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The Leader.

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

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SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1852.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.]

News of the Week.

PARLIAMENT is reconstituted, so far as the general election can reconstitute it; but it is still incomplete. Four seats are left vacant, by decrees against St. Albans and Sudbury; and a vacancy for Oldham has been occasioned by the death of Mr. Duncuft since his re-election. The several parties are still engaged in compiling their losses and gains; but without arriving at any definite or trustworthy conclusion. At a rough guess, it may be said that the united Whigs and Radicals will be about balanced by the united Protectionists and Peelites; but it is evident that such unions cannot be counted on. The probability is, that all strong conclusions will be prevented, at least on first starting; and it is evident that any of the three parties might combine to veto the special conclusions of the fourth. The mediocrity which prevails will also tend to discountenance positive conclusions. Thus we may look for a dull session, until the very confusion of parties shall have emboldened some and exasperated all; and then the struggles for place will give some interest to the scene.

Rumours are rife; the favourite being one of a coalition between Russell, Graham, and Aberdeen—"with Cobden, of course?" cries the Free-trader. Possibly. The four allies would cause some trouble both to Ministers and to a really Liberal opposition, if events do not arouse a more national spirit. Already, however, the number of politicians who are looking out for a national, in contradistinction to a party Minister, is rapidly increasing.

The after-dinner speeches of the elections have been scanned for further lights; but without result. Mr. Beresford has half recanted his "rabble" denunciations, but too late to retrieve his character; and his declarations as to the necessity of securing "justice" to the agriculturist, only confirm us in the belief that the Government generally is not in Mr. Disraeli's confidence. Sir John Tyrell says that justice is to be wrung from "the late rulers of the country;" Mr. Beresford says that it is to consist of compensation to the farmer, "the sum" of whose losses by Free-trade is to be "reimbursed;" Mr. Disraeli having announced that he does not rely on compensation.

But Mr. Beresford's great work is still the composition of that mysterious letter, signed "W.B."

[TOWN EDITION.]

which took Mr. Frail to Derby, and furnished Sir James Graham with so humorous a subject. Mr. Beresford promises to seek and give explanations in the House of Commons; but meanwhile, though denying any case of "bribery," he does not deny the note. On the whole, Mr. Beresford has been signally successful in damaging the Government to which he belongs; but all his discreditable associations cannot supersede the crucial test which the public is now awaiting—the value of Mr. Disraeli's financial measures.

Among political prognostics however, two are furnished by Sir James Graham—jocose as his speech was in its general character. He declared that the events of the election had removed many of his fears as to the spread of democracy; as well they may. If we contrast the choice of the non-electors with that of the electors, we shall not account the possessors of the franchise as the best qualified to exercise it. Or if we contrast the conduct of people's men, like William Newton, with that of high Tories, like William Beresford, we shall not be impressed with the superior dignity of the elected. Sir James's conclusion is so natural that he might very well have attained to it some time back; but better late than never.

His other declaration is conveyed in the shape of a warning, that the demand for the ballot will become universal: we have already stated the progress which that subject has made in the agricultural counties. Probably Sir James may now be reckoned among the supporters of the ballot.

The vacancy at Oldham may furnish an opportunity to a popular constituency, of retrieving the errors of the late election, to the extent at least of one seat. The electors ought not twice to miss the opportunity of sending a people's man to the House of Commons. There can be no doubt that candidates of good calibre will come forward; but we would urge the electors to select the best. We want fresh men in the House of Commons, who can speak out for the industrious classes, not indirectly or on rare occasions and bookish reforms, but always, on all subjects, and especially on those which the working classes themselves have most at heart. The conduct of Oldham will be watched with great interest.

In Church matters, too, remarkable demonstrations have just been made. By the method of electing proctors at a diocesan synod of Oxford, to serve in convocation, Bishop Wilberforce has taken some obvious steps towards reviving active

proceedings in convocation, and so making the Church of England once more a self-governing body. At the same time, in the Irish capital, Archbishop Whately explains to the Protestant clergy of his province, how the anti-papal movement was a quackish antidote against an imaginary aggression, leaving untouched the real danger—the backsliding of men within the Church to Rome. Men flinch from realities, otherwise Dr. Whately's broad, logical avowal of the truth would be of immense practical service to the Church.

The new Empire is looming large in France. Old Marshal Excelsmans is snatched away by a cruel accident. It is always sad to see a man who has survived so many glorious dangers killed at last on the common road by a fall from his horse: but he has departed opportunely: having fought by the side of the first Emperor, he is not spared to dance attendance on a second. General Gourgaud died under a cloud of something like disfavour: he was suspected of fidelity to the House of Orleans.

Last week we had a peaceful passage of the Rhine: this week we have the text of a very serious treaty signed by the three great Powers, emphatically discountenancing the imperial designs of the Adventurer: tolerating, perhaps, an elective Emperor, but only on sharply defined conditions: absolutely refusing to acknowledge, under threat of "ulterior measures," any hereditary interference with the "divine right" of M. le Comte de Chambord. To this document nothing of solemnity is wanting: not even the Trinity: and the nations may fairly take a leaf out of the book of these three Kings, who bend all minor differences to the great common principle of dynastic safety. The "divine right" dormant is not dead. It is resident in *partibus*: that is all.

Louis Napoleon will at least be monumental: great public works are the one enduring legacy of despotism. Meanwhile the Army is "straining in the slips," caressed and excited by souvenirs, and befooled by triumphal progresses from a railway-station to St. Cloud.

Lord Malmesbury begins to be felt in all parts of Europe. Did we not say that the British subject was to be the cockshy of Europe? This week we have to record a British Consul insulted by an unmannerly letter of the Papal Governor at Ancona: a British Protestant missionary summarily deprived of his school and his pupils, driven helpless into the street, in spite of solemn treaties, at Naples: two British subjects bastinadoed in Turkey.

We are in the enjoyment of an ultra-Protestant, an Orange Government, appealing to bigotry for support, persecuting in the name of civil and religious liberty: making a war-city of Maynooth, strong in the confidence of the rabid zealots of Exeter Hall, more papal in intolerance than priest and Pope—yet at Naples not even solemn treaties can protect a British Protestant Missionary from insult and outrage. The Bible is the cry of Toryism on the hustings:—the Bourbon is the creed of Toryism in Downing Street!

The Belgian Ministerial crisis is not yet solved. The King desires to pursue the same policy with weaker men. More than one statesman has declined the responsibility. The Customs Conference at Berlin, is adjourned after weeks of tedious and fruitless discussions, for a short holiday. No harmonious result can be expected.

In Tuscany, M. Boccella, identified with the ultra-Papal party, has supplanted the quasi-constitutional M. Baldasseroni. A pure spiritual, as well as Austrian despotism, is now inaugurated. Even the Leopoldine laws are no longer safe. Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer's influence has scarcely penetrated into the Pitti Palace.

The long announced *coup d'état* in Spain is still in the air. French Government organs twit the Camarilla with indecision. Possibly the Spanish Court is waiting for the sanction of triumphant English Toryism. At the same time rumour says that Don Carlos, Lord John Manners's old friend, has recalled his abdication.

The chapter of accidents and offences is full, indeed. Among the principal offences we may class Mr. Baron Alderson's demeanour in the trial of certain gentlemen, at Birmingham, for false imprisonment of Derra de Moroda. The case failed on technical grounds, and Derra was non-suited; but in the course of the trial, openly to avow a disposition to presume the innocence of Racidula, *alias* Von Beck, openly to presume some degree of turpitude in one of the acquitted defendants, and some degree of injured innocence in the non-suited prosecutor—these are but specimens of Mr. Baron Alderson's demeanour. They may, perhaps, be added to the volume of his facetiæ; but unlike most summer lightning, they are not characterized by a brilliancy which is harmless.

The City police-court has disclosed a grand swindling firm, regularly employed in cheating emigrants for Australia. The firm undertook to obtain passages for emigrants; did obtain the money; but neglected the other half of the bargain. The firm is exposed, and broken up; but it is to be feared that others exist, which are fleecing emigrants in a still safer and more effectual way. Numbers are now emigrating in a hurry; the offer to engage passages, to provide necessities, and to do all for the hurried emigrant, is accepted; and we suspect it is often accepted with little more than the appearance of a return. The millions sterling which emigrants are dispensing with hasty hand—in Liverpool alone it has been estimated at 7,000,000*l.* within the year!—are a bait for land-sharks; and many a swindler is fattening on the traffic whom it would be difficult to bring into a police court.

Child-murder is not a novelty, nor a cause of wonder in this difficult and Malthusian country; but the point-blank acquittal of prisoners against evidence that leaves the public at large no choice but condemnation, suggests inquiry as to the cause of such flagrant want of logic. Probably it may be found in that capital punishment which used to make jurors acquit forgers, almost as a matter of course. It is now becoming a practice to follow up *proof* of murder, in certain cases, by a verdict that a birth has been "concealed;" and then follows a severe sentence for "concealing." When courts of law solemnly and publicly keep up a species of acted lie, immorality is powerfully supported by the machinery of "justice."

Another species of murder has also been rife. Besides the railway smash at Burnley, where the

direction of trains was practically left to an amateur pointsman, there has been another fatal accident at Stockton-upon-Tees, through faulty regulations; and several minor "accidents." Almost the universal cause of these "accidents" is, that the machinery, either through the unprofitableness of the enterprise, or through grasping avarice, is inadequate to secure the safety of the travelling public; and Englishmen perish, that directors may declare large dividends.

THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The following table is correct up to this day. The letters M. and N. signify "Ministerialist" and "Non-Ministerialists."

SCOTLAND.		M.	N.
MEMBERS ELECTED.			
CAITHNESSSHIRE.			
G. Traill	- - - - -	1	
KINSALE.			
J. T. Heard	- - - - -	1	
ROSS AND CROMARTY.			
Sir J. Matheson	- - - - -	1	
WICK (BOROUGH).			
S. Laing	- - - - -	1	
IRELAND.			
ANTRIM.			
Macartney and Pakenham	- - - - -	2	
ARMAGH (COUNTY).			
Verner and Caulfield	- - - - -	1	...
ARMAGH (CITY).			
R. S. Moore	- - - - -	1	
BELFAST.			
Davison and M'Cairns	- - - - -	2	
CARLOW (COUNTY).			
Ball and Brien	- - - - -	1	...
CARLOW (BOROUGH).			
Sadlier	- - - - -	1	
CARRICKFERGUS.			
Hon. W. S. Cottar	- - - - -	1	
CASHEL.			
Sir T. O'Brien	- - - - -	1	
CAYN (COUNTY).			
Maxwell and Sir J. Young	- - - - -	1	...
CLARE (COUNTY).			
Sir J. Fitzgerald and C. O'Brien	- - - - -	2	
CLONMEL.			
Lawless	- - - - -	1	
DONEGAL.			
Conolly and Hayes	- - - - -	2	
DOWN (COUNTY).			
Lord E. Hill and Kerr	- - - - -	2	
DOWNPATRICK.			
Hon. C. S. Hardinge	- - - - -	1	
DROGHEDA.			
J. McCann	- - - - -	1	
DUBLIN (CITY).			
Grogan and Vance	- - - - -	2	
DUBLIN (COUNTY).			
J. H. Hamilton and Taylor	- - - - -	2	
DUBLIN (UNIVERSITY).			
G. A. Hamilton and Right Hon. J. Napier	- - - - -	2	
DUNDALK.			
G. Bowyer	- - - - -	1	
ENNIS.			
J. D. Fitzgerald	- - - - -	1	
ENNISKILLEN.			
J. Whiteside	- - - - -	1	
FERRANAGH.			
Capt. M. Archdall and Sir A. B. Brooke	- - - - -	2	
GALWAY (BOROUGH).			
O'Flaherty and Blake	- - - - -	2	
GALWAY (COUNTY).			
Sir T. J. Burke and Bellew	- - - - -	2	
KERRY.			
H. A. Herbert and V. Browne	- - - - -	1	...
KILDARE (COUNTY).			
W. H. F. Cogan and D. O'C. Henchy	- - - - -	2	
KILKENNY (CITY).			
M. Sullivan	- - - - -	1	
KILKENNY (COUNTY).			
J. Greene and Sergeant Sheo	- - - - -	2	
KING'S COUNTY.			
P. O'Brien, L. Bland	- - - - -	1	...
KINSHALE.			
J. T. Heard	- - - - -	1	
LEITRIM (COUNTY).			
H. L. Montgomery, J. Brady	- - - - -	1	...
LIMERICK.			
R. Potter, F. W. Russell	- - - - -	2	
LIMERICK (COUNTY).			
W. Gould, W. Monsell	- - - - -	2	
LISBURN.			
Sir J. E. Tennent	- - - - -	1	
LONDONDERRY (CITY).			
Sir R. A. Ferguson	- - - - -	1	
LONDONDERRY (COUNTY).			
T. Bateson and Capt. T. Jones	- - - - -	2	
LONGFORD (COUNTY).			
Colonel T. Greville and R. M. Fox	- - - - -	2	
LOUTH (COUNTY).			
C. Fortescue and T. Kennedy	- - - - -	2	
MAYO (COUNTY).			
G. O. Higgins, G. Moore	- - - - -	2	
MEATH (COUNTY).			
F. Lucas, M. E. Corbally	- - - - -	2	
MONAGHAN (COUNTY).			
C. P. Leslie, Sir G. Foster	- - - - -	2	
PORTARLINGTON.			
Colonel F. P. Dunne	- - - - -	1	
QUEEN'S COUNTY.			
Sir C. Coote and M. Dunne	- - - - -	1	...
ROSCOMMON (COUNTY).			
F. French, O. Grace	- - - - -	2	
SLIGO (BOROUGH).			
C. Towneley	- - - - -	1	
SLIGO (COUNTY).			
Sir R. G. Booth and R. Swift	- - - - -	1	...
TIPPERARY (COUNTY).			
T. Scully and James Sadlier	- - - - -	2	
TRALEE.			
John O'Connell	- - - - -	1	
TYRONE.			
Lord C. Hamilton, Hon. H. T. L. Corry	- - - - -	2	

MEMBERS ELECTED.		M.	N.
WATERFORD (CITY).			
T. MacDonnell, R. Keating	- - - - -	2	
WATERFORD (COUNTY).			
J. Esmond, N. M. Power	- - - - -	2	
WEXFORD (COUNTY).			
W. H. Magan and W. P. Urquhart	- - - - -	2	
WEXFORD (BOROUGH).			
J. T. Devereux	- - - - -	1	
WEXFORD (COUNTY).			
F. George, P. M. Mahon	- - - - -	1	...
WICKLOW (COUNTY).			
W. F. Hume, Viscount Milton	- - - - -	1	...
YOUGHAL.			
J. Butt	- - - - -	1	

THE BARONESS VON BECK SCANDAL.

CONSTANT DERRA DE MORODA has brought his grievances into court. His case as against Mr. George Dawson, Mr. Henry Tyndall, Mr. Richard Peyton, and Mr. Arthur Ryland, whom he charges with having falsely and maliciously procured his arrest and imprisonment in Birmingham, August, 1851, was tried at Warwick, before Mr. Baron Alderson and a special jury, on Wednesday. The court was densely crowded.

Mr. Sergeant Miller and Mr. Field were counsel for Derra; Mr. Macaulay, Q.C., Mr. Mella, Q.C., and Mr. Hayes, for the defendants.

As only six special jurymen answered to their names, a *tales* was prayed for, and granted.

Mr. Sergeant Miller stated that Derra de Moroda was a Hungarian by birth. His father was a gentleman of noble family, and occupied a high position in society. Derra had been educated at the Military College in Vienna, and had afterwards served for some time in the Austrian army. He was prevented by illness from taking part in the Hungarian war, but his sympathies were with his countrymen. His father differed from him in political opinions, and held an honourable office under the Emperor of Austria. It was altogether false that he had been disowned by his family. He had arrived in London, from Brussels, in April, 1851, and had then become acquainted with the lady known as the Baroness von Beck. That lady had written a work called *Personal Adventures of a Lady during the late War of Independence in Hungary*, which had been published by Mr. Bentley. The success of this book had induced her to write another. Mr. Derra de Moroda had been requested by a lady whom he met in France to procure the autograph of the Baroness, and accordingly he had waited upon her, when he was struck with her knowledge of Hungary. He had thus become acquainted with her. He found that she was suffering great privations, and he occasionally assisted her. He had been induced to accompany her to Birmingham, where there were two or three gentlemen to whom Mr. Gilpin, who had arranged to publish the new work, had given her introductions. She there saw Mr. Sturge, Mr. Dawson, and other gentlemen, who agreed to subscribe to the work, the price of which was 1*l.* 4*s.* Mr. Dawson and some other gentlemen paid their subscriptions. Constant Derra and the Baroness were afterwards introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Tyndall, who paid them great attention, and induced the Baroness and Constant Derra to come and live at their house. One evening when there were several ladies and gentlemen present, he was sitting at the piano, playing some Hungarian pieces, when Mr. Tyndall touched him on the shoulder, and said there was a gentleman outside who wished to speak with him. Derra went out, and found himself in the hands of two policemen, who took him to the station-house by force. Tandy, the policeman, refused to explain to him why he was arrested, but called him an "impostor and a thief." He was searched in a public room, and locked up all night. The next morning he saw the Baroness von Beck at the station-house, moaning, and asking for a glass of water, and requesting that a physician might be sent for.

At this point in the counsel's narrative, Mr. Baron Alderson interrupted him, saying he did not see what the sufferings of the Baroness had to do with the plaintiff's case.

Mr. Sergeant Miller alluded to her treatment in order to show a malicious feeling on the part of the defendants. When Constant Derra was on his way to the court, he saw the Baroness sitting on a chair apparently in a dying state. She died during the proceedings, which were, notwithstanding, continued, and the charge against Derra was dismissed. Mr. Sergeant Miller undertook to prove, by means of several distinguished Hungarians, that the Baroness was really the person she represented herself to be, and that she had been employed by Kossuth's government on missions of a delicate and dangerous nature.

The policeman Tandy said he had not arrested Derra, though he was present at the time. He saw the warrant in the hand of Superintendent Stevens. He had searched Derra at the station-house, and took from him some letters and a pocket-book, which were returned the next day.

Baron Alderson: What was the accusation against him? Witness: He was accused of obtaining money upon false pretences, and it was usual to search all prisoners.

Baron Alderson: It ought not to be usual to search all prisoners. If a person is accused of felony, you would search him in order to see if the stolen property is upon the prisoner at the time. If a person is accused of high treason you would not expect to find the treason in his pocket.

Witness: Accidents have occurred in consequence of not searching prisoners.

Baron Alderson: Such a course is quite right when you suppose a prisoner is about to poison himself; but was there anything in this case to lead you to expect that the plaintiff would act in this manner. A prisoner ought not to be searched on every occasion: it is an indignity.

Mr. Derra de Moroda was called, and testified to the truth of the account given by Mr. Sergeant Miller. He mentioned the proposals for the publication of the Baroness's new book, which were printed by Mr. Gilpin, and which were here put in and read. It is stated in this document that the work will contain the "Reminiscences of the residence of the Baroness at the court of Vienna during the reigns of the last three emperors."

The depositions taken before the magistrate on the occasion of the arrest were then about to be read, when Mr. Baron Alderson requested that the information and warrant should be first read. He wanted to learn the exact nature of the charge made against the plaintiff, and this could not be learned from the depositions. He also wanted to know who was the person making the charge, for it was he who was liable, and not the persons who might give evidence.

Mr. Gem, clerk to the magistrates of Birmingham, stated that the depositions put in were those upon which the warrant for the apprehension of the plaintiff was issued.

Baron Alderson: Where is the warrant?—Witness: I did not see the warrant—it was filled up by another clerk.

Baron Alderson: This is an extraordinary case. The witnesses cannot surely be held responsible for the accusation because they had given evidence in support of the charge. The declaration of the plaintiff set forth that the defendant came and appeared before the magistrates, and there maliciously, and without reason and probable cause, charged this person with having unlawfully obtained 17. 6s., the money of the defendants, by means of certain false pretences. Where were the depositions or the warrant which stated who were the defendants?

Mr. Gem stated that the magistrate was dead. He could not recollect who was the prosecutor in the case. The charge was stated verbally, and was not at that moment reduced to writing. Baron Alderson asked how he was to know that the plaintiff had been arrested on a warrant. He had no warrant before him.

Mr. Miller: Who appeared to conduct the prosecution?—Witness: A gentleman present stated that he appeared on behalf of the four persons present, who had made the depositions.

Baron Alderson: These courts at Birmingham certainly appear to require considerable reform. A prisoner is brought before them, and no one can learn who is the accuser.

Mr. Miller: Did the gentleman who appeared state who he appeared in behalf of?—Witness: He stated that he appeared on behalf of Mr. Dawson, one of the gentlemen from whom money had been obtained.

At length it was decided to receive the depositions *quantum valeat*. They were made by Mr. Tyndall, Mr. Dawson, Mr. Peyton, and Mr. Ryland. The only statements in them justifying the arrest of the Baroness and of Derra de Moroda were—that of Mr. Dawson: that upon conversing with her he found she could not speak French, which greatly surprised him, as she professed to have been brought up in the court of Vienna: he believed that she was not the Baroness Von Beck—that of Mr. Hajnik—and that of Mr. Ryland, who stated that, from inquiries he had made, he verily believed that the person calling herself Baroness Von Beck, was not the person she had represented herself to be, as appeared by the depositions of Richard Peyton, the younger, George Dawson, and Henry Witton Tyndall.

Baron Alderson said, "this was a most extraordinary deposition for a magistrate to take. It was simply an oath of credulity."

Derra de Moroda stated, on cross-examination, that the Baroness could not speak much French. Most ladies in Hungary could speak French. She had told him that she had resided, during the reign of three emperors, at the court of Vienna. He had come to England to see the Exhibition of 1851. He was at this time staying solely on account of this affair. He did not know the Baron Von Beck, nor any one who was acquainted with him.

Mr. Macaulay was proceeding, in his cross-examination of the plaintiff, to ask him as to the facts deposed against him by Mr. Hajnik, when

The learned Judge said: I can't receive this evidence.

Mr. Macaulay: Then I very respectfully tender it, my Lord.

The learned Judge: I have no doubt you do. (A laugh.) I receive your tender, but not your evidence. (Laughter.)

Mr. Macaulay: Can't I ask the witness what Hajnik said in his presence?

The learned Judge: No. The practice of the police-court at Birmingham was not only irregular but quite disgraceful.

The learned Baron then left the court to consult with Mr. Justice Coleridge, and, on his return, said that his learned brother agreed with him that the evidence could not be received. At the same time, the whole proceedings before the magistrates connected with the depositions and the information were of the most disgraceful and irregular character, and Mr. Justice Coleridge agreed with him in this opinion.

Mr. Hajnik's deposition, on which the whole case against the Baroness rested, was as follows:—

"I am a Magyar noble, and member for the county of Weitzen, in the Hungarian Diet. I filled the office of Chief of Police for the United Kingdom of Hungary and Transylvania. The duties of that office were to superintend the safety of the country and of all prisoners of war. My office under King Ferdinand ceased on the 1st of January, 1849. I was at that time at Pesth. The members of the Government left Pesth for Debreczin in the latter end of December. I was left at Pesth with Csanyi, an officer under Government, and the government of the country was in our hands. He and I were together during and after the Government had left Pesth, from earliest morning till latest evening, and Csanyi had not any interview with any person calling herself or being the Baroness von Beck. I am personally acquainted with Louis Kossuth, the Governor of Hungary, and have been some years; and my official duties brought us frequently together, and in communication with him every day. During the months from January to June, 1849, I was in daily communication with Kossuth. I was appointed to my office in April, 1849. One part of my duty was to grant passports. I remember a person at Pesth commonly known as Racidula. I saw her twice in the ante-chamber of Kossuth. I saw the same woman on the 29th of August inst. at the house of Mr. Henry Tyndall. I never saw her in Kossuth's private room; she was never in Kossuth's intimacy. I must have known it had she been so. When I saw her in the ante-chamber she was with another woman, who was the principal spy, and Racidula was a paid spy, in a subordinate situation. When I saw her in Kossuth's ante-chamber he said to me in her presence, 'Give to these two persons a passport; they will go with you to your bureau.' They did so; I gave them passports in a feigned name. I have never heard Racidula spoken of as the Baroness von Beck. I know the members of a noble family named Beck in Hungary. She does not belong to that family. I know Generals Klapka and Vetter. Klapka is in Paris."

De Moroda further stated, that he had not the slightest doubt that the Baroness was everything which she professed to be.

Mr. Gem was then re-examined, and said he was present when Mr. Hajnik was examined. His statement was taken down, but not signed, on account of the charge not being pressed.

Xavier Gosrki, who said he had been a first lieutenant in the Polish legion of the Hungarian army, knew the Baroness von Beck at Diebretzen and at Pesth in 1849. She was then generally called by that name. The mother and sister of Kossuth had spoken of a Baroness Von Beck. He had seen her in London and at Birmingham. He had never seen her husband.

Charles Anthony Noedl said, that in October, 1848, he had introduced a lady, calling herself the Baroness von Beck, to Csanyi, who was the Commissary of the Hungarian Government for the Upper Danube, at the village of Parendorf. The Commissary said "God bless you, my dear Baroness." She was always addressed as the Baroness von Beck. He had seen her at her lodgings in Dean-street. He had never heard her called "Racidula" in Hungary.

Daniel Kaszonyi said, I was a lieutenant in the Hungarian army. I became acquainted with the Baroness at the time when she called on Csanyi. He did not know her. She came from Vienna to speak with him about secret affairs. He sent her to General Görgey, who was at Presburg at the time. I afterwards said it was very desirable to send some one to Pesth to look at the Austrian army, and he said they had a very clever lady called Baroness von Beck. That was in January, 1849. I know she received about 320*l.* at Hamburg. I wrote out a receipt, and she signed it Baroness von Beck. He admitted, that when he first saw her in Presburg she called herself "Racidula," and he had sometimes mentioned her by that name in London. But when she passed by that name it was in order to cross the frontiers.

Mr. Michael Angelo Garvey, of the Inner Temple, stated, that he had been engaged to translate the second work of the Baroness von Beck. He had received the manuscript of the first two volumes.

The Rev. William Wingate (who was one of the missionaries expelled from Hungary by the Austrian Government) stated, that he had resided in Hungary for some years. He was acquainted with the father and mother of Derra de Moroda. The father is one of the most distinguished citizens of Pesth. Mr. Wingate had brought money and letters to Constant Derra from his parents.

This was the plaintiff's case.

Mr. Macaulay submitted that the declaration had not been proved.

Mr. Baron Alderson (to Mr. Sergeant Miller): Who do you say you have proved against?

Mr. Sergeant Miller: Against three of the parties whose handwritings were proved—Mr. Tyndall, Mr. Dawson, and Mr. Ryland. He had shown the part taken by Mr. Tyndall in authorising the arrest of the parties.

Mr. Baron Alderson: All Mr. Tyndall did was to tell the plaintiff that a gentleman was at the door waiting for him, and he seemed to have conducted him out very politely. How can you distinguish as between the parties who gave evidence and the parties who gave the charge?

Mr. Sergeant Miller: The plaintiff was arrested in consequence of information laid before the magistrates.

Baron Alderson said, that Mr. Tyndall had said nothing in his examination of the 17. 4*s.* The present inquiry was into a proposition of this sort.

That somebody or other did upon a certain day appear before James James, Esq., and falsely and maliciously, and without probable cause, charge the plaintiff and the Baroness von Beck in the warrant described (which we have not here) with having unlawfully obtained 17. 4*s.* from George Dawson, and that on that charge, without any reasonable cause, they caused him (the said James James) to grant the said warrant.

No warrant was issued containing the charge upon which the party was detained. Mr. Tyndall did not say a syllable about obtaining the money under false pretences, though Mr. Dawson had done so. The Baron continued:—

All that Mr. Ryland appears to have done was to make oath that he verily believes that the person calling herself Madame Von Beck is not Madame Von Beck; but that has nothing to do with obtaining money under false pretences? How do you put that?

Mr. Sergeant Miller: The way in which I put it is this—

Mr. Baron Alderson: I see no charge at all proved against me.

Mr. Sergeant Miller: Mr. Dawson goes before the magistrate to make a certain charge—

Mr. Baron Alderson:—A certain affidavit or deposition. There is some evidence against Mr. Dawson.

Sergeant Miller contended, that, supposing there to be a case against Mr. Dawson, there was evidence to show that the other defendants, by lodging their informations against the plaintiff, had procured the arrest.

Baron Alderson said, according to that view every witness would be a party. There was clearly no evidence against Mr. Peyton.

The judge eventually decided that there was not sufficient evidence to go to the jury. The whole action rested upon the assumption, that the defendants had, upon a false and malicious statement procured the warrant. There was no evidence even that the warrant was procured.

The plaintiff was accordingly non-suited. It is to be observed, that the unlooked for result of the trial precluded any evidence for the defence—an important fact, which the journals who abuse the defendants should take into account.

ANOTHER DOCUMENT ON THE BARONESS VON BECK SCANDAL.

The subjoined letter, written and signed by a former secretary to Lord Dudley Stuart, was placed in our hands by Mr. Bentley now many weeks since. From extreme pressure upon our space, its insertion has been unavoidably deferred from week to week. Meanwhile, it has appeared in the columns of one or more of our contemporaries. But we think it well to place it on record *à titre de document*, especially as the whole unfortunate business is now in the course of further, and, we trust, final investigation. In this, as in all cases, the *Leader* only seeks the truth, without respect to persons.

London, 17th May, 1852.

DEAR MR. BENTLEY,—I earnestly request you to give publicity, through the press, to the accompanying statement, which will certainly be welcome to the friends of truth; and I deeply regret that my absence from England for a considerable period should have prevented me from giving this information at an earlier time, when it might have proved more serviceable in vindicating the character of the persecuted Baroness Von Beck. Yours very truly,

(Signed) WILLIAM BACKHAUS.
Formerly Secretary to Lord D. Stuart.

One morning in April, 1850, whilst I was secretary to Lord Dudley Stuart, a lady, about forty years of age, entered my office. She was becomingly dressed, and the front of her dark shawl was fastened with a large brooch containing a portrait of Kossuth. Her countenance was pale, and her eyes and other features wore an expression of deep and silent mental suffering.

I had never seen this lady before, and asked her name and business.

She sank upon a seat in a state of exhaustion, and said, "Can you tell me how matters go with Kossuth?"

I answered, that the latest private intelligence represented him as very ill.

She immediately took the portrait of Kossuth from her breast, pressed it to her lips, and began to weep aloud. It was an exceedingly touching sight, and I felt the tears come into my own eyes whilst witnessing it.

She then told me she was the Baroness Von Beck, but that when she offered her services to Kossuth, she did so under the assumed name of "Racidula;" and that, under that name, she had done considerable service to Kossuth and Hungary.

Upon my asking her why she came to London, she answered, that it was her most earnest desire to reach Kossuth, in order to bear him company in his captivity; that she had been recommended to apply to Lord Dudley Stuart, whose name was mentioned with respect and affection amongst the martyrs of liberty, as a person likely to afford her counsel and assistance towards the accomplishment of her object.

I advised her to apply to Mr. Francis Pulszky; but she said that Mr. Pulszky was no friend of Hungary; that he had done little service for Hungary; and that some Hungarians, who were then residing at Hamburg had even warned her from Pulszky.

I endeavoured to impress upon her, that it would be prudent to keep such opinions concerning Pulszky to herself, as they could not do her any good, and might do her harm in her present condition. I then promised to speak to Lord Dudley Stuart respecting her affairs, and to obtain an audience for her.

I accordingly spoke to his lordship about her on the same day, and he expressed himself very curious to see the lady. Her second visit was about 11 o'clock in the forenoon of the day following.

Lord Dudley Stuart, whose sympathies extend throughout the world, and the whole course of whose life and actions constitutes a continued act of beneficence, was visibly touched at the sight of the lady. He received her politely, saying, "What can I do for you?" The Baroness, who did not speak English, began to explain her wishes in the German language, which I translated into English for his lordship.

She related the services she had rendered to Hungary, and gave a brief account of her own sufferings and losses.

Lord Dudley Stuart heard her with attention, and advised her to write and publish an account of her life and deeds.

The Baroness answered, that she felt herself incapable of writing a book, as she had never before composed anything for the press; but, upon my expressing my willingness to read through her manuscript, she promised to attempt it.

In conclusion, she requested Lord Dudley Stuart to have the goodness to take charge of a letter from her to Kossuth, and to forward it to its destination; which his lordship promised to do.

The next day, she handed me the letter to Kossuth. It was written in German, and contained evidence of relations of the most friendly and confidential kind between her and him whom she regarded as the greatest man of Hungary.

She sealed the letter after I had read it, and handed it over to my charge. I showed it to Lord Dudley Stuart, who told me to deliver it to M. Sczulzezki, at No. 10, Duke street. M. Sczulzezki, on my taking the letter to him, gave me, at my request, a written receipt for it.

Some days afterwards, the Baroness brought me a few sheets of her manuscript. I read it all through; and as the style was pretty good, requiring but a few corrections which I pointed out, I encouraged her to go on with it.

I told Lord Dudley Stuart that the Baroness, in accordance with his advice, had already written several sheets of her Memoirs, at which his lordship was evidently well pleased.

Mr. Pulszky entered the office with Lord Dudley Stuart a few days subsequently, and their conversation turned upon the Baroness Von Beck. Mr. Pulszky said that she had been a spy. "Yes," said his lordship, "but she was on the right side?" "Of course," answered Mr. Pulszky.

These are the identical words which I myself have heard from the mouths of Lord Dudley Stuart and Mr. Pulszky.

The Baroness, who afterwards visited me from time to time, expressed her wish to dedicate her work to Lord Dudley Stuart. I imparted this wish to him, and he replied that he had no objection.

Early in June, I was informed by the Baroness Von Beck, that she had succeeded in disposing of her work to Mr. Bentley; and at the joint request of herself and that gentleman, I looked over the agreement between them, as the memorandum was in English, with which language the lady was not conversant; and I communicated to Lord Dudley Stuart the satisfaction I felt on the occasion.

It is my most earnest desire that truth may triumph over calumny and prejudice; and believing that the foregoing short sketch of my personal knowledge of the unhappy lady, whose death has been surrounded with so much painful mystery, may contribute to throw light upon her character and actions, I willingly offer it to the friends of justice and humanity.

(Signed) WILLIAM BACKHAUS.

DR. PUSEY AND THE MASTER OF THE ROLLS.

THE following correspondence has recently taken place:—

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN ROMILEY, MASTER OF THE ROLLS.

SIR,—I see ascribed to you the following words:—"I am strongly opposed to the Roman-catholic religion, and as strongly to the doctrines of that peculiar set of persons commonly called Puseyites, whom I consider more dangerous than open and avowed Roman-catholics." I cannot but hope that there may be some error in the report of your words, and that you did not really say this.

If you did say it, permit me with all respect to inquire whether, on reflection, it seems to you just and equitable that one holding your office should have spoken such words publicly? If I mistake not, you are yourself a judge in the very court which, if these doctrines were lo-

gally called in question, and there were any appeal from the lower court, would have to try them in the last resort.

Bearing the sacred office of a judge, you would in your own court have thought it a bounden duty, before God and man, not to prejudge a cause.

"Doth our law judge any man before it hear him, and know what he doeth?"

In this instance you have descended from the office of a judge to that of a public accuser. You have implied that certain persons, more or fewer, contemptuously called by my name, firstly, teach doctrines which they do not openly avow; and, secondly, that such doctrines are at variance with those of the church of England.

I will not believe, unless I am obliged, that you did this for any political object. I will believe that it is your sincere, although unfounded, conviction. But then you must desire, equally with myself, that this state of things should not last. You must be as anxious that the evils which you deprecate should be removed as I am that the truth should not be evil spoken of. I have taught nothing in private which I have not taught openly. I am ready to give public account, not only of what I have taught, but of every point of my belief and practice. I should be glad to do this, in order that it might, if any thought good, be made the subject of a prosecution in an ecclesiastical court. I pledge myself to do this—publicly, fully, distinctly, without reserve—that if you think my teaching on any point not implicit enough for the law to take cognizance of it, it may be the more easily tested, whether it is or is not in accordance with the doctrine of the church of England. I do so because I believe that it would be a relief to many minds to have this question formally settled.

And now, I solemnly call upon you to take one of these three courses:—

1. To disavow or withdraw the words ascribed to you.
2. To sue me in an ecclesiastical court. In this case I will defend myself (without any resort to any legal or technical grounds) simply upon the merits of the case itself. I will interpose no plea which the state of the law might allow me, but simply maintain what I have taught to be in conformity with the doctrine of the church of England, or agreeable thereto. If you do not, I call upon you and your friends, at least, thirdly, as you respect the principles of justice and honesty, and, much more, as you stand in awe of the judgment seat of Christ, in which account is to be given of every idle word, not again to impute to me or to my friends, that our doctrines are not "open or avowed," nor to inflame the people against their pastors by insinuations which you cannot substantiate.

Your humble servant,

E. B. PUSEY.

Christ Church, July 21.

The Master of the Rolls publishes the following reply to Dr. Pusey's challenge:—

"July 23.

"SIR,—The words you refer to formed part of an answer sent by me to an application from an association of persons at Devonport for my opinion in writing on the subject of certain resolutions passed by them, and which answer was published by them. These words correctly express my opinions. I decline to take either the first or second course suggested by you. With respect to the third, I deny that these words imputed, or that they were intended to impute to yourself or to your friends, that your or that their doctrines are not open or avowed.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"To the Rev. Dr. Pusey."

"JOHN ROMILEY."

Dr. Pusey has replied as follows:—

SIR,—You will not have been surprised that, when you contrasted my friends with "open and avowed Roman Catholics," I should have interpreted those words as conveying an imputation of dishonesty, under which it is of the utmost moment to religion itself, and the well-being of our Church and people, that none of its clergy should lie.

The like imputations have unhappily been too common, and must do harm to the morals and faith of the people. Your own name, character, and office seemed likely to give the more weight to them. It was on this ground that I appealed to you to bring the matter to a fair, full, and formal issue. I hoped that the honesty and justice of Englishmen would prevent their renewing indefinite charges when they have been met by a plain offer to bring them to a definite result. As you now deny any intention of imputing to my friends or myself that our doctrines are not "open and avowed," I may beg as publicly to assure you that I gladly accept your statement.

Your humble servant,

E. B. PUSEY.

Christ Church, July 27.

LIBERAL FESTIVAL IN CARLISLE.

EVERY scene in which Sir James Graham is an actor, stands out among the ordinary news, and takes rank as history. On Monday, he was the chief figure at a great Liberal festival, held at Carlisle, in honour of the re-election of Howard and Marshall for East Cumberland. But it is not the speeches of these gentlemen which the journalist records. They are dismissed in a line; while Sir James Graham is reported *verbatim et literatim*. The gist of this speech we subjoin.

Opening with a fine and spirited set of compliments to the "Blues," his party, with compliments to Lord Carlisle for leaving the yeomanry free to vote as they list, he gave some interesting particulars about his own election.

"I can truly say I have not canvassed a single vote at the last election. (Cheers.) I can say with truth that I had not a paid agent at the last election; that this triumph has been achieved, not by hired interference, but by the combined efforts of the electors and non-electors of Carlisle. (Cheers.) It is, if ever there was a popular triumph, a pure popular triumph; and I defy any enemy to contradict that triumph. (Loud cheers.)"

He made merry at the expense of the "lop-sided representation" of Whitehaven, and Westmoreland, and West Cumberland; and then he passed to a cognate subject, showing how closely bribery and intimidation are related.

"You have heard of a letter addressed by a member—as alleged by a member of the Government—to a Mr. Frail ('hear, hear,' cheers, and laughter), the clerk of the course at Shrewsbury. (Hear, hear.) Now (continued Sir James, turning to the side galleries where some ladies were sitting), now ladies are present, and therefore I shall vindicate them from the false assertion of the poet, that—'Frailty, thy name is woman.'

(Great laughter.) I say that men are frail—much more than the ladies (roars of laughter); and if there be a man more frail than another (continued laughter), Frail of Shrewsbury is pre-eminently that man. (Shouts of laughter, and cheers.) Now, gentlemen, on the 6th of April, of the present year, a friend of mine—this is a secret, mind (laughter)—a friend of mine told me in the House of Commons, 'You are going to stand for Carlisle. You must be on your guard with respect to a certain barber from Shrewsbury (great laughter), of the name of Frail. (Roars of laughter.) We have reason to believe that he visited Carlisle once before. He was in Carlisle at the election of '47. (Loud laughter and cheers.) He has been in London lately, and we have reason to believe that his mission will be to Carlisle at the approaching election.' (Roars of laughter.) I was much dismayed, as you may suppose. (Laughter.) I had never heard of Mr. Frail before, but I did write to my friends at Carlisle, and said, 'Be on your guard with respect to Mr. Frail, of Shrewsbury.' (Reiterated laughter and cheers.) They took the wise precaution of sending over to Shrewsbury to make themselves acquainted with the person of this Mr. Frail. (Laughter and cheers.) The alarm was excessive throughout the contest. As the critical moment drew nigh—that terrible night between the nomination and the poll—we became exceedingly alarmed (laughter); and I tell you again, we watched diligently the arrival of every train at the station of Carlisle, expecting Mr. Frail to make his appearance. (Roars of laughter.) But he was so busily occupied elsewhere that he did not come. (Laughter.) I know not whether the claims of Derby or Shrewsbury kept him away, but he was not forthcoming (renewed laughter); and we had no 'Man in the Moon' in Carlisle, for Mr. Frail did not venture to show his face. (Roars of laughter, and cheers.)"

As to the spread of democracy:—

"A short time after Lord Derby's and his colleagues accession to power, we have Lord Derby talking of the extreme danger of the spread of the democratic influence. (Hear, hear.) I have no such great alarm at the spread of democracy. I have seen the conduct of the electors of Carlisle. (Loud cheering.) I have seen the behaviour of the people of Carlisle. (Renewed cheering.) I have witnessed the conduct of the electors of Carlisle, and also of the non-electors (cheers) during this contest, and whatever apprehensions I may have had of the increase of democratic power they have been very much mitigated by what I have seen. (Loud cheers.) If I were the most timid person, dreading the increase of power on the part of the popular party, I should say deliberately, that Lord Derby, during the short period he has held office, has done more to give a sudden and violent influence to the popular party than any course of mild progressive reform could have effected in the space of two generations. (Loud cries of 'Hear, hear,' and cheers.)"

His criticism of the actual position of the Derby Ministry in relation to the country is admirable.

"We are told that after the overthrow of Lord Derby's Government the Deluge comes. (Laughter.) What was the fact before the deluge is recorded? We read that all people spoke one language. What was the post-diluvian symptom? (Loud laughter.) There was a confusion of tongues. (Renewed laughter.) I think the deluge is past and Babel is come. (Reiterated laughter.) There are not two members who hold the same language. (Cheers and laughter.) Take the Lord Advocate of Scotland. He addresses a small but intelligent constituency in the north of Scotland, and tells them, 'God forbid that I should interfere with Free Trade.' (Cheers.) He will not even be a party to any evasive measure by which an equivalent can be given to agriculture. (Hear, hear.) Compare that with the Solicitor-General's declaration, in addressing the people in the south of England. (Hear, hear.) He says that he feels the question must be revised. (Hear.) Mr. Walpole has argued that, in consequence of the repeal of the corn laws, the poor-rates have increased; that crime has increased; that the deposits in the savings-banks have diminished; and that Free-trade has made inroads upon the humble thrift of the poor. (Hear.) I say, if that is his opinion, he is bound to oppose the repeal of the corn laws. (Cheers.) But, as to Lord Derby. He himself says he entertains an opinion (laughter and cheers)—an individual opinion. (Renewed laughter and cheering.) An individual opinion is entertained by the Prime Minister, but if the people of this country think otherwise—and East Cumberland and Carlisle certainly think otherwise—(great cheering), he says, 'I will not propose the re-imposition of a duty upon corn. (Laughter.) I will leave it to my Chancellor of the Exchequer to propose some revision of taxation which will compensate the agricultural interest for the losses it has sustained.' (Laughter and derisive cheers.) We are too far north to be led away by that. (Loud cheers.) It is not the word 'protection' to which we object, but it is the thing itself to which we object. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) A friend of mine has happily described the meaning of 'protection.' He says—'It is neither more nor less than out-door relief to farmers in distress.' (Great laughter and cheering.) The people of England won't have it. (Enthusiastic cheering.) They won't have it either in meal or in malt. (Vociferous cheering and

laughter.) You must not change the name of the thing. Conjure it, and deal with it by whatever sleight of hand they may, they need never think they can palm it off upon the people of England under another name. (Loud cheers.) We hear of things 'looming in the future.' (Great laughter.) I will tell you what is 'looming in the future.' A quart bottle into which a conjurer is to jump. (Loud laughter and cheering.) May I be there to see. (Loud laughter, and cries of 'You'll be there.') And thanks to the people of Carlisle I shall be there. (Loud cheers.) And I tell you this—I am satisfied that all these vain declarations about some 'great scheme about revision of taxation which will be hailed with delight and satisfaction by all classes of the country' are vain delusions, and will be dissipated into thin air. (Loud cheering.)

After having "assisted" at a most enthusiastic and hearty meeting, the audience went their ways.

BERESFORD AT BRAINTREE.

OF Mr. William Beresford, respecting whom report is rather busy just now, we are glad to get an occasional authentic glimpse, and to record some of the words which fall from his eloquent lips. Our latest sight of him is entering Braintree on Monday, in a procession of yeomen, with his colleague, Sir John Tyrell, and other Essex worthies. These Derbyite gentlemen are met by the mob—classically "the rabble"—and stones as well as yells are hurled at their heads. One strikes Coriolanus Beresford on the neck as he dismounts at the White Hart. Not satisfied with this he shows himself at a window of the inn, when a stone smashes the glass and falls on the forehead of Coriolanus. All the shops, meanwhile, are closed, the police compelled to be extremely alert; and the "Blues" make their way into the tavern under salutes of groans. However they ate their dinners, drank the loyal toasts, and then "The Bishop and the Clergy of the Diocese." Whereupon the Reverend H. Magendie replied, and described the "mission" of the Derby Government in these most remarkable words:—

"There was a charm which he could not describe, and a warm feeling which came over them when the affairs of this country were administered by a purely Conservative Government. He could not describe that feeling; that was beyond his power; but it was something akin to this—a consciousness that whatever changes and reforms might be necessary, they were effected by a Conservative Government in a manner congenial to them all. There was a courtesy and a kind spirit which attended a Conservative Government, and for that reason, if there were no other, they were attached to it. (Cheers.)"

The health of the Members was proposed and duly acknowledged—Sir John Tyrell made two points. He described all classes of the community as combined to extract "justice" from the "late" rulers of the country. "They asked no more, and, by heavens, they would be satisfied with no less."

Mr. William Beresford, M.P., said he had come there in a feeling of kindness and goodwill towards "the whole electors." He had forgotten every unkindness and insult he had met with. He thought it would not be "noble or proper" to trample on the vanquished. But he left his sympathetic auditors to judge whether he had been met in the same spirit by the "lowest classes in the town."

"If," he continued, "I have used a harsh word, if I have made use of a single opprobrious epithet, every justification has been made for my having done so by the conduct of those to whom that epithet was applied. (Cheers.) If the lower classes in Braintree wished to justify me in having called them 'a rabble,' certainly they have been the people, by their conduct to-day, who have given a plea and justification for that term." (Renewed cheers.)

He then declared that the rioters, he had thought, were not Braintree men, but hired rabble; and he menaced Braintree with the loss of the honour of being the nomination town. Mr. Lennard had taunted him with being a Free-trader at Colchester, and a Protectionist at Braintree. He did not see any difference. He was for a cheap loaf, but he thought the farmers ought to have remunerating prices. He then gave this as his economical creed:—

"I am a Protectionist; I was a Protectionist, and, believing in the truth of it, I hope I shall continue to be a Protectionist until the last day of my life. (Applause.) Never, since 1847, however, did I uphold the old sliding scale. Since the hour that it was excommunicated by Sir R. Peel I knew that it was impossible to re-impose it, and I never held that doctrine. But this I do maintain—though I have not the power, I am sorry to say, to carry it—that a small fixed duty would be a fair way of reimbursing, out of the pockets of the foreigner, those sums which we ourselves are exporting to pay for foreign grain. (Cheers.)"

This is no doubt the "justico" which Sir John Tyrell saw by heaven they would have.

Mr. Beresford could not however totally ignore the Derby affair—Coriolanus as he was. He said—

"Now, I am facing my constituents, and I think that they have a right to know that which affects the honour, character, and credit of their members. I have seen within the last few days statements in certain adverse journals that I have been tampering with the purity of the election of the borough of Derby. I do consider, that if any set of

men have a right to ask of me an explanation on that subject it is the electors of North Essex. (Cheers.) I shall give them but a very brief explanation under existing circumstances. I consider that though they are the people alone who ought to ask me a question on the subject, there is, nevertheless, but one real place where it ought to be, and shall be discussed, and that is the House of Commons. (Loud cheers.) I am not going to permit these false accusations to go forward and not to notice them. The proper place, however, is not the dinner table here at Braintree, but the floor of the House of Commons. (Cheers.) Still, I am not going to dismiss you quite so quickly. I tell you here that, directly or indirectly, I have had no hand whatever in any case whatsoever of bribery in the borough of Derby. (Cheers.) Further, as to the particulars, I will not go, because, whenever Parliament meets, whether it is mooted on the other side or not, I shall consider it my duty, in my place, to state that these accusations have been made against me, and I shall call on those who made them to prove them. (Loud cheers.) I shall endeavour to have an inquiry into the whole thing, which, I have not the slightest hesitation in saying, will expose bare and broad to the public view as gross a case of conspiracy, combined falsehood, and vile subornation as ever was brought before a committee of the House of Commons. (Loud cheers.)"

Coriolanus grew very magnanimous as he drew towards the end of his speech—very grand and forgiving indeed. He said—

"There is not a man that has insulted me, even if he be one of the 'rabble,' whom I will not assist to save from any impost that afflicts him. (Cheers.) While I am your member I am the member of all. The labourer, the artisan, the peasant,—all, in my eyes, deserve the same respect as the gentleman; but let them pay the same deference to fixed authorities and to the principles of justice. (Loud cheers.) I trust I should be the last to use any ugly terms to men with horny hands or sunburnt brows. They are worthy of respect if they behave themselves decently, but I think it hard that the freeholders should be prevented being heard by those who have no votes themselves. (Cheers.) I hope that this subject will be buried from henceforth. I shall not recur to any ugly terms if they will only let me alone, and I hope for the future that I may be able to repress that Irish spirit which is in me of resistance to insult. Remember, if I have a warmth that will not stand to be bullied, it is also a warmth that can be grateful, and the greatest warmth I possess is embodied in my feelings of gratitude and affection to you, the electors of North Essex. (Loud and prolonged cheering.)"

No doubt Braintree will repent in due time, recognise the commanding genius of Beresford, and when he leaves his country, as he may do; not by compulsion, of course, but choice, "such is the state of society," Braintree will raise unto him a brazen monument, and inscribe it to "W. B.," but now Braintree, forgetful, hoots William Beresford out of her streets!

DIOCESAN SYNOD.

THE Bishop of Oxford presided over a meeting of about 200 of the clergy of the diocese, convened to elect two proctors to represent the Order in the Lower House of Convocation, prior to the assembling of the new Parliament. The Synod was held in the Brome Chapel of St. Mary's Church.

The writ having been read by the deputy-registrar, (Mr. John M. Davenport), the Lord Bishop addressed the meeting upon the nature and object of the Synod, pointing out that the two Houses of Convocation are a part of the constitution of the realm, and that at this era in the history of the Church it was, in his Lordship's opinion, of the utmost importance that a revival of this constitutional assembly of the Church of England as, practically, an ecclesiastical legislature, should be effected.

A suggestion having been made that it was unprecedented for the Bishop of Oxford to preside at the election in person, his Lordship informed the meeting that he had ascertained from the records of the diocese that (to go no further back) Bishop Smallwell had presided over a similar meeting in 1790, and again in 1796, and Bishop Randolph in 1806, Bishop Moss in 1807, and Bishop Jackson in 1812. It was in the permission of the Crown to grant a revival, and that permission had been sought of the Crown from the earliest ages. A great object was that the Church, through the medium of the Convocation, should exhibit new signs of life and energy, guided and restrained by that moderation and forbearance which especially belong to the Christian character. His Lordship said he could read in the countenances of the reverend and learned persons before him a sense of the importance of this crisis, and he need not urge upon them that it was their duty to assist in awakening the Convocation from its trance, and taking measures for the maintenance, through its agency, of the dearest rights and privileges of the Church. Believing in their essential unity with the Church Catholic from the beginning, his Lordship said he should esteem himself faithless to his charge if he failed to act up to his convictions, and exercise the legitimate and constitutional means now presented of advocating the Church's high interests. Men should all appreciate this crisis, and awaken the land from its untimely sleep. And he was sure the meeting would to-day delegate men of moderation, wisdom, and a true

love to God—who valued the privileges we had received, and were ready to hand them down to posterity. His Lordship concluded an address in his wonted eloquence, and of which we have given but an imperfect report, by requesting some gentleman to nominate proctors for the Convocation.

The Rev. Jacob Ley, of Christ Church, proposed the Rev. Henry William Majendie, Vicar of Speen, Berkshire, to be one of the proctors; the Rev. W. J. Butler, Vicar of Wantage, seconded the nomination, and it was carried unanimously.

The Rev. Edmund Hobhouse, Fellow of Merton College, proposed the Rev. Robert Hussey, B.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History, to be the other proctor; the Rev. James Baker seconded the nomination, and it was carried unanimously.

The Rev. Arthur Isham (Rural Dean) addressed the meeting in opposition to the principle of reviving the active proceedings in Convocation; as did also the Rev. Robert Monro, the Rev. Dr. Silver, and the Rev. Gibbes W. Jordan. At the suggestion of the Bishop that polemical discussion should be avoided at this purely electoral meeting, the observations were not persevered in.

Professor Hussey expressed his thanks.

The Rev. H. W. Majendie was not present.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

LETTER XXXI.

Paris, Tuesday Evening, July 27th, 1852.

I FIND myself compelled to return to the reception of the President at Strasbourg. I would beg you to observe, in the first place, that the Press no longer exists in France—that the Government alone has the public ear, through a monopoly of publicity—that the two quasi-democratic journals, the *Presse* and the *Siccle*, no longer dare attempt opposition—that, consequently, the truth has no longer any means of making itself known.

This monopoly of publicity in the midst of the universal silence, enables Bonaparte to be his own historian, and to impose upon the weak and the indolent as to his real position. Abroad, the deficiency of verbal information, the only information possible as things now are, must naturally increase the common illusion. Abroad our universal silence may fairly be taken for universal assent. The consequence is, that you are often astounded by events, and that at the very moment when you are most eager to salute the usurper as a great man, this pretended great man, whose artificial splendour imposed upon the vulgar, is precipitated from power amidst universal contempt.

What, then, you will ask, is the truth about this reception at Strasbourg? I will briefly sum up all the facts.

There was an official programme. This programme was rigorously followed. Bells were rung, guns were fired, a ball was given: the houses were decorated with banners and illuminated—by order of the authorities. There was a display of fireworks: the Alsatian population, essentially military, were treated to a magnificent spectacle of the passage of the Rhine, and—that was all. "But the population displayed an irrepressible enthusiasm." "But the ladies covered the President with flowers." True enough; but *what* ladies? The ladies of the Government functionaries—the ladies of an exclusive official world, to whom was reserved the privilege of admission within the railway station. The railway administration had presented to each of these ladies a bouquet, and these were the bouquets thrown at the President. They obeyed orders—nothing more. As to the irrepressible enthusiasm of the population, examine it closely, it vanishes into smoke. 1st. The male population, generally speaking, whether middle-class, operatives, or peasants, were exceedingly cold in their demeanour. 2nd. The authorities manifested clearly enough, by an excess of precautionary measures, a strong distrust in the enthusiasm of the Alsations—those brave and sturdy electors of 1848, '49, and '50. Access to the station was prevented by a regular *cordon sanitaire*. The Government, too, had secured hostages in the different quarters of Strasbourg, and had made respectable inhabitants of that city responsible for the tranquillity of the rest of the population.

I now come to what the Préfet of Strasbourg called "the great demonstration of the peasantry of Alsace"—that is to say, the *défilé* of rustic cars, covered with garlands of flowers, and filled with young girls. It was *not* a demonstration of the peasantry and operatives of Alsace, but of the *master manufacturers*. These masters compelled their workmen to lend their daughters for the ceremony. They drew up those enthusiastic inscriptions. The workmen submitted with a good grace: they have endured more and worse, in the hope of a better day to come. The young work-

girls who adorned the rustic cars, displayed their enthusiasm according to order, but in their own way. Yes! they did throw their bouquets at the President, as they paired in order before him; but what the Government journals don't tell us is, that they made a sly game of throwing them at the President's face: the fun was who could hit him on the nose!

The popular enthusiasm is reduced by examination to the enthusiasm of the soldiers. The nine regiments of infantry filed past the President shouting *Vive Napoléon*; a company of the 17th light infantry cried *Vive l'Empereur*; the artillery came next—the commanders making some show of respect—the privates keeping strict silence. Then came the cuirassiers and the lancers, who, as usual, indulged in loud acclamations.

Such is the truth, the real truth, (*la vérité vraie*), as M. de Lasteyrie once said in the Assembly in noticing the falsehoods of the Government. Certain significant facts, which the journals carefully abstained from relating, have to be mentioned. First, immediately after the passage of the President through Chalons and Nancy, a great number of arrests were effected; for the purpose, it would seem, of moderating the counter-enthusiasm of certain citizens. At Strasbourg there were several arrests, notably that of M. Genin, a respected merchant in that city. Another fact I may relate is as follows:—Among the official rejoicings there was a *mât de cocagne* (greasy pole) erected. This is nothing more than a very lofty pole, well greased with soap and tallow to make its ascent difficult; and on the top is a large crown stuffed with watches, jewels, money, silk handkerchiefs, &c., the prize of the winner. A young man who had got to the top of the pole shouted out *Vive la République*, as he plucked away the *foulard* which was hanging from the summit of the poll. The shout was caught up by the whole crowd.

Louis Bonaparte remained only two days at Strasbourg. He crossed the Rhine into the Grand Duchy of Baden, on a visit to his cousin, the Princess Stéphanie. Whereupon rumours of marriage, quite unfounded. It was asserted that the President had gone into Baden to have an interview with a young Princess of the ancient house of Wasa. The fact is, that he went into Baden chiefly in order to establish a precedent. He was anxious to assert his right to leave the national territory. The precedent will allow him, on his approaching journey into the south, to go as far as Rome, where he proposes to obtain the benediction of the Pope.

Après of this trip into Baden, the *Moniteur* published the following fiction;—"The Prince President has resolved to remain at Strasbourg two or three days longer than he had intended, in order to testify to the population of Alsace his gratitude for the warm reception they have given him." Now, he did nothing of the sort, for he went into Baden.

On Friday the President returned to Paris. He made his solemn entry after the ceremonial prescribed for the entry of Kings. He advanced one step more towards the secret aim of his ambition. The announcement of his return roused the whole city. The faubourgs of St. Denis and St. Martin, and the Boulevards, were crowded with a dense mass of people. The clergy were in waiting, and all the public functionaries. The entire army of Paris, to the number of 40,000 men, was ranged in two lines from the railway terminus to the *Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile*. The President's entry was hailed by ringing of the church bells and by salutes of cannon. As he left the station, cries of *Vive Napoleon* proceeded from a number of persons present. At the Porte St. Denis the cortège was received with an icy silence, as also throughout the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle. At the corner of the Boulevard Poissonnière, a group of *Decembrillards* shouted *Vive l'Empereur*; on the Boulevard des Italiens some cries of *Vive Napoleon* were uttered by a knot of waiters of the *Café Tortoni*. Louis Bonaparte passed through Paris, without halting, on his way to St. Cloud, there to lay his laurels at the feet of the presiding Goddess of the place.

The title of "Highness," bestowed upon the President by the official journals, in their reports of the entry into Paris, has been remarked. Everybody asks, *What sort of Highness?* Is it Royal Highness?—is it Imperial Highness? Every one discerns another link in the chain that leads to the Empire. Besides, the Imperial Household is now complete; all the offices are distributed.

M. Beville has been appointed *Préfet du Palais*, and M. Merle sous-préfet of the said *Palais*. I have in former letters mentioned the names of the other officers of the Household of the future Emperor. There is, after all, no reason to be surprised at Bonaparte's assuming the title of Highness: he has already made all his adherents Counts and Barons. The *Moniteur* has not registered any of these nominations which are

done in a corner (*sous le manteau de la cheminée*), but they are not the less public. It is thus that the first stone of the new buildings of the Louvre, which has just been laid, bears an inscription to the effect that it has been laid by the Comte de Casabianca. What is hidden from men is confided to the earth! It was so with the secret of Midas. On Sunday last, this first stone was laid. The ceremony was marked by no incident. M. de Casabianca made the only speech, in which the following passage was remarked:—"You know the destination of the buildings whose foundations we are laying. The same *enceinte* is destined to contain the residence of the Chief of the State, three Ministries, the telegraphs, the national printing-office, and an imposing military force." Thus the most active and most energetic forces of Government will be concentrated in the hands of the man to whom France has, by an unanimous vote, confided the trust of her destinies, and who, watching ceaselessly for her repose and for her prosperity, will be able to transmit in an instant to the most remote provinces the expression of his sovereign will. This address raises Bonaparte at once to the rank of Sovereign. France is henceforth nothing. She is asleep. It is Bonaparte who watches for her. France is no longer Sovereign. Bonaparte is Sovereign in her place.

You see it is always the same fixed thought in different guises. As to the concentration in the Tuileries of the seat of government, the ministries, the telegraph, and the national printing-office, this idea is stolen from M. Emile de Girardin, who, as long ago as 1838, drew up a plan of reconstruction of the Tuileries for the purpose. In 1848, M. de Girardin lost no time in showing this plan to M. Persigny and to Louis Bonaparte, and in expatiating on its importance. The latter find a malicious pleasure, no doubt, in now adopting the plan, the more so, that such a concentration at the Tuileries of all the springs of administration, becomes a very formidable instrument of despotism. M. de Girardin unwittingly forged a whip to scourge his own country! There begins to be a good deal of talk about the forthcoming fête of August 15, as if it were to be the sale of the empire. But the rumour deserves no credit. The veto of the Emperor of Russia still threatens, and the Princess of Lieven was unable to raise it. The whole fête will be limited to a distribution of eagles to what remains of the national guard, purged by Bonaparte. It will be a pale copy of the fête of the 15th of May. The progress to the south is also much discussed. Bonaparte is determined to undertake it in spite of his *entourage*. The authorities have received orders to prepare the ground. The journals are full of government puffs. Every town, we are to believe, is to have its railway, its canal, &c. All the munificent expectations of a budget of 1800 millions of francs, are presented to the dazzled eyes of the constituencies. For instance, Marseilles, among other towns, is promised a grand scheme of irrigation, for cleansing, and improving the sanitary condition of, the port.

The arrival of the President at Bordeaux is announced for September 5th, at Marseilles for the 20th, and at Lyons for the 27th of the same month. Meanwhile, a modification of the Ministry is spoken of. MM. Magne and Fould are to return to office, the former to the Public Works, the latter to Finance. Persigny is to become Minister of State, MM. Casabianca and Lefebvre Durullé to give up their Ministerial portfolios, and retire upon the dignity of Senators.

The departmental elections begin to occupy some attention. The provincial journals publish numerous lists of candidates. Among the opposition a general compromise of opinions is observable. The Government, on the other hand, lets slip no opportunity of intrigue. At Cherbourg, the sous-préfet lately addressed a note to the *Journal de Cherbourg* combating the election of a certain candidate, with an order to the newspaper to publish his note without rectification or commentary of any kind, inducing the public to believe that the note proceeded from the editorial direction of the paper. As this fact might possibly appear strange to you, on the part of a government so "popular" as Bonaparte's, I give you the notification in question, word for word:—"The sous-préfet of Cherbourg, by the terms of Art. 19 of the Decree of February 17, 1852, requires of M. Lecauf, Editor and Proprietor of the *Journal de Cherbourg*, to insert, by way of notification, at the head of the number of his journal, to appear on Sunday the 18th instant, the following article, which must neither be followed nor preceded by any comments, not even by this present requisition." Now, what was this article the Sous-préfet demanded to have inserted without comment? It was simply a false imputation to get rid of a legitimist candidate.

Such are the means employed by the Government to perpetuate the existing régime, and as such means succeed, noodles bow their heads, and salute the perpetrator as a beneficent genius. I hope that your English

readers, at least, will refuse to bend the head before success obtained by means like these.

The press, or what remains of it, is visited with continual warnings. The *sous-préfet* of Noyon has gone so far as to forbid a newspaper of that town to speak disparagingly of Marie Antoinette. What can that signify, you will say? Don't you see, I reply, the pretension of Louis Bonaparte to be the grand-nephew of the Queen of France? When the Emperor Napoleon married Marie Louise, he rubbed his hands, and said to his entourage with a chuckle, "Now, then, I am the nephew of Louis XVI." So that Louis Bonaparte, the nephew of his uncle, as he is called in France, is also the grand-nephew of Louis XVI, and Marie Antoinette. But one thing is now wanting to the President; it is to have the Crown upon his brow, whether royal or imperial, matters little. The petitioning has begun again in good earnest. A rather noticeable affair has taken place in connexion with the movement. Petitions for the re-establishment of the Empire are in active circulation in the *Charente*. A certain M. Brunet, a retired officer, living at Angoulême, endeavoured, it seems, to prevent the petitions receiving adhesions. A "communicated" note appeared in the Angoulême journals, blaming this interference of M. Brunet, and a judicial inquiry has been commenced against him. Those who refuse to sign are prosecuted: then everybody will sign; but will Bonaparte be carried to the throne by popular acclamations? I leave to the next revolution to answer the question. S.

CONTINENTAL NOTES.

In the spring, it may be remembered, we alluded more than once to a series of notes exchanged between Russia, Prussia, and Austria, on the possible and probable re-establishment of the Napoleonic Empire in France. The upshot of these notes of the three great powers was, that they might conditionally tolerate, as a government *de facto*, an elective Empire; but that any attempt at reviving an hereditary usurpation in denial of the paramount rights of the house of Bourbon, would not only not obtain their recognition, but encounter their emphatic resistance—first, in the shape of a protest addressed to France herself and to all the European powers, and then in such "ulterior measures" as, after due conference, they might think fit to take. They disavowed any interference with the independence of France as to her internal government, but the hereditary right to the throne being an international as well as a national principle, they were resolved, if that right should be usurped, to defend it,—recognising no other dynasty than the Bourbons, and no other claimant than the Comte de Chambord. The *Morning Chronicle* of Wednesday last published, exclusively, an analysis of this treaty, dated May 20, 1852, and signed, ratified, and exchanged between Russia, Austria, and Prussia.

This convention, like the treaty of the 26th of September, 1815, is placed by the three Sovereigns under the invocation of the most holy and undivided Trinity. Their Majesties the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, and the Emperor of Russia, considering—

That the basis of European order is hereditary right, that in that respect there is a joint responsibility and interest (*solidarité*) between all European States; considering also that, as regards France, the House of Bourbon personifies and represents the hereditary right, and that the present head of that house is the Comte de Chambord;

That the power exercised by M. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte is a power *de facto*, which cannot even prop itself up with the pretended right of the Emperor Napoleon, since the latter voluntarily renounced, by the first article of the treaty of Fontainebleau, "for himself, his successors, and descendants, as well as for each member of his family, all the rights of sovereignty and domination, as well over the French nation and the kingdom of Italy, as over any other country."

That, according to the rules of international right, the violation of the treaty of Fontainebleau by the Emperor Napoleon, while it released the Powers from the engagements taken by them with respect to him, did not release him from his renunciation, for himself and his descendants, of the crown of France;

That, moreover, the very origin of the present power of the President of the French Republic is the negation of hereditary right;

For all these motives, and for many others which it is useless to enumerate, the subscribers to the present convention consider it their duty to determine beforehand, and by common accord, the conduct which they ought to hold in the event that one or other of the eventualities above enumerated should present themselves.

In the case that the Prince Louis Bonaparte, present President of the French Republic, should get himself elected by universal suffrage as Emperor for life, the Powers will not recognise that new form of elective power till after explanations shall have been demanded from Prince Louis Bonaparte, as to the sense and meaning of his new title, and after he shall have taken an engagement—first, to respect the treaties; secondly, not to endeavour to extend the territorial limits of France; and, thirdly, formally to renounce all pretension to the continuation of founding of a dynasty.

In the case that the Prince Louis Bonaparte should declare himself hereditary Emperor, the Powers will not recognise the new Emperor, and will address to the French Government, as well as to all the other European Governments, a protest founded on the principles of public law and on the letter of the treaties. They will afterwards consult, according to the circumstances, as to the ulterior measures which they may think it necessary to take. In the case that a popular or military movement should over-

turn the Government of Prince Louis Bonaparte, or simply in the case of the death of that personage, the Powers bind and oblige themselves to aid and favour by all means in their power the restoration of the legitimate heir of the Crown, and in the sequel they will recognise no other dynasty but that of the Bourbons, and no other claimant but M. Comte de Chambord. In acting thus they protest beforehand against the imputation of wishing to attack the independence of France. France is free to organize her internal government as she chooses, and the Powers do not reject the system called constitutional, any more than they reject any other system.

But the recognition of legitimate and hereditary royalty does not interest France alone; it interests all European States. It is a national principle in as far as regards France, and an international principle in as far as regards the other European Powers. It is on this account that the right and the duty devolve upon the Sovereigns of defending that principle, and of assisting it to triumph in as far as that depends upon them.

This convention is signed—Francis Joseph, Frederick William, Nicolas.

The funeral obsequies of Marshal Exelmans took place on Tuesday, with all the military honours due to his splendid services in the battles of the Empire. The cortege was composed of detachments from the army of Paris, and the highest civil and military dignitaries followed the hearse. The Archbishop of Paris performed the service in the Chapel of the Invalides, in which the surviving comrades of the deceased were assembled to pay the last respects. Louis Napoleon arrived expressly from St. Cloud, dressed in the uniform of a Lieutenant-General, and attended by a large suite of aides-de-camp. Among the distinguished persons present at the ceremony, General Petit, Governor of the Invalides—"his hair white as snow, and his form bent with years"—was particularly noticed. M. de Ravignan, the brother-in-law of the deceased, was also present.

General Gourgaud is dead, after a lingering illness. He, too, was an old soldier of the Empire, an aide-de-camp of the Emperor, and subsequently of Louis Philippe, to whom he was warmly attached. His devotedness to the house of Orleans threw a slight shadow on his position under the régime of the nephew of his first and greatest master. He was buried on Wednesday at the Church of St. Thomas d'Aquin with due pomp.

The *Moniteur* of Wednesday has the following *ad captandum* announcement:—"The still increasing amount of cash in hand belonging to the Treasury has enabled the Minister of Finance to reimburse to the Bank of France 25,000,000*fr.*, on account of the 50,000,000*fr.* lent by the Bank, in March, 1848." That sum was paid on the 26th instant.

In the *Moniteur* of Thursday, decrees appeared appointing Drouyn de L'Huys Minister for Foreign Affairs; Magne for Public Works; Lefebvre Duruflé, Senator.

M. Baroche is to take part in the business of the Council of Ministers.

The Elector of Hesse Cassel having dispensed with the oath on the constitution, the Chambers have been opened. It is said, however, that as soon as the Hessian Government shall have got the grant of a loan of a quarter of a million sterling "for the expense of restoring federal and constitutional order in the Electorate" the Chambers will be prorogued.

Letters from Turin of the 24th instant state that Ministers had met to consider the expediency of taking proceedings against the signers of the declaration of the Episcopacy of Savoy against the Civil Marriage Bill. They, however, agreed that, as the bill had not yet received the sanction of the Senate or been promulgated by the King, it had not acquired a legal character, and that consequently bishops, as well as all other citizens, had a right to make known their opinion on its merits.

General Guglielmo Pépe, celebrated in the wars of Italian independence, and now an exile, was lately passing through the town of St. Rimo (Piedmont). The national guard was desirous of paying him some public mark of respect, but the Intendant of the town forbade any demonstration.

Mr. Moore, the British Consul at Ancona, has been very insultingly called to account by Monseigneur Amici, the Papal Governor of Ancona, for what the latter calls "an infraction of the pratique regulations" in that port. Mr. Moore, it seems, had brought a friend on shore from a Trieste steamer without the required Papal Consul's visa, after vainly endeavouring to hunt up the proper authorities in the town, in order to get the slight irregularity rectified. The Correspondent of the *Daily News* writes, that his "Reverence has become the laughing stock of the town by the circulation of his letter, and the foreign consuls are disgusted at its tone."

We commend the following to the attention of our ultra-Protestant ministry and their Exeter Hall supporters. It will test the sincerity of that Protestant zeal which we have hitherto found to be nothing better but bigotry at home and subservience abroad. We take the account textually from the Naples correspondence of the *Daily News*:

Mr. Hamilton is an English Protestant schoolmaster, who settled in Naples early in 1848, and opened a Protestant school for the instruction of English and Swiss boys. His establishment rapidly increased, and, therefore, attracted the jealousy of the Neapolitan ecclesiastical authorities. Not being able to treat Mr. Hamilton as they had treated the Swiss, he became the object of indirect annoyance. The police visited the parents of his pupils, and endeavoured to influence such as had any connexion with or dependence on government employment. Some were induced to withdraw their children under fear of the parent losing his appointment (engineer, for example) in Naples. Other Protestant parents, having less protection than British subjects, were equally intimidated; and by such means Mr. Hamilton's establishment was reduced to some dozen children of purely English parents.

Such was the state of things when Mr. Hamilton, a few

days since, was called before the police, and told to shut up his school; that the Government could no longer allow a Protestant school to exist in Naples. Mr. Hamilton replied, that he carried on his business of schoolmaster by right of treaty; that he had never offended the law, and would not therefore comply with the unjust demand of closing his school.

Soon after this interview, the police suddenly entered the house of Mr. Hamilton, and turned out all the boys by force, some of whom, their parents not being in Naples, were positively in the streets, not knowing where to go. This unjustifiable act was immediately communicated to Sir W. Temple, who no doubt has taken immediate steps to protect Mr. Hamilton. It is a subject on which the home Government ought to express their opinion, if British subjects are to be allowed to reside in Naples as traders or visitors.

An extract of the treaty between her Majesty Queen Victoria and his Sicilian Majesty will at once discover the illegality practised towards Mr. Hamilton.

"Their dwellings (those of British subjects), warehouses, and all premises appertaining thereto, destined for purposes of residence or commerce, shall be respected. No arbitrary search of, or visit to, the houses of British subjects, and no arbitrary examination or inspection whatever of books, papers, or accounts of their trade shall be made; but such measures shall be executed only in conformity with the legal sentence of a competent tribunal."—Article 3. Treaty signed April 29, 1845.

The entrance of the police, therefore, in Mr. Hamilton's house was a direct violation of the treaty, and the sudden expulsion of some dozen boys from their forms into the streets was an act of petty cruelty, worthy of the Neapolitan police.

If treaties are to be respected, now is the time to act; for should such offences be allowed to be passed over without ample apology and compensation, they will assuredly be repeated all over the world by such governments as that which now misrules the Two Sicilies.

RAILWAY "ACCIDENTS."

THE BURNLEY VERDICT.

THE jury before whom the circumstances of the railway accident at Burnley were investigated have returned the following verdict:—

"We find that the four deceased lost their lives at the Burnley station of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway accidentally, in consequence of the return of the Goole excursion train running into the siding instead of the main line connected with the East Lancashire Railway, and coming in contact with the buffers fixed in the masonry of the abutment of the bridge at the terminus of the said siding, thereby causing a violent concussion to those carriages at the head of the train, and the total demolition of the body of the carriage in which the deceased were found. The cause of the train being thus run on the siding the jury attribute to the points on the wooden bridge being closed when the train passed, which should otherwise have been opened to shunt the train on to the main line. It appears to the jury, from the evidence produced, that there were only two guards, each working a brake, for this train, consisting of thirty-five carriages, and containing upwards of 1000 passengers, which they consider were quite inadequate to check the impetus of such a train descending an incline; and that had more guards accompanied the train to work the brakes, or had the engines not been detached from the train, but their action had been reversed in descending the incline, the jury are decidedly of opinion this accident would have been, if not entirely prevented, very much less fatal in its consequences. The jury are unanimously agreed that the sole cause of this accident was owing to the deficiency of guards and pointsmen to let the train safely down the incline into the station, and to the employment of incompetent and irresponsible men, and to the want of order and discipline amongst the company's servants generally, and the total absence of any responsible person to direct and superintend the safe arrival and unloading of the train; and they feel bound to state that the greatest negligence was displayed by the executive officials of the railway company on this occasion. It is the opinion of the jury there is great blame to be attached to the selection of carriages for this train—more particularly on account of their inequality in size and difference in the height above the rails to the centre of the buffers, as given in evidence. At the same time the jury wish to record that they had no opportunity of forming an opinion of their condition and construction, as the whole were removed before they were called upon to visit the station. In conclusion, the jury beg to submit to the directors of this railway that in their opinion the siding into which the ordinary arrival trains run is fraught with danger, in consequence of being situated at the bottom of an incline, and terminating against a strong, dead buffer."

The Coroner inquired if their verdict as to death was "accidental." They replied in the affirmative.

It is not easy, from the evidence upon which this verdict was founded, to make out a very clear account of the affair. But this seems at least made out—that the points at which the train turned from its intended course were left by the regular pointsman in charge of a man named Crabtree, who was not employed by the company, but was in the habit of relieving the regular officers, for the sake of what he could get casually by carrying passengers' luggage. This Crabtree had again, for some reason which does not seem clear, left his post in the care of a man named Bridge, a blacksmith, who also was not employed by the company, and who was quite unaccustomed to so important a post. The engine which brought the train was detached at the top of the incline, and preceded the train. When it came

to the points turning off to the engine-house, which are a short distance from those at which Bridge was stationed, the driver called out, "Turn me into the shed." Bridge, hearing this request, left the spot where he was standing, and went to the shed points and turned the engine into the shed. Before he could return to the other points, the train had begun to pass through. On this occasion the train followed more closely upon the engine than is usual in such cases. As to the question whether the two guards were sufficient to manage the train, all the officers of the company who were examined agree that two are sufficient; but on the other hand, it is clear that the guard, Charles Smith, who had care of one of the breaks, when he found the train was going wrong, was unable to stop it, and that the other breaks were not used. With regard to the buffers of the carriages being of unequal height (those of the carriages in which the sufferers were seated being higher than those of the next), the guard stated that such an arrangement was decidedly dangerous, and that a slight check might make such a carriage rear up.

A plan is proposed to ventilate railway carriages by fixing horizontal tubes, with bell mouths, to the roofs, so as to catch the air when in motion, and direct it into the carriage. The stream of air is to be directed by passing through wire gauge screens, while outward currents are produced by deflecting windows, composed by vertical panes of glass, so mounted as to turn in any way according to the direction of the train.

A train of empty carriages and trucks, passing down the South Eastern Railway on Monday evening, was shunted on to the up line of rails at Headcome, to allow the down mail train to pass it, when the Paris tidal train from Folkestone came up. The driver of the latter train disregarded the signals which indicated to him that he should stop, and ran into the stationary train with such force as to knock over two trucks on to the down line in front of the mail train. A double collision was thus caused. Several passengers were bruised and hurt but none killed.

A collision took place on Wednesday week, at Stockton, on the Leeds Northern Railway, at the junction with the Clarence and Hartlepool Railway. Several persons were severely injured, two of whom have died. One of the latter is Mr. Thomas Grainger, civil engineer, of Craig-park, who suffered a compound fracture of the right leg, which brought on mortification. An inquest was held on Monday, when it was proved that, in order to pass from the Clarence line to the Leeds Northern, the trains have to use the reverse lines of the former railway for some distance, that is to say, the down trains have to pass along the up-line, and *vice versa*. In this way a passenger train and a goods train were approaching each other in opposite directions, both upon the down pair of rails. The passenger train had just entered the points in order to turn off to the other line when the goods train met it, running into the tender, and making great havoc of the luggage van and the three first carriages. As far as the evidence can be consistently understood, there does not seem to be any blame to be imputed to the servants of the company.

THE STOCKPORT RIOTS.

THE inquiry before the magistrates was concluded on the part of the prosecution on Saturday.

Some witnesses made charges against Michael Murray and James Lomas, two of the prisoners, the former among other things being accused of having said—"We'll wash our hands in Protestant blood, and walk over their heads for stones;" but as both of them were discharged we have not given the evidence against them.

Margaret Marlow testified that she saw the prisoner Samuel Preston breaking open the poor-box at the Edgeley chapel, on the night of the riot. He inserted his hand into the broken box, and afterward put it, closed, into his trousers pocket, she being unable to see whether he had anything in it.

Theresa Army saw Mark Gleave, another of the prisoners, stirring up the fire outside the priest's house. She saw him about two o'clock the next morning in Walker's-yard, Brook-street, with about twenty people, armed with truncheons, breaking into some cellars inhabited by Irish. They destroyed the furniture and dragged the men away, threatening to kill them if they did not go.

Other witnesses were called, who proved nothing important, except that Hamlet Hulme and Mark Gleave were in the Edgeley chapel during the riot.

The magistrates, after retiring for an hour and three quarters, determined that the following prisoners should be discharged, viz.:—Michael Murray, James Lomas, Peter Rowbottom, Henry Oliver, John Watson, William Wood, and George Potts. Against the following the magistrates were of opinion that a case was made out, which they would have to answer: Patrick O'Hara, James Finn, Michael McDermott, Thomas Garvey, James Walsh, Thomas Murphy, Patrick Naughten, Thomas Ferney, George Pell, Samuel Royle, Henry Rhodes, William Buttrey, Mark Gleave, Henry Ashton, Thomas Edwards, John Slater, Samuel Preston, Thomas Walker, Joseph Birch, Samuel Williamson, and Thomas Gardner. As to George Parry and Hamlet

Hulme, they were willing to take any evidence they might have to offer in their defence.

Mr. Gibson reserved the defence on behalf of his clients. The court was adjourned till Wednesday, when other witnesses were heard, and Royle and Rhodes were discharged.

CAPTAIN AARON SMITH; OR, A "CAPITAL COACHMAN."

CAPTAIN AARON SMITH, of 8, Stafford-street, Piccadilly, described as having commanded his own ships, but living at present as a private gentleman, was summoned before Alderman Humphery, charged with the following assault upon an omnibus-driver:—

George Hoby, driver, No. 4014, on one of the city Atlas omnibuses, running between London-bridge Railway-station and St. John's Wood, said: On Monday week last, the 19th of July, I was driving up Holborn-hill. Captain Smith was driving a four-wheeled phaeton before me at a very slow pace. I asked him to go on or pull on one side, as the road was very slippery. He stood up in the phaeton, and asked me if I was speaking to him, and then, giving the reins to his friend, he commenced laying on to me with the horsewhip. I asked him why he did it, and he then drew up his vehicle to my left, and said, "D—n your eyes, I'll tell you what I did it for." I called for the police, when he repeated the same violent expression, and said, "I'll give you police," and he layed into me again with the horsewhip. I'm a good whip myself, but from the manner in which he used his, I think he must be a capital coachman. (Laughter.) He then drew the phaeton round into Bartlett's-buildings, and I followed to ask for his name and address. He then offered to fight me, but I refused, and he struck me, and, kicking up my hat, said, "Take that, you d—d English dog;" and from that I thought he was a Frenchman, but his appearance is not like one. (Laughter.) He promised to give the policeman his name and address, so I drove on, and took out a summons against him.

Cross-examined by Captain Smith: I might have run against your phaeton, but not until you stopped. I did not call you a tailor; nor did I offer to thrash you; I did not attempt to strike you with my whip, for you twitched it out of my hand when you first began horsewhipping me.

Mr. J. Egan, a merchant, of 24, Abchurch-lane, said: I was on the outside of the omnibus, seated on the box by the side of the driver. I heard the driver ask the defendant (Captain Smith) to go on or pull on one side. Captain Smith pulled up suddenly, and the pole of the omnibus touched the iron-work of the phaeton behind, and merely turned the box seat over. Captain Smith immediately stood up, and threatened to horsewhip the driver; upon which I advised him to be careful in what he did, as he might strike those he did not wish to touch. He then said "Oh, you d—d scoundrel, I'll horsewhip the whole lot of you," there being at that time several other gentlemen on the box beside myself. He then pulled a little on one side, and struck at the driver repeatedly with his whip. He then pulled round to the near side of the road, and again applied the whip about the driver's head and face in a very violent manner.

Cross-examined by Captain Smith: I am accustomed to drive. I am sure the driver did not attempt to pass you; and if he had, there would not have been room. He did not strike your vehicle until you drew up, and then very slightly.

Mr. Cecil Harvey corroborated the testimony of the last witness and the complainant, and added that it was he that advised the latter to get down and obtain the Captain's name and address.

Mr. Alexander Stuart, of Cambridge-square, gave evidence to the same effect, and added, that it was the most savage attack, on the part of Captain Smith, he had ever witnessed.

Alderman Humphery observed that, as far as he could see, the Captain appeared to have treated the driver as though he was one of the men under his command.

Captain Smith said the Alderman had not heard the whole of the case, yet—

Alderman Humphery said, certainly not; he was not giving his decision, but only an opinion upon the evidence as it then stood, and he was now prepared to hear Captain Smith in his defence.

Captain Smith then said that the driver of the omnibus twice struck the phaeton before he (Captain Smith) stopped or took any notice of it, and then he certainly did threaten to horsewhip him if he did it again. He heard some chaffing going on among the gentlemen on the box at his expense. He also heard them advising the driver to get down and give him (Captain Smith) a thrashing, as he was only a tailor. He (Captain Smith) then asked the gentlemen to come down, and offered to thrash any one of them, whereupon the driver got down and followed him into Bartlett's-buildings. He then struck the driver, who called out, like a cur as he was, and said, "Oh, I did not come down to fight." Captain Smith then said, "Did you not? D—n your eyes, then, what brought you down at all? Your place is up there" (pointing to the omnibus). He further alleged, that although he had applied the whip as the complainant stated, it could not hurt much, as it was only a small phaeton whip—a mere rat's tail.

Mr. Robert Tatt, of Grove-cottage, Hampstead, was then called for the defence, and confirmed the statement made by the Captain, and at the same time corroborated many of the facts mentioned by the complainant. He also saw the parties sparring in Bartlett's-buildings, but could not describe exactly what took place, as he was some distance off at the time.

Alderman Humphery said it was a very wanton and unprovoked assault, and if the case were sent to the sessions the consequences to Captain Smith might be very serious. However, in this instance it was his intention to fine him 40s. for the assault, and order him to be mulct in

the expenses of 6s. for two summonses, 5s. for the driver's loss of time, and 2s. for the damage to his hat; all of which were immediately paid by Captain Smith, who said he only regretted one of the gentlemen on the omnibus did not come down instead of the driver, for they encouraged him (the driver) to commit a most shameful and cowardly attack upon him (Captain Smith).

Alderman Humphery reminded Captain Smith that the witnesses for the complainant were all gentlemen of the highest respectability, and ought not, therefore, to be spoken of so lightly as Captain Smith had done.

Captain Smith said, "they might be gentlemen, but he very much doubted it," and he then left the court, but, so far from being dissatisfied with the decision, on reaching the outside of the court entrance he expressed himself to the effect that he fully expected to have been fined 10s., but at all events (the law limiting the penalty to 5s.) he had 3s. to spend, and concluded by cordially inviting the driver to adjourn with him to a neighbouring tavern to partake of a friendly glass with him—an honour which the complainant prudently declined, fearing, with the Captain's excitable temperament, and having come off, as he said, "so cheaply," that another breach of the peace might occur.

"MR. MONTAGUE TIGG" REDIVIVUS.

THE case of the Australian Gold Mining and Emigration Company, which was mentioned in last week's *Leader*, was again brought before Sir Robert Carden on Saturday, on which occasion Lord Kilworth, Mr. Rushton Reed, and Major Hawkes, who were named in the prospectus as directors, as well as Mr. Dawson, who was named as solicitor to the Company, were present; and all of them denied having any knowledge of the affair.

Henry Graham Montague and C. Julius Tripe, who had acted as clerks for the Company, were charged with having defrauded several persons of sums of money.

John Jones, a farmer, stated that, being desirous to emigrate, his notice had been attracted by advertisement at No. 6, Austinfriars, and he had accordingly applied to Tripe, who had engaged to procure him a passage for 22l. He had been to see the *Camilla*, the first mate of which vessel had told him that the ship had been looked at by the Company. He afterwards paid a deposit of 11l. to Tripe, and took a receipt for the sum. He had seen a bill of the Company promising medical attendance, a pint of porter a day, and a bottle of wine every week during the voyage. He had sometimes expressed suspicions, but had always been told by Tripe, "It's all right." He had once inquired about the members of the Company, and had been told that "there was a company, and they sat on Tuesdays and Fridays."

A lad, named James Abraham Thorne, had been engaged by Tripe as a clerk. He said he had never written letters calling the directors together. Since he had been engaged the Company had had three offices. A great many persons had called at the offices about shipping, but he had never seen or heard of Lord Kilworth. In reply to Sir Robert Carden, he said he had never taken cash to the Commercial Bank of London (the bank named in the prospectus), and he did not think any one else from the office had ever been there.

Sir Robert Carden said it had been ascertained that they never had had a shilling at that bank. The Alderman read a prospectus, which was without a list of directors, and he said it was very probable that the prospectus containing the names was kept for those who were likely to become dupes; while the other might be circulated in all cases with impunity.

Another lad, named Denham, had been engaged as a clerk. He had never received his wages, and there was owing to him 17l. or 18l. He had frequently seen passengers come to the office, and pay down their money. He had himself seen 30l. or 40l. paid at a time, and had heard many clamouring for their money. Those who complained generally had their money back from Tripe and Montague.

A clerk of Messrs. Willis and Co., the ship-brokers to the ship *Camilla*, stated that he had had some negotiations with Tripe and Montague, with a view to their chartering the *Camilla*, but no arrangement was effected. No person was ever authorized, on behalf of the Australian Gold Mining and Emigration Company, to engage passengers on board the *Camilla*.

Another charge was made against Tripe by James Gowland, who had applied at the offices of the Company for a passage for his nephew to Australia. He had been told by Tripe that they had a very nice ship bound for Australia, called the *Medicis*. He wished to keep his money till the vessel was ready, but Tripe said he must pay at once, or the place would not be kept. He accordingly paid 9l., being half the price of a steerage passage; being at the same time assured, that if the vessel did not sail the money would be returned.

The broker to the ship *Medicis* proved that Tripe had no authority to engage passengers for that vessel. The receipt for the 9l. had been signed by Tripe for the

charterers. He said he had had a long negotiation with Montague as to chartering the vessel, but that it had been broken off for want of a guarantee.

Sir Robert Carden considered that no cases could be proved with greater clearness than those we have above related. He should commit the prisoners for trial at the conclusion of the next day's examination. He declared that all whose names had appeared upon the prospectus as directors were completely exonerated from imputation or suspicion. The prisoners were remanded for a week.

A TRAGEDY OF "REMORSE."

AN Irish pedlar, named Christopher Smith, has been arrested, accused of murdering George Bush, in December last, at Priston, a village near Bath. Smith, when apprehended by Mr. Hughes, chief of the Bath police, said he should make a clean confession of it, and then told Mr. Hughes as follows:—

"I was at the public-house, and at the time selling lucifers and other little things. I had half a pint of beer, and I saw the man I murdered pull out his purse, which tempted me. I followed him from the public-house until he went two or three fields over a stile, and when he got seventy or eighty yards, I tripped him up with my foot. He fell on the back of his head, and called out 'Murder,' very loudly, and said to me, 'Do you want to murder me?' I replied to him 'Yes.' The prisoner, then looking at his arms, said, 'I was then much stronger and more active than I am now, and I held him a few minutes, and drew my knife across his throat two or three times, and he never moved afterwards. There was not much struggling, as it was soon over. I knelt on him, and when I was on him the blood came over me, and I tore up some grass and stuffed it into the cut. I then took his purse, but did not get more than seven or eight shillings. I thought he had more, or it would not have happened. I am sorry for it. It was a cold-blooded deed, and one of the worst murders that ever was done. I slept in a cart-house that night, and in barns and under haystacks ever since; but wherever I was I could not rest, as I saw the man. It was a dreadful thing to have on the mind, and I am perfectly prepared to die for it."

Smith was brought before the magistrates at Bath, on Saturday, on which occasion the following evidence was brought forward. Two persons proved that they found the body lying near a footpath in a field, on the morning after the murder. One described it as having the throat cut from ear to ear, the wound being stuffed with grass. The pockets were turned inside out, apparently by a hand with blood upon it. George Bush had been seen at the "Ring of Bells" public-house, at Priston, on the night before; one man saw him put his hand into his pocket, and heard money rattle. The landlady saw there on the same evening a man whom she thought was Smith.

A servant said that a man came to the house of her master, at Priston, on the day of the murder, with a basket of needles, pins, and laces. She knew him well by sight, and identified Smith as the man. A labourer had seen a man, whom he believed to be the prisoner, about eight o'clock on the morning after the murder, sitting on a bank by the road-side, near the "King of Bells," wiping his shoes with a piece of paper. Ann Bateman saw the prisoner about ten o'clock on the same morning, on the road from Priston, about a mile and a half nearer to Bath than the place where he was seen by the last witness. A woman was with him, and was doing something to the front of his shirt, upon which the witness saw some spots of blood. She stopped to see what was going on, and the woman said—"What the devil are you looking at?"

A surgeon stated, that the throat was cut from ear to ear, the wound going through to the spine. He thought this wound must have taken several cuts from a sharp instrument to produce it. This witness examined the hands of the prisoner, and found the scar of a cut on the fore-finger of the left hand. Hughes here stated that the prisoner had told him that he had got his finger bit in holding back the head of the victim.

As the magistrates were consulting whether they should call more witnesses, the prisoner called out,— "You have evidence enough, gentlemen, to hang twenty men, without having any more." He said he had nothing more to say.

He was committed for trial for the Wilful Murder of George Bush.

CHILD MURDERS.

A WOMAN, named Louisa Walborn, was tried on Friday week at the Dorchester assizes for the wilful murder of her child.

Mary Ann Sheppicke, who admitted, on cross examination, that her past life had been decidedly "incorrect" in various particulars, stated that Walborn had come to live at her house early in the present year, being at that time pregnant. About ten weeks after that time the prisoner was easily delivered of a fine male child. She was left alone with her infant. In about half an hour Sheppicke, being in an adjoining

room, heard the infant scream twice, and called out—"What is the matter with the baby?" The prisoner said, "sick." Another scream. To a second inquiry, the mother said it was in a "kind of fit," and might be better again. The daughter of the witness then fetched the child, and its lips were seen to be black, and its mouth all burnt. The witness went to the mother, and asked what she had done to the child. She said she had done nothing. No other person could have gone into the room. There was a window which could easily have been opened by any one in the bed. Walborn had brought a little box with her, which at the time of her confinement she requested to have put up in the window.

The daughter of the last witness said, that she heard the child scream, and on going into the room she found the mother had turned her face towards the wall, the child being between her and the wall. The child's mouth was black. It died between ten and eleven the next morning.

Mrs. Hinde, the midwife, confirmed the statement as to the birth of the child. She was fetched by the last witness, and, on examining the child, found its mouth burnt, and white in the inside. There was a black mark on the lip, as if a bottle had rested on it. The mouth looked as if it had been burnt with oil of vitriol. The mother denied that she had given anything to the child. When charged with giving it oil of vitriol, she said nothing. Oil of vitriol is used by laundresses.

A policeman had searched Walborn's room, but had found nothing. In a private road below the window he had found a cork and a bottle with some liquid in it, which, he said, must have been thrown from the window. The hedge was very much burnt above where the bottle was found.

Dr. Allen had examined the child. He found it breathing with great difficulty, and suffering great pain. There was a dark-brown mark on the side of the upper lip, and the tongue was much swollen; the child could not swallow. The hands and feet were livid. There were brown spots on the dress of the child. At the *post mortem* examination the body bore no marks of violence. The mucous membrane was corroded, the gullet blackened in the centre, the stomach empty and contracted—dark and brown in colour, and inflamed. He believed that death had been caused by oil of vitriol, of which substance he found distinct traces on the tongue. He had found concentrated oil of vitriol in the bottle which had been picked up by the policeman.

One witness, who had known Walborn for sixteen years, testified to her kindness to her other children.

The jury returned a verdict of *Not Guilty*.

Some women outside the Court were heard saying—"I'll get rid of my young — next time;" "We need not care what we do now."

This is the most barbarous case we ever read, and the most unaccountable verdict ever recorded.

Catherine Brooke, aged thirty-three years, who is described as in the reports, as "a well-dressed, good-looking woman," was tried on Tuesday, at the Maidstone assizes, for the wilful murder of her child.

She was lodging with Martha Brown, the wife of a fisherman at Gravesend, who had no suspicion of anything being wrong with her. One morning Brooke, on coming down stairs, complained that she had been very ill in the night. Soon after, Mrs. Brown went up to the room, and found the bed very untidy. As she was putting the clothes straight, she saw the end of a shawl hanging out from under the bed, and on putting her hand underneath she felt what seemed to her to be the body of a child. She was so frightened that she left the room immediately. Brooke then admitted that she had had a child, and that she had destroyed it. She wanted to have her things and go at once; but Mrs. Brown would not permit her to do so. Brown soon after came in; and then the mother denied that the child had been born alive. A policeman was then sent for, and Brooke was given in charge. About four o'clock in the afternoon Mrs. Brown, on passing the room, heard something like the wheezing of a child. The babe was taken out from under the bed, and was found to be alive. It lived till the night of the following Saturday. Brooke seemed to show affection for the child when it was brought to her. She always seemed to be a well-disposed woman, and appeared very kind to Mrs. Brown's children.

This statement was confirmed by the policeman and a medical man who was called in when the baby was found to be alive. The latter stated, that there were some slight marks about the infant's neck, as from the pressure of finger-nails. The child suffered convulsive fits during the two days preceding its death. There were severe bruises on the back of the head, such as he thought must have been occasioned by violent blows; and these injuries he thought were the

cause of death. Another medical man, however, thought these bruises might have been occasioned by a fall.

The jury returned a verdict of *Not Guilty*.

WRECKERS IN THE THAMES.

THE schooner *Renown*, bound to London from Alloa, went ashore on the Nore Sand, on Saturday night, and settled down. The master, for his own safety, took to the boat and went ashore at Sheerness, with his crew. The mate, with some of the men, returned to the vessel the next day, and set to work to lighten the ship in order to get her off. They were joined, after some time, by a large body of men, in ten or twelve boats, from Southend, as it is said, who came professedly to render assistance. Soon, however, they displayed their real character, by cutting away right and left with their axes, in spite of the remonstrances of the mate, who was powerless against their superior numbers. Their proceedings were disturbed after a time by the appearance of a steamer from Sheerness coming to the rescue, and they made off to the Essex shore. Two of their boats were captured, with some of the plunder from the schooner. But when the steamer had returned to Sheerness, the wreckers again came down on the hapless vessel, and continued their pillage till they were driven off by the approach of another steamer with a more numerous force.

Another account has been given of this transaction, according to which, the supposed wreckers were working for the benefit of those interested in the ship, and that all that they removed of the cargo was safely deposited with the receiver of droits at Southend. It is stated, that they produced a certificate of such deposit to the officers of the *Wildfire*, one of the steamers sent out to disperse them. Some of the boatmen have issued a document in vindication of their character, signed by George Myall, master of the *New Dart*, and Abraham Robinson, master of the *Ham-burgh*, for themselves, and Thomas Robinson, master of the *Susannah*, William Robinson, *Four Brothers*, John Jenson, *William*, John Elliott, *Ocean Child*, Samuel Robinson, *Nancy*, William Frost, *Assistance*, Henry Absalom, *Mary*.

There seems to be some mistake about the matter. The officer of Southend, in his report, records the amount of salvage brought in by the boatmen.

HOPE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE AND HONESTY GUARANTEE SOCIETY.

AN extraordinary general meeting of this society was held at the Society's offices, 4, Princes-street, Bank, Henry Morgan Vane, Esq., in the chair.

The Chairman said that the business before the meeting was to consider the propriety of adding two directors to the present board. The society had been formed upon certain conditions, fully stated and set forth in the company's deed of settlement, drawn up by able hands, and duly approved by the registrar under the Joint-Stock Companies Act, 7th and 8th Vict., c. 110. He then read the 81st clause, which limits the number of directors to ten, and proceeded to say that his brother directors, the general manager, and himself, concurred in the opinion that this clause required alteration. The power of altering the deed, even in the least degree, rests entirely with the shareholders and proprietors, the majority of whom present and voting must decide the question submitted to them. The question to be submitted is, to consider the propriety of adding two directors to the present number. He would now mention how this question had arisen. Amongst the list of shareholders who have duly paid the 1*l.* per share into the bankers' hands, and which amounts to upwards of 5,000*l.* so paid in, they are fortunate enough to number two gentlemen—one, Mr. Hy. P. Hope, who had subscribed for 200 shares, and the other, Dr. Wheelwright, for 150 shares. These gentlemen had taken a great interest in the undertaking, and it had struck his brother directors and himself, and he trusted the proprietary would agree with them, that, by adding these two gentlemen to the direction, they would strengthen their present position with the public, and improve their investments. It was after many preliminary meetings, held on the eve of the last and commencement of the present year, that they had organized the society; and as soon as complete registration was effected, the board, being then legally constituted, held their first meeting on the 23rd of April last, a period of only three months, since which the following are the results. They had appointed 652 first-class medical advisers over the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. They had established 255 local and provincial agents, composed of individuals whose characters have been thoroughly investigated, many of whom had identified themselves with the interests of the society by insuring their own lives and becoming members. They had been favoured with 131 proposals for assurance, for sums amounting to 28,950*l.*, of which 70 have been actually completed, and the remainder are either now waiting our consideration or for further information. In the formation of the establishment they paid the strictest attention to economy; all matters required for it having been contracted for under competition. In conclusion, he moved that the 81st clause be altered, and that the number of the directors be twelve, and that we add the names of Henry Philip Hope, Esq., and Dr. Wheelwright, to the list of directors, and we leave it to you to decide whether the clause shall be altered accordingly, and those names added.

Dr. James Wm. Massie, LL.D., seconded the resolution, which was then carried unanimously.

In answer to a question from a shareholder,

The Chairman stated, that the call of 1*l.* per share upon 2,035 had been actually paid into the hands of the society's bankers; that the greater part of that sum had been employed in the purchase of India bonds, which now remained in the bankers' custody, as appeared by their letters lying on the table. That the interest, at 5*l.* per cent., would be cal-

culated up to the 25th December next, and that the shareholders would receive on the 1st of January next; but that for the future it would be calculated up to 24th June and 25th December, and be payable on the 1st July and 1st January in each year.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Louis Kossuth arrived with his wife at Liverpool on Sunday from New York, by the *Africa*. It was publicly given out at New York that he would go by the *Washington*, but he afterwards took his passage on board the *Africa* under the name of Smith. He threw off his incognito, however, some time before the end of the voyage.

Colonel Bruen, who was attacked with serious illness on Saturday evening, is now said to be out of danger.

A bust of Lord Denman, executed by Christopher Moor, will in a few days be placed in the hall of the Law Institution.

General Gourgaud, formerly aide-de-camp to the Emperor Napoleon, died in Paris on Friday week, after a long illness.

Mr. Macaulay has become so ill from a chest complaint, that he has yet been unable to visit his constituents, although he was to have met them on Friday week.

The *Globe* informs us, that within a few hours of the Liverpool return, the Secretary of the Treasury has engaged Mr. Edwin James, Q.C., and two other counsel to defend his seat.

Mr. Duncuft, the Conservative member for Oldham, died on Tuesday, of English Cholera, at his country-house, at Frodsham, Cheshire, after two days' illness.

The *Cambridge Independent Press* announces that the Bishop of Ely has ordered the Rev. J. T. Bennett, M.A., Rector of Chevely, near Newmarket, to hold morning service in his church on every saint's day throughout the year, in compliance with the request of some of his Puseyite parishioners.

Mrs. Chisholm held a group meeting of intending emigrants to Australia on Monday night, at the British Institution in Cowper-street, City-road. She said the ship *Chalmers* would leave the London Docks on Sunday. Another ship was about to proceed from Southampton and another from Cork, this being the first to sail from Ireland under this system of emigration.

Mr. H. G. Liddell, the new member for South Northumberland, appeared on Thursday week, among a crowd of Sir George Grey's party, in front of the Star Inn, Alnwick. A cap was thrown up in the crowd and fell harmlessly upon Mr. Liddell, but he forthwith took vengeance on the first who came to hand, savagely attacking him with a stick. Mr. Ross, the victim, intends, we are told, to take legal proceedings against Mr. Liddell for the assault.

Mr. Alexander Hamilton, in a letter to the *Times*, published on Wednesday, states the following fact. He went to Thomastown on Friday week, accompanied by Mr. Henry A. Herbert, and in passing through the streets came upon a large mob whom Sergeant Shee was addressing from a window. They passed quietly along till the Sergeant shouted out "Groans for the enemies of the church." They were immediately attacked with sticks and stones, while the Sergeant waved his hat and cheered lustily. Their hats were broken and they received many blows, and the house in which they at length took refuge was beset by the mob for above half an hour. On coming again into contact with the same crowd, Mr. Hamilton, although in the company of a respected magistrate and deputy lieutenant of the county, was attacked with stones and mud with such fury that an escort of dragoons was required to conduct him safely out of the town. Sergeant Shee denies point blank the whole accusation!

The *Cork Reporter* states, that the fleet left Queenstown on Tuesday, hinting that its departure was ordered by way of revenge of the defeat of the Derbyites in the city and county at the late elections.

A meeting of the Manchester Committee and exhibitors of the Exhibition of 1851 have decided that the medals and jurors' reports which are to be presented to the Manchester exhibitors, shall be publicly distributed.

A large and important body of the electors of Tynemouth have determined to investigate thoroughly the circumstances of the late return of the Tory candidate. Important disclosures are said to have already taken place.

The Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury have given permission to the authorities of the Customs to sanction the following officers of Her Majesty's 31st Regiment, now stationed at Clare Castle, Ireland, receiving one or two of Colonel Colt's revolving pistols, under the established regulations, viz.:—Captain Swaffield, Captain Redder, Lieutenant Ball, Lieutenant Bytheria, Ensign Lytton, Ensign Provost, and Assistant-surgeon Atkinson. Their Lordships have also sanctioned permission being given for Lieutenant Patterson, of the Coast Guard, stationed at Cromarty, to receive a pair of Colonel Colt's revolving pistols for his use.

Preparations are being made to form a submarine telegraph between Harwich and Holland, and another between Dover and Ostend.

The masons employed on the Pousher Branch Railway struck on Monday, and obtained an advance of their wages to four shillings a-day.

Captain Williams, Inspector of Prisons, for the Home District, has certified the fitness of the cells in the new House of Correction for the City of London at Holloway, "with the exception of the eighteen set apart for the refractory."

A communication was received on the same occasion from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, to obtain the assistance of the parish in placing water-troughs in different parts of the parish for the use of dogs. A resolution was come to with a view to carrying out this suggestion.

A prospectus has been issued advertising the formation of a new association for the performance of sacred and classical music, both of the ancient and modern schools. The concerts are to be held at Exeter-hall, and are not to consist exclusively of sacred music, the programmes including cantatas and such compositions. Mr. Benedict is to be the conductor.

The annual general assembly of the company of proprietors of Drury-lane theatre took place on Saturday in the saloon. The report of the general committee stated that, in consequence of Mr. Bunn having declined to continue his lease from June last, they had been unable to meet the current expenses of the season, while the lessee remained unremunerated for his outlay. The receipts for the year, including a balance of 215*l.* 6*s.* 4*d.* from the former season, had been 3,492*l.* 14*s.* 11*d.*, and the payments 3,438*l.* 0*s.* 6*d.*, leaving a balance of 54*l.* 14*s.* 5*d.* in the hands of the treasurer.

A special general meeting of the friends and subscribers to the Orphan Working School, which was established in 1758, was held on Wednesday, in the offices of the institution, Ludgate-hill, for the purpose of taking into consideration the terms of a proposed enfranchisement of the copyhold property of the corporation at Haverstock-hill; and also to consider the agreement entered into by the corporation for building upon the City-road estate. Mr. Coombs, who presided, stated that Lord Southampton, to whom the Hampstead property belonged, had promised to present to the charity the sum of 250 guineas, for which he was to have the privilege of always having one child in the school. The report stated that there were at the present time in the school 171 boys, and 87 girls.

A vestry meeting of the ratepayers in the parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, was held on Saturday evening, to decide upon levying an additional rate, for the purpose of assisting the paupers in emigrating. Mr. C. Cochrane, with a body of noisy followers, seems to have done his best to disturb the meeting, and to hinder its proceedings. The motion for making a rate of one penny in the pound for this purpose, was supported by Mr. Ridgway. It was denounced by Mr. Russell as "a rascally scheme," for the purpose of establishing an extra rate. An amendment, to the effect that the means already supplied by the Act of Parliament were sufficient, was put and lost. Mr. Cochrane then proposed another amendment, consisting mainly of vituperation against the guardians for their treatment of the paupers. He then indulged in a fierce tirade against the guardians, complaining, among other things, of the bread provided for the paupers. This accusation seems to have been in some degree acquiesced in, the fact being attributed to the hot weather. After some discussion, in which, in answer to a charge that bean flour was one of the ingredients of the pauper bread, a guardian asserted that bean flour was dearer than wheaten, the chairman refused to put the amendment, pronouncing it to be libellous. The original motion was put, but a poll was demanded. On Tuesday, Mr. Cochrane attended a meeting in St. Martin's-lane, when resolutions, condemning the plan of the guardians, were passed. The result of two day's poll gave, for the rate, 807; against it, 221. Friday's poll will not be known until Saturday.

The church of St. Giles, Cumberwell, was pillaged, on Monday night, the robbers entering by means of a water-spout. They carried away an altar cover worth thirty guineas, as well as the velvet from the pulpit, and various cushions.

A cloth warehouse, belonging to Mr. Joshua Barker, at Mirfield, Yorkshire, was broken into early on Friday morning, and was plundered of cloth of the value of above 100*l.* The robber had cut a hole in the door, and unfastened it by putting his arm through. He went so coolly to work that he selected the best cloth on the establishment.

Two garrotte robberies took place in Leeds on Sunday morning within a very short interval of time and space, and committed, to all appearances, by the same persons. They were found concealed under some loose hay in a field, shortly after the deed. One of the victims sustained severe injuries from blows about the head and face, as well as from strangulation.

Thomas Collins appeared again before Mr. Arnold on Tuesday. Several more charges were made against him, of having obtained portraits, and converted them into money, but on account of the lapse of time after the offences had been committed, only one of them could be maintained. A letter which he had written to obtain one portrait contained the following passage:—"Mr. Collins is much in want of a specimen of a lady's portrait, in his new work of 'The Female Aristocracy of the reign of Queen Victoria.' Mr. C. tried for the Nepalese Ambassador, but was just too late when he arrived from the north, as his excellency sat elsewhere." He was remanded for another week.

At a meeting of the Marylebone Vestry, held on Saturday, a complaint was made by Mr. Row, that he had applied at the workhouse to obtain admission for two girls, of the ages of eleven and thirteen years respectively, whose parents had absconded. It was between ten and eleven o'clock in the evening when he made the application. He had great difficulty in getting them to open the door; he could see neither the master nor the matron, but sixpence was sent down to find the children a night's lodging. The chairman stated that a rigid enquiry should be made into the facts of the case.

Two girls, of 17 or 18 years of age, on their way to Newcastle, were seeking for a night's lodging in Leeds between two and three o'clock on Friday morning, when they were met by two policemen, Payne and Outhwaite, who asked

them if they had any money to pay for lodgings. One of the girls gave Outhwaite sixpence and some coppers, expecting that he would find them a lodging. The man, however, walked off, while his companion, Payne, "leathered" the girls away, as they expressed it. On complaint being made to the superintendent, the men were both discharged from their office, and were ordered to be taken before the magistrates. These facts being proved, the Mayor expressed great disgust at their offence, and sentenced them to ten days imprisonment in the House of Correction, regretting that he could not inflict a heavier punishment. The Mayor said he would make an order to assist the girls to proceed to Newcastle by railway.

William Chappell, a policeman employed by the North Western Railway Company, who was stationed at the north end of the Kilsby tunnel, near Rugby, when a collision took place some time ago, was tried at the Coventry assizes for the manslaughter of Thomas Williams. There is in use at this tunnel a special telegraph, by which the officers at each end signal to each other when a train has entered or left, and it is the duty of each to prevent another train entering, until the road is clear. In this case a luggage train had come into collision with a ballast train in the tunnel, and had caused the death of one man. The prisoner maintained that he had received the signal, "train out," while the other policeman swore he had not given it. It was suggested that the apparent signal might have been caused by electricity, there having been a thunderstorm at the time.

Sound beams of mulberry wood have been found in the ruins of Nineveh. They are supposed to be upward of 2500 years old.

A fire broke out on Saturday at the store-house of the South Eastern Railway Company at Ashford. The whole of the store-house, with all the property in it was destroyed. The loss is estimated at upwards of 16,000*l.*

The thunderstorm of last Sunday evening was very severe at Barking in Essex. A considerable part of the church of St. Margaret was flooded with water, and one of the large pipes of the organ was struck down by the lightning. A girl in front of the organ was also struck, and her back and left side were seriously injured. Her clothes seemed as if they had been torn through with a hook.

Twenty-three passengers, who had taken their places in the *Otillia*, for Australia, were left behind at Liverpool last week, the ship having sailed a day sooner than they had expected. The agent sent them to Holyhead and put them on board a steamer which went in chase of the *Otillia*. She was sighted a long way off, running before a fine wind very fast; the chase failed, and the unlucky passengers returned to Liverpool. The case was brought before the County Court, and the judge decided that the passengers could recover their passage money, with 5*l.* for compensation.

A boiler thirty feet long and five feet nine inches in diameter, exploded in a mill at Euxton, near Preston, on Friday week. The cause of the accident is quite unknown. The pressure was not excessive, the boiler had been in use but six months. One side of the building in which the boiler stood was open and abutted upon a river seven yards wide, with an interval of ten yards. The end of the boiler on this side was torn off and thrown into the river. Some portions of the boiler and the building, as well as a wheelbarrow which stood near, were carried a hundred and fifty yards. There were several persons sitting on a piece of timber on the opposite side of the river, four of them were grievously injured, of whom two have died.

A fire broke out on Saturday morning between nine and ten o'clock, in Bromley, originating from a lucifer-match ignited by some children. It first caught a barn, and then extended to two timber buildings, cowsheds, and other erections. Mr. Pawley, the owner of these buildings, in endeavouring to rescue some of his property, was seriously burnt. The parish fire-engine, though the inhabitants crowded to the spot to give their assistance, being of little avail, the only supply of water being a pond at a considerable distance, a messenger was despatched to London to obtain the assistance of the fire brigade. Mr. Henderson immediately started with a fire-engine, and arrived at Bromley, which is ten miles distant, in three-quarters of an hour. Still the engine could not be made very serviceable, but the firemen brought the fire under by pouring buckets of water upon it.

HEALTH OF LONDON DURING THE WEEK.

In the week that ended last Saturday 912 deaths were registered in the metropolitan districts. In the week that ended 10th July the mean temperature rose suddenly to 70°·9", which was eleven degrees higher than it had been in the week preceding. Next week it declined to 67°·3"; and last week it was 65°. In the same three weeks the deaths have been respectively 1080, 921, 912.

In the corresponding weeks of the ten years 1842-51 the average number of deaths was 1046, which, with a correction for increase of population during that period, and up to the present time, becomes 1151. The present return, therefore, shows a mortality less by 239 than the estimated amount.

But notwithstanding the mortality is still below the average, it will be seen that fatal sickness amongst children, so frequent in London in the summer months, has increased exceedingly in the last week. Though the last two returns are nearly the same as regards the total number of deaths, they differ materially in the proportions assigned to particular causes. In the previous week 48 persons, mostly children, sank under diarrhoea; last week the number rose to 104. The deaths by cholera have risen from 4 to 10; those by scarlatina from 31 to 45. Fatal cases produced by pneumonia have declined in the same time from 45 to 26; those by disease of the brain from 25 to 10; while those referred to enteritis have increased from 4 to 11; those to disease of the liver from 7 to 14.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

On the 23rd of May, in camp, Ahmednugger, the wife of Lieutenant James W. Cottell, 28th Regiment Bombay N. I.: a son.
On the 22nd inst., at Dane-end, Herts, prematurely, the lady of H. E. Surtees, Esq.: a son, stillborn.
On the 23rd inst., at Upper Grosvenor-street, the wife of Dudley Coutts Majoribanks, Esq.: a son.
On the 25th inst., at Chettle-lodge, Cranborne, Dorset, the wife of Captain Douglas Curry, R.N.: a son.
On the 25th inst., at Glebe-cottage, King-street, Woolwich, the wife of Dr. Burns, R.N., Surgeon-Superintendent of the Convict Establishment at Woolwich: a son.

MARRIAGES.

On the 14th inst., at the British Protestant Chapel, High-town, Boulogne-sur-Mer, Hooke Robinson, Esq., son of the late Lucius Hooke Robinson, Esq., one of the Gentlemen of Her Majesty's Most Hon. Privy Chamber, to Mary Emma, eldest daughter of George Alexander Kent Sloper, Esq.
On the 20th inst., at Plympton, St. Mary's, Devon, Henry J. Wallack, Esq., Captain in Her Majesty's 77th Regiment, to Maria, third daughter of the late Captain James Polkinghorne, R.N.
On the 22nd inst., at St. Mary's Church, Cheltenham, Arundell Calmady Hotchkys, Esq., only son of C. H. Hotchkys, Esq., of Cleverdon House, Devon, to Maria Louisa, youngest daughter of Admiral Sheridan.
On the 22nd inst., at Claygate, Surrey, Thomas Frederick Yeo, Esq., of Kingstown, county of Dublin, to Matilda, second daughter of Colonel Robert Douglas, C.B., late Royal Artillery.
On the 28th inst., at Hurstpierpoint, Sussex, John Vidler, Esq., of Hurstpierpoint, to Hamilton Dunbar, only daughter of Colonel Tovey, of 54, Cambridge-terrace, Hyde-park, London.

DEATHS.

On the 22nd of May, at Rio de Janeiro, of yellow fever, Elizabeth, wife of John Galt, Esq., and eldest daughter of the late George Mortimer, Esq.; and, a few days after, their infant daughter, aged nine months.
On the 18th inst., at Dover, Mary, widow of the late Captain Henry Bazely, R.N., aged 82.
On the 20th inst., at Woolwich-common, Anna Elizabeth, relict of the late Colonel John Cockburn, R.A., in her 73rd year.
On the 20th inst., aged 50, Charlotte, the wife of John Meares, Esq., of Plas Llanstephan, Carmarthen, and eldest daughter of Sir John Owen, Bart., M.P., of Oriellon, Pembroke.
On the 23rd inst., William Robert Bigg, Esq., Q.C., of Old-square, Lincoln's-inn, aged 48.
On the 24th ult., at Port-au-Prince, Hayti, W. K. Gretton, Esq., H.B.M. Vice-Consul; and on the 23rd ult., Annie, his wife, daughter of Lieutenant-General Sir John F. Burgoyne.
On the 26th inst., at Annan, N.B., Mary Carruthers, relict of Thomas Dickson, Esq., London, and last surviving daughter of the late John Carruthers, Esq., of Denbie, Dumfriesshire, N.B.
On the 29th inst., in Davies-street, Berkeley square, Sophia, widow of the late Thomas Chapman, Esq., of Richmond, Surrey, in the 77th year of her age.
At New York, Mrs. Monroe, wife of Colonel Monroe, of Fanwood.

THE GREAT MORAL WANT OF THE MASSES.—Now, of all qualities, which is the one men most need? To the absence of what quality are popular distresses mainly attributable? What is the quality in which the improvident masses are so deficient? Self-restraint—the ability to sacrifice a small present gratification for a prospective great one. A labourer endowed with due self-restraint would never spend his Saturday-night's wages at the public-house. Had he enough self-restraint, the artisan would not live up to his income during prosperous times, and leave the future unprovided for. More self-restraint would prevent imprudent marriages and the growth of a pauper population. And were there no drunkenness, no extravagance, no reckless multiplication, social miseries would be trivial.—*Social Statics.*

OUR HONOURABLE FRIEND'S "PRINCIPLES."—Our honourable friend being come into the presence of his constituents, and having professed with great suavity that he was delighted to see his good friend Tipkisson there, in his working dress—his good friend Tipkisson being an inveterate saddler, who always opposes him, and for whom he has a mortal hatred—made them a brisk, ginger-beery sort of speech, in which he showed them how the dozen noblemen and gentlemen had (in exactly ten days from their coming in) exercised a surprisingly beneficial effect on the whole financial condition of Europe, had altered the state of the exports and imports for the current half-year, had prevented the drain of gold, had made all that matter right about the glut of the raw material, and had restored all sorts of balances with which the superseded noblemen and gentlemen had played the deuce—and all this, with wheat at so much a quarter, gold at so much an ounce, and the Bank of England discounting good bills at so much per cent! He might be asked, he observed, in a peroration of great power, what were his principles? His principles were what they always had been. His principles were written in the countenances of the lion and unicorn; were stamped indelibly upon the royal shield which those grand animals supported, and upon the free words of fire which that shield bore. His principles were, Britannia and her sea-king trident! His principles were, commercial prosperity co-existent with perfect and profound agricultural contentment; but short of this he would never stop. His principles were, these—with the addition of his colours nailed to the mast, every man's heart in the right place, every man's eye open, every man's hand ready, every man's mind on the alert. His principles were, these, concurrently with a general revision of something—speaking generally—and a possible re-adjustment of something else, not to be mentioned more particularly.—*Dickens's "Household Words."*

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

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

Postscript.

SATURDAY, July 31.

WE have received information that a majority of the master calico block-printers attempted lately to reduce the wages of their hands. Successive reductions have gone on for the last few years, to which the men have felt bound to submit. But in this last case they resisted, and successfully—the notice of a reduction being withdrawn by all except two of the employers.

It is worthy of notice that a mean attempt has been made by some master block-printers to force upon the men a declaration similar to that which the despotic masters of the Engineer Association devised and enforced against the working engineers. The block-printers intend to resist, and energetic steps for that purpose have been taken. They are said to be unanimous, and if so must succeed.

Dissension, it is said, has already broken out in the Tory camp. The bone of contention is of course Free-trade, which some of the more backward of the party, who have no interest in office, wish to see overturned; and, excited by the glowing stories circulated by the Derbyite organs of Lord Derby's majority, they demand the instant reversal of the policy of the traitor Peel.

"A very serious charge against a leading London Tractarian divine" writes the *Daily News* of today, "was, we understand, yesterday the subject of an investigation instituted by episcopal direction. The offence in question is alleged to have been committed by a reverend promoter of the system of the Confessional—a system he holds to be consistent with the profession of Protestantism. It is to be desired that the fullest and fairest investigation of the affair should take place, since the gravest interests, both religious and moral, are at stake; and we may express a sincere hope that the ecclesiastical authorities will do their duty not only with strict impartiality, but with the earnestness required on so important an occasion."

It is said that the Queen and Prince Albert purpose resuming the coast cruise in a few days, and that the route will be eastwards.

Viscount and Viscountess Palmerston arrived in Kings-town on Thursday evening, per Holyhead steamer *Anglia*. It is stated that the noble viscount will proceed to Cork, to visit the Exhibition, after which he will make a tour of his Irish estates, and return to England before the close of August.

The *Morning Chronicle* gives the following estimate of the strength of the Derbyites and the Opposition. It appears that the Ministerial forces amount to 284 members, recruited from the following sources:—

English boroughs	-	-	107
English counties	-	-	110
Welsh boroughs	-	-	3
Welsh counties	-	-	10
Scotch boroughs	-	-	0
Scotch counties	-	-	14
Irish boroughs	-	-	14
Irish counties	-	-	22
Universities	-	-	4

Total - - - 284

The array opposed to the Government numbers 370 members, of whom there have been returned by—

English boroughs	-	-	213
English counties	-	-	34
Welsh boroughs	-	-	11
Welsh counties	-	-	5
Scotch boroughs	-	-	23
Scotch counties	-	-	15
Irish boroughs	-	-	25
Irish counties	-	-	43
Universities	-	-	2

Total - - - 370

A special meeting of magistrates was held at Ross, on Tuesday, to investigate the causes of, and the circumstances attending, the riots there on Saturday week, when the poll-books were destroyed by a mob, a preliminary meeting having been held on Friday. After the high sheriff had stated that he appeared in his official capacity, to demand of the local magistrates that they should make a minute inquiry into the origin of the late riots, by which one of the poll-books had been destroyed, the under-sheriff read the declarations taken on the day of the declaration of the poll. From the declaration of Richard Deakings Turner, poll-clerk at booth No. 2, it appears that at two minutes to 4 the booth was attacked, when the deputy-sheriff and the declarant endeavoured to escape, but "two fellows with long staves like constables' staves, and having painted on

the top the colours orange and green, followed the declarant; one of them caught hold of the poll-book and register of voters' book, and endeavoured to wrest the same from him, and said at the same time, 'All we want is the book; we won't harm you if you give it us.' The deputy-sheriff then took the books, of which, however, he was immediately deprived. The declarations of the cheec-klerk for Messrs. Booker, King, and Hanbury, who had his check-book wrested from him, of the slip-clerk, and messenger, went to show that the slipsheets received at the committee-rooms of Messrs. Booker, King, and Hanbury, were correct transcripts of the poll-book. On the motion of Mr. Vaughan, the Court was ordered to be cleared; but it was understood that the chief business related to the claims of persons whose property had been damaged. A man named Turner had been committed for trial on a charge of fraudulently obtaining money and refreshment by means of false orders purporting to be issued by the committee man of Messrs. Booker, King, and Hanbury.

The *Moniteur* of yesterday states that the resignation of Casabianca, Minister of State, is accepted. Turgot and Casabianca are made senators.

A decree of the Prince Regent of Baden prolongs the régime of the state of siege on his territories to 1st September.

The *Coblentz Gazette* of the 26th says:—"Gen. de Lamoricière left this city yesterday for Mayence, where he intends to remain for some days. We learn that the departure of the general was not voluntary on his part."

It appears that the Austrian Government are acting on the principle of the old Roman legend—cutting off the poppy-heads in the field; trying to keep insurrection down by simultaneously arresting and carrying off to prison every patriot of any consequence against whom the police could find or invent a ground of suspicion. Arrests so numerous and successive are significant of no ordinary amount of suppressed patriotic enthusiasm among the Italian populations, and of the consciousness of the Austrians that their tenure of power is at the mercy of a volcano which may burst to-morrow.

In addition to the names of persons of note already mentioned in our columns as having been arrested, we have since received the following:—At Mantua, the Archpriest of Barbosso; at Milan, Antongino, Simonetta, Carta, Nani, Mangili, Griffini; at Verona, Montanari and Murari; at Modena, Montanari, an ex-captain; at Massa, Monari. The precise meaning of all these arrests, wherever the Austrian power extends in Italy—the precise clue that the Austrians are following out—cannot yet be ascertained. A special commission has, however, been appointed to try those arrested in Lombardy; at the head of which commission is General Benedeck, of Galician memory.

The following piece of intelligence will also show the *animus* of the Austrian government in Italy, their determination to overlook nothing, and to put the black stamp of official notice upon every act, of whatever kind, which can be construed to have a particle of patriotic meaning in it. The Chevalier Nava, a warm partisan of Austria, and connected with the Jesuits, is President of the Academy of the Fine Arts at Milan. Assisted by a small number of persons of his own way of thinking, he has caused Count Strassoldo and Marshal Radetzky to be nominated honorary members of the said Academy. At the same time there were nominated to the same honour, M. Vela, a distinguished sculptor, and M. Rossi, a painter. The two artists, on some pretext or other, declined the honour of sitting in company with men playing such a part in the oppression of Italy. The Austrian government, however, has shown its sense of the true motive of the refusal, and has conveyed to the sculptor Vela a peremptory order to leave Milan in three hours, under pretext that he is not a Lombard. Vela was born in Italian Switzerland.

Accounts from the town of Kalisch, in Russian Poland, represent the ravages of the cholera as fearful. Added to this there had been a calamitous fire on the night of the 18th and 19th inst., which laid one part of the town in ashes. It was supposed from the accounts given in the *Silesian Zeitung*, from Breslau, that this calamity had been the act of an incendiary. The Jewish Synagogue, which had stood for upwards of 500 years, had been destroyed. Some hundreds of Jewish families and a great many Christians have been burnt out. According to some accounts mentioned in the *Silesian papers*, as many as 130 houses had been destroyed by the fire. The town of Kalisch, according to the last census, contained about 670 houses and 11,000 inhabitants, and is considered one of the principal places of Russian Poland in point of mercantile opulence and trade.

Miss Burdett Coutts has given the sum of 5000*l.* towards the cost of the erection of a new church and schools in Limehouse.

The poll in St. Martin's has ended in favour of the emigration rate. The numbers were:—For, 1167; against, 380; majority, 787. Persons voting: For, 299; against, 189; majority, 110.

A contemporary states, on the authority of a private letter, that the Hon. Richard Watson, M.P. for Peter-

borough, died on Saturday last at Homburg, after an illness of only four days.

There were yesterday four fires in the metropolis; two of them remarkable. The first occurred about a quarter-past four in the morning, in the premises of Mr. E. F. Prache, No. 20, Sherrard-street, Golden-square. A female living in the house, being subject to asthma, had been recommended by her medical attendant to smoke tobacco occasionally. Yesterday morning she took a lighted pipe into bed, and whilst smoking it she fell asleep, when the burning tobacco fell upon the bed, and set it on fire. The woman fortunately succeeded in escaping. The engines of the parish and London Brigade attended with all promptitude, and the fire was extinguished, but not until considerable damage had been done. The owner of the property was uninsured. The second was at Wapping-wall, and ended fatally. A young woman who was suffering from illness had been recommended to be rubbed over with an embrocation consisting of various ingredients, one of which was spirit of turpentine. To mix the various articles together it was necessary to boil the whole, which was being done by Miss Lavick, a young woman aged 30, when the mixture boiled over, when an immense sheet of flame shot forth from the grate, and rolling over the floor fired in succession sundry articles of furniture, and before the unfortunate creature could leave the room she became encircled in fire. The poor female having given two or three frantic screams, she rushed out of the kitchen with the flames mounting over her head. Several persons living in the house ran to the assistance of Miss Lavick, but notwithstanding that they exerted themselves to the utmost, they were unable to get the fire extinguished until nearly every particle of wearing-apparel was consumed on her person, and her body so seriously burned that the flesh peeled off when touched.

On Thursday evening a fatal accident, by which a young gentleman, the son of Mr. Cliffe, chemist, Bristol, lost his life, occurred at the Rocks, near the Round Point, in the river Avon. It appears that the young gentleman, who was about eighteen years of age, had, together with a younger brother, taken tea in one of the cottages at Leigh Woods, after which they went for a stroll along the banks of the river. On arriving near the Round Point, where the rocks are being blasted, with a view to the removal of an impediment to the navigation of the river, he incautiously attempted to climb them, and when at some height his foot slipped, and he was precipitated to the bottom. He was picked up quite insensible, and conveyed to the Bristol Royal Infirmary, where, however, he shortly afterwards expired.

The *Bath Chronicle* reports a most distressing case of death from fright. It appears that on Tuesday night, between twelve and one o'clock, an attempt was made to break into the house of Mrs. Collins, of the Radford Brewery, near Timsbury. About two years ago one of Mrs. Collins's customers, living in Wales, informed her that he had overheard two men who were plotting to rob her house, and in consequence, she has ever since laboured under the apprehension of being surprised by burglars. For the purpose of protection, therefore, a man-servant had slept in the house until within the last fortnight, during which his employment has compelled him to be absent, and the only male inmate of the house was a boy, employed as a page. On Tuesday night Mrs. Collins's coachman, after attending the stables, went home as usual; and soon after midnight Mrs. Collins and the servant girl retired to rest. Mrs. Collins had not, however, been in her bedroom many minutes, when she was startled by hearing a noise, apparently proceeding from the window of the pantry, at the back of the house, and she called on the boy, desiring him to ascertain the cause of it. The boy having thrown up the window of a room immediately over the pantry, discovered three men endeavouring to force an entrance, for which purpose they had broken a pane of glass in the pantry window. As the scoundrels took no notice of their discovery, the lad obtained a gong, which had been provided in the contemplation of such an emergency, and beat it loudly to alarm the neighbours, but in doing so broke the stick he was using. A female servant, however, got another, and he beat away again; but the burglars were not driven away, though, being unable to effect an entrance through the pantry, they went round to the front of the house to recommence operations. Here one of them said, "That will do; we shall be able to get in here now;" and this expression being overheard by Mrs. Collins, she was so overcome with terror that she fell down in a state of insensibility. In the meantime the lad continued to strike the gong, and in about twenty minutes some of the neighbours, to whom Mrs. Collins's fears were known, came to the house, but the burglars had decamped, having probably been alarmed by the approach of assistance. The neighbours finding Mrs. Collins in the pitiable condition described, obtained the assistance of a surgeon, but before his arrival the unfortunate lady had expired. The scoundrels have not been caught, but the feeling in the neighbourhood is such, that there is every probability of their speedy detection.

Information has been received at the Trinity House, Newcastle, of the loss of three pilots belonging to Shields, while off Whitby, on the morning of the 26th, in one of their cibles. A Danish sloop, named the *Anna Maruritha*, was coming along the Yorkshire coast to the Tyne, when she was hailed by the pilots, who desired to go on board. The sloop was steered by a boy, and was carrying a large square sail. By some awkwardness on the part of the boy at the helm of the sloop, while the cable was coming alongside, her mast got entangled with the sloop's bowsprit, and she was upset. Before the sloop could be wore round, the three men in the cable had perished. The cable, there is every reason to believe, is No. 34, belonging to South Shields, and the names of the men drowned, Robert Stephenson, William Young, and Matthew Young. The circumstances of the accident will be investigated before the magistrates.

The Leader

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1852.

Public Affairs.

There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural and convulsive, as the strain to keep things fixed when all the world is by the very law of its creation in eternal progress.—**DR. ARNOLD.**

PARTY COMBINATIONS.

As the time advances when the Chancellor of the Exchequer ought to disclose his great plan, for which he challenges "the enthusiastic approbation" of the country, hints as to the nature of this great plan begin to come forth. Abolition of the duty on tea and malt, and a two per cent. tax on every species of property, with a centralization of all local rates—these are said to be the grand elements in the scheme. It would be a bold blow; satisfactory to tea-drinkers and to beer-drinkers—to producers of barley and of tea; in other words, to the vast bulk of the English people, to the working landed interest, and to the Chinese; so that Ministers may fairly reckon the Central Flowery Nation amongst their prospective supporters. The centralization, indeed, would be more Chinese than English. We are unable to fill up the details of the scheme, though we see many an hiatus which economists and Protectionists will equally deplore; and we cannot even vouch for its authenticity in any degree, since we do not know upon what authority it rests. "Enthusiastic approbation" is the standard challenged by the statesman who holds the inventive department of the present Ministry; and we are far from feeling assured that the rumour does justice to his scheme, if, indeed, it describes it at all.

It is to be accompanied, so goes a second rumour, with a very wise preparatory sacrifice to English good taste. Mr. William Beresford is to be removed, not only from the office of Secretary at War to that of Paymaster of the Forces, but he is to be removed out of the country to "some foreign Government" or post. It is quite fit that he should be released from too close a proximity to the English "rabble," inasmuch as his presence cannot cease to be offensive in the highest degree; and the practical rejoinder of the crowd, in the shape of cabbage-stalks and stones, cannot but prove highly inconvenient for himself; while for his colleagues it cannot be a very pleasing association that one amongst them is his own walking pillory. Poor Beresford, therefore, is to be transported; though why his being sent to Coventry should qualify him for undertaking international affairs, or why any colony should be victimized in lieu of the British people—should, as it were, be whipping-boy for the imperial English rabble, we cannot understand.

Rumour relating to the Whig interest comes to us upon testimony of more weight. Lord John is said to have hit upon a new combination. Waiving for himself both the Premiership and the leadership of the Commons, he suffers the premiership to go to Aberdeen, the leadership to Graham; and Lord John contents himself by retiring to the Home Office. The advantages of this combination are considerable. "Ce cher Aberdeen" is a man respected in every circle, and in every nation, as a safe, quiet, honourable, well-intentioned man, without either the will or the power to do much harm. He is not mistrusted by Conservatives, he is not mistrusted by Liberals. He was, as it were, the shadow of Sir Robert Peel—the exactly corresponding negative to the other's positive; and the Liberals remember that association with pleasure. Although, on reflection, we may remember that the virtues of action usually lie in the living body rather than in that obscure negative which copies all its attitudes, the very shadow of Peel is welcome. Liberal in his supposed inclinations at home, constitutional in all his professions, certificated by Louis Philippe, "ce cher Aberdeen" has recently thrown out hints which would justify the utmost confidence from the "Great Powers" of Europe; he therefore falls well into the past,

the present, and the future; uniting, in short, the powers that be, have been, and are to be, in a sort of Holy Alliance of respectability. Sir James Graham would bring a more positive power of Peel policy into the Cabinet, and he is one of the stalwart debaters: every one knows his value; and the public will only be amused at his consenting to share Whig luck. In the Home Office Lord John Russell would be enabled to deal most conveniently with all the sections and shreds of the Liberal party; and all his traditional influence may thus be brought to bear comfortably and quietly upon the veterans of club and lobby, and upon the unlaidd spirits of Whig-liberalism that still haunt the corridors of Whitehall and Downing Street. The project appears to contemplate an organized hypocrisy of a much more effective kind than that which Mr. Disraeli's colleagues have superseded by their own version of that species of governmental organization.

One advantage manifestly belonging to this new combination would be, that it would array in office against the one statesman who is formidable to the ex-officials of the Whig party, a "splendid galaxy of talent," as the saying is, and would thus block him out of office. Indeed keen politicians surmise that the intention is not only to block Lord Palmerston out of office by stationing at all its entrances some veteran invalid of the Old Guard of Liberalism, but by such exclusion to drive him into the ranks of that party whose doom—deferred it may be, but fixed as doom—is hopeless defeat, the Derby party. It used to be one mode of disposing of dangerous spirits, to drive them into the bodies of pigs, and in like manner the Whig conjurors hope to drive Lord Palmerston into the Protectionist carcase, and thus to send him galloping to perdition.

Thus, if we may trust these rumours—which we receive at present, especially the Conservative part, with hesitation—"the two great parties in the state" are getting up grand manœuvres to befool the country: the one by bribing it with untaxed tea and untaxed beer, most popular sops; and the other by a grand combination of "Old Fogies." That the nation would benefit by the Russell project nobody will believe. The grand results which we foresee are, first, a break-down of Sir James Graham's reputation to the level of effete Whiggery; next, a polite cession of English power by "ce cher Aberdeen" to the rampant designs of Absolutism abroad; and thirdly, a kind of backstairs alliance between the invalids of the Russell clique and all the liberal associations for safe agitation which may be open to Treasury aggrandizement. In short, it will be a highday and holiday for diplomatists at London conventions to dispose of nations and boundaries at pleasure—a highday and holiday for whippers-in, election-mongers, and professional agitators, with swaggering tongues and fortunes to make. Should the Derby Government be very foolish in the next session, such a project as that now ascribed by rumour to the Whigs and Peelites, might have a chance of maintaining itself for a time on the traditions and hopes of tame mediocre Liberalism: during which time considerable profits will be made by trading Liberals; and then the organized hypocrisy will be handed over once more to some new combinations of Derbys and Beresfords to take their turn; the nation passing a life like that of the greenhorn, between the courtesan and the bully.

The grand advantage foreseen for the Whig alliance is the exclusion of a particular man. That it should be necessary thus to combine against him, marks him out as a man who at least is not committed to these anti-national juggleries. Even if his recent speeches did not show that he is thinking more at present of great substantial interests than of party combinations, these hostile conspiracies of cliques would suggest the idea. In a curious article of much pleasantness and some truth, but of inscrutable purpose, the *Morning Chronicle* admits it as undeniable that Lord Palmerston is looked upon with favour throughout the country, and that he has very great influence in Parliament.

"Even without a single professed adherent, Lord Palmerston will not fail to wield great power in the new Parliament, though it is far from certain for whose advantage, except his own, he may choose to make use of it. Personally, he possesses great influence with the House of Commons, although it would be extremely difficult to say what principle or interest he represents. He

was strong enough to turn out Lord John Russell, and his alliance was eagerly solicited by Lord Derby. He now returns to Parliament more unfettered by pledges or party connexions than almost any other member of the House. The only engagement into which he has entered is a purely negative one, and his fidelity to it is not likely to be put to the proof. Whatever may happen, he will not join a Rowcliffe administration; but he is free to do anything else—to enter into any new combination, and to take advantage of opportunities as they may arise. This is a singular position for one who has passed more of his life in office than any other public man of the day. With a vast amount of political experience, and at a mature age, the noble member for Tiverton is about to recommence his career. He starts afresh as a promising young man, having, it is to be hoped, got rid of the indiscretions of youth. No one can predict in what part of the House he will take his seat—though there is a strong antecedent probability that it will not be next to Lord John Russell."

Next to none, we should think. If Lord Palmerston knows his own interest, and consults his own reputation, he will think of combining, not with this coterie or with that, but with the great body of the nation, of which he may be said to be the statesman elect. Sick of mere party cant and intrigues, who would not welcome, if it were only for novelty, a statesman going straight at great public objects, and appealing for support to the great body of the nation?

PHYSICAL DEGENERACY AMONG THE PEOPLE.

"Let alone," cries Political Economy, "and self-interest will regulate society." The precept is a violation of the first principles of human nature, and of every moral doctrine to which cultivated nations have adhered. It is, however, a received present doctrine for the conduct of us English people in our collective capacity; and being opposed to the laws of God and nature, it has, as all national sins do, entailed upon us a judgment, a multiform judgment. By "Let alone," except through the influence of the selfish interest, we have suffered railways to grow up into an instrument of destruction, and the greed for lucre receives a frequent sacrifice to that national Juggernaut; as we perceive by the number of railway accidents within this last few days. "Let alone," in retail trade, and we have suffered to grow up a custom of adulteration universally defrauding the consumer of his rights, or poisoning him. "Let alone," and leave the principle of saving to create provident clubs for illnesses and burials; and lucre turns with fiendish avidity upon the prospects of the living, to convert them by death into present property for the survivor, even for the parent. The murder of children for the sake of burial fees, is an English custom. Left to itself, without moral guidance, the principle of self-interest converts the means of transit, of trade in food, of saving for periods of difficulty, into the means of death and robbery.

But that is not the worst. We mean no metaphor nor exaggeration when we say, that the principles on which the economists of the day rely, are literally destroying the sources of life and strength in the nation. We have preserved peace at the expense of English honour abroad,—we have betrayed Sicily, by whom we have promised to stand, and whom we had induced to abandon her old constitution,—we have left Italy to her fate, though we might have fought on Italian grounds the principles of Protestantism, which we pretend to fight for party purposes at home, without any substantial results,—we have taken part in depriving Schleswig-Holstein of the national independence by right belonging to that joint province—and throughout these great public wrongs, we boast that we have "preserved peace." We have often said that the long duration of effeminate repose has induced grievous physical effects upon the condition of the people; and a proof of this comes upon us from a quarter beyond suspicion. The *South Australian Chronicle and Colonial Record*, a paper devoted entirely to subjects of colonization and emigration, mentions a fact which ought to create active uneasiness amongst Englishmen.

"We have complaints from Paisley that a very limited number of men have been accepted as emigrants; and the weavers are not reconciled by hints that the men of Renfrewshire do not come up to the standard in point of health, or bone and muscle, or something of that sort. It is evident that the weavers

of Paisley are not viewed by the selecting agents as suited to the stout labour of the colonies.

"Complaints of the same kind reach us from the West Riding of Yorkshire, but in this case we do not know the cause of rejection. The Kidderminster people have had to undergo a similar mortification, and we suspect for reasons similar to those which have prevailed in Paisley."

Amidst the conflict of parties, the doctrinaires of the middle class are decidedly advancing. Although they are reformers, their most recent declarations, and their conduct—which means still more than declarations—are decidedly anti-democratic,—that is to say, are decidedly opposed to sharing political power with the body of the nation. That party has every prospect, by working electioneering influences, of attaining to the possession of official power within a comparatively short space. We who desire that the whole body of the nation should be brought into political action, cannot but regard such a result as reactionary. We do not believe, indeed, that it would be final. Entertaining doctrines which are principally of a negative kind, and of a kind to repress the means of aggression, or of aggressive defence, the party in question can maintain no position against any strong opponents; and at the next period of disturbance, it would have to yield up its possession to a stronger party. In the meantime, however, by carrying still further the enervating influences which are already exhibited in the manufacturing districts, if not in the cabbage-eating districts of agriculture—by accustoming the people to the habit of yielding rather than of resisting, it would have prepared the way, either for the invader from without, or for the reactionary traitor within. The doctrinaire party of the middle class is like the solvent vinegar with which Hannibal softened the Alps to admit his barbarians into Italy, only it is a vinegar of domestic growth in the country to be invaded.

The apathetic disposition of the day turns little attention upon these matters, sources of ulterior danger; but they are not the less pregnant with evil. Rather the reverse; it may not be very long before we see an enraged English people calling to account those deluded deluders, whose effeminate counsels will then bear the aspect of deliberate treason; for we believe that when real danger arrives, the spirit and the will of the English people will again be called into action, and those doctrines will be swept to the winds. At such times, however, it may become a very embarrassing question, what to do with those poor invalids of Worcestershire and Renfrewshire who are rejected as unfit for our colonies, and would as certainly be unfitted for any rougher work at home.

BERESFORD GREAT AND GOOD.

APPLAUSE was accepted by the immaculate Phocion as a sign that he had said a foolish thing. By converse the immaculate Beresford may be satisfied, from the chronic execration which accompanies him, that he sustains himself well in the utterance of wisdom. Like light he runs a direct course, regardless of less steadfast beings around him, and working out his own great conclusions. His fame is great at this day. He is a champion, not only against all England, but against things in general, and the mistaken laws of the universe. He is the Prometheus of 1852, defying all. At least he did; but he has some human elements in him, and he relents in his greatness. He defied the rabble, but he defies no more. After saluting "the vilest rabble he ever saw," and declaring to it, face to face, that he "despised it from his heart," he retires to the confessional of a public dinner, and to two hundred farmers, as Ciappelletto confesses his little sins, he confesses that he is "forgetful of every unkindness and of every insult," and that "he throws himself," with the condescension of a Christian, "on the kindness even of the very lowest classes." He carries his affability further, and promises that he "shall not recur to any ugly terms, if they would only let him alone." A commoner man might have stuck to his contempt for the vile rabble; but by his touching confession it is evident that Saint Beresford, like Saint Ciappelletto, has a foible in the shape of a sympathy "even for the very lowest classes." After the death of Saint Ciappelletto, the monks to whom he confessed, struck with the piety of the man, tore his clothes to pieces for relics: the people of Braintree endeavoured to perform a

similar operation on Saint Beresford; but a Protestant police prevented that excess of idolatry.

Brutus was accused of peculation, and Beresford is accused of bribery for the interest of his party in the borough of Derby. At the Braintree dinner he denies the soft impeachment, but denies it with that coyness which so charms the lover in a blushing girl, and lends to denial all the endearing graces of confession. It will be remembered that a letter has been published signed "W. B.," mysteriously commanding the presence of an emissary in Derby, and that the letter was seized amongst the possessions of a gentleman in full career with that Conservative duty. At the dinner Mr. Beresford avers, he has "not had any hand in any case whatever in bribery in the borough of Derby." A very special repudiation; but he does not deny the letter—only challenging inquiry in the House of Commons. Until such time, therefore, as the House shall go into the whole matter, the electors, freeholders, and clergymen of Essex will believe in the Conservative assiduity of W. B., and will regard W. B. as only one avatar of William Beresford.

But after defying the rabble, and his exertions at Derby, Mr. Beresford proceeds to defy the *Morning Chronicle*; and if he should come off no better from his Derby contest than he does from his contests with the rabble and the *Chronicle*, he will speedily be fit for nothing but an apotheosis or translation to the historic heavens. He asserts that the *Morning Chronicle* attacks him although "he has the pleasure of sitting at the same table in his club with the editor of that paper;" and then he moralizes:—

"Such is the state of society, that we are subjected to the intrusion of those who make use of all our intimate associations, who come to the same club as ourselves, and write leading articles at the very same table at which we ourselves are engaged in our honest avocations."

It will be observed that there are several assertions in this passage; amongst others, that Mr. Beresford is sometimes engaged on "honest avocations," and that the editor of the *Morning Chronicle* associates with him. As to the former of these assertions, we have no evidence; but as to the latter, the *Morning Chronicle* declares that "there is not one word of truth in it from beginning to end."

We form no judgments on these questions which Mr. Beresford has raised around him with such gallant rapidity. We make no original statements. We adduce no evidence which is not already before the public. All that we do is to observe, that Mr. Beresford is accused by the *Morning Chronicle* of having made a specific and rather elaborate statement, in which "there is not one word of truth from beginning to end;" that he is accused of bribery at Derby, with the circumstantial evidence of an autograph note; and that he denies it in terms postponing his counter proofs to a future day; also that he addresses the unenfranchised portion of the British people as "the vilest rabble;" and declares that he "despises them from his heart." Mr. Beresford is an unconverted Protectionist, and we take him to be the best type of a Tory in the present Government; representing, in fact, those claims to take office, of which they have since appeared to be practically ashamed.

VON BECK AGAIN.

THE course of the trial at Birmingham in the case of the Baroness von Beck, was such as to cast very unjust reflections upon one person at least, amongst the defendants, who deserves nothing from the public but unqualified respect and admiration. Amongst the defendants was Mr. George Dawson, well known to all our readers, and to a large proportion of the English public; although the *Times*, with the arrogance peculiar to Puddledock, still affects partially to ignore the influence of that truly Catholic preacher. By the accident of the technicalities—by the fact that the real main case, touching the identity and merits of the Baroness von Beck, was excluded from investigation—by the manifest prejudices of the Judge, it happened that Mr. Dawson was made to appear at the trial in a position wholly false. Those who know him, and there are many, can correct the false impression: the few who are still under subjection to the systematic efforts made to misrepresent him before the British public may be misled. Without entering into any

of the technicalities of the case, without entering into disputed points, let us recall the obvious facts.

A woman calling herself a lady, holding in one form or other documents which seem to be vouchers for her genuine character, appears in Birmingham as an Hungarian refugee, a "friend of Kossuth," a victim suffering from Austrian tyranny against the efforts which Hungary had made for independence. Mr. George Dawson is the leader of a very numerous congregation in Birmingham, adhering to a very Catholic doctrine. He is, moreover, although still young, very active and influential in good works, the example and director in many a labour of philanthropy; and his sanction would be regarded by the visitors to Birmingham as valuable in the highest degree. The Baroness von Beck, bearing her vouchers, seeks his presence, is received kindly, acquires his name as subscriber to a book which she is about to publish at the handsome price of 17.4s., and is taken into the house of a friend of his as a guest to be nursed—for she was an invalid. In that hospitable abode, we believe, her health improved. She is accompanied by a young man, who calls himself Constant Derra.

After a time of no great duration, reports come down to Birmingham that the Baroness von Beck, widow of an Austrian officer, "friend of Kossuth," and so forth, is in reality no lady, no friend of Kossuth, but only an inferior spy in his service, and is altogether an impostor.

Whether true or not, considerable probability is thrown upon this second report, inasmuch that several of her patrons in that town are induced to believe it. The complete evidence on this point has never yet been made public; but months ago we have recorded our impression, that the Baroness was not genuine in any respect; and we have advised the several disputants on the point, to meet and clear up the discrepancies in their accounts. It is evident, however, that the Birmingham people fully believed at first in her assumed character, and afterwards in her impostorship,—not, we are assured, without reason. In such a case a new duty was imposed on those whose influence enables them to advise and direct the people of Birmingham. The interests of true charity required that the impostor should be effectively debarred from filching the funds that belong to the honest and truly indigent; and in rescuing that fund from malversation in favour of an impostor, George Dawson not only exercised a degree of candour and moral courage frequently wanting, but performed a public duty to his fellow townsmen. Birmingham is remarkable for being at once not only opulent, but very liberal; and the sums which it gives with open hands being unlimited, are the more honourably to be consecrated to the benefit of real want.

The very nature of the charge against the Baroness von Beck, *alias* Racidula, implied a degree of lubricity in her conduct, which made it necessary to proceed actively, but not overtly, until she could be secured. It has been represented that there was an unusual amount of treachery in seizing her at the social party just before her death. The fact is, however, that her appearance at the party, or elsewhere, had comparatively little to do with the arrangements. The object was, to let her go on without interruption, until the arrangements for securing her person should be completed, and then, without abruptness, but with promptitude, to secure her. That was done. Her death was an accident, resulting from the peculiar nature of her complaint, which could not have been foreseen. The stories about her moaning and suffering from want of assistance in the night have been refuted, but they do not come fairly under investigation at the trial, and that negative fact was used on the side of the prosecutor to his advantage.

The case of Constant Derra is entirely secondary to that of the Baroness spy. She it was whose position and character determined the aspect of the whole affair. He appeared as her attendant, and necessarily, to a certain extent, shared in her repute, bad or good. Some diversities in the statement of his name contributed to the suspicion directed to himself; and although it is true that he belonged to a noble family, it would not follow that he must, of necessity, be an honourable person. He was, at all events, the attendant on the Baroness von Beck, who was supposed, in Birmingham, on strong *prima facie* evidence, to be an impostor, and the attendant on an impostor cannot expect to bear a high charac-

ter. Constant Derra de Moroda shared for a time the fate of his principal.

He brings an action against Mr. Dawson and other persons, including his host, for false imprisonment, and he is non-suited. He was non-suited for flaws in the statement of his case, but the incriminating evidence on the other sideturned also on technicalities; following the rule of the police-court in Birmingham, and of police-courts, indeed, in most parts of the country, the magistrate had committed what are really irregularities, and they received strong judicial censure. That censure, on a main point, was accompanied by glances at the defendants. Mr. Baron Alderson, a jocose judge, went so far as to venture an opinion that the Baroness was not wrong to declare that the proceeding against Mr. Derra de Moroda was "very wrong and very rash," to designate Mr. Dawson as "foolish" because "he paid beforehand for a book not yet published;" and to intimate, in mysterious terms, that he "was not prepared to say that there was not something to say against Mr. Dawson." To speak frankly, these random parentheses from a judge are very indecorous; but we will not do Mr. Dawson the injustice to record an elaborate defence. We leave his vindication to the people of Birmingham, who know him well. Suffice it to say that, not being a lawyer, he had left the technicalities of the case to lawyers, who must be responsible for that part of the business. He is known in Birmingham as a man of strong sense, of active business habits, effecting a vast amount of good, and preventing a vast amount of misdirected zeal, which might become mischievous. In anticipating the aid to the Baroness von Beck "before her book was published," he acted upon the generous construction of her vouchers, which was to be expected from his ardent though practical nature; and in calling to account the spy Racidula, who appeared to be defrauding the generosity of Birmingham, and the interests of those who profit by the generosity of Birmingham, he was performing a public duty with that energy and decision for which he is known. Derra de Moroda simply suffered the inconvenience of being attached to the establishment of the itinerant Baroness, and in pointing him out as a victim, while the honourable and philanthropic George Dawson is slightly glanced at as a mischief-maker, Baron Alderson transgressed his duty as a judge, and tarnished his honour as a gentleman, in employing the seat of authority to pass an unwarranted judgment on a fellow-countryman.

BECKETT DENISON ON "ASSOCIATION."

ASSOCIATION is not now without "respectable" advocates. Some time ago the *Times* printed a leader on Improved Dwellings for the working classes, in which they explained the benefits derivable from associated capital; and asked, "Why, then, do not the working men of this country take advantage of this principle to exchange their present foul abodes for comfortable and airy lodgings?"

Mr. W. Beckett Denison replies in the *Times* of Thursday:—

"I will tell you:—Simply because the law of this country is in such a state of barbarism that they can't; because the law puts such obstacles in the way of that very principle of association—which you rightly say 'has covered our lands with iron roads, and our seas with fleets of steamers'—that it might just as well have said distinctly, that no body of people shall associate unless they have first got from 500*l.* to 1000*l.* to throw away, or unless they will submit to a perpetually recurring taxation, which comes to much the same thing; for the mere satisfaction to the State of keeping a heap of fee-taking machinery in action which is of no real use to any human being.

"I may as well show you at once that I am not talking at random, or without having had practical experience of the nature of the impediments I am speaking about.

"I believe I may say that, chiefly in consequence of the success of a lodging-house experiment of my own on a small scale in this town, an attempt was made here last winter to form such an association as you recommend. It was supported by all the most substantial people in this very substantial town; but when it came to be worked out, we were met with such difficulties as the following:—1. We might run the risk of setting up a very expensive concern, which might in some way or other fail, and leave its creditors to pick out any one rich man among the members and make him pay for everything that had been done, by

virtue of that beautiful law of partnership of the middle ages under which we live. 2. We might get a charter; and this we found would cost above 1000*l.*, of which, of course, every bit goes in fees to people who do nothing of any use at all, except some reasonable sum to the lawyer, who really does all the serious business there is to do, in seeing that the grant is a proper one. I am told, though I can still hardly believe it, that every single name which is added to a charter of incorporation adds 40*l.* worth of fees. 3. We might apply for an Act of Parliament; and, singularly enough, we found that this, with all the machinery of Parliament to put in motion (if unopposed), would cost less than a simple grant of incorporation from the Queen. Still, the very lowest figure at which even this article could be put down was 400*l.*, which is a good deal for a poor man's association to throw away without any return for it, except a bit of paper. 4. Then the Joint Stock Companies Registration Act presented itself to our notice. But here was the old enemy, fees again, with a great deal of trouble besides, and a great many formalities to be perpetually complied with, which, somehow or other, nobody ever manages rightly but attorneys, who must, of course, be paid for it. I have always understood that Act was passed at the beginning of the joint-stock mania, seven years ago, with the view of bursting bubble companies before they had time to damage anybody but their own promoters. Everybody knows it has been an utter failure for that purpose; and now the concern seems only kept alive for that great end of official existence—to take fees, and bother people with no end of useless formalities and penalties if they don't observe them. We determined, therefore, to have nothing to do with the joint-stock registering gentlemen."

The consequence of this state of things, says Mr. Denison, is, that the working men of Leeds are in this respect just where they were last February and last February twenty years; only, he says, they are worse off, as there are more of them and less room for them. But it is imperatively necessary something should be done. "The thing," he continues, "speaks for itself—

"Let working men have the opportunity of investing their money in a concern which would give them and their families the means of living like Christians instead of pigs, and then we should not have them throwing away their savings in speculating on 50 per cent. at Snig's-end, or investing them in trades-unions, which promise to give them their money back again with interest when they are ill or worn out, and then go and spend it all in amalgamation battles for the temporary glorification of Mr. William Newton and his confederates."

Mr. Denison might be a little more charitable to working men who work for working men. All gentlemen are not like Mr. Denison, or the working classes would not be "just where they were last February twenty years."

"Only one word more," he emphatically writes, "and I have done. Let us understand what the real dragon is that wants killing just now. His name is 'fees,'—that is all."

We are not over anxious to claim adherents; we do not claim the mild, paternal Conservative Denison as an adherent; but it is some consolation to us when we find men like him not afraid of using the dreadful phrase, "principle of association"—for advocating which we have been "tabooed" by the press, and rendered "suspect" to the public.

THE RESISTANCE IN THE COUNTIES.

IN exposing last week the scandals of certain county elections, we ventured to predict that the inevitable result of intimidation would be resistance. It has been said that a revolution which attacks persons is, *ipso facto*, the commencement of reaction. In like manner, Toryism rampant stirs up the languid pulses of a liberal party that had lost its activity in the tranquil assurance of a slow but steady progress. In many quiet rural constituencies, Liberalism, content with the undisputed "settlement" of '32, and unsolicitous, if not afraid, of the onward movement of more advanced or more eager politicians, lay asleep in the embrace of Finality, rocked by Russell formulas. But the vaunting domination of the "territorial influence" has effected in a few weeks what long years of unprovoked propagandism would have endeavoured in vain to uprouse.

The Parliamentary Reform Association was never so well served as by Tory landlords and their unscrupulous agents. In East-Somerset, where intimidation has just won so suicidal a victory, we find leading Reformers neither discouraged nor paralyzed by defeat, but, on the con-

trary, calmly devising means to strengthen their numbers in the registration, and to consolidate their forces by an organization at once simple and effective. A more cheering indication of an awakened public spirit we have not had occasion to remark. It will bear its fruits. Men who never dreamt of agitation for agitation's sake, now begin to ask one another, in sober seriousness, *How are we to be protected in the exercise of our legal and constitutional rights?*

It even occurs to them that nine tenths of the unrepresented "rabble" would vote far more purely and conscientiously (to say nothing of intelligence) than the mass of herded and driven "friends and neighbours," and the pliant or timid slaves of the counter and the till. We have before us a circular addressed to the Liberal electors of East Somerset, recommending a close and vigilant attention to the Register, and enforcing a suggestion which admits of general application, and which seems to us to contain the pith of practical and serious agitation. It is to the effect "that arrangements should be at once made with some active person in each district, to perform this office (attention to the Register), and that it would be very desirable to have a corresponding agent in each parish, to report progress, &c. &c., as well as a gentleman to superintend the whole division."

To this capital suggestion we may be allowed to add another. Let district associations be formed, for the temperate and earnest discussion of those measures of political and social reform which must engage the *next* Parliament. Let such demands as the majority shall decide to be most urgent to secure at least the independence of the voter, be actively promoted, and let mutual concessions absorb all minor differences in presence of the instant need of close, vigorous, united action against the common adversary. We cannot fairly expect many of our more quiet, and, perhaps, more sober, country reformers to go so far or so fast as the more restless spirits of the towns, but on certain questions, such as the glaring anomalies of the actual misrepresentation of the People in the People's House, and the protection to the honest voter, which many would fain dispense with as "un-English," but which English landlords render indispensable, there can be but one conviction and one policy. We therefore say to our friends, register, organize, concentrate; and without delay.

ON THE ISSUE OF THE ENGINEERS' LATE STRUGGLE.

A DIALOGUE BY THE RAILWAY.

WHAT can you do on a journey of three hundred miles, cooped up in a railway compartment, with three English passengers who never begin a conversation—unless they meet with a collision; nothing less than that will make you acquainted with each other. The train goes too fast for reading, the narrow gauge oscillates too much for writing, the journey is too long for silence (unless you are graduating for Pentonville), there is therefore no alternative but to make a violent attempt to converse with your companions on some topic of the hour.

The travellers on the occasion of this dialogue consisted of the writer, a lady's maid, an engineer, and a gentleman, a sort of commercial hybrid, something between a foreman and a master—a species which Free-trade has certainly multiplied. After a satiety of those eternal advertisements now posted up in every second-class carriage, on which you read from morning till night of "Portable Manures" and "Accidental Deaths" by railway misadventure—only relieved by an announcement that "*old* Cremona violins" are warranted to be "*quite new*," by Mr. Alvey Turner—an opportunity occurs for a remark upon the yellow skins of some country women at one of the stations, which our lady's maid ascribed to a rural habit of "drinking calomel tea." We thought this an unusual beverage, and distantly doubted whether *calomile* itself had produced the saffron surfaces in question. But our fellow-traveller was confident her "*Missis*" had been to the "Cristel Palls," and among other "peculiarities," had seen the very leaves "submuted" in a bottle. Judging from this example, both Mistress and Maid must have gathered up their science at the Great Exhibition in a very "popular" state. The young lady, however, was somewhat given to confuse things on her own account. Looking up at Stocken's advertisement of his "Dressing-case Manufactory," she observed a "Distressing-case Manufactory was very awful—there was nothing of the kind on the Continent, when she was there with Lady Bunting."

Our companion, the mechanic, here took occasion to

say that "the 'Great Distressing-case Manufactory' of this country was one conducted by railway companies, and until the rights of Industry were better recognised the public would long have to insure itself against 'Fatal Accidents'—for while society took no interest in the rights of Labour, there could be no complaint if Labour took no interest in the safety of society."

At a remark so pregnant as this, uttered with a sullen kind of energy, our third traveller looked up, and it was observed to him—"Did you, sir, happen to take any interest in the late struggle of the Amalgamated Engineers?"

"Interest? No;" was the monosyllabic reply.

"Considering the recognition of the welfare of the working class the public now profess, perhaps they deserved a better fate?"

"Perhaps." The reply of our friend in counting-house costume was limited to this disyllable.

"The course they are understood to intend for the future may possibly lead to more favourable results?"

"Possibly," was the trisyllabic ejaculation of our non-communicative companion. As, however, an additional syllable had been extorted at each attempt at conversation, I did not despair.

"The *Times* admitted," I added, "that the masters as much combined against the men as the men against the masters. Combination therefore seems regarded as a legitimate instrument. The only question is its right direction. May not the men solve the problem of its wise use?"

"Peradventure," was the sullen and polysyllabic response. And I gave up the dialogue. Had there been a word of five syllables suited for an answer, I might have attempted to extract it, but the forbidding growl in which he "peradventure" spoke, would have disconcerted a Barrister in cross-examination. This gentleman, you could see, was a disciple of cheapness. His vest had the well-known sparkle of devil's dust upon it—the collar of his coat betrayed the slop-shop stitch; his carious teeth were stopped with gutta-percha; his trousers had shrunk in the first rain to which they had been exposed, and required straps of considerable power and unusual length to keep them below his knees; he had bought everything in the cheapest market—even his manners. A hard student of "dollars and dimes," he had never learned that amenity is economy. It had never occurred to him that a generous sympathy for others might prove a good investment in a world where there exists Humanity as well as Manufactures. The world opens before those who meet it with heart-feeling, while it closes up the way before those whose sole wisdom lies in seeking to over-reach it or coerce it. Beauty wins the Beast by kindly arts, while Deformity has to fight it. The lesson has its moral in the world.

The taciturnity of our rail-mate in "West Saxony," was however compensated for by the prompt loquacity of him in "barragan," who said in explanation of his former remark, that "if the citizen felt he had a recognised position in the state—if the House of Commons trusted him—if the public cared to guarantee him wholesome subsistence, and ultimate moderate competence, for Labour conscientiously discharged, he might come to feel Industry an honour instead of finding it as now a punishment, and he would come to feel artistic pride in the excellence of his work, and in the masterly and vigilant discharge of his duties which, if once felt, would save us fifty accidents a-year on the railways alone. All things go by cheapness. Among trade economists they have yet to learn that to guarantee the welfare of honest Labour is the least expensive, and the only mode of guaranteeing the public safety in such respects as that safety depends upon vigilant and conscientious Industry."

You were concerned I presume in the late contest of the amalgamated engineers?

"Yes," he answered: "I am now in search of work in consequence. My former situation was good and I saved some money. I should now be employed but I have been required to sign a declaration that I will leave the society formed for our joint defence. Though I have been defeated I will not be disgraced. The employers forced us into the defensive. They struck against us rather than we against them. They turned Trades Unionists themselves, condemning us all the while for being so. Yet if we were wrong they could not be in the right. Generally however the press sided with them. Competition seems to be a game in which it is legitimate for Employers to crush workmen by any means."

The saddest consideration, I observed, is that workmen taught by so disastrous an example may come to think themselves at liberty to conduct their side of the contest with the same licence.

"The public seem willing that we should," the mechanic replied. "We had a right to improve our

condition. It is an advantage to the public, as Mr. Ludlow showed in his instructive Lectures to us,* whenever a class of workmen are able to raise their own wages without destroying the manufactures or employing class who conduct the trade itself. Political economy has agreed to this. We were in the right. We were not doing harm. We assaulted no one. We attempted nothing illegal. Then why did the public leave us to be destroyed?"

The public suffered Poland to perish, though the independence of Poland was important to the liberties of Europe. The public has lately suffered Italy to fall and Hungary to be overrun. It first suffers the wrong and tardily sympathises afterwards. It does but ill understand its own interests, and where it does, any power having the skill to assail them *indirectly*, may calculate on success. Even in Home affairs it is little perceived how closely Middle Class welfare is allied to Working Class rights. You thought that because you meant well and were on the whole in the right, that you must succeed, and that many would help you. Hence your shopmates are everywhere despondent and outraged. More experience will show you that it is a little thing to have right on your side unless you have conquered the methods of making that right understood, and can command the means of making it successful without the sympathy or aid of other classes. You will have both sympathy and aid eventually, but not until you have shown capacity to do without them. It is apparently very hard, but such is the way of the world.

"In the future we shall turn our attention to Association. By Co-operative Workshops we shall attain an independency of Employers. We are unanimous," added the colloquist of the Amalgamated Society, "and this time we shall succeed. Henceforth we act for ourselves."

And lose, I rejoined, the remainder of your money inevitably, unless you have much more wisdom than the world credits you with. A Strike is a mode of losing money by a hostile act. Co-operation, as hitherto conducted, is a mode of losing it by a peaceable act. Co-operation without authority is merely anarchy by mutual consent, and anarchy in business is but bankruptcy in progress. Now, no body of workmen in England are sufficiently well-informed to set up among themselves an intelligent and imperative authority, nor wisdom enough to submit to it. Co-operative workshops can only subsist at first by the principle of mastership and division of *ultimate*—very ultimate—profits. Where every man is to be a master, every man comes to be a beggar in the end. This was the source of failure in the experimental Communities of which you may have heard. People tell you they wanted the Religious bond. Those who say so do so because, knowing nothing about the subject, they find themselves called upon to assign some reason for failure, and they assign that. It satisfies the public, and precludes the necessity of any inquiry into the truth. There *was* religion in all these Communities, if Religion means boundless faith, good intent, and devoted service. But faith without direction is, among multitudes, more dangerous than scepticism. *Such* faith is active for conscientious mischief. Doubt is merely neutral. The commercial sense of Religion in a Community is Unity, and Unity always acts by *submission*. The submission may be an act of *piety* or an act of *sense*. With the Rappites it was an act of *piety*, and they have pursued an eccentric career. No instance has occurred in which submission has been an act of *sense*; and whether it would be progressive in its effects, cannot be predicated. The problem is yet unsolved. The practical point ascertained is the conviction of the indispensable necessity of an authority which shall act by consent—but *act*, and act unfettered. Queenwood fell for want of this. The existing Welsh Community is languishing from the same cause. A Co-operative Workshop is certain ruin without it. The council of the Amalgamated Engineers have acquitted themselves in a very superior manner compared with previous Trades' Councils; but they have more courage than any men in the country if they should propose such a plan; and their members are more intelligent and better disciplined than any body of workmen yet known in England, if they consent to it, and aid cordially to carry it out—that is, without reluctance, suspicion, or impatience.

Whether we should have agreed on this subject did not appear. An influx of passengers at this point diverted and terminated the conversation. ION.

VIOLIN.—Too late for this week.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Will he send his name and address, in accordance with our rule? If so, we will readily publish his valuable contribution.

* The Master Engineers and their Workmen: Three Lectures by T. M. Ludlow, Esq., Barrister-at-Law.

[Our friend, the Lion of the "Open Council," is unavoidably omitted this week. He has been lent for one week only to the Protectionists—the ancient British animal being quite used up in their service.]

Open Council.

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

THE BARONESS VON BECK.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—May I request the insertion, in your paper of Saturday next, of the following copy of a letter which I send to the *Examiner* this day. It is due to the defendants, in the case of Derra v. Dawson, that the appearance of this letter should be ensured.

Yours respectfully,

J. TOULMIN SMITH.

THE BARONESS VON BECK'S CASE.

(To the Editor of the Examiner.)

SIR,—As you gave insertion, last Saturday, to a letter from Constant Derra, asking attention to his trial, I now request at your hands—in the name of fair play and common justice—the insertion of the following in your paper of next Saturday.

On the 30th August, 1851, the imposture practised by a person calling herself "Baroness von Beck," was conclusively established at Birmingham. The press, with the facts before it, noticed the proved imposture—neither *Times* nor any other journal, doing other than approve the exposure, and not one voice being raised in disapprobation of the proceedings. Nothing has happened since, except that the public and the press have forgotten the evidence of facts at that time published. But certain private objects were to be gained by bolstering up the imposition. It has been attempted. Among other things, an action was commenced against certain most honourable gentlemen. The inevitable result (in failure) being foreseen by those who took this step, it was sought to prejudice the public mind by bringing an *ex parte* and untrue case before the House of Lords, pending the trial of this action. Though the course of justice was thus allowed, by the House of Lords (strangely enough), to be interfered with, however, the action has altogether failed. The plaintiff has broken down, and been nonsuited. But this very circumstance has prevented the defendants from bringing the true facts of this case before the public. I beg, therefore, to state that I and others attended that trial prepared with complete evidence, which would have left it impossible for any man of honesty or common sense to pretend to doubt the propriety of the proceedings taken to expose the imposture practised by the person calling herself the Baroness von Beck.

I make no remark on Constant Derra or his conduct. He has, I have always believed, been the mere tool of others. But those whose sentimental sympathies have been aroused may derive consolation from the fact, that the lady personated—the *actual Baroness von Beck*, whose name, family, and rank, the impostor assumed—is innocent of all wrong or suffering in this matter; and is now (or was a very short time ago) alive and well in Hungary, alike honourable by birth, position, and character. Of this the evidence is in my possession. I am, yours respectfully,

London, 29th July, 1852.

J. TOULMIN SMITH.

P.S.—Since the above letter was written and posted, I have received, by a coincidence sufficiently remarkable, a letter from the Continent, containing the last remaining links in the evidence as to the *real* Baroness von Beck. I am formally authorized by my distinguished correspondent (who is a bishop of the Hungarian Church) to publish the following. The full details of names and personal residence, &c., are in my possession. It must be stated that the impostor Racidula expressly put herself forth as "*born Horeczky*."

"I authorize you to declare, in my name, to whomsoever it may concern, that the pretence of the upholders of the late Racidula is forced and false; that there is not, and never has been, any other Baroness Beck, born Horeczky, than the two above named Baronesses [wives of two brothers], and both of which ladies are still living."

Thus ends one of the most extraordinary attempts at imposture of modern times: an attempt wickedly sought to be bolstered up after the imposture had been conclusively demonstrated in an open court of justice; and still further, though most clumsily and with its just results, attempted to be bolstered up at Warwick yesterday. This result, and the facts I now publish, will be a lesson to all men not to be deterred from the path of duty and the exposure of wrong, although for a time even the public press shall have been misled into treating as genuine that which is in reality the most barefaced imposture and fraud.

29th July, 1852.

J. TOULMIN SMITH.

Literature.

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

JUSTICE—which is Love in action—all men feel to be the high prerogative of our race; and when it is outraged there is no one hearing of it whose cheek does not feel the mounting flame of virtuous wrath. Unhappily our prejudices so often distort our vision that we cannot always see injustice to be what it is; or else how could men tranquilly permit such things as are daily being transacted before them? Out of the many we single one. The aged and respectable NEES VON ESENBECK, the friend of GOETHE and of SCHELLING, one of the great names among living botanists, who for thirty years has been the upright servant of the state, the loved Professor at Bonn, and Director of the Botanical Gardens, whom the late King of Prussia honoured and rewarded, is now, at the age of seventy-eight, dismissed by a paternal Government "on account of his political opinions"—the dangerous doctrinaire! the anarchical Botanist! the terrible corrupter of youth! At seventy-eight he is thrown upon the world and the world's sympathy, because his opinions are not well received by those in power. A subscription is set on foot in Germany, which we trust will be ample enough to take away at least the material harm of this dismissal; meanwhile the Germans in London, and others of our sympathetic readers may be glad to contribute their offerings. We shall be happy to receive any subscriptions: they may be addressed to our Office, or to Mr. Franz Thimm, German Bookseller, 88, New Bond-street.

WE have somewhat neglected German literature of late, there have been so very few publications worth announcing. In the small activity there has been, we have noted, with some satisfaction, that Theology and Metaphysics have retired into silence and insignificance; two works recently published, however, deserve a passing mention. The first is a volume attributed by vague rumour to SCHELLING, upon what authority we cannot say, and bearing this comprehensive title, *Ueber den Geist und sein Verhältniss in der Natur*—running rapidly through the whole circle of the sciences physical and social; the second is a history of German Philosophy since KANT, by FORTLAGE of Jena—*Genetische Geschichte der Philosophie seit Kant*. He is a popular expositor, and as his work embraces KANT, JACOBI, FICHTE, SCHELLING, OKEN, STEFFENS, CARUS, SCHLEIERMACHER, HEGEL, WEISSE, FRIES, HERBART, BENEKE, REINHOLD, TRENDLENBURG, &c., it will be interesting to students of that vast logomachy named German Philosophy.

In science we have to note one or two decidedly interesting publications. A massive, cheap, and popular exposition of the Animal Kingdom, by VOGT, under the title of *Zoologische Briefe*—the numerous woodcuts to which, though very rude, are well drawn and useful as diagrams: VORTISCH *Die jüngste Katastrophe des Erdballs*, and LOTZE *Medicinische Psychologie oder Physiologie der Seele* will attract two very different classes of students. While the lovers of German Belles Lettres (we presume there are such curiosities of intellectual desire) will learn with tepid satisfaction that a new work is about to appear from the converted Countess HAHN-HAHN, under the mystical title of *Die Liebhaber des Kreuzes*, and a novel also by L. MUHLBACH (wife of THEODORE MUNDT) upon Frederick the Great, called *Berlin und Sans Souci*, which CARLYLE is not very likely to consult for his delineation of the Military Poetaster. Can you not anticipate the scorn with which Carlyle will dismiss the ambitious mediocrity of Frederick's verses—he who is tolerant of no man's verse? and it must be confessed that FREDERICK'S poem was the "Seven Years' war," not the French verses he composed to captivate VOLTAIRE. One may apply to him the pleasant lines of MOLIERE,—

"Je le tiens galant homme en toutes les manières
Homme de qualité, de mérite, et de cœur,
Tout ce qu'il vous plaira, mais fort méchant auteur."

What strange passion is it that thus seizes conquerors as well as cobblers, deluding them into the belief that they are poets? Are poets, then, really such happy, godlike beings, that, as GOETHE pathetically notes, no man is content to be a shoemaker, every man insists on being a poet.

"Niemand will ein Schuster seyn
Jederman ein Dichter!"

or do they simply want the golden crown without the victorious agony which wins it—the song without the suffering—the splendour of success without the gloomy shadows of neglect? Even so. It is not the poetic nature, but the poet's reward they desire. They would not at all appreciate the noble pride so finely expressed in HORNE'S *Orion* (we go on heaping quotation on quotation, as is our wont when once we begin, abstinence being so much easier than temperance; and perhaps across the far seas HORNE will feel this extended hand of friendship,—for is not quotation, so to speak, a literary shaking hands?)

"The poet of the future knows his place,
Though in the present shady be his seat,
And all his laurels deepening but the shade."

CHARLES MATHEWS AND THE FRENCH DRAMATISTS.

Letter from Mr. Charles Mathews to the Dramatic Authors of France. Translated from himself by himself as a specimen of "Fair Imitation or Adaptation" according to the terms of the International Copyright Convention. John Mitchell.

THOSE who have seen our best of comedians in one of his gay, easy, off-hand characters, making effrontery charming by the good-humoured elegance of his manner, and the imperturbable not-to-be-beaten readiness of his wit, will recognise him in this extremely amusing *Letter to the Dramatic Authors of France*. We shall require so much of our space for extract, that we must abstain from criticism. It was originally written in French, and in that form receives the critical admiration of Jules Janin, a competent authority in matters of wit and style! The French is reprinted here with a translation done by Charles Mathews—"by himself from himself as a specimen of fair imitation."

See how he makes his bow:—

"Gentlemen,—I am a weasel. Don't be astonished, I am telling you the simple truth;—a guilty but repentant weasel, who comes to compliment you on your having succeeded at length in putting a ring through his nose. Yes, gentlemen, you see before you, one of the dramatic weasels of the 'Perfidious Albion,' who have so long sucked the eggs of your Gallic nightingales, and I am here to offer you my congratulations on your having at last asserted your rights in the British dominions. I congratulate you with all the sincerity of the old fox who declares himself delighted when he hears that his bosom friends the geese have at last been clapped safely under an iron coop. At the precise moment when I can no longer steal with impunity, am I seized with an irresistible desire to become honest. I have robbed you, plundered you, disfigured you, maimed you, assassinated you; I admit it all; and the love of virtue only enters my head at the very foot of the gallows—a kind of repentance by no means uncommon in this wicked world.

"Seriously, gentlemen, I am the manager of an English theatre, and I throw myself at your feet to implore your forgiveness and ask your advice. Manager, did I say! more: manager-author-actor. Manager of the Lyceum, *author of several of your pieces*, actor of all the good parts I can get. I know too well the odious light in which this triple character, this *tria juncta in uno*, is looked upon by the single-nibbed professors of the dramatic art, and I am very sorry; but what can I do? Here I am like Cerberus, 'three gentlemen at once,' and I can't help it. I have consequently a triple task to perform—first, to write your pieces; secondly, to accept them; thirdly, to act them. Nay, I beg pardon, there's a fourth I had nearly forgotten—I've also to pay the piper and run the risk. Thus, you see it is clear that I have a three or four-fold interest in the new Dramatic Convention, and if you'll only grant me a quarter-of-an-hour, I should like to talk it over with you in a friendly manner, and point out one or two difficulties I foresee in the way of its execution."

He then proceeds to enumerate the twenty-three theatres of London, giving the prices of admission (a table not without its interest), and then examines these theatres seriatim to see what chance there is of French plays being serviceable to them. We cannot extract the whole, but here are some amusing passages:—

"Drury Lane, the other ex-national house, is, alas! more like an omnibus than a theatre, a huge omnibus running short stages at a very low price, but with plenty of noise, changing its coachman every other day, and in order to entice the mob, (though without succeeding in the attempt) printing the slang of the cads upon the way-bill. Authors have but little to hope for here. The present manager, poet-librettist, dreams of nothing but English operas, marble halls, and ballets. Drop a tear, gentlemen, and pass on in silence. *It is the mausoleum of Shakspeare.*

* * * * *
"The Victoria is a model house, the type of a school to which it gives its name. It is the incarnation of the English 'domestic drama,' or rather of the drama of English domesticities. There you will always find the truest pictures of virtue in rags, and vice in fine linen. There flourish the choicest specimens of all the crimes that make life hideous—robbery, rape, murder, suicide. It is a country abounding in grand combats of four—a region peopled with angelic maid servants, comic house-breakers, heroic sailors, tyrannical masters, poetical clodhoppers, and diabolical barons. The lower orders rush there in mobs, and in shirt sleeves, applaud frantically, drink ginger beer, munch apples, crack nuts, call the actors by their christian names, and throw them orange peel and apples by way of bouquets. Fly, gentlemen, this is no place for you,—you are only known here as frog-eating foreigners, whose armies are easily put to the rout by a couple of stage tars and a heroine with a horse pistol. There's not the ghost of a chance for you. They live upon roast beef and plum pudding, and abominate French kickshaws."

The Marylebone and the City Theatres are thus characterized:—

"Though more in the country, it is not on that account more simple in its tastes. The gentle shepherds of Portman Market have no love for the Idylls of Gessner, nor for the pastoral idealities of Georges Sand. They prefer selling mutton to tending sheep, and Robin Roughhead has no notion of paying his money to look at himself. Why should he? He can do that all day long, and has enough of it, as well as of shepherdesses and lambskins. He must have powerful excitement of an evening—assassins, wolves, tigers, by way of change. His object is to get away from himself. He can't indulge his taste for bull fights without going to Madrid, and the state of his exchequer forbids that, so he is obliged to be satisfied with the playhouse as the nearest approach to his favourite amusement, and of course, the more brutal and ferocious the exhibition, and the more his horse-laughter is excited, the happier he goes away. Neither M. Scribe nor M. Alfred de Musset would be able to tickle his fancy at any price. '*Un verre d'eau*,' would be literally 'a glass of water' to him, a thing he never wishes to touch as long as a pot of beer is to be had for money; and if you were to give him a translation of '*Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée*,' it would merely amount in his eyes to the self-evident truism that 'a door must be either open or shut,' and his advice to the manager would be to shut it if he had nothing better than that to amuse him with.

"We will now turn to the city.

"At the head of the theatres there is Sadler's Wells (No. 17), and a very different place it is from any we have yet spoken of. The classical, the stately, the stilted, banished from its natural home, finds refuge within its walls. *The National drama has retired here, as to a watering place, for the benefit of its health. The*

loftiest, the severest tragedy is represented in all its dreary integrity by solemn veterans. Shakspeare especially—Shakspeare undefiled—*textual*. Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, even rugged John Marston—all that is venerable and artificial. It is the Odéon of the suburbs. The very farces they play are ancient. All the old worn out and long forgotten pieces are dug up to enjoy a second youth, and figure in the eyes of young Islington as sparkling novelties. It is a downright dramatic curiosity shop. Pantomime is not excluded; on the contrary, is generally well done. Such Saturnalia are allowed at Christmas, and sometimes they venture on a new tragedy, moulded, however, on the antique; but woe to the man who mentions puny French authors. Translators avaunt! *The theatre is picturesquely situated, on the banks of the city canal, shaded agreeably by leafless genealogical trees, and its audience is composed of metropolitan villagers, the unsophisticated inhabitants of the verdant pavement which graces this Rus in Urbe; a most respectable and above all a most classical audience, seeing and hearing for the first time the divine Shakspeare and his nervous contemporaries; loving, I may say doating, upon their very obscurities; indeed, the less it understands, the more is this worthy audience pleased—it is so very respectable. It shies apples now and then, does this superior audience, but they are always classical ones—apples of the kind that Paris used to throw at Venus.*

"The City (No. 18) is the natural son of the Victoria, and inherits its parent's tastes. It has the same task to fulfil. It is a sort of Newgate Calendar dramatised—an Apotheosis of the seven deadly sins—a chapel of ease to the Old Bailey.

"The Standard (No. 19) is another in the same line, but with additional delights. Foreign voltigeurs, rope-dancers, wonderful dogs, men-monkeys, learned pigs, all that can enchant the eye, improve the mind, and enlarge the understanding. The ambition of the manager is evidently to please the whole human race, and as flies are not to be caught with fishing nets, he displays the alternate fascinations of honey, vinegar, fruits, sweetmeats, treacle, everything—except French comedies.

"As to the Pavillion (No. 20), one must actually dine at noon and take post-horses afterwards, in order to get there by half-past six. It is a theatre whose merit completely carries you away, far away—indeed the distance it is off secures for its successes beyond those of every other theatre—nearly a mile beyond. The shipping interest is here represented—its play bill ought to be posted at Lloyds. Vessels are nightly wrecked in latitude O.P., longitude P.S. As you enter you smell the 'distempered sea.' You sniff the brine of the 'set waters,' and feel the dusty spray of the canvas waves. At the Victoria, the sanctity of the domestic hearth is invaded—here the very ocean is laid under contribution, and success is sought amidst the roar of its breakers—success as boundless as the ocean it springs from. The object of the management is to 'hold the mirror up' to sailors. An eternal tide of marine melo-dramas and nautical novelties ebbs and flows in this dry Naumachia, where 'life afloat' is depicted by fresh-water seamen before an audience of real tars. I leave you to judge whether the pieces are not likely to be pitched tolerably strong to suit the web-footed connoisseurs who roll in at half-price, who help to whistle the act music, and only applaud a dialogue made up of cabins, cables, and cabooses, booms, binnacles, and backy boxes; whose nearest notion of attic salt is saltpetre, and whose sides are only to be tickled with points like pikes, quips like quids, and jokes like junk. A visit here is a suffering one undergoes voluntarily once in one's life, like sea-sickness."

Having shown that only four theatres out of twenty-three are likely to care much for French pieces, and having shown that out of 253 French pieces produced in 1851, only eight were thought worth reproducing in England, Mr. Mathews then tells the authors why it is so few are available—the main reasons are absurdity and immorality.

"What do you suppose, for instance, that we could do with a 'Mistress Siddons?' (meaning our great tragic actress) who, represented by the piquante Dejazel, puts on the disguise of a village idiot, and runs about the muddy lanes barefoot, accompanied by a mysterious stranger, who turns out to be 'Sheridan,' in order to convince her friends that she is capable of playing the part of the crazy girl which had been cast to her?"

"What could we do with a 'Miss Kelly,' who, to escape from a lover she never had, abandons her line of comic and melodramatic actress, and accepts an engagement as Prima Donna at the grand Opera at Naples?—Miss Kelly! who never got even as far as Calais in all her born days.

"What use could we make of a 'Gamin de Londres,' a young ragamuffin of a London coachmaker's boy, called 'Robinson,' frequenting in company with his chum 'Diglog' a tavern in the city, 'looking on the sea,' and with 'fishing nets hanging from the walls'—who is declared by the 'Lord Mayor' in the person of his 'constable,' to be the 'natural son' of the 'Duke of Melford,' a peer of the realm, and 'as such,' to be heir to his title and estates!!!—who is carried off in the custody of the said 'constable' and his assistant 'policemens,' to be installed in his father's magnificent mansion, at the corner of 'Holywell Street,' in the Strand, where his marriage with 'Nelly Blightone' is broken off by the Lord Mayor, and from whence he is ordered by the eternal 'constable' and the 'policemens,' who 'threaten him with their staves,' to depart for the 'University of Oxford'—who then becomes, while waiting for the title of the Duke of Melford, 'Sir Robinson, Count of Sheffield'—talks of his 'Steward, who lives in Richard Street'—of his friend, the 'young Count of Cantwell,' (as if the methodist doctor had ever been ennobled) and of his high-born aunt, the proud 'Countess of Birmingham'—who consents to please the Queen of England, by marrying 'the daughter of the great Nelson's grandson,' a 'commodore who died about a month previously at Malta,' (Nelson!! who never even had a son, much less a son's granddaughter)—who at the end of the piece is allowed, however, to marry Nelly, the waitress at the eating-house in the city, thanks again to the kindness of the queen, whose carriage is stopped short in 'König Street,' by old mother 'Blightone,' who shouts 'Justice, your Majesty!' and proves on the instant, in the middle of the street, that her late husband, the lamented Blightone, the landlord of the slapbang shop in Gracechurch Street, had 'saved the royal fleet in India!!!' on which the queen, still in the middle of the street, promises 'her protection and a thumping dowry to Nelly,' commands 'Sir Robinson' to marry her on the spot, and the day after his wedding, dispatches the ex-ragamuffin coachmaker's boy to represent the court of St. James's, as British Ambassador at Paris?"

He makes great fun with their versions of English History, and then glances at *Le Songe d'une Nuit d'Été*—

"We begin by finding 'Shakspeare' and 'Falstaff' drinking together at a public

house! The creator and the created! The poet and his work jumbled together! That's not bad by way of a commencement. Falstaff is, moreover, the 'Ranger of Richmond Park!' We next find 'Queen Elizabeth' walking about the city with a pocket full of 'blank forms,' signed by the high-sheriff, by virtue of which she disposes of the lives and liberties of her subjects—even to the extent of having them hanged without judge or jury! The immaculate queen is avowedly in love with the poet, whom she meets accidentally at the public-house in the city, where she has gone masked, in company with one of her maids of honour, 'Miss Olivia,' in the hope of finding him. Elizabeth then addresses William thus: 'Thy native place is 'Strafford';' to which the 'Divine Williams' replies (without caring to correct her error) 'Yes, I remember, in the days of my early youth, having tended my flocks in those vast solitudes—on the dizzy heights of those craggy mountains, enthroned amidst the silent majesty of nature.' (The dreary solitudes, the mountain peaks, and silent wildernesses of the smiling county of Warwick!) Shakspeare is shortly afterwards carried out dead drunk, and conveyed, by the high sheriff's orders (filled up by the queen's own hand on the public-house table), to Richmond Park, and there deposited. Elizabeth, draped in a white veil, appears to him in the moonlight in the character of his guardian genius, lectures him on his irregularities, and next day sends for him to Whitehall, and encourages him by saying, 'Come, come, William! Come, come, my poet! To work!—and thus snatches 'Sir Williams' from the abyss of debauchery in which his high intellect was about to perish."

"All this I can only repeat, though ingenious and fanciful in the extreme, is forbidden fruit as far as we are concerned."

One more extract and we have done:—

"Give us good well-considered, pleasant works, free from dirt and indecency, and we shall infallibly buy largely; provided always, as the lawyers say, that you do not put too high a price upon them. You must bear in mind that we have to pay our authors as much, per act, for good adaptations from the French as for original productions. Literal, word-for-word translations, are of no use whatever, and have never, nor will they ever, have much success on the English stage. The taste of the two countries is so essentially different, that it requires a very skilful hand to adapt, expand, retrench, and arrange even the most available foreign dramas—especially as it is a well known circumstance that the details which produce the most effect in Paris are frequently those which produce the least in London. Up to the present time, we have been in the habit of changing, cutting, adding, and altering whatever we have thought necessary to success, without the fear of the law before our eyes; but shall we be able to do so in future, even after paying the French authors? Perhaps you will be kind enough to inform me, when I have placed before you the difficulty I foresee."

"I will take, as an illustration, one of your pieces, called 'Un Enfant de Paris,' from whence we, not long ago, adapted a very successful drama for the Lyceum. Do you think we should have dared offer this to our audience exactly as it stood? Certainly not. A countess saves the life and honour of a young man of the lower orders, who breaks into her house for the purpose of robbing her of her diamonds, and who, out of gratitude for her forbearance, devotes himself to her service. So far, all is well enough. But it soon becomes too plain that the young man's devotion springs as much from love as from gratitude, and this we don't like. We don't relish the idea of a low fellow, with dirty hands, and black ribs to them, languishing sentimentally about the person of a woman of rank and refinement. There is no reason why he shouldn't, it is true, and it may be as right as possible; but right or wrong, we don't like it. Nor do we fancy any better the notion of a count's threatening his lovely wife with a stick! (The very gallery would rise en masse, and pelt him off the stage.) Nor the drunken revelry of a set of rouds and courtesans, who force their way into the countess's apartments at the instigation of her husband, and insult her so grossly and brutally that, at last, to escape them, she precipitates herself from a rock into the sea; from whence the sentimental young house-breaker fishes her up again, out of love and gratitude. Nor the dramatic dénouement of the encroaching tide, which sends a couple of remorseless waves so very apropos, to swallow up the principal characters, and bring the drama to an untimely end. All these things, so distasteful to our feelings, were altered or suppressed, without which the piece would unquestionably have failed. And what harm did it do to the French author? None at all. He was not known in the business, his name was not even printed on the play-bill, and, consequently, his reputation could not suffer by the liberties taken with his work. It could not matter to him in any way."

"But under the new law it will matter very much, for his reputation will then be at stake. We shall have to buy the right of translating his piece; his name will be publicly attached to it as the author; he will become responsible for what he has written; and will insist upon having his play represented, not that of an English author. And when they talk of garbling his work, and altering the very things that produced the greatest effect in Paris, he will cry, 'Stop, gentlemen, touch me at your peril! Let my burglar, with the dirty hands, doat upon my great lady; let my count beat his wife with a stick; let my drunken bucks and courtesans bully my countess till she gives three cheers and jumps overboard; and let my high tide come in and wash away my *dramatis persona*, or you shall not have my play. I have just sold it to a charming young man, who has undertaken to translate it without altering a line.'"

REMINISCENCES OF THOUGHT AND FEELING.

Reminiscences of Thought and Feeling. By the Author of "Visiting my Relations." Pickering.

THE strange composite nature of this volume is not inaptly characterized by its title. It is a gathering up of old reflections, recent readings, and that sort of intermittent philosophy in which women indulge, untrained as they are to any continuous development of their thoughts; and these desultory pages at last wander into a somewhat continuous autobiography, curious, as all autobiography ever will be, and especially curious to the religious world. Of the autobiography itself we will say no word. It has pleased the authoress to remove the veil of privacy, and, by so doing, to invite comment; and yet, on the real inward character of any human being, comment is a delicate matter, therefore we prefer silence in this case, lest our judgment appear harsh, and that harshness misapprehension.

Desultory, like the book, shall be our notice, leaping from point to point as humour urges. First let us hear some fragments of the sermon on that British (above all others) ambition of

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD.

"It is not the wish to get on that I have any controversy with; for I am well aware that competence must be in a way to be secured, before the mind is sufficiently liberated from a thousand sordid hopes and fears, to rise to any generous or exalted effort. It is the never losing sight of 'getting on,'—it is the fusing of every point and purpose of existence in that pursuit, and the setting that one object before the heart as all it has to seek, which I resist and disapprove of; and I believe if the matter were scrutinized, it would be found that every man carries a counsellor in his own breast, which with 'a still small voice,' resists and disapproves of it also.

"And what a great matter is it to understand, and be in amity with, this counsellor,—this Divine moderator between the man and his heart,—this regulator of its wild impulses,—this calm, centralizing rebuker and restrainer of its excesses!"

This reads marvellously like the philosophy of those privileged beings having "a comfortable independence," (and what *that* is has been told us by the pious particularity and love of exactness which dictated the clause in that famous prayer, "And if, O Lord, thou shouldst not know what comfortable independence is,—'tis three hundred a year!") for you observe the writer will not allow the mind to be capable of rising to any generous or exalted effort, unless competence have liberated it from sordid hopes. This, though a slip of the pen, is indicative. Let us, however, hear the continuation; she is speaking of the restraining conscience, as distinguished from the onward rushing will:—

"But few persons, it will be said, are sensible of this restraining power. Granted; yet that is no reason why they should not be so. They do not perceive its influence because there is a want of humble passivity in yielding to it. The will has become so imperious by long indulgence, and has so often and so violently torn itself away from its proper centre, that it runs on unchecked in its froward, zigzag course; sometimes exploding and wounding itself, and sometimes wounding others. Could the planets have also found a will of their own, they would probably have long since upset the universe.

"But to resume the point we were considering.

"There is nothing like a clear understanding of terms in acting upon a proposition. A man proposes to *get on* in life.

"Very good; let him do so by all means, for nothing can be more in unison with nature and reason than such a design. Everything gets on to its appointed end, and is intended to do so; but as the man has to shape his own course to his own object, and is not governed by necessity as the seed in the ground is, to take uniform steps to a uniform end, but is left to adopt such measures as seem to his particular choice to look like *getting on*, it is surely of the last importance that he should have a most distinct and ever present comprehension of the exact meaning of the term, and of the sense which he himself attaches to it.

"Now, as far as I can judge, the gentleman whom I have just visited, considers 'getting on' to mean getting up above other people; possessing more splendid appointments, a more aristocratic acquaintance; ignoring the customs, manners, and even the existence of those who have not ascended as high as himself in the ladder he is mounting; and the sitting down at last at the top of it, a pompous goose in almost everybody's eyes but his own.

"This is surely a 'lame and impotent conclusion' to arrive at; but it is the legitimate result of forgetting the consideration of moral progress while calculating the problem of success, and of viewing things not as they *are*, but as they *seem*.

"Nothing can be called success but that which is accompanied with peace of mind; and peace of mind, be it known to all the world, is not a thing that slides into the lot as an accident, a matter that may or may not be there, just as it happens. No, no—your true 'getting on,' is first and firmly recognising this ingredient of success as essential, and as that which must be got and grasped before all other getting."

Although not of the newest, this is of the kind which needs being preached to men in their feverish blindness of pursuit. Some qualification seems necessary as to that supposed indispensable condition, "peace of mind." We should rather say—looking at the energetic conflicts of life, the very passion of which makes victory glorious—that "agitation of mind" was quite as indispensable as peace; just as activity is necessary to the muscles, and makes us sensible of repose, so are conflict, agitation, terrible anxiety, infinite yearnings, fluctuating gleams of hope and shadows of doubt, necessary to keep the mind from mantling, like a stagnant pool, with fertile inferiority of life, and to make us fitly enjoy the blessing of peace. "I sometimes feel the want to die as the wakeful feel the want to sleep," said Madame Du Deffand; but the miserable and the wakeful only feel this longing for peace at times: peace is death, and life is conflict—ever-renewing, ever-welcome conflict.

What our authoress says in her summing up, is well said, and to the purpose:—

"The sum and substance, therefore, of what might be said to the man whose pride is his stepping-stone, is this: 'If you would rise to true nobility, which means the nobility of *mind*, establish it as an abiding principle of action, never to do anything that you would be ashamed of. And observe always, the distinction between what *you*, the absolute judge, are ashamed of, and what the inferior *you*, the wayward will of *self*, would only be ashamed of, *if it were known*. The one is the king that rules in the conscience, and must be treated with the reverence due to a king; the other is a poor sneaking slave that would do everything that is mean and crooked, even to the robbing of an apple-stall, if not kept in awe by the rightful monarch. 'Reverence thyself,' is a profound maxim of ancient wisdom, and be sure to keep up the reverence most, when most alone. Thus exercising your pride for the purpose for which it was bestowed, you will have its services on solid grounds, and will not exhaust the capacities of this useful agent in poor and paltry enterprises. The real object for which you are working may still be self-aggrandizement, but it will be the greatness of a well-regulated, peaceful, honourable inter-

rior, that you keep constantly in view as the condition in which you hope to sit down, and say with the old song,

"My mind to me a kingdom is."

It is an inconceivable blessing to understand the true nature of things; for it is scarcely an exaggeration to say, that far more than half the misery that desolates the world, arises from the profound ignorance of mankind respecting the intrinsic value of the objects which they covet, and spend their best energies upon.

"I do not say that these objects are without certain attractions, or that they may not be very pleasant to possess; but I *do* say to everybody, know them for what they are, and estimate them accordingly; and do not make the fatal mistake of supposing that coronet, or coach and four, or any worldly matter whatever that may be dangling before the mind's eye, has any relation to the mind's peace; though, unhappily, it may have a very potent influence in promoting its poverty, in so far as its genuine worth and nobility are concerned."

Turning from this subject to another, see how nicely she reveals one of the little weaknesses of our race:—

COXCOMBRY OF CONFESSIONS.

"This desire of creating a sensation, exists, perhaps, in greater strength in the female sex than the other; but it is a potent part of humanity in both. In the religious world it is disguised becomingly under the notion of anxiety about spiritual welfare. Nothing is more engaging and really interesting, than any evidence of sincere solicitude in young persons, or any persons, to know the way of truth and righteousness, and to acquire those elevated views and principles which are the only shield we can interpose between our temptations and our passions.

"But really, as it seems to me, all right teaching and preaching does so distinctly turn the inquirer *away* from human help, and drive him so directly into the closet of the heart, there to 'shut the door, and pray to his Father which seeth in secret,'—that when I have heard young people talk of consulting their 'dear minister' about this and the other temptation, I have found it impossible to believe but that a lively desire of creating an interest for themselves in the heart of their spiritual adviser, was more actively prompting them, than a simple wish to do what is right; for, when *this* is the only motive, how near is the counsellor!"

The sarcastic moralist who thought that lovers found pleasure in each other's society, because they talked incessantly of themselves and their feelings, would probably be at no loss to infer from the above passage, why young ladies are so prone to fall in love with the "dear minister."

Here is a passage every Reviewer will endorse:—

"There is something in the first glance we cast upon a new book (at least so it is with me) which tells at once whether or not it will be pleasantly readable. Particular words catch the eye, and striking the mind something after the manner in which a tuning-fork strikes a piano-forte, they elicit a response which is or is not in unison with the thoughts they awaken. There are certain terms and phrases which, in the twinkling of an eye, extinguish all my hopes and expectations from a book.

"This is a prejudice, some will say, and should be overcome. There may be something of prejudice in most instantaneous decisions; but I have lived long enough to have a great respect for first and prompt impressions; and in regard to books, I scarcely know the occasion in which a glance of five minutes over a new one, did not suffice to tell me its genuine character; and I dare say, most readers (by which I mean people who really do read a book, not those who look at it) would say the same.

"When, therefore, in the 'Memoirs of Margaret Fuller, Marchesa d'Ossoli,' I caught the names of Dante, Goethe, Ariosto, and poetical allusions in English, German, and Italian to the arts,—to genius, and such like spangles, sprinkling almost every page, I had a strong presentiment that I was to meet with a mind too stilted to furnish her observers with the plain homespun which is 'your only wear,' in such a world as this;—and which is so constantly useful, that one is ready to beg, borrow, or steal a bit of it wherever it can be found."

If these passages have stimulated the reader's curiosity, they have done enough. It is a book for a quiet summer afternoon.

BOOKS ON OUR TABLE.

Life in Mexico during a Residence of Two Years in that Country. By Madame Calderon. Abridged from the original. (The Book-Case.) Simms and McIntyre.

MADAME CALDERON DE LA BARCA's gay and sparkling letters, descriptive of Life in Mexico, have been somewhat abridged, and so brought within the compass of a single volume of Simms and McIntyre's *Book-Case*. The same publishers have issued a new edition of *The Wilmingtons*, by the author of *Emilia Wyndham*, in their *Parlour Library*.

Encyclopædia of Engineering, Civil and Mechanical, or General Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and Manufactures. By Edward Lomax, C.E., assisted by Thos. Gunyon and W. H. Villiers Sankey. Part I.

THIS is the first part of a new encyclopædia, which although useful of course, as all such dictionaries of reference are, has nevertheless no specific quality which renders its publication desirable, for it is inferior to the more elaborate encyclopædies both in compass and ability, and at the same time has no prominent feature to compensate for that general inferiority. The design of the work is too extensive or not extensive enough. As a Dictionary of Civil Engineering it contains too much unnecessary matter; as a General Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and Manufactures, it is somewhat meagre. There are to be 20 of these three-shilling parts.

Money and Morals. By John Talor.
Hints to Railway Travellers, and Country Visitors to London.
Biography of Dr. Sheridan Muspratt.
Bogue's Guide for Travellers—Belgium and the Rhine.
Lettre de M. Charles Mathews aux Auteurs Dramatiques de la France.
The Poetry of Childhood. By Goodwyn Barnaby.
Encyclopædia Metropolitana—History of the Christian Church in the Second and Third Centuries. By J. A. Jeremie, D.D.
Historie de la Restauration. Par A. De Lamartine.
Investments for the Working Classes. By W. R. Greg.
The Bookcase.—Remarkable Events in the Career of Napoleon.
Parlour Library.—Heidelberg. By G. P. R. James.
Home Circle. Part XXXVII.

J. Chapman.
Bradbury and Evans.
John Churchill.
D. Bogue.
J. Mitchell.
W. Tweedie.
Griffin and Co.
W. Jells.
Longman, Brown, and Co.
Simms and McIntyre.
Simms and McIntyre.
W. B. Johnson.

Portfolio.

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

COMTE'S POSITIVE PHILOSOPHY.

By G. H. LEWES.

PART XVI.—Philosophical Anatomy.

HAVING indicated, though briefly, the most important generalities with respect to the object, scope, and Method of the study of living beings, we may now glance at Comte's division of the subject into its statical and dynamical elements,—Anatomy, comparative and descriptive, and Physiology.

Anatomy was enveloped in inextricable confusion so long as it proceeded only with a view to organs, and groups of organs. Bichat, by his grand philosophical artifice of decomposing the organism into its various elementary *tissues*, rendered Anatomy the greatest of services. For although a profound investigation of the whole animal kingdom, proceeding on the ascensional Method from the lowest upwards to man, will reveal to us the various tissues successively emerging into special distinctness as the diverse functions become more and more pronounced; nevertheless, this discovery would have necessarily been very slow, had it not been for Bichat's philosophic innovation, as indeed may be seen in the fact of Cuvier, coming after Bichat as he did, having never familiarized his mind with the importance of this view, but continuing to occupy himself with the organs and groups of organs, hoping *there* to read the answer to his questions. The organs themselves are made up of tissues, and therefore the priority of the tissues is beyond dispute.

This, then, is the order laid down by Comte in conformity with his Method of proceeding from the general to the special, the simple to the complex. *We must commence with the study of the tissues, and thence to the analysis of the laws of their combination into organs, and finally, to the consideration of the grouping of those organs into systems.*

A slight rectification of this order is necessary, I think, and a disciple of Comte's—Dr. Segond—in his *Systématisation de la Biologie*, has suggested it. He says, we should precede the investigation of the tissues by that of the *elements*, (or, as we in England call them, the *proximate principles*), such as albumen, fibrine, &c.

That the starting point of all the tissues is the *Protein* discovered by Mulder, no organic chemist now doubts; and we must first trace the transformation of this protein into Albumen, Fibrine, and Caseine, by the additions of certain proportions of sulphur, or phosphorus, or of both, as a preliminary to the investigation of the cellular tissue into the other tissues. Herein we see the intimate relation of Biology with Chemistry. And as I am on this point I will give the chemical analysis of these *elements* as I find it in Mulder.

Observe that Protein, the parent of all, is composed solely of the four *organogens*, and in this proportion in a hundred parts:—

Nitrogen	16.01
Carbon	55.29
Hydrogen	7.00
Oxygen	21.70

For Albumen we want slight additions—very slight—of sulphur and phosphorus, replacing a slight loss of Nitrogen and Carbon.

Nitrogen	15.83
Carbon	54.84
Hydrogen	7.09
Oxygen	21.23
Phosphorus	0.33
Sulphur	0.68

For Fibrine we want the same materials as for Albumen, with slight variations in proportion:—

Nitrogen	15.72
Carbon	54.56
Hydrogen	6.90
Oxygen	22.13
Phosphorus	0.33
Sulphur	0.36

To return to Comte. Having settled the order to be—Elements, tissues, organs, and groups of organs or systems—we have to trace the transformation of all the tissues from one, and their classification according to their true general relations. After pointing out the value of De Blainville's distinction between the organic elements and organic products, Comte opens the question of the vitality of organic fluids.

"A glance at the ensemble of the organic world shows us clearly that every living body is continually formed out of a certain combination of solids and fluids, of which the proportions vary according to the different species. The very definition of life presupposes the necessary harmony of these two constituent principles. For this *twofold internal movement of composition and decomposition* which essentially characterises life cannot be conceived in a system altogether solid. On the other hand, independently of the impossibility of a purely liquid mass existing, without being contained by some solid envelope, it is clear that such a mass could not be

organized, and life, properly so called, becomes unintelligible in such a mass. If these two parent ideas of life and organization were not necessarily correlative and, consequently, inseparable, one might conceive that life essentially belonged to the fluids, and organization to the solids. Indeed, the comparative examination of the principal types seems to confirm this as a general rule, that vital activity augments essentially in proportion as the fluids predominate in the organism, while, on the contrary, the increasing preponderance of the solids determines a greater persistence of the vital state. These reflections prove that the celebrated controversy on the vitality of fluids reposes on a vicious position of the problem altogether, since the necessary co-relation between fluids and solids excludes, as equally irrational, either the absolute *humorism* or absolute *solidism*.

"Nevertheless, in considering the various proximate principles of the organic fluids, there is one series of positive researches to be made respecting the veritable vitality of the organic fluids. For example, the blood being formed principally of water, it would be absurd to suppose this inert vehicle as participating in the incontestible vitality of the blood; but wherein lies this vitality? The microscopic anatomy of our day (1838) has answered this question by making the red globules the seat of vitality, they alone being organized. But this solution, precious though it be, can only as yet be considered as a simple sketch of the truth.—For it is admitted that these globules, though always of determinate form, become narrower and narrower as the arterial blood passes into the inferior vessels, that is to say, in advancing towards the seat of its incorporation with the tissues, and finally, that at the precise instant of definitive assimilation there is a complete liquefaction of the globules. Now this seems in open contradiction with the hypothesis, since here the blood would cease to be vital at the moment of its accomplishing its greatest act of vitality."

The net result of this examination of the vitality of the fluids, together with some other observations for which I have no space here, is that Comte would begin the static investigation with the solids, as best representing the idea of organization, and from the solids pass to the fluids.

Thus we arrive once more at the tissues as the anatomical starting point. And here, as elsewhere, the immense importance of Comparison stands prominent, the earlier phases of human development being too rapid and too removed from observation for Anatomy to get its clue there; only in the biological hierarchy, embracing *all* organized beings, can we look for decisive indications. Following this Comparative Method we find that the *cellular tissue* is the primary and essential basis of every organism, since it is the only one universally present. All the various tissues which in man seem so distinct, successively lose their characteristic attributes as we descend the scale of organisms, and always tend to lose their identity in the cellular tissue, which, as we know, remains the unique basis of the vegetable world, and also of the lowest forms of the animal world.

"We may remark here," says Comte, "how the nature of such an elementary organization is in philosophic harmony with that which constitutes the necessary basis of life in general, reduced to its most abstract terms. For under whatever form we conceive the cellular tissue, it is eminently fitted, by its structure, to that *absorption and exhalation* which form the two essential parts of the great vital phenomenon. At the lowest stage of the animal hierarchy, the living organism, placed in an invariable medium, is really limited to absorption and exhalation by its two surfaces, between which circulate the fluids destined to be assimilated and those resulting from disassimilation. For a function so simple the simple cell is sufficient."

Having ascertained that the cellular tissue is the primordial tissue successively modified into other tissues, we have to trace the order of succession, and here Comparative Anatomy again comes to our aid, and guides us by this simple luminous principle—that the secondary tissues are to be regarded as more widely separated from the primary tissue, just in proportion as their first appearance takes place in the more special and more complex organisms. For example, the nervous tissue is totally absent from all vegetable organisms, and is undiscoverable in the lowest forms of animal organisms, by Owen named, in consequence, *Acrita*. Again, in the muscular tissue there are two distinct varieties (corresponding, I am inclined to think, with the grey and white varieties of the nervous tissue), the *striped* and *unstriped* fibres, the former peculiar to the voluntary or more complex muscles, the latter to the involuntary muscles. But the latest researches show that as we descend the animal hierarchy we find the distinctive characters of these fibres gradually merging together. The transverse stripes grow irregular instead of parallel; the fibres possess them only near its centre, where the development is greatest, and the contractile energy most active.

The modifications which the cellular tissue undergoes may, in general, be divided into two classes: the most ordinary and least profound are those of simple structure; the other more profound and more special affect the very composition of the tissue itself.

"The most direct and general of these transformations generates the dermal tissue, properly so called, which constitutes the basis of the organic envelope, external and internal. Here the modification is reduced to a simple *condensation*, varying according as the surface has to be more *absorbent* or *exhalant*. This transformation, simple as it is, is not rigorously universal; we must ascend to a certain stage of the biological scale before perceiving it distinctly. Not only in the majority of the lower animals is there no essential difference between the external and internal surface, which can, as it is well known, mutually supply each other's places; but

if we descend a little lower, we are unable to discern any anatomical distinction between the envelope and the ensemble of the organism, which is wholly cellular.

"An increasing condensation, more or less equally distributed, of this cellular tissue determines—in starting from the dermal tissue, and in a higher stage of the organic series—three distinct but inseparable tissues, destined to play an important part in the animal economy, as the protective envelopes of the nervous system, and as auxiliaries to the locomotive apparatus. These are the *fibrous*, *cartilaginous*, and *osseous* tissues—the fundamental analogy of which is evident, and has led M. Laurent in his scheme of systematic nomenclature, to fix this analogy by the application of the general term *sclerous* tissue to the three. The propriety of this is the more evident, because, in reality, the different degrees of consolidation result from the deposit of a heterogeneous substance, either organic or inorganic, in the network of the cellular tissue, and the extraction of this substance leaves no doubt whatever as to the nature of the tissue. When, on the contrary, by a final condensation, the primary tissue becomes more compact, without encrusting itself with any foreign substance, then we pass to a new modification, where impermeability becomes compatible with elasticity, which characterizes the *serous* tissue, the destination of which consists in interposing itself between the various organs, and above all in containing the fluids of the body."

These are the tissues necessary to Organic life; and as Animal life is so markedly distinguished from organic life, we may be prepared for some equivalent distinction in the modification of the tissues proper to Animal life,—viz., the *muscular* tissue and the *nervous* tissue, both of them twofold, as I indicated just now, and related more intimately than anatomists suspect. In each case the modification is characterized by the anatomical combination of the fundamental cellular tissue with a special *organic element*, which, of course, affects its whole composition. In the case of the muscular tissue, the organic element is that well known as *fibrine* (the analysis of which I gave above), and in the case of nervous tissue, the element is that named by De Blainville, *neurine*. The modification of which I now speak, is of course too great for us in the present state of science to describe it with precision; but no philosophical anatomist will doubt the reality of the process, unless he prefer the supposition of three *primitive* tissues,—cellular, muscular, and nervous,—a supposition that would disturb the whole unity of Nature.

This, then, is the object of Philosophical Anatomy:—*to reduce all the tissues to one primordial elementary tissue, from which they are developed by modifications more and more special and profound, first of structure and then of composition.*

Comte energetically raises his voice against that tendency among modern German anatomists to quit the real positive point of view for some more inaccessible and chimerical position, which, if attainable, would only remove the subject still farther, and in no case explain it. Instead of contenting themselves with the reduction of all the tissues to one, they endeavour to reduce that one to an assemblage of *organic monads*, which are the primordial elements of all living beings. This is contrary to all sound Biology. In the science of life what have we to study but the phenomena of organized beings? To go beyond the organism is to step beyond the limits of the science. That the differences between the inorganic and organic worlds are *phenomenal* and in nowise *noumenal*, I have endeavoured to prove in the section on Organic Chemistry; but these *phenomenal* differences are in philosophy essential, and whoever confounds them sins against fundamental principles. In one sense it is true that Life is everywhere; but in the restricted sense in which Biology considers Vitality—viz., as the co-relation of two inseparable ideas, Life and Organization—it is obviously absurd to suppose Life as resident in molecules. In what could the *organization* or the *life* of a monad consist? That the philosophy of inorganic matter should conceive all bodies as composed of indivisible molecules, is rational enough, being perfectly conformable to the nature of the phenomena, which, constituting the general basis of all material existence, must necessarily belong to the smallest particles. But, on the contrary, this biological heresy is only an absurd imitation of that conception, and, reduced to plain terms, it makes all animals composed of *animalecules*; and, even admitting this supposition, the elementary *animalecules* become more incomprehensible than the animals, not to mention the gratuitous difficulty introduced of their association into one animal. At the time Comte wrote, the *Doctrine of Cells* was unknown, and he must not, therefore, be supposed to discountenance that, while objecting to the doctrine of organic self-existent monads. He merely wishes to keep the unity of each organization distinct. Any and every organism constitutes by its nature an indivisible unit; it is true that by an intellectual artifice we can decompose that unit the better to understand it; but the last term of that abstract decomposition consists in the idea of tissue, beyond which (if we combine with it the idea of elements) nothing can anatomically exist, because beyond it there can be no organization. The idea of *tissue* is to the organic world what the idea of *molecule* is to the inorganic.

I know not if the "general reader" has been able to follow this abstract statement of the fundamental principles of philosophical Anatomy, but certain I am that he need only open any or all of the works specially devoted to this science, and he will perceive at once the simplicity, profundity, and luminousness of the principles here laid down.*

THE DISCIPLINE OF ART.*

CONCLUDING LETTER—To A—A.

ART is the reflex of life, fixed and concentrated for our contemplation, in order to the satisfaction of our instincts, by making us more conscious of the laws of vitality, its impulses, and its enjoyments. As the most developed science constructs the most perfect mirrors, which reflect nature with the least distortion, adulteration, or dilution, so perfect art reflects nature in its simplest force. The desire to attain the object of Art, that close and true reflex of the Nature from which civilization has perchance too far removed us, enlists our instincts to be concerned in the most lively degree for the justness of the medium; and hence Art, which, broadly considered, is but a means to a natural end, has also a substantive value of its own; and the same piety which moves us to venerate the laws of Nature, wherever we consciously view their working, makes us also feel a grateful veneration towards the instrument.

So strong is this natural piety, that the artist cannot be rendered unfaithful to that fealty. Other laws move and restrain other men—the merchant must above all be exact in his commercial dealings; the lawyer must obey the statutes for the time-being, even against sense and justice; the worldly man must perforce consult his grosser "interests;" but the artist is under a spell to devote his energy to good Art, so far as his strength will carry him. Annibal Caracci will not be turned aside by public favour, nor the prosperity that courts his relatives less potent in art, but must labour to work after the example of the great men before him. Ariosto would not have repelled courtly favour; yet his vital instincts made him immortalize those brilliant "ribaldries" which his royal patron openly disparaged; and although he adopted for his device the complaint of his predecessor—

Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes—

a hive of bees smoked out for the sake of their honey,—his instinct forced him still to work the honey, though it were *not* to be returned to himself in the sweets of grateful appreciation. Mozart was the pet of courts; but Imperial Austria himself could not overawe the musician's allegiance to the simplest laws of Art: a man who could read music well enough to turn over the leaves without mistake, was greater than an Emperor. Mozart could not write down to the level of a minor theatre, but threw before an Astley audience the sublimities of a Sarastro. Painting has drawn its recruits from all ranks—Michelangelo Buonarroti was a gentleman, Raphael may be called a middle-class man, Giotto was a peasant boy, Michelangelo da Caravaggio was an abandoned vagabond: but all were noblemen in the studio—are noblemen to posterity, and were so to themselves and to each other. They are Counts of an Empire more enduring than the Roman. Even the singer or player who passes away has his influence on the organic growth of his kind. Paganini will not perish: his soul has been absorbed into the divine voice of music, that speaks unto countless generations forward, for he has enlarged its utterance. And in the fulness of her great instinct, Pasta knew no less; for, in her private letters to her pupil, Parodi, she calls her to sustain the dignity of her vocation, by telling her, that even the singer who perishes, helps to unfold the resources of the art that perishes not.

Artists are lawless, irregular, heedless; but in the main they are generous; they are faithful to Art. Seldom do you find a true artist sacrificing the laws of his art to a personal interest. If he does, he is punished by the loss of power. Our English artists have said, "It is all very well to paint fine pictures when you can, but first you must make the pot boil:" they sometimes make the pot boil, but they cannot paint pictures. They have forfeited their faculty.

You will see that the artist, within his Art, is compelled by his instinct to do that which is *good*—that which accords with the laws of Nature carried into Art. I do not know what this peremptory influence can be, if it is not one form of religion—a thorough obedience to the divine laws which rule our organized life, enabling it to know itself and to reproduce itself. By his thorough obedience the artist is enabled to carry on those laws, and to bring more souls under a thorough obedience, like to his own. His own feelings in each become more or less forced into the course of those laws—he must *do* that which is "good art;" in other words, that which is consistent with the unperverted laws of Nature.

The discipline which Art exercises over the artist differs only in degree from its discipline over all who have the faculties or the training to undergo that influence. In some respects, indeed, the layman is more purely influenced than the artist. By his allegiance to laws which, in their enduring and straight onward course, do not coincide with the changeful and devious course of statute and social usage, the artist is made proportionately an outlaw to society, and hence much of the audacious irregularity which distinguishes the order of illustrious vagabonds; whereas the layman in Art is not thrown into such defiance against temporary laws, though he can feel the *corrective* influence of Art. That consists in recalling him to the most beautiful type and standard of his kind in all its attributes; and it operates, not directly upon his reasoning faculties, not upon his reasoning conscience, but upon *his feelings and wishes*. A man thoroughly imbued with right convictions will perceive what is right, and will constrain

* For the Comte Subscription I have to acknowledge 14. from D. H.

* For the preceding letters, *vide Leader* of July 24, 17, 3.

himself, sometimes, to obey conscience. A man thoroughly imbued with the influence of Art will desire that which is beautiful, healthy, good, and noble.

Although we have generally felt the value of Art, although we continue to repeat the maxims about its "softening the manner," and controvert utilitarians and dogmatic sceptics who treat fiction as mischievous and worthless, I think we seldom maintain the value of Art on true grounds. We speak of its "example," or enter into vague assurances about "taste" and "refinement;" the latter ground being "void for uncertainty," the "example" plea inapposite. It would be difficult to ensure the reading of the *Orlando Furioso* on the score of the example offered by Orlando, or Rinaldo, or Sacripante, or Angelica, or Bradamante, or Fiordilisa; since the conduct of those knights and damsels errant is inapplicable to existing institutions, and departs widely from the existing code of proprieties. And yet we feel that we are the better for reading the generous romance. Why? Because it revives, in their purest and amplest form, the instincts of humanity; because it accustoms the thoughts to move in a train of symmetry and beauty, and to turn from what is unsymmetrical, inorganic, un-beautiful; and if our thoughts are trailed to grow in beauty, our desires, our aspirations, our intimate motives to conduct will be healthy and lifeful.

Art cannot work out a logical proposition; but a proposition which we may justify by logical working out, may often be put by Art in a form so vivid as to strike upon the feelings with an electric light, and so become part of our organism. The idleness of seeking effeminately to evade every form of danger, the worse risques to which it subjects us, we may prove by all the lights of reason, of morals, and of physiology; but the beautiful episode in the *Arabian Nights*—of the young man buried in the seclusion of a desert island, to avoid the knife, and there accidentally slain in sickly helplessness by the hand of the friend who nurses him—puts the truth into a living picture that speaks to us through our very senses. We feel it, remember it, carry it about with us. We may show the wretchedness of lying by logic and morals: we know, as a fact, that all liars are not stricken with convulsive death; but when we see, in Raphael's cartoon, Ananias writhing with the agony of the Divine visitation—when we see, by the sublime aspect of the Apostles, that he has been lying in the presence of God's vicegerents—when we see the agonized man tended, not by the care and ministering sympathy of those around, but by their horror and repulsion, the sense of life within us recoils from the crime which, denying truth, frustrates existence—for such is always the effect of lying, so far as it works—and we are awed into a loving reliance on truth alone. Such is the feeling at the moment. Awaken such feelings often in the mind, and it naturally inclines to that which is truthful. Again, in presence of Giotto's bell-tower at Florence, so lofty, so fair, so ancient, and ever beautiful, instinctively impressed with the power of the laws of inorganic life which it brings within our cognisance, but which equally sustain the march of the planets and the distribution of the firmaments,—impressed with the power of one of our kind to minister to those great laws, and to be God's vicar in unfolding power and beauty, it would be difficult for us to do anything mean. On that white stone, not far away, says tradition, sat Dante in his greatness and his trouble—Dante, whose satires of his countrymen have grown dim in meaning to after ages, but whose simple transcripts of nobler feeling and high thought stand through all time—whose Paolo and Francesca still tell to loving hearts to what sublime discourse the sweet emotions within them may rise. Paltrinesses have happened there—petty sports, and pettier malignities, which have passed away: but the sacred presence of the departed poet remains, ever inciting generation after generation to be noble and generous.

Teachers have too much bestirred themselves to encourage what is good, to repress what is bad; forgetting that a stem warped by artifice seldom retains its bent, and that an organization trimmed by cutting or binding to the fashion of a day will grow again, or is feebler than it should be in presence of difficulty. If we were not so much to repress what we dislike, as to develop the faculties which go to make up the complement of our nature,—if we seek, as far as we may, to grow men up to the standard of their type,—we shall establish a more vital discipline, self-acting, self-developing? it is through Art that we can test that type in more than one of its phases, by Art that we can discipline ourselves to approach that type. Exiled from Nature in our huge quadrate labyrinths of streets, lost amid the ugly rubbish of civilization, its false allurements and depraved senses; Art is the light at the other end which may guide us through civilization, as amid the combats and perplexities of artificial life the memory of a beloved face fixes our thought and sustains our faculties for the fight. As yet, however, it is a branch of government strangely carried on by a certain order whom Sand more than once calls the Gipsies of Society; and so it will remain, until the unity of truth shall be understood. Is this to be forever: or are we coming to the spot where many paths meet—where believers shall cease to assert that which we cannot know by presumption, where sceptics shall cease to ignore that which we cannot cease to feel? I do not know; but this I know—that the lights of truth do not extinguish but strengthen each other; as the smile of happiness adds brightness to the eyes of intellect, and the blush of lovingness makes both divine. Wherein Raphael and Nature do but confirm each other; as testifieth enduringly your

THORNTON HUNT.

The Arts.

THE AMERICAN HAMLET.

NATURALISTS tell us that the traveller on the Caspian shores is startled of an evening by the sounds of joyous laughter, seeming to proceed from some excited assembly of men and women, taking existence in Homeric mood; he approaches, curious; and finds amongst the slimy rocks a gathering of enormous black toads celebrating their nuptial rites,—the laughter proceeding from them!

I thought of this on Monday night, when I, fresh from the verdant plains and sweet umbrageosity (I'll trouble you for that expression!) of sylvan retreats, wandered to the unfamiliar scene of Drury Lane, and heard, with startled ears, sounds such as those which saluted Dante in—(oh no, we never mention it!)

Diverse lingue, orribili favelle

Parole di dolore, accenti d'ira

Voce alte e fioche, e suon di man con elle—

or, in plain English, horrible sounds of forty-methodism power, mingled with the cracked declamation of speaking trumpets, and the clapping of approving hands—*suon di man con elle!* I approached, curious; what think you I found there? Toads in nuptial abandon and epithalamic gaiety? No—a "legitimate" performance of Shakspeare, on the boards which Kemble, Siddons, Kean, and Bunn have consecrated. The play was *Hamlet*. The occasion was grave; it introduced a "great American tragedian" to the British public.

America! land of hope, child of England, and nation of the Future, I love thee dearly, and look with anxious interest after all thy new births in Literature, in Art, but do not, I implore thee, send us any more "great tragedians"! I am deeply interested in thy Hawthorne, Melville, Poe, Lowell, Emerson, Parker, Longfellow, Peggy Fuller (who "couldn't abide me"), Cornelius Mathews (whose strange tragedy of *Witchcraft* I have just been reading), and many other writers worthy to find welcome among the best; but if more tragedians afflict me I shall feel my love grow cold. If America only knew how little we want her tragedians! If those tragedians only knew how happy we should be to ignore them! But they don't: *ai, di!*

Hamlet, and in the dog days, too! *Merci, je sors d'en prendre!* I have only half recovered from Emil Devrient. He at any rate declaimed like a gentleman, and uttered the words with appreciation; if he did not act *Hamlet*, he read it with a noble voice, and reasonable correctness. But if with him I felt like Tennyson's *Marianna*:

I said "I am weary, weary;"

"He endeth not," I said;

I said "I am weary, weary,"

I wish that he were dead."

language has no power to express my melting ennui at Mr. Buchanan, "the great American tragedian." The temperature of the house was not eminently agreeable; and yet the crowded audience perspired and applauded with an energy which denoted the character of the persevering, perspiring Anglo-Saxon. I saw very little of this performance, but more than enough to make up my mind as to the complete absence of all the higher qualities in Mr. Buchanan. His cavernous sostenuto *ahs, ohs, and ors* (or, as he pronounced the word, *or-a*)—his capricious intonation—the careful error of his interpretation—and the cold formality of his gestures—were anything but tragic, ideal. He is young, has a good figure, and may train into a fair second-rate actor, but all attempt at the personation of high tragic character should be abandoned by him. There was a farce played after *Hamlet*, but as Vivianesque patience would not endure sitting out the tragedy, I am willing to believe that it was the most humorous, most inventive, most farcical of farces—willing to believe anything but my capacity for witnessing it.

Oh! to thing of my leaving those pleasant scenes, where the idle day was passed in "talking of lovely things that conquer death," varied by an occasional glimpse at that strange aspect of British life, known to most of my shuddering readers as "provincial tea-parties"—to quit lounging in the sun or sauntering in the shade, with lazy cigar, loved friend, and pleasant books, and to find oneself once more in a hot theatre, time July, listening to the "divine Shakspeare," whom you don't want to listen to again for several years; and criticising "great American tragedians," whom you fervently hope never to see again. Now, I appeal to you, Sir, is that likely to make a critic mild, applausive, "genial?" No, Sir, no. And if I am savage, depend on it my tone is justifiable. I should like, on reading over the proof, to mollify the sentence on Mr. Buchanan, if I can. [I can't.]

THE OPERAS

have wooed me, but found me coy. I could not resist going to hear the *Huguenots* on Thursday, because it was the "last time this season;" and the last time I heard it, consecrated it for ever in my affections. (It was on that occasion Fanny "refused" me. What an escape! I mean for me, not for Fanny.) Mario was greater than ever in the passionate duet of the third act. I should like Emil Devrient, Charles Kean, or any other legitimate bad actor to watch Mario for one night, and see what can be done by a man with real emotion in him! On Tuesday, Grisi was magnificent in that dreary opera, *Anna Bolena*, but I stayed away, and only speak by hearsay and "foregone conclusion;" as I do in saying how charming Charton was in *La Sonnambula*, at HER MAJESTY'S, on the same evening. The Italian Opera seems incessantly increasing its successes with German, French, Greek, and English singers, never with Italians. Shortly we are to have Jullien's new opera. I have immense faith in Jullien; and if the consciousness of his popularity, and the estimation in which he is held, have not forced him into the error of writing grand music of the Hævay school, I prophecy a great success for him. Let him be Jullien, and he will succeed.

VIVIAN.

In the course of next month will be commenced,
in our PORTFOLIO, the

"LETTERS OF A VAGABOND."

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. SHERIDAN SMITH.

On Monday, August 2nd, Mr. BUCHANAN, the great American Tragedian, will make his first appearance in Sheridan Knowles' Play of VIRGINIUS, supported by Messrs. Stuart, Belton, Gilbert, Mellon, and Knight, Mesdames Ternan and Huddart; with an entirely New Ballet Divertissement, entitled LES JEUX SUR LE LAC, in which Madlles. Adele, D'Antonie, Palser, and the entire Corps de Ballet will appear. To conclude with a favourite Farce.

On Wednesday, KING LEAR. King Lear, (first time,) Mr. Buchanan.

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

Admission, One Shilling. On MONDAYS, SIXPENCE.

THE GOLD FIELDS OF AUSTRALIA.

THE NATIONAL HALL, 242, High Holborn, (opposite Day and Martin's).—Mr JUDGE will have the honour to deliver a LECTURE on EMIGRATION to the GOLD FIELDS OF AUSTRALIA, on MONDAY EVENING, August 2, 1852, at the National Hall, 242, High Holborn, illustrated by a large Map of the Gold Fields in the Provinces of Victoria and New South Wales, and a variety of Implements, including Cradle Machines for Washing and Gold Detecting, Gold Sieves, Gold Washing Pans and Washing Bowls; Miners' Tools, consisting of Pick-axes and Picks, Crowbars, Shovels, Iron Barrows, Hammer Picks, and other Implements required by "the Diggers" in the search for Gold.

The Lecture will comprise many salutary hints and suggestions to intending Emigrants, especially with reference to the selection of Vessels in which to proceed to that distant Colony; to the necessary preparations to be made relative to Outfits, &c., previous to leaving England; to the securing of their health and comfort on board during their voyage, &c. The best and most efficient means will, also, be pointed out to be adopted on their arrival in the Colony, during their progress to the Gold Fields, and while engaged at "the Diggings."

The chief object of the Lecture will be to afford precautionary instructions and useful advice to Emigrants—describing the dangers to be avoided in England, as well as the perils by which they will be surrounded on their arrival in Australia.

The Lecture (which will be peculiarly applicable to the Industrial and Operative Classes) will commence at Half-past Eight o'clock precisely.—Admittance to the Hall, 3d.; Reserved Seats, 6d.; Platform, 1s.

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

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

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

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AT AN EXTRAORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the HOPE LIFE ASSURANCE and HONESTY GUARANTEE SOCIETY, duly convened, and held within their Offices, No. 4, Princes-street, Bank of England, on Wednesday, the 21st July, 1852, at the hour of One o'clock—

HENRY MORGAN VANE, Esq., in the Chair,
It was unanimously Resolved—

That henceforth the number of Directors shall be increased from ten to twelve, and that
Henry Philip Hope, Esq., Official Assignee, District Bankruptcy Court, Leeds, and Dr. Thomas Wheelwright, M.D., of Lower Phillimore-place, Kensington, London, be elected Members of the present Board.

It was proposed by John Stewart, Esq., seconded by James Cobbett, Esq., and unanimously resolved—

That the best thanks of the members are due and hereby sincerely accorded to the Board of Directors and General Manager, for the unparalleled success which has accrued to the Society by their judicious and zealous management.

It was proposed by Edward Johnson, Esq., M.D., seconded by John Shove, Esq., and carried by acclamation.

That the warm acknowledgments of this meeting be made to H. M. Vane, Esq., the Chairman of the Board of Management, for the very able, lucid, and cheering statement rendered by him of the Society's affairs.

By order,

HENRI CHRISTOPHER EIFFE, General Manager.
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