place the two Houses in a state of hostility." No one will expect that Lord PALMERSTON or any other premier should endeavour to create hostility between different portions of the Legislature; but a patriotic minister would acknowledge the gravity of the occasion, and throw upon the hereditary House the odium and the danger of any collision which its own conduct provoked. The question at issue is a far larger and graver one than the good or harm likely to follow from the abandonment of a source of revenue, or the removal of an excise tax from a particular commodity. The House of Lords has, no doubt a theoretical right to reject any money bill, but the House of Commons has an equal right to stop the supplies until the Crown has made a sufficient batch of new peers to bring the old ones to their senses. The hereditary peerage of England is a curious anomaly, and must long ago have been replaced by an elective Upper Chamber, if its members had not quietly surrendered claims and privileges which were incompatible with the growing wealth and intelligence of the Commons.

Lord LYNDHURST explained that the Lords had abandoned their old claim to alter and originate money bills, simply because they could not help it, and "it was idle to insist upon privileges which they had no power to enforce." The noble Earl proceeded to vindicate their action on the present occasion, by citing a few cases in which bills for the repeal of taxation, which had passed the Commons, were rejected by the Lords, and Lord CRANWORTH replied by denying that any of the instances were really to the point. The question is, however, one that cannot be decided by antiquarian researches. Constitutional law must be viewed in the light of the times in which we live; and when a budget has been put together, whether skilfully or not, in such a manner that levying taxation in one place corresponds with its reduction or abandonment in another, the House of Commons will be untrue to the principles of popular liberty, and unmindful of its own dignity, if it permits the hereditary and irresponsible Upper Chamber to accept the proposals to levy new taxation, and at the same time to reject those of an opposite kind. To claim, in these days, for the House of Peers a right to lay burdens on the people, and intercept measures of relief, is to adopt a course which must end in conflict between popular power and the pretensions of a privileged class, in which there can be no doubt as to the final result.

Lord CRANWORTH affirmed, that if the course advocated by Lords MONTEAGLE, LYNDHURST, and DERBY "was not unconstitutional, it was so thinly separated from it, that the difference would be unintelligible."

The Duke of ARGYLL "did not deny that the Lords had a right to reject the Bill; but he believed that in doing so they were striking at the very root of the constitutional power of the other House, and at the root of all constitutional practice as determined by precedents between the two Houses of Parliament."

The constitutional history of England is a narrative of successful struggles on behalf of popular rights. In the days of King JOHN the Barons curtailed the power of the Crown; and if the mass of the people were so little considered in the Great Charter, the reason was that their development had scarcely begun. In ELIZABETH's time, notwithstanding the great popularity of the sovereign, and the willingness of the people to sustain royal prerogative to a very great extent, the House of Commons on several occasions vindicated its importance, while no advance in power could be made by the peers. The Great Rebellion permanently strengthened the popular branch of the Legislature, and the Restoration imposed but slight temporary obstacles to that career of development which received a new impulse from the final expulsion of the STUARTS, and was continued, with occasional intermissions, till the Reform Bill of '32; since which time the expansion of commercial interests and the spread of education have called a new popular force into existence, in the shape of a very powerful representative press.

No one can contemplate these changes without perceiving that they were the natural and inevitable consequences of the moral and physical qualities of the nation, and they are all hostile to the dominion of a privileged class. A prosperous country will always contain a very large conservative class, who have obtained wealth and position, and do not wish to be disturbed. To this conservatism of self-satisfaction, may be added the conservatism of habit and of ignorance, which are indisposed for new ideas, and so long as the House of Lords is the fair representative of these feelings its constitution will be respected; but if it goes beyond this, and attempts to perform the functions that can only be legitimately discharged by a responsible and elective body, it will only hasten the advent of some organic change. For such a change the public mind is prepared, and no one has forgotten the arbitrary stand made by the House of Peers against the indubitable right of the Crown, supported by national opinion, to introduce an order of life peers, who might be selected from a class wider in its sympathies, and profounder in its knowledge, than those lucky children of wealth who can afford to sustain the burdens of an hereditary position.

When Lord PALMERSTON formed his Cabinet we pointed out the want of cohesion between its component parts, and we believe that those members in whom the public have most confidence are not the favourites with their cabinet chief. The foreign policy of Lord JOHN RUSSELL has been, notwithstanding occasional timidity, so much more manly and straightforward than anything that we can discover in Lord PALMERSTON's career, that we should be surprised if it has not provoked the jealousy of his ostensible superior. Mr. GLADSTONE can scarcely be a favourite colleague, and Mr. MILNER GIBSON, who fairly earned a seat in the Cabinet, is well known to entertain opinions far in advance of the Premier's views. The Tories calculate upon these difficulties, and would, no doubt, like to have another lease of power while no Parliament would be sitting to control their acts. There may also be dreams of new combinations or coalitions, for it is impossible to believe that so many peers would risk a collision with a country, except in the pursuit of some much larger scheme than the preservation of a solitary impost for a little longer time.

There are many indications that the chief provincial towns are alive to the importance of the crisis that has occurred; and although London Reform organizations, from the Administration bubble down to the Guildhall Coffee House committee, seem little better than aids to the Carlton Club, we cannot believe the metropolis will be silent or powerless when a great constitutional question is at stake.

BRITISH SYMPATHY WITH ITALY.

"GARIBALDI has taken Palermo." The news may have been premature, but when it was communicated on Tuesday night to an immense audience assembled at St. Martin's Hall, on the authority of a great mercantile firm, the burst of enthusiasm was so spontaneous and overwhelming as to leave no doubt that the British people are as ready as of old to encourage the wise and patriotic efforts of other nations to obtain a freedom which has long been their own. Public apathy has resulted in no small degree from the want of leaders whom the people could trust, and who were felt to represent the thoughts and feelings which are extensively cherished at the present time. No great names were announced to take part in the proceedings at St. Martin's Hall; few bills were seen as any one walked through London streets; and yet, both in quality and in numbers the gathering was worthy of the metropolis; and so many intelligent people could not have been brought together under such circumstances unless a very large part of the population desired an opportunity of showing their interest in the Italian struggle, and their desire that at least the moral help of England should be firmly and unsparingly bestowed. The doctrine of indifferentism for the sake of peace, with which the country has so long been nauseated by a noisy and un-English school, was severely condemned, with the unanimous sanction of the assembled multitude; and the opinions expressed will have the more weight from the tone of caution and moderation that characterized the proceedings. As might have been expected, the conduct of certain parliamentary aspirants for legal honours, with reference to the legality of the GARIBALDI subscription, was not forgotten; and Mr. SLACK, who did justice to the wise observations of Lord JOHN RUSSELL, clearly pointed out the constitutional principles applicable to such a case, and showed that it was the duty of a British jury to resist the wrongful application of a law intended for the safety of this country, and which it was sought to pervert to the base purposes of foreign tyranny. There is no fault to find with the law as it stands, because it offers the means of restraining individuals from compromising the general safety or interests of the country by ill-considered interventions in the affairs of other States; and it could only be made an engine of mischief through the apathy of the public or a culpable ignorance of the principles of liberty. The right of juries to take their stand upon the maxims of constitutional liberty has always been admitted by the most trustworthy authorities; and when, under the old libel laws, successful efforts were made by bad ministers to deprive the people of their right of freely commenting upon public affairs, JEREMY BENTHAM, our profoundest jurist, declared that "he should not have regarded it as consistent with his oath and duty to have joined in a verdict of guilty." Nothing could be easier than to place the Sicilian subscription on a footing extremely difficult to assail by calling it a "Garibaldi Testimonial," as was proposed on Tuesday, but no other precaution is really necessary than that of directing public opinion to the real nature of the case. With Lord JOHN RUSSELL in office, in such a question our liberty would be secure, and it would be madness too great even for Lord MALMESBURY to help his friends of misrule by an attempt at prosecution that would be put down as firmly and indignantly as it would deserve.

The triumph of GARIBALDI may be looked upon as certain, and Lord JOHN RUSSELL should be encouraged to recognise VICTOR EMMANUEL's title to the sovereignty of the island, as soon as the wishes of its inhabitants are declared. There is a rumour in private circles that the EMPEROR of the FRENCH has caused money to be privately sent to the GARIBALDI fund, and a large party in France, who desire the freedom of Italy, will have a firmer hold upon the conduct of their Government if encouraged by the frank, outspoken voice of the English nation. In a political point of view this is highly important, as every movement which the French make in favour of liberal principles renders more impossible that mischievous coalition with Russia that has so often been predicted. The CZAR must take his stand upon that obsolete fiction, the "Divine Right of Kings;" and if England and France both recognise the real and valid right of the Sicilian people, there will be another link of amity between the two great maritime Powers, and another barrier placed between the civilization of Europe and the barbarism of the Cossack hordes. Lord JOHN RUSSELL stated that Austria would not directly interfere in the Neapolitan struggle, and she should be forcibly held to this course, as her intervention would be an outrage upon the common feeling of Europe. So far as Sicily is concerned, a simple declaration from our Government would stop any such attempt, and the EMPEROR of the FRENCH should be assured of British sympathy and approval, if he prevented any movement on the main land. There must be no doubt as to the practical result of any embarrassments or changes the Cabinet may undergo, and it must be felt that whoever obtains office shall be compelled to carry out the national will in this important particular.

We need prudent precaution against dangers that might arise from Napoleonic designs, but it was never more necessary to resist the instigations of those who would provoke a feeling of jealousy against France, and attempt to mislead us into foolish efforts to prevent her obtaining that supremacy over a large part of the Continent, which is founded not so much on her own efforts as upon the misconduct of other states. Our Hanover correspondent last week gave an admirable epitome of German politics, which should be studied in connexion with the Italian question. The various minor Governments, led by Hanover, are determined to risk everything rather than permit the development of German nationality; and while some are openly siding with Austria and the priests, others are accused, with apparent reason, of intriguing with the Empire of France. The Sicilian revolution may bring

Austria again into the field, and such a step would still further complicate the attitude of the German princes, and widen the breach between them and the supporters of liberal views. No effort of England can prevent France gaining power, and perhaps territory, out of such circumstances, unless the German people can succeed in acting upon the advice of VON BENNIGSEN and other liberals, and compel the separate Governments to give up their pretensions and consent to a concentration of military and diplomatic power in the hands of a central and constitutional authority. That the Germans know their danger is something towards averting it; and HERR STRIEGLER took a bold and judicious course in the Darmstadt chamber when he denounced the separate alliances which the petty princes are making as "shameful acts of treachery towards the country of Germany." Everything proves that Europe is tending towards organic changes, and it would be a great gain if, before fresh complications arise, we had the satisfaction of seeing Italy completely emancipated from Austrian and Bourbon misrule.

THE CHARLESTON CONVENTION.

THE Democrats who met at Charleston to adopt a "platform" and select a candidate, have separated without agreeing upon the one or the other. The "irrepressible conflict" has broken out in the ranks of the staunch upholders of the "peculiar institution;" and the ball is, for the present, in the hands of its determined antagonists. The very strength of the Democratic party has been the great source of its weakness. The Republicans are confined to the Free States; they have not the shadow of a chance in the South; and whatever may be their local jealousies and degrees of fervour or fanaticism in the anti-Slavery cause, they represent only "free soil" interests. The Democrats, on the other hand, while the South—now that the old Whig party is effete—is entirely their own, possess an enormous strength in the North. Without its assistance they cannot indeed hope to win a presidential contest. Every year the relative strength of the Southern States declines, and the interests which at the establishment of the Republic dominated over the Union, depend now for the maintenance of a mere equal footing in it upon an alliance with such central States as Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New York, in which the admirable organization of the democracy of the large towns, and the influence of the monied classes, often overcome the sturdy opposition to Slavery and the fanatic zeal for legislation of the Maine Law stamp of the rural districts. It is the consciousness of this growing weakness which makes the South so jealous of its rights, and so arrogantly aggressive, and fosters that inkling for disunion which really underlies the violent speeches and manifestoes, principally intended as mere bounce wherewith to frighten opponents.

The members of the Convention which met at Charleston represented, therefore, different interests. They were united in their wish to obtain the election of a candidate of their own party, and consequently secure to themselves the "spoils" for another four years, as well as in their opposition to the anti-Slavery party; but they were divided in their adherence to the candidates, and differed greatly as to the grounds upon which that resistance should be based, and the extent to which it should be carried. The delegates from the North and West were mostly supporters of Mr. DOUGLAS, and adherents of his doctrine of popular sovereignty, or the right of the territories to determine for themselves whether or not they will allow the "institution;" those from the South, on the other hand, were opposed to DOUGLAS, although not united upon any other candidate, and maintained that Slavery is necessarily legal in a territory so long as it remains in that condition, and only ceases to be so upon its admission into the Union as a State with a constitution prohibiting it. Where such radical differences existed, there was little likelihood of a cordial understanding being come to, and the divergence soon became declared. The Committee appointed to prepare a "platform" presented two reports, both reaffirming that of the Cincinnati Convention of 1856, at which Mr. BUCHANAN was nominated, both recommending the acquisition of Cuba and denouncing the conduct of some free States, in opposing the execution of the fugitive slave law, but that of the majority adopting in all its repulsiveness the southern doctrine with respect to slavery in the territories, namely, that all citizens of the United States have an equal right to settle with their property in the territories, without their rights either of person or property being destroyed or injured by congressional or territorial legislation—meaning by the word property slaves; and that of the minority stating, that, inasmuch as there were differences of opinion in the Democratic party, it would abide by the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States over the institution of Slavery in the territories. Practically, the minority report gives the slave-owners all they need, since the Supreme Court, which now, unfortunately, has fallen from its former high estate of good fame, has decided these points in their favour. But such a concession did not content them, they wanted their doctrine distinctly adopted as part of the party creed. The Convention, however, agreed with the minority of the Committee, and adopted its report—a resolution which was immediately followed by the secession of the delegates of the States of Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, Arkansas, South Carolina, Texas, and Florida, who immediately formed a little convention of their own. The original body proceeded forthwith to ballot for a candidate, but no one obtained the requisite two thirds vote, although Mr. DOUGLAS received a very large majority of the suffrages given, and in this dead-lock the Convention adjourned to the 18th June, at Baltimore, in the hope that something might turn up before that time to bring back their erring brethren, and get the party out of its difficulties. The seceders, finding that they could do nothing themselves, and beginning to entertain some doubts whether their hasty zeal would be approved by their constituents, also adjourned.

The Democrats are, therefore, off the stage for a time, and public attention is concentrated upon the proceedings of a small party, only important so far as it may, in case of a close contest, be able to turn the scale—the remains of the old "Know-nothings," which was to assemble at Baltimore on the 9th, and the Republicans, who met upon the 16th of this month at that marvellous example of the rapidity with which an American city rises, Chicago. The Republican Convention will, probably, have no very great difficulty in agreeing upon a platform, but the selection of a candidate will be a much more serious task. Mr. SEWARD, who is still first favourite, and who has undoubtedly the strongest claims to the honour, although he may be enthusiastically supported in some States, yet has excited a considerable amount of hostility in others.

The question which the delegates have to put to themselves is, not who is the best man in our country or party to be President, but what man holding our opinions, and consenting to distribute his patronage according to our wishes, has the best chance of uniting all the sections of the party, or of carrying any particular state the issue in which is doubtful, whilst victory there would be decisive of the contest. Whoever they may choose, the Republicans will have this advantage, that they will be first in the field; but it may be purchased dearly by the opportunity thus given to the Democrats to nominate at Baltimore, if they can contrive to come to an agreement there, the man best calculated to beat him.

What will be the issue of a contest the conditions of which are not yet determined, no American can at present venture to predict, and it would, of course, be absurd to indulge in any conjectures on this side of the Atlantic. Nor is it, indeed, of much importance to us. Whichever party may win in this contest, the policy of the United States with respect to Slavery is really determined. A victory of the Democrats may retard, as that of the Republicans would hasten, its inauguration; but nothing can long postpone it. The curse works too grievously to be longer borne. Slavery rankles everywhere; it makes itself felt every day as the great danger of the United States. It interferes in every thing, clogs the national action, absorbs the time of Congress preventing useful legislation, creates discord amongst the different members of the Union, and even threatens its continuance. The burden has become too intolerable, and Slavery will cease, not from the dictates of humanity, but the more efficacious promptings of self-interest. The policy of the Union will become an energetic compression of Slavery within its existing limits, and an encouragement to its suppression on the part of the different States. The rights of those States will not be interfered with; the internal sovereignty which the constitution gives them will not be infringed; but Slavery is an exhausting institution, and confined to its present bounds must infallibly die out. It will be found to cost more than it is worth; and, although it must necessarily linger for many years in the extreme Southern States, it will be abolished soon by such border ones as Virginia and Missouri; and, confined to those States in which slave labour alone is profitable, it will cease to be a disturbing political cause. The sooner the question is settled for America in this way, the greater and more rapid will be the development of her power and influence; and on that ground the triumph of the Republican party must be deemed desirable, notwithstanding the protectionist and agrarian heresies with which it is infected.

TENANT RIGHT.

MR. CARDWELL will probably have more success than all those who, before him, have attempted to legislate for landlord and tenant in Ireland, for the simple reason, that he proposes to do less. His Bill does not confiscate the property of the landlord for the benefit of the tenant—the object really pro-

posed by most advocates for the recognition of tenant right, and it will not therefore encounter that strong hostility in the House of Commons which previous measures, violating every principle of justice and political economy, have necessarily provoked. Even the House of Lords may be willing to accept it as a settlement of an agitation which has at times threatened to be troublesome. The chief danger to which it is exposed is the irrepressible eloquence of Irish patriots, who are sure to waste the little time that can be devoted to the bill in such a busy session in *omnium gatherum* speeches, embracing every topic, from the annexation of the Legations to Protestant proselytism in workhouses, about which Irishmen and Catholics take any interest. It marks, indeed, a marvellous change in the condition of Ireland, and in the feelings of her people, when we find the chief members of independent opposition prepared to support, whilst styling it a mockery, such a bill as that of Mr. CARDWELL'S. In the first place, it is solely of a prospective character, has none of that retrospective operation which was the great demand of tenant right meetings, and its prospective working will be of so limited a kind, that the only thing the friends of tenant right really obtain is a sort of legislative sanction of the principle for which they have contended. Mr. CARDWELL proposes to give the holders of settled property power to borrow a sum of money for the purpose of improvements not exceeding a fifth part of the value of the property by annuities of twenty-five years. The amount, and the propriety of its application, are to be determined by the Chairmen of counties—barristers executing functions something akin to those discharged by the English Chairman of Quarter Sessions—after hearing any objections which the reversioner may make to the outlay. Such holders under settlement are also to have power to grant improvement leases of forty years, but are not to take fines as the consideration for them. Lastly, and this is the only part of the bill which deals with tenant right proper, a tenant from year to year is to be allowed to give notice to his landlord of his intention to make certain improvements, and if the landlord consents, or makes no objection, he may execute them, and obtain from the Chairman of the county a certificate charging the cost upon the land by the same twenty-five years' annuity—which annuity, if subsequently evicted, he can recover from the landlord for the unexpired portion of the twenty-five years. If the landlord objects, the tenancy is to terminate.

There is certainly nothing in this measure to alarm the most timid landlord. So far as he is concerned, it is merely an enabling bill, allowing him to improve himself, or find a tenant willing to do so. No tenant can force improvements upon his landlord, since the very notice places it in the power of the landlord to determine the tenancy. The only persons whose interests can be affected unfavourably, are the tenants in remainder of settled estates, who may find, when they come into possession, those estates charged with annuities for money uselessly expended or leased at a low rent for forty years. Important as it is that every owner of land should have the power to lease it, the term proposed is needlessly long. The great improvements effected in Scotland have all been accomplished under nineteen or twenty-one years' leases. A longer term diminishes too much the interest which a landlord should feel in his property, and does not give sufficient spur to the energy and industry of the tenant. That, however, is a question between the present tenants of settled estates and their successors, and its determination will not at all affect the question of tenant right, with which, indeed, it has no connection; it might therefore have been more appropriately dealt with, simply by a further extension of the powers recently given to the tenants of limited estates.

Any tenant-right bill must be, like this one of Mr. CARDWELL'S, a sham—or like those of other years, a measure of more or less confiscation, and it is not creditable to the House of Commons that it should lend itself to the one any more than to the other. The improvement of the land is a matter to be settled between the landlord and the tenant; the latter has no business to expend his money for that purpose unless under a lease the term of which is sufficient to recoup him, or a written agreement specifying some mode in which, upon the determination of a yearly tenancy, such improvements may be valued. It is entirely a question for the parties themselves, and the law has no right to give the tenant the power of improving against the landlord's will, any more than, as many Irish and some English agitators really ask, to give to the occupier the actual property in the land, reserving only to the landlord a certain quit rent, fixed by a jury of tenants. Nor is there anything in the peculiar condition of Ireland to necessitate a departure from sound rules of political economy. The land of Ireland has, in great part, changed hands. The bulk of it is no longer held by beggared landlords, but belongs to men of capital, who are themselves willing to do the necessary improvements; and it is absurd to suppose that the class of small farmers, for whom tenant-right is most urgently demanded, are in a position to expend large sums of money in the improvement of their occupations. The tenant-right they wanted was the right to hold their farms against the will of the landlord, and at a rent to be fixed by themselves, or that privilege of selling possession to any incoming tenant which has grown up in some parts of Ireland. The Legislature could not grant that; but the Government has resolved to do something out of sheer weariness, and hence this bill. It is time, however, that this system of exceptional and unsound legislation for Ireland should cease. Its only effect is to keep up dissatisfaction and agitation in the country, and hinder the full development of its resources. Real justice to Ireland would consist, not in passing special laws at the demand of fuming patriots to favour special interests, but in treating her exactly as the rest of the empire, and legislating for her upon the same general principles which are applied to England and Scotland.

THE TRUE AND FALSE IN EDUCATION.

WHILE it is generally felt that Education is the only mean for effectually resisting or remedying the social evils that afflict the community in this and other countries, it is not so generally understood what Education itself is. What passes for such at ordinary schools, or even extraordinary universities, falls very short of the idea. An eminent scholar, just called to the Chancery bar, confessed to us that he had then to commence his education afresh. His college courses availed him but little when the real pressure of life and its duties had to be encountered. It was not alone the technicalities of his profession that he had to master; but he had to select for himself a course of philosophy and poetry, which was either too modern or too native to find a place at college. All that belonged to the present world, and to his own country, as well as all that appertained to his immediate business, had yet to be mastered. And he worked, accordingly, at Continental philosophy, and English and German poetry, in the solitude of his chamber, every spare moment that he could rescue from the bar. And when he had done all this, he felt only as a schoolboy who had just finished his task. There were still the influences of the active and busy world to be received, and which were destined to modify materially his speculative views, in order to fit him for the practical trials, whether of his professional or domestic life.

How few, even in the class of individuals such as the gentleman now portrayed, have contrived, notwithstanding all the instruction so expensively procured at our colleges, all the subsequent study gone through in order to supplement its usual deficiencies, and all the knowledge procurable by the practice of a learned profession,—we say, how few of these have been able so to conduct the double life we all have to live, as to defy reproach in matters concerning both the professional and the domestic. If successful in the former, how frequently unhappy in the latter. A wife ill-selected, children ill brought up, a house ill-managed, all come in proof of educational defects that touch us in the nearest and dearest points of existence. As we descend the scale of society, they salute us in a form still more gross, and excite our unmitigated loathing and disgust.

Such is the ordinary view presented to us of this great subject—a view confined within the limits of the actual, and patent to every observer. Were we to call in the idealist to our aid—a KANT, a PLATO, or a SOCRATES—we should find more important faults—faults of a fundamental kind—that would lead us to question the basis and root of existing systems, even when connected with the most favourable conditions. It was, after all, as a barrister that our eminent scholar was forming his mind. If he sought to gain a correct knowledge of German transcendentalism, or French eclecticism, or English realism;—if to these studies he added the poetry of the different countries, that he might be able to dress the ideas of philosophy in the language of poetry—it was, after all, that he might shine at the bar, and compete more successfully with his rivals. Whatever his desire, he had no leisure for more than this. Philosophy and poetry, if studied for themselves, require time, and imply stages of development; but our barrister had to hurry his acquisitions, read up his authors in regular sequence, and apportion so many hours' reading to each day. He could make no pause for reflection—allow no time for the identification of what he had read with his states of consciousness—suffer no reactions, no questionings; but all had to be imbibed as so much positive increment, and to assimilate as it could with his mental constitution. Followed as it was by tides of professional experiences, and pressures of personal anxieties, it soon grew subordinate to the routine business of life, and only so far regulated it as it was useful in sudden expediencies, and might be readily brought

forth, as out of a rusty armoury, and furbished up for special occasions. It was, after all his pains, not the man that he had laboriously educated, but the barrister.

We paint from life. Education has a natural proclivity to decline into narrow class-channels, and to provide, in the long run, for the mere trading or professional exigencies of the individual. Vulgar prejudice is, indeed, in favour of its being confined to these particular interests, and even thinks it dangerous to Church and State, and family comfort, that the young should be inducted into knowledge supposed not to be suitable to the class to which they belong. Vulgar prejudice holds now, as it did in classical times, with the Sophists, and against SOCRATES. The great controversy was not decided by the hemlock-cup which the sage was compelled to drink, nor by the splendid dialogues which his pupils in his name were induced to write. Society still halts between the two opinions. Is it the man or the tradesman that we would educate? If the former, has society provided occupation for him, or the means of living?

Now, it might not be difficult to sermonise, and prove logically that the best way of ensuring a man's success in this world is to educate him for another. But there is an equivoque in the very word "success." A man may succeed in his mission, and yetremain poor—his virtue may be its own reward, and he may even disdain any other. But this is not what is usually meant by the term. It is expected that virtue should lead to fortune, and if it may not, the natural mind is dissatisfied. There is, too, for this view a sufficient reason. The education of the man would, in fact, lead to both virtue and fortune, if *all* men were alike educated. But while one man is destined for an abstract and universal purpose, and another to a concrete and limited pursuit, and the emoluments of business pertain to the latter, the odds are against the individual who is educated in true principles, and in favour of him who is educated in false. It is manifest, moreover, that local and narrow appliances will not alter the state of affairs. Schools and academies are inefficient; for when these have done their best or their worst, the individual is thrown upon the vital forces of society at large, and is affected by a sphere of influences that escape all control. It is only such an institution as a FREE PRESS, and other similar institutions, capable of appealing to the public conscience, that afford the slightest ground for hope. To the working of such an engine as the former the utmost facility should especially be given. But because the tendency of a Free Press is to work in the direction we have indicated, therefore every attempt to enlarge its scale of operations is opposed by prejudice and authority. There are those, in high places as well as in low, who dread the ultimate issue, and shrink from an agency the results of which must, as they think, and perhaps not unjustly, entirely alter the existing order of things. The change, though for the better, is intolerable to these speculatists, who would stand in safety on the ancient ways, and conceive it perilous even to move. This, of course, is by reason of the darkness of their minds; they see not which way they should go, and would not have their ignorance enlightened. They even delight to think that there may be a fatal precipice the very next step, since it furnishes an unanswerable excuse for their standing still. Such reasons as these probably lie at the root of the conduct of the House of Lords in rejecting Mr. GLADSTONE'S measure for repealing the paper duty. Cheap literature throws some people, who are not even in Parliament at all, into serious states of alarm. If the shopkeeper fears it, why not even more the peer? Nay, it may be doubted if any of us has realized to his imagination the state of society that would ensue from a universal education that was properly grounded in the truth of things; and whether, with our present limited means of judgment, we should be prepared to approve such results thoroughly, whatever our Faith might assert as to the necessarily beneficial nature of the change, so far beyond our understanding and previous conception.

Such education, at any rate, is inconsistent with any but the principles of freedom. It excludes coercion of all kinds; the influences it implies must have the fullest liberty of co-working. Public means might, nevertheless, be adopted to assist their operations. Our press, for instance, substitutes the drama as it was in Elizabethan times. Plays then were what newspapers are now. Were the Stage under proper regulation at this time, it might again be made one of the most effective means of general education. It would take next rank, at least, with the Pulpit, and in some respects would serve to correct the errors into which Churchmen are apt to fall. It would, for instance, expose hypocrisy, and perhaps prevent it, and might illustrate the best doctrines by means of action and character, in a manner which unassisted eloquence would vainly attempt. Amusements of all kinds are capable of being applied to similar ends. The casino, the dancing platform, the concert, the singing saloon, are not at present rated at their true value. They are left to speculatists, who look to nothing but their pecuniary profit, when they ought to be taken in hand, and might be, most effectually, by those who have a sincere desire to aid the individual in his aspirations after the good and the true, and the search for æsthetic beauty. Properly considered, these are the most available means of education, and were known to be such by the ancients, who acted on this knowledge, and provided them for the people; and the people were really elevated by the means thus provided. Classical literature exists as the witness of the good thus accomplished. Let us regard, then, these things, which we have been accustomed to despise, with a more serious eye, and contrive means for rendering them contributory to a more perfect scheme of Education.

CRIMINAL TRIALS.

WE have recently had occasion to refer to some very extraordinary criminal trials. Indeed, within the last three years we have had more which deserve the name than during any ten years preceding that period. And this circumstance has had its natural effect. In ordinary cases, the ordinary machinery of justice does well enough. Evidence is generally satisfactory, either one way or the other, and the jury may be tolerably certain that they have come to a right decision. It is probable that very few incorrect verdicts are delivered in this country; and these are more commonly in civil than in criminal cases. But when an instance occurs in which a singularly calm and dispassionate judgment is required, in which all prejudice must be foregone, and care and pains taken lest any should creep in unawares, then a jury, as juries are now constituted, displays its fallibility, and gives rise to the feeling, unhappily much on the increase, that a judge without a jury would form a preferable court. Indeed, could we be sure always to have a MANSFIELD, a DENMAN, a COCKBURN, or an ERLE on the Bench, we believe there is no man who would not trust liberty, fortune, or life in the hands of such men, rather than commit them to the judgment of twelve small tradesmen, however respectable in their walk of life. The fact is that the common jury is not what it was in the times of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors. It is one of those institutions of which the form remains intact, while the spirit has largely evaporated. If it be intended to bring it into accordance at once with the object of its foundation, and the exigencies of the times, it must undergo no small change. The great principle for which the jury was established, was that every man should be tried by his peers. Now, this does not imply that a farmer should be tried by farmers, a surgeon by surgeons, and a costermonger by costermongers; but that no man should be tried by a class of men *below* him. The higher the condition and position of both judge and jury, the better for the person to be tried The more educated the juror, the more is he qualified to sift and examine evidence, the more free from prejudice, and, generally, the more humane and just in his feelings and conduct.

In the Anglo-Saxon times, jurors were taken from a much higher class than they are now; and we regret to observe that there is a growing tendency to impannel juries from a lower and still lower section of the people. We are told that there is a straightforward practical common sense in the mass of the nation, which makes it a matter of very little consequence from which layer we take our jurors; but while we grant the premises, we altogether deny the consequence. It may not matter in the ninety and nine commonplace trials; but in the remaining one, the result is frequently most pernicious. Let a professional man be on one side, and a tradesman on the other, and the old leaven of class feeling will be almost sure to break out. We have seen tables, constructed with great care, in which the decisions of petty juries in such cases have been recorded, and it is astonishing how much the small jealousy alluded to has been able to overcome all the considerations of common sense as well as common justice. Legal anecdote abounds with sneers at petty juries. We all know the story of the two famous Taunton juries. One of these found a prisoner guilty, but recommended him to mercy; and being asked on what ground they based their recommendation, they replied, "If it please you, my Lord, we believe he didn't do it!" The other acquitted their prisoner, and added a caution that they hoped he would never do it again! But these stories are harmless; mere incompetency is not often found, and where a common jury go wrong, it is usually either because there was an extreme difficulty in the case, and which furnishes their excuse, or because there was something more and something worse than mere incompetency at the bottom of the error. It is now by no means of rare occurrence to hear the observation, "If I were accused of crime, I should be very sorry to be tried by a common jury." Over and over again it was said with respect to the trial of Mr. HATCH—the first trial, the result of which has been reversed by the recent verdict—"Had he been a small tradesman, he must have been acquitted." Reflections such as these are in the highest degree to be lamented. Trial by jury is indeed one of the great safeguards of the English popular liberty, and whatever tends to bring it into contempt tends to the downfall of our Constitution. And yet it is manifest that the objections which we have named must increase rather than decrease, unless some measures are taken to obviate the evils out of which they arise. The general tendency of recent legislation on the subject has been rather against the principle on which trial by jury was based than in favour of it. Lord CAMPBELL—a good man, no doubt, but the most unconstitutional lawyer that has sat in the House of Lords since JEFFRIES—has openly avowed his desire that

juries should decide by a majority; and he has on many occasions displayed his unfavourable opinion of juries in general.

Grand juries, too, are to be abolished, first in the City of London, and the next step, no doubt, will be to abolish them everywhere else. This, again, we take to be a great mistake. The grand jury not only diminish the labour of the common juries, but they take out of their hands a large number of those very cases in which the latter would be likely to come to an erroneous decision. It is said that the grand jury is composed of the same materials as the petty jury, but this is either a mistake or a misrepresentation. In the country it is composed of the magistrates almost without mixture, and in the metropolis it has a large proportion of the higher and more educated element. On this account, we cannot but feel that the abolition of the grand jury would be a step fraught with evil to the interests of public justice.

It has long been a recognised right on the part of those who have property or character, or both, at stake in a civil action, to demand a special jury. This proceeding is attended with some expense, but it is so often felt to be absolutely necessary for the due attainment of justice, that we have few important civil cases now tried by petty juries. But this advantage, so greatly valued and so extensively used in matters which concern money and reputation, is not to be had when life and liberty are at stake. If a merchant has an action in which he may lose a thousand pounds, he is permitted to say, "I do not choose that this shall be decided by a dozen men, probably ignorant, perhaps prejudiced, certainly not capable of understanding the scale on which my operations are transacted. I will have a jury of merchants." And he has them. But if the result is to be, not the saving or the loss of a thousand pounds, but the character, liberty, or even the life of the accused, he has no such privilege; he may challenge any juror of whom he has reason to believe that he is a prejudiced person; but this is all, and practically the privilege is of little use, and is very rarely exercised.

Much benefit would result if juries were habitually selected from a higher class of men than that which now supplies them. Professional men are all exempt from serving, and we would not do away with this exemption. The nature of their avocations renders it unreasonable to expect lawyers and doctors to serve on juries, and we should be very sorry to see clergymen in such a position. But we do not see why gentlemen should not act. They are the persons most fitted for the office. We should be unspeakably disgusted if the judges of the land were chosen without due regard to their educational qualifications; and a juror is a judge—a judge of facts, of evidence, of character. The judge on the bench tells him the law, and afterwards apportions the sentence; but it is the juror who decides on the important question, "Guilty or not guilty;" and we fear that unless men of a higher grade are chosen for an office so weighty, juries will fall more and more into contempt, and such political jurists as Lord CAMPBELL will assimilate our proceedings to those of the Continent. We shall not now speak of the necessity which exists for a Court of Appeal, but shall merely indicate one step which would obviate much of the mischief pointed out in this article. Let there be a right in criminal cases, as well as in civil ones, to demand a special jury; and let it rest with the judge to decide whether the case be one of sufficient importance to justify the demand. The expense should in all cases be paid by the defence, and this would prevent any abuse of the privilege. If such an arrangement as this could be made, all parties would probably be satisfied, for no one contends, or ever has contended, that in commonplace trials a common jury is not quite sufficient. The more educated classes would feel themselves safer, and the cry against juries, which, however justifiable, is in a high degree unconstitutional, would soon cease to be heard.

THE DERBY DAY AND THE ISTHMIAN GAMES.

THERE is nothing which an Englishman talks about so long beforehand as the Derby Day. It is the grand High Festival of the nation—the great Oasis of Holiday in the wide Desert of the working year—the day of solemn sacrifice to the Sacred Horse—the apogee of British carnival. The goose of Michaelmas, the turkey and plum-pudding of Christmas, the pancakes of Shrovetide, are as nothing in the scale against that random hamper which is stowed away in the boot of the multiform vehicle which whirls us down the road to Epsom on that sacred Wednesday in May. As school boys, who, immediately they return to school from the holidays of Midsummer, begin to count the days until the holidays of Christmas, so the children of a large growth no sooner see the ghostly white figures start up on the black board over against the Grand Stand, than they begin to think of the next Derby—of the starters, of the probable winners, and, if they are sporting personages, which a considerable per-centage of them are, whether they shall be more or less lucky next time. This one thought survives all others. The season passes away; Parliament shuts up its doors; wars for an idea, or for something even less, are waged and finished; old dynasties are overthrown, and new ones raised on their ashes; "the woods decay and fall," as Mr. TENNYSON has it—and through all we are thinking of that next Derby Day,—of the four-in-hand that we shall go down the road in; of the white coat and white hat with a blue veil that we shall wear, and astonish the natives with; and, above all, of that reckless luncheon, which derives such a zest from our having to invert our plates for a second course, and get at our stout and champagne by knocking off the necks of the bottles against the carriage-wheels. The interest taken in the Derby is confined to no particular class; it pervades every grade and every section of society—from the highest personage in the realm down to the humblest. Here, on the dusty road, the emblazoned chariot of the peer is jostled by the chartered 'bus of the shopman and the clerk, th tumble-down gig of the small tradesman, and the donkey-truck of the costermonger. His Lordship, fresh from the solemn conclave of the Imperial council-table, is as much intent upon the pleasures of the day as Chummy the sweep, emancipated for the nonce from the black thrall of his soot-bag. My Lord lounges on well-stuffed cushions, and Chummy is bumped along on a couple of deal boards; but Chummy's talk is my Lord's talk, and my Lord's talk is Chummy's. It is all about Wizard, and Umpire and Thormanby, which are to win, one or other, and Mainstone and Cape Flyaway, which are not to win, one or other. And while my Lord bets "ponies," Chummy lays his halfcrowns, and is quite as feverish about the result. Mainstone and Cape Flyaway! These names remind us that the Premier and the ex-Premier are competitors for the Blue Ribbon of the Turf. Did not the illustrious PAM himself, forgetful of his Greek antiquities, give these races the name of the "Isthmian Games?" And was it not Lord DERBY who instituted the order of that Blue Ribbon of the Turf, which he has not yet been destined to wear, and which, Chummy will tell you confidentially, the Ring wont let him wear, for fear that he should sell off his stud and quit the turf? Sell off his stud! Did not Lord DERBY sell off his stud long ago? Did not Madame GRISI make her last appearance years since, and is she not this very night upbraiding *Pollio* on the boards of the Royal Italian, as of old? What Englishman who has had a passion for racing will ever consent to bid farewell to Epsom Downs, while he has health to bear the journey, money to pay the charges, and a tooth left in his head to masticate cold pigeon-pie withal?

But the Derby has its serious as well as its gay aspect. It is, unfortunately, too literally true in racing matters, that it is "money that makes the mare to go." We question if races would be so frequent, if so much care would be taken and so much money expended in the breeding of horses, if it were not for the opportunity which they afford for winning, and, let us add, losing money. Some idea of the amount which has been involved in this Derby may be gathered from the fact that no less than 224 horses were entered for the race. Putting down the expense of the training of each horse at £200, which, we imagine, must be much under the mark, the whole cost to the owners would be £44,800. In addition to this, £25 has to be paid for each horse which does not start, which in this instance, as only about 30 horses started, would give something like £4,000. These are the legitimate expenses; but now comes the betting. Who shall say how many thousands, hundreds of thousands—millions have been staked on this Derby? Throughout the length and breadth of England, for months past, every club has been a little "Tattersall's," every public-house a "Corner." Nor is the speculation confined to England alone; it is as rife in the sister kingdoms, and even extends to our distant colonies, where those interested wait for months for the news. To the steady-going, non-professional sportsman, who takes an interest in races because he is an Englishman, and can't help it, and who ventures his shilling in a sweepstakes, or sports his half-crown with a friend to get up a *little* excitement about the event, to the convivial philosopher, who having an eye to liquor and sociality bets his bottle, his glass, or his pound of Havannahs; to the privileged young lady in mauve silk, who lays gloves and doesn't mean to pay, save with a smile which is worth all M. HOUBIGANT'S shop—to these, it is a matter of small moment whether the "favourite" comes in first, or whether the goal is first reached by some outsider, whose name has scarcely ever been mentioned. But stand by the professional turfite, and watch him. He is a regular book-maker, one who lives by betting, as other men live by stockbroking, or thimble-rigging, or skittle sharping; or he is a banker's clerk, who has embezzled the funds and trusts to the race to put him "square;" or he is simply a shopman, who has dipped his hand a little too deep in his master's till. Such as these have no eyes for the wonderful scene on the Downs: the vast masses of human beings piled against the sky; the sea of white faces, cresting the black surface like a fringe of foam; the white tents, dotting the ridge of the hill; the picturesque encampments of the gipsy fortunetellers in the hollow below—not on these does the gaze of the betting-man rest, but on the knot of horses crowded round the starting-post. His mind is full of their numbers and colours. As he sees them start and turn the corner, and sweep round the hill, and hears the thunder of their hoofs roll nearer and nearer on the resounding turf, he forgets that he is standing there a unit among ten thousand. The surrounding scene fades from his view; he sees nothing but that knot of striving horses, hears nothing but the tramp of hoofs which scarcely beats faster, or louder, than his own heart. And now he picks out the particular horse upon whose speed of foot his fortune, his life, perhaps, is cast. He is well forward in the front rank, and expectation beats high in the breast of that feverish gambler. Now the great struggle of the last half-mile begins, and the horse is falling behind. Frenzy now takes possession of the desperate man. Wedged in there among the crowd, he is riding faster than either jockey or horse. In imagination he has the spur on his heel and the whip in his hand. He shouts out the colours of his favourite like one demented, and as if his shouting would inspire the beast with speed and urge him on faster. His shouts are at length mingled with curses, and when the goal is reached by some horse other than his, his curses die away in impotent gasps. His hope has gone out like a flaming brand which is cast suddenly into the sea. What black despair falls upon hundreds, nay, thousands, at that moment! Here, now, upon

these Downs; in minutes, hours hence, when the telegraph has flashed the news to expectant multitudes in every part of the country! The winner has passed through the same feverish excitement, and his is a delirium of joy, differing little in its moral influence from this man's wild despair.

Happy we who have only hazarded a few crowns in a sweepstake, or posted a few shillings with our fair friends in the barouche. We cannot look on without excitement—for what Englishman can witness a horse-race without experiencing a thrill of the most delightful emotion? But we do not pale before those ghostly white figures, and our appetite for the pie and salad is in no way damaged, whether our favourite was up at the post or "nowhere."

Alas! for the reputation of the sporting prophets! Only two hesitated about "Thormanby." The great authority, "Mr. Bell," gave Wizard as the winner in the most emphatic type, thereby showing, as the result has proved, that he is no wizard himself. The venerable PRIAM in heroic verse sang—

> "'He wins,' 'he wins,' such is the cry I hear,
> The winner, 'Umpire,' such he will appear."

Oh for PRIAM's prophetic ear! "VATES" was quite delphic in his oracles, and gave a choice of four. "ARGUS," probably contemplating a parallel to the Benicia Boy, "calculated" upon the American Umpire claiming the blue ribbon. "TOUCHSTONE" also fixed his "fiat" upon Umpire; and "LINKBOY" threw the light of his oracular torch upon Wizard. The nearest hits were made by our non-professional contemporary, the *Telegraph*, and by the old sagacious *Advertiser*, whose oracles very confidently gave Thormanby.

Well, which is to win the next Derby? and what is DERBY himself going to enter for in the political race?

PUNISHMENT OF BOYS.

EVERY two or three years the public is horrified and the scholastic profession scandalised by some flagrant case of excessive corporal chastisement. One of these has recently occurred, the victim a youth named CANCELLOR, his death attributed to the effect of blows received from a Mr. HOPTON, schoolmaster, at Eastbourne. The result of a seven hours' investigation was, that the master was committed for manslaughter, bail being accepted, himself in £1000, and two sureties in £500 each.

There has rarely been a committal which has given us more satisfaction; first, on the broad ground of humanity, and very especially for the sake both of parents and the scholastic profession. We are not going into the details of this particular case, but we shall confine ourselves to a few remarks on the subject generally, about which there is much violent feeling, of course irrational in proportion to the general ignorance of the grade of those who discuss it;—in other words, those most furious in the condemnation of corporal punishment altogether, are not, as a general rule, persons on whose judgment we should depend in other matters. An intelligent, kind, and thoroughly educated father of a boy at Rugby, or at Eton, would probably never be heard declaiming against corporal punishment in all degrees and under all circumstances, with the same hearty and indignant disapproval as the ignorant and passionate father of a boy who has been whipped at a fourth-class school. To these latter we have little to say; but as education is extending and is becoming every day more and more a subject of counsel and reflection, and as codes of educational, as well as other laws, are worth nothing without their sanctions and penalties, it is worth while to address a few words to intelligent men, and we suspect there are few of them who would expel unreservedly corporal castigation of every kind from our codes and places of instruction. Our own belief in its occasional necessity or expediency makes us the more glad that all approaches to its abuse should be visited on the guilty head with the most unmitigated severity.

People are quite wrong who speak of the corporal punishment of children and schoolboys as an exploded barbarism at its last gasp, not worth an argument, and coming under the same category with the whipping of soldiers and sailors. The system of child-correction is not exploded, nor is it likely to be, even in consequence of the occasional recurrence of such cases as that which has led to the present remarks. It has been, and will be moderated, with the advance of refinement and intelligence. Since the dead set made against it, of which the most intelligent schoolmaster—a man who knew all the ins and outs of liberalism, and one of the most beloved of the present century—used to complain, as the result of a political rather than a parental feeling, this violent feeling on the subject of corporal punishment has been almost dying away, revived but occasionally, by some such abuse as that which now startles us.

Whatever improvements may take place, as time runs on, in the virile and mature intelligence, making the man less and less amenable to bodily suffering as inflicted by others, and more and more amenable to instruction and gentleness, we are quite sure of the non-arrival of a golden age, either now or hereafter, in which child and boy nature will be without its inherent infirmities and imperfections, the guidance and correction of which, in some way or other, will be the eternal task of successive generations of parents and instructors. In this point it is astonishing how little we have gained upon our ancestors, at any rate upon the intelligent men and weighty writers of the last two or three centuries. There is scarcely an opinion which has been expressed on the subject during the last twenty years which is not an echo of what has been said before, by those who have left records of their study of human nature; though by boy-philanthropists very little reference is, we have observed, ever made to any wisdom or notions except their own, with vague generalities about the improvement of human nature. "Qui ad pauca respiciunt de facili pronuntiant." Want of space, and want of space only, prevents us from showing in their own words the opinions of many of the highest authorities on the subject of punishment; of jurists, as PUFFENDORF; of poets, as SHAKSPEARE, POPE, COWLEY, BEN JONSON, BUTLER; of statesmen, as Sir RICHARD SACKVILLE; of schoolmasters, as ASCHAM and ARNOLD; of semi-schoolmasters, as MILTON, Dr. JOHNSON, and GOLDSMITH; with instances of the various discipline under which such men as ALCUIN, AUGUSTINE, LUTHER, and MONTAIGNE were brought up; the balance of opinion in the practical men being, either directly or by the fairest inference, in favour of corporal punishment; though, as a general rule, clever men might be expected almost invariably to take the lenient side of the question, that is, if they judged only from their own easy running in the paths of learning.

In ancient times there certainly were some dark and strange views on this subject; bodily pain seems to have been viewed as the great stimulator and strengthener of memory. BENVENUTO CELLINI'S father gives him a knock-down blow that he might not forget that he had seen a salamander! Earlier still, when the order of knighthood was conferred, a blow was imparted to the knight to make him remember his duty; and when a charter was confirmed, a hearty slap was given to the witnesses to prevent obliviousness. JOHN GREGORY says, "It hath been a custom to whip children on Innocents' Day morning, that the memory of the murder of the Innocents might stick the closer." What we call beating the parish bounds, was formerly simply beating the children round the bounds, that the ancient limits might not be forgotten. In his "origin of laws," SPENCE says, "At livery and seisin, six or twelve boys were present, according to the value, whom the purchaser was to lash and pull by the ears, that they might the better remember if called to give evidence."

All this making public use of private pain we as much disapprove of as of the vicarious sufferings of EDWARD VI.'s and JAMES I.'s whipping boys, who smarted to save the sacred flesh of the young TUDOR and STUART, who could only be industrious from delicacy and sympathy with the sufferer. All this is the crude and barbarous form of what is only irrational when used cruelly, excessively, and on wrong occasions. We have thought over the many objections to corporal punishment of all sorts and degrees—that it destroys shame by too frequently producing it; we do not believe that either parents or boys, from our own experience, view it very keenly in that light; nor is it wise even in a schoolmaster either to look at it or represent it as a spot of dark opprobrium; boys rarely think or talk of it as such amongst each other, and the benevolent five-shilling uncle probably makes a joke about it as he administers the coin. It is represented as breaking the spirit; this is not true, as our forefathers proved often enough; they have feared the master more than the enemy:—

> "Ei terror de' gran guerrier, temea
> Del vecchio inerme un cenno un guardo estrano,
> E quella destra, che poi vinse Ettore,
> A la verga temuta ivi a supporre."—(MARINO.)

The truth is, corporal punishment is not, nor indeed is any punishment proper for incapacity; it is for obstinacy, indolence, and wilful inattention; it ought only to be viewed as a certain amount of bodily inconvenience, incurred by a certain amount of self-indulgence, of which evident perverseness, insolence, and carelessness are forms. No parent has a right to expect that an instructor who owes the duty of education to many, should waste his time, and that of the best boys in a class, in explaining and re-explaining to two or three of the worst. In this respect some parents are most inconsiderate, willingly making a man, whose intellect and time are valuable, a mere slave to the caprices of their children. We know other punishments are in use; fresh punishment tasks, which are just as likely to be resisted as the original lesson, or wearisome impositions, which consume in mechanical drudgery what ought to be allowed for health and play; sometimes the dreary monotony of being shut up, leaving time for brooding, and every bad passion; long lectures, of which some lads will absorb any quantity, and delight in the time thus abstracted from the general work, an exultation in which their schoolfellows share. Some starve the refractory, which is, of course, a bodily infliction much more irrational than that suggested by SOLOMON, and those of his school.

There will, of course, be considerable excitement about this last terrible case, and most justly, for it gives a sad lesson; still we question whether even this either will or ought to put a stop to moderate and rational corporal punishment in schools. Let us close, then, with a few hints to schoolmasters;—punish the young whilst comparatively gentle punishment will do, and if you do this temperately and regularly, you will have little need to punish at an age when to be effective a punishment must be severe. Set lessons which you are quite sure are within the power of your pupils. Because a high-spirited boy will not flinch, do not fancy that he is not sufficiently punished; do not establish a contest between your determination and his obstinacy, for you may be beaten, and you are sure to be cruel; give a punishment which is reasonable, and dismiss the case, and, if possible, commence with your pupil the next day as if nothing had happened. If the boy is incurable, dismiss him. If you are conscious of a bad temper, seek some other line of life, for you are not fit to be a schoolmaster; and if you are not amenable to your conscience, you may become, like Mr. HOPTON, amenable to your country. There are, we are aware, some few large schools in which punishment of a corporal kind is altogether dispensed with; in such schools there are always enough willing and

clever boys to cite to the public, and to keep the school in credit; but what becomes of the idle and careless ones, in the reclaiming of whom the most important part and the most difficult of a schoolmaster's business lies? So ARNOLD said, or something tantamount to it.

STARS AND GARTERS, AND ORDERS OF MERIT.

MR. THACKERAY, who has the reputation of being the most satiric and acrid of all authors, the one whose ridicule at all shams is the sharpest, and whose scorn at all "snobbism" is the loudest if not the deepest, has written a paper in his Magazine recommending a new order of merit, which he would call the Order of Britannia, and a medal of which should be given to all those of our gallant seamen who distinguish themselves, not in the horrid trade of slaughter, nor in defending our shores, nor in battering down the forts of our enemies, but in rescuing the crews of sinking ships from destruction, and in showing the wondrous bravery and magnanimity which the great majority of our seamen always do in the hour of danger, and such as especially the officers and crews of the Birkenhead and the Sarah Sands exhibited. He is probably ignorant that a gold and silver medal for the purpose do exist, and that the Humane Society also bestow a decoration for those who save life—for we also, like the Romans, believe it to be nobler to save the life of a citizen than to slay an enemy. But we believe the principle which our satirical author sets out with is wrong. Our common work-a-day Englishmen do not care for bits of ribbon and bits of metal. Virtue is its own reward with us. Why should a man who has done his duty be parcelled and ticketed out from men who, when the time came, and the opportunity with it, would do their duty just as well? The story of the brave man's deeds is known; his comrades are aware of his valour if the world is not; nay, by multiplying the orders of distinction, we doubt whether we do not weaken and effeminate the mind. Our nation, thank Providence, is too manly to need many such; nay, the very multitude of the Crimean medals rather hurt than honoured JOHN BULL. Sentimental writers may think it very fine to hang bits of ribbon on the breasts of their heroes; but the heroes themselves do not.

But whilst we were on the point of voting a new order, let us look at those we have, beginning with our Star and Garter and St. GEORGE, the honour of all honours, sprung from a patron saint who was a pork butcher!

This is undeniable: we choose our own members of Parliament, but patron saints come as a gift of nature. St. MICHAEL, St. BONIFACE, St. HOCUS-POCUS, and HURLO-THRUMBO, chosen for good deeds in their day, now lost to sight their memory is "green" enough; so let it be. But of all saints in the Calendar (and unless we Protestants are grossly ignorant, there be some queer ones there) really and positively we believe St. GEORGE to be the worst. We shall come to him presently; but we would rather pray to the sagacious god of the Mandingoes than to St. GEORGE.

Those benighted woolly heads in bowing to their "sense-gods" as the Rev. Mr. BYNE of Trinity College, Dublin, calls them,* had some reason. "A pig had by chance," says OLDENDORP in his account of these same Mandingoes, "led an army of these natives, who were perished for want of water, to a pond; the pig being desperately thirsty itself, and rather more acute in its senses, or knowing the way better than the human animals. The army was saved, and the pig was deified." The celebrated hog of St. ANTONY, which has long formed part of a proverb, "following one about like a *tantony* pig," was never more venerated by the Irish than this one by the Mandingoes. As a nobleman in England dignifies his family, so this porcine Mandingo rendered his descendants blessed.

He, they, aunts, cousins, male and female, and the whole generation of them are elevated to that earlier peerage of which the Roman Emperors wished to be. In Ireland, to be sure, a pig lives a luxurious life. He is referred to as "the gintleman who pays the rint." He lounges about, so to speak, with his hands in his pockets. He has been seen by veracious tourists leaning against door-posts, and smoking a dudeen: he is undoubtedly admitted to the best apartments of the house. He is free of the drawing-room, parlour, kitchen and all, and enjoys the blandishments of Irish female society; but he is better off with the Mandingoes, for with our friends over the water he does "pay the rint," and just to save his life he is killed, or he is shipped off at a certain period of his sweet existence, probably at the sweetest, just as the full glory of youth dawns upon him, to supply the English market. At the very moment when, in the language of his poet, Mr. MOORE, he is

"All truth, all tenderness and grace,"

he is driven on board ship, and transported. He objects to this; he cries out; he is melancholy, remote, unfriended, but by no means slow. He is borne from the place where his forefathers dwelt. In vain, as he departs, "He sings the wild song of his dear native land;" his voice is unheeded. He becomes horridly sick in crossing the channel; he is landed—if not wrecked, indeed—and he terminates his existence in pickled pork. Sometimes he is wrecked, and then he puts a period to his sufferings, if we credit popular tradition, by cutting his throat as he swims. If so, his corpse, when cast ashore, is eagerly devoured by some Welsh wrecker. If not, as we say, pickled pork is his fate; and here St. GEORGE takes him in hand, and we take in hand St. GEORGE. That person, who, says SHAKSPEARE,

"Swinged the Dragon, and now sits
Still on his horseback, at mine hostess' door,"

has had his portrait painted by a master hand—one EDWARD GIBBON, Esq., as neat a limner of a portrait in pen and ink as need be. His sketch is by no means flattering. There is one, of the usual extravagantly sanctified and incredible style, of the author of that book of extraordinary fables, the "Lives of the Saints." Of the two we prefer GIBBON. The successful pig-dealer in those days could not rise to be a prætor, nor a consul, nor to fill any honourable office; but he could be a bishop, and we must remember that Christianity was not then the religion of the State, and that it was by no means fashionable; consequently, our Cappadocian did episcopate, and in a by no means regular way. He took up better men's leavings; and this quietly introduces us to the Athanasian Creed. How few of our interesting High Church, Low Church, Broad Church, or flat Church young ladies ever think about St. GEORGE, when they are repeating that grand and glorious Credo of St. ATHANASIUS, that almost successful attempt to unveil and explain the miraculous, and to render unmysterious the grand Mystery! That Creed stands like a rock before the services of the Church, a rock which the tide of Infidelity may beat against, but cannot remove. It used to be fashionable to laugh at it, to call it contradictory, to bespatter it with silly epithets; but still it stands. "When I was writing the 'History of the Church,'" says old FULLER, "I was advised to be quick about it, lest, before my History was out, the Church should be gone; but I have observed that our Church has a strange knack of being always falling with some people; and yet it stands." "It is full of mystery," says one. "Aye," returns MONTAGUE, "and when one will explain the greater mystery to me, how when I was born, and five and twenty years before my father was attacked, and sixty-five years before it made its appearance in my body, an hereditary complaint (the stone) was born with me, then I will talk to him of lesser mysteries." Which, look you, should shut any Arian up.

St. ATHANASIUS put forth his Creed boldly; not so his opponent, who dangles in effigy on the breast of our noblest knights, and before the very heart of our QUEEN. Born in a fuller's shop, of the very nature of greasy dirt, from which the fuller's earth should have cleansed him, St. GEORGE rose step by step, always fawning, always parasitic, to the post of pork purveyor to the army of the Emperor JULIAN the Apostate.* When there, he made plenty of money. That was his god. Some historians, wishing to flatter him, say that he was Commissary-General to the army, an antitype of FILDER in the Crimea. He made his fortune, and men who have made fortunes, if of active minds, wish for something to do. He "took to" religion, joined the Arians, and when good old ATHANASIUS was a second time driven from Alexandria, our St. GEORGE sat in his place. He was one of those easy-going, make-the-best-of-both-worlds sort of prelates, who was, alas! popular, too popular with the crowd. Consequently, he slew the dragon.

And pray who was the dragon, and when did he come into the story? Where the Princess SABRA, where?

Why, just unroll the mythic story, and it is as plain as a pike-staff. These Churchmen fought with their tongues. The synod over which the Empress of the Apostate JULIAN presided was the arena—the misbelieving bishop was St. GEORGE—the princess SABRA, either a type of Religion, or the benign, easily-credent Empress;—and our good old St. ATHANASIUS was *the Dragon!* Yes, he was the beast, *bellua ista*, as Luther's opponents politely term him. St ATHANASIUS fled to the deserts of Upper Egypt, until the death of his persecutor, in 362 A.D.—a period of six years; he was then brought back in triumph, and as the pork butcher and bacon commissary would not give up his see, out of revenge for many cruelties, and disgust for himself, the populace lost their temper, as they did with Count ANVITI, and killed him, and thus unwittingly made a MARTYR of him!

We do not hear any more of the Saint till the time of the Crusades, when, at the great siege of Antioch, our soldiers were about to give way, when up rushes Bishop ADHEMAR, followed by a fresh party of horsemen, in the leading rank of whom were three knights. "Behold," cried the Bishop, "here is help from Heaven; the holy martyrs, GEORGE DEMETRIUS and THEODORE, fight for you." "I'll take the first," cried a brave Englishman for my patron saint. St. GEORGE for merry England!" And away the besiegers rushed again, frightened their opponents, and gained the victory. Madcap King DICK the First also saw St. GEORGE in a vision, and was thereby relieved from great straits; and so St. GEORGE was, somehow, adopted as our patron saint. Our soldiers were forbidden to use any other cry. The whole thing was got up. His day was fixed, and he was a fixture; the red cross of martyrdom waved upon the white flag of his innocence,—our chief city took it for its arms, with a dagger or Roman sword for a distinction in the first quarter;—the story about WALWORTH introducing that is apocryphal. Churches were built for the saint, and our seafighters and soldiers wore the red cross in their caps and bayonets, crosses which remain to this day on the little square brass breast-plate and buttons of the Grenadier Guards.

When in 1344 or 1350—more than five hundred years ago—King EDWARD formed the Order of the Garter, he took St. GEORGE as its saint. More of this order anon. Now to others.

There were, and are, Knights of the "Broom flower in the Husk," of St. BRIDGET, of two St. CATHARINES, of the Celestial Collar of the Rosary, of three CHARLES, of any number of Conceptions, of two

* In an admirable article on the Religions of Mankind.

* There is a capital story of Lord KENYON addressing an ignorant jury on the estimation in which Religion should be held, and was held by various sovereigns. "Amongst them," said his Lordship, "is that excellent Emperor JULIAN, who was *so religious* that he was called the *Apostle*."

Concords, of a Golden Angel and a Crescent; of St. COSMAS and St. DAMIANUS, two Knights Martyrs; of several crowns—the Crown of Love, Crown Royal, Crown of Bavaria, Crown of Iron, and Crown of Cyprus (not Cypress), of Danebrog, or Dane-strength; of De la Calza, or the Stocking; of the Holy Vial and the Scale, of the Overthrown Dragon and the Dove, and of almost any quantity of Eagles you may wish. But other orders are yet to come. One there is of Electoral Orders for Ladies, presided over by a Serene Grand Mistress, the Dowager Duchess of Deux-Ponts; and one of the rules is, that "the lady who appears without this cross in public is to be fined one ducat for every such omission." We believe that since the establishment of the order no single case of omission has occurred. There is an Order of the Ermine, and of the Ear of Corn, of the Golden Fleece, of Fortune, and of the Friesland Knights; of the White Falcon. There are three Orders of Fidelity; one of Fidelity and Perfect Union, one of the GENET, and of St. GEORGE, no less than nine orders, of which, after our Garter, that of Russia is thought the grandest.

St. GERION, who alphabetically comes next, should be mentioned by any truthful historian, for this reason. The proud islanders talk of the brilliancy and antiquity of our Garter, and, things being considered, 'tis brilliant, and it is ancient. But St. GERION beats us by a trifle. Thus, St. GERION having, with three hundred others, suffered martyrdom at Cologne, martyrdom too of a respectable kind, the German crusaders took him as their patron, and either in 1190 or 1228 the Order was founded. GERION hath therein the advantage of GEORGE—small, indeed, to one who is familiar with CHEOPS, or who sups with PLATO, or who even living back into the past, taketh post-prandial delights with HORATIUS FLACCUS.

Golden Fleeces, Lions, Shields, Spurs, and Stoles, these have their orders.

Griffins, and Guelphs also—the latter celebrated as being the title of honour before our Queen lost Hanover, and took to the Bath. "What have you done with Sir SOMEBODY DASH?" asked a friend in reference to a troublesome place-hunter. "Oh! I have K.C.H.'d him," was the answer. Our ministers now K.C.B. the same class, and of course others also. Next in rotation of the alphabet we find the Orders of St. HENRY and of St. HOLY GHOST (St. ESPRIT), which latter was the chief order of France before the Revolution. But those ragged *sans culottes* who had overrun Italy, and thrown down various thrones, were taught not to believe in the St. ESPRIT, and for them NAPOLEON created the Order of the Legion of Honour; he found that that vain and restless people must be decorated with some distinction, and he gave them that star with five split points, which has since become so very famous, and which has since hung upon the breast of almost every Frenchman of distinction from BERANGER to THIERS, and which now decorates many English soldiers, and more than one English artist, being the most *repandu* order in the world.

We have not gone through half the alphabetical list of Orders, nor mentioned a tithe of their number, and yet our space is exhausted. Shall we invent another? Do our men want an Order of BRITANNIA? We think the suggestion—independently of a medal of the sort, as we have before said, existing—injudicious and weak. Orders and decorations may please our upper classes, but they are not relished by the hard workers of our fleets and armies, and a profusion of them will do more harm than good. The consciousness of having done a good action is a sufficient reward, without external mark. Our authors are quite content with plain names, our artists do not wish for any grander title than R.A. after theirs; our great farmers and inventors, and men of science, are perfectly happy in belonging to the large families of plain JOHN BROWNS, SMITHS, or JONESES. The plain sense and modesty which has hitherto distinguished the nation, we would wish, at all hazards, to preserve. That was a wise and celebrated answer given by our bold Barons many hundreds of years ago:—"*Nolumus leges Angliæ mutare.*" We do not wish to change the laws of England; and if the written laws, why not those far more powerful, the unwritten; the laws of custom derived from father to son—customs which have made this country honoured and foremost, and which will still render her so. The fame which at each seaport town greets the brave seaman, which distinguishes him at his mess, and makes him a known man amongst his comrades, is worth all the Britannia medal orders in the world.

DR. PICK'S MNEMONICS.

OF all doleful processes to which children are subjected, learning by rote, or by heart as it is called, because there is no heart in it, is about the worst. The brimstone and treacle, or the senna and salts administered in old-fashioned schools at the spring and fall of the year, is not so nauseous as a long task of weights and measures, or statistics and dates. When we consider how many tears have been spent over the "Table of Kings," it is obvious that the British nation would have grown up republican if presidents and consuls had been easier to recollect. When we reflect upon the horror of remembering, or trying to remember, the dates and particulars of the decisive battles of the world—a horror far greater than that of fighting them—we cannot wonder that human nature should rebel, confound Salamis with Waterloo, or take Pharsalia for the First of June. A large part of school life is wasted in the parrot-like acquisition of details that are speedily forgotten; and not a tithe of our marriageable young ladies, or of their brothers who have spent a twelvemonth in commercial or professional life, would have the faintest chance of passing an examination in the statistical portion of their school career. WOLFE died happy on the heights of Abraham, when he knew that his great achievement was accomplished and the French were running away; and a similar consciousness of having reached a wonderful result consoled the last hours of a successful schoolmistress, who uttered a fervent *Nunc dimittis* when she heard that her pupils had answered MANGNALL'S questions without a single mistake. In various ages efforts have been made to help the memory, but always upon the principle of a purely arbitrary association of ideas. Words, having no natural connection with either figures or facts, have been made the symbols of dates or events; and when strung together in rude verses have been supposed to afford some aid to the mind in holding them with a retentive grasp. According to other plans, the wall of a room was divided into imaginary squares or pigeon holes—WILLIAM the CONQUEROR'S lived in one and GEORGE III. in another, and even this clever contrivance has been found better than a naked attempt to remember the eras in which those two worthies lived and tormented mankind. These various efforts proved that any association was better than none; but, notwithstanding the multiplicity of systems, very little good came out of them, and the world went on, remembering or forgetting at haphazard, very much in the old way. At last, one Dr. PICK has successfully picked some of the locks of oblivion, and promises to rescue large stocks of knowledge from that limbo of forgetfulness into which it is so apt to fall. In France, his system was examined and favourably reported on by a Commission appointed by the Minister of Public Instruction. At Oxford, various college worthies affixed the seal of their approbation, and the mnemonical Doctor recently astonished a London audience, to whom he was introduced by Mr. MONCKTON MILNES. The method, so far as we have progressed with it, is remarkably simple, and is founded upon the principle of the natural association of ideas. At Willis's Rooms Dr. PICK gave an exemplification of its powers, by repeating, with scarcely a mistake, thirty groups of three figures each, which the audience dictated, and which were inscribed in the compartments of a black board. Backwards or forwards, or dodging here and there, was all the same to the Doctor, who promised that, after a few lessons, all his pupils should do the same. By way of illustrating the facility with which a long string of words, having any association connecting one with the other, could be remembered, he pronounced quickly three or four dozen nouns, and the audience, to their astonishment, found themselves able to repeat the whole.

Dr. PICK is now giving private instruction in his system to several noble families, and delivering a course of lectures at the Beethoven Rooms in Harley Street, to a class among whom we noticed some distinguished names. On Monday, the chief subject of the lecture was the art of remembering statistics of various countries, such as their population or extent. It would not be fair to the lecturer to give a detailed explanation of the process, but it is only just to say, that, although we went incredulous, we came away believers in his plans. Certain letters are selected, according to a principle that is easy to remember, to represent figures, and then words are constructed by which any combination of figures can be expressed, and which at the same time can indicate some idea connected with the country, whose statistics are to be remembered. Thus the population of Europe is indicated by the letters of the word "North," and it is easy to remember that Europe is a northern division of the globe. The population of America is indicated by the word "Franklin," which is naturally associated with it. "Naples" represents the population of Italy, "Siberia" that of Russia, and so forth. These words were not given by Dr. PICK, but called out by the audience as soon as they understood the plan to be followed, and it was remarkable to hear the same word uttered by simultaneous voices, in different parts of the room. The Doctor gave a few illustrations of the application of the system to the remembrance of dates, but he promised to make that branch of Mnemonics the subject of a special lecture. The next lecture will, we believe, relate to the method of remembering languages, and we look with interest for the further development of the scheme.

MODERN ITALIAN POETS.

IF Italian pre-eminence in the walks of poetry must now be considered a thing belonging to the past, and if, in the present century, the place asserted by Italian literature in this form cannot even be esteemed high as that attained by contemporary triumphs in other lands; still, however, it is impossible to examine attentively all that the poetry of this language has produced of worth during the last twenty-five years or upwards, without recognising evidences of thought, imagination, feeling, the true characteristics, in short, of poetic vitality; and, above all, that ardent love of the fatherland, that deeply felt interest in whatever concerns her honour or represents her aspirations, which, however become hackneyed in expression, is nevertheless the genuine sentiment prevailing with all thoughtful writers and fervid spirits of modern Italy. If none have approached the celebrities of the sixteenth century in the Epic; if no examples of recent date have displayed all the high qualifications of CHIABRERA or FILICAJA in the Lyric, nor those of PURINI and CASTE in the Satiric, nor the severe vigour of ALFIERI in the Tragic; yet in all these walks has the Italian productiveness within the period above named given proof that high aims at least are not wanting, nor the spirits of worthy emulation become extinct. MANZONI, still living; PELLICO, LEOPARDI, GIUSTI, GROSSI, recently deceased; MONTI, PINDEMONTE, MAZZA, FOSCOLO, among

names belonging to an epoch within the memory of many living, form an array sufficiently illustrious to vindicate the Italian poetry of our age from the imputation of sterility or decadence. Even in that form of poetic creation least popular or adapted to modern ideas and tastes—the Epic, one cannot deny that it has maintained the traditions of greatness by recent achievements deserving to class with the best of *recent* date in this peculiar province; one cannot but give due praises for vigorous imagination and sustained majestic harmony to the "San Benedetto" and "Italiade" of ANGELO RICCI,—epics produced in 1819 and 1824, each in twelve cantos and the long octave stanza—in the first of which is worked up the story how the Benedictine Orobe was founded by its patriarch; in the second that of CHARLEMAGNE and the fall of the Lombard Kingdom in Italy, with much admixture of the fictitious and supernatural, but general adherence to historic truth, many graphic and glowing descriptions, and, pervading the whole, a tone of religious earnestness, a tempered enthusiasm that arrests interest, notwithstanding defects and exaggerations. Nor can a distinguished rank be denied to the epic on the Crusades by TOMMASO GROSSI (deceased 1853), the "Lombards of the First Crusade," a poem in the same forms and metres as those of RICCI, but much more generally popular, and indeed more of a character to attract general readers. In the lyric form, including the ballad and canzone, since MANZONI has remained silent, after MONTI and PINDEMONTE had been removed by death—both in the same year, 1828—beyond comparison the highest powers, the most spontaneous vigour and vibrating harmony of diction distinguished the effusions of the unhappy and prematurely-removed LEOPARDI (deceased 1837), the restorer of the canzone on the perfect model left by PETRARCH, the poet of meditative philosophy, but at the same time of scepticism, whose extraordinary classic learning, enthusiasm in study, and refinement of character in no way counteracted the withering effects of a cheerless, hopeless speculation, that rendered the most gifted imaginative writer belonging by birth to the Papal States (a strange coincidence!) the representative of a school the most negatively infidel, anti-Christian without philosophic sectarianism, to be found in the whole range of modern Italian letters. Yet who can read his Canzone, particularly those to "Italy" and to ANGELO MAI on his discovery of the lost "Republica" of CICERO, without recognising in LEOPARDI the best title to the heritage of PETRARCH and FILICAJA in that grandly comprehensive, peculiarly Italian, but most difficult class of compositions, in which, indeed, since early death cut short that brilliant but mournful career, no master of song has succeeded to LEOPARDI with effects that have maintained Italian supremacy in the music of *that* lyre. ANGELO MAZZA (1817) contributed, with more celebrated concurrents, to raise the Italian lyric above that character of fantastic exaggeration and frigid pedantry which had been successful with the false taste of a previous age; and a restoration to nature and simplicity may be indicated as the special merit of the Italian muse in the present century, to be estimated by the comparison between her gifted cultivators of recent dates with such poets as FRUGONI, METASTASIO, GOZZI (considering the latter *merely* as the lyrist, not in his superior aspects as the essayist and satirist) and the Jesuit BONDI, who indeed reduced the once fervid utterances of their country's lyre to the extreme of frigidity by their academic polish, tasteless embroidery, and measured uses of Pagan imagery—showing the fullest results of influences springing from that *Academia*, the widely ramified institution which, professing to foster, has been in reality the bane, of Italian genius.

The great revolution shook and overthrew not only powers in the Government, but schools in the literature of this country; and MONTI, FOSCOLO, MANZONI only expressed the moral result of those momentous events, as contemplated and interpreted by genius. The last and greatest of these poets may be said to have founded the modern school of the Italian Lyric, rendering it the vehicle for thought on high subjects, moral, patriotic, religious, and for convictions on truth connected with destiny and duty, in accordance with the lessons of experience, the teaching of realities. The founder also of the historic romances—MANZONI—has, in this walk, had few to rival, none to equal him; but in the character of the purely sacred poet, a place beside him seems due to BORGHI, one of the most gifted contributors to Italian hymnology, who raises his voice in strains, fervent, harmonious, ecstatic, borrowing his themes directly from revelation, but without the least touch of the dogmatic or sectarian narrow-mindedness. He is surpassed by SILVIO PELLICO in fulness and breadth of treatment, in the largeness of mind that apprehends the religious meanings of life and sorrow without confining itself to abstract contemplation; and that true-hearted, meekly-suffering poet sought in the annals of his own country the groundwork on which to weave a tapestry of incidents and personages in those blank-verse romances, where the outline is for the most part historic, events and reflections made subservient to the illustrating of principles ever the best and purest. MONTANELLI, UBERTI, DELL'ONGARO, CARRER, POERIO, were minor poets, sharing public favour after the second period of the present century had opened; but among those whose light shone more brilliantly were two others—BERCHET, of whom it is said by CESARE CANTU that "he proved poetry may sometimes demand instead of the lyre the trumpet;" and TOMMASO GROSSI, whose reputation was founded not only on his more ambitious epic and a historic romance, *Maroo Visconti*, one of the most brilliant and vivid in this language, but on a series of *Novelle*, tales in rhymed stanzas, exhibiting superior powers in the pathetic and picturesque combinings of incident, presented with fascinating sweetness of language, less dependent on historic fact than the metrical romances of PELLICO, but still preserving fidelity to manners and social aspects at the epochs in which scenes are placed. It is observable that Milan and its vicinity, or the Lombards and their enterprises, have supplied almost exclusively the ground and subject for the works, both in prose and verse, of this author, still one of the most popular in Italy. MARCHETTI of Bologna, recently deceased, respected in the career of the public character as well as men of letters, belongs to the class of less widely popular, but esteemed and highly finished writers; pleasing from the flow of graceful versification, elevated and devout, he attained a degree of excellence in the *terze rime*, which rises to a tone of the prophetic, with bolder eloquence, in his *Notte di Dante*, a poem describing the immortal exile at the Monastery of Avellano on the Apennines. It must be owned that much of the best in recent Italian verse impresses far more by execution than conception, by the diction than by the thought; and the very suavity of this idiom, that offers so many advantages, has proved a source of dangers, an incentive to jejune efforts, supplying unfortunate facilities or contenting with mediocre achievements. Count TERENZIO MAMIANI had acquired fame as a philosophic essayist and poet long before he became celebrated among statesmen of liberal principles; and it is remarkable how many leaders in the recent public events have belonged to the distinguished ranks in the literature of this country—MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO, FARINI, CIBRARIO, GUERRAZZI, MONTANELLI, and others. Rather didactic and metaphysical than lyrical or impassioned, MAMIANI's poetry has not the qualities to ensure extensive popularity, but will continue to charm a more select class—the meditative and earnest; like the thoughtful PINDEMONTE, his is a genius that revolves upon itself, marked strongly by individuality in its productions, preferring the depth to the tumult of the soul, and commanding admiration by beauties of highly-finished style, as well as originality in meaning. He has given a form that reminds of the Greek; and his peculiar treatment of the hymn, rendered, indeed, a meditation in blank-verse, addressed to and invoking the memory of some sainted being, earthly martyr, or angelic champion—ST. GEORGE, the Archangel RAPHAEL, St. TERENTIUS (patron of his native city, Pesaro). But more interesting, as intellectual signs of the times, are MAMIANI's half-historic, blank-verse pieces on the "Primitive Church," which, while expressing the sincerity of his own religious convictions, eloquently attest the persuasion, now shared by almost all superior minds in Italy, respecting the profound corruption of Catholicism, and deeply injurious scandals to the religious interest from the worldliness and secular pomposity, still more from the anti-national policy of Rome, the effects of whose procedure and pretensions within recent years have been alienating and irritating to a degree that might alarm any counsellors at the Vatican capable of reading what is actually the state of minds in Italy. Since the versatile and acute but sometimes very gross satiric poems of the Abate CASTI (1803), whose "Animali Parlanti" so admirably castigates the errors and vices of despotic government; whose "Poema Tartaro" holds up, so profoundly ironic, a picture of politics and society in Russia under CATHERINE, no writer in the same walk had appeared equal to GIUSTI (1809—50), whose pieces, mostly brief, and in various metres, were long eagerly sought in MS. before their publication, under any existing government, was possible; the stern denouncer of tyranny, hypocrisy, and social falsehood of every kind, often exquisitely humorous in his exposures of affectation and pretension, GIUSTI could strike higher chords with more thrilling effect when the wrongs of Italy, the false systems of her governments, the subjection of religion to worldly interests, were the themes of his indignation. Yet, with his keen sense of the ludicrous, and impatient resentment of wrong, there is a vein of deep melancholy, a sad reflectiveness, that seems to throw its shadow over all life's picture, like Hamlet's, leading to the conclusion that all is "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable," whence an undertone, the most opposite to mirthfulness, pervades his writings, better understood and more distinctly pronounced in his life, prefixed to the first complete edition of these poems, at Florence. This volume contains matter ascribed to, but never acknowledged by him, which must qualify our estimate of GIUSTI, if admitted to be indeed his, being unfortunately open to the gravest objections for blasphemous levity—a fault not found in any avowed productions by this admired and dreaded satirist, who habitually maintains respect for silent, unaffected virtues, and, though severe against the abuses, allows himself no licence implying hostility against the principles or doctrines of Christianity. In 1846, a volume of lyrics first attracted more permanent attention to a poet already known for the ephemeral successes of improvisation—REGOLDI, who has since continued among the popular writers of Piedmont; and having travelled much over Italy and the East, has taken his themes, like another CHILDE HAROLD, from various sites and local memories, not without fervour of feeling and language, sometimes rising into harmonious grandeur. But two years previously had appeared the first volume, "Canzone and Idylls," from one destined to outshine all living competitors (MANZONI certainly excepted), and assume incontestable rank as the poet of the day in this country—GIOVANNI PRATI, native of the Italian Tyrol.

DES IDÉES NAPOLÉONIENNES.*

THAT "the ideas of Napoleonism" deserve peculiar attention at the present time we readily concede to the editor, who has been careful to supply us with a London edition of the work of Louis Napoleon which he issued from Carlton Terrace in the year 1839.

* *Des Idées Napoléoniennes.* Par LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. Avec un Avertissement de l'Editeur. Londres: W. Jeffs.

Disregarded then, it has since risen into great importance, seeing that its author is no longer a mere theorist, but a man with power to actualize his ideas, and make them the facts of his time. We are, therefore, not ungrateful to the French editor, who has thus pressed it upon our consideration, and have reperused it with no common interest. It has awakened some thoughts in us which we desire to share with our readers.

The first thing that strikes us in this famous essay is the scientific form into which the matter of argument is cast. Here is no merely popular writing, but an essay for philosophers and politicians. It is wonderful that its early readers saw no greatness in it, whether of design or style; that its author received no appreciation as a thinker who might become a doer. Never was a sterner or more logical mind declared—never a more sincere sagacity disclosed. But blindness was the disease of the time—its policy also; and the coming event was seen but in the shadow, not the sunlight. The dawn had not yet approached, and the nations sat in darkness. The cardinal idea of the work undoubtedly was that France naturally is the source of progress to Western Europe, for she possesses the two supports of empires—the genius of the arts of peace and the genius of war. Moreover, France has an especial mission, namely, in all treaties to throw in her sword of Brennus in favour of civilization. With this mission recent events have proved that the author has identified his own. To these ideas, thus expressed and thus realized, the writer added correlative maxims—one that it is the province of government to guide true ideas by placing itself boldly at their head. "If," said he, "instead of leading, a Government suffers itself to be led, it at once ensures its own destruction, and compromises, instead of protecting society." And such maxims he has since observed, as well as adopted the associated ideas. He has taken the initiative in policy, both domestic and foreign.

The now Imperial writer professes an indifference to mere forms of government. He recognised only two Governments as fulfilling their providential mission—one Oriental, and one Occidental; *i.e.*, the American and the Russian. The latter had to struggle against "*les vieux préjugés de notre vieille Europe;*" but it was then clear to Louis Napoleon that "it was only from the Czar that the East could receive the amelioration which it was awaiting." Upon the whole, he seems to approve of the Russian despotism; but the republican form is also high in favour. A republic, however, cannot exist without an aristocracy; and further, "the nature of democracy is to become personified in one man"—(*la nature de la démocratie est de se personnifier dans un homme.*)

The *rationale* of these opinions lies in the fact that in a state there are two classes of interests, permanent interests and transient interests; the spirit of the former is transmitted from age to age by tradition, and can only be represented by an aristocracy. Transient and special interests, on the contrary, can only be thoroughly appreciated by the delegates of the people.

Napoleon I. is not, for the reasons above stated, to be blamed (such is the philosophical deduction made by his nephew) for having surmounted with a crown his republican laurels. They who censured him were people of paltry passions, while he was guided by reasons of the loftiest range. When the remarks of such people were reported to the captive of St. Helena, he rightfully exclaimed, "Have I, then, reigned over pigmies in intellect, that I have been so little understood!" On the contrary, the first Emperor, to be justly appreciated, should be "*considéré comme le Messie des idées nouvelles.*"

Now the main thing of importance in these pretensions and reasonings lies, after all, in the assumptions that ideas, as powers, do exist; that there are new ideas that supersede the old; and that the Buonaparte family have a mission, identified with that of France, to establish a Messianic dynasty in their favour. Without controverting these assumptions, which it would be idle to attempt in words only, Europe must regard them with the utmost attention, and stand incessantly on her guard in relation to all that they imply.

Much of the tractate under review is occupied with a running defence of many points of the first Napoleon's special policy—most of which has now little concern for us or the world. Among his philanthropic purposes, however, the completion of which was prevented by war, may be mentioned his project of having the prices of the pit seats in the Théatre François reduced on Sundays to one franc, in order that the people might enjoy the *chefs-d'œuvre* of French literature; and in a speech, delivered in 1807, before the Legislative body, he said, that "in all parts of his empire, even in the smallest hamlet, the comfort of the citizens and the value of land would be very soon enhanced by the effect of the general system of improvement which he had conceived." In glancing at these passages, we are reminded of Marc Antony's reading to the populace the will over the dead body of Cæsar,—

"Here was a Cæsar: when comes such another?"

No reasonable objection can be taken to the credit which the nephew claimed for the great institutions actually established by his uncle. In both the administrative and political organization of the empire he displayed admirable genius. Doubtless, Napoleon III. will emulate him in these respects. He will endeavour to give to France what he says America has not—an organized social world. "Man," he states emphatically, "has not yet taken root in America; he is not incorporated with the soil; the interests are personal, and not territorial." The reverse of the American order he would establish in Europe, and thus place France "at the head of civilization." In regard to the office of Emperor, also, an important distinction prevails. Take it as we have translated it:—

"Napoleon is the supreme chief of the State; the elected of the people; the representative of the nation. In his public acts the Emperor always took glory to himself that he owed everything to the French people alone. When, surrounded by kings and homage, he, at the foot of the Pyrenees, disposed of thrones and of empires, he energetically asserted for himself that title of *First Representative of the People which it seemed to be proposed to assign to the Legislative body.*"

A note to that effect was indeed inserted in the *Moniteur*, 19th December, 1808, by order of the Emperor. Another excerpt, and we have done:—

"One may sum up the Imperial system by saying that *its base is democratic*, since all its powers emanate from the people; while its organization is hierarchical, since there are in society various ranks to stimulate all capacities."

Thus have we jotted down a few hasty notes while re-perusing a celebrated work, to which, notwithstanding, too little attention has been paid. Let it now be carefully perused by all concerned. If it stimulate Englishmen to regard ideas with favour, and to place them in their proper relation to facts, something will be won on the score not only of national progress, but of national safety. It is not by envy and hatred of whatever is great in French institutions that England can prosper, but by nobly rising in generous emulation, and supplementing her own deficiencies by what is best in the example of her powerful neighbour.

FARADAY'S JUVENILE LECTURES *

THE dearth of good lecturers is a remarkable fact, and one not satisfactorily accounted for on the principle of substitution by the comparative cheapness of good books. There is something beyond the mere words of a good lecturer which makes oral teaching effective, and smooths away the difficulties that attend the reception of new and complicated ideas; and when experimental science is the theme to be illustrated, there is a great deal suggested as well as learnt by witnessing the demonstrations of an able manipulator. There is another point of view in which first-class lectures are important. They bring before a number of persons later facts and ideas than are to be found in books. A considerable portion of this work might be done by means of periodical literature; but in all the sciences of observation and experiment there are things to be seen, as well as to be talked of or written about, and a public institution can obtain either the actual objects, or correct representations, to an extent impossible to private persons. But notwithstanding the permanent value of lectures, we have scarcely half a dozen first-rate lecturers; the popular demand running strongly in favour of something that savours of buffoonery, rather than corresponds with the best forms that our literature assumes. Among the few who can lecture well, Faraday has long occupied a foremost place, and among the greatest triumphs of teaching have been the scientific discourses annually delivered to juvenile audiences, of which the book before us contains the latest and not least successful efforts. The greatest men have nearly always been remarkable for the preservation of a child-like nature, and Faraday has shown in a remarkable degree how the sensitive, impressionable character of childhood, the love of wonder, and the keen sense of delight are compatible with a laborious precision of investigation and the utmost accuracy of inductive thought. If any one hears our great philosopher deliver a lecture, or reads a few pages of such a work as the present, it will be apparent that his moral and emotional nature has been an important cause of the brilliant success that has attended his scientific career. He cannot get so used to the world that its most ordinary phenomena cease to affect him. He has no capacity for being "used up," and the commonest incident strikes him with the freshness and vividness that a traveller experiences when a new ocean or mountain chain is exhibited to his view. With Faraday there is no such thing as the common-place, for every incident suggests trains of thought and speculation that link effects with causes, and bind all nature together as a beautiful and harmonious whole. Wonder, if not the parent, is a near relative of investigation: linked with theological or physical superstition, it is content with any marvellous explanation without regard to its truth; but when united to a clear, patient intelligence that has acquired the habit of philosophic doubt, it is an invaluable incentive to scientific inquiry. Those who do not love what Tennyson aptly calls the "Fairy Tales of Science," will neither do for priests nor doorkeepers in Nature's Temple; they have no acceptable sacrifice to offer, and to them the oracle will make no response. Beasts, as Sir Thomas Brown tells us, can "inhabit the earth," but man *lives* in it when he is filled with a "devout and learned admiration" of the wonders which it contains. Faraday is remarkable for recalling his audience to those primitive feelings which the din and turmoil of an industrial civilization are apt to overpower. "Let us consider," he exclaims, "how wonderfully we stand upon this world. Here it is we are born, bred, and live; and yet we view these things with an almost entire absence of wonder to ourselves respecting the way in which all this happens. So small, indeed, is our wonder, that we are never taken by surprise." Few, indeed, have ever reflected that the simple fact of standing upon the earth is a marvellous thing; and yet if we examine, we shall perceive that rightly understanding it would go a great way to make all science intelligible. How many forces or forms concur to this result—gravitation, cohesion, power of nerve and muscle, not one of which do we really understand. Nothing seems more simple than pulling a sheet of paper one way or pushing it another by means of muscular force, but it is nevertheless a

* *Six Lectures on the Forces of Matter.* R. Griffin and Co.

natural miracle; and when, as Faraday explained to his young auditors, the same paper is pulled or pushed by the invisible agency of electricity, our minds, less accustomed to this method of exercising force, cannot help being astonished at the result. The forces operating in nature are extremely few, compared with the multiplicity and variety of their results, and it is impossible to get a philosophical conception of any one of them unless their connection or correlation is understood. These ideas may seem too profound, and too far removed from ordinary conceptions to be made intelligible to the young, but Faraday accomplishes the task with ease and simplicity, and any thoughtful boy or girl can, by means of these lectures, readily follow the thread of a scientific investigation, commencing with gravitation, and running through cohesion, and the principal phenomena of light, heat, electricity, and chemical affinity. Very few men could have put so much information in so intelligible a form, and in so small a space, or have chosen with such consummate judgment the most apt methods of illustration; but the lectures are not valuable only, or chiefly, for the communication of actual knowledge—they have a deeper importance in their power of stimulating philosophical thought, and leading to the habit of associating ideas according to the principles of accurate science. We can imagine the delight of the juvenile audience to whom they were delivered. "Here is a boy's experiment—and I like a boy's experiment," exclaimed their teacher, as he told them how to melt lead in a tobacco-pipe, and by pouring the fused metal upon a stone, get smooth clear surfaces, that would unite with a little pressure, and strikingly illustrate the attraction of cohesion. His readiness to look at things from their point of view commends itself to all boys and girls. And when the grey-haired philosopher proceeded to blow real soap-bubbles, and give them a significance they never had before, the charm must have been complete. Most of the experiments described in these lectures are within the reach of an ordinary family; and it would be a good plan if some enterprising purveyor of scientific apparatus fitted up a small box as an accompaniment to the cheap volume, and thus brought an admirable course of instruction within the reach of a large number of juveniles, or those who have to discharge the duty of teaching them. To the benevolent mind of FARADAY, his success with children must be a source of delight, and he evidently experiences as much pleasure in planting their steps firmly upon some of the lower rounds of the ladder of Truth, as in his own more lonely wanderings to its Alpine heights. In later times the worth of such teaching will become apparent, and some of the youngsters, who found these lectures among the pleasantest incidents in their Christmas holidays, may have unconsciously carried away impulses that will urge them to intellectual distinction, and beneficially influence the whole current of their lives.

ECCENTRIC LITERATURE.*

AS the facility for printing and publishing increases, the world must not be surprised if it is from time to time deliberately treated to some marvellously intellectual follies perpetrated in the name of Reason and Faith. There are books, it is true, which can only be produced at special periods, and by men of peculiar idiosyncrasies. It is also very certain that history cannot be written before the fact, nor prophecy after it. The greater portion of writing, at the present time, and perhaps the best, is that of commentary. All that has occurred, or is occurring in the world, is either subjected to critical comment or lucid exposition. The right conception of the whole, or any part of history, religion, or science, depends, we imagine, very much upon the integral unity of the intellectual faculties and moral instincts of the individual. Should reason be strong and predominant in an individual, experience testifies that he will be exempt from the total influence and control of appearances, and from visions whose fabrics are baseless. We need not state the converse of this proposition. We know that an individual of great imagination and small reasoning powers is subject to all sorts of illusions and conceits. He lives in a cloudy atmosphere of intelligence, and is incapable of perceiving any thing clearly, or of thinking any thing rightly. But what shall we say when we perceive a mind possessing the imaginative and the rational faculty apparently to an equal degree, and calmly exercising both in forming a theory absolutely based upon pure conjecture, fancy, or whim? Such appears to be the author of the strange work before us entitled "Miranda." He professes to find confirmations of the old and new doctrines of Christ from wonders hitherto unheeded in the words and divisions of the Bible, in the facts and dates of history, and in the position and motions of the heavenly bodies. With this phantasy he sets off on an expedition through the whole Pagan, Jewish, and Christian history of the world, and having satisfied himself as to the direct bearing and relation of every historical and every unhistorical occurrence, fact, fable, myth, tale, romance, and legend in the earth to the Christian religion, he deliberately proceeds to classify and form them all into a system, which possesses transcendent beauty, in its author's estimation. But we have deep misgivings that he will get more disciples to wonder and laugh at his collection of wonders than to admire and believe them. Indeed, we are strongly of opinion that to believe in his theory demands an utter abnegation of all common sense and common judgment. Our author, however, at the outset of his system, has committed a fatal error. Of all works with which we are acquainted, "Miranda" approaches the nearest to a Neo-Christian extravaganza. For to pretend for a moment to look upon his arguments as sound, and his conceits as confirmations of the Christian religion is a profanation and a farce. We do not deny that here and there in the work we fall upon a statement with which the logician may be satisfied, a fancy with which the poet may be pleased, and a sentiment of which the saint may approve, but these occasional merits only make the concoction of such a work the more to be lamented, inasmuch as it displays an evident misuse and waste of erudition and superior talents. There is hardly an extravagance in human conception that it does not dignify by the name of truth, hardly an error in heathenism that it does not try to sanctify in the holy font of Christianity. And this fact alone is unanswerable evidence of the absurdity of its entire mass of assumptions.

That the reader may be satisfied that the book we are remarking upon has an actual existence in good readable type, though the revising and correcting of the author's pet work has, from the numerous errors we discover in it, been sadly neglected, we will lay before him a few passages by which he may obtain a fair view of the whole. On the divine law of eternal and universal progress, the writer begins by remarking, that "The Infinite goodness of God would fain have created all things as perfect in their limited nature, as He is immense in all His eternal attributes. This being impossible by an intrinsical contradiction, He did what was next desirable, that is to say, He made all capable of an indefinite and never-to-be-stopped improvement and progress." He then declares that the actual world is still in its youth, and that it is destined to live many hundred thousand years. If it be, Dr. Cumming and our anonymous author are sadly at variance in their calculations, and it requires no great gift of prophecy on our part to say, that the author of "Miranda," and, alas! we ourselves, will be utterly obliterated from the memory of men at that time. "But," he continues, "the old age and decay of the world, though it live many hundred-thousand years, will inevitably come. The sun shall be quenched, the centripetal and centrifugal forces shall lose their equilibrium, and the reign of chaos shall begin anew. But a short reign it will be. Out of the seeds and materials of the dissolved Cosmos God will make another, physically and morally better than this, which, in its turn, will be dissolved to make room for a still more beautiful order of things, and so on with an endless succession." This writer is not quite a Pantheist, though he says there must be some truth in a doctrine that has been believed by some of the most powerful human minds, and by nearly one-half of mankind, namely, the Hindoos and Chinese. He says, however, that the "Universe, or aggregate of all material things, is not God; for God," he declares, "is an Infinite Spirit, omnipresent, all-powerful, and all-seeing." Yet, in the next paragraph but two that follows this declaration, his philosophy becomes muddled, for he says, that "the union of the *Spiritual* God with the *material* Universe, constitutes the ONE, Infinite, Divine, and Supreme Being." In spite of his love of clearness, however, he acknowledges that there are two terms especially which he must use with some obscurity and confusion, "not voluntarily, but because the confusion and obscurity are inherent in the ideas which all human minds associate with them. These two terms are SPIRIT and MATTER. What is matter?—I know not. What is Spirit? I am equally at a loss how to define it." We are here irresistibly reminded of the answers which "Punch" has given to these famous questions; and as philosophers despair of ever being able to give better, we are tempted to repeat them for the benefit of the author of "Miranda," who, should the perplexing question, "what is matter?" ever recur to annoy him, would do well to keep in remembrance the sensible and witty answer of "Punch"—"Never mind;" nor should he forget the soothing and comforting reply—"No matter," when he is next puzzled by the question—"What is spirit?"

The reader, however, may be not a little surprised to find a writer who can answer questions regarding Spirit and Matter in a candid and philosophic spirit that he knew not how to define them, yet believing in and firmly maintaining the doctrines of the transmigration and metempsychosis of souls; and not only so, but actually making them cardinal doctrines of the Christian religion—nay, even exceeding that extravagance by a statement that Christ has had forty-nine incarnations, the first of which was Adam, and the last the *author* of "Miranda," who supplies as evidence of the fact—the initials J. T., and address 26, University Street, twenty-six being a sybilline number. But our author says there were three Adams. "The two first chapters of the book of Moses relate to Adam the first, the immediate founder of the black variety of mankind; the remainder of Genesis contains the history of Adam the third, or white Adam, as well as that of his descendants, Adam the second, or red Adam, namely, the founder of the human variety comprehending the Americans and the Yellow Mongolians, is intimated in the Bible by the very name of *Adam*, the etymology of which is *red earth*." Here, upon the authority of Dr. Webster, we may state that Adam means "form" or "image," and not *red earth*; this latter definition being an error of Josephus, and accepted by theologians, till corrected by the learned doctor we have mentioned. But Adam, the first was a "man of genius." "He elaborated in his mind a whole system of language. A magnificent language, with words for all the principal objects of nature, and for all the primitive wants of social intercourse," and "like all men of genius he was endowed with superior powers, both of mental analysis and of mental synthesis. Genesis says *that whatsoever Adam called every living creature*, that *was the name thereof*."

* *Miranda; a Book divided into Three Parts, entitled Souls, Numbers, Stars, on the Neo-Christian Religion.* London: printed and published by James Morgan.

But "Eve," we are informed, "was present when Adam, as a mortal man, was revolving that admirable plan of language in his mind, and trying its application with his mouth. To say all, she even laughed at him oftentimes for his passing whole days in uttering strange sounds which she did not understand. This has been the lot since then," moralises our philosopher—because Eve did what any spirited girl would be apt to do if she found her lover "uttering strange sounds with his mouth which she did not understand"—"of almost every great discovery, to be first derided even by those who were afterwards to profit by it."

Again, according to this work, there has never been in the world any such things as false religions, idolatries, or superstitions. The *Dii majorum gentium*, or, Gods of the great nations, were incarnations of the most powerful spirits that dwell in heaven, and were sent down to mortals as special "envoys from God." In the heathen world they appeared as Jupiter, Saturn, Venus, Mars, Mercury, Apollo, &c. In the Christian world they were the Apostles, "who," in the spirit-world, "begged to be born as poor men and women about the same time, in order to have the honour of ministering, in different capacities, to Christ, and of co-operating to his great mission." We have had Mars and Neptune among us in very recent times. In the individual life of Nelson, who won for England her proudest naval victories, the author of "Miranda" marks the identity of the spirit of Neptune. In Napoleon, who lost Waterloo, is marked the identity of the spirit of Mars. We wonder what spirit had its avatar in Wellington, who conquered the very god of war himself. Napoleon III. was originally Mercury, and he has been, in his extraordinary migrations, Seth, Cadmus, St. Paul, the Bible," says this anonymous author, "is the 119th Psalm. Mahomet, William III. of England, Robespierre, &c., &c., &c. With one illustration more of the peculiarity of this work, we shall close our remarks upon it. "The longest chapter of That Psalm contains 176 verses. The first coincidence which I shall notice in that Psalm consists in this, that, being composed of 176 verses, every one of these verses eulogizes the Bible. This is done in a variety of manners, as, for instance, by such beautiful ejaculations as these:—'*Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the Law of the Lord.*' '*With my whole heart have I sought Thee; Oh, let me not wander from Thy commandments!*' '*Quicken me after Thy lovingkindness; so shall I keep the Testimony of Thy mouth.*'" The coincidence here meant is the relation of these words to the doctrine of the Bible. "The second coincidence is that this very Psalm, the longest of all biblical chapters, is a great *acrostic* from beginning to end. There are more than one million of different books extant; how many will you find in which the longest chapter is an acrostic? How many, again, in which the same chapter, besides being the longest of all, besides being an acrostic poem, will be found to repeat with uninterrupted regularity, at more than a hundred measured intervals, in every verse, the name or periphrasis of the very book itself? What writer of poetry or prose ever subjected himself to so hard and strange laws of composition? Had he broken nine strings of his decachord psaltery, and, as he did in a later age, when he became Paganini, struck out from the remaining chord a long strain of charming melody, the psalmist would not have done by much so wonderful a thing as writing these hundred and seventy-six verses, which shall delight the sons of men, and lift up their hearts to heaven till the end of the world."

Though much tempted to do so, we shall not prolong our remarks upon this extraordinary work. What skiey influence, or intellectual law, or moral instinct, the author of it is governed by we are unable to determine. It is the vain and foolish work of a powerful mind. According to his own theory, if it be true, we may say that *he* has migrated, not into the body of an owl or a spider, but, at certain intervals, into some poor Egyptian, Indian, Chinese, and other zealots, getting equally saturated with and enamoured of all their superstitions, and, in his last, and it may be worst incarnation, he has become the reconciler and advocate of their respective systems; carrying out according to a pre-determination, his scheme of engrafting them all upon a nobler and purer system of religious truth for the satisfaction and delight of his ancient co-religionists. But, conjecture apart, while we sympathize with one so earnest and sincere as the author of this work seems to be, we regret that he has so strangely and foolishly misapplied his great talents in the production of a work which must, from the very nature of its views, inevitably sink into the limbo of oblivion.

Before, however, we put the final stop to our remarks, if any reader should be curious to know the name of the author of "Miranda," and should he be gifted sufficiently to read the stars, he may ascertain it by solving the following problem put by the author himself: "To the seven stars which constitute the two lines, mutually perpendicular, of the northern cross formed by the brightest stars of the swan, nine more stars are added, in a manner which would be highly remarkable even if it were destitute of any known signification; but they are so ingeniously arranged that the sixteen stars, combined in different manners, figure *my own name* in capital Roman letters." The initials and address of the author have already been intimated.

This problem certainly has a slight touch of insanity about it, and, notwithstanding the numerous marks of a logical mind which the work evidently bears, and the pure morality of its pages, we must say that the writer's devotion to his beloved theory has in no small degree disturbed his reason.

ROMANCES.*

A NEW romance, by an American author, having previously achieved a great success in the New World, has at length found its way to the mother country. England is thus called upon to endorse the opinion of America upon this first production of an author hitherto unknown to fame. We are given to understand by the general advertisements which have preceded this work that it has created among our transatlantic neighbours as great a sensation as "Adam Bede" originally excited in England. Such an announcement has necessarily awakened the curiosity of an eager and expectant public, and we feel called upon in our office of critic to bestow upon it more than ordinary care and attention. "Sir Rohan's Ghost," such being the singular heading of the volume before us, is a work in which there has evidently been enlisted powers of a most extraordinary kind. The author possesses an imagination of unusual fertility, a lively and creative fancy, a keen poetical perception, and a flow of language that at times startles us by the brilliancy of its descriptions and multiplicity of its images. In fact the too-easy possession of this latter faculty is apt to lead him astray, the similes, in many instances, being overstrained, difficult of apprehension, and unequal to the test of careful analyzation. We do not wish, however, by these critical remarks, to depreciate the unmistakeable genius displayed by the author; the blemishes observable in this his first essay at romantic composition, being the result of exuberance of talent rather than any shortcoming or incompetency existing in himself, and as such they will be readily passed over, and even forgotten by the intelligent reader.

A slight analysis of this work will be necessary to give an insight into the author's intention. Sir Rohan, the hero, is introduced in the first chapter as haunted by the consciousness of a great crime, This consciousness has for twenty years pursued him through every phase of his existence. In vain to escape this inward pressure has he rushed into the intoxicating din of the battle-field, travelled through foreign countries, sought relief in intellectual employments; every thing wears the impression of the one great horror. The image of a fair young girl floating down the unresisting stream, growing gradually fainter and fainter, till at length it disappears beneath the weight of waters, is ever before and blocking up all the avenues of his mental vision. This spectre to him is every where in every thing, making itself palpable in light as in darkness, in crowded thoroughfares as in unfrequented solitudes, infusing itself into every atom of the universe, and converting all that is fair and beautiful into a caricature of its own hideous self—and this is Rohan's Ghost. Shortly after the commencement of the story, the conscience-stricken man discovers a new occupation, in the active pursuit of which he fondly hopes to allay the fever of tormenting recollections; in obedience to this resolve, he devotes himself to the art of painting. But as the legitimate province of the pencil is the realization of the mind's ideal, and as Sir Rohan has but one knowledge, one thought, one ideal, ever present to his introspective faculties, it cannot be wondered that every form and countenance impressed upon the canvass should be but a reproduction of *the* form, *the* countenance, with its dark eyes glaring upon him with unrelenting ire, till in his frenzy to annihilate the loathsome semblance, the work of weeks and months is ruthlessly destroyed, and the labourer again commences his toilsome task, again to meet with the like result. Soon, however, two new arrivals make their appearance on the scene—Miss Miriam, whom we must hereafter designate as our heroine, and her guardian, St. Denis, an old friend and companion of Rohan's, both of whom present themselves unexpectedly at the castle of the latter, where for a time they conveniently take up their abode. The gay and light-hearted Miriam speedily exercises a beneficial influence over the mind of her host, and the fascination of her presence releases him for a period from the machinations of his evil genius. Many incidents occur which it would be useless here to enumerate. One, however, tending to interfere with the high ground upon which the author has hitherto taken his stand, we feel compelled to notice. Our heroine, Miriam, while walking, or rather trespassing, upon the grounds of the grand conservatory belonging to the castle, becomes suddenly conscious of another presence, a supernatural development of form, a something "floating toward her, never tinged by any of the gorgeous shades under which she passed." She, in fact, beholds what the author has hitherto led us to conclude as the phantom of a diseased and disordered imagination, presented in the shape of a veritable ghost. We think this incident would have been better omitted, as leading to no ultimate result, and as standing directly opposed to the great object of the work. When the author condescends thus, as it were, to materialise his ghost, by giving it an existence out of the mind of the guilty person, he destroys at once the idea of a criminal pursued by the terrors of an ever-wakeful conscience, shaping and distorting the very atmosphere into visions the likeness of itself, thereby demonstrating that the seeming spectre, which for him possesses the most vivid and fearful tangibility, is but the consequence and development of his own wicked and perverted thoughts, the personification of evil in his own heart, his own second self. There can be no doubt that this is the idea which the author has

* *Sir Rohan's Ghost.* A Romance. London: Trübner & Co.

† *Castle Richmond.* A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. Three vols. Chapman & Hall.

The Firstborn; or, a Mother's Trials. By the Author of "My Lady." Three vols. Smith, Elder, & Co.

The Madman of St. James's; a Narrative from the Journal of a Physician. Translated from the German of PHILIP GALEN, by T. H. Three vols. J. F. Hope.

intended to convey in his hero's subsequent career—his madness and almost fatal attack of brain fever, resulting from the over-tension of the nervous system, all intimating as much. We are, then, at a loss to account for this departure from his ruling principle, and his making the morbid creation of a contaminated and degraded mind perceptible to the vision of an innocent, pure, and untainted maiden. This is one of the strange inconsistencies into which genius, by some mysterious perversity of its own, is more liable to fall than less gifted mortals; or perhaps it is the result of an incapacity in the human intellect to produce anything that is *wholly* perfect. Certainly this is the great fault of the present production, although it is counterbalanced by so much that is not only good but truly *great*, that we do not think it will prove any impediment to the public and permanent acceptance of the work. The remainder of the story is soon told. An attachment springing up between Miriam and the ghost-ridden Sir Rohan, they are contracted, and on the eve of celebrating the marriage ceremony, when a frightful discovery is made by a third party—Miriam turns out to be the child of her intended bridegroom. The history of the buried past is brought to light, and our hero is held up to universal opprobrium as first the seducer, then the murderer, of a weak, unresisting girl, whose cruel and premature death must be accepted as an atonement for her error. The story closes with the death of Sir Rohan, and entire wreck of the happiness of the light-hearted Miriam.

Whatever may have been the success of this work in America, we do not think its reception by an English public will be less gratifying to the author. For ourselves, we feel justified in pronouncing it, notwithstanding certain blemishes and incongruities, as a decided work of genius, and as such we have no doubt that it will speedily achieve for itself a great popularity and extensive circulation.

A new novel by Anthony Trollope, after a due number of preparatory advertisements, has at length appeared to claim the verdict of a discriminating public. The reputation of this well-known author is such as to secure for each of his new productions a sincere and enthusiastic welcome. Both public and critic are alike aware that any work bearing this writer's name is sure to be of an ambitious kind; and, as such, they prepare to bestow upon it the attention it deserves.

Mr. Trollope's new tale of "Castle Richmond" is of no every-day class. Seldom have we met with a story so admirably constructed. Indeed, it is to its almost perfect construction of plot that the great effect of the novel is mainly to be attributed. The interest of the reader is first, as it were, unconsciously excited, then grows gradually stronger and stronger, till at length his attention becomes riveted upon the succession and development of events, and it is with difficulty that he prevails upon himself to lay aside the book until the conclusion of the narrative. The author has thus taken care to supply himself with the first element of a popular writer of fiction; and wisely judging that, if the thoughts of the reader are allowed to wander for any length of time from the main thread of the story, the general effect will be lessened, he has devoted as little space as possible to dissertations upon the political and social aspects of the country in which his story is laid. Ireland, evidently the land of Mr. Trollope's idolatry, is the scene in which occur all the incidents recorded in these three volumes. The period is 1846-47, when the failure of the potato-crop was succeeded by that great national calamity so well remembered in the annals of our sister isle. Mr. Trollope is a staunch adherent of the measures at that time undertaken by Government for the relief of our suffering brethren. With his opinions upon this subject as a political economist we as critics have nothing to do, and therefore proceed to introduce our reader to a few of his leading characters.

Clara Desmond, daughter of the Countess of Desmond, a worldly, self-seeking woman, whose slender pecuniary resources are by no means adequate to the demands of her high position in society, contracts herself in a moment of girlish emotion to Owen Fitzgerald, the nameless and impoverished owner of Hap House. This match is ultimately broken off by her designing mother, and the young lady is recontracted to Herbert Fitzgerald, Owen's cousin, and heir to the wealth and title of his father, Sir Thomas Fitzgerald, the principal landed proprietor in the county of Cork. As soon as this fact is made public, Owen comes forward, and energetically refuses to relinquish his prior claim to the hand of our somewhat fickle heroine. Hereupon ensues much confusion, when it is suddenly discovered that Owen is the true heir to the Fitzgerald property, the first husband of Lady Fitzgerald, incontestable proofs of whose death had been received at the time of her second marriage, suddenly re-appearing and altering the whole aspect of affairs. Herbert's illegitimacy having been proved, the Countess becomes as eager for her daughter's marriage with Owen as she was formerly averse to it. Clara, however, clings still closer to her lover in the hour of his affliction, and the mother acknowledges to herself that she has lost all influence over the actions of her child. In the midst of much misery and contention on all sides, the final discovery is made, by which it appears that Lady Fitzgerald's first marriage is null and void, her pretended husband having at the time of the ceremony another wife in existence. Thus her subsequent alliance with Sir Thomas is, of course, legal, and her son, after a short time, is recalled and duly reinstated in his father's possessions.

It is utterly impossible that the reader should form a just conception of the general merits of this novel by any mere analysis of the plot. What we have given, however, may serve to show that the author has supplied himself with sufficient materials for working up a story of breathless and concentrated interest, and as such we have no doubt that it will be sought after, and eagerly perused by the greater portion of the novel-reading public.

"The First-Born; or a Mother's Trials," by the author of "My Lady," is decidedly an agreeable story. There is a truthfulness and reality in the ordeal through which the heroine is made to pass that will speak home to the hearts of many a maternal bosom. The book has evidently been written with a purpose, and the author has, moreover, succeeded in rendering that purpose palpable to the reader. There is no attempt at flowery, metaphorical language; but the story is told in a simple, vigorous manner, that fully carries out the intentions of the writer. The characters are well drawn, and perfectly consistent with our every-day experience of human nature. The only fault is a slight tediousness in the first volume, for which however we are fully compensated by the stirring events presented in the two succeeding ones.

The story turns upon the fact of a mother, through the machinations of a guilty husband unconsciously deserting her child, and then allowing herself to be pursued by such indescribable longings and bitter remorse as only a mother is capable of fully realizing and appreciating. Even the birth of four or five succeeding infants brings no consolation for the memory of her that is lost; and not till the recovery of her first-born, many years after, is the bereaved mother restored to peace and happiness. The author will certainly add to his reputation by the present production.

"The Madman of St. James's, a Tale, translated from the German," is, we are afraid, but little calculated to win the plaudits of an English public. It is simply devoid of all interest, and destitute of everything that, as a story, could render it palatable to the reader. We have seldom met with such a conglomeration of incidents, all brought together for no apparent purpose, except to fill the pages of three thick and closely printed volumes, the very first of which would be sufficient to exhaust the patience of the most redoubtable reader of mindless and unentertaining stories. What could have induced the translator, out of the multitude of German fictions, to have chosen such an one as the present upon which to exercise his evident talents, we are at a loss to conjecture. For ourselves, we can safely say that the "madman," or rather same man, of St. James's, might have remained for ever in his unjust incarceration, ere we should have attempted to achieve his freedom by such a tedious process as reading through this dry, soulless narrative from the "Journal of a Physician."

SPORT IN INDIA.*

IT is seldom that they who engage in active life are qualified to record the incidents of its progress. Captain Henry Shakespear, accustomed to horse exercise, and fond of the wild sports of India, had not fitted himself, as he informs us, for "a seat at a desk. From using the spear, his right hand soon became a great deal too hard and unpliant to use the pen." He therefore solicits consideration for the necessary defects of his book. He stands in no need of indulgence. It is his expressed desire to awaken in the youth of England "a thirst for adventure and a love of excitement and danger," and a trust in the Divine assistance, whatever the amount of difficulty or peril to be encountered or endured. Hair-breadth-escapes and successes are his delight.

Captain Shakespear arrived in India in 1834, and his experience there is that parents cannot do better than make their boys "shikarees, or hunters of the large game of India's magnificent forests." For boys of a certain class this is no doubt the fact. They may be thus kept out "of a thousand temptations and injurious pursuits, which they can scarcely avoid falling into, if from no other cause than *ennui* and thoughtlessness." Field sports have their advantages, particularly to the military man in India. He is by them maintained in a state of fitness for his duty as a soldier, both in body and inclination.

"Depend upon it," says Captain Shakespear with much truth, "that the deep-set eye, thin nostril, and arched brow, are not to be baulked of excitement. The possessors of these—I may say gifts—love and are formed for excitement. If not satiated in one way, and that an innocent, manly, and useful one, your boys may take to the gaming-table, or to an excess of feasting, rioting, or debauchery. Excitement they must have, or die. Let them, therefore, become bold riders, cunning huntsmen, riflemen of the woods. Enure them to toil while they are young, and a green old age shall reward both them for their choice, and you for your encouragement, education, and advice."

To show the sincerity of his advice, the author has expressly written this work for the benefit of his own sons. He has had twenty-five years' experience, and on three separate occasions he has had bones broken in hunting, twice from horses falling and rolling over. Also, he has been wounded by a wild boar, wounded by a panther, and again wounded in action. Yet Captain Shakespear is now in good health, and capable of riding a hundred miles in the day. Such is the example he holds up to the ambition of his boys; such is the spirit of daring and trial of courage that he would stimulate.

The captain commences his book with descriptions of the proper rifles for the sport, and some recommendations concerning hog-hunting, and the choice of horseflesh. We are then soon in the midst of exciting stories, and the courage of the boar is duly celebrated. The tiger even is no match for him. The tiger and the

* *The Wild Sports of India: with Remarks on the Breeding and Rearing of Horses; and the Formation of Light Irregular Cavalry.* By Captain HENRY SHAKESPEAR. Smith, Elder, and Co.

boar have been heard fighting in the jungle at night, and both have been found dead alongside of one another in the morning. The adventures of the author are as exciting as they are daring, and they are described with a dash and spirit which are not a little fascinating. No possible analysis, however full, can do justice to the contents of the book. It must be read. It is a stirring tale—a long one, for it is the story of an active life.

Among the adventures is the exciting description of tiger-shooting, particularly of the kind called the Man-eater, which is so cunning an animal that it will not come near a mechaun on the tree Two of this sort our author destroyed, and looks back on the feat with extreme satisfaction. What he states of the sagacity of the lungoor monkey is interesting. He fully understood the purpose of the shikaree, and contributed his help to the sport. The ferocity of the panther, likewise, is celebrated in fitting style. Nor is the bear neglected. One remarkable bit relating to this animal we must quote.

"The flesh of the bear," says Captain Shakespear, "is, I believe, not at all bad eating, owing to the animal being a clean and sweet feeder. The lower class of the natives, who live in the jungles, used invariably to carry away all the flesh when I killed one. I never could bring myself to try it, as when the animal is skinned, he looks like a huge and deformed man, with immense muscular arms and short legs. The Mussulmans call him Adamzad, from his likeness to Admi (a man.)"

And yet he could shoot or spear him! So ludicrously inconsistent are mortals—so different are feeling and judgment.

Buffalos, wild elephants, the bison, deer, and other miscellaneous animals, find their appropriate places in these pages. There are are also important remarks on the breeds of horses used in India, The author has had a practical aim in all he has written. It is his opinion that, in the late mutiny, many a chivalrous gentleman might have preserved their lives if they had been properly acquainted with the use of their weapons, and accustomed to handle them, as well as manage their horses at speed. Courage without skill will not avail in the hour of danger. To those who wish to acquire the requisite skill the present work will be invaluable.

SWITZERLAND.*

LITTLE new can be said on Switzerland, it might have been thought, previous to the publication by a lady of what she had herself observed of life and manners in "the cottages of the Alps." But female tact and discernment are nice and subtle, and perceive delicate shades of character and conduct, that the sterner sex too frequently overlook. Changes, too, have been made by time. These changes have even been pleaded, as our authoress tells us, against the project of writing a new history. The people are no longer, say they, what they were in the days of chivalry and romance, but "have degenerated into mercenary speculatists and plodding tillers of the soil." Barring the degeneration, may we not consider this new phase as having a peculiar interest of its own, and one well worth analysis? Let us, therefore, follow in the lady's footsteps, and partake her observation.

One little incident shows how well this lady was qualified for a traveller. When in the canton of Schwytz, our authoress took the fancy to pass *incognito*, converting her name (what is it?) into a German one, by the addition of a syllable, and speaking the language of the people as well as they could. "If Germans," says she, "did not understand us, they concluded it was because we were Swiss; and if the Swiss did not understand us, they concluded it was because we were German, or from some outlandish corner the dialect of which they had never heard." This free and easy method of intercourse added to the amusement of her adventures.

The lady makes some judicious remarks on hotel expenses, and especially in relation to the *Trinkgeld*, which serves as a source of fraud. Englishmen, too, are overcharged on system. But these, she adds, are the sins of an individual, or a class, and not of the whole people; and lately there have been formed associations among hotel-keepers to prevent fraud and exaction. There is nothing demanded by the Government for passports, and postage and telegrams are cheaper than in any other country of Europe. Neither in diligence nor railroad is any one allowed to smoke without the consent of the whole company, and the facilities for travelling with speed and comfort are carried to the greatest possible perfection.

Costume, like customs, it appears, has much altered, the Swiss now dressing much like other continental people. But "the ancient spirit is not dead." Our authoress, who is evidently an American, recognises it without reservation. She, of course, alludes to the recent annexation of Savoy, and the neutral portion on the Lake of Geneva, and notices with becoming scorn the ridicule indulged in by some journalists at the thought of Switzerland asserting and defending her rights, with her limited territory and limited means. In this task Switzerland has never known what failure meant, and there is no reason why she should now do so. Our authoress had many a conversation, she says, "with the most mercenary and time-serving of her people, and verily believes there is not one who would not sacrifice the last centime for her glory." She adds that, "whichever of the Great Powers begins a contest with her will find it interminable, for though many times conquered, she never has been, and never will be subdued."

In an appendix, our traveller has been at the pains of collecting a complete though succinct history of Switzerland, from the early times to the present. In this, as in the remainder of the work, she as done her spiriting featly. Altogether, the present may be accepted as a standard production on the highly interesting subject to which it is devoted.

* *The Cottages of the Alps*; or, Life and Manners in Switzerland. By a LADY. Two Vols. Sampson Low, Son & Co.

PENTATEUCHISM.*

WHAT we have to say about the "History of the Creation and the Patriarchs," will necessarily be very little. The oldest and most beautiful scrap of history in the world, whether sacred or profane (we use these words advisedly, in opposition to some philosophers who assert that history has no such distinction as is understood by these terms), we cannot but hold, in the highest respect and reverence, and still affirm its intrinsic excellence and general authenticity, in spite of the rational scrutiny and logical analysis to which it may be subjected, either by the earnest thinker and seeker after truth, or by the hostile and doubting critic. The spots on the sun do not sully or diminish his glory; the stubble-field does not detract from the majesty of the forest hard by; nor, to our thinking, do the apparent discrepancies or omissions in a brief historical narrative which records in solemn and sublime language the creation of the earth at all reduce the value of the whole. Indeed, we think that the right feeling in regard to it is that of gratitude that the first chapter of Genesis has been preserved through the non-printing and unlettered ages of the world, and handed down to us, complete as it is, for edification and instruction. We do not, however, object to candid and just criticism upon any subject, let it be ever so thoroughly and searchingly conducted. On the contrary, we like it, for we remember the sayings of wiser men than ourselves, which go altogether to countenance and encourage a spirit of free inquiry in the pursuit of truth. Hear both sides; prove all things; love light rather than darkness; let truth and falsehood grapple: who ever knew truth put to the worst in a fair and open encounter? Such a spirit as this, as it is the only hope and assurance of the world's progress and thorough freedom and enlightenment, we wish, above all things, to foster and strengthen. Human perfection, if it is ever accomplished, will, under Divine Providence, be brought about by human intelligence. A city full of people are not the less responsible and active because their forefathers lie all in their dust in the city churchyards; neither has truth, real, absolute truth, suffered one bit because of the refutation and abandonment by us of the old systems and opinions of mankind.

But to return to the work before us. We have already hinted that we have neither the inclination nor the space at present to discuss the critical opinions and conclusions of this work. It is an anonymous production, but we do not mention this as an objection to it. The readers of the work, however, will have very little trouble to form their own opinions upon its merits, as the author is not at all ambiguous in the statement of his opinions. It should be our duty to welcome every ray of light that can be thrown upon so important a subject as the History of the Creation. But a great and true critic, while he seeks to rectify or explain an acknowledged historical statement, will never wilfully level a blow at the vast facts themselves, whether moral, spiritual, or scientific, upon which that statement, though imperfect, is originally based. It must be admitted that the highest and the worthiest exercise of human reason is to elevate what is low, to harmonise what is incongruous, and to solve what is perplexing. If, therefore, we were to criticise what has been said and done in the past, with a view to harmonise and explain, and not to denounce and depreciate, there would, we think, be less discordance of opinion and hostility of feeling among us than there is. Perhaps, in our modern breadth of philosophical inquiry and freedom of research, our criticism of the past becomes too loose and negative in spirit to do all the good which it otherwise might achieve. It certainly is not wise, though it is characteristic of modern criticism, to judge antiquity by the purest and highest standards of religious and scientific truth which prevail among us. A few defective or unintelligible sentences of an inspired penman, or a few unworthy acts of an individual otherwise esteemed for his goodness and piety, are certainly not sufficient to cast distrust over the whole record of the one and disgrace upon the whole character and reputation of the other. To persist that they are, is, we should think, the height of folly. We, therefore, maintain that, with all its supposed imperfections or discrepancies, the Mosaic account of the creation and the human race as contained in the Book of Genesis, is, beyond all question, an invaluable and transcendent chapter in the history of the world.

HEALTH AND LONG LIFE.†

THIS is a complete and most useful little work upon a subject of the first importance to every person. To know anything well is to know its cause. If, therefore, we ascertain what is the cause of disease, or what shortens life, we may possibly have in our own hands either the prevention or the remedy for it. They who are happy in the enjoyment of health will, by attending to the practical observations in the work entitled "Health and Long Life" both preserve their health, and prolong their life; while those who have unfortunately lost that great boon will be greatly assisted in the re-attainment of it by the really practical and sound advice given in this work by Mrs. Epps.

* *The History of the Creation and the Patriarchs; or, Pentateuchism Analytically Treated.* Vol. I. The Book of Genesis. London: John Chapman.

† *Health and Long Life, with practical Observations.* By E. EPPS. London: Piper, Stephenson, and Spence.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

(SPECIAL.)

TURIN, May 19th, 1860.

OUR Sovereign has returned to his capital, after completing the tour of his new provinces. Nothing could be more striking and unmistakeable than the marks of affection and devotion lavished upon him by the population of Central Italy. Probable as it is that his new subjects may be called upon before long to make fresh sacrifices for the national cause, it is well that they should have had the opportunity of deriving fresh vigour and courage from the sight of the monarch who is its staunchest champion. In returning to his usually quiet and sedate capital, however, VICTOR EMMANUEL was not suffered to indulge in any long repose from political demonstrations and loyal greetings. The celebration of the anniversary of the constitution, granted by his father to the Piedmontese, called forth the most enthusiastic expressions of personal regard for the King, who has so well maintained the promises made by his conscientious and self-sacrificing predecessor.

In the midst of the religious ceremonies with which the *fête* of the *Statuto* is always inaugurated, the military display of troops, the firing of cannon, the assemblage of municipal functionaries, the delivery of addresses, patriotic and loyal, songs and hymns sung by the pupils of the public schools, horse and boat-racing, a public illumination, perhaps unsurpassed for splendour, an influx of provincials which at least doubled the population of the capital—by far the most interesting and encouraging feature of the whole was the deep and heartfelt gratitude and love manifested towards the King himself. In spite of floods of rain, women and children mustered in strong force, and it was truly a moving sight to see the mothers hug their babies to their breasts and smother them with kisses after having held them up to see the King, as if the little things were dearer than ever to their hearts because they had looked upon the hope of the nation. Truly, the Piedmontese are a gloriously loyal people!

Last year, invasion and war prevented the celebration of the *fête* of the Constitution. This year has, however, amply compensated for the past by permitting Lombardy, Tuscany, and the Emilia to share in the solemnity. The celebration of the Constitution is not only a homage paid to liberty, but the proclamation of the principle of Italian nationality. It is the Constitution alone which has given political life and importance to the sub-Alpine people. The Constitution is the tie which binds the Sovereign to his subjects, and is at the same time the force which sustains and urges them onward. This it is which raises their political position in Europe, and places the Government in a condition to defend and advance the national cause, to struggle with absolutism, which, in order to maintain itself, is now obliged to preach a Catholic crusade, and summon vagabonds and idlers from other countries to aid in supporting tyranny in Italy.

The political institutions of Piedmont are intimately connected with its present comparative greatness and prosperity. No power is so irresistible as the ascendancy derived from a generous, noble, and self-sacrificing policy, carried out with wisdom, firmness, and courage, and with the sole aim of securing independence and liberty for the State and people. The constitutional *régime* has never produced in any country the effects which have accompanied it in Piedmont. It has been the protector of order and quiet, without quenching a single generous and valorous sentiment, as is proved by the daring policy which, beginning with the Crimean war, has issued in the liberation of so large a portion of Italy, and so large an accession of glory to VICTOR EMMANUEL. Liberty, which has been the country's strength in the past, must still be so in the future. Absolutism performs its work more expeditiously than Constitutionalism. It assimilates, unifies, and blends together various provinces without listening to disputes or opposition. But how long does its work last? At the first breath of revolutionary storm, it disappears, with the edifice erected upon it. Representative institutions alone afford to each province the means of making known its wants, of guarding its interests, and expressing its desires. Parliamentary representation, by revealing dissentient opinions, opens the way for agreement, for mutual concession and compromise. The power of public opinion will be the greater and the more efficacious just in proportion to the more or less complete freedom of discussion, and as the legislators of the country consult the wishes of the electors and people.

Compare the condition of Italy of the past year with its present state. The *fête* of the Constitution has been celebrated this year from the Alps to Ravenna, from the Doro to the Rubicon. Seven millions of Italians have been restored to life and liberty. The authority of Austria has been restricted—is become difficult in the extreme to maintain, and its duration infinitely precarious. Its sceptred satellites have almost all disappeared. The auxiliaries of the Austrian Government are restricted to Rome and Naples, and the people, who still groan beneath Austrian or domestic tyranny, nourish hope, from the redemption of others, that the hour of their own deliverance is not far distant.

While celebrating the anniversary of their Constitution, the Piedmontese did not forget that millions of Italians could only take part in spirit in this national festivity, and that for weeks past the Sicilians have been engaged in terrific strife with BOURBON repression. Groaning under a state of permanent suffering, the griefs of the Sicilians have at length assumed the form of paroxysms of desperation, which have necessarily resulted in the present movement. However much we may regret that the subjects of FRANCIS II. should have felt compelled to take such a course as that which they have now entered upon, the revolution in Sicily is a fact, and as such must be accepted. Like the revolution itself, the expedition of General GARIBALDI is a necessity. True, the undertaking receives no support from the principles sanctioned by international treaties, and is unsusceptible of defence on the technical grounds of politics and legality. But the bonds of fraternity which unite together the Italian people rest not upon the text of a treaty; and the sentiment which makes it a duty to help a friend struggling for life is founded, not upon paragraphs signed by plenipotentiaries, but upon all that is noblest and best in the heart of man. Diplomacy has already uttered loud outcries against the KING's Government for having suffered GARIBALDI's expedition to depart, but without reason. But, even had it been despatched under the auspices of VICTOR EMMANUEL and his Ministers, instead of setting out secretly and in defiance of their orders, as is the fact, in what respect would the case have differed from that of the Roman States, to which volunteers are flocking every day with a view to attack Piedmont?

Rome is making vast efforts to restore her lost reputation, and render herself again respected and feared; but her very efforts are such as to diminish the little prestige still remaining to her. The Papacy is in the hands of a faction. Until now, Rome governed by means of a conventicle of priests whose aims extended not beyond the limits of the State, and whose only object was to preserve the Church territory intact. At present, however, the Roman Government is composed of a heterogeneous assemblage of refugees from various countries, comprising French Legitimists, Spanish Carlists, and Austrian Absolutists. The army reflects the image of the Government. At its head is a French General; under him are Swiss subalterns; the head of the staff is an Austrian; and the ranks are made up of Swiss, Bavarians, and Irish. The most honourable among this mixed multitude are nothing better than political adventurers and knights errant of monarchical despotism and dynastic legitimacy. Their glance extends far beyond the Romagna, and they represent a system which is not confined merely to the regaining of the Legations. The consolidation of the Roman army is connected with vast projects, the result of which would be to plunge the world again into darkness, and whose ramifications extend to every state in which liberty has gained a footing. The route followed by General LAMORICIERE on his journey to Rome indicates the principal points and the most important stations of the European plot set on foot by Rome. From Brussels the General proceeded to Dresden, where he conferred with the Princes of LORRAINE; thence he went to Vienna, to hold counsel with the Duke of MODENA and the Emperor of AUSTRIA; and subsequently visited Venice, where he had an interview with the Comte de CHAMBORD. The previous policy of Rome was that of inaction. It confined itself to uttering protests, and awaiting the course of events. The policy which prevails now is one of activity—of military preparation and menace—of the urging forward of events, and the creation of complications.

The French element is tending to compromise the already dangerous position of the Papacy, and bring about its total and speedy ruin. It is, however, only fair to allow, that if the policy now pursued must infallibly lead to perdition in one direction, that of Cardinal ANTONELLI was as infallibly leading to it in another, though with less celerity. Whether destruction come by means of consumption or plethora is of little matter, when the result is the same. By affecting to withdraw, in a measure, from public affairs at the present moment, the Cardinal gives a proof of the characteristic astuteness of his sect and race. He may hereafter be able to wash his hands of counsels and acts conceived and carried out by those who are more fanatical and less far-sighted than himself. Like General FILANGIERI of Naples, he may one day step forward from his retirement, and boast that he would have been the sheet-anchor of the Pontifical system had his advice and assistance not been despised.

The peace and security of Italy, so ardently desired by Piedmont, are as yet far from being secured. Much has been done, but much more yet remains to be accomplished. To overcome the dangers and difficulties which stand in the way of the attainment of complete independence and tranquillity, the wisdom of the sub-Alpine Government and Parliament must be combined with the energy and support of the whole people of the *regno unito*. After the long experience which the Italians have had of their helplessness to withstand foreign aggression, or to resist municipal preponderance and tyranny when divided into small states, they will surely now do their best to derive all the benefit possible from the partial unification already accomplished, and will steadily pursue it to the end, only keeping in view the principles of moderation and patience.

HANOVER, May 22nd, 1860.

FORTUNATELY, perhaps, for Germany, it is a puzzle for your correspondent to decide what items of news and what topics of discussion are—not the most interesting, but the least dull for your readers. Action there is none, and can he venture to think that the talk would prove instructive or amusing? But what is the talk? Just what it is at this moment in England, I presume—all about GARIBALDI in Sicily. We are, indeed, not without home matters of debate, but they have been so long before the public, without the slightest result, that they are gladly neglected for the spectacle of Italian action. I can fancy those of your readers who take special interest in German affairs inquiring, How is it with the Schleswig, or Schleswig-Holstein, affair? To judge by the fiery oratory vented in the Prussian Parliament, a war between Prussia and Denmark was imminent. To such a question I can only

reply, that the Danes are apparently afraid of driving the provinces to revolt, and have ceased the prosecution of the parties concerned in the distribution of the obnoxious address to the King, and the Prussians seem afraid of French interference. If the *Post Gazette* may be believed, the French Government has addressed a despatch to the Cabinet of Berlin, to the effect that the Emperor NAPOLEON has given sufficient proofs of his desire to abstain completely from all interference in the Holstein affair, which he regards as a purely German question, and coming within the competence of the Federal Diet; but that the Schleswig affair is altogether different, for Schleswig, as is notorious, does not, nor ever did, form part of the Germanic Confederation; and although he cannot approve all the acts of the Danish Government with reference to that province, yet it cannot be denied that no foreign power—and the German Diet is quite as much a foreign power in this case as France—has the right to exercise a control. If the Germanic Diet pretend that, by the terms of some treaty or other, Denmark has undertaken certain engagements with regard to this duchy, the extent and nature of those engagements cannot be decided in a sovereign manner by the Diet alone, but must, like every other question pending between one independent State and another, be examined and settled by diplomatic negotiation. If, on the one hand, the Emperor has felt it his duty to make friendly representations to Denmark upon the state of affairs in Schleswig, and to offer words of counsel; on the other hand, he is obliged to declare expressly that he cannot admit the right of the Confederation, or of Prussia alone, to interfere actively in Schleswig. The Emperor trusts, however, that both sides will be disposed to act with that moderation and prudence which can alone bring about a peaceful and satisfactory result in so important and entirely international a question. The Emperor further expresses a readiness to lend his aid upon the basis of free negotiations. This is all we hear upon the wearisome dispute between the Scandinavian and German propaganda. The Hessian constitution question—what about that? Nothing, absolutely nothing. The noise of the Duchies and their friends has drowned the complaints of the Hessians, and the voice of M. VON BORRIES the noise of the Duchies. We are overwhelmed with "declarations" against the speech of the Hanoverian Minister. These "declarations," which have of late become quite the vogue, form an easy substitute for public meetings, the holding of which might lead to unpleasant collisions with the authorities. The declarations are generally got up in this way. One, two, or more gentlemen put their ideas upon any matter into writing, and send the paper round to all their acquaintances, or, if they are pretty sure that they represent the popular view, to all the leading politicians and merchants of the city, for signature. If approved and signed by a dozen or so, it is despatched to the journals of the neighbouring territory. Such a declaration may become the model of a hundred others, which are disseminated in a similar manner. Each Government is generally satisfied with prohibiting the publication of obnoxious declarations within its own territory. Thus the woes of the Hanoverians are allowed the widest circulation in Hessia, and the woes of the Hessians are freely tolerated in the journals of Hanover; and thus with all other countries. The bold defiance expressed in these documents of every Government, except that under which the subscribers live, is cheering to every freeman; only it is a pity that the Governments, except that of Hanover, pay no regard to them. They seem to think these declarations a very harmless safety-valve for the burning discontent of the nation. I set little value upon these expressions of public opinion as regards the present, but they will enable the political student to comprehend the future, and so far I consider them worthy of attention. I gave a translation of the Heidelberg declaration last week, and I now add another of one lately issued from Berlin. It is signed by more than thirty members of Parliament; among them VON ARNIM, HARKORT, Generals VON STAVENHAGEN, BRANDT, and PFUEL; DR. ZABEL, VON ROENNE, LEWAL, and other well-known personages. It runs thus:—"We entirely concur with the declaration of Heidelberg, more especially with the sentiment 'never to permit an inch of German territory to fall under the sway of a foreign sceptre.' We proclaim, further, without fear of our truly German intentions being suspected, that our own particular country, Prussia, as the most powerful German State, is in duty bound to put forth her strength against the menacing danger from abroad, to maintain the cause of our common country, to conduct the war of defence with and for all Germany, and to conclude no peace till all the military resources of entire Germany be exhausted; but more especially never, upon any excuse, to conclude any separate treaty or arrangement in her own particular interest at the expense of another German tribe. For the rest, we fully agree with the sentiments enunciated in the declaration of Heidelberg, and invite all who value the honour and independence of Germany to join with us in this expression of opinion against M. VON BORRIES."

The belief is general that an offensive and defensive treaty exists between Denmark and France; and the Danish papers endeavour to encourage this belief by constantly advocating a claim of France to the Rhine boundary. By some, however, the asserted treaty is supposed to be a scarecrow to frighten the Prussians; for, according to what is known of the military forces of Denmark, a war with Prussia singly would be very unwelcome at this moment. Denmark has, I believe, not more than three or four war steamers, and not a single rifle cannon; besides, the lower classes and liberals are not quite satisfied with the prospect of Denmark's becoming the *protégée* of France, to enable the aristocrats to rule the country as they have hitherto done. A little less ardour on the part of the Germans, and the peasants and liberal party might be gained over to support the duchies in the maintenance of their legitimate rights.

The joint committee of the Prussian Parliament for justice, trade, and handicrafts have drawn up a report upon the motion of M. VON ROENNE, respecting the immunity of merchants from war risks at sea. The report, which is a repetition of all the arguments in favour of the views of shipowners, concludes with the expression of a hope that the Prussian Government will seize every fair opportunity to obtain from other nations a practical adhesion to the doctrine of the inviolability of person and private property at sea during war. The Austrian Government has decided that all vessels belonging to ports of the former monarchy of Sardinia are to be admitted under the tricolour flag of that kingdom into Austrian ports, but that all vessels appertaining to the ports lately annexed to Sardinia will not be allowed to enter under this flag.

The weekly journal of the National Association states, that M. THOUVENEL has made known to the Ambassadors of two sovereigns, whose territories formed part of the old confederation of the Rhine, that the Emperor NAPOLEON would wish to see the forms of etiquette re-introduced, by which the communications between the States in question and NAPOLEON I. were regulated. The chief point in these forms was the subscription enforced upon the princes of the Confederation at the conclusion of all communications addressed by them to the EMPEROR, viz., "Votre frère et serviteur,"—Your brother and servant. One of the Ambassadors requested M. THOUVENEL to express the wish in a note, which, however, was declined. The other conveyed the French Minister's wishes to his Court. The reply was, that, although most desirous of acceding to any request of the EMPEROR, the Prince must, under present circumstances, refuse to entertain the proposal.

Next month a national German *Turnfest* (athletic sports) will take place at Coburg, under the patronage of the Duke of SAXE COBURG GOTHA. This is the first attempt of the kind, and is to be a sort of demonstration against France.

RECORD OF THE WEEK.

HOME AND COLONIAL.

The death of Byron's widow is announced. This lady, who was born in 1794, was the only daughter and heir of Sir Ralph Milbanke Noel, Bart., by the sister and co-heir of the second Viscount and ninth Baron Wentworth. On the death of the other co-heir, Lord Scarsdale, in 1856, she succeeded to the barony of Wentworth by writ, the viscounty becoming extinct. She was married to the great poet in 1815, but the union, as is well known, was a most unhappy one for both the husband and wife. Their only child, Ada, was married to Earl Lovelace, and died in 1852. Lady Byron was known to a very wide circle by her works of charity and benevolence. One of the last things she did was to write a short but beautiful poem on the death of her friend Mrs. Follen, the well-known American authoress, and a leading member of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

Theodore Parker, the celebrated American theologian, died at Florence on the 11th of May.

The salaries of the British Museum amount to £39,084 per annum, and no less a sum than £25,282 is appropriated to purchases, chiefly of books, antiquities, and minerals, with nearly as much for repairs, furniture, and fittings, the latter principally for the library and department of antiquities. Book-binding costs £7,500 a-year.

Two men of the Military Train, at Aldershott, are in custody of the civil power, on the charge of having murdered a woman, by throwing her into the canal, on Saturday night last. The deceased was one of those "unfortunates" who form the principal attraction of the numerous soldiers' public-houses in the neighbourhood of the camp.

On Saturday afternoon a fearful steam boiler explosion took place at the sawmill, in Newton Green, Ayr, belonging to Mr. Potts. The boiler was 26-horse power, and had only been four months in use. Both ends of the boiler were blown out through the effects of the explosion. Three men and three boys were killed, and several persons were also severely injured.

A public meeting of the Society for Promoting the Abolition of Flogging was held on Monday evening, in St. Martin's Hall.

The Queen has appointed the Rev. Charles Kingsley, rector of Eversley, Hants, professor of modern history in the University of Cambridge. Mr. Kingsley is the author of the *Biography of Alton Locke* and other well-known and popular works.

At Sandown Forts, Isle of Wight, on Friday, May 18, Sergeant William Henry Whitworth, of the Royal Artillery, murdered his wife and six children. These dreadful murders were perpetrated with a razor and cutlass. On Saturday, at the coroner's official inquiry into the facts of the shocking affair, the jury returned a verdict that William Henry Whitworth is guilty of the wilful murder of his wife and children, though they were of opinion that the man was insane at the time. The bodies of the unfortunate Mrs. Whitworth and her children were interred on Sunday, in the churchyard of Brading.

The Rev. Mr. Hatch was discharged from custody on Monday, May 21, after having undergone imprisonment for nearly six months.

Sir Hugh Rose is formally appointed Commander-in-Chief in India; and Sir William Mansfield Commander-in-Chief at Bombay.

The remains of the late Sir Charles Barry were interred on

Tuesday afternoon last, in the nave of Westminster Abbey. The grave is near to that of Robert Stephenson, and close by the pulpit from which the sermons at the special Sunday evening services are preached. A vast number of persons congregated in the neighbourhood of the Abbey to witness the arrival of the funeral cortège which consisted of the hearse, 15 morning coaches, about 50 private carriages, and some 400 or 500 gentlemen on foot.

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of Mr. Albert Smith. This popular author appeared as usual in his entertainment at the Egyptian Hall on Monday evening. He afterwards had a sudden and severe attack of bronchitis, which prevented his reappearance on Tuesday, as announced, and terminated fatally at his residence, North End Lodge, Fulham, at 8 o'clock on Wednesday morning.

A very large public meeting was held on Wednesday afternoon at Manchester, in the Free Trade Hall, in promotion of the mission to Central Africa. Lord Brougham and the Bishop of Oxford attended the meeting.

The third annual meeting of the City of London Auxiliary to the City Mission was held on Wednesday at the London Tavern, under the presidency of the Earl of Shaftesbury.

At Epsom Races on the Derby Day, Wednesday, May 23, the race was won by "Thormanby," belonging to Mr. Merry. The value of the stakes, deducting the money to be paid to the second horse (the Wizard), the judge, and towards expenses, is £6,050.

FOREIGN.

Vienna, May 19. Austria, Prussia, and England are said to have agreed to the following:—"1. As to the maintenance of the integrity of the Empire. 2. Should an inquiry into the situation of the European Christians in Turkey take place, it is by no means to be instituted exclusively upon the basis of the facts given by Russia, but in an independent manner, and upon the facts reported by the different Ambassadors and Consuls in the East."

From Naples, Monday, May 21, it is announced that the Neapolitan army has been totally defeated, near Palermo, by the soldiers of Garibaldi.

The *Patrie* of Monday contains a despatch, announcing that Colonel Pimodan had obtained a decided success against the volunteers who had entered the Roman territory. The brother of Orsini is said to have been killed. The Pontifical *gendarmes* were 80 in number, and the revolutionists 300.

Paris, May 22. The *Opinion Nationale* says:—"The despatch of a French naval force to the Adriatic is spoken of." The official journal of Naples, of the 18th inst., states that Garibaldi is in Sicily.

According to later instructions, received from Vienna, the Austrian flotilla will be provisionally confined to cruising off the Neapolitan coasts, in the Adriatic, without crossing the Straits of Messina.

Turin, May 22. The Treaty of Zurich has been approved in the Sardinian Chambers, by 215 against 16 votes. The report of the Committee on the treaty of cession of Savoy and Nice to France concludes by proposing its approbation by the Chambers.

The Piedmontese Government has prosecuted the Bishop of Forli for suspending the priests who assisted at the celebration of the *Te Deum* at Bologna in honour of the Sardinian constitution.

From Constantinople, May 21, instructions have been forwarded to the Turkish diplomatic agents abroad, informing them that the Sultan questions the competence of the Powers to institute the inquiry proposed by Russia. The Sultan invokes Article IX. of the Treaty of Paris, dated 30th March, 1856.

The Marquis de Lavalette has addressed the principal French residents in Constantinople, in a speech which has produced a sensible effect on the Bourse, and caused a considerable rise in the quotations of foreign exchange.

From Rome, May 22, we learn that a band of 500 volunteers have re-entered Tuscany. A batallion of Pontifical chasseurs fired upon each other in error; a captain, lieutenant, and five soldiers were killed. Artillery has left Rome for the frontiers.

From Naples the success of Garibaldi's troops has been confirmed.

Berlin, May 23.—The Prussian Chambers were closed to-day by the Prince Regent, who in his speech said: "Government is most seriously endeavouring to bring about such solutions of the questions which at present engage the attention of the European Cabinets as will be adequate to the maintenance of the balance of power."

We have news from India to April 28.—Mr. Wilson in a speech in council answered the objections of the Madras Government to his scheme of taxation.

On the morning of the 20th the Wuzurees attacked Colonel Lumsden's column, with some damage to the cattle and camp followers; but they were driven out with heavy loss, and pursued for three miles over the hills, and, to all appearances, have been broken up.

The cholera has been prevalent in Oude, but is now disappearing.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, Mdlle. Alboni appeared on Tuesday evening last in the opera of "Semiramide." On her first appearance in the same opera, fourteen years ago, this fine and accomplished singer achieved universal fame. Her splendid voice has lost nothing by time, her vocalisation on Tuesday evening being irreproachable and faultless. In the character of *Arsace* Mdlle. Alboni certainly exhibits the rarest of vocal gifts, and fascinates her hearers completely. Mdlle. Titiens, the Viennese *prima donna*, also displayed the fine qualities of her rare voice, and was tumultuously applauded. Signor Everardi acquitted himself admirably as *Assur*. Signor Belart in the character of *Idreno* was most effective, and the high priest *Oroe* was creditably rendered by Signor Vialetti. The choruses were well done, and the opera throughout gave unbounded satisfaction and delight.

Madame Puzzi's concert on Monday morning, at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, attracted a fashionable and numerous audience. The programme was well selected, and interpreted by highly talented performers. Madame Borghi-Mamo, among the accomplished *artistes* present, may be said to have stood chief. In the duet "Dunque io son," and the beautiful Neapolitan air "Santa Lucia," she created the highest enthusiasm. Mdlle. Parepa sang so well the laughing song from Auber's last opera, "Manon Lescaut," that she was compelled to repeat it. The shadow song from "Dinorah" was brilliantly rendered by Madame Lemmens Sherrington. Various selections from "Martha," "Il Trovatore," "Il Barbiere," and "Don Giovanni," were admirably sung by Mesdames Everardi, Rudersdorff, and Lemoire, by Signori Mariano-Nerf, Solieri, Ciabatta, and others. Three MS. productions were also performed; and an "Ave Maria," by Signor Giuglini, the fine and accomplished tenor.

ST. JAMES'S HALL was crowded on Monday evening last, the attraction being an instrumental and vocal concert of unusual interest. The instrumental portion of the programme was confided to M. Sainton, Herr Goffrie, Mr. Doyle, and Signor Piatti, who rendered the various pieces to perfection. The vocal music was interpreted by Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley. The latter was encored in Mr. Wallace's new song, "The Bellringer;" he also sang well Mr. Davison's arrangement of Shelley's poem, "Rough Wind, that moaneth loud." Mr. Sims Reeves gave the "Sleep Song," from "Massaniello," and was encored in the barcarole, "La gita in gondola." Mr. Benedict accompanied with perfect skill and taste. We have no doubt that these Monday Popular Concerts will be crowded as long as they continue to be given.

CRYSTAL PALACE, SYDENHAM.—The great flower show of the season will take place on Saturday, 26th May. The entries by exhibitors are already in advance of last season. The arrangements for the great international musical festival of the Orpheonistes of France, in June next, are progressing in the most satisfactory manner. The various societies, some of whom come from the extreme south of France, have now sent in their adhesions, and the routes by which the small army will reach England are being settled with great exactness. Probably not one in a hundred of these gentlemen has ever before been in this country. To enable them all to arrive on the same day, many routes must be adopted; and, therefore, it will be seen that no small amount of care is requisite in this part of the arrangements. The interest excited by the affair in France is very great, and it is already announced that many leading celebrities, literary and artistic, will accompany the excursion. Measures are being organised for offering our visitors those polite attentions which are freely dispensed, and held in so much esteem, by our continental nighbours.

At the LONDON MECHANICS' INSTITUTION, Mr. Ellis Roberts gave a concert on Monday evening last. The programme contained some attractive novelties in the choice of Welsh music, which were admirably performed by Mr. Ellis Roberts, the skilful harpist himself. The vocal music was well selected, and interpreted by Madame Laura Baxter, Miss Anne Cox, Miss Eleanor Armstrong, Miss Eliza Hughes, and Mr. Winn. "The beating of my own heart" was charmingly sung by Miss Cox, and encored. Miss Armstrong's singing of "Flow on, O silver Rhine," was deservedly applauded. Mr. Winn, the popular ballad vocalist, sang with great spirit and vivacity "John Brown, or a Plain Man's Philosophy," and was loudly encored. In the second part, Madame Laura Baxter gave "Oh, weel may the keel row" with considerable grace and liveliness, and elicited by it the warmest applause. Miss Cox was also most pleasing in rendering "Tell me, my heart." Mr. Winn, who always succeeds in rousing his audience to a high pitch of hilarity, was exceedingly happy in giving the old English ditty, "Come, lasses and lads." The harp solos—fantasia on "Home, sweet home," and "Rule Britannia," and "Welsh Melodies, with variations," were cleverly and exquisitely performed by Mr. Roberts, who, on responding to the energetic *encores*, gave other fine specimens of his skill on the harp. The concert was, throughout, highly pleasing and successful.

PARLIAMENT.

IN the House of Commons on Thursday night, on the motion for adjournment till Monday, Mr. HENNESSEY called attention to the statement made by the SOLICITOR-GENERAL with reference to an advertisement in the *Times* for raising money to assist the insurgents in Sicily, and to a decision of the Court of Common Pleas as to the legality of such a proceeding. The SOLICITOR-GENERAL said his opinion was, that an individual acting by himself, by his own will and mind contributing to the subscription in question, would not render himself liable to an indictment at common law. Mr. WHITESIDE could not understand the view taken by the SOLICITOR-GENERAL of international law. Mr. JAMES had no doubt, as a lawyer, that there was clear evidence of an overt act of conspiracy, and thought the Solicitor-General had been off his guard, and had given a rash opinion. The SOLICITOR-GENERAL said there could be no doubt of the principle of the common law, that it was illegal to interfere in the domestic affairs of another state, but the Solicitor-General had understood the question to refer to criminal proceedings, and had stated that an indictment would not lie against a person who contributed to the fund. Mr. OSBORNE said it was now beyond doubt that this sub-

scription was an illegal combination. He inquired whether it was true that the expedition of General Garibaldi had been protected in landing at Marsala by English vessels. Lord J. RUSSELL explained the occurrences at Marsala which had given rise to the report alluded to by Mr. OSBORNE, and, with respect to the subscription, he observed that it was one thing for the Attorney-General to state the general purport of the law, and another to advise the Government that if a prosecution were instituted there was a probability of obtaining a conviction. It would require a good deal of consideration before the Government undertook such a prosecution, and he would not pledge them by any general declaration to do so. The motion for adjournment was agreed to. The House then went into committee upon the remaining clauses of the Refreshment Houses and Wine Licenses Bill, which, with additional clauses and forms, was agreed to, and the Bill was ordered to be reported. The Consolidated Fund (£9,500,000) Bill passed the Committee. The Registration of Births, &c. (Ireland), (No. 2) Bill was read a second time. The Roman Catholic Charities Bill was committed *pro formâ*. Mr. WHITESIDE obtained leave to bring in a Bill to consolidate and amend the Laws affecting the relation of landlord and tenant.

On Monday night, in the House of Lords, Earl GRANVILLE moved the second reading of the Paper Duty Repeal Bill. Lord LYNDHURST argued that the House of Lords had the power and the right to reject the Bill. Lord MONTEAGLE warned their Lordships, that the question they were called upon to determine was, not whether they should adopt the Bill for the repeal of a million and a half of taxation, but whether they would diminish the security for the payment of the charges on the Consolidated Fund, which would strike at the whole credit of the country, and deteriorate the value of public securities. Lord DUFFERIN said he should feel it his duty to give to her Majesty's Government his conscientious support. The Marquis of CLANRICARDE was of opinion that there was not the slightest constitutional doubt that their Lordships had a right to vote freely upon this question; but the House having passed the Income Tax Bill, he did not think it consistent with equity or honour to refuse to pass this Bill. Lord CRANWORTH said, the constitutional question was one which involved the House in very great difficulty. Lord CHELMSFORD, observing that Lord CRANWORTH had not denied the power of their Lordships to refuse their assent to a Money Bill, maintained that the precedents cited by Lord LYNDHURST were in point, and applicable to the present case. The Duke of ARGYLL said if their Lordships exercised their power in this case, it would go to the very heart and root of the constitutional privileges of the House of Commons, there being no instance on record since the Revolution where their Lordships had thrown out a Bill of the nature of supply proposed by the Government, and adopted by the other House. The Earl of DERBY said, the main question was the abolition of the Paper Duty, and the objection to its repeal, and in supporting the amendment, he performed only what he deemed a solemn duty, with no desire to embarrass the Government, still less to overthrow it. He did not theoretically defend the paper duty, and he thought it would be desirable to part with it if the finances permitted its repeal; but what he contended was, that, circumstanced as the country now was, the surrender of this tax was an improvident and reckless act. After a reply from Lord GRANVILLE, their lordships divided, when the numbers were as follows:—Content—present 90, proxies 14—104; Not content—present 161; proxies 32—193. Majority against the second reading, 89. Their Lordships adjourned at ten minutes to two o'clock.—In the House of Commons Lord JOHN RUSSELL, in reply to a question from Mr. KINGLAKE, said there was no intention on the part of the Austrian or Spanish Governments of interfering in the affairs of Sicily. In a committee of the whole House, the amendments on the Refreshment Houses and Wine Licenses Bill were considered, and, after a long discussion and some verbal alterations, adopted. The Bankruptcy and Insolvency Salaries &c. Bill passed through committee. On the motion for going into committee on the Bankruptcy and Insolvency Bill, Mr. VANCE objected to the extension given by the Bill to the jurisdiction of the County Courts, as, in his opinion, it would bring many important claims before judges not accustomed to adjudicate on such matters. The denial of right of appeal was also open to the gravest objections. After a few words from Mr. LESLEY and Colonel SYKES, the House went into committee on the Bill. The Consolidated Fund (£9,500,000) Bill was read a third time and passed.

In the House of Lords on Tuesday the Petitions of Rights Bill passed through committee. The Weights and Measures Bill was read a second time. The Adulteration of Food and Drink Bill was read a second time. The Bankrupt Law (Scotland) Bill was read a third time and passed.—In the House of Commons, Lord PALMERSTON, in moving the adjournment of the House over Wednesday (the Derby-day), gave notice that he should move, on Thursday, for the appointment of a Select Committee to examine the journals of the House of Lords for precedents with reference to the course which had been adopted by that House with regard to the Bill for the Repeal of the Paper Duties. Mr. WHALLEY asked whether the Government contemplated any other step in connection with the unconstitutional proceeding of the Lords than that of the appointment of the Select Committee. Sir G. C. LEWIS said, he could add nothing to the statement made by Lord PALMERSTON. Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR charged the Government with being apathetic on the question, and suggested that the House should meet on the Derby-day to appoint the Select Committee. The motion was soon after agreed to. Sir J. TRELAWNY obtained leave to bring in a Bill to establish county financial boards for assessing county-rates, and for the administration of county expenditure in England and Wales. Mr. COBBETT called attention to the report of the Select Committee on the office of coroner, and moved for leave to bring in a Bill in accordance with its recommendations. Leave was then given to bring in the Bill. Sir F. SMITH moved for a Select Committee to inquire into the circumstances which have caused the alleged defective state of a considerable number of the gun and mortar-boats and vessels of the Royal navy. While the gallant member was speaking the House was counted out, at twenty minutes past seven.

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