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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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News of the Week.

IF any French novelist were amongst us, the events of the week would furnish him with materials, certified by contemporary history, for a tale much more suited to the taste of his compatriot readers than calculated to raise the credit of our own country. The incidents are more than usually diversified and dramatic. Real business has been done, but in the midst of dramatic "effects." If the supposed Dumas had been in the Stranger's gallery of the House of Commons, he might for that vantage ground have painted a picture of the English national council highly telling, with plenty of the startling and ludicrous, and yet more strictly true than French descriptions of English society are apt to be. The spectacle of Mr. Gladstone endeavouring to carry a great practical measure for the re-adjustment of our system of taxation, so as to relieve and enlarge our commerce, and interrupted in his work by party tricks to delay, under the name of amendments, and by disputations in strong brogue about the wounded honour of Irish Members, would be a singularly piquant incident. Mr. Palmer's amendment to take the net value of land for assessment of the Income-tax; Mr. Vansittart's, to take only one-third of the farmer's rent instead of half—proposals hopeless of success as they were—are explained by the constant attempts of Mr. Disraeli and his colleagues to interpose every delay for the sake of delay, even down to "reporting progress" at a comparatively early hour. The stories that Irish members had been "corrupted," because office had been offered to two of them—that Ministers had broken a compact, because two Irish members had heard Mr. Hayter say, that Sir Charles Wood had objections to the Irish Income-tax—stories idle in themselves, help to swell the tumult; and Captain Magan's uproarious Irish "honour" inflames the ferment of theatrical disputation, through which the voice of Gladstone, steadily pursuing its course, pierces like the still small voice of commerce, and represents the English character under a curious phase, unmoved in the Celtic and Caucasian storms.

Just on the eve of Whitsuntide, Mr. Gladstone has got to the Legacy-duty section of the Budget, explained by him in an admirable speech, which shows how little the landed gentry need fear the pressure of the new impost, adjusted as it is to spare their weaknesses. In the course of the debate, Lord Goderich, heir to some of the broadest lands in the country, who will have to pay a large contribution under this new tax, warned his own class, by the example of the French aristocracy, not to continue unjust exemptions. This is one of the pleasantest bits in the drama. The resistance of the Opposition grows faint; Mr. Disraeli volunteered last night to let the resolution pass; and the second reading of the bill awaits discussion with a Ministerial majority manifestly gaining strength.

Lord John Russell has furnished a strange character for the scene. He appears in the House of Commons, opposing a very moderate measure by Mr. Thomas Chambers, to secure inspection of religious houses, lest persons be improperly confined in them; and he also appears at the meeting of the British and Foreign School Society, with Mrs. Beecher Stowe, expatiating on "body, mind, and soul," as compounding some reason for not giving to English children instruction separated from the sectarian teaching which obstructs education in this country. The leader of the House of Commons vainly struggles with the old small difficulty of national education, long since overcome in Ireland; and he objects to the enforcement of Habeas Corpus Act in Roman Catholic houses, after he raised the country to prevent bishops bearing certain titles: it is a new figure for the historical drama.

The scene changes to the House of Lords, where the son of the great Reform Earl Grey is found pleading in favour of the convict interest; and, as a Liberal, urging the Conservative Ministers to disregard the voice of the colonists in their own affairs! Lord Grey proposes to continue transportation, hateful as it is to the Australian colonies, and pledged as English statesmen are to give it up. He says it is impossible to provide for the convicts at home, although, in the same speech, he gives evidence that the imprisonment to which convicts are already subjected for the greater part of their term, is thoroughly efficacious, both as a punishment and as a reformatory process. Lord Derby, leader of the Conservative party, backs Lord Grey in his attack upon the constituted Government. And the Duke of Newcastle, representative of the Peel Conservatives, is found teaching Lord Grey constitutional Radicalism!

Shift the scene to one of the election committees—say that of Plymouth, where we find a British capitalist ambitious of being elected to the House of Commons, and distributing Government places as liberally as an English nobleman in a French novel gives guineas to all whom he meet. At Plymouth, Mr. Charles John Mare behaved as if the purchase of votes were the obvious and legitimate mode of getting into the House of Commons. There was, indeed, at that time, a sort of fool's paradise for all of Mr. Mare's party; but the dream is over, and the mode which got Mr. Mare into the House of Commons proves to be the mode for getting him out of it.

Or turn to the Dockyard Committee, where the members of the late Government are found giving successive explanations of their own acts and statements—explanations as inconsistent with each other as they appear to be with the facts. The Duke of Northumberland, late head of the Admiralty, a grey-haired sailor, fifty years in service, reiterates the excuse of "no experience" for all that happened under his own management; with a good-humoured countenance, devoid of all mistrust, he represents himself as a venerable innocent, too unoffending for the Committee to strike. Afterwards enter Mr. Disraeli, reciting one of those charming essays, reminding us of French philosophical history and his own historical romances — which set every-day events in a totally new and amazing light. In this pleasant picture, it appears that Mr. Stafford's peculiar use of patronage—misunderstood by an Admiralty Board too exclusively absorbed in devotion to the naval service—was only the proper and scientific mode of satisfying and managing the House of Commons. Send a sketch of "our Parliamentary system," according to that view, for the use of the Dumas, and Waterloo is avenged indeed! Then enter Mr. Stafford, who had asserted that he was only redressing the party appointments of the late Government, and who now confesses that he has no warrant for that assertion, except anonymous letters and witnesses who skulk. Then Lord Derby, charging all the responsibility on the poor Duke of Northumberland, and still believing Mr. Stafford.

Let the drama next follow a distinguished English gentleman, whose adventures of a night form an episode in itself, such as the dramatist would invent, rather than expect to find on the broadsheet gospel of our day, the morning paper. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is walking home after midnight, when the fatigues of the legislature and

the gaieties of the Opera are over, through the neighbourhood of the Haymarket. He is accosted by a stranger, whose tale must be told, but instead of being an ancient mariner it is a young woman; while he listens, a commercial traveller enters upon the scene, upbraids with immoral conduct the Minister on whose accents the Stock Exchange is hanging, and threatens to expose him in that respectable journal whose soi-distant sub-editor assisted the British merchant aforesaid in his expedition to buy up the votes of the British shipwrights. Here is a combination of traits of English life. Mr. Gladstone, however, brought this drama to an abrupt close at the police-office: his money was *not* extorted from him, and his reputation only profits by the attempt to "expose" it.

The next scene is "Aunt Harriet's Cabin," as Stafford House has now been called; here Mrs. Beecher Stowe appears as the prima donna, her supporter on each side a Duchess. She discloses to a delighted auditory a totally new view of feeling in her own country, which must not be judged, she says, by any of the signs on the surface. "The women of America" are abolitionists, only they cannot *say* so, on account of the political positions of their husbands—a sly hit at the English ladies, who are not so kept in order. According to Mrs. Stowe, the American Press uniformly acquiesced in *Uncle Tom*, the *Times* being the first and only organ that withstands the new movement of the Abolitionists. It should follow from Mrs. Stowe's explanation, that she will at once abolish Negro-slavery on her return to America.

The opening of the Crystal Palace in Dublin should be the grand finale of the week's drama—the happy ending with a fairy pageant. It is nobler than ours in its origin, although not regal. To William Dargan, formerly railway labourer, now first of Irish patriots, Dublin owes her Industrial Exhibition. The 12th of May, the day when Lord St. Germans inaugurated this fine work, and when William Dargan declined the questionable honour of knighthood at the hands of the Viceroy, will be a great day in the records of Irish regeneration. It is encouraging to find this manly aversion to cheap honours. One is reminded of Peter Pindar's account of the reception of a similar offer:

> "Here Whitbread lowly bowed, and thanked the king,
> For offering to make him such a thing."

Dull and expressionless as is the aspect of Continental politics compared to the vivacity of our domestic affairs, there are some significant symptoms of uneasiness. King Leopold has betaken himself to Berlin, and thence to Vienna. Has this aught to do with the alleged threat of Louis Napoleon, that he would occupy Brussels the moment Russia operated against Turkey; taking Belgium as an equivalent for Constantinople? In the King's absence we find the Belgian Parliament raising the effective force of the army to 100,000 men; and we hear that Antwerp is ready provisioned for a long siege; while several small but important towns have been dismantled. We are threatened with a Congress at Vienna. Meanwhile the Sardinian people have been celebrating the anniversary of their accession to constitutional rights; Count Mephistopheles Appony, Austrian Minister, attending the *Te Deum*.

There is an ominous sentence in the American news: Governor Lane has abruptly seized on a Mexican county, and war is threatened. From India we have brief telegraphic notes, stating that the robber of Donabew has caused the shedding of more blood, but that Sir John Cheape has captured his stronghold. General Godwin, of course, has not yet taken Ava. But General Cathcart has terminated the Kafir war; and finally driven Sandilli and the Gaikas over the Kei.

As Lord Palmerston is now a Minister, perhaps he will do something to compel Spain to observe the treaty for suppression of the Slave-trade. It is quite obvious that the Cuban authorities are incorrigible.

THE WEEK IN PARLIAMENT.

THE BUDGET: FIRST RESOLUTION AGREED TO.

THE week opened with the assumption of the adjourned debate on the income-tax. Mr. R. PALMER moved an amendment—

"After the words 'for every 20*s.* of the annual value or amount thereof,' insert 'such annual value of any lands, tenements, or hereditaments being the net annual value thereof, after due allowance made for repairs, insurance, and management.'"

These allowances are at present made to shopkeepers and traders. The arguments used in favour of the resolution were the general statement (founded on Mr. Gladstone's admission) that the land is unduly taxed, and the detail of some peculiar fiscal hardships in the taxation of land. Its local taxes are 12,000,000*l.* In addition, it is now to be subjected to the legacy duty, which will press peculiarly hard on land, as successors to landed property are often, through bad tenants, kept out of that immediate income which successors to money obtain. When farm tenants abscond, the assessment of the Income-tax is unchanged, while in the case of house tenants a deduction is made. Also, the transfer of land is subjected to stamp duties, while the transfer of money is not; and of late the scarcity of labour has pressed sorely on small farmers. In answer to these objections it was shown that the poor-rates (the chief "local" tax) had decreased since '49, and, comparing farming with manufactures, Mr. BRIGHT explained that land wanted no insurance as factories did; that insurances for farm buildings were unstamped, and that in a most important kind of mercantile insurance, that of cargoes, no allowance was made in the Income-tax assessment. The debate was carried beyond the subject of the amendment. Mr. ALCOCK suggested a comprehensive Income-tax, reaching even to wages of ten shillings a week, and enabling the Government to repeal the duties on malt, soap, and hops, to reduce the tea and tobacco duties respectively to 1*s.* per pound. The cheapness of all those articles would compensate the labouring man for the charge. Regarding tobacco, it was calculated that 56,000,000 lbs. of tobacco were consumed in this country, yet but 26,000,000 paid duty, and "it was no use to say that smoking was a dirty practice, for they had a smoking room in that very House." (A laugh.) Captain SCOBELL called the Budget "a Budget of equivalents." Mr. L. HEYWORTH spoke highly of the Income-tax, suggesting that instead of abolishing it in 1860, they should raise it to ten per cent. Mr. PHILLIPS (accepting the Budget "as a whole") considered the grievances on the land so great that Mr. Palmer's "small" proposition was entirely insufficient as a remedy.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER observed that the adoption of the amendment would involve in inextricable confusion the apportionment of a tax which, unless they kept its details within bounds, was absolutely unmanageable. He did not know whether the late Chancellor of the Exchequer intended to adhere to his policy of December last, but on that occasion he had announced a duty on successions, whilst he held out less prospect of removing the Income-tax that the present Government. By the immediate financial impact of the present proposition, the Exchequer would be deprived of a sum of 450,000*l.* It would break up the Income-tax, and with it the whole financial plan, which Ministers proposed with the view of placing the finances of the country on a secure footing, of maintaining public credit, and of doing justice between one class and another.

Mr. DISRAELI defended the financial propositions of the late Government, and endeavoured to show that Ministers had fallen into great inconsistency in admitting that land was at present taxed 2*d.* a pound higher than other property, and yet proposing a new tax on it calculated to produce 2,000,000*l.* With reference to the present amendment, this very plan of assessing the Income-tax on a net instead of the gross income, had been recommended in the strongest terms by the right honourable baronet the First Lord of the Admiralty.

Lord J. RUSSELL contended that the right honourable gentleman had taken up an entirely different principle from that which he inculcated in last December, and even on last Monday, he having then aimed at establishing a distinction between permanent and precarious incomes, whilst he now said that the holders of permanent incomes should have their burdens still further lightened, and those of precarious incomes not at all. The proposition would aggravate the existing inequality for trades and professions, by creating a new inequality for land. It was evident that these great financial questions were treated by the right honourable gentleman, if not with exclusively party views, yet with such levity and caprice that the House and the country could not rely on any plan coming from him. Looking at this shifting of ground, he was inclined to ask, with an expression perhaps somewhat vulgar if it had not been ennobled by the authority that used it, under which thimble is the pea? (Great cheering and laughter.)

Lord J. MANNERS argued that the former Government would have done justice to trades and professions if their plan had been adopted, and the present amendment would effect the same end, operating in another direction. He left the question with confidence to the justice of the House and the country.

The House divided, and the amendment was rejected by a majority of 75, the numbers being 201 to 276.

The debate was continued on Thursday.

On the second resolution, "And for and in respect of the occupation of such lands, tenements, or hereditaments (other than a dwelling-house occupied by a tenant distinct from a farm of lands), for every 20*s.* of the annual value thereof, one moiety of each of the said sums of 7*d.*, 6*d.*, and 5*d.*, for the above-named times respectively."

Mr. VANSITTART moved, as an amendment, the omission of the word "moiety" and the insertion of the words "third part." The motion was supported by Sir FITZROY KELLY, Mr. BANKES, Mr. MALINS, and Mr. STANHOPE. They argued that the English farmers should be taxed as lightly as the Irish and Scotch, that the present profits of a farmer were far beneath one half the rent (a standard of assessment established in '42, when wheat was 60*s.*); that farmers rarely kept accounts, and therefore could not take advantage of the assessment under Schedule D, legally open to them; that they were unduly burthened with peculiar local taxes, and could not well bear those special burthens, nor the unmitigated Income-tax, as "agricultural distress" was still in existence. Mr. GLADSTONE met the amendment in a polite spirit, but quietly refuted the arguments of the Opposition. The comparative disadvantages of Irish and Scotch farmers justified the lighter rate in their case. In comparing the present profits of the farmer with the profits in past time, one must look not alone to the prices of commodities but to the quantities produced, the quality, and the cheapness of production. But the farmer had the means, under Schedule D, of averting an unfair assessment; that such unfair assessments were not many was proved by the fact that last year, upon a total assessment of 330,000*l.*, the amount of relief claimed was between 5000*l.* and 6000*l.* only. Mr. BRIGHT sneered at Sir Fitzroy Kelly's "Suffolk brief;" pointed out that the amendment proposed to tax a farmer paying 300*l.* a year on 100*l.* a year only, while, in fact, such farmers usually kept horses, followed hounds, and lived in a style of comfort and "gentility" very different from the way of life with a mechanic having 2*l.* a week; and roughly characterized the proposal as "the most impudent proposition he had ever heard in the House." Mr. HUME attributed the losses of farmers to their habit of not keeping accounts and their want of capital; and Sir JOHN VILLIERS SHELLEY showed, from the prices of wool and other articles of farm produce, that there was now no better trade than that of the farmer.

On a division, the amendment was thrown out by 120 to 60; and the resolution was then put and carried.

Having now so far advanced the Budget towards acceptance, next came the

LEGACY DUTIES.

Mr. GLADSTONE made a statement of the Government plan of taxing successions. The following was the resolution before the Committee:—

"That, towards raising the supply granted to Her Majesty, the stamp duties payable by law upon or for, or in respect of legacies, shall be granted and made payable upon and for every succession to the beneficial enjoyment of any real or personal estate, or to the receipt of any portion or additional portion of the income or profits thereof that may take place upon, or in consequence of, the death of any person, under whatever title, whether existing or future, such succession may be derived."

He thus defended the general principle of such taxes:—

"It seems to me that the passing or carrying of property in perfect security over the great barrier which death places between man and man is the highest achievement—the most signal proof of the power of civilized institutions. I think that ability to determine the future with respect to property, and to fix its course from man to man and from life to life—passing over one contingency and another, and extending the private, personal will of an individual into a distant future—limited no doubt, and wisely limited, by law—is an instance so signal of the great benefit conferred by law and by civil institutions upon mankind, and of the immense enlargement that comes to natural liberty through the medium of law, that I can conceive nothing more natural than that if taxes are to be raised at all, in the midst of these arrangements the State should step in and take a just portion for its necessities."

He then explained the proposition of the Government. Whether the tax should be equal or unequal, they would not yet say: at present they but asked an approval of its principle. Mr. Disraeli had said that if the extension of this tax to real property was intended to redress the undue weight of Income-tax on intelligence,

the tax should cease with the Income-tax in 1860. Mr. Gladstone could not take that course, because not till 1858 would full legacy duties come in on any real property, and also because the proceeds of the tax would enable Parliament to remove the Income-tax and remit extensively indirect taxation. To maintain the present system of legacy duties is impossible, and chiefly on account of the invidious and unjustifiable exemption of real property, and the utterly indefensible exemption of settled personality. The continual evasions of the tax by successors to the latter kind of property, is in itself a reason for altering the law. The stamp upon settlements is no ground for the present exemption of personality; for the settlement stands in stead of letters of administration, and affords escape from the probate duty.

It has been argued that as real property pays land-tax, taxes on transfers, heavier taxation under Schedule A of the income-tax, and exclusive local taxes, it should be exempted from the legacy duties; but leasehold property pays all these as well, and if you exempted both, "you would find your exemptions grow so enormous, that you must raise what would be an intolerable rate and burden of taxation on all descriptions of property left to pay the tax. And if you seek to equalize the succession taxes by abandonment, you must be prepared to give up the legacy duty and the great bulk of the probate duty, now producing something over 2,500,000*l.*; and, assuming that you retain a small stamp on probates corresponding to the stamp on settlements, as a mere validification of the document, you still would have to give up 2,500,000*l.* of the fixed income of the State."

In the new legacy duties, there will be a change from the old system; "rateable property" will be taxed on the life interest of the successor, while invisible or "non-rateable property" will be taxed on perpetuity. This way of giving an advantage to rateable property is better than taxing it at a lower rate; and any general distinction between taxation on life renters and possessors in perpetuity, would raise an unwarrantable difference in the burthens upon the large entailed estates and the small holdings. In the case of encumbered estates, the net rental only will be taxed, but when alienated, the successor will be taxed on the full amount of the money he succeeds in getting for it. In cases where the successor is the residuary legatee, as he will not receive the rents until the second rent, he will not be taxed until twelve months have elapsed; and the tax will be levied in eight equal half-yearly instalments. Mr. Gladstone then (referring lightly to the exaggerated "dreams" of an immense result from this tax) estimated its probable amount. From Ireland he expected about 60,000*l.* or 80,000*l.*, from settled personality on land, 200,000*l.*, and from land, houses, and messuages, 400,000*l.*

In the course of his speech, Mr. Gladstone referred to some connected and collateral topics. He approved of the present great distinction between duties on legacies left to direct heirs, and duties on legacies left to distant relations and strangers. He pointed out that the simplification of the transfer of land was more important than any question of a legacy duty; and he passingly hoped to be able to devise a plan to make transfer of railway property easier than at present. *Apropos* of the latter, he stated that he had not yet decided whether railway property should be taxed as rateable or non-rateable property.

Several questions on minor points were asked, but the answers showed that the details of the new law are not yet decided.

Before the House broke up last night, for the Whitsun holidays, some general discussion of the measure took place. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON objected to the tax on the grounds that "rateable" real property paid already peculiar taxes in legacy and probate duties, stamps on deeds, extra income tax, and other "acknowledged" burthens, to the amount of 17,460,000*l.*; while personal property paid but 3,000,000*l.* The proposed succession tax was inquisitorial, unequal in its incidence, and bad in principle, as a tax upon capital, which kind of taxes (says Adam Smith) are unthrifty taxes, that increase the revenue of the Sovereign at the expense of the capital of the people. It was wrong to suppose it would fall chiefly on large estates; of English incomes there are only 236,000 above 200*l.* a-year, and the estates in land were proportionately numerous, and individually small. This heavy impost, added to an unfair income-tax, at the same time that the *Times* got a boon of 25,000*l.* a-year, would rouse the deepest indignation.

Mr. W. WILLIAMS, approving of the tax, instanced its incidence. Take an estate yielding 100*l.* a-year. This at thirty-three years' purchase would give a capital worth 3300*l.* A succession tax of one per cent. upon that estate of 3300*l.* would amount to 33*l.*, or something less than one-third of the first year's rental; whilst for all the remainder of his life the owner would be secured by the State in the enjoyment of an income obtained without the least exercise of industry or skill.

Mr. PETO asked the Opposition had they ever calculated the taxes the poor man paid, as compared with the landowner. Thousands of those poor men did; and it would be wisdom in that House not to let the calculation result so favourably to the rich as to show an injustice to the poor.

The debate grew dull, and the House so thin, that Mr. DRUMMOND (who spoke in favour of the tax) did so only because "walls had ears," other audience being scant, suggesting to him that he should say after Swift, "This question moveth you and me, Mr. Chairman." But a sensible and pointed speech from Lord GODERICH revived the spirit of the conversation. He showed that Mr. Gladstone had, in the arrangement of the tax, already allowed for the local burthens on the land; and if the legacy duty were levied on the saleable value of the land, the peculiar pressure of the land-tax would be compensated, as that tax affected the saleable value. There was too much capital exported from this country; it was good to intercept by this tax a portion of it for the wants of the country.

But he had other reasons for supporting this proposition. There was a wide-spread feeling among the classes who possessed personal property—be that feeling just or not—that the exemption from this tax which was now enjoyed by the owners of real property, was unjust and unequal, and that that exemption was obtained by the great weight possessed in this House, and especially in the other House of Parliament, by gentlemen of his class who were connected with the land. He felt it would be a great benefit to the landed class if that impression could be removed from the community at large. He believed it was not safe to continue those inequalities when they were loudly complained of and deeply felt. Lord Loraine, when speaking on the question, not of the income-tax, but of the Budget generally, told them to look to the history of France before the Revolution, and said that by the imposition of taxes the French aristocracy were crushed. If Lord Goderich read history aright, he would venture to come to a far different conclusion. (Cheers.) He believed that the cause of the fall of the French nobility, even more than their vices during the reigns of the last French monarchs, was, that they claimed to be exempted from bearing their equal share in the burdens of the community, and that in the obstinacy of this resistance they refused the warnings and baffled the ingenuity of Turgot and others of the wisest members of their class. (Hear, hear.) He advised honourable gentlemen opposite to pause before they gave strength to the feeling that existed in the minds of the people, that they, possessing great advantages, and standing in an important position in the State, were desirous to use that position to save themselves from the taxation that fell upon the community at large. It was perfect equality and perfect justice on which alone could be built the stability of the nation and the permanence of those institutions of which they were all so proud; and he believed nothing would contribute more to knit together the hearts of all classes in the community than the conviction that, living under equal laws, and sharing equal burdens, the interests of all were the same. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. BRIGHT also urged that there was no matter about which the people of this country felt so strong an interest as the question of legacy duty. Mr. Gladstone had shown sagacity in tying up this legacy duty with an unpalatable income-tax. But it was wrong to lay the tax only to the amount of one half. The alleged excuse for the exemption had no existence: the land-tax was light, the county-rates paid for an equivalent advantage, and through the decrease of pauperism all these local and special taxes were rapidly diminishing. Mr. Gladstone's distinction between rateable and non-rateable property was nice and ingenious, but would be difficult in practice: how would he regard railways, growing timber, and mines? Another point was, why not tax the property of corporations?—they did not change hands, but they were secured by law and protected, and they should pay a tax equivalent to the succession tax on other property. The property of bishops did really change hands, and it should be taxed on early succession. Mr. NEWDEGATE querulously complained that we are narrowing the basis of taxation while we are extending the basis of representation. But, on the whole, the Opposition made but a poor fight; and an amendment intended, by Mr. FRESHFIELD, was withdrawn, under Mr. DISRAELI'S advice.

Some few remarks on the assessed taxes followed. Amid a "full cry" from the country gentlemen, Mr. CRAVEN BERKELEY asked, *did* Mr. Gladstone mean to put a tax of 12*s.* on "each" hound? Mr. GLADSTONE said, No; the present system would not be changed. Mr. BRIGHT sneered at the sympathy with dogs; and, referring to the taxes on the images of "animals not to be found in the earth or out of the earth"—asked, would the taxes on "armorial bearings and hair powder" be abolished? Colonel SIBTHORP started up to suggest a new tax—one on "foreign opera dancers and foreign singers," regretting that the aristocracy encouraged them, "whether they were of character or not of character—male or female." (Roars of laughter.) Mr. GLADSTONE declined discussing the "questions raised" by Mr. Bright and "the gallant Colonel."

At a later period of the evening, the Income-tax Bill was read a first time, and the second reading fixed for Friday next.

INSPECTION OF CONVENTS.

There was a discussion in the House of Lords, on the subject of inspection of nunneries, on Monday, which formed a kind of preface to a motion for leave to bring in a bill on the subject in the Commons, on Tuesday.

In the House of Lords, the speakers are remarkable from their position in the church.

The ARCHBISHOP of DUBLIN, *apropos* of a petition praying for the registration and inspection of convents, expressed his general views on the question. It was important to prevent the possibility of persons suffering imprisonment or transportation for life without its coming to the knowledge of any one who could afford them redress. In many cases the friends of parties confined had failed to trace them: evasive answers were given, or professed messages from the inmate, refusing to see her friends, were issued in answer to inquiries. The affiliative institutions on the Continent afforded opportunities for sending the detained parties out of the country. One case had come under his own knowledge.

A young boy in the city of Dublin resided at a certain religious institution, but he occasionally went home to see his parents. On one occasion he did not come. They became alarmed, and inquired for him. They were put off with evasive answers from time to time, but at last were so much alarmed and excited that they went at the head of a body of police, and demanded his restoration. When it was found that concealment was no longer practicable, the boy was produced, but in so frightfully emaciated a state, that it made one's blood curdle to think of the cruelties inflicted on him during his incarceration. There was another case which he was unable to prove. There was a Protestant lady in Dublin, most of whose relatives were Roman Catholics; she was formerly of that church, but had been a member of the Protestant church for many years, and was bringing up her children as Protestants. She was frequently assailed with entreaties, persuasions, and offers of pecuniary assistance, if she would return to the church of Rome. Her Protestant friends procured her a situation in England, where she could have lived in comparatively easy circumstances. They had even engaged a passage in a vessel, when, just at that time, the lady disappeared, and had never since been seen. Her friends made earnest inquiries, but met with evasive answers. They traced her from one house to another, but could only get a message from her to say she had returned to the church of Rome, and wished to have no further intercourse with her former friends. That might be altogether true, but it would be more satisfactory in allaying suspicion if she had been produced, and had said that with her own mouth. Inquiries were persevered in, and at last a letter was received which her friends did not believe to be her handwriting. The letter might have been from her, but if some legal enactment had been in existence, which would have compelled her production, it would have been more creditable to the institution. If innocent of all unfair means, that innocence would have been established; whereas now grave suspicions remained. It was not many months ago that it occurred, and the lady had never been seen from that day to this.

The Bishop of NORWICH told another story, confirming Dr. Whately's view. A Roman Catholic mother had applied to him, believing him to be a Roman Catholic priest, respecting her child, who had been confined in some nunnery, she knew not where. He had advised her to apply to Dr. Murray, but it was not right that civil liberty should be solely in the hands of ecclesiastical authorities.

The debate in the Commons was on a motion by Mr. THOMAS CHAMBERS, asking leave to bring in a bill to facilitate the recovery of personal liberty in certain cases, the bill to be framed with reference to religious institutions; the chief intended provision being, that the Home Secretary can commission an inspection of a convent on the report of any case of oppression. The motion was the debût of Mr. Chambers, as a member of the House. His opening speech was calm and simple. Popular opinion suspects that convents contain unwilling inmates, and with some reason. They are built like prisons, and, it is said, contain dungeons as well as cells; and that there are some dissatisfied nuns is shown by the decrees of the Roman Catholic church, denouncing those who renounce religious seclusion. In Prussia, Russia, Austria, France, provisions of inspection and prevention of compulsion, are made; why not in England, where nunneries are increasing, there being now seventy-five nunneries in England and Wales, and entirely one hundred conventual establishments, with seven thousand inmates? The State lost a citizen in every nun; she was helpless; and a special law was surely required for imprisoned persons who could neither appeal to the law nor apply to the police. The last argument used by Mr. Chambers was, that through the "success" of the system, he could not get at the facts; but the paucity of grievances was the very cause why we should interfere.

Mr. BOWYER, in reply, explained the convent system. Priests were not "absolute rulers" of convents, as had been said. A convent was a perfect republic; the nuns elected all their own officers, and each nun could write under her own seal to the bishop. As to admission, it was as hard to get into a first-rate convent as toget into

a first-rate London club. These convents were useful in teaching and in charity; and if the proposed inspection were legalized they would all be broken up, and the nuns would go to the Continent. Sergeant MURPHY said the same, and pointed out how vague and fictitious were the accusations made against convents. Names were rarely given, and in one case in the north of England where the names were given, the calumniator, a parson, had been convicted of libel. Mr. NEWDEGATE, Mr. FREWEN, and Mr. C. BERKELEY retorted with statements of "cases" of discontented nuns; especially the case of the Miss Macarthys of Cork, who, as had been proved in court, had been morally forced to assign to a convent their interest in their father's will. Mr. FAGAN rejoined, that from personal acquaintance he knew that those ladies were willing to give their property for pious purposes; and Lord CLAUDE HAMILTON sneeringly wondered that this "explanation" was not offered while the press was full of the details of the case. Mr. C. BERKELEY (who approved of the bill), having alluded, without mentioning names, to his not being allowed to see Miss Talbot,—Lord EDWARD HOWARD (that lady's husband) said that he knew from the lady herself that she had "had no wish to see" Mr. Berkeley, and that she had been "completely happy" while in the convent. Lord Edward indignantly added: "It is disgraceful to bring my private affairs thus before the House."

Lord JOHN RUSSELL expressed regret at the introduction of the question; it was unnecessary. Was not the law of *habeas corpus* sufficient to meet the case? The evidence supporting the reports of cases of seclusion by physical force was in all cases slight and unsatisfactory. The moral restraint of vows to which young persons unfitted for convents had been persuaded did exist, and that was an evil; but the inspection proposed would be no remedy. If the system were really as bad as had been said, Roman Catholics themselves would condemn it.

"Do not tell me that the Roman Catholics are naturally dead to feelings of political freedom. Do not tell me, beyond all, that they are so destitute of common affection, more especially to the females among them who require protection, that if such a system existed no Roman Catholic gentleman would stand up in this House and denounce such a system." (Cheers.)

After referring with respectful praise to the "pious intentions" and "practical services to the human race" of the nuns, Lord John expressed, with much warmth, his objections to a bill that would cause among Roman Catholics a sense of insult leading to indignation and resentment.

Mr. LUCAS thanked the Premier for his "generous and able speech." The only proof for the exceptional legislation proposed were "cock-and-a-bull stories." For instance, one case was that of a young lady who ran away from a convent where she was being taught. Ran away from school! Did that require legislation? Mr. DRUMMOND disapproved of the bill because it would be inefficacious. His speech was full of anecdotes illustrative of conventual evils, but his cases were anonymous, and none of his statements new. Mr. WHITESIDE made one point, by showing that Leopold the Great of Tuscany, a very wise and popular sovereign in a Catholic country, had provided for convent inspections; but Mr. Chambers' bill was narrow, and would be inefficient.

The House divided, and leave to bring in the bill was given by a majority of 138 to 115.

TRANSPORTATION.

This subject was largely treated, on Tuesday evening, in the House of Lords in debate, by Lord GREY, Lord ABERDEEN, the Earl of CHICHESTER, the Earl of DERBY, the SECRETARY for the COLONIES, and Lord CAMPBELL.

The immediate subject was quite new. Sir John Pakington "announced" the intended stoppage of transportation to Van Diemen's Land, naming no date; but the present Government have actually stopped it. The only other convict colony is Western Australia, capable of receiving but 500. And the Falkland Islands, or such desolate places, are unsuitable; it being desirable that the convicts should be reformed through absorption into a new society. Therefore the Government has arranged to keep the convicts for a few years in the reformatory prisons, and then, instead of being exiled as heretofore, they will, if reformed, be liberated at home. (Transportation, however, is not to be quite abolished; it is restricted.) This proceeding is objected to on many grounds. It is a sudden alteration. It is an unusual assumption of Government authority: Parliament alone having had, in general, the power to make such alteration. The convicts accumulating at home will be embarrassing in detention, and injurious to the community when discharged, as has been felt in France. It is injudicious to pass "sentences" of transportation when no transportation is carried out. The commutation of the sentence is also contrary to law. And, above all, the Government should not have abolished transportation until they had provided a substitute. On the other hand, it was stated that at Milbank and Portland additional accommodation was being provided; that the liberated convicts would be reformed men; that under Colonel Jebb's system they would, with use to themselves and saving to the country, be kept at work, which could be done now, as free labour being valuable through its scarcity, is not afraid of the competition; and that the Government would carry on transportation where possible—in Western Australia, for instance;—the cause of the recent change being our own repeated promises, and the wishes of the people of Van Diemen's Land. This led to the colonial view of the question. Lord GREY thought the people of Van Diemen's Land were satisfied with the promise of discontinuance, and would wait for the performance; we might send this year's convicts there, or to Western Australia. There was no injury to a colony when the freemen outnumbered the convicts; convictism had created Australia; the feeling against it there was but popular clamour; and, at any rate, "are we to grant everything asked by colonies?" The Government speakers, and even Lord DERBY (who supported Lord Grey in objection to the manner of the late change), took a different view. The feeling in the colonies was almost universal against convictism; that very evening, forty-two petitions from Van Diemen's Land were brought before the Commons, praying for the cessation of transportation. It was not good policy to oppose their demands, made, too, on one very strong ground, among others—that convict labour made free labour scarce, by repelling voluntary immigrants. In '51, Van Diemen's Land had 13,000 convicts to 18,000 freemen, but now, through the emigration of people to the gold fields, the free settlers were but 9000 to the convicts remaining almost undiminished. The discussion then turned on transportation, as a secondary punishment. Lords GREY and CAMPBELL asserted that it had peculiar terrors for offenders, the Chief Justice stating that he had witnessed the "deep agony" in the faces of people he had sentenced to transportation. This was natural. The excitable and illiterate criminal felt severely the solitude of the wilds of Australia. As to the "gold," criminals were too impulsive and unreflecting to think of that; and if they did think, they saw (in general) an interval of five or seven years—in the best cases, of three years and a half—between them and the diggings; one year to be spent in gloomy Pentonville, and another in rigid, monotonous work at Portland, where there was "no recreation but the occasional use of serious books." As a reformatory punishment, transportation, as at present carried out, was better than any other. At the above prisons the convict was kept two years, the hope being held out with good effect, of freedom after exile. At home, the released convict could hardly ever regain an honest livelihood, while in the colonies he did so with ease. Forty-eight thousand transported persons were now living as free and good citizens in Australia; at home, these persons would, when discharged, have continued pests of society. Lord ABERDEEN admitted that transportation was "valuable," but very unequal; worse than death to the sensitive, but nothing to the bold. Also the prospect of "crossing the sea" was no longer terrible when so many were crossing it, freely. In the case of the French *forçats*, the evils of liberating convicts at home arose from the want of discipline and reformation in the prisons of France; while none but the best convicts would be liberated here. On the same side it was urged that religious education could be given more easily in home prisons than abroad; that the "agony" seen by Lord Campbell might have been partly at the prospect of the home and heaviest part of the punishment; that it was evidenced by experienced persons that the lower class of criminals had no dread of transportation, which was feared only by old men and old women, by "respectable criminals" (oddly so called), and by receivers of stolen goods. The absurdity of sending criminals to a land of gold was shown by a late return; in nine months, 1413 convicts had absconded to the diggings.

The formal matters of debate were a motion by Lord Grey for an address to the Crown, disapproving of any change until Parliament should decide, and a long amendment by Lord CHICHESTER, advising the restriction of transportation to grave crimes and a few colonies, and the increase of the means of secondary punishment at home. On a division, there appeared for the motion 37, for the amendment 54. Lord GREY was therefore defeated by a majority of 17, although supported by Lord DERBY, who anxiously avoided any display of party feeling, as did all the speakers but Lord CAMPBELL who was blamed by the Lord CHANCELLOR for not being "calm and dispassionate."

IMPROVEMENT OF LAND IN IRELAND.

Since 1847, an act, enabling the Irish Board of Works to lend Government money to landlords and tenants for well-executed improvements, has been in operation. It has worked well. 1,500,000*l.* has been laid out on improvements, properly executed under the inspection of Government officers; and in many cases tenant farmers have been helped to make useful works by small loans, judiciously granted. The loans to tenants were in no case made without the consent of the landlord, a consent freely given in the great majority of cases. The repayments of the money are spread over a period of twenty-two years. A new bill, continuing this system, was introduced by Lord Derby's Irish Attorney-General, and has been promoted by the present Ministry. The money lent under the former act came from a parliamentary grant of 2,000,000*l.*, but, under the present act, the advance of loans by private capitalists is encouraged, Government supervising the improvements, and registering the loan as a first charge on the land improved. The bill places all authority in the hands of the Board of Works. They *may* lend money to tenants for proper works, without the consent of the landlord, but as they have always hitherto required the concurrence of the landlord, and as it is the interest of the landlord that real improvements (and none other will the Board sanction) should be made, there is no likelihood of the "rights of property" being infringed. The purposed bill simply constitutes the Board of Works as a medium between private capitalists and needy landholders, and as an arbiter between landlords and tenants disputing as to the necessity or advisability of proposed farm works.

In the House of Lords, on Monday, the bill was discussed, on the motion that the House do go into a committee. Some objections were made to it; namely, that a tenant for life could, by effecting an improvement, place upon the holding a debt that might outlast his own interest; that the bill injured proprietorial rights, and crippled tenant energy, by vesting too much power in the Commissioners of Works, irresponsible and removable officers, who, besides, had "scandalously wasted" former monies; that it gave to tenants rights not in their contracts, and that it thus resembled the Tenant-Right bills; that it considered mortgagees as owners; authorized the making of improvements without the consent of the landlord; and that altogether it was exceptional legislation, of a kind justifiable in the famine year of 1847, but not necessary now. To these objections it was replied, that it was absurd to suppose a tenant could have any interest in laying out even borrowed money on improving land that he would leave in a few years; and that even if he did, his successor would come in for the results of the improvements, as well as incur a liability for the debt. As to authorizing a tenant for life to put on the estate a debt that might fall on the reversioner, many acts of Parliament had already sanctioned that principle. The former act was now in force for six years, and had worked well, without any injury to proprietors, and with the effect of stimulating the tenantry to improvements, rather than "crippling their energies." The Board of Works' management of the matter had given great satisfaction in Ireland. Instead of this bill being a Tenant-Right measure, it courted the co-operation of the landlord; and its character was evidenced by the marvellous fact, that the Irish representatives of all denominations had unanimously approved of it. That it was exceptional legislation regarding Ireland, was admitted; but it was required, for Irish landholders had not the capital which English owners and occupiers had. Finally, the act of 1847 (admittedly beneficial) was introduced not alone for the timely purpose of giving relief to the poor (other acts, such as the Labour Rate act and Labouchere's letter, provided for that want), but for affording, by public grant, a means to landholders to make permanent improvements; but at all events, if the present bill "infringed on the rights of property," the act of 1847, to which no one objected, did the same, for its principles were identical with those of the present proposition.

The defenders of the bill were the Duke of NEWCASTLE and Lord CANNING, on the part of the present Ministry; and the Earl of EGLINTON and Lord DERBY on the part of the late Cabinet. The ex-Premier mastered the debate; he stated the facts, and put the arguments with clearness and force. The opposition to the bill was curiously composed of two Whigs "not in the Cabinet"—Lord CLANRICARDE and Lord MONTEAGLE; of two extreme Irish Tories—Lord LUCAN and Lord GLENGALL; and of one "Independent" peer—Lord BEAUMONT. The variety of its composition did not prevent the opposition being rather obstinate. In committee they divided four times against separate clauses. On the first division (on postponing the bill) they were beaten by 35 to 8; on the second, relative to the ownership of mortgagees (several peers having left the house), by 14 to 9; on the third, regarding the discretion of the Board of Works to act

without the consent of the landlord (there being but twenty peers present), by 13 to 7; and on the fourth, a matter of minor detail, relating to expenses, by 13 to 10.

MORE IRISH INTERRUPTIONS.

The conduct and character of the Irish members was again dragged before the House on Monday. Mr. E. BALL, referring to the report of a compact made between "the Whig party," when in opposition, and some of the Irish members, for the purpose of turning out Lord Derby, denounced the transaction as "iniquitous in its nature," also unconstitutional, "wicked, and revolting." After some remarks of this stamp, Mr. Ball asked Mr. Magan, who had mentioned the matter some evenings before, to repeat his statement.

Mr. MAGAN, amid laughter, evaded the question at first, because it was not put on the paper; and secondly because, in answering it, he should name an absent person. But Lord JOHN RUSSELL spoke a few words directly to the point:—

"The honourable member (Mr. Ball) seems to think that some one authorized by the Whig party, before the late Government left office, made a compact that they would not be parties to the imposition of the income-tax on Ireland if the Irish members would vote against the late Government. I can only say that, according to my knowledge and belief, no person was so authorized, nor any such compact made." (Loud cheers.)

Lord ADOLPHUS VANE asked Mr. Magan who was "the accredited agent?" Colonel DUNNE said, it should be stated, as it was known "all over the town" who was meant. Mr. MALINS having complained that it was "most discreditable" that the "grave imputation" should not be noticed; Lord JOHN RUSSELL said he *had* noticed the question, and added sharply:—

"I ask the honourable gentleman who has just sat down, whether he believes me, or does not believe me? (Great cheering.) I ask the honourable gentleman if he means to say that I made any such agreement or bargain with the Irish members; and if he does not mean to say that, let him say whom he means. (Loud cheers.)"

Mr. G. H. MOORE started up: "We have been a long time beating about the bush. I will go to the point." He then asked Mr. Hayter whether *he* was "the agent" in the transaction. Mr. HAYTER answered directly. Repeating the imputation in plain words, he said—

"I never authorized any person or body of persons to make any such communication to any person—I never attended any meeting in my life, that I am aware, of Irish gentlemen—I never stated to any person at any time that I authorized them in my name to state that in the event of the overthrow of Lord Derby's Government, the Government which took the place of Lord Derby's Government would undertake not to impose the income-tax on Ireland."

Some confused conversation followed, in which Mr. MAGAN disclaimed reference to Mr. Hayter. The House was again drifting into a muddy stream of "disjointed chat" when Mr. STUART WORTLEY prevented it, with a contemptuous reference to the "untruth" of the allegation, and a curt advice to the House to proceed to "business."

The question of the alleged compact was again introduced on Thursday evening. According to the statements of Captain MAGAN, Mr. FRENCH, and Mr. LUCAS, Mr. Hayter, on being questioned casually as to the intentions of the Whig party respecting the income-tax, had referred to Sir C. Wood's former Budget, to show that the Whigs, if they again came into power, would not propose an income-tax. This information Mr. MAURICE O'CONNELL communicated to a meeting of Irish members: in the form of an "authoritative" communication, reported Mr. Lucas and Mr. French; as the substance of a chance "conversation," said Mr. O'Connell, himself. At all events, the communication admittedly influenced the vote of the Irish members against Mr. Disraeli's budget. In addition, apparently at the suggestion of Mr. O'Connell, conveyed through Mr. Hayter, Sir C. Wood (when in opposition) condemned an Irish income tax. On this point being stated, Sir C. WOOD explained that his present vote for Mr. Gladstone's proposal of an Irish income-tax was not inconsistent, as Ireland was now free from the famine-debt, the pressure of which was the cause of her former exemption. Several other irregular negotiations with Irish members were exposed; some of the Brigade inclined to Derbyite views having expressed, in the meetings of Irish members, wide anticipations of the freedom from taxation which the Derbyite party, if once again in power, would allow to Ireland. The conversation was rapidly becoming "more Irish and less nice," when Sir R. INGLIS mildly, but decisively, hinted that these interruptions were injurious to the character of the House, and that there had been enough of such discussions.

THE DWELLINGS OF THE POOR.—To clear space for new buildings, the removal of several houses—generally the houses of the poor—is often necessary. In future, persons seeking an Act to authorize such removal must give detailed statistics of the houses, and of the people inhabiting them; and state what provisions if any are made to replace the inhabitants removed. A considerate resolution of the House of Lords, moved by Lord SHAFTESBURY, has laid down this rule.

SHERIFFS' COURTS (SCOTLAND).—Mr. CRAUFURD moved the second reading of the Sheriffs' Court (Scotland), No. 2, Bill, the object of which was to extend the jurisdiction of the Sheriffs' Court in Scotland, now limited to 8*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, to the same amount as that of the judges of the county courts in England. Mr. COWAN intimated his preference for the measure on the same subject introduced by the Lord Advocate, and moved, as an amendment, that the bill be read a second time that day six months. After a discussion, in which Mr. C. Bruce, Mr. A. Hastie, Colonel Blair, Mr. E. Ellice, Mr. Forbes, Mr. Charteris, the Lord Advocate, Mr. J. S. Wortley, and other honourable members took part, a division took place, and the amendment was carried by 184 to 58, the bill being consequently lost.

ELECTION PETITIONS.

CORK CITY.—"Intimidation" is the ground of the petition against Sergeant Murphy and Mr. Fagan, members for Cork city. Colonel Chatterton was the unsuccessful candidate. The evidence seems to establish the case for the petitioners. The polling booths were surrounded by mobs armed with bludgeons and intensely excited. Some of Colonel Chatterton's voters were stoned through the streets. The violence of the crowd caused the military to be called out; and even then the mob was unawed, assaulting the dragoons as they had the "Protestant" voters. The most degraded women sat "on the hustings and the sheriff's desk." Placards signed by priests and others "denouncing" Colonel Chatterton's supporters were widely published. Crowds of excited men and women paraded the streets with flags, bands, lighted tar-barrels, and the Colonel's effigy. (After the election the Mayor issued a proclamation announcing that he had taken measures to "preserve the peace.") The following is a specimen of the rest of the evidence. Captain Corwell, aide-de-camp to General Maunsell, testified as follows:—"Saw a hatter's shop, which had all its windows smashed. Saw Captain Guy on the day of election, after he had been severely injured by a stone. Saw Mr. French with his head cut open. Saw Mr. Morgan after he had been struck. Saw Mr. Mackinnon of the Royals with his face cut open. Saw several soldiers with marks of violence upon them. Considered that at one time voters could not poll for Colonel Chatterton with safety."

The conduct of the Derbyite candidate at the last Plymouth election seems to have outrun even the indecent corruption already exposed. Mr. Mare came down to the borough as "a supporter of Lord Derby," and freely used "the Premier's" name. To George Knapman, a voter who when canvassed asked for a situation, he said, "I will see what I can do: I have all the Government situations in my hands." In Mr. Mare's presence one of his agents said to Samuel Medley, that if he would vote for Mare an appointment for his son would come down within 48 hours. Mr. Churchward, "sub-editor of the *Morning Herald*," was employed to conduct the department of promising Government situations: he kept a little book, and when the Plymouth elector, not naturally a shamefaced animal, asked for a situation in exchange for a vote, Mr. Churchward examined the candidate for the post, put his name down in the book, and gave promises more or less positive as the necessities of the case required. The following extract from a letter written by Clouter, a schoolmaster, to Mr. Mare, shows how direct and patent was the traffic in situations: "I beg to remind you of your promise that if I voted for you you would procure a situation for my son, and that under that consideration I gave my vote." There being some rumour that the Ocean mail-service would be removed from Plymouth, and popular feeling being against the removal, Mr. Mare contradicted the statement (his "connexion with Lord Derby," of course, warranting this assumption), and to give *eclat* to his influence with the Government on this point, he, on one occasion during the election, got up a procession in which his agents and chief partisans figured in a coach drawn by six horses, and thus were "Her Majesty's Mails" conveyed to the packet; the postmaster accompanying the party. On the second day of the inquiry Mr. Mare resigned, and then deposed, with a view to personal exculpation, that he had never promised a situation to any one, and never gave Churchward authority to do so. The report of the Committee deserves marked recognition. It declares Mr. Mare guilty "by himself and by his agents" of bribing electors with promises of situations; it declares his return void, and advises that the inquiry be continued. Mr. Collier (the other member) has been declared duly elected, and the petition against him frivolous and vexatious.

BARNSTAPLE.—A Commission to inquire into corrupt practices at the last election for this borough has been prayed for by the House.

DURHAM ELECTION PETITIONS.—Mr. Grainger and Mr. Atherton were returned for Durham at the general election; Mr. Grainger died. After his death a petition against his return was presented, clearly with the object of staying the issue of a new writ. One against Mr. Atherton was also presented. They were both withdrawn the same day.—(Lord Adolphus Vane was then elected in place of Mr. Grainger, and he also is petitioned against.) This suspicious withdrawal of petitions was discussed on Tuesday in the Commons, a motion for a Select Committee to inquire into the facts having been made by Mr. BENTINCK. But the motion itself was characterised by some Liberal members as a move to shield Lord Adolphus Vane. Some went further, and imputed a general sympathy with corruption to the Opposition. This roused the ire of Mr. Egerton, who blamed Mr. O. Stanley for having said, that "the corruption of one side of the House was greater than the other." Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT moderated this recrimination, and pointed out that Mr. Locke King had given notice of a motion on the subject generally of the withdrawal of petitions. Lord PALMERSTON pressed this point and moved the adjournment of the debate, which was carried by 107 to 74.

HARWICH BOROUGH.—The consideration of the question whether a new writ should issue for this place is adjourned to Monday the 23rd, the House having so resolved (against a motion of Sir J. TYRRELL) by 177 to 116. The report of the Committee states a corrupt bargain between Mr. Attwood and Mr. Peacocke, for the transfer of influence; and also two cases of bribery, not however attributed to Messrs. Peacocke or Waddington.

RYE BOROUGH.—The writ for the Borough has been issued, by a majority of 118 to 99.

THE DOCKYARD DISCLOSURES.

THE Duke of Northumberland was examined on Monday. He gave no instructions to Mr. Stafford to send the letter of the 2nd of April to Sir Baldwin Walker, and regarding the regulation of patronage he "always declined to interfere from want of experience." He "knew nothing about it." He "could not conceive how he could inquire" as to how the patronage was managed, and, "from the day he entered office till the day he left it," he did not know who had the patronage. He did not approve of the circular of the 19th of April; he was cognisant of it, but did not know when it was issued; he never saw it; in fact, he "always declined to interfere." The Duke repeated this more than once. Mr. Stafford told the Duke that the circular of '49 (rescinded by the circular of April '52) was a Secretary's letter not a Board minute; the Duke never knew that Sir Francis Baring had initialled it. Touching Sir Baldwin Walker's letter of resignation, the Duke did not know of it till November. Admiral Parker, in his interviews, talked about "the substance of it," but the Duke "did not recollect that he used the word 'letter.'" Admiral Parker told the Duke that Sir Baldwin Walker considered the circular a slur upon him; the Duke urged Mr. Stafford to remove this impression. Mr. Stafford wrote the draught of a minute disclaiming such a meaning, and Sir Baldwin Walker expressed himself "satisfied." (This Sir Baldwin denies.) The Duke took no notice of Sir Baldwin's subsequent letter complaining of the character of the appointments; and he never made any effort to ascertain was anything going wrong; but, added the Duke, amid some laughter, "I have walked arm-in-arm with Commodore Seymour and encouraged him to talk; and it was not for me to say to him, Have you anything wrong to tell me?"

Mr. Disraeli was examined on Wednesday. He stated the whole case with the adroitness of a political tactician, and in a very clear style. He was first questioned as to Mr. Stafford's statement:—"I am so much pressed by Lord Derby and the Chancellor of the Exchequer that I cannot help myself," and he answered:—

"I never had any conversation with Mr. Stafford, or with any person who held office under the late Government, with respect to any such circumstances." And respecting patronage in the dockyards he said: "Mr. Stafford never consulted me on such a subject, nor did any one under the late Administration. They were subjects that did not fall under my department, and it never entered into my head that any one would have spoken to me upon such a subject."

Mr. Disraeli then made a statement of the cause of the Admiralty "misunderstandings." The late Board of Admiralty was, at the wish of the Duke of Northumberland, composed, without any reference to politics, of very distinguished naval officers, who solely regarded the efficiency of the Admiralty administration. There was in consequence a want of the usual good understanding between the Admiralty and the House of Commons: the present Board, for instance, is connected with the House by the Secretary, the First Lord, and another lay Lord; while Mr. Stafford was the only person representing the feeling of the House at the former Admiralty.

"The consequence of all this was, that from the very first there was not that sympathy between the late Board of Admiralty and the House of Commons which is necessary in the administration of our Parliamentary Government. I have no hesitation in saying, that from my position then as leader of the House of Commons, in giving it, the committee, as my opinion, that Mr. Stafford was placed in the position of mainly considering and representing the House of Commons, without any one allied with him to support him; and the Board of Admiralty, formed of the most able and efficient men, looking at what they called the efficiency of the service, not only with respect to these questions of patronage, promotions, and appointments, but with regard to matters of another kind." In reply to an added inquiry, Mr. Disraeli declared his views distinctly: "I mean to say that the Board of Admiralty looked merely to the efficiency of the service. They thought their only duty was to consider the efficiency of the service, but they did not understand sufficiently, I think, the spirit of our Parliamentary Government, and that in conducting affairs they must look to the temper, that they must consider the temper of the House of Commons; that temper being represented in the present instance, and was represented before by the several members of the House of Commons who are also members of the board."

On one occasion when Mr. Disraeli asked for a weekly account of the Admiralty expenditure, the Board looked on that as an unwarrantable interference of the House of Commons with the Admiralty. This illustrates the difficulty of Mr. Stafford's position: Mr. Disraeli always advised him to conciliate as much as possible, and to explain privately to each member of the Board the nature of our Parliamentary Government. Mr. Stafford never consulted Mr. Disraeli with regard to such "small matters" as the patronage of the Admiralty.

"He would speak generally as to the extreme difficulties which he found in carrying on his office, and he would very naturally come to me for support and counsel. These conversations with Mr. Stafford took place in the House of Commons. I had a great deal to do then, and I had no formal interview with Mr. Stafford. After questions were answered, about half-past four o'clock, behind the Speaker's chair, if he wished to consult me, he did consult me. . . . . I never pressed Mr. Stafford or any member of the late Administration on the subject of his or their patronage, or with the view of influencing either him or them in the exercise of that patronage for the purposes of elections or anything else. Such a subject never could occur to me, nor do I think that it could occur to any person in my position. It did not fall under my consideration in any way. These are subjects which devolved on other persons to consider. Mr. Stafford expressed and represented to me from the first the very great difficulties which he had to contend with, and from what I could see, this sort of spirit—the spirit of jealousy and suspicion that arose from the cause I have adverted to—appeared to me to wear off."

Respecting Sir Baldwin Walker, Mr. Disraeli, speaking generally as regards all permanent civil servants, advised Mr. Stafford to treat them in a spirit of conciliation and confidence, as he himself had done at the Treasury, and with the result of being served with zeal, fidelity, and even devotion. His particular knowledge of Sir Baldwin Walker's letter of resignation arose as follows:—

"Mr. Stafford consulted me in the House of Commons, behind the Speaker's chair, on the letter which Sir Baldwin Walker wrote to the Duke of Northumberland. Mr. Stafford showed it to me. I do not know whether he showed me the original letter or a copy. I cannot charge my memory with that, but I know that the letter was put before me in a hurried way, as a proof that he had not succeeded in establishing that good understanding which I felt and told him was required, and which I recommended him he should endeavour to establish. When I read that letter I confess I was excessively annoyed, and I remember making this observation—for I was not then familiar either with the office or the person of Sir Baldwin Walker—I said to Mr. Stafford, 'Well, really, if this is the tone in which your overtures are accepted, I think he had better resign.' Now, I distinctly recollect Mr. Stafford saying, 'Oh no, it is quite out of the question; the Duke of Northumberland has made up his mind to consider this merely as a strictly confidential communication, and I suppose I must bear it, and do what I can to make things up.' I said, 'If you make up your mind, if that is the case, and Sir Baldwin Walker does not resign, rely upon it you had better see him and have some private conversation with him, and make him understand that you wish to work cordially with him, and do not remain with any hostile feelings on either side.'"

All these misunderstandings Mr. Disraeli attributed to the want in the Admiralty of that connexion of the House of Commons which other branches of administration possessed. With the late Admiralty the House of Commons was at first "ignored," and its authority and influence looked upon with jealousy. The board was composed of men of the highest professional reputation, but they were not sufficiently acquainted with the nature or practice of our Parliamentary Government. Regarding any "other cause of misunderstanding" Mr. Disraeli said:—

"There would be no other cause of misunderstanding between the House of Commons and the Board of Admiralty as far as the Government were concerned, but of course I can easily understand that among various members of Parliament supporting the Government, looking at the fair disposition of patronage which was referred to, and respecting which one of the hon. members said Mr. Stafford stated in his evidence he was pressed, and I daresay that they did press Mr. Stafford—if he found that he was in a position in which he could not fairly satisfy their wishes, it might be the cause of similar misunderstandings between him and individuals. There is no doubt, as every member of the committee must know, that the particular party that supports the Government, whether in the House of Commons or out of the House of Commons, naturally looks to have, as it is called, a fair distribution of patronage. I dare say that may have led to misunderstanding, but I only wish it to be understood, so far as I am concerned, that these were questions that were never brought under my consideration in any way. Therefore it is quite impossible that I could have urged Mr. Stafford to any course of conduct on the subject. I should have been perfectly astonished if any member of the Administration had expressed himself as Mr. Stafford is alleged to have done."

The conclusive statement came thus:—

The Chairman: And the committee understand that you had never by any means in any way been brought to consider the questions of promotion either in the navy or in the dockyards?

Mr. Disraeli: Not in any way whatever.

Mr. Stafford has been re-examined two or three times, but he has not been able to state anything more damaging to his character than what has already appeared. Some confessions, however, serve "to thicken other proofs." With regard to the charge Mr. Stafford made in the House against the Whigs, that when leaving office they made rules securing future appointments for their own partisans, he was obliged to admit, in answer to the keen queries of Lord Seymour, that he did not say this on "his own authority." "A letter in the *Morning Herald*," and statements by "members of the House," induced him to "suspect" that such was the case. He also got private letters on the subject, but he would not reveal the names of the writers; he would not like to be the means of injuring any poor person. Mr. Bere, solicitor and agent for the Conservative party at Devonport, made a rather bold statement, "While the Whigs had power, no man in the dockyards was safe unless he became their devoted servant."

Sir F. Baring's testimony does not much more than confirm what has been already evidenced by his letters, confidentially written, but now so honourably published. While First Lord he had made it a point to bind down the superintendents by a distinct pledge of honour not to interfere in politics. Respecting disfranchisement in the dockyards, he did not think that would cure the evil complained of. He believed it was practically impossible to prevent jobbing in the yards, unless those at head-quarters were in earnest. His conviction was that after the arrangements of Lord Auckland they were improving. It took time to convince the dockyard people that the Admiralty was in earnest—they had been so often deceived; but if they were once convinced that politics would not affect promotion, the desired object would be obtained much better than by depriving them of the franchise; for, if it were the wish of the Admiralty to "job" in promotions for electioneering purposes, the disfranchisement of the dockyard men would be no bar.

When Lord John Russell was First Lord of the Treasury, he had allowed Sir Francis Baring full liberty to adopt his own course, which was, that all promotions should be made with a sole reference to the public service.

Lord Derby gave his testimony yesterday. He briefly re-echoed Mr. Disraeli's theory of the cause of the misunderstandings—the want of a close connexion between the Admiralty and the House of Commons. He stated that he had never directed nor sanctioned the transfer of civil patronage from the First Lord to the Secretary of the Admiralty; he always held the Duke of Northumberland responsible for the administration of the Admiralty. Respecting Mr. Stafford's statement that he was "pressed by Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli," Lord Derby said:—"I should be very much surprised to hear that Mr. Stafford had made such a statement, because I have a high opinion of Mr. Stafford's personal honour, and he must have known that it was untrue, entirely inconsistent with the fact, and that there was not the slightest foundation for it." (Sensation.)

[The report of this answer in the *Globe* made Lord Derby say, "I *had* a high opinion of Mr. Stafford's personal honour." Last evening Lord Derby complained of this, and said:—

"My answer was, that I should be very much surprised to hear Mr. Stafford make that statement. I had the highest opinion of Mr. Stafford's honour and veracity, and I was quite convinced he could not have made such a statement, as he must known it was wholly inconsistent with fact, and entirely without foundation. In making that statement I expressed what I felt, perfect confidence in Mr. Stafford's veracity, and that I should feel great surprise if he had made such a statement, and that I could not bring myself to believe such a statement."]

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

LETTER LXXII.

Paris, Thursday, May 12, 1385.

THIS week has not been much marked by political events. Almost the only point of interest it presents is the quasi-hostile attitude of the *Corps Législatif*. The session, as at first arranged, was to terminate on the 13th; but honourable members, seeing they had but five or six days left to pass the Budget, began by declaring that they would not do as they had done last year, when "they had been obliged to pass the various bills at a hand gallop for want of time to examine them." They alleged, too, that, "as the *senatus consult* of the 25th December prohibited them from voting the Budget article by article, the least they could now do was to examine it in detail, in order that they might be able to pass it in a lump." So they flatly declared to M. Billault, their President, that the few remaining days of the session were not enough, and that accordingly they would not pass the Budget at all. Alarmed at this threat, M. Billault posted off to Bonaparte; and next day he announced that "the Emperor had promised him to grant the *Corps Législatif* all the time necessary for the examination of the several bills laid before it, and consequently the Chamber might reckon upon a prolongation of a fortnight." A decree, published in the *Moniteur*, has in fact prolonged the session to the 28th of May.

The Jury Law has been passed against a minority of fifteen, instead of being thrown out, as everybody expected. The causes of this singular result were as follows:—The committee, all but three members, agreed to reject the bill, as conferring an absolute power on the Government. Unfortunately, however, the committee appointed M. Langlais, as a lawyer by profession, to draw up their report; and this very M. Langlais was one of the minority of three who were in favour of the measure. He made the most curious report that ever was known. In the name of the committee he inveighed against the existing tendencies of the Government towards absolutism, and proved that all the provisions of the law were calculated to deprive the country of the few securities that still remained to it; but instead of concluding, as he should naturally have done, with a recommendation that the bill should be thrown out, he terminated his report without recommending anything one way or the other. When this report without a tail was read, the deputies showed manifest tokens of their dissatisfaction; but when the moment was come to vote, the dread of publicity overcame them (the votes are taken by name), and to avoid incurring the anger or the disfavour of their gracious Sovereign, the majority said Aye, and only fifteen had the pluck to say No. Among the latter were MM. Gouin, d'Andelarre, Legrand, Montalembert, and de Flavigny. The true cause of this cringing meekness is to be found in the corruption of these representatives of the principles of property. They were all of them to have an audience of the Emperor that same evening, and they had all to solicit from him the sanction or concession of some privilege, some money-making scheme or another. After the reception Bonaparte exhibited to his private circle eighty applications for concessions of railways, laid before him in an audience that had lasted three-quarters of an hour, being at the rate of two per minute. The deputies are now aware that Bonaparte has been making game of them and their expectations, and they are filled with rage and mortification, and regret that they had not the courage to go through with what they began. A considerable number of deputies did not vote at all, some being unwilling to oppose the Government, and others not liking to have their names appear in the always brief list of those who vote against it. The discussion, however, presented a remarkable incident. The Government being far from confident as to the result, Bonaparte sent down M. Baroche, President of the Council of State, and M. Rouher, its Vice-president, to support the Bill. It was M. Rouher who had to reply to M. Langlais, the reporter of the committee, and he was so led away by his zeal as to speak in favour of absolute power. He went so far as to say, that "he could not comprehend how any one could talk of the privileges of the country, when the prerogatives of the Crown were in question," a declarations which was met by murmurs from all parts of the Assembly, so loud and angry that M. Rouher was brought to a dead stop. He stammered out some excuses, and then humbly asked permission to explain his meaning. The permission was granted; but his explanation showed the same tendency to exalt the Government above the country, and was received with no less strenuous marks of disapprobation, and he concluded his speech in utter discomfiture.

The same sort of reception has just been given to a proposal for a grant of money, made under the influence of M. de Persigny in favour of his mother-in-law, the widow of Marshal Ney. Certainly, if there is a glorious or a popular name in France, it is that of Marshal Ney. And yet the Bonapartists are come to the pass, that in a chamber nominated by them and composed of their creatures, a proposal on the part of the Government for a national recompense to the Marshal's widow has provoked vehement signs of repugnance. The secret of this is, that the family have already obtained more than 10 millions in railway concessions, favours of various kinds, and presents of cash. The three sons of the Marshal, and Persigny, their brother-in-law, have each realized a considerable fortune. All this is matter of common notoriety; so when it was seen that these people had the effrontery to ask for an additional sum of 300,000 francs, the whole Assembly was unable to suppress a shout of indignation.

The *Corps Législatif* has also shown its teeth at the last railway concession—that of Geneva and Lyons. You are aware that this concession was granted to the

Swiss general Dufour, by desire of Bonaparte, whose friend he is. But what you are not aware of is, that there was a company of Paris bankers (Ch. Laffitte, &c.) which competed for the same concession. The Dufour company asked for a subvention of fifteen millions, and a minimum interest of 3 per cent. guaranteed by the French Government. Laffitte's company, on the other hand, required neither subvention nor gnarantee, but undertook to do everything at its own cost and risk. Nevertheless Bonaparte, with monstrous partiality and in utter disregard of the public interests, has of his own mere motion conceded the Geneva railway to the Swiss company, and thus saddled the Budget with the expense of a subvention of fifteen millions. You may imagine how the *Corps Législatif* looked upon the bill which embodies this concession. As chance would have it there is a deputy, M. Kœnigswarter, a Paris banker, who is interested in Laffitte's company, and he inveighed with great vehemence (the private interest of these people constituting all their patriotism) against the concession, and implored the *Corps Législatif* to throw out the bill. The details he has divulged are, it appears, formidable. M. Calvet Rogniet, a deputy, immediately proposed an amendment suppressing the subvention, and it was adopted almost unanimously in committee. Unfortunately the Council of State has rejected it, and unless the committee and the *Corps Législatif* can make up their minds to show more courage than in the affair of the Jury law, the concession will be granted.

M. Schneider's report on the Budget has not quite fulfilled what was expected of it. M. Schneider is, as you know, an ex-minister of Bonaparte's, a great manufacturer of the Saône et Loire, and an ultra protectionist. His report, not less than forty pages long, contained—1. A violent diatribe against the parliamentary system; 2. A pompous eulogy on the present organization of the Government; 3. No end of encomiums of the order and prosperity of the finances as secured by the new order of things; 4. An absolute laudation of the Senatus Consult of the 25th December, which divested the *Corps Législatif* of its few remaining functions. M. Schneider read his report to the committee on the Budget amidst the most chilling silence. As soon as he had done, the members all, with one accord, walked out in disgust, and left the unlucky apologist of the Government alone with his report. Next day M. Schneider confessed to the committee that he had gone too far, but stated that he had taken care to soften down or abridge the passages that had seemed to give umbrage to the committee. Nevertheless even in its modified form the report still extolled the Senatus Consult. Incensed at this fresh display of impudence, M. Gouin commented most severely on the indecency of holding such language in the name of the *Corps Législatif*. M. Gouin was immediately followed in the same strain, but with much more warmth and vehemence, by M. Devinck, a member of the majority, who until then had always manifested extreme complaisance towards the Government. All the other members of the committee took the same course, not excepting even M. de Richemont, the rival of M. Schneider. Finally it was proposed and carried all but unanimously, M. Schneider being left in a minority of one, that all the passages shall be struck out which were contrary to the dignity of the *Corps Législatif*, and to the plain dealing that was due from it towards the Government. It was the report, thus mutilated, that appeared in the *Moniteur*. No one is satisfied with it.

The Government continues to show anything but good-will towards the *Corps Législatif*, and is, above all things, bent on restricting the publicity of its proceedings as much as possible. Thus it is by no means the case, that all reports on bills are inserted in the *Moniteur;* it is not until a bill has passed, and when it is no longer of any use to read the report on it, that the Government allows the document to be published.

As for the speeches delivered in the Assembly, the case is still worse with respect to them. A young man, who took notes of a speech in one of the tribunes of the *Corps Législatif*, was sent to prison the day before yesterday, and will probably be sentenced to pay a fine of 500 to 1000 francs into the bargain.

It is true that the right of expressing one's opinions is treated no better by the authorities. A Lille journal published an article censuring the new laws on the press. It has just received a warning for having discussed that question. There is no class of newswriters, even to those who draw up the price lists of the Stock Exchange, that are not looked on with apprehension by the Government. The latter have been all summoned before the prefect of police, and have received special injunctions, in accordance with which they must henceforth say nothing but what the authorities may be pleased to like.

Capital punishment for political offences, abolished immediately after the revolution of February, is about to be formally reinscribed in the penal code. The introduction of a bill to that effect, the day before yesterday, in the *Corps Législatif*, has caused an immense sensation. The madmen are going to erect again the instrument of their own doom.

CONTINENTAL NOTES.

THE Continent is quiet, slumbering under the incubus of despotism. We hear nothing of the stirring of peoples now, except the feeble celebration of constitutional government in Piedmont. Yet this is a noteworthy fact, especially as Austria has menaced Piedmont, and inflicted injury on the Lombard subjects of King Emanuel. Turin, like Paris, has her three days, not to commemorate a bloody and successful revolt, but the granting of a constitution by Charles Albert, in the great days of '48. Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, Turin, with great pomp and popular enthusiasm, revived the recollection of the crossing of the Ticino, and the Lombard campaign. At the *Te Deum* held on Sunday, it was observed, that Count Appony, the Austrian ambassador, attended. What does this mean? Is it not blazoning in the face of day the hypocrisy of Austrian diplomacy? Is it not the homage that vice pays to virtue? While Austria is still threatening Switzerland, and only on speaking terms with Piedmont, it is a mockery for her Ministers to share in the festivals of freedom. It is, indeed, stated that the Lombard Commission charged with the sequestration of the property of the emigrants has suspended its operation, in consequence of certain concessions in favour of the absentees which Count Rechberg has obtained from Marshal Radetzky.

But there is more significance in another event. We hear much of the menaces held out to Belgium by Louis Napoleon. It is said that King Leopold has been warned that the first overt act of Russian hostility in the East will bring a French army into Belgium. Possibly. And Belgium seems preparing for that eventuality. Antwerp is strongly garrisoned; Ypres, and some other frontier towns, useful for the purposes of invasion, have had their fortifications dismantled. The Belgium Prime Minister has moved and carried a vote increasing the army to 100,000 men. And, more significant than all, King Leopold and the Duke of Brabant, his heir, have been visiting at Berlin and Vienna, with a view of securing support against the possible designs of France.

Among the vagaries of politics in Spain, we note that Sartorious is again a Minister; that it is said Narvaez will be named ambassador at Paris, and that the husband of Queen Christina is now at Paris.

From Constantinople we have had nothing but contradictory reports, and it is impossible to say how matters stand. It is affirmed, indeed, that Russia has gained one victory, and that all political refugees have been expelled. Meanwhile the English fleet still lies at Malta, and the French fleet at Salamis.

INDIA, CHINA, THE CAPE.

A TELEGRAPHIC despatch from "Trieste, May 11," has reached London, summing up the news from the East. It is as follows:—

"On the 19th March, the force under Sir John Cheap captured the stronghold of the robber chief, Mea Toon, near Donabew, after a fierce combat of four hours' duration, and a loss of 102 killed and wounded, rank and file. Nothing further had transpired respecting the state of affairs in Ava, or respecting the ulterior movements of the British troops.

"Lord Falkland will probably remain another year at Bombay. Mr. Luard, of the civil service, had been dismissed for having offered, if a public investigation was granted, to prove that two superior officers have been guilty of infamous conduct in the exercise of their judicial functions. A public investigation, to test the truth of Mr. Luard's affirmation, is unanimously demanded by the Indian press. Great indignation had been excited by a report that the Government was about to renew the charter for ten years, without waiting for a discussion.

"Advices from China of the 27th of March, state that Sir G. Bonham had proceeded to Shanghae. The insurgents in China had made so much progress that the Emperor was compelled to sue for aid.

"The war with the Kaffirs had terminated by the complete submission of the rebel chief, Sandilli. He and his tribe are driven beyond the Kei. The treaty with General Cathcart was concluded on the 9th March."

AMERICAN NOTES.

THE accounts of the finding of gold in Texas have been confirmed. There is great excitement in the state.

Following last year's London fashion, New York is to have a second Opera house, and Grisi and Mario are the intended "stars." It will be on a magnificent scale, and will probably be opened in December next.

The New American Minister, at St. James's, Mr. Buchanan, "designs to set an example of Republican simplicity." So runs a terse telegram from Washington.

The loss of the steamer *Independence*, on the coast of California, is very painful. The ship ran ashore on Margaretta island, and took fire. Some of the passengers, leaping overboard, breasted the surf, and reached the shore; others perished, in attempting to follow them. A strong current swept many to sea, while others, chiefly women and children, clung to the burning ship, unable, or afraid to leave it, and perished in the flames. Of five hundred passengers, one hundred and fifty were lost.

Californian cities are subjected to duplicate perils. Sacramento was lately burned, and now we hear of the city of Marysville being "submerged," causing great loss of property. The mining news from California is satisfactory.

San Juan de Nicaragua, the scene of the "American *coup d'état*," narrated some weeks ago, is reported "perfectly tranquil."

Father Gavazzi is lecturing at New York.

General John A. Dix, of New York, is appointed United States' Minister to France.

Kane, accused of murder in Ireland, and whose extradition was demanded from the New York authorities, by the British Consul, and who has been arrested in consequence, has been released, on the ground, that no demand for extradition is valid, unless it comes through the President of the United States.

SPANISH SLAVE-TRADERS.

IN defiance of treaties, the slave-trade thrives in Cuba under the corrupt patronage of the Spanish Captain-General. Very recent incidents prove this beyond doubt. Don Antonio Capo fitted out a ship for the conveyance of slaves, and then set sail for the coast of Caffraria. There were no negroes there "for sale," but he managed to procure them. By gifts and friendly intercourse he ingratiated himself with the people, and one day invited a large company of the natives to a splendid feast on board his ship. Drugged rum was the principal potation, and when the poor wretches were stupefied he set sail. They recovered their senses to find themselves far from their homes. They raged and rose against their captors, but they were unarmed, and their repeated attempts at resistance resulted in the murder of many by the knives and sabres of the ready crew. Two hundred were thus killed and the corpses flung overboard. Capo continued his course for Cuba, hoisting American colours as he came near the island. He ran in his vessel at Guazima, and after landing his cargo (1200 negroes) he set fire to the ship—the Spanish authorities being well aware of his proceedings. The condition of some of the enslaved negroes was horrible, many suffering from the terrible wounds and mutilations inflicted in the struggle with the crew. The commercial partners in the enterprise were satisfied: their venture had been tolerably successful. But the event having reached the ears of the British Consul he resolved to make an appeal to Canedo, the Captain-General, against this shameless violation of the treaties for the suppression of the trade. Accompanied by the Belgian and American Consuls, he went to the palace and had an interview with "His Excellency." The scene that ensued was somewhat dramatic. After first referring in indignant terms to the slanders against himself constantly appearing in some of the local papers, the Consul said he grieved to see that slaves were still daily landed on the island.

"It is not so, Senor Consul; it is not so;" answered Canedo; "the trade is constantly decreasing; not so much on account of the vast expense your Government is at in sustaining fleets to repress it, for I alone am sufficient to insure that not a single negro now finds his way into Cuba."

"Then how is it," proceeded the Consul, "that only two days ago 1200 negroes were landed in the Siguapa, at a place called La Guazima?"

"It is not possible," replied the General.

"As your Excellency doubts it," said the Consul, beckoning to two of the negroes who waited at the foot of the stairs, "here are two of the Africans landed among the rest."

General Canedo affected to be overwhelmed with surprise, and said he should have to take to hanging and killing to put a stop to these outrages.

Instead of "hanging or killing" however, Canedo "issued a commission" to inquire. The owners of the ship were arrested, and the investigation established the truth of the story. But the inquiry had not long proceeded when it was suddenly "hushed up." The culprits made a bargain with the Government: they agreed to compromise their crime by giving up to the Captain-General 300 of the negroes for his own profit. The bribe was taken: the parties to the corruption are notorious in Matanzas; and, in short, there is no chance of their being punished, for as one of them has said, "They are Spaniards, not Creoles." The interference of the British Consul has thus been quite ineffectual. Some few of the negroes have been released, but the rest have been sent into hopeless slavery.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL ON "SECULAR EDUCATION."

SOME significant facts and opinions were stated at the late annual meeting of the British and Foreign School Society. Seven thousand have been added in the past year to the children taught in the schools of the society. The Bishop of Manchester bore witness to the use, ancillary to education, of the Factory Bill and the half-time practice; and told a story of a boy of twelve, who had been nine times in prison. The Reverend Francis Close,

of Cheltenham, thought "the present partial disinclination towards schools was attributable to the badness of the schools; wherever a good schoolmaster establishes himself, he will get a school about him, whether he is 'British,' 'Foreign,' Denominational, or Voluntary." Lord John Russell (who, as usual, occupied the chair) gave his opinion on the best way of promoting the education of the people, first blaming sectarian teaching, but returning to his theory of mixing all secular education with religious training. He said:—

"In some instances the mode in which religious education has been given, has given some advantages to the arguments, and some plausibility to the scheme, of those who promote merely secular education. If all those who unite religion with education would consider that the child has body and mind as well as soul, and if all would act according to that theory, there is no doubt but that a union of religious with secular education would be the sole education thought fit to bring up men and women for this Christian community. But when part of that lesson is forgotten, when the body and the mind are very much neglected, and that which is taught of religion is so conducted into the paths of theological difference, and of theoretical opinion which divide Christian sects from one another, then, the man who is for secular education steps in, and says, 'These children are entirely occupied with religious differences, and with niceties which they do not comprehend, we had better put aside religious points, and let education be given at different times, and by different persons.' There are those who say that on two days in the week half a day each, and on Sunday for the whole day, there shall be religious teaching and instruction. They thus, as it were, give up two days for that which is religious instruction—in fact, the education of the soul; while they have four days in the week for that which is secular education solely. I say that is a most unhappy and a most unwise division, and that neither in respect of time nor subject is it the education which the future people of the future nation of England ought to receive. (Loud cheers.) I say, then, that these questions of secular and religious education ought to be mixed together—that instruction should be imparted so as to educate at once body, mind, and soul; and when that is accomplished, you may be proud of your work."

This closed the interesting meeting of the great Whig school society.

A PRACTICAL TRIUMPH IN IRELAND.

THE Irish Exhibition was opened in Dublin, on Thursday. It attracts attention from the singularity of its origin and circumstances, as much as from the intrinsic interest of the collection of works of art and useful industry. Its originators have in many ways applied the experience which all the world learned in Hyde-park. They have felt none of the fears of pecuniary failure which preceded the building of the Palace in the Park; and they have never dreamed of asking Government aid to carry it on. In the construction of the building, also, they borrowed ideas, and have improved them. The airy appearance of the Hyde Park building is lost, for the walls are wood and iron; but, like the Pantheon, at Rome, the light all comes from above, giving an equable illumination, very suitable for works of art, and very pleasing to the eye. Three halls, placed side by side, and with semi-cylindrical roofs and rounded gables, constitute the building. The central hall is larger than the others, its splendid proportions harmonized by happy colouring, and unspoiled by those rectangular pilasters which offended us in the Crystal Palace. It is twice the size of Westminster-hall, and offers a grand range of room for a fine perspective. It will contain the statues, fountains, and chief articles of manufacture. The hall to the right is filled with machinery in motion; and the hall to the left is devoted to the fine arts. Modern painters and ancient masters are represented there; among the first, Danby, Etty, Cooper, Creswick, Grant, Sir Edwin Landseer, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Herbert, Wilkie, Turner, Calcot, Collins, and Winterhaller; among the latter, Claude, Cuyp, Vandyk, Titian, Canaletti, Domenichino, Hogarth, and several less known French and German painters. A statue, supposed to be by Raphael, is among the curiosities of art; and a noble colossal statue of William Dargan. He deserves to be thus honoured, for the Exhibition itself is but one incident in his singularly honourable career.

He began life in a very humble condition. We have heard of Stephenson, who on getting 2*s.* a day, exclaimed, "I'm a made man for life." There was a time when a similar success was progress to William Dargan. By the simple force of a quick and ready mind, and a "patient continuance in well-doing," he rose from being a railway labourer to situations of trust, in which great business ability and peculiar tact were required. He "contracted" good habits in undertaking to execute engineering works of singular difficulty. The first railway in Ireland, that between Dublin and Kingstown, a line which at the present day pays a higher dividend than any railway in the United Kingdom, and whose career has been an unchequered progress, was his work; he having pronounced on its utility and accepted the contract, while other men doubted its success. For the last ten years William Dargan has been known in Ireland as a great captain of industry; every year he added to his undertakings; and in the year of the famine he materially aided the exertions of the Government, and alleviated the miseries of the times by keeping in steady employment 52,000 men. It was not unnatural that such a man should think of originating a world's Exhibition without asking aid from any one. What required in England a wide appeal to the public and an agitation among the aristocracy, was done by him on his own account. He obtained a committee, and commenced to organize the Exhibition, paying all the expenses out of his own pocket. When his first advance of 20,000*l.* was becoming spent, a public subscription in aid was mooted, but he refused all assistance, and advanced 30,000*l.* additional. He has since liberally supplied the funds, having given, up to this time, over 80,000*l.*

A fitting incident in the life of a man so singularly self-reliant is his refusal to receive "the honour of knighthood," offered to him on Thursday. There is nothing incomplete in this wanted example for his countrymen of successful industry and self-respect.

The fine weather on Thursday admitted the full and pleasant success of the inauguration. Among the English visitors were Lord and Lady Granville, Sir Joseph Paxton, and Dr. Lyon Playfair. They arrived on Wednesday night, having travelled express from Euston-square to Kingstown in ten hours and fifty-four minutes. The honour of knighthood was bestowed on the architect of the building—now Sir John Benson. At the Mayoral banquet in the evening, the chief fact was Dargan's speech: after an unaffected avoidance of his own share of the work, and a brief allusion to the royal patronage, he said:—

"It has received assistance from a class of people whom I can never fail to bring before any assembly that I may be permitted to address—I mean the Operatives—both artisans and labouring poor, who have used the most zealous exertions, and have displayed the most generous feelings in carrying it out that ever I saw exhibited by men. (Loud cheers.) During the last three months, often as I visited the building, very few agreed with me that the undertaking would be finished by the 12th of May; and there was not a single one of from 1000 to 1500 working men who did not well know that he had it in his power to embarrass us if he chose, either by irregularity or by combination, or some other impropriety of the kind, so prevent the Exhibition from being opened on that day. Yet, with that knowledge, they never did a single act during that time to embarrass us in the slightest degree. (Loud cheers.)"

ROYAL LITERARY FUND DINNER.

THE literary men have had their day in this season of commemorations. The annual dinner of the Royal Literary Fund on Wednesday brought together a small but select number of those who patronize and those who practise literature. Mr. Disraeli presided, and his aristocratic supporters of the evening were mostly of his own political party—the Marquis of Salisbury, Lord John Manners, Lord Adolphus Vane, and Lord Stanley. Mr. Monckton Milnes, Dr. Latham, Professor Creasy, Mr. C. Croker, and Douglas Jerrold, were among the English literary men in the room. Of remarkable foreigners there were Dr. M'Ilvaine, Bishop of Ohio, Judge Haliburton (Sam Slick), and the Chevalier d'Azeglio.

Mr. DISRAELI made an extensive speech. He traced the history of the institution from the day when the first idea was considered impracticable by Dr. Franklin, when Pitt, Fox, and Burke—"the austere and absorbed Minister, the genial orator of opposition, and the profound political sage"—all three agreed that it was a beautiful speculation that could never be realized—down to the present day when sovereigns are its patrons, and princes preside over its festivals. In analyzing the principle on which the society was founded, he stated the circumstances of "the author":—

"It was not impossible to suppose—because they had too many proofs—it was not impossible to suppose that a writer might produce a great work which fell stillborn from the press. It was not impossible to suppose that one who had satisfied the public taste might advance again with all those alluring qualities which had fascinated the public mind, and yet on the second occasion might appeal to a distasteful or insensible public. It was not impossible to suppose—because sad experience furnished them with too many instances—that when the charmed public was again to receive a repetition of the spell which had fascinated its feeling, nature might whisper to the author that the brain, which was overworked, should lie fallow, and that the frame, which was trembling with agitation, required for its restoration quiet and repose. These were occasions when it was delightful to believe that that society had been the agent, as it were, that soothed the disappointed author, and sustained the exhausted mind of genius. . . . . What was an author? He was a man who obeyed the irresistible impulse of organic laws, devoted himself to the extension of the domain of knowledge and the cultivation of the human mind. To do this such a man gave himself up to the study of some special, probably some abstruse subject—to a subject that demanded infinite research, continuous labour, intense thought—the dedication of an existence. It was possible that the life of such a man was the life in general of scholars. It was possible that he might love that frugality of habits which was not difficult to be practised by those whose greatest pleasures arose from intellectual excitement; but let it be remembered that a single one of those commonplace casualties which were the inevitable incidents of the life of man under ordinary circumstances was to such a being an overwhelming and crushing incident. Ill-health, unexpected needs and requirements, domestic sorrow—and such a being was utterly overwhelmed. Men of this class and character, who were the ministers of civilization, should not be the victims of exigencies. It was under these circumstances that a society like the present proclaimed that the time had gone by when scholars should walk the streets of London without finding a roof under which they could rest their heads, and when the books of authors—the implements and tools of their craft—could be taken from their grasp for the liquidation of some small debt. The time was gone by when it was necessary for authors to sacrifice the labours they had accomplished for a small return in order to satisfy the requirements of the hour; and, above all, when, for the exigencies of the moment, they were required to mortgage the future essays of their genius."

Referring to the popular opinion of the records of the Literary Fund, he said—

"It was supposed that they were records of ill-calculating and dissolute individuals—of morbid vanity and ill-regulated susceptibility; and it was supposed that the feelings of men had been engaged to contribute to the aid and assistance of those who were, at the very best, beautiful but eccentric examples of humanity. But no mistake was greater than that. The conditions upon which the aid of the society was granted were severe but admirable. They imposed no conditions of civil opinions or religious creed; of country or clime. On the contrary, the poet of Iceland and the grammarian of Arabia had both claimed its aid, and been relieved; and an individual, who was amongst the most distinguished authors of the 19th century, as well as the minister of regal France, had also, when an obscure editor, received assistance. The only condition the society imposed was that the claim of all applicants should be deserved; and in looking over the list of names, they would find none that were unworthy, many that were distinguished, and some that were illustrious."

But those who managed the funds had something else to do besides receiving subscriptions and drawing cheques:—

"The claims must be investigated with the utmost delicacy, and the resources they might place at the disposal of those to whom they confided them must be administered with a tenderness which only gentlemen—and gentlemen, too, of refined taste and habits—could exercise towards recipients of peculiar sensibility. They had not to deal out alms. They had to offer tribute, and an imperfect tribute, to the suffering from society which the sufferers had endeavoured to improve. They must visit the suffering author in his abode; they must do more than assist him in his pressing need—they must endeavour that his future should be cared for, and that he should be restored to that career of usefulness which had been arrested. They had still other duties to perform, for sometimes they must interfere to smooth the pillow of departing genius, and then it was that they might tell the man who had devoted his life to enlighten his fellow-creatures that sympathy would still linger over his tomb. Then they might tell the expiring author that his genius would remain behind, and excite the sympathies and affections of the community which he had benefited, and that those whom he had loved, even when in life, would feel the effects of their recollection, and the gratitude of society."

This eloquent exposition was the chief speech of the evening. It occupies the daily papers to the exclusion of several other shorter speeches made at a later hour.

MRS. STOWE AT STAFFORD HOUSE.

A PERSONAL welcome was given to Mrs. Stowe, on Saturday, at Stafford House, the Duchess of Sutherland's town residence. A goodly number of high-born ladies assembled, and a few of our foremost public men, the most noticeable being Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, Lord Carlisle, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Lansdowne, the Archbishop of Dublin, the Bishop of Oxford, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Macaulay. The only English literary lady present was Mary Howitt. The proceedings, for the most part, were informal. After Lord Shaftesbury had read an address, all present partook of refreshments, and then formed a group, in one of the richly-furnished and spacious saloons, and there ensued a general conversation on slavery and *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. The scene was somewhat striking. The ladies present—some of the fairest and best-born of the English aristocracy—were dressed in varied and lively styles of carriage costume, while Mrs. Stowe—small, slim, and dark-complexioned—was very simply and plainly attired. Her expressive gestures and conversational vivacity, also contrasted with the simple repose of English manners. She spoke fully and freely of her book. She remarked that the ladies of England seem not to be at all aware of the deep feeling of sympathy with which *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was received in America long before it was known in England. The first word that ever appeared in print against *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, was the article in the *Times*, which was reprinted and reechoed in the American papers, and widely circulated in the form of a tract. The ladies of America cannot, because of their husbands' personal and political feel-

ings, stand forth and say what they feel on the subject. Some had said that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was now forgotten; but it should be mentioned that 60,000 copies of the *Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin* were sold in three days.

In such conversation some hours were spent, much to the pleasure, apparently, of the fashionable people present; and, at about five o'clock, the party separated. The Duchess of Sutherland accompanied Mrs. Stowe to the entrance hall, and there cordially wished her "Good-bye."

ATTEMPT TO EXTORT MONEY FROM MR. GLADSTONE.

MR. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE appeared in the Marlborough Police-court on Wednesday, to prefer a charge against William Wilson, 24, Belvedere-road, Lambeth, commercial traveller, "of following and annoying him through Princes-street, St. James', and also attempting to extort money by threatening to charge him with immoral conduct in the parish of St. James'."

Mr. Gladstone stated his own case from the magisterial side of the court.

"Sir, the defendant, seeing me in conversation with a young woman who was walking by my side just below Coventry-street and Oxendon-street, last night about 20 minutes before 12 o'clock, came up and began to use words which I could not well understand, upon which the girl expressed alarm, took hold of my left arm, and I told her she need not be afraid, as nothing would occur to her. The girl told me where she lived, and I advised her to go home. I walked by her side towards her house, and the prisoner then addressed me by name, and said he would expose me. I proceeded onward, he following, the young woman still expressing great alarm, until we came to a door, which the young woman said was the door of her house. I believe this was in King-street, Soho. The young woman then ran in, and I desired the prisoner to leave me, which he refused to do. I walked on, and turned first one way and then another, to get free of him, but he kept close to me, and went on talking, stating that he admired my public character much, had long observed me, but that he must now expose me, and he would do this in the *Morning Herald* of this day, and thus annoy the whole of the Conservative party. With these threats he mingled statements that he did not wish to do me any harm; that if I would make it right with him, or give him a Government appointment in Somerset-house or elsewhere, his lips should be closed. In answer to this, being, I fear, angry, I charged him with being a liar, and I used more than once the expression that he should not have from me either a sixpence or a situation, and that if he did not leave me I must appeal to the police for protection. He stated that he would not leave me, and that he would give me in charge to the police. He then said he would be contented if I would allow him to write me a letter; to which I answered, 'Sir, do exactly as you please,' repeating my former words, that I would neither give him a sixpence nor a situation. All this, with more of similar matter, was repeated again and again for some time while I was walking on in the hope of seeing a police-constable. I saw no constable until, on having tried Regent-street, I came into Sackville-street, where I saw police-constable C 187, to whom I stated my desire to be rid of the prisoner. The constable advised me to go to the station with the prisoner. I adopted the advice, and on the way to the station the prisoner said, 'I had better accede to what he had offered, for my own sake.' I told him that any act of mine I had no wish to conceal, and that he was not justified in imputing to me the intention on which he had founded his claim—an intention which, if you will allow me to state, being upon my oath, I solemnly deny."

Mr. Bingham asked the prisoner if he had any questions to put to Mr. Gladstone.

The prisoner replied in the negative.

Inspector Parke, C division, said—About a quarter to one o'clock this morning Mr. Gladstone, the complainant, and the prisoner came to the Vine-street station, accompanied by Joy, C 187. The constable stated, in the hearing of both parties, that the prisoner wanted to give the complainant into custody for enticing a female acquaintance of his away. The constable also stated that the complainant wished him to remove the prisoner from him. The complainant told me in substance what he has now stated, and I took the charge. The prisoner made a statement to me, which I took down in writing, and which I now produce.

"Statement of William Wilson—About half-past twelve last night I saw Mr. Gladstone addressing a lady of my acquaintance in Panton-street. They immediately turned down Panton-street, and walked about fifty yards down the first turning in that street. They then made their way across Coventry-street into Princes-street, where I charged Mr. Gladstone with being in the company of the lady alluded to. I then said I had no desire to make an exposure of one I so much admired, and whose public character was known to be so pure and unspotted; and that he might take it as a moral reproof from one so humble as I was. I further said, if Mr. Gladstone would procure me a situation I would not expose him, and if not I would communicate his conduct to the *Morning Herald* newspaper. I also charged Mr. Gladstone with being with the lady in question, arm-in-arm, upon which Mr. Gladstone retorted, and called me a liar. Ultimately Mr. Gladstone granted me permission to write him a letter respecting a situation."

Inspector Parke continued—The prisoner added that he did not mind what the result might be, if it was even transportation, so long as his name was associated with that of a person so great as Mr. Gladstone, who was one of the greatest men of the day.

Mr. Bingham—I suppose this is the conclusion of the case, unless the defendant has any questions to ask of the inspector.

Prisoner—I have no desire to put any questions. The only desire I have is to endorse the paper read by the inspector.

Mr. Bingham—Is the prisoner known to the police; and has the address he gave been ascertained to be correct?

Inspector Parke—He is not known to the police. The address I have been to, and it is correct, but I could not ascertain his character as his landlady was not at home.

Prisoner—My character will bear the strictest investigation. I have been a clerk, but am unfortunately at present out of a situation. I have only to re-state what has been read to me. I was very much excited at the time, and am very sorry I should have been so rash.

Inspector Parke—After the charge was taken the prisoner cried, and hoped Mr. Gladstone would not press it.

Mr. Bingham—I think some further time ought to be allowed to inquire into the prisoner's character, and I shall therefore remand him until next Friday. [Wilson has been further remanded.]

Mr. Gladstone then left the court.

Wilson wrote on Thursday from jail to Mr. Gladstone asking pardon. Mr. Gladstone, who signed the depositions on yesterday, gave the latter to the Magistrate, stating that on public grounds he could not feel justified in passing over the affair, though he had no personal wish to prosecute; that Wilson did not at all know the female who was walking with Mr. Gladstone. The prosecution is to take place under a clause of the Libel Act, making an offence punishable with hard labour to attempt to extort money, or any appointment to an office, by a threat of publishing a libel.

[We are authorized to state that, as Mr. Gladstone was returning home from the Opera at Covent-garden, on Tuesday night, he was addressed by an unfortunate woman, who earnestly begged his attention to her story. While Mr. Gladstone, as he walked on, was listening, with his accustomed benevolence, to this appeal, the woman suddenly perceived some person approaching, of whom she seemed to entertain great apprehension, and clung to Mr. Gladstone apparently for protection. The scene then ensued which is described above.—*Times*.]

With reference to this incident, a writer in the *Times*, who has guaranteed the truth of his tale, reveals a characteristic and honourable trait in Mr. Gladstone's character. The story is as follows:—

"The scene opens in May of last year. Two young women are passing by the top of the Haymarket about 11 o'clock in the evening. They are annoyed by an elderly man, who persists in following them. They desire him to leave them, but without effect. The slight altercation that arises attracts the attention of a gentleman passing. He asks the cause, and is told. He threatens to call the police, and the man then takes himself off. This incident leads to a conversation with one of the girls. He is attracted by her respectable appearance and manners, and asks her some questions. The answers she gives excites his curiosity, and increases the interest he at first felt in her. Upon his wishing her to leave the Haymarket and go home, she says she durst not unless she takes some money with her. He gives her the sum named, puts her into a cab, and sends her home. He next day makes inquiries respecting her, and finds that everything she had told him was true, and which further inquiries only served to confirm. From that time he has been a kind and, moreover, a disinterested friend to that girl, and has left no means untried for the purpose of reclaiming her. As will be anticipated, the gentleman of whom I am now speaking was Mr. Gladstone. The discovery of his name was made by mere chance, for all this was done without the least parade or ostentation on his part. To account for the interest he took in her, I must refer to the girl's story. Her father keeps an inn on the seacoast in the county of Sussex. A widowed lady of title, though not in affluent circumstances, with three children, went there to lodge about six years ago. This girl was then about fourteen years of age. She attracted the notice of this lady, who proposed to her parents to take her with her to London. This offer was accepted, and the lady took her into her service as maid and companion to herself, at the same time paying considerable attention to her education. She remained with this lady about four years. Towards the close of this time, a nephew of a clergyman, at whose house she was visiting in the suburbs of London, a lieutenant in the navy, came home from sea, and remained in his uncle's house for some time; while there, he gained the affections of the lady's companion, then under eighteen years of age, and seduced her. He returned to sea, where he still remains. As for the poor girl, she proved pregnant, had to leave her situation, and became the mother of a child, for whose support she has to pay 7*s.* per week. After this, what was left for her to do? She could not return to her former situation, and she had no chance of obtaining another. Her own mother was dead, and her father had married again—therefore that door was closed. Need it excite surprise, then, that she took what seemed to her to be the only course to save herself from starvation? She took it, and there, three months afterwards, Mr. Gladstone found her. As I have said before, his efforts to reclaim her have been unceasing, though he has not met with the success which he deserves. His great difficulty has been with the girl herself. She dreads the world's opinion, and, when he has offered to place her in some way of obtaining a respectable livelihood, she has always objected on the ground of the scorn and reproaches to which she would be certain to be subjected; and it is to be feared that there is much sad truth in this."

CARDINAL WISEMAN'S DISCOURSE ON ART.

"WHILE Art was still Religion," the connexion of the priest and the artist was natural; but recent controversies and a late English agitation give piquante novelty to the fact, that in the metropolis of our manufactures Cardinal Wiseman has, with eloquence and force, expressed to a popular audience popular views on the arts of Design and Production. The lecture delivered on Thursday fortnight, in the Manchester Corn Exchange, was given in aid of the funds of a local educational institution for poor Catholic children.

The Cardinal's address was imaginative, ingenious in method, and directly practical. He first assented in detail to the utility of the popular modes of improving the art of production, the teaching of mathematics, drawing, chemistry, &c., to the artisan, and the constant supply of beautiful designs by clever artists. But something more was required. In illustrating the requirement he sketched out the plan of a Museum of Antiquities.

He pictured a hall at least as large as that in which he stood, but of a more elegant and perfect architecture. He supposed it formed on classical models. "Around it should be ranged, not merely copies—he would not give them copies, for he would give them originals; not, therefore, plaster casts, but real marble statues and busts, collected from antiquity; and he would arrange them round the room, so that each could be enjoyed at leisure by the student, and there should be room for the draughtsman to take a copy from any side. In the centre of the room he would place a beautiful mosaic—such as we found in the museums, for instance, of Rome—of pavement in rich colours, representing some beautiful scene, which should be most carefully railed off, that it might not be worn or soiled by the profane tread of modern men. There should be cabinets, most carefully enclosed in glass, so that there should be no danger of accidents, of the finest specimens of the old Etruscan vases, of every size, of every shape, of every colour, enriched with those beautiful drawings upon them which gave them such character, and, at the same time, such grace; and on another side he would have collected for them some specimens of the choicest produce of the excavations of Herculaneum. There should be various vessels, of most elegant form and most superb carving, and there should be all sorts of fine household utensils, such as were found there, of most beautiful shape and exquisite fashion. On the walls he would have some of those paintings which had yet remained almost unharmed, and that, being buried for so many hundreds of years, still retained their freshness, and would glow upon the walls and clothe them with beauty, and, at the same time, with instruction. And then he would have a most choice cabinet, containing medals in gold, and silver, and bronze, of as great extent as possible, but chiefly selected for the beauty of their workmanship, and some engraved gems likewise, every one of which should, if possible, be a treasure."

Such a curious and costly museum in any city in England is, indeed, a "stretch of imagination;" but the Cardinal untiringly followed out the fancy. He asked the audience "to fly with him to a still more imaginary idea." He then imagined such a collection reclaimed by the original owner of the various articles—some old Roman, suppose, in the first days of Christianity, hears of such a museum in England, and demands back his property. What would he do with them when he got them back? With Pliny, he would value the statues not as works of art, but as memorials of his forefathers.

"The busts would be to him but pieces of household furniture; he would put them back into the niches whence they were taken, and perhaps where they were in a very bad light. His statues, if they did not represent his ancestors,—instead of having a beautiful hall prepared for them, it was exceedingly probable, would be sent into his garden, to stand in the open air, and receive all the rain of Heaven upon them. The mosaic which we had valued so much, and as so wonderful a piece of work, he would most probably put into the porch of his house, to be trodden under foot by every slave who went in and out. And then he looked about him at that wonderful collection of beautiful Etruscan vases, and recognised them at once. 'Take that to the kitchen,' he said, 'that is to hold oil; and that to the scullery—that is for water. Take these plates and drinking-cups to the pantry, we shall want them for dinner. And those smaller, beautiful vessels'—which yet retained the very scent of the rich odours that were kept in them—'take them to the dressing-room; those are what we want for our toilet; this is the washing-basin I have been accustomed to use. What can they have been making of all these things, to put them under glass, and treat them as wonderful works of art?' And so all those wonderful bronze vessels belonged, some to the kitchen and some to other apartments, but every one was a piece of household furniture. Then he looked into that beautiful cabinet, and he sent those exquisite gems into his room, to be worn by himself and his family as ordinary rings; and the golden medals, and silver medals, and bronze medals, he quietly put into his purse, for to him they were only common money. Here, then, they had a collection of magnificent products of the arts of design; they had treated them as the result and creation of art, and they were in reality the fruits of the arts of production.

Now, what were we to say to this? That there was a period in Rome, and there were similar periods in other countries at different times, when there was no distinction between the arts of production and the arts of design; but those very things which were to us now objects of admiration as artistic works, were then merely things made and fashioned as we saw them for the ordinary uses to which we adapted other things of similar substances, but very different form."

In this telling way the Cardinal enforced the artistic truth, that the use, form, size, and colour of all productions must harmonise, in order to produce a perfect work of art. Such was the secret of the excellence of antique workmanship.

"The art that was in those beautiful things was a part of themselves, was bestowed upon them in their very fabrication. They might take an Etruscan vase and scratch away from it every line which had been traced by the pencil of the embellisher, and still the seal of beautiful design, grace, elegance, and true art was so stamped upon it, that, if they wished to destroy and remove that, they must smash the vase to atoms. It was inherent in it, it was created with it. Then what we, he fancied, desired, was to bring art back to that same state in which the arts of design were so interwoven with the arts of production that the one could not be separated from the other; but that which was made was, by a certain necessity, made beautiful. And this could only be when we were able to fill the minds of our artisans with true principles—not until true taste pervaded their souls, and until the true feeling of art was at their very fingers' ends."

With an apt quotation from Schiller, the Cardinal concluded his successful lecture.

THE WAGES MOVEMENT.

THE wages movement continues in Wales. The flannel-weavers, of Carmarthen; the masons, of Swansea; the colliers, of Pembrokeshire; the tailors, of Aberystwith, have all demanded higher wages—being refused, have "struck" work. Their success is anticipated. At Cardiff, the masons have succeeded in obtaining an advance of 3*d.* per day, and the labourers of the same place have got a rise of 2*d.* per day. The crafts connected with shipping, in the North of England, have felt the influence of the epidemic improvement. In the Newcastle-on-Tyne district, all classes of skilled labourers have had their wages raised; the shipwrights of Blyth now receive 30*s.* per week, and the joiners of South Shields are demanding, and likely to get, from 24*s.* to 27*s.* a week. The good conduct of some of the operatives, in this and other districts, shows that the working-classes are bent on attaining ameliorations more permanently beneficial than better pay. For instance, the South Shields shipwrights, who, in view of the rise of twenty-five per cent. in freights and the general rise of wages in that part of the country, might easily obtain 30*s.* per week, have been content with asking 27*s.*, preferring steady wages to any extraordinary and temporary increase. At Wolverhampton, the operative builders have judiciously applied their efforts to a reduction of the hours of labour, as well as to increased wages, but, unhappily, have violated the general good spirit of their proceedings, by some foolish acts of violence. In Birmingham, the men have behaved better: they manage matters in an amicable way. The masters have offered the builders an advance of 3*d.* per day, to be given only to good workmen, and this offer is likely to be accepted. Here, also, the hours of labour have been considered. It is proposed that work shall cease, on Saturday, at two o'clock, and that the hours for the rest of the week days shall be from six to six, with time for meals. This arrangement will probably be established.

CLEVER KNAVERY FRUSTRATED.

BEGGING letters in a rather new style have been introduced. Mr. Burchett, the watchmaker, in Oxford-street, was robbed lately of watches and jewellery, worth 2000*l.* A few days after he received a letter from one "concerned in the job," promising, on payment of 10*l.*, a revelation that would lead to the recovery of the goods. It thus ended,—"Put a paper, with 'Yes' or 'No,' on your window, this morning, so that I may write again where to place the money. . . . . Be quiet, or it will be all blown." The negotiation proceeded, and the secret correspondent requested that the money should be "made up in a small parcel, and placed under a flagstone over a gutter in Saint James's Park," a plan of the spot accompanying this direction. A note was accordingly placed on the spot indicated, and the police were set to watch. From nine o'clock until past twelve the policeman watched the spot, and from time to time noticed a man lurking about. The man spoke to him passingly, gave some excuse for his being there, walked on, but still occasionally re-appeared. The first policeman was relieved at twelve o'clock by another, who noticed the same man "dodging" about the flagstone, sometimes taking a seat near it, and then, with a sideward look, passing on; finally, strolling towards the Horse Guards. The policeman, unobserved, followed his movements. Towards five o'clock in the morning (Saturday) the man at length took the note from under the stone, and walked away up Pall Mall. He was immediately seized. His name is Lawrance. He is a carpenter, and has had good employment at Meux's, the brewers. He is suspected of other proceedings of the kind, and has been committed for trial.

MISCELLANEOUS.

QUEEN VICTORIA still keeps state in the Isle of Wight. We observe that Lord Aberdeen, Lord Clarendon, and Sir Edwin Landseer, have been visitors this week.

Lieutenant-General Sir Walter Raleigh Gilbert died this week, in London. He was a most distinguished soldier, and achieved great distinction in the Indian army. While Lieutenant Gilbert, he was present at the great battles in the early part of the century; and shone out conspicuously in the Sutlej campaigns. Lord Gough highly praised him. His last crowning act finished the campaign in the Punjab, 16,000 old and tried Sikh soldiers having grounded their arms to him.

Mr. Horsman, it is reported, will be a Liberal candidate for the vacant seat at Plymouth. Mr. Roundell Palmer's name is also mentioned.

Two Liberals, Marjoribanks and Forster, have been returned for Berwick, against Renton and Hodgson, the Conservative candidates: two first polling, respectively, 473 and 385; the others, 196 and 157.

A meeting, to express opinion on the late *espionage* on Kossuth, and the pending prosecution of Mr. Hale, was held, on Wednesday evening, at the "Horns," Kennington Common. Lord Dudley Stuart was the chief speaker. The tone of the meeting was spirited and intelligent.

Some "modifications" of the Irish income-tax are intended. Tenant-farmers are to be rated on the Scotch system of assessment, and those paying under 300*l.* a year rent will be exempted. The inquisitorial nature of the assessment is to be much changed; the income of the trader will be roughly ascertained by finding out the rent he pays for his premises. If he pays 25*l.* a year, his income will be set down at 100*l.* a year. The commencement of the tax is postponed to next year.

An "arrangement," it is said, has caused the withdrawal of the petition against Mr. Maguire, M.P. for Dungarvon. At the close of the present session he is to resign, but may stand again. Mr. John Sadleir is to contest the borough when the vacancy occurs.

The Protestant Association is in debt 400*l.* It considers that Lord John Russell, in opposing the inspection of nunneries has "tarnished the glory of his house."

The Sons of the Clergy Society is 199 years old; on Wednesday it celebrated its arrival at that age at St. Paul's with a service, and at Merchant Tailors Hall with a dinner.

The Jewish orphans of London are well cared for by the "peculiar people." The asylum and school are well supported, and at the annual dinner on Monday, 1000*l.* was subscribed on the spot. The festivity was unusual and appropriate. A long Hebrew "grace" was chanted by the chief rabbi, the company sitting covered during the ceremonial. "The traditional dishes of the ancient people" exclusively formed the feast, and *malgrè* the late decision of the Lords, the usual "loyal toasts" were duly honoured. Some gentlemen not Jews were present, among whom were Sergeant Murphy, the Roman Catholic member for Cork, and Mr. Charles Pearson, the City solicitor.

The legality of unstamped newspapers was, yesterday, tested in the Court of Exchequer; the case of the *Potteries Free Press* being before the Court. It was decided that Mr. Collet had violated the act; and the jury found a verdict for the crown, of three penalties of 20*l.* each. Mr. Collet announced that he bowed to the decision of the Court; he must now discontinue the paper altogether.

The Irish Court of Chancery (which Mr. Whiteside, in a new Bill, proposes to invest with new powers) seems as well constructed to delay justice as our English institution. A suit commenced in 1809 was not concluded till 1846. A suit instituted in 1803 had to be concluded lately by the sale in the Incumbered Estates Court; and a like remedy put a tardy termination to another suit begun in 1793.

The London Corporation has "declined with thanks" the invitation of the Committee of the Dublin Exhibition. The following is their resolution:—"That this corporation consider it a compliment to be invited to be present at the opening of the Great Industrial Exhibition at Dublin, but regret that it is not in their power to accept it."

The law proceedings arising out of the votes given by Alderman Salomons in the House of Commons have terminated. The writ of error, impugning the judgment for the plaintiff has been decided against the Alderman by Lord Campbell, with five other judges.

The new camp at Chobham is to contain four regiments of cavalry, three brigades of infantry, and twenty-four pieces of artillery.

An exhibition of British cabinet-work is to open on next Saturday at Marlborough-house. It will include specimens of antique and modern cabinet-work "from the period of the Reformation to the present time." Why the selection is thus bounded passes our understanding, unless it be that pre-Reformation upholstery being the result of Popish design, is inadmissible under a state Cabinet, representing only opinions dated "from the period of the Reformation."

Marylebone has followed Kensington in the institution of a new cemetery. It is to be laid out at Finchley, in an accessible situation. The soil is of a light, loamy clay, and the ground affords great facilities for drainage.

Books are now open at the Bank of England for receiving the subscriptions of those holders of "Reduced" and "Consols" who intend to take advantage of any of Mr. Gladstone's alternatives for the conversion of their stock. Holders of South Sea Stock are to subscribe their assent to conversion in books open at the South Sea House.

Thirty thousand letters and fifty thousand newspapers were despatched from England to Australia by the last mail, *viâ* India.

Dreadful disasters have occurred at Madras. Sixty vessels—twenty large ships and forty coasters have been lost in a hurricane, on the 27th and 28th March. Most of them were French.

The Australian mail hitherto despatched from Plymouth on the 3rd of every alternate month, has ceased. In May, July, September, and November, of this year, the Australian letters will go by Singapore, and special provision will be made for mails in the intervening months.

The Great Western Railway propose to extend their line to Southampton. To meet the new line, new docks are about being built at the west side of Southampton.

The communication with Australia is fortunately not dependent on the unable and unfortunate Australian "Royal Mail" Company. The General Screw Steam Packet Company is organizing efficient means towards making our intercourse with the Antipodes easy and secure. Their second steamer, the *Argo*, a very fine ship, left Southampton on Saturday. She is to call at the Cape de Verde, and from thence make for Port Phillip, without touching at the Cape of Good Hope.

The fears of a deficiency in the supply of Australian wool are now no longer felt in commercial circles; the late arrivals have brought large cargoes.

"Dwelling houses, cavalry barracks, and a church," all of iron, are at present being manufactured in Birmingham, and are destined for Australia. Several hundreds of the iron houses for the same place are being made at Smethwick.

The connexion of Oxford with Worcester and Wolverhampton is of local importance, and even of some national interest, as it completes a thoroughly new line from London to the Mersey. The new communication was opened on Saturday, and two demonstrations—an excursion on the railway and a luncheon at Oxford—took place. Near Oxford, the line is remarkable for the great quantity of stonework, there being fifty bridges in sixteen miles. Sir John Pakington presided at the feast; Mr. Oliveira, M.P., and other local and railway celebrities were present. "The Church" was the second toast, and the "Master of Pembroke," in speaking to it, promised that Oxford University would improve itself, and usefully "educate persons of all professions." The completion of the line is considered a signal triumph for the directors and shareholders, as they have had eight years' effort in getting through Parliament and in actual work.

The case of Miss Mardon was brought before the police court, again, yesterday, and her evidence was confirmed by other testimony. The surgeons are again remanded, as Mr. Gordon has not yet been caught.

A singular incident has taken place at Preston. Miss Fanny Crosby, daughter of a draper in the town, was a clever and accomplished girl. She was given much to study, and its excess is said to have affected her intellects. On Tuesday evening she was observed sitting on some stones which projected into the river near the town; her feet in the water. On seeing that she was noticed, she "plunged into the deep water," and was drowned. (It might have been accident.)

An old clergyman, of eighty years of age, lived in the Badon (Suffolk) rectory-house, with a housekeeper of seventy and a housemaid. A household so feeble was a temptation to outrage. On Sunday last while Mr. Barker and the housemaid were at church, some ruffian got into the house, and broke the skull of the poor old housekeeper, who, as was evidenced by the disordered dress and mauled condition of the corpse, had struggled much. Some money was taken by the murderer.

A boiler-explosion occurred in a Belfast factory last week. Two boys were killed, and five persons seriously injured.

Holmfirth is obstinately unfortunate, or some penny-a-liner makes it his home. This week a Fall of Snow at Holmfirth has dropped into a corner of the *Times*, blocking up several trains, blighting trees, and nearly killing one man.

Our "Journal of Railway Accidents" did not "receive support" for some weeks, but there is now some promise of fresh materials. On Thursday of last week, on the London and Hull Railway, an engine "got off" the line near Hambleton, four miles west of Selby. The engine-driver, John Thompson, and the stoker, Joseph Sykes, were killed on the spot. Poor Thompson, who leaves a wife and three children, was shockingly mangled. None of the passengers were injured. The railway officials can assign "no cause" for the accident.

There are over 20,000 children in London utterly neglected by their parents and living in idleness and without education.

The duty on books last year amounted to 7,525*l.* It is certainly a singular fact that such a literary Cabinet as the present has not abolished this duty.

What the *Times* will gain by the remission of the half-penny stamp tax on supplements may be estimated by the figures of a recent Parliamentary return. During '52 it paid for such stamps 22,187*l.* 10*s.*, while the *Morning Herald* paid but 20*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.*, and the *Daily News* the same.

The number of children taught in London ragged schools is over 26,000, only 2000 receiving an industrial education. The society's shoe-blacks number thirty-seven; they have earned in the year, 760*l.*

HEALTH OF LONDON DURING THE WEEK.

THE continuous improvement in the public health that has been lately remarked seems to have been arrested, for the deaths in London that had fallen in the previous week to 1089 rose again in the week that ended last Saturday to 1159. In the ten corresponding weeks of the years 1843-52 the average number was 918, which, if raised in proportion to increase of population, becomes 1010. Hence it appears that the actual mortality exceeds the estimated amount by 149.

In comparing the returns of the last two weeks it is seen that the deaths of children under 15 years rose from 507 to 561, those of persons of 60 years and upwards from 223 to 239, while those in the middle period of life did not vary in amount. Of children who died of bronchitis the numbers in the two weeks were 29 and 41, while pneumonia carried off 60 and 66. The deaths at all ages from bronchitis were 100 and 115, those from pneumonia 75 and 83. Diseases of the respiratory organs were fatal in 224 cases last week;

the unusual severity of complaints of this kind will be apparent from the number in corresponding weeks, which was 143, and this, with a correction for increased population is 157, Sixty-eight children died of hooping-cough. There was only one fatal case of small-pox last week; there were 21 of measles, 40 of scarlatina, 41 of typhus, 2 of intermittent fever, 2 of remittent fever, 4 of rheumatic fever, one of purpura.

Last week the births of 816 boys and 755 girls, in all 1571 children, were registered in London. In the eight corresponding weeks of 1845-52 the average number was 1410.

At the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, the mean height of the barometer in the week was 29·773 in. The reading of the barometer decreased from 29·79 in. at the beginning of the week to 29·64 in. by 9h. A.M. on the 3rd; increased to 30·01 in. by 9h. P.M. on the 4th; and decreased to 29·46 in. by the end of the week. The mean temperature of the week was 47·9 degs., which is 3·8 degs. below the average of the same week in 38 years. On the first two days the mean daily temperature was above the average; on all the following days it was below it; and this depression amounted to 8·8 degs. on Friday, and 14·2 degs. on Saturday. The *highest* temperature was 65 5 degs. on Sunday; the *lowest* was 36·3 on Saturday. The greatest difference between the dew point temperature and air temperature occurred on Sunday, and was 18·7 degs.; the mean of the week was 4·5 degs. The wind which in the early part of the week blew from the south-east changed to north-east in the last four days.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

On the 25th of April, at Bruges, Belgium, the wife of the Baron Elphege Van Zuylen: a son.

On the 4th of May, at Ryde, Isle of Wight, the wife of Commander H. W. Hill, R.N.: a son.

On the 4th, at Hamilton-terrace, St. John's-wood, the wife of Colonel M. E. Bagnold: a son, stillborn.

On the 5th, at North Shields, Northumberland, the wife of Charles Nightingale, Esq.: a son and heir.

On the 7th, at No. 6, Norfolk-street, Park-lane, the wife of Captain Bruce, Grenadier Guards: a daughter.

On the 8th, at 5, Albany-terrace, Regent's-park, the widow of F. H. Medhurst, Esq., Kippax-hall, Yorkshire: a son.

On the 9th, at 3, Mylne-street, Claremont-square, the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel J. B. Bellasis, Bombay Army: a son.

MARRIAGES.

On the 19th of March, at the Residency, Indore, Lieutenant A. R. E. Hutchinson, of the Bengal Army, son of James Ross Hutchinson, Esq., to Constance Eliza Ann, eldest daughter of R. N. C. Hamilton, Esq., and granddaughter of Sir Frederic Hamilton, Bart.

On the 14th of April, at St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia, U.S., William Harding, son of Robert Warner, Esq., of Swindon, Wilts, to Annie Taylor, youngest daughter of the late Hon. Robert Johnston, of Annandale, Jamaica.

On the 4th of May, at St. Saviour's, Southwark, Richard Harvey Crakanthorpe, Esq., of H.M. Civil Service, Hongkong, to Emily, youngest daughter of Robert Spencer, Esq., of Bridgewater-square, London.

On the 10th, at St. Matthew's Church, Brixton, the Rev. Edward Lamb, son of the late Dean of Bristol, and Domestic Chaplain to his Grace the Duke of Portland, to Rosa Harriett, youngest daughter of the late Benjamin Pead, Esq., of Hacton, Essex.

On the 10th, at St. George's, Hanover-square, the Rev. Godfrey Faussett, B.D., Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, second son of the Rev. Godfrey Faussett, D.D., of Heppington, Kent, Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, to Jemima Ann Amy, only daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Edward Bridges, D.D., president of Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

On the 10th, at Buxhall, Suffolk, William Edward Surtees, Esq., D.C.L., barrister-at-law, to Caroline, widow of Lieutenant-General Sir Stephen Remnant Chapman, C.B., K.C.H.

On the 11th, at Chelsea, William Edward Buller, Esq., late of the Fourteenth Light Dragoons, to Ellen Eliza Mary, only surviving daughter of William Kent, Esq., and granddaughter of the late Judge Baggs, of Demerara.

On the 11th, at St. Anne's, Wandsworth, Hamilton Earle Alexander, of St. John's, Cambridge, Vice-Principal of St. Thomas's College, Colombo, Ceylon, son of Colonel Durnford, R.A., and nephew of the late General Durnford, R.E., to Eleonora Wingfield, third daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Hatch, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and vicar of Walton-on-Thames, Surrey.

DEATHS.

On the 4th of February last, at sea, on board the ship *Vimiera*, Sarah Catharine, wife of Deputy-Commissary-General Ramsay.

On the 26th of March, Robert MacKay, Esq., late her Majesty's Vice-Consul at Maracaibo, South America.

On the 12th of April, at Funchal, Madeira, in his twenty-fourth year, James Crawford William Conybeare, sixth son of the Dean of Llandaff.

On the 20th, at Woolwich, Justina Jane, eldest daughter of Brigade Major Charles Bingham, Royal Artillery, in her eleventh year.

On the 1st of May, at Naples, of consumption, Louisa, Viscountess Fielding, aged twenty-four.

On the 4th, at Battle Abbey, Sussex, Sir Godfrey Webster, Bart., Commander R.N., in the thirty-eighth year of his age.

On the 4th, at Bruges, in Belgium, in the fifth year of her age, Alice Anne, second daughter of the Baron Elphege Van Zuylen.

On the 4th, at sea, on her passage from India, the Marchioness of Dalhousie.

On the 5th, in London, Elizabeth Graham, widow of the Hon. William Fraser of Saltoun, aged fifty-eight.

On the 6th, at the house of his son-in-law, the Rev. R. H. Fielden, Bonchurch, Isle of Wight, Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Arbuthnot, K.C.B., and K.T.S., Colonel of the 76th Regiment.

On the 7th, at his residence, Croham, near Croydon, in his thirty-seventh year, Robert John Pollock, Esq., second son of the Lord Chief Baron.

On the 8th, at Weston-super-Mare, deeply lamented, John Monson Carrow, Esq., aged forty-five, Judge of the County Court of Somersetshire, Recorder of the City of Wells, and a magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for the County of Somerset.

On the 9th, at Birmingham, in his sixty-third year, Mr. George Holyoake, father of Mr. George Jacob Holyoake.

On the 9th, at 37, Grosvenor-place, in her eightieth year, the Hon. Susan Hall Cornwall, widow of the late John Cornwall, Esq., of Hendon, in the county of Middlesex, and daughter of Admiral Alan Lord Gardner.

On the 9th, at Brighton, Agnes, second daughter of Rear-Admiral Sir James Stirling, aged seventeen.

On the 10th, at Stevens's Hotel, Bond-street, Lieutenant-General Sir Walter Raleigh Gilbert, Bart., G.C.B., in the sixty-eighth year of his age.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

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

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

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

All letters for the Editor should be addressed to 7, Wellington-street, Strand, London.

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

The Leader

SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1853.

Public Affairs.

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

ENGLISH GOVERNMENT: ITS PRINCIPLES AND STATESMEN.

TRUTH finds its outlet in strange places; and although many truths have their fountain home in the Italian Opera, political analysis is not always among them. Yet it happens so at times. The lyric drama for the night is the shocking story of *Lucrezia Borgia*, rendered into music by one of Italy's most gifted and most unhappy sons; and interpreted by some of Italy's choicest singers. An act is over; the audience rests from the fatigue of tragedy and attention, and small talk resumes the scene. At this interval approaches a tall blond Englishman, an "exquisite" M.P., with more bulk than fire in any part of him, a solid youth somewhat whipped up into trifle by the cunning hand of fashion—"a heavy lightness, serious vanity." He is performing a great political coup: he has left the House of Commons, not only because he prefers the voice of Grisi to that of Chambers (Thomas), but because the ballot is coming on. If he had stopped, he confesses, he must have voted for it; but, he cries entreatingly, to a friend of more Norman complexion, "Go down yourself; *you* can vote against it, and if you don't, it may be carried." So here is a young legislator pledged to his constituents to support the ballot, skulking when the question comes on, and actually busying himself to whip for votes on the other side! We are relating not a fancy, but a plain fact. Of course, when a candidate, the Serious Vanity professed to be an advocate of ballot; and these are his real sentiments: ergo, he must have told to his constituents that which Mr. Stafford calls "a formal expression." But of such children is the House of Commons made up, "the people's chamber."

The colonies often serve as tests to show forth the real principles on which we are governed at home, and let us see how Lord Derby thinks that communities ought to be ruled. He maintains "the right of the mother country to overbear the most absolute decisions of the colonists." If Lord Derby would grant any concession to the strong feeling of the colonists, it would be as an act of policy or courtesy on the part of the statesman, as one might humour a child; but the right to settle such questions as the admission of convicts into Van Diemen's Land, lies with the mother country, and not with the people. From the context, also, it appears that when Lord Derby says "mother country," he means the official department; and that official department is commanded by gentlemen born to eligibility, or appointed to it by the possession of considerable wealth. In other words, to decide whether the colonists shall admit convicts amongst themselves or not lies not with the people of Van Diemen's Land, still less with the people of England, the majority of whom cannot vote for the Members of their own Parliament, but with gentlemen of the names of Stanley, Russell, Grey, and some others, their personal acquaintances.

But, you may say, it is a Tory who says so. Wait awhile, and hear the same doctrine from Earl Grey, son of the Reform Bill Grey, and the original whom Lord Derby was copying.

"Let the colonies be treated with justice, but he denied that Parliament and the Government were bound to give up to all their demands, whether just or unjust, and to listen to every clamour, reasonable or unreasonable, that might be raised. If it was said that they were bound to do all that they were asked to do, important as it was to retain their colonies, he said it was better to part with them at once than to retain them upon such terms—that this country must protect and defend them, but must have no substantial authority over them. He trusted that an argument so lowering to the dignity of the Crown would not be used. The Imperial Government and Parliament ought to listen to the demands of the colonists with every disposition to accord to them whatever was just and consistent with the common good of all, but demands which were not based on justice, and were inconsistent with the common good of the whole empire, they ought to reject. The difference between the statesman and the mere shallow politician consisted in being able to discriminate between the one case and the other, and to know when justice required concession, and when duty prescribed firmness. Let them apply this rule, and consider how far the demand was just and reasonable, that they should not only put an end to transportation to Van Diemen's Land, but that they should do it so precipitately as not to leave time for the consideration of any other mode of punishing convicts, or for taking Parliament into their counsel, as they were bound to do by the constitution."

There are many beggings of the question here; but the point with which we have to deal is the origin of authority. Earl Grey assumes that *he* is to be the judge of what is just or reasonable in Van Diemen's Land, to grant or withhold it as he thinks fit; but surely the colonists ought to have at least a concurrent voice. Lord Grey, however, denies it; the "dignity of the Crown" refuses to let him sanction a principle so dangerous. If he chooses, the colonists of Van Diemen's Land must continue to undergo the admission of convicts until Lord Grey, or his equivalent in office, shall have found a new plan; and all representations to the contrary must be set at nought. Now there is no real distinction between the people of Van Diemen's Land and the people of England; it is *the people* whose claim Lord Grey denies to be judges of right in their own case.

We would go much further than to deny his position: the question of right or wrong is one which it does not become an individual statesman to raise as against a people. All human affairs have their admixture of right and wrong: but it is clearly the right of a people to settle its own arrangements accordingly to its own conviction and pleasure. A Lord Grey may refuse to be a party to that which he thinks wrong, but it is not his to grant or withhold it at his own pleasure, like a feudal lord. At least it would not be, if certain parts of the British constitution were fact instead of fiction. As it is, the English people does, like the people of Van Diemen's Land, wait upon the pleasure of a Grey, a Russell, or a Stanley, and puts up for representatives with Radical "swells" like our operatic balloteer.

It would be alarming if these principles found men capable of carrying them out; but luckily, or unluckily, our leading statesmen are not strong enough for their own principles. Lord Grey shrinks from asking the Lords to act on that which he advances. Lord Derby has descended to be the willing second of any discontent-monger. Mr. Disraeli is lost in the entangled little corruptions and little "formal expressions" of Mr. Stafford. Lord John Russell is preaching to the British and Foreign School Society on "body, mind, and soul." Lord Palmerston, who was lately led by the *Times* and police spies on a false scent after Kossuth, is at Stafford House, assisting at the ovation of Mrs. Stowe, whom he takes for an impersonation of America! The Peel Conservative Duke of Newcastle proves to be, in political action, the most Radical man of our Conservative Radical Government; as the Oxford casuistical Mr. Gladstone is its most revolutionary statesman in finance.

ANOTHER BLOW AT TURKEY.

OF all nightmare monsters, that must be the most terrible for a feeble state, which is embodied in the person of a diplomatist always with an untold "ultimatum:" for some months Turkey has been lying under the infliction of that torture. First came Lavaleite, with his proposal about the Holy Places; then Leiningen with

his claims from the Emperor of "Order," on behalf of the Montenegrin rebels; and then Menzschikoff; but the last understood the system of torture far better than his predecessors. The French having already "established a raw," Menzschikoff found a sore place ready made and provided to his hand; and, accordingly, he flew to the Holy Places at once; but when he was satisfied on that score, it appeared that Russia had not yet had the last of him. Something else remained behind,—the protection of the Christians within Turkey itself. The Russian was satisfied on that point also; but then something else still remained behind. The report comes from Smyrna, and is as yet uncontradicted. Whatever satisfaction might be given to Prince Menzschikoff, it appeared that there was still an ultimatum in the bottom of his carpet bag; and this now appears to have been the expulsion of the refugees, including Hungarians, and—this is the most extraordinary part of the matter—Wallachians.

Turkey has already had three ultimatums from Prince Menzschikoff, and what security has she that there is not another yet? In fact, the past history of the Russian relations with Turkey makes us well understand that the series of ultimatums will continue, unexhausted, until Turkey herself shall be the last surrender to Russian avidity.

We were told that Lord Stratford de Redcliffe had countervailed Russian influence—that he had checked and soothed the irritation of Prince Menzschikoff, had cheered and supported the Sultan, and that henceforward the conduct of Turkish affairs was to proceed in accordance with the system that had prevailed previously to Lord Stratford's departure from Constantinople. But the announcement that now comes to us from Smyrna strangely belies this assurance. Our own Government made a great boast of having withstood Russia and Austria, when they demanded the surrender of Kossuth and his brother fugitives. An English fleet entered the Dardanelles, and the fact was made much of in the British parliament. Great doubt, indeed, was thrown upon the sincerity of our Foreign Office at that time, by the extraordinary explanation made to Russia, that the fleet had taken the step under "stress of weather." Nevertheless, whatever may have been the sincerity of diplomatists, then the independence of Turkey was maintained for the hour; but now what is the case? Within the last six months Turkey has surrendered a privilege to France, and has been made to revoke it under coercion. She has attempted to reduce certain rebels to order, and has been made to draw back under the coercion of Austria. She has been made to surrender the protectorate of her Christian subjects to Russia, which is somewhat as if England had been made to surrender the protection of her Roman Catholic subjects to the Pope, only that England is strong, and the Pope is feeble. And now she is made to surrender her territorial independence, by driving away those whose residence within her frontiers does not please herself. It appears to us that Lord Stratford's arrival in Constantinople has not been followed by the promised guarantee of Turkish independence.

It is impossible to disconnect this surrender of an important territorial privilege in Turkey with the proceedings in London respecting Kossuth. It is quite evident, that until the farce of public odium was brought to bear upon the Government, our own Ministers were aiding the Government of Austria, with certain policemen from Prussia, to dog the steps of the foreign refugees in this country, in order, if possible, to bring them to trial for some breach of English law. That our Government should maintain British law intact against any infringement, whether by Francis of Orleans or Louis Kossuth, would be only a laudable adhesion to duty; but in this case we have something that exceeds fidelity to law. There has been an evident desire to stretch Acts of Parliament, intended for the suppression of domestic nuisances, into instruments for subservience to the purposes of Austria. The use of police espionage, especially the use of spies disguised as servants, is an innovation upon English practice which cannot plead the sanction of our law. Although bound to proceed by forms which the Crown lawyers could certify as safe, it is clear that our Government was endeavouring to frustrate the territorial privilege of England as an asylum for political refugees. If we are not surprised, therefore, that the same privilege has been surrendered in Turkey, we may the more safely regard the new turn of affairs in Constantinople as a practical explanation of the ministerial policy at home.

We have already explained the importance of Turkey to England. She is one of the outposts for resistance to the encroachments of that power which has alarmed even Lord John Russell himself. Parallel to this announcement in the *Times*, of concession to the latest ultimatum, is an article upholding the policy of establishing a United States constructed out of the Christian provinces of Turkey,—the policy which we have maintained for some time. The commercial importance of Turkey we have equally illustrated, by the fact that her trade with this country exceeds that of Russia and Austria put together. The question now in agitation at Constantinople is, the destruction of that trade by the absorption of Turkey into Russia; and a very great step towards that consummation has been made by the surrender of the new ultimatum to Prince Menzschikoff.

ENCROACHMENT ON ENGLISH RIGHTS.

THE progress of public business, correction of corrupt practices at elections, and local improvements, are excellent things, but all these things may be bought too dear; and in some respects the tendency of improvement has been to make dangerous inroads upon the public privileges.

Lord Shaftesbury's services on behalf of the working classes are indisputable; but it is not to be forgotten that his endeavours for their material welfare are accompanied by a denial of their political rights. There has been no man who has done more to withstand those rights for the working classes than Lord Shaftesbury; and his obstructions have been the more effectual, because he was able to plead that he was their "friend." He is one of those "friends," however, who like to give in the form of charity, and not in the form of due to right. Amongst improvements much needed, is some security for the working classes, that when their houses are removed in the progress of the new arrangements of towns, new dwellings should be provided for them; and it is exceedingly proper that Parliament should secure that convenience by a public statute. It is not, however, proper that Parliament should be administrator of local affairs; and the enforcement of Lord Shaftesbury's resolution, just carried in the House of Lords, which requires the promoters of local improvements, involving so many as thirty houses of the labouring classes, to deposit specifications of the removal with the clerk of Parliament, should be watched with jealousy. The proper course would be, for Parliament to make provision for these things in the form of a general statute upon a general principle, with securities for enforcement in the form of penalties, upon information; leaving the local administration to local authorities. For Parliament to interfere in the details of street improvements would be to consummate the system of centralization.

This progressive sacrifice of public rights ought to be brought before Parliament; but when and how? There are great difficulties in doing so. Private members have been so anxious to make themselves public men; they have so abused the privilege of bringing forward "grievances" on supply nights; they have so fatigued Parliament with "motions" and "bills" to carry out every crotchet, that there has been a growing tendency to put them down by standing orders, and in putting down the private members, public privileges have also been suppressed. Motion nights are now restricted practically to one in the week; and then a man with a real public object must take his chance amongst a shoal of schemers, visionary or corrupt. Supply nights are crowded in the same way; and very lately the Speaker himself made a most unwarrantable attempt to check the right of questioning the Ministry on the administration of the Government, by implying that each member had only a right to ask *one* question! Great anxiety is felt, at present, by many persons, lest an important province of the British Empire should be sacrificed by misgovernment. Representatives of the English people not only have the right, but own the duty of bringing forward that subject before Parliament, not in bulk, or in the shape of a grand scheme for the settlement of the whole, which, indeed, is not a private member's business; but in detail, as each danger threatens. The standing orders, however, so restrict the privilege, that it is virtually destroyed, and we can only hear of that endangered province in those little questions which precede the debates, and which draw no attention, or in some long-winded motion about individual wrongs. It is so even when the province at stake is one not less important than India.

But a new practice is rising in Parliament, for which even precedent has not deprived us of the faculty of surprise. From time to time a corrupt borough is brought forward, and when its affairs are investigated it is found that in many cases the corruption resides principally in a particular clique of the voters; or that the voters are placed in such circumstances as not to be socially independent. In Derby a party can be bought to turn the election, and "the borough" is dubbed "corrupt." In Chatham the voters are under Government employ, and their bread may depend upon the votes they give. It is very unpatriotic of voters to consider their personal interests before that of their country; but unluckily they are not without shining examples in either House of Parliament. Nevertheless, there is no charity for a fellow sinner in those august chambers; but the utmost rigour for the corrupt voter—after the election. Various pains and penalties are directed against him; he may be examined, pursued, imprisoned, prosecuted, fined, and politically extinguished. Still the corrupters, of whom the House of Commons is formed, are so constant and eager at their work, that the supply of corrupt voters is never wanting. The reformers grow angry; and, defeated in their ingenuity to provide statutes for extinguishing the frailty of human nature, they at last hit upon the notable expedient of cutting away the diseased part—disfranchising the borough. They call that "cutting the Gordian knot." Allow them to proceed at that rate, and there is very great doubt whether the social health of England might not invite them to cut it away piecemeal.

Now the very principle of disfranchisement is so objectionable in itself, that it should never be resorted to without the most inevitable necessity; instead of which it is becoming a nostrum in Parliament, almost as fashionable as St. John Long's counter-irritant, or the operation of clipping the uvula for a catarrh. We do not believe that in any one case disfranchisement has been the only possible resort; certainly it is not so in the case of the dockyards, whose workmen Lord John Russell proposes to disfranchise at a blow. Before disfranchisement there is at least one other expedient which might be tried, and one which is capable of partial as well as general application; we mean the ballot. Indeed the dockyards offer a peculiarly advantageous case for the trial of the ballot, as an experiment: it would effectually prevent the corruption, without depriving the electors of their rights.

PROPOSED IMPROVEMENT IN THE PARLIAMENT AGENCY BUSINESS.

ONE of the newest departments of business developed by the growth of commerce, is that of the Parliamentary agent; of which there appear to be various kinds. Let us say that we use no confidential knowledge of the class, no exclusive information; but only gather its characteristics from facts patent to all the world. The development of the particular kind of agency, as often happens, has developed new modes of business. If you go to the proper shop, you may now obtain every kind of commodity and accommodation in the line, from a first-class borough to a freeman of the old sort,—from a genuine petition to a "fighting petition." There only need two improvements in the organization, in order to make it as convenient as that of our omnibuses or the Parcels' Delivery Company,—the establishment of a central office, with a clearing house, like that for bankers' clerks; and a more obvious co-operation between the several connexions or parties which the profession supplies. But, perhaps, the latter could be improved only in name, its practical efficiency being already complete.

There is, indeed, still another trifling improvement needed, to secure the utmost convenience for a public, spoiled, perhaps, by the facilities which court its custom in almost every other line of business: the improvement is, a more systematic announcement of the goods on hand. Estate and house agents announce the "eligible premises" on their books—why not the Parliamentary

agent? Auctioneers advertise their wares—why not Parliamentary auctioneers? Decidedly, written bills in the window, or advertisements in the newspapers, would supply "a void," as the *Press* did in journalism.

Publicity is a great stimulator of price, and we do not know why, in these days of rising quotations; boroughs should be denied their just share of the advance. It can only be because they are not "quoted." A shipwright can get higher wages for making ships, why not for making members? And then think of the per centage to the agent!

Let us have, then, this long-needed addition to our Parliamentary intelligence. Let us see, outside the office of the Parliamentary agent, a board, for the convenience of posting the customary announcements; which might appear, also, as advertisements in the papers, somewhat after the following fashion:—

TO LET, for the session, a convenient TWO-MEMBERED BOROUGH. Apply to Mr. Klopstock, or to Mr. Green, opposite.

TO BE DISPOSED OF by Auction, or Private Contract, that neat and commodious borough, St. Aldreds, to the highest bidder. Apply as above.

TO BE SOLD, the NEXT ELECTION for a first-rate Borough. The only encumbrance on the Member is the usual pledge to vote for the Ballot.

With the above, a stall at the Italian Opera, Covent-garden. Apply to Messrs. Klopstock and Co.

VERY CHEAP, a large and handsome BOROUGH in the North Midland districts. Apply to "W. B.," at the Noted Club-house, who has other convenient seats on his list.

FOR HIRE OR PURCHASE, a lot of INDEPENDENT ELECTORS. Conservative gentlemen will find this a very suitable offer. Apply at the Admiralty, between the hours of three and four.

As these excellent voters are under official regulation, the utmost punctuality may be relied on.

A. S. can supply the same at any of the dockyards.

MESSRS. KLOPSTOCK and GREEN have on hand SEVERAL MANAGEABLE BOROUGHS, of sizes.

Also SEPARATE SEATS, which their system enables them to secure for gentlemen on either side of the House.

Gentlemen belonging to the opposite sides will find it very convenient to make up travelling parties of twos.

MESSRS. KLOPSTOCK and GREEN will also contract for the WHOLE PERFORMANCE of an ELECTION, on Shillibeer's principle for funerals, at a FIXED CHARGE in one sum, to be paid in advance.

KLOPSTOCK and CO. will undertake to erect hustings for any Member who prefers it at an INDEPENDENT BOROUGH, to return him to Parliament not FREE OF EXPENSE, to defend his seat when the petition is presented against his return, and, whether he is returned or not, Messrs. K. and Co. undertake to send in their bill.

MESSRS. GREEN and CO. will undertake the whole duty of PETITIONING against the return of the above SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATE. By the perfection of their arrangements Messrs. G. and Co. are able to warrant the petition as connecting the sitting Member with bribery by his agents, the connexions of Messrs. G. and Co. being very extensive.

MESSRS. GREEN and KLOPSTOCK will undertake to SECURE THE SEAT for either of the above gentlemen. Terms on personal application.

MESSRS. KLOPSTOCK and CO. provide CANDIDATES of every variety of Liberal principles on the shortest notice.

Messrs. Green and Co. provide Candidates of Conservative principles on the shortest notice. Lords if preferred, or good serviceable gents.

WANTS A PLACE as apprentice in a respectable BOROUGH, a Young Man above twenty-one years of age; a borough of serious principles preferred. No objection to Ballot.

WANTS A PLACE in the CUSTOMS or one of the SUPERIOR DEPARTMENTS, where a Secretary is kept, a Steady Man, thirty years of age, who knows all the houses in London that are open after midnight, cab fares, waiters' fees, &c. Has served his time in a FIRST-RATE BOROUGH. No objection to Ireland or India.

MESSRS. KLOPSTOCK and GREEN have on hand, ready drawn up, petitions against the return of any Member, only the name to be filled up.

TO LET, several MEMBERS, by the session, on reasonable terms.

VOTES by the NIGHT at per dozen.

Ask for W. B., at the noted house. Only principals need apply.

A LATCH-KEY INTO PARLIAMENT FOR JEWS.

BLINDER prejudice than that which dictated the refusal of the Peers to admit the Jews to Parliament could not be cited. Arguments for or against the measure cannot avail with men who prove themselves incapable of argument, and doggedly stick to transparent quibbles or insolent assertions. Unable to refute the argument that if Christianity is true, it can take care of itself, Lord Shaftesbury replies, Yes, but we wish to take care of *our*selves; so that he, sitting in the House of Lords, positively fears for his own Christianity or his salvation, if Baron Lionel de Rothschild enter next door! The Bishop of Salisbury will not tolerate men who "blaspheme" the name of the Redeemer: now, gentlemen do not blaspheme, and we have no right to presume that the Baron commits any so gross outrage on good manners.

They are the true blasphemers who, in the name of God, denounce whole races of their fellow-creatures, and shut their eyes to the progress which the world is making. Has it stood still for the Jews alone? Assuredly not. Jews may be found who will eat bacon, just as there are Quakers with hats of moderate breadth; though to judge of a man's liberality by his diet or his head-covering is a very superficial method. Many a sound-hearted and sound-headed Jew will abstain from a particular meat, because it is *not* nonsense to respect the ancient laws of our race—laws once practically healthful, and now historically commemorative.

But the progress of right feeling and intelligence among the Jews is to be estimated by things higher than bacon; and the *Jewish Chronicle* brings us good proof when it adduces the unsectarian sympathy which is felt amongst Jews for the beneficial influences of Christianity. In that feeling Jews will contribute to the building of churches and Christian schools—would that they could secure the preaching of unsectarian doctrine in those churches! The Jews on the Continent believe that Christians are favoured by the special aid of God to spread themselves over the world for the purpose of banishing the superstitions and abominations of Paganism. Facts are in favour of such an inference; but all men do not recognize the testimony of facts; and we may ask, who have the more pious insight into the ways of Divine power—the Jews, who recognize as its instrument their "natural enemies," the Christians, or those so-called Christians, who cannot perceive the difference between a Jew of the nineteenth and a Jew of the first or of the tenth century? It is truly said, that persons entertaining an opinion of the Christian mission, such as that which we have cited, cannot regard the Founder of Christianity as an impostor; but that in that respect they are on a par with numerous and increasing Christian sects.

Indeed, these gradual assimilations and these brotherly sympathies belong to the one greatest movement which is going on in religion, and which is superseding the divided interests of sect by a broader sentiment of religious unity. Even this Jew debate gives us sterling instances. Here is a Jew, elected by Christian electors, supported in his claim to sit as a legislator among Christians, by a Christian Ministry; the decline of sectarian antipathy to Christians is affirmed by the Jewish organ in the press; and it is cited amongst the arguments for admitting the Jew, by the most Christian and accomplished Bishop of St. David's. Such alliances will prove too powerful for the obstructive Peers.

Lord Shaftesbury avows that his mind is the freer, because the Jews are politically too weak to be either apprehended or conciliated; a creditable confession. It has been said that the Jew Bill may probably stand over until the new Reform Bill shall have strengthened the Commons, so as to make them more decisive in their manner of putting the claim. Another suggestion, urged upon Lord John by the honest and strong John Bright, was, to force the acquiescence of the Lords by threatening either to resign or to make Peers. The threatened resignation, we suspect, would not have answered: it has been used up. For the threat to create Peers, no existing statesman perhaps has sufficient resolution. But there might be one mode of getting out of the difficulty, and of getting Baron Lionel de Rothschild into Parliament, without a wholesale creation of Peers, and without waiting until after the passing of the Reform Bill: it would be, to create the foreign Baron Lionel into the English Baron, with an English name and all—why not Baron Redshield, of Gunnersbury? Give a peerage to every Jew elected to the House of Commons, but excluded by the collateral effect of the existing oath, and the worthy Peers would soon come round to the policy of letting their fellow-countrymen of a certain pedigree take their seats in "another place."

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE CALUMNY OF ILLUSTRIONS MEN.

IF to be conspicuous is to be a mark for malice and folly, there are some kinds of malice and folly in whose success the many rejoice; and the virtuous are not without some share of responsibility for fomenting that perverse propensity. As soon as one hears of the calumny brought against Mr. Gladstone, the feeling is that of indignation, not only against the wretched man who tried to make a market out of the charge, but against the respectable observers, who laugh at the statesman's "awkward position," think that "there must be something in it," and almost hope that he may be found "guilty."

What if he were? we might ask. Is all London, or is all statesmandom, so virtuous that he will have been the first to deviate? Other members of Parliament, other men high in office, have talked to ladies at late hours; and, since love is bought and sold in this multifarious market called London, there have been right honourable and honourable purchasers therein.

"Oh, but Mr. Gladstone is a married man!" Well, dealers in that market do say that the class of consumers consists mostly of married men.

"But then Mr. Gladstone is so virtuous—so 'pure'—almost a right honourable saint!" But, O Scandal-lover, does it follow that he is therefore a hypocrite? There is an hypocrisy of free living as well as an hypocrisy of pureism—a cant which pretends that free living is nothing but the unadulterated emanation of candour, good fellowship, and genuine manliness; stricter life being the result only of the opposite qualities. A man may be "serious," and yet sincere; just as he may be "fast," and yet a consummately canting hypocrite.

Besides, a man may be inconsistent: we are all so. Suppose a statesman like Mr. Gladstone had been caught *really* tripping—what large inference are we to draw? Would all his good qualities and good actions be cancelled by a questionable one? Certainly not. His only too refined political consistency, his close argument, his power of statement, his financial grasp and inventiveness, would all remain the same, even if he had been detected in a practical inconsistency of the kind imputed. The value of the Three-and-a-half per Cents. would not have been diminished; the practical possibilities of the Two-and-a-half per Cents., the convertible uses of the Exchequer Bonds, would be untouched, although the statesman were convicted of gallantry.

It is indeed a clumsy reasoning, which ought to be ashamed of associating itself with such a name as Gladstone, to infer *anything* from all the appearances which are stated. Appearances are in reality almost nothing, and from them all that can be inferred is almost nothing. Mr. Gladstone is out late at night, which is in itself a fact easily explained; in the streets he is accosted by a young woman, possibly with a painful story; and possibly, even should she prove an accomplice of the false accuser, that painful story may be true. It sometimes happens, indeed, that the "guilt" of a fallen fellow creature does not falsify the suffering, but is in itself one of the truest and most mournful parts of the suffering. A man of the world cannot but know as much; and a man who can shrink from listening to a cry of help, even *though* it may be a decoy, must lack both courage and humanity. Why hasten to the sneering assumption then, that Mr. Gladstone was inconsistent and listening to the voice of temptation, instead of the more proper assumption, that he was consistent, and was listening, with a voice of manly and hopeful charity, to the voice of that helplessness which is the most pitiable precisely because it is without voucher.

There is a reason for the baser assumption, and it is not difficult to discover. "Respectability" is fond of drawing wide inferences, and of associating things distinct. Wild fellows are not regular at church: a highly conscientious philosopher dissents from the doctrine taught at church, and stays away: he must be—*is* an immoral dog, cries Respectability, spending his time among loose company, and staying away from church, because his conscience will not bear the rebukes he would hear there. If the last clause of the

inference were true, it would only prove that the conscience of the philosopher is more tender than that of numbers who spend their Saturday night unaccountably, and then go to church, to keep up appearances, and "set an example." A Shelley objects to the institution of marriage—"to indulge his passions," cries Respectability. He rescues a poor castaway, who is seized with unregarded illness in the streets, and is therefore accused of not abhorring that commerce which he denounced, and which conformists practice. Respectability teaches that men conceal much "sin," and that the little which you detect is the primary rock cropping out, but underlying all. It is Respectability, then, that teaches scandal how to frame its calculations from the scantiest data. But a real free love of truth rejects this hateful art of constructive scandal, and is willing to trust the truthfulness in all men which lies beneath the inner surface of hardened conformity—the sacred fire beneath the primary rock. As a man may be a democratic reformer, and not desire to subvert society or to devour cities in the flames of anarchy, so even a Chancellor of the Exchequer, ornament of the most respectable of circles, may listen to the voice of distress, and not contemplate self-indulgence, under the mask of compassion.

THE EASTERN QUESTION: TURKEY AND THE BALANCE OF POWER.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

LETTER I.

SIR,—The question of Turkey is of more than European importance. From the first moment when those distant specks upon the horizon denoted the gathering clouds that have since hung over the capital of the East, the public expectation of the Continent and of Great Britain has been directed with incessant anxiety to the Bosphorus, seeking some tangible ground of hope and some indication of encouragement. And now, the "Dead March in Saul" is already being played over the Turkish Empire! When Lord Chatham exclaimed, that he could hold no discussion "with that man who did not see the interest of England in the preservation of the Ottoman Empire;" his lordship did not foresee the crisis which would call that sentence from oblivion and attach to it its due weight and importance. Yet in connexion with the balance of power that sentence is of little consequence; it derives its practical application from other and more reasonable sources. Greece gave the first fatal blow to Mussulman supremacy, founded upon the unconditional accordance of Western support. Ibrahim Pasha followed the bitter stroke with more effective hostilities; but as a question between Mussulman and Mussulman, not involving religious tenets nor ages of glorious memory, the fleets of Europe propped up the decrepitude of Turkey, and condemned to inaction the nervous arm that would have regenerated the enfeebled East. And this, sir, was to preserve the so-called balance of power! Well—the balance of power so marvellously preserved; this balance of power for which Europe risked a general war; this same said balance of power is now proclaimed dead: the unfortunate victim of a *felo de se*, without example and without parallel!

Possibly Turkey contained within itself the elements of decay. Founded upon fanaticism and the sword, and upon doctrines irreconcilable with civilization, its only virility lay in war, its only safety in bigotry. The struggle was for life and death, and Turkey is weakened—nearly destroyed. Yet the members of the Greek Church—all fanatics, multitudes plunderers—are strong, powerful, and tending to a great nationality! The struggle here was, or must be, one of life and death also. But the ruler of Turkey, enlightened before his time and his people, prematurely chose reform; its consequences face us now.

Mahmoud—that melancholy image which rises before us with the blood of the Empire oozing from every pore, was *a reforming sultan*. The successor to the power that thundered under the walls of Vienna and filled Christian kingdoms with terror and dismay, desired to inoculate Europeanism upon the tree of Turkish life and failed; for with the blood of the Janissaries rolled through the gutters of Constantinople the last remaining hope and strength of the Ottomans. "Lord Palmerston is not the Minister of Russia or of Austria, he is the Minister of England." Mahmoud should have lived and died the Sultan of Turkey; he forgot his mission, he misunderstood his time, and failed. Broad national characteristics are the life-blood of nationalities. Faithful to his Empire, had Mahmoud raised on high the standard of a fanaticism that had already conquered half the world, *allah il allah* might again have rung in the ears of the startled Viennese. Reformatory Ministries for Turkey! and the first great Liberal Minister convicted of peculations that would have overwhelmed the concoctor of the "state lotteries" with astonishment and with dismay!

Toleration for Turkey! Christian virtues and charities conferred by heathenism, and by a Government whose vitality was drawn from heathen springs. No wonder, sir, the springs refused to run. No wonder effete bashaws and weak sultans. No wonder the Turkish empire shrank, dried, shrivelled up to the merest skin and bone, and existed but by the outward pressure and support necessary to keep its trembling joints within their sockets. And those poor creaking joints and this ricketty skeleton are the remnants of Soliman! Yes, broad, national characteristics are the life-blood of nationalities. Modern sentimentality seeks national strength, and comprehensive, almost universal, principles. Impossible realization. For each land has its church, its religion, and prejudices. Assimilate all these and men have no individual country worth struggling for; it is the same life in the latitude of Constantinople, of St. Petersburg, of Vienna, Berlin, Paris, and London. If we desire no nationality, let us call upon Lamartine, instal him at the Invalides or Pimlico, and assist in administering the Christianised government and the Ibergallitanian republic! Turkey has fallen, then, and from the inoculation of Europeanism. The virile infidel, who braved the hammer of Martel, who stood before the greatest armies of the world, has succumbed to doctrinal discourses, and to the theories of civilization. Is this a victory or a defeat?

In presence of that gigantic Colossus, whose brutal heels have crushed growing nationalities, and whose giant steps have spanned 2500 miles into Europe, whose fleets ride triumphantly the Black Sea, and whose battlements frown terror upon Constantinople:—in presence of this Czar Nicholas, the most wily politician of the present age, who shall affirm that Turkey weakened, is Christianity and freedom strengthened, or civilization reinforced? "History is continually repeating itself." This strange jingle of Lavalette, Menschikoff, Rose de la Cour, Stratford de Redcliffe, is but a substitution for Zarik, Roderick, Amblessa, Eudes, Abderame, and Martel. The juggle of words, the jargon of mere phrases, momentarily usurps empire over the sword; and, oh, strange and significant moral, it is again the pretext of religious fanaticism; but this time the fanaticism of Christianity, which makes Constantinople the scene of its impious struggles, and which conducts its obscene wrestlings on the steps of the holy sepulchre. Constantinople, the metropolis of Mahometanism, the heart of the prophet's faith, with its ventricles surcharged and stifled with the breath of Christian doctrinists! The temples of this religion of the sword, resounding with the clamour of diplomatists, the murmured prayers of these Mussulman devotees, broken in upon by the wordy brawlings of Christian controversy; strange spectacle! over which the crescent casts a pale ray, the last enfeebled beam of the glorious radiancy of the Ottoman empire. Yes, when Turkey surrendered the initiative of fanaticism, when she became the object—the battle-ground—of religious diplomacy, forgetting her promulgative mission, she proclaimed her own rapid abasement and her speedy fall.

And thus, sir, we see reform and toleration struggling with prejudices and blind fanaticism. The infatuated ruler of diversified races, seated in the palace of the dominant faithful, destroying the keenness of the edge of that flaming sword which placed him there. Surrounded by Bosnians and Wallachs, by Servians and Montenegrins, by all the hot-blooded belief of the children of the Greek Church, with half revolted provinces, active and persevering enemies on his frontiers, exhausted treasuries, corrupt innovating ministers, the humbled descendant of the conquering Prophet perseveres in reform and toleration, and signs, in abject dismay, the shameful treaty dictated by the Russian power, under the walls of the second city of the Turkish empire! Having broken the well-tempered Damascus blade of the true believer, having affirmed the worthless character of the dogmas on which the glory of the crescent was erected, the Sultan sees before him rebellious provinces and revolted dependencies, which even threaten to overturn the trembling throne itself. And the descendants of the prophet, armed no more in the panoply of their belief, forget to draw their impatient swords to avenge the divinity of their faith! The humiliated Sultan stretches his arms towards the West, invoking the aid of Christianity! And it is the sword of Christianity which raises the despised crescent, only that, despaired of even by its own followers, it may tremble rapidly to its proximate fall.

Sententious dogmatists, great statesmen, utterers of brilliant aphorisms, contemplate history inscribing your frailties upon the ever-enduring tablets of her marble records. "The balance of power," that unfortunate sentence, which has cost England her hundreds of millions, and made bankrupts of great and powerful states, has hurled the world far back, centuries in arrear of her destined advancement. The infallibility of that principle has been screeched forth, when it has been the most infringed. Turkey, Poland, Italy, Russia, Spain, speak to its absurdity and to its impracticability. And now the people, pleased like children with a new toy, still unconvinced, ignorant of the growth of strength, and of the sources of weakness within nations,—unconscious of the pressure applied from without, dreaming of an equilibrium and self-abnegation, which are impossible, continue to hold up the battered doll of non-intervention, as the image which we must henceforth fall down before, and reverently worship!

But, sir, this worship of principles has already cost us much: it threatens to cost us still more; and the object of my next letter will mainly be to indicate the unexpected and melancholy results that non-intervention has always hitherto produced, and to foreshadow, by this indication, what, if applied to our future policy, and especially to Turkey, will be its pernicious and fatal consequences.

ALPHA.

"A STRANGER" IN PARLIAMENT.

WHAT should we do without the Irish members? The monotony of Budget debates would be intolerable without the Irish members. English members can misconduct themselves, on proper provocation; but we should have no provocations were there no Irish members. Could Pitt have thought of this when he was petting Castlereagh into passing the Union? At any rate the reflection is universal at present; and though we affect indignation at the recurring rows—as if we were devoted to public business, and never thought of the House of Commons as our principal public amusement—we have all of us, during the week, been exceedingly obliged to those Celtic gentlemen who have made "a holy show" of themselves, after the manner of their race, in the Imperial Senate.

There were some fears at the general election, that a grave, sedate, business-like and honourable set of men were about to be presented in Parliament as the "Irish party;" but the experience of the fortnight has manifested the groundlessness of those apprehensions. It is gratifying to discover, taking the public amusement view of public affairs, that the Irish members are as silly, as broguey, as useless, as quarrelsome, and as contemptible, as ever they were. That is, in the mass; the exceptions are conspicuous, and need no particularization. And as this is the exact character of the Irish representation, is it not most insane to entertain any hopes of them, as a manageable confederation, for combination purposes, or of the country which selects them? They know each other best; and what can England do but take their accounts of one another? Of the hundred of them, about forty follow Mr. Napier, who is Bigot-General to Lord Derby; and the other sixty say of Mr. Napier and his friends just what most rational Englishmen say—that they are at once the most insolently pretentious and the most manifestly incapable of all factions. The sixty were, in the sitting before Christmas, the Irish party, *par excellence;* and their unanimity, while they kept together, was wonderful. But since Mr. Keogh split them up, they have changed sides: all the "gentlemen," as these define themselves—they ask, how is it possible they could work or be identified with revolutionary Mr. Duffy and ultramontane Mr. Lucas?—sit on the Government benches: all the "patriots" sit on the same benches with Mr. Napier and his Orangemen—in opposition. Both on benches below the gangways, and of course,

therefore, when the rows come on, in positions to mouth at one another with surprising and ludicrous effect. They are certainly not entitled to be described as men—there is nothing manly in their notions of offence or defence, of sarcasm or repartee; and they are not to be compared to children, for they are too malignant and too malicious. Their plaints of the conduct of one another do not suggest the existence of either self or mutual respect among them; and the House to which they appeal, and which grins at them, half in pity, half in aversion, has no guarantee even for earnestness in their bickerings—doubting if the "holy show" is not *pour passer le temps*, and if they don't all go and make it up over whisky afterwards, and therefore enjoying the confusion less eagerly. This is a very remarkable circumstance in these Milesian brawls, as it is in all Milesian brawls, whether in back streets or senates, and it is a circumstance which should operate to the destruction of the theory that the Irish is a witty or a humorous race, which it certainly is not—that there is never any "fun" in the rows. A jest, a *mot*, a smart saying, never comes from Irish senatorial lips—they deliver only vulgar, brainless abuse, in heavy, foolish fashion. Gaiety itself is graceful; but your Irish orators, in these days, attempting the inflated, solemn style of talk—every one of them stands upright, looks austere, and delivers himself like Norval when Norval was in the act of giving his name and address. What amusement the House does get is consequently at the expense both of the fame for brains and the reputation for respectability of gentlemen from Ireland, who are set down not only as being injudicious and somewhat loosely moral, but as dull dogs who are only useful for worrying one another. If they had that sense of humour which is supposed to be a national trait, they would have with it a sense of the ridiculons, and so would avoid these sinister "scrimmages." They make fools of themselves; and in a sober, advertising way. Captain Magan, the teterrimous occasion of the wars of the week, enters battle in a red shirt! You find it difficult to realize the picture of Captain Magan, who, you know, has suspicious-looking moustaches and prononcé eyes, wearing a red shirt; but it is a fact; and what are you to think of the party who let loose a leader in an oriflamme!—"this style, 5*s*.?" The idea of a man talking of public honour in a red shirt! What treasury whip would keep a compact about income-tax with a man in tittlebat moustaches and a red shirt? And that is from the deficiency in the party of a sense of the ridiculous—a sense which keeps parties, like individuals, out of many improprieties. Take another Irish incident of the week. At the Thursday sitting—at about one in the morning—when all the business was over; when Secretary Wilson had his hand on the peak of his hat, about to take it off, and wink at the Speaker—which is motion of adjournment—when only about seven members were left; and when even Mr. Brotherton looked as if he could go home and eat his cold cabbage—a gentleman rushed in, lurched about, and took his stand near the middle of the floor. "Misther Spaiker, Surr." All eyes were on the voice and the reeling figure; and dead amazement crept over the faces of the seven members, and Secretary Wilson removed his hand and shut his eyes. The voice was undoubtedly in the possession of the floor,—it was a matter of calculation when it would take possession, horizontally, of the said floor. "Surr," said it again: and the Speaker said, "Order, order," in faint and appalled terms; and the eyes of the seven members and of the thin galleries were on the gentleman in the staggering voice who could not get beyond the exordium of his oration. What was it?—has anything serious happened?—for one did not know at first whether it was drink or agitation which affected the orator. Something came at last. "Surr, the bill (stagger)—inspection of nuns—honourable gentleman—in his place—bill—on nuns (stagger),—I'm a Catholic—want time,—when will it come on?—consider" (stagger, and sits down). It was only a "question:" the drunken gentleman wanted Mr. T. Chambers to say when he would face the Government again with his bill for the inspection of conventual establishments: and Mr. T. Chambers answered, with crushing politeness. Then the voice staggered up again "in reply." "Surr—(stagger)—holy Roman religion—(stagger)—inshult to Ireland:" and the voice and the man dropped again; and Mr. Wilson opened his eyes, took off his hat, winked, and the House adjourned; the theory in the gallery being, that the drunken gentleman would be taken home in a cab by Lord Charles Russell, as Sergeant-at-Arms,—rather a fine, chivalric nobleman—who goes through that sort of inconvenience for the sake of his salary. The drunken gentleman was an Irish gentleman, of the essentially "religious" section of the Irish representation; and rather venerated by the priests, and, accordingly permitted to assist in the government of the British Empire. Well, that is not an uncommon scene—uncommon neither of the man nor of his party; and, of course, the English House does not excuse it; because, however merciful it would be to the gentlemen who come in "gay," and happy, and graceful, and laughing—as several very notorious and estimable gentlemen punctually do at 11 o'clock P.M.,—it can only feel disgust for those who are offensive, because they are stupid, and who never get drunk; but they insist upon the wrongs of Ireland and the rights of Popery. So that, on the whole, Irish memberdom is not advancing in the British Parliament.

But, as before said, dogs, however dull, can worry one another; and the pack have their purposes on Budget debates. Weary, very weary, are such debates at all times, but more peculiarly oppressive are they when is is ascertained so accurately as just now which way the divisions will go. It has even ceased to be amusing to watch Mr. Disraeli's inconsistencies; or one might go with some pleasure, if it were not so exhausted a one, to hear Mr. Disraeli denounce a Legacy Duty (to be balanced by reductions in customs and excise) and a continuous Income-tax, after having, preliminarily, glanced at such passages as this in the re-issued "Sybil." "Here, too," (viz., in the precincts of Westminster Abbey,) "was brought forth that monstrous conception which even patrician Rome in its most ruthless period never equalled—the mortgaging of the industry of the country to enrich and to protect property: an act which is now bringing its retributive consequences in a degraded and alienated population. Here, too, have the innocent been impeached and hunted to death; and a virtuous and able monarch martyred because, among other benefits projected for his people, he was of opinion that it was more for their advantage that the economic service of the State should be supplied by direct taxation levied by an individual known to all than by indirect taxation raised by an irresponsible and fluctuating assembly. But, thanks to Parliamentary patriotism, the people of England were saved from ship-money, which money only the wealthy paid, and got in its stead the Customs and Excise, which the poor mainly supplied. Rightly was King Charles surnamed the Martyr; for he was the holocaust of direct taxation." But wondering reflections upon the career of Mr. Disraeli are out of date; and as he and the party seem satisfied—they taking their statesman as they take their cook (Disraeli in the House, and Palanque at the Carlton)—and both *chefs* content if they succeed in stimulating the jaded appetites of their employers, the public has nothing to do with the arrangement. The criticism, however, is legitimate that Mr. Disraeli is very dull of late. We know that he can be humorous and lively on a Budget, as also that he can be solemn and mal-apropos at an after dinner speech; but all his wit was exhausted on his own Budget—on Mr. Gladstone's he is only and unhappily argumentative; insisting on being severely logical, and yet not having a word to say against the most perfect financial scheme of our times: and his own genius in such encounters being completely overshadowed by that of Mr. Gladstone, who in the first place, happens to be on the right side; and, in the next place, is far more closely master of his subject, and speaks financial essays, as distinguished from "financial exercitations." Last night, the lassitude which the Budget compels fairly conquered the House; Mr. Disraeli could not force himself up to the speech due to his party; and the debate ended, to the astonishment of a full House, at eleven, no more speakers being forthcoming—a cause of adjournment which never occurred before, in the memory even of Mr. Hume. Those who did speak, oratorized in a dim and melancholy way—yawningly going through a public duty—except, indeed, Lord Goderich, who was brisk and pointed, indicating all the qualities for success in the life he has selected, and whose vigorously delivered advice to the country gentlemen to have some common sense, if not common decency, about taxation, was all the more impressive that it came from one whose own interests are likely to be affected by legislative progress in those principles Mr. Gladstone so unreservedly laid down. And the House, finishing business at eleven, was perplexed how to kill time till a sleeping hour, and unfortunately had no better subject than humorous denunciations of the corruption of Rye. After eleven, the House of Commons gets very candid about the public: and member after member admitted last night that the constituency of Rye was a very helpless body, but that really it ought not to be disfranchised, seeing that it was not a bit worse than most of the other places to whose votes a large class of English gentlemen are indebted for giving them a night-house at Westminster, available after the Opera is up, and when ball-rooms get too hot.

For there are evils which the ballot would not remedy,—a profound consideration, which may reconcile us to Mr. H. Berkeley's disappointment on Tuesday. There were 100 Liberals (going to give a safe Radical vote) waiting in the lobby and library for the motion, from seven till eleven; having nothing to do, they divided at eleven, in favour of a Protestant state interference with weak ladies, in nunneries! Philosophic Radicals! Consistent Liberals! Appalled at such a vote in an enlightened House, Mr. H. Berkeley took time to consider, balloted for a place last night, and is now postponed till the ——, when further election and dock-yard exposures may suggest new arguments for the Ballot panacea for an enlightened country, which cannot be trusted by the "people's party:" people's party at present being very busy in taking you by the button, and convincing you that there would be no corruption if you got the ballot, because the briber could not bribe you if he could not be sure you would really give your vote for him. Older and less mortifying logic for the ballot was, that it was a protection to the intimidated classes of the enlightened land; but nobody seems to think about that now; or would it not be urged on Lord John Russell, that he has no right to disfranchise bullied labourers in the dockyards? for that if they are subject to improper influences, they are entitled, as Britons who never shall be slaves, to the concealment of the ballot. The suggestion, however, once made, as now, will be repeated. The Radicals will repent of the cheers with which they received Lord John's announcement this day week; and coalescing with the Tories will defeat the Government on the Disfranchisement Bill—a result which will still further endear Lord John to the Peelites. They were furious with him, it is understood, for leading the Government into a minority lobby on the Convents Inspection motion; for they can hardly appreciate an affectation of "civil and religious" liberty enthusiasm which ends in putting them in a ludicrous position, as against not the Tories, but the Liberals too, and so passing them through a scrape, and not rewarding them with any additional capital. But Lord John was very proud of what Lord Edward Howard, called his "noble-minded oration;" and as he was used to Government defeats when he was Premier, he may tell Lord Aberdeen he didn't mind that sort of thing a bit; and having made a mess of his leadership, but gratified the Irish gentlemen who turn up on the wrongs of Ireland and unsteady legs at about one, Lord John went to get ready to go to Ireland as a sort of supernumerary Viceroy—being without office he likes to make himself useful, which is a merit it is to be hoped Lord St. Germans will appreciate—fully convinced that his vote on the nunneries would be balanced against his bill on Ecclesiastical Titles, that on the whole he had made a coup as a statesman, and that on general civil and religious liberty grounds he would be rapturously received in Dublin; and of course it is his policy to show the Peelites—who probably snub him in the Cabinet, and certainly laugh at him everywhere—that he's the "popular man" of the Cabinet after all, and as Veneer-Liberal must be treated decently.*

A STRANGER.

Saturday Morning.

PREPAID TAXATION.

LETTER II.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—With reference to the letter on "Prepaid-taxation" which you did me the favour to insert, I am induced by your kindness to return to the subject, giving some details of a *practical* character in my proposed scheme.

There cannot be any certain computation as to the result of the whole, but taking the data of the *Times* as to bankers' cheques (one of my items) to be correct, there would be from that source 700,000*l*. a-year! thus giving to the country, at an easy rate, with increased protection to the payers, with my other items, at least 1,500,000*l*. per annum.

Such *a result as this is worth considering*. It would relieve every one of the 100*l*.-*clerks* from the operation of the Income-tax. It might be made to mitigate the timber-duties, malt in a degree, hops, silk, and tea.

Schedule 1.—With regard to railway-tickets, with a proposal of 1*d*. on the third class, let us suppose any one individual to make thirty journeys a-year by that class carriage, he would pay either with or without a return ticket—

Third class	2*s*. 6*d*.	per annum.
Second class	5*s*. 0*d*.	,,
First class	7*s*. 6*d*.	,,

These are items not burdensome at any time, and, considering that travelling is cheaper by the proportion of

* Lord John Russell was, it is understood, to have gone to Dublin this week; but it would appear that he has been detained in town by indisposition.

a third than some years ago, I think that the imposition of the tax cannot reasonably be condemned on pecuniary grounds.

It is therefore but placing a tax where it is *not felt*, or at least where an individual has, from a change of circumstances, received so great a benefit, and this as much from legislation as from enterprise, as not to constitute any formidable item in his expenditure.

It may be added, while on this part of the subject, that money is seldom more plentiful than with a traveller, and I think the small pittance here exacted would not prevent or disturb the present course of transit.

There may be a question raised as to the uniformity of the tax—a penny on all tickets!—but it must be borne in mind that this is not an "Income-tax;" it is not of so complicated a nature, and hence *differential* calculations may easily be taken, and I think the wealthy, or first class passengers, could afford 3*d.* a journey, and on such occasions carriages' and horses' tickets need not be taxed.

I have already stated that season-tickets, period-tickets, and return-tickets would be treated on a principle at once fair and considerate. A merchant travelling backwards and forwards every day in the year, half-year, quarter, or month, would be charged *ad valorem*, having reference to the difference between the daily-ticket and this composition or bargain, so that by an ordinary arithmetical computation (known among schoolboys as "The golden rule") we may arrive at the amount *at a glance*.

Schedule 2.—On the subject of bills of cost, I believe there does not exist any difference of opinion; it has been universally conceded that the tax on a bill is synonymous with a tax for receipt—and inasmuch as a bill *must* be delivered, but a *receipt stamp* may be and frequently is avoided, I think there cannot be a question with any financier which course to adopt. There is no doubt that a 1*d.* stamp on receipts is a boon as it stands to those who give them, and an incentive not to avoid giving them; but it is not a "prepayment," and as regards the boon it is as great in the one case as the other.

This tax might be extended to solicitors' or attorneys' letters, commonly called "lawyers' letters," for payment of a debt, thereby precluding the "*sham attorney*" from using false pretences. I think this part of the scheme may be submitted to the public with perfect confidence in their appreciation of it, and be responded to by "*the craft*."

Schedule 3.—The proposed duty on law documents is, I think, *particularly inoffensive*. They bore not many years ago a very *heavy duty*, and at the present time many documents have a stamp affixed—deeds, agreements, insurances, attested copies, and some affidavits. Magisterial summonses are certainly among documents of a kind to which a 1*d.* stamp may well be applied. If the summons be correct, it would fall on the party condemned, if discharged, on the party unjustly accusing. As all of these documents would come to the public through an indirect channel, there would not be the most common motive for complaint. There can be no doubt that many of these documents, from the want of any positive value, are used for almost *any ordinary purpose*—become in fact lost, mislaid, or destroyed. As regards the *amount* of the tax, I will just remark, that at present one affidavit in Chancery is stamped with a 2*s.* 6*d.* and a 1*s.* 6*d.* stamp, and that under my proposition the whole of the proceedings in a suit or action would not cost that amount or very little more, and in many actions less. As regards *County Court-summonses*, the public have derived so great a benefit by reduction of costs, that the stamp would be cheerfully submitted to.

Schedule 4.—In excluding national exhibitions from the operation of the prepaid ticket-tax, I think I have acted in accordance with public sentiment, and in including amusement tickets of all classes, to have gone, as the *Times* says Sir Robert Peel did, to where "*money is to be got.*" There can be no doubt that the Exeter-hall-tickets, the Horticultural-gardens-tickets, and others of the class, are held by those of the public to whom a penny is no object. The gross amount, I believe, will nevertheless be large. We have some shrewd men in the present administration who have heard, and probably known from their infancy, that "many a mickle makes a muckle!"

Schedule 5.—With respect to bankers' cheques, so completely have the public coincided with my proposition, that it would seem there are "Six Richmonds in the field!" The *Times* and other newspapers have treated on that part of the plan without one despairing remark; indeed it has received recommendations and approval from various quarters. The amount to be received under this head would be very large indeed, and would be augmented by the imposition of the tax on scrip-shares, transfers of shares, and of stocks. It would give *substantiality* to a scheme; and many a delusion might be checked and speculation prevented by a tax on scrip and shares. I believe it to be a decided advantage to the public and a gain to the exchequer.

Conclusion.—I had occasion to submit some of these propositions to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but either from want of time or that I did not need so much consideration as a Birmingham clerk, I had not the honour to receive anything but a reply, that "Her Majesty's Government did not propose to recommend a tax of this nature to the consideration of Parliament."

I am not required to criticise the right honourable gentleman's Budget, but of course I should not do justice to your kindness if I were to treat my own proposition *as not worth defending*. I have not among those "out of doors," to whom I have mentioned it, met with a single dissentient, but general approval; and from what I see and hear on the subject-matter of the present Budget, I am satisfied I should be doing the State some service if my scheme had met with more consideration from Government than it has secured. I have not however any reason for fearing the result. I am sure that no plan, however specious or highly recommended, will eventually exist if it cannot stand the test of public criticism. In making such a proposition, I am not exercising a wish to propose taxation, *but to adjust it*—to relieve the burden and to place it, if it must be borne, just where it will not *practically* be felt. I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

RICHARD JOHN COLE.

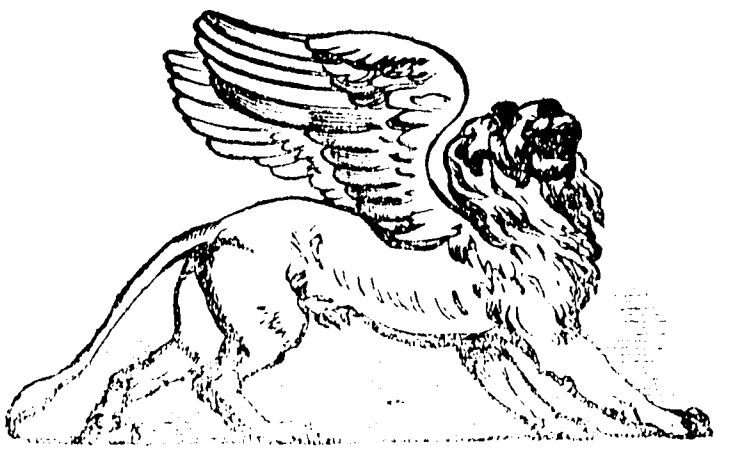
12, Furnival's Inn, 26 April, 1853.

N.B.—In the hurry of copying or composition, I remark that my previous letter speaks of "laying my proposition *to* the Parliament," &c., it should be "*before* the Parliament," &c. "Not to extend to *natural* exhibitions," should be "*national;*" and my initials are "*R. J.*" Cole, not "*J. R.*"

A SUPPLEMENT TO THE "TIMES."

MOST of our readers have no doubt seen in last Monday's *Times* an article extracted from the *Spectator*, and headed, "The Refugees and the Government." It is not from any sympathy with either of those journals that we point out the incompleteness of the copy, and supply the concluding lines of the original, which the *Times* omitted, for reasons best known to itself. Here they are:—

"He (Kossuth) may complain that the *Times* newspaper assumed the case against him, and made an elaborate statement which rested on a slight foundation; but he has his remedy against the *Times* for defamation, if he has been defamed by that journal. To presume the responsibility of the Government for a leading article in the *Times*, is quite a new doctrine in England, however it may suit the *régime* of France; and it would lead to strange results. The result of Lord Palmerston's proceedings must be, upon the whole, for good. They will prove to foreign Governments that English statesmen are not fomenters of clandestine preparations for insurrection, and to refugees that their conduct is watched while their persons are protected. They will prove, too, we venture to predict, how exaggerated are the alarms on the Continent of the power of refugees in England to make formidable preparations; while, as M. Kossuth has come out of the investigation unscathed, it will be to him a great triumph very cheaply purchased."



Open Council.

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

There is no learned man but will confess he hath much profited by reading controversies, his senses awakened, and his judgment sharpened. If, then, it be profitable for him to read, why should it not, at least, be tolerable for his adversary to write.—MILTON.

MODEL LODGING-HOUSES AND SUNDAY REFORM PETITIONS.

(*To the Editor of the Leader.*)

SIR,—When, a few weeks ago, I read the article extracted from the *Tribune* into your journal, on the improved lodging-houses which have lately been erected in New York, I thought, "Well, it is very good;" but then there was the sad drawback of the buildings being in Twenty-seventh-street, a locality something like what Somers-town is in relation to the great centre of city business. Still I am much pleased at the beginning; and even in that quarter the apartments will certainly fill well; and, no doubt, also pay well. The earnestness of Mr. Greeling's impulses in such a subject is clearly discernible in the account; and I hope from him, should he see the "Strangers' Homes," as ready a sympathy with the difficulties of the emigrant, and acknowledgment of the necessity for a remedy.

You will see by the lists (pages 30 and 50) of newspapers and other periodical publications taken in by us "Modellers," that the *Leader* is one of these; and, again, is it not gratifying that mere *cheapness* is not solely sought where the money is easily forthcoming through the subscription process? though still this is no reason, as I conceive, that cheap papers should not be good papers, only that, as matters now are ordered, the dear must be the preferable newspaper because of the richer and more amplified manuring it receives in its production.

May I, while I am now writing, beg to be allowed to suggest a mode of petitioning in favour of the Sunday opening of the new Crystal Palace, which I feel certain cannot but eventuate in the very best results. This would be by street or neighbourhood, or even by house petitions in peculiar cases, as for the purpose of giving any special interest or distinct colouring to the wording of any petition emanating from any particular class of workers, or as expressive of any common agreement of mind. An instance, as illustrative and in support of this view of the matter, I will here state.

A few days ago I put my own name, trade, &c., as the first on some paper properly ruled for the purpose, and in the course of that evening and early next day the signatures amounted to nearly a hundred in all, the whole of them being from the inmates of the public lodging-house, whence I now write—the Metropolitan Chambers; the refusals being very few indeed, not more than one out of ten, if so much.

I may also state, that we are going to have our own particular form of *prayer* to place at the head of these signatures, and by which we shall endeavour to make known to the gentlemen of Parliament that, although the working brewers in this neighbourhood have been cajoled to place their names to a remonstrance against the so much dreaded Sydenham desecration, still that all who live in the vicinity of Brick-lane, Spitalfields, are not *brewers' men*, but assume (as we have done) to have an opinion of their own, and are in possession of sufficient intelligence to know the why and the wherefore they hold, and ought to hold, such opinion.

Hoping that some good results may arise from the fore-stated suggestion, in conjunction with the proof which has just been advanced in confirmation of what, in various ways and under various circumstances, may be effected by street or neighbourhood petitions,

I remain, sir, &c.,

THE AUTHOR OF "THE SYDENHAM SUNDAY."

Metropolitan Chambers, Albert-street,
Spitalfields, March 30, 1853.

IDEAL CLEANLINESS OF FRENCH PRIESTS.—Cleanliness, according to the English proverb, is next to godliness; but M. Réaume feels himself obliged to give it precedence. First, he discusses the spirit of order in general, and then comes a chapter, *De la Proprieté*. Men of the world, he says, are generally clean, and, like a schoolboy in his theme, he illustrates this by examples of the virtue and its opposite—Napoleon and Louis XIV. for good; slovenly Jean Jacques Rousseau for evil. Once on a time, indeed, filthiness was privileged to style itself humility, self-denial, and contempt for earthly things; but now-a-days nobody will look at it in any such light. Nothing more repulsive in this nineteenth century than an unkempt and nasty priest. Wherefore, my reverend young brother (is the burden of the Abbé's exhortation), do *you* keep your hair in good order, neither too long nor too short; and—superstitious as such care may seem—comb and brush it every day. Wash all such parts of your body as are exposed without a covering—"*all*, I say, mark *that*; for what good would it do you to have clean hands, if your nails are dirty, *as is very common*; if your neck, your ears, or some part of your face, bear the marks of your negligence?" Whether the parts which are *not* exposed need ever make acquaintance with soap and water, our author does not inform us. Clean your teeth (continues the Abbé); a soft brush, some bark, charcoal, and sugar, mixed in equal quantities, are all that you need, and these don't cost much. And finally (to complete this subject by a direction given in another place) shave once in two days.—From *Fraser's Magazine* for May.

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.*

PROFESSOR AYTOUN does not stand in the ordinary position of a Lecturer. He is the editor of a renowned and wide-circulated Magazine, and he is Professor of Rhetoric in the Edinburgh University; thus, both as critic and teacher of future critics, we are called on to scrutinise closely the principles he adopts. If he should ever publish the Lectures he is now delivering in London, we shall have an opportunity of expressing in detail what can now only be glanced at; but without waiting for such an opportunity, we must at once declare that we consider his Philosophy of Poetry radically incomplete and superficial. A question of Taste we might reasonably pass over in silence. Let Professor AYTOUN prefer war songs to sonnets, SCOTT to WORDSWORTH and GOETHE, if the bent of his mind be that way; no one will dispute his right to an opinion, or his ability in defending it. But when he quits the personal limitations of Taste for the impersonal domain of Art, and ventures on the philosophic principles which should guide public opinion in Art, it behoves us to be vigilant.

He adopts the very common, and, as we think, very erroneous notion, that Verse is not necessary to Poetry, one reason being that Prose is often *poetical,—i.e.,* warmed with the emotion, lighted up with the irradiation of the spirit of Poetry. The reasoning is inaccurate. In not recognising Verse as essential to Poetry, he overlooks the distinction between Poetry and Poesy, or Poetry as a *Sentiment*, and Poetry as an *Art;* the distinction, in short, between the general and the particular. We say, and justly say, there is poetry in a Landscape, poetry in a Melody, poetry in a Statue; but it would be as great, though not so obvious an abuse of language, to call a Landscape, a Melody, and a Statue, *poems*, as to call the prose works of MILTON, JEREMY TAYLOR, HALL, and others, poems. A picture is no more a picture without colour, than a poem is a poem without verse. Art is essentially a Form, as GOETHE repeatedly tells us; and the special Arts are the special Forms given to the *sentiment* common to them all. The poet expresses his emotions in verse, the painter in colour, the sculptor in plastic substance, the musician in melody. When we say that RAPHAEL and BEETHOVEN are Poets, we mean that they are men largely endowed with the sensibility and imagination which shapes the Beautiful into various and appropriate Forms. On the other hand, it is true that Verse is not Poetry; nor is Colour Painting; and this is the origin of the common mistake. A man may handle the pencil with skill, and yet not be a painter; he may write readable verse, and yet not be a poet. But it still remains true that for Painting you must have Colour, for Poetry you must have Music.

Beside this fundamental mistake of Poetry as an Art, it is natural to see the Professor laying down another fundamental canon respecting popularity as a test. He thinks SCOTT the greatest of modern poets, and somewhat sarcastically compares the number of those who can repeat passages of WORDSWORTH with those who can repeat passages of SCOTT. The exploded story of MOLIERE reading his works to his old woman is made to do duty as illustration. But to make popularity a test, it must be the popularity of peers! Dutch Boors by TENIERS would otherwise rank infinitely higher than the *Madonna di San Sisto* of RAPHAEL. The *Satan* of ROBERT MONTGOMERY would completely eclipse TENNYSON'S *Ulysses.* The "old-woman" test is not a bad one for a dramatic work, because in proportion as a work deals with elemental passions and ideas, it must submit to elementary judgments; but in proportion as it rises above the general experience, and appeals to higher culture both of feeling and of thought, a more cultivated audience is needed to enjoy it.

We could not resist a smile as we noticed the Toryism of the Critic in his utter forgetfulness of such a thing as progressive development in Art, as elsewhere. Poems originally were recited, not read. Hence he thinks those are the greatest poets who are best adapted to recitation. But MILTON, WORDSWORTH, and GOETHE wrote for *readers;* they knew they would be read—not listened to—and their works were adapted to the new machinery. To suppose this a retrogression is pure Toryism; not retrogression, but development!

Professor AYTOUN naturally adopts MACAULAY'S paradox, that the earliest poets were the best; a paradox which Reason and History emphatically disprove. Setting HOMER aside, on account of the many difficult questions clustering round his name, it is clear that the greatest poets, SOPHOCLES, DANTE, SHAKSPEARE, MILTON, and GOETHE, are poets of late and civilized periods, and none of them very amenable to the "old-woman test," for even SHAKSPEARE, who by reason of his passion and dramatic movement *does* greatly interest the uneducated masses, would stand but an indifferent chance against KOTZEBUE or DUMAS, if subjected to that test. If CHAUCER is to rank as an early poet, in spite of his classic predecessors, yet CHAUCER'S contemporaries — OCCLEVE, LYDGATE, GOWER, and BARBOUR, although much *earlier* than WORDSWORTH, BYRON, SHELLEY, KEATS, COLERIDGE, and TENNYSON, are not generally accounted *better* poets. As to HOMER, the Professor unhesitatingly believes in his individuality, believes him to have been blind, and then without regard to that *vexata quæstio* of existence, asks why no other poet ever rivalled him? For ourselves, we profoundly disbelieve in his existence, and in the unrivalled excellence of the Homeric poems. It is perfectly true that the poems are of unrivalled *interest*—and there are many sources of interest in them—but their unrivalled *intrinsic* merit as poetry we question. DANTE, SHAKSPEARE, MILTON, and GOETHE surpass this merit on all points.

The new number of the *British Quarterly Review* opens with an eloquent and extremely interesting article on *Madame Guyon* and Mysticism in general. The writer properly denounces the danger—the religious danger of mysticism—as a thing in itself untrue and fatal in the effort to transcend our nature.

"It would seclude the soul too much from the external; and, to free it from a snare, removes a necessary help. Like some overshadowing tree, it hides the rising plant from the force of storms, but it also intercepts the appointed sunshine—it protects, but it deprives—and beneath its boughs hardy weeds have grown more vigorously than precious grain. Removing, more or less, the counterpoise of the latter, in its zeal for the spirit, it promotes an intense and morbid self-consciousness.

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"The traditions of every nation have embellished with their utmost wealth of imagination some hidden spot upon the surface of the earth, which they have portrayed as secluded from all the tumult and the pain of time—a serene Eden—an ever-sunny Tempe—a vale of Avalon—a place beyond the sterner laws and rougher visitations of the common world—a fastness of perpetual calm, before which the tempests may blow their challenging horns in vain—they can win no entrance. Such, to the fancy of the Middle Age, was the famous temple of the Sangreal, with its dome of sapphire, its six-and-thirty towers, its crystal crosses, and its hangings of green samite—guarded by its knights, girded by impenetrable forests—glittering on the onyx summit of Mount Salvage, for ever invisible to every eye impure, inaccessible to every failing or faithless heart. Such, to the Hindoo, was the Cridavana meadow, among the heights of Mount Sitanta, full of flowers, of the song of birds, the hum of bees—

'Languishing winds and murmuring falls of water.'

Such was the secret mountain Kinkadulle, celebrated by Olaus Magnus, which stood in a region, now covered only by moss or snow, but luxuriant once, in less degenerate days, with the spontaneous growth of every pleasant bough and goodly fruit. What places like these have been to the popular mind—even such a refuge for the Ideal from the pursuit of the Actual—that the attainment of Ecstasy, the height of Contemplation, the bliss of Union, has been for the mystic. He aims, by painfully unclothing his nature of all the integuments of sense, of passion, of imagination, of thought, by threading back the path of being to its Source—to reach a simplicity and a rest in which the primal essence of himself will be overshadowed by the immediate presence of the Infinite; and, lost in glory, will love and gaze and know, without the grosser appliances of visible media, beyond the laborious processes of the reason, or the phantasmagoria of the imagination, by a contact 'above all means or mode,' ineffable as Deity itself. But the unnatural ambition defeats itself, and the aspirant, instead of soaring to the empyrean, drifts, buffeted about, in the airy limbo of hallucination. Instead of rising above the infirmities of our nature, and the common laws of life, he becomes the sport of the idlest phantasy, the victim of the most humiliating reaction. The excited and overwrought temperament mistakes every vibration of the fevered nerves for a manifestation from without; as in the solitude, the silence, and the glare of a great desert, travellers have seemed to hear distinctly the church bells of their native village. In such cases an extreme susceptibility of the organ, induced by peculiarities of climate, gives to a mere conception or memory the power of an actual sound; and, in a similar way, the mystic has often both tempted and enraptured himself—his own breath has made both the 'airs from heaven,' and the 'blasts from hell;' and the attempt to annihilate Self has ended at last in leaving nothing but Self behind. When the tide of enthusiasm has ebbed, and the channel has become dry, simply because humanity cannot long endure a strain so excessive, then that magician and master of legerdemain, the Fancy, is summoned to recal, to eke out, or to interpret the mystical experience; then that fantastic acrobat, Affectation, is admitted to play its tricks—just as when the waters of the Nile are withdrawn the canals of Cairo are made the stage on which the jugglers exhibit their feats of skill to the crowds on either bank."

And further on:—

"Madame Guyon knew little of theology, had little to put off, and could speedily reduce herself to this 'divine ignorance.' This is the practicable part of mysticism. It confounds the indefinite with the infinite. Its great error in this respect consists in supposing that by denuding ourselves of definite apprehension, shutting out all positive notions and distinctions, we therefore rise above them. We are not higher, but lower, as the consequence. A vague consciousness of awe is not a better substitute, but a worse, for clear practical convictions resting on a given revelation."

A pleasant paper on the *Study of Natural History* is followed by one on *Old German Story-books.* India, Bunsen, Gold, and America, are treated of in other papers; but the novelty of the number is in the greater space and care devoted to the reviews of new works, which now form a feature. The new number of the *North British* is varied and able, but presents no article which tempts us to comment here, unless we opened discussions which our space forbids.

BOOKS ON OUR TABLE.

The Educational Expositor, for April. No. II. Edited by J. Tate, F.R.A.S., and J. Tilleard, F.R.G.S. Longman.

THIS is the second number of a periodical, which is, in truth, a herald of progress in every sense of the word. It is characterized by one rare quality in such organs—impartiality. Whilst it professes to allow full, free, and fair discussion of any question connected with practical education, it does not withhold the necessary intelligence to enable its readers to form just conclusions. While it gives the system and life of Pestalozzi, it does not pass by Lord Brougham's eulogy of Robert Owen, the author of Infant Schools. While it admits an article on the Theory of Analytic Teaching, which, referring to the Church Catechism, says, "It were vain to attempt to improve it by the addition or sub-

traction of a sentence,"—it supplies an article on Method, as applied to Education, Comparison and classification of facts, Relation of cause and effect, all which, when fully understood, will induce the reader to examine for himself before endorsing such an opinion. The *Educational Expositor* deserves success.

The Administration of the East India Company. A History of Indian Progress. By J. W. Kaye. Richard Bentley.
Progress in Art and Architecture. With Precedents for Ornament. By J. P. Seddon. David Bogue.
The Earth and its Inhabitants. By M. E. Darton. Arthur Hall, Virtue and Co.
The Works of William H. Seward. Edited by G. E. Baker. 3 vols. Redfield.
Capital Punishment Unlawful and Inexpedient. An Essay on the Punishment of Death. By J. Rippon. W. and F. G. Cash.
An Art-Student in Munich. By Anna Mary Howitt. 2 vols. Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans.
Is India to have Railways? John Mortimer.
Usque Adeo; or, what may be said for the Ionian People. By an Ionian. Saunders and Stanford.
New Zealand and its Six Colonies. Cradock and Co.
The Encyclopædia Britannica; or, Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and Miscellaneous Literature. Eighth Edition. Edited by T. S. Traill, M.D., F.R.S.E. Vol. I. Adam and Charles Black.
Dissertations on the Eumenides of Æschylus. From the German of C. O. Müller. J. W. Parker and Son.
Leila; or, the Siege of Granada. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart., M.P. Chapman and Hall.
Speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. J. W. Parker and Son.
English Forests and Forest Trees. Ingram, Cooke, and Co.
Extraordinary Men; their Boyhood and Early Life. By W. Russell, Esq. Ingram, Cooke, and Co.
Queen Phillippa and the Hurrer's Daughter. By Miss E. M. Stewart. Ingram, Cooke, and Co.
Universal Library. No. XIV. Ingram, Cooke, and Co.
Bentley's Monthly Review. No. I. J. Bentley.
The British Cabinet in 1853. T. Nelson and Son.
The Prospective Review. John Chapman.
The Lords and Commons; their Functions and Functionaries. With a Peerage and Parliamentary Guide. S. Adams.
Work! or, Plenty to do, and How to do it. By M. M. Brewster. J. Constable and Co.
Ostentation; or, Critical Remarks on Quakerism, or the Story of My Life. By S. Elly. Hodges and Smith.
Critical Essay on the Writings of Thomas Carlyle. Whittaker and Co.

GERSTAECKER'S JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.

Narrative of a Journey Round the World. By F. Gerstaecker. In 3 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

THIS is an unusually interesting book of travels; and instead of finding three volumes too much, we regretted there were not three more. Mr. Gerstaecker is a German, but with a British, rather than a Teutonic mind: one of those healthy, active, vigorous natures prompted to adventurous excitement,

> Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books,

but ever ready with free open glance to look at Nature and enjoy her, taking with frolic welcome "the thunder and the sunshine." The man, in short, above all others, to make a journey round the world, and to make the best book about it. His narrative is fresh and invigorating. It reproduces scenes and their suggested emotions. It does not fatigue the reader with frivolous details, with "fine writing," with biographical impertinences, with idle statistics. What he has seen and felt, that and that only will he tell us. In South America, in California, in Australia, in the South Sea, and in Java, we find him ever the same strong, clear-seeing, unaffected man, *living* and writing of his life.

Had these volumes appeared during our dull season, we should have drawn largely on them for amusing extract; as it is, we must be more sparing. First read this account of the *Saladeros*, or

SLAUGHTER-HOUSES OF BUENOS AYRES.

"At the shed we first visited, they did not, as they said, kill that day, but were busy salting down the hides, to get them ready for shipment. The place was cleared up, and looked passably clean; but galloping only a few hundred yards further, we heard the screams and yells of the drivers, and as we neared the place, saw three horsemen ride into a wide corral or enclosure, where a couple of hundred head of cattle were collected, and who tried to separate a part of them from the rest.

"One of the horsemen was a most conspicuous figure—an old tall bony fellow, some fifty-six or sixty years old, with long iron-grey locks, tough and sunburnt, and with a physiognomy as plain and readable as heart could wish. If ever there existed a bloody murderous villain in these States, where people grow up in blood and murder, this was the man. Such have been the butchers sent by Rosas, with his orders of death into the very houses of his enemies, to cut their throats wherever they found them, even should it be at table, with wives and children around them. This man seemed to be the leader of the rest, and was undoubtedly a dexterous hand at this bloody trade.

"A red poncho, with dark blue stripes, hung round his shoulders, and he wore a cheripaw of the same colour, with a red kerchief round his head, and botas taken from the feet of a horse, which looked almost as red as his other garments, showing how busy he had been that morning at his handicraft. The lasso was fastened on the back of his saddle—for what would a guacho be without a lasso? and in galloping along, the out-flying poncho sometimes afforded a glimpse of a long ivory-handled and blood-stained knife, stuck in a belt behind his back, the handle towards his right hand. A shaggy grey beard waved about his chin, while he was continually chewing one of his long moustachios, and similar bunches of grey hair hung down over his eyes, now glaring with a wild and burning fire. I could not remove my eye from this old grey guacho, and his every movement only rivetted it more.

"Three of the corrals were close together—one very large one, into which the cattle were driven as soon as they came in; the second, about half as large, designed to hold a part of them, so that the drivers need not always run among the crowd, and frighten the animals more than necessary; and the third and smallest, which would hold only forty or fifty head, forming the killing place. In the second were about thirty head standing apart from the first lot, and then three horsemen galloped in amongst these, and drove them with deafening cries into the smallest corral. At first the poor animals ran forward, seeing a place open for them, which might lead to liberty; but as soon as they scented the fresh blood, they pressed back, though too late, their executioners being already upon them, pushing some forward by the weight of their horses, and frightening others by swinging their arms round, as if they were about to throw the dreaded lasso. Bewildered and half-deafened by the unearthly screams of their pursuers, alarmed by the scent of blood and the mass of strange faces and shapes around the corral, they advanced slowly, step by step, till only a few paces from the bars, which were to close upon them, when some of the poor creatures stood hesitating and trembling, as if insensible of the yells and blows which urged them onward.

"This incensed the terrible old guacho, who turned his revenca, and struck the heavy iron ring down on the hip-bones of the poor bellowing beasts, then dropping his revenca, which swung on a thin cord to his wrist, and plucking his knife from its scabbard, ran it, not to injure the hide, with a dreadful curse, between the hams of one unhappy animal. The rascal would have run his knife, I believe, with the same delight into a human heart. But this cruel act accomplished, the last of the herd entered the corral; the bars closed behind them, and two minutes afterwards the slaughter begun.

"The old guacho left the corral with his two followers, and all of them stationed themselves outside, where they fastened a very strong raw-hide rope to the saddle-girts of their horses, and then waited the signal for further proceedings.

"The leathern rope was a long and very strong lasso, turned with a running noose over a block, which a man held in his hand. He was standing on a kind of scaffold, right above the fence, and opposite to where the cattle had entered the corral. As soon as he received the word, the man with the lasso swung it twice or three times round his head, and threw the noose with unerring precision round the horns of one of the animals. The three horsemen saw the noose flying, and perfectly satisfied that it had taken effect, they spurred forward, and dragged the ensnared heifer down on her knees and over her side; aud so before she could gain her feet, or offer, in fact, the least resistance, brought her to the place where the lasso-thrower stood, when the latter, bending down, passed his long glittering knife with indescribable dexterity through her neck, close behind the horns. Then, without turning a look on his victim, he took the noose from the horns, while the horsemen came galloping back to slack the lasso; and raising himself up to his old posture, opened a kind of tray in the corral, and the whole frame on which the heifer had been pulled down, glided away out with the bleeding animal upon it. It was then slid down a short railroad to an open shed, where half-a-dozen bloody hands, with naked arms and legs, and long knives, were waiting to strip off the hide, and cut up the different parts of the body.

"A strong push drove the frame back to its old place, and the next moment the noose was thrown over another pair of horns, and the same performance was begun anew. Backwards and forwards ran the little frame, the lasso whirled, and the poor animals bellowed more and more dismally, betraying at each execution the greatest agitation and dread. With every sign of terror in their eyes, and bristling hair, they tried to escape the inevitable noose, but in vain—another and another fell, and once even two were caught together, without making the least alteration in the arrangements for slaughter; and half an hour afterwards the three horsemen trotted back to the largest corral, to drive in another lot."

Then mount an imaginary horse and

RIDE ACROSS THE PAMPAS.

"On we went. Hardly were we in the saddle when the correo cries 'Gallop!' cuts the pack-horse over the hips with his long whip, and away we fly across the Pampas. Hold the bridle tight in your hand, dear reader, and look well for your path. Badgers and owls have their holes here at every step, and if you do not help your horse a little with your eyes, you may both kiss the ground. The correo is already a long way in front, you have spared your animal too much. Away with you and take care of the reedy grass ahead; for it covers a swamp. A little more to the left the ground is harder, but it is full of half-concealed holes, and yet must be passed in haste; for the night is fast coming on, and your guide will soon be beyond reach, while path and road no longer exist.

"As I came up, the old correo sat his horse stiff and motionless; while his long and heavy poncho, streaming out with every movement, flapped against his shoulders; and only his right arm, as it struck out with the relentless whip, showed that he had power to move. 'On, on!' this was his only thought. The steed that bore him had no hold on his sympathies: it was only a horse; and if it carried its load to the door of the next station, it might lie down and die for all he cared.

"I rode myself one of the poorest horses I had yet seen in the Pampas: it stumbled at every other step, and I was continually wondering why we did not both come down together. At last we came to a low soft spot, where the grass was very luxuriant; but the soil, as if elastic, gave way at every tread. My poor horse bore up a good while, till, just as we were coming on drier ground, it came right down on its nose, and pitched me overhead. I was up in a second, and replacing the saddle-bags, the strap of which had been broken by the fall, got in the saddle again, and followed the old correo and postilion, who, I really believe, had not even looked round after me, to see if I was coming. But they were in the right: I was old enough to take care of myself; and setting spurs to my horse, I soon recovered my distance.

"It was now getting dark, and we had yet a long way to go. The appearance of the plain began to be very peculiar. As night set in, a damp mist rose from the low ground, to a height of from two to three feet, changing the campo into what seemed a milk-white, shoreless lake, to which the last rays of the sun, reflected by the clouds above, imparted at intervals a soft rosy radiance.

"I had now lost sight of the correo, in fact I had forgotten all about him, and left my horse to choose his own road, just as though I were not traversing a wide and pathless plain, infested by wild tribes, and where, if I lost my leader, I might wander for hundreds and hundreds of miles without regaining the track, and ignorant of the dangers that awaited me. But the scene around was far too interesting to be neglected; and still leaving the bridle to my horse, I hardly knew, or cared whither we went, if I could continue to gaze on this strange and beautiful sight.

"The most extraordinary objects in this floating sea of mist were the grazing herds, the upper part of their bodies alone being visible; and the fog gathering in large fleecy masses, began to assume fantastic shapes, such as bergs and figures, which seemed to float on the shining surface of the lake, while lofty dangerous-looking cliffs and glaciers hung above.

"It seemed that I was always galloping down the slope of a steep hill, and that the mist would close the next minute over my head, and yet I had not left the open plain, and the sward lay smooth before me. But as night closed in, the mist rose higher and higher, and finally became so thick, that I could hardly see the ground for ten or twelve yards on either side. But my horse had in the meantime done his best; right ahead I could hear plainly the hoofs of my companions on some hard ground; and in a few minutes I reached a hard-beaten path, and we all arrived together at the hut where we intended to pass the night."

Is not that enough to set the blood in a gallop? And how briefly, yet

vividly, the mists are brought before the eye! Then, again, as further specimen of word-painting, read this:—

"Morning is for the animals of the Pampas the time of repose. Even the hawks and buzzards stand quietly on some low bush or mound, and pay no heed to the little singing-birds flying around; only long-legged storks cackle and chatter, as they walk slowly in couples or small parties on the flat and dry ridges of the ponds. All the little ground-holes are empty; whatever lives down there, does not show its face in the first hours of morning. The herds of cattle lie chewing their cuds on the rich clover of the plains, and even the horses stand drowsily about, nodding in the cool breeze that rises with the sun.

"How different the scene, when the sun is sinking in the west, and the low bushes of the Pampas throw their long shadows over the grass! Troops of horses and cattle are up and feeding, their young ones playing about them, as they move through the plains, only picking the best and sweetest pasture in this rich pantry of the Lord. They tramp and neigh in herds over the green-sward, and the soft lowing of the cows mingles with the shrill cry of the hawk, soaring on high, and seeming to have nothing in common with the tribes below.

"Hei! how the horses dart with their riders through the plain, the rattling hoofs striking sand and turf far out behind, while they answer the well-known sounds of the steeds running wild over the expanse! Even the caves and ground-holes become alive, though half-an-hour before they seemed empty. How cosily the little bustard sits at his door, keeping his eye on you as you approach! Yonder is another one—there a third, fourth, fifth and sixth. To the right, just under the waving little shrub, a whole family are squatted, delighting in the gambols of the youngest, which has come out this night for the first time, and is quite astounded by all the wonders of the mighty world.

"Owls are flying about, and far behind an ewe, with its new-born lamb, anxiously trying the distant flock, bleats and calls to the poor little thing which can yet hardly keep its feet, and which she cannot leave behind. Already a powerful vulture, which has been circling about the place for some time, is watching the lamb and the mother, to find her one minute only off her guard, and tired of waiting, darts down at last for his prey. But the weak timid ewe has suddenly changed her nature, and with bended head and sparkling eye, has become the assailant, but only advances a few steps, knowing full well that the safety of her young one depends on her presence. The vulture is taken aback by the unlooked-for courage of the dam, and too cowardly to attack, but too greedy to give up, follows at a little distance, keeping his large round eyes on the tottering lamb, while the poor ewe, now pushing and now coaxing, strives to get it quicker along, out of the reach of the dreaded enemy.

"An armadillo glides through the waving grass, and the young postilion raises himself high in his saddle to watch its course, and see if the bended halms will not again betray its presence.

"And what is lying there in a pool of water, where a small sinking in the ground stayed the water from the last rain? It is a dying cow, the green glassy eye growing blind as it stares on the full and luxurious clover that presses softly against her side, in a few days to be infected by her decaying carcass, and trampled under foot by beasts of prey. And here, and everywhere, lie the skeletons of others, some yet covered with the old dry hide, others grown over with fresher and more luxuriant clover.

"Then comes our old friend the stork. How watchful and motionless does he now stand in the small pond, peering into the clear water. He never even looks up at the screaming flight of parrots, which shoot with rapid wing over the plain to seek their nightly resting-place, nor the large troop of fiery-red flamingos, that have taken possession of a neighbouring pond. Only one angry look does he throw over at a large flock of restless, cackling ducks, which dart down in wild and noisy flight into the pond, ruffling the water where it stands. Then again it is watchful as before, staring into the dark and shining tide, to see what supper it will furnish."

There is one chapter—"A Winter Passage across the Cordilleras"—we should like to extract entire, but must be content with this:—

MULE TRACK ON THE MOUNTAINS.

"At first the path—for it was but a narrow mule track—led up as slowly and on as broad and comfortable a slope as we could wish for; but as the sides of the mountain drew closer and closer together, the path began to run by deep and crumbling banks, and the mules with great difficulty picked their steps. We now passed places where to our left the abyss lay many hundred feet deep, while on the right, impending rocks hung high above us. But so gradually did the path alter, so little by little did the ridge narrow, and the steep edge of the precipice draw nearer, that I did not notice it at first; all my attention being taken up by the scenery. Here I saw the first condor, the giant vulture of the Cordilleras, hovering just above our heads. It altered its course in descending, and flew over towards the other side of the hollow, which seemed to me hardly half a mile distant, but the bird became smaller and smaller, appearing at last not much larger than a crow long before the passage was crossed. Then I felt more than saw the vastness of these mountains, and I was going to stop my mule, to have a fairer view, when a call from my guide, warned me to beware, and look well to my path.

"The path, indeed, had become so narrow that it seemed to me, as it wound itself round a projecting rock, absolutely to terminate. I could see nothing more than a thin light streak, as if drawn with a piece of chalk, and I could not believe that this was our path. The rock round which it went did not show the least cut or notch, where even a goat could have planted its feet, let alone our clumsy mules. The little crumbling pieces of stone which our mules' hoofs kicked over the precipice, made me sensible of the danger, falling straight down to a depth that my blood froze to think of.

"But this was no place to stop at; and I observed closely the cautious manner in which my guide raised himself in his right stirrup, not doubting that we were now at the spot of which he had told me before, and where mules and riders were often thrown over. I was therefore careful not to irritate my mule at a place where it certainly knew better how to go than I did—accidents having happened from travellers pulling their bridles at the wrong time. My guide went on very coolly along a trail where mules had to keep the very edge of the precipice. Mules frequently carry a load over this track, when they are very careful not to knock against the over-hanging rock, as the least push would send them over the precipice. Our mules, it is true, had no load, but they were accustomed to carrying one; and therefore kept the extreme edge, to my great discomposure. But I left it entirely to its own instinct, only lifting my left foot in the stirrup, as I saw the vaquiano do, so that, in case of an accident, I might throw myself off its back, and cling to the rock.

"But why, the reader may ask, did you not get off the mule at once, and pass dangerous places on foot? Simply, my reader, in the first place, because the danger is the same for many miles; and secondly, because those men who pass their lives in leading travellers over these mountains, know best where to walk, and where to ride, and I followed the example my guide set me. Nor, to tell the truth, did I at the moment think of anything but my mule, as he moved slowly, step by step, round the yawning abyss, with scarcely three inches to spare on either side. As we proceeded, the path got still narrower, the abyss seemed deeper; and looking down once, between the mule's side and my stirrups, I saw below in the deep hollow a perfect heap of skeletons—mules that must have tumbled down since the last flood—or their bones would have been washed away. In my horror I forgot the warning of the vaquiano, and grasping the reins of my mule, tried to turn it away from the edge, which seemed to me as if it must crumble beneath its next step. My imprudence was near being fatal to me, for turning the head of my mule away from the precipice, it lost its sure footing, stepped aside, and striking the saddle-bags against the rock, it stumbled forward, and—no, dear reader, no such thing—we did not tumble. The mule planted its fore hoofs on a firm part of the crumbling ledge, and lifted itself up again, just as a small piece of stone, loosened by the effort, fell noiselessly from the path, and springing from under us, toppled over, and struck long afterwards with a dull hollow sound into the deep."

These, we suppose, will sufficiently whet the appetite of our readers, and make them hunger for the book itself. If possible, we will return to the volumes, and borrow two or three more passages; but in any case let our emphatic commendation close the present notice.

TRACTS AGAINST SUNDAY REFORM.

BATCH THE THIRD.

In dealing with our Sabbatarian opponents, hitherto, we have first stated their arguments fairly, (wherever we found them worthy of attention,) and have then met them boldly, by every means of honest refutation which lay in our power. With the writers, however, who await review on our present list, to continue any such method of proceeding as we have followed thus far, would be, simply, to waste our own time, and to claim the attention of the reader for a repetition of much that has been already presented to him, in two former articles. The various gentlemen who now engage our notice, denounce and prophesy copiously enough; but are, apparently, too furiously irritated, by the remotest prospect of any Sunday reform whatever, to descend to the calm and common level of ordinary human reason. In the few cases where any small morsels of argument do peep out, in weakly little paragraphs, they prove to be always just the same sort of mouldy morsels which we have already done our best to demolish. Under these circumstances, but one course remains to be followed,—that most damaging of all courses, as we venture to think, to such opponents as now confront us, which consists in quietly allowing men to convict themselves out of their own mouths. Batch the Third of Tracts against Sunday Reform, shall receive at our hands the cruel justice of being quoted from verbatim; for, let us own candidly, at the outset, we are quite incapable of exposing the writers, half as completely as the writers can expose themselves.

Let us begin with a frenzied sermon against the very moderate and obviously religious proposal to give the first part of Sunday to the Church service, and the second part, only, to the Crystal Palace. Let us listen as reverently as we can to

A HOWL FROM THE PULPIT BY THE REVEREND HENRY JONES.

"What an insidious attack on England's Sunday—No!—not *the Sunday*—only *half of it!* The *half* shall still be God's! How long? Till it shall add *itself* to the other half. Only let us break the *sign!* Let us make the day *not* a day. Let it go forth to the world—'Sunday is no Sunday, henceforth, in England, when the first stroke has fallen of the declining hours—when the noon-day sun has fairly sunk one hour on the dial—the day is cut in two—for God and Pleasure—and—THE SIGN IS GONE!—the sign between God and happy England, gone!—and, *with* the sign, God's worship—His name—His glory—gone from England!'"

All the italics, capitals, dashes, and marks of admiration are Jones's own; being, as we imagine, intended to represent the different points of the "discourse" at which Jones thumped the pulpit-cushion, in the agonies of delivery. It is remotely probable that the reader may not be able to discern the slightest glimmer of sense or meaning in the passage we have quoted; which is rather a mild specimen, than otherwise, of the rest of the sermon. In that case, we strongly recommend the reading aloud (very much aloud) of Jones's "howl," accompanied by thumps on the softest available household material, according to the italics, dashes, and marks of admiration, which we have carefully copied in our extract. This process will, we think, make the passage quite pleasant and intelligible reading. (N.B. When you come to THE SIGN IS GONE! please to remember that the capital letters mean *both fists.*)

Mr. Robert Newstead, as becomes a layman, pipes a fainter note, (to the same tune, however,) in his *Solemn Protest.* Like Jones, he is principally enraged at the proposal, that the Crystal Palace shall pay homage to religion by only opening after morning service. Recommending this amiable eccentricity of fanaticism to the serious reflection of all thinking people, who may not yet have made up their minds on the subject of Sunday Reform, let us enjoy the pleasure and advantage of hearing how

MR. ROBERT NEWSTEAD OBJECTS AND PROPHECIES.

"And then it is set forth, as another of the *virtues* of this impious scheme, that no spirituous liquors are to be sold on Sundays, but that intellectual improvement, harmless pleasure, and needful recreation are to be promoted. All of which will not atone for the DIVIDING of the SABBATH. If we only deal with the Sabbath as proposed by the Crystal Palace Company, and sanction a *legalised abbreviation* of one half of its sacred hours, we sever, at once, the great link, which is the *sign* of our allegiance to Heaven, and floods of ungodliness may be expected to follow the consequent withdrawment of the Divine blessing from our country."

Why Newstead (who has no pulpit to thump) should deal almost as

freely in italics and capitals as Jones, (who has,) seems rather perplexing. But when a gentleman calls a "link" a "sign," and withdrawal "withdrawment," poor people, like ourselves, who are still obliged to treat metaphor and English with some respect, must not expect to penetrate his motives. We are, however, bold enough to think, in our own humble way, and not pretending to share in the higher intelligence of Mr. Newstead, that it is most certainly a "virtue" to keep people from getting drunk on spirituous liquors, whether the consequence be "dividing" the Sabbath or not. About the "floods of ungodliness" to follow the opening of the Crystal Palace, we are not so sure, having only at present discovered (and many thanks to Mr. Newstead for helping us, as he has,) that "floods" of nonsense from pious quarters have already followed the mere proposal to open the said Crystal Palace on Sunday afternoon.

We have not yet exhausted the sources of Sabbatarian enlightenment. In *A Tract for the People*, by "One of the Million," we find thus set forth

THE TRUE CAUSE OF OUR NATIONAL PROSPERITY.

"What is it that makes us occupy so exalted a position amidst the nations of the earth? Is it our extensive dependencies, with their vast resources of gold, and other deposits; or is it our trade and commerce, the arts and sciences, or our almost unbounded wealth? Is it the acknowledged stability of the English character, or the bravery and discipline of our troops, or the hardihood and gallantry of our sailors, or the quality and quantity of our ships? We answer, No; it is to none of these things, however valuable they may be in themselves; but to the fact that we have hitherto honoured God, by keeping holy the Sabbath day."

We have nothing to say to this, except that we sincerely hope, for the sake of the real interests of Religion, and the general condition of human intelligence, that there is indeed only *one* of the Million of our fellow-creatures who is afflicted with such rabid religious insanity as the above extract exhibits. On the title-page of the tract, it is stated that the profits arising from the sale will be given to the "Sabbath Defence Society." They had much better be applied to the charitable office of placing "One of the Million" in a lunatic asylum.

Let us now, by way of a change, occupy ourselves temperately with

SOME CURIOUS ASSERTIONS BY MR. HOUGH, OF HAM.

"It is not the fact that the really poor are, as a body, amongst the Sabbath frequenters of such places of amusement. We have in our neighbourhood a Palace (Hampton Court) open on the Lord's day to the public, scenes at which are weekly to be witnessed which are a disgrace and scandal to any Christian land. And having taken pains to inquire from those whose business it is to watch the character of the multitude assembling there, I find that the strictly poor, the artisans, do not come on Sundays; but the Sabbath breakers are a grade above the poor."

Above the starving poor, certainly, Mr. Hough, of Ham; but they are artisans nevertheless; and you may find that out for yourself (instead of only inquiring of others), by going to any of the places in London from which the Hampton Court vans start. Only let us open the Crystal Palace on Sunday afternoon, sir, and we will consent to shut it again directly if the majority of the "frequenters" be not working men. We are afraid, Mr. Hough, that you don't know a working man when you see him; and we are decidedly of opinion that if you went to Hampton Court on Sunday, and looked about among the people with your own eyes, you would look a long time before you saw any of the scenes of "disgrace" and "scandal" which you have alluded to, but not attempted to substantiate fairly, in your extremely dull and drowsy pamphlet against Sunday Reform.

By way of needful refreshment, to be taken after suffering under Mr. Hough, of Ham, let us blow the froth off a malt-liquor argument against recreation on Sunday, statistically advanced by the "Incumbent of Camden Church, Camberwell." It is curious to note

THE REVEREND DANIEL MOORE'S OPINIONS ON QUART POTS.

"Returns have been put into my hands from one of these haunts of Sabbath festivity (Sunday gardens) in a country town—described as being in themselves most attractive and beautiful. Into these gardens 3000 people have gone on a Sunday evening (we rejoice to hear it), consuming among them nearly 600 gallons of malt liquor alone (why say 'nearly,' Mr. Moore? why not be exact in your statistics?), a quantity which, if a reasonable deduction be made for the number of children, would suppose *one quart* to have been consumed by *every grown up person, whether male or female*, upon the ground. Let us, for the honour of the female sex (gallant Mr. Moore!), make a still further deduction, and what a humiliating reflection is forced upon us as to the state of a large majority of the men! Brethren, these are painful details to have to bring into a pulpit."

Unfit for a pulpit enough, reverend sir; but not in the least painful to anybody who has studied the balmy influences of quart pots of beer. You insinuate that most of the men were drunk—drunk upon what? Upon a quart or so of beer? Full-grown Englishmen drunk upon little more than a quart of malt liquor! of the moderate strength, too, which any brewer or publican will tell you is alone within the means of tea-garden company! Why, foreigners would not be drunk upon it! By what effeminate tea-table standard are you presuming to judge the brains of your fellow-Britons; of men born and bred in the unassailable quart-pot privileges of the English Constitution? Do you think, because you are virtuous, Mr. Malvolio Moore, that there shall be no more cakes and ale on Sunday evenings? Drunk on a pint of beer at the beginning of the evening, and another pint, or pint and a half, at the end? Oh, monstrous and incredible ignorance of malt liquor in a man who writes "M.A." after his name, and must, therefore, have graduated in the great beer-school of one of our Universities! Not to speak it profanely, you really deserve to do penance, Mr. Moore, at the gate of the Crystal Palace, with a quart pot of tea-garden beer always in your hand, to be offered to every thirsty working man who wants to go in!

We have more pamphlets still to review; but the astounding malt liquorish fallacies of the Reverend Daniel Moore "top the climax," and take the fine edge of attraction off every other Tract in our Batch. Let us pause blandly as reviewers where we have often paused blandly as men—at the bottom of the quart pot.

The Arts.

MADELEINE BROHAN.

HAVING made up my mind about Madeleine Brohan, I have still some difficulty in expressing the verdict. She came to us with so great a reputation, Jules Janin had been so eloquent in his enthusiasm for her, that in spite of all the suspicions I invariably entertain of whatever appears in a French criticism, I was unwilling to trust to the first impression she made on me, unequivocal as that impression was. But two fresh characters on two different evenings left the same impression, and I am as cold as ever. In the first place, *elle n'a pas du charme*, and let a woman be never so handsome, if she have not that vague yet potent influence expressed in the word "charm," her beauty goes for little. In the second place, she has not individuality as an actress. With an exquisite pronunciation, delicately articulate, her diction flatters the ear but does not penetrate the mind; she speaks well, but we think of her speaking, not of what is spoken. A similar objection must be noted with respect to her bearing and gesture. They are graceful, finished, but mannered, and without charm. That artificial pinching in of the lips—a *niminypiminy* style very frequent with French women—which is meant to be pretty and *gracieuse*, gives an insincerity to her expression which completely destroys sympathy.

Observe, I am trying her by a high standard; but Janin talks of Mdlle. Mars, and Mdlle. Brohan is not a Plessy, not even a Nathalie! Nevertheless you must not run away with the idea that she is an indifferent actress. All I wish to express is the fact that she does not greatly interest me, and that finer comedians have far less reputation.

How differently one feels towards Regnier, the vivacious, sincere artist who fills up every outline of a part with distinct individuality, who triumphs over a harsh voice, and an indifferent *physique* by a gaiety, abandon, and dominant intellect one sees only in great artists! His reception in *Le Bonhomme Jadis* was *hearty*, and he must have felt that the audience were his friends. The piece is charming. *Le Bonhomme* is entering his sixtieth year, but the memory of his happy youth still keeps him young—not young with dyed whiskers and padded chest, not young with false gallantry, and roué pretensions—but young in sympathy with youth, and its follies, and its passions, and its reticences! young because the heart still remembers its old pulses of love, and rejoices in beholding the generation rising to push his into oblivion happy with the world-old joys! The *bonhomie* of his performance, with its brief unexaggerated touches of pathos, kept the house "suspended on his lips" during an hour of charming gaiety.

Then, again, in *Les Demoiselles de St. Cyr*, and in *Mdlle. de la Seiglière*, what thorough ridding himself of his own character and identification with that of the *Persona* through which he speaks! In the parvenu *Duboulloy*, and in the old Marquis petrified in prejudices, we have two types, each admirable, and, above all, each *gay*.

The houses have been brilliant of late, and the performances incomparably more agreeable than those which preceded them. VIVIAN.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

I.

LIFE IN PAINTING.

AFTER the first survey of the exhibition, coming to close quarters, one is inclined to ask with respect to many of the pictures—What was the use of painting them? What purpose do they serve either to the spectator or to the artist? A portrait of an individual, however humble and obscure, may be valuable to his own friends; it may be an example of great skill in the artist; but, except in the latter case, it is of no public interest. In like manner, moderately comely heads of females, under various imaginary names, painted with moderate skill, may be useful as studies, though even that must be doubted; but they are of no use to the public or the lover of art. Pictures got up to illustrate some story, with figures set in something like the action, if action it can be called, that would have moved the persons in the story, may be useful to the student as endeavours to study drapery or still life, but possessing little or no use for the picture-gallery, they tell us nothing—realize nothing. We are sorry to take as an example the work of so able and active an artist as Mr. Elmore, whose works we have often had occasion to praise. But could he explain to us the use of such a picture as that which presents "Queen Blanche ordering her son, Louis IX., from the presence of his wife?" The first difficulty that occurs to us is to suppose that, when Queen Blanche issued that extremely objectionable order, she could have done it in the manner Mr. Elmore represents; but more difficult is it to suppose that King Louis IX. looked so very like a young lady detected in some slight mistake, such as her having put too much sugar in the tea; or that his wife could look so indifferent. When such scenes take place in real life, people do not look or sit in the fashion of Mr. Elmore's figures. There was far more emotion in the figure of Lee contemplating the stocking-frame "looming in the future;" and so experienced an artist as Mr. Elmore ought to know that the emotions created by the prospective view of the stocking loom are less forcible and demonstrative than those of disappointed love and humiliated pride.

At the Royal Academy dinner the Chevalier Bunsen, diplomatically bent upon reconciling Germany and England, taught students that there were two truths, the truth of nature, and the truth of the old masters—a classical devotion to the rules of art, and a naturalistic devotion to the exact imitation of Nature. Now, there are not those two rules as distinct things, but there are two successive truths which are not distinct. There is first the truth of nature as it exists, with all its aspects and accessories. In the most striking scenes that ever happened in real life there were the impassioned human beings, the background of buildings or natural scenery, the details of the natural accessories, the leaves upon trees, the petals of the flowers, with the dust of the pollen upon them, the crystals in the broken pebbles on the ground, the smoke floating un-

conscious of the human event, the fly winging its way through the very storm of passion, conscious only of the sunshine, the still life, the clothes, the mechanical embroidery over the most throbbing heart—a range of objects, in short—from the most divine human countenance, even down to the shoe or the glove—far too innumerable to be recited in a catalogue, and running the round of science thoroughly to analyze. Such scenes present innumerable phases to the artist, or rather for many artists in many branches of art; and are capable, therefore, of many separate kinds of treatment, but totally defy a grasp of the whole. Many artists view the scene—each after his kind would select for it that particular portion—the passion, the anatomical action, the landscape, the natural history, the still life, or other section which suited his powers and training, and he would omit the rest. In completeness on great occasions Nature excels the greatest of artists, but the works of Nature pass, and the works of the artist remain for contemplation. An artist's greatest praise, however, is to have it said, that he has attained the fulness of life in the phase which he endeavours to arrest for contemplation. The rules of art are but the application of experience to materials and method, in order to teach the artist not to waste his time by attempting to arrive at the representation of nature in the wrong way. There are many methods, each of which may be true, without the others being false; and the methods adopted by the great masters were true paths to their end, starting from the common truth of nature. They were progressive truths, beginning with that one universal truth; and in any path, the result is to be judged by the amount of *life* attained.

It is in the works of nature, that the rules of art are found, from the concentration of light to the grouping of figures. Let some striking event happen, such as an accident in the streets, and note how the living people gather around, and, by the force of concentration, group themselves into artistical forms. Let your eye be fixed upon one striking object, and the force of the light transmitted from that to your excited nerve, will eclipse the rays reflected from objects beside the one of your attention; scattered grouping, dazzling and scattered light, will prevent your seeing the picture of nature as well as the picture of the artist. Life, and beauty, and composition, and artistic excellence, if not convertible terms, are terms essentially associated.

Look at those stags, fighting in the moonlight, by Landseer—they are not studying the pose in which they shall be painted. They are going hard at it, to dig their antlers into each other. They are not arranging themselves for the moon to fall upon them in any particularly convenient fashion, but stand, rather, between it and the spectator. But they are well-grown and strong animals; their action has the beauty of organic symmetry and strength; a deadly purpose which moves the sympathy of all living creatures. The moonlight which bathes them would shine equally upon other objects. If there is a striking fault in the picture, it is that the blue pigments, which thicken where the mist should be, fail to represent the true movements and translucency of atmospheric life. Its power consists in its exact infusion of organic life.

Ward's picture of the executioner tying Wishart's book around the neck of Montrose, at the execution at the cross at Edinburgh, on the 21st May, 1650, is full of animation. The figures are all in action; the expression of the countenances is much as it would be moved at such a scene some sympathising, some indifferent, some hating. The colouring is infinitely better than has been in Mr. Ward's earlier pictures, less fogged with opaque white, although still too much marked by black patchy shadows. It is a scene of real living figures, engaged about a stirring and painful business. It is still not perfect; there is a want of concentration in it. The action of the different figures around the margin of the scene is, in some cases, too much scattered, and does not carry the eye back to the centre. If the artist had witnessed the scene himself, he would have been struck with the concentration of attention from all around; if any of the persons had been more remote and unconcerned, he would hardly have seen them, or he would have been, not the historical painter of the scene, but the satirist of the inconsistencies of human nature.

Præ-Raphaelites made the mistake of going back to nature, trying to be content with naturalistic truth, and doing without the truth of art. They could not indeed, even in the most exaggerated view of their mission, quite do without art. But they accepted the crudest form—the methods to which art had attained in Italy after the first struggle from the mannerism of the old Greeks. Artists were in earnest in those days, and as the Præ-Raphaelites were also in earnest, they thought they ought to paint figures in the same uncouth style, with the same uncouth manipulation of materials. Truth, however, is prolific. The strongest of the Præ-Raphaelites painfully followed out nature's truths, and found that it is necessary to have some consistency in nature's art; and hence those strongest of the Præ-Raphaelites are working at a style of their own, which begins closely to approximate it in its essentials to the styles of the best painters.

Art arrives at the same results in working upon the original materials of landscape. Life, organic and inorganic, has its own composition. A fertile soil, a friable earth, becomes broken up by the elements lying probably on a gentle undulation, it is blown or washed into drift sharply ridged and gently sloping. The organic life of vegetation arises from the varied surface, bringing the slope of the hill to the more delicate and symmetrical points, or growing up into the trunks of trees, which send their leafy spires towards the skies. But there is a unity and a method of disposition in the forms almost like what the human mind desires to call "intention," an architecture of nature, separated into innumerable parts, varied in its forms, but still suggesting design,—exactly the kind of scene which Redgrave, an off-lying Præ-Raphaelite, has painted in his "Forest Portal," where the slighter vegetation of the plain has arisen to the tall architecture of the forest.

The same law governs the composition of animated forms. The wife in Millais's picture of the "Order of Release"—a young Scotch wife—is coming with the proper certificate, which she is presenting to a military jailer, to release her wounded husband, a jacobite, who has been fighting against "King George upon his throne." She has brought a young child in her arms, a fair sturdy boy, tired with their long journey in the open air, and dropping the field flowers which he has been carrying in his hand, now relaxed in sleep. The wife is a strong woman, with a hearty wifely affection for her husband, proud of her mission, and bent upon executing it forthwith. With one arm holding her child, the other holds out the order to the jailer; and if it passes round the neck of the husband, it is rather because he, in his weakness, is seeking repose on the faithful bosom of his wife. She knows all that; but is specially bent on getting the sick man back to his home; wherefore, not stopping for caresses she is impressing the certificate on the official regard of the slow-reading old soldier. Now, there is the whole story; except that the dog is of the party, and is rampant to greet his master. But the beauty of the thing is, to see the whole life of the people and the story set out distinctly before your eye, and yet not displayed by any special artistic arrangement beyond the true arrangement of fidelity to nature. This is the true mastery of art; the Greeks who wetted their draperies were bunglers compared to it. Raphael is supreme amongst painters, who could give you a beautiful female form delicate and full, clothed in drapery coarse and loose, and yet making the form and its action as intelligible as we see it in life. Now, how did he perform that feat? By close fidelity to the matter of fact. Not that Raphael was a still-life painter; he did not stop, like Gerard Dow, to paint you out each thread of the garment: but each one of the great lines that the drapery made in its sweep; the masses of its lines and shades; the fall of its half tints were of the pattern true to nature. If you will put a loose woollen robe on a beautiful female figure, set that figure in motion so that the robe has accommodated itself to the form, and then arrest the motion suddenly, you will find that, although the robe hides the figure in many parts, yet in other parts the limbs come near to the outline; and from their disposition, together with the data which you derive from the portions which you see—such as the hand, the wrist, the ankle, the countenance, the outlines of the neck, the proportions from the neck to the waist, the proportions of the loosening of the robe from the outline where you see the limb—from all these things you can, as it were, extract the entire figure. Now, the artist can fix all these passing traits of form; and Raphael, we say, was supreme in this particular. But in the "Scotch Wife," Millais has in that one characteristic equalled his master or predecessor. Here is a well-grown woman, in a loose robe, which she has been at no pains to tighten so as to show off her figure, only she has pinned it up to be out of the road-dust; and yet such slight knowledge of artistic anatomy as any admirer of the sex attains will enable you to trace the whole figure as if it were before you like a naked Venus. And that consummate skill is earned by simply following life—life as it is. The whole story of the picture, its forms, its compositions, are nothing more than the direct result of life faithfully fixed by the artist.

In some particulars, the "Release" is a still higher picture; but we must reserve it for another notice.

EXHIBITION OF THE WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY.

THIS always pleasant and always pretty exhibition opened its doors for the first time this season on the last Saturday of last month. As on all former occasions, the landscapes take the first place, both in respect of numbers and of merit—water-colour being, in truth, a weak and insufficient material for any figure painter of ambition to work with, as compared to oil or fresco. This remark may not apply to sketches, or to the expression of one simple idea in a single head; but it does to works which assume historical rank, and challenge our attention as pictures. Mr. Topham, for instance, in his deliciously-coloured little study of peasant life, called "Wild Flowers;" and Mr. Hunt, in his "Devotion"—a girl's head, full of exquisite simplicity of feeling, and fidelity to Nature—are both entirely successful, because they have in neither case pushed water-colour art beyond the limits to which it can fairly go. Mr. John Gilbert, on the other hand, in his "Richard the Second resigning the Crown," has tried to paint a historical picture in water-colours, and has failed—failed through the weakness of his medium, in spite of great pains-taking, great knowledge of the resources of his art, and great attention to details (except, indeed, some of the details of drawing), in every part of his composition. So, again, Mr. Carl Haag's "Marino Faliero and the Spy," attempts to be mysteriously gloomy and dramatically impressive; but does not succeed in being either, principally because water-colour wont let it. As for Miss E. Sharpe's drawing of a "Soldier's Widow, opening for the first time the wardrobe of her late husband," if gallantry to a lady did not forbid us to be as sincere as usual in this case, we should be apt to ascribe the failure of figure-painting in water-colours here to other causes than the poverty of the material worked with. But as it is, we prefer being politely ready to believe, against the evidence of our own senses, that the recumbent widow in Miss Sharpe's drawing is prostrate from grief, and not from drunkenness; and that the child who stands by her is really very sorry to see mamma on the ground, and is expressing grief artlessly by scratching its head with the scabbard of the deceased hero's sword.

But, after all, excepting Mr. Topham and Mr. Hunt (the latter has many charming "Studies" in the exhibition besides his "Devotion"), it is to the landscapes that we turn instinctively, and never in vain, for the most genuine enjoyment to be derived from the works of the Water-Colour Society. This year the room is as brilliant and as beautiful as ever with cool sea-shores, shady valleys, peeps of woodland, and panoramas of mountain scenery. Copley Fielding, as usual, takes the lead; and may he long continue to do so! David Cox may excel him in dash and vigour; Richardson, in steady, sustained power; and Gastineau, in scenic brilliancy;—but the President of the Water-Colour Society is still first and foremost—as a President ought to be. First in the grand requisite of all art,—in truth to Nature: foremost as a professor of that good old school of water-colour painting, which can be powerful without "body-colour," and brilliant without the flaring purples and yellows of the dashing "new style." With the single exception of his "View of Windsor Castle,"

which is too gaudily blue in the sky and distance, all Copley Fielding's drawings this year look thoroughly true in effect. The "Sea Piece" (No. 12); the grand "View on the Waste of Cumberland;" "The Isle of Staffa," with its marvellously truthful and transparent sea; and "Flamborough Head," so delightfully airy and brilliant in effect—are all drawings which cannot be too highly praised, or too often seen. David Cox's "Stokesay Castle" is one of his best works; the moonlight atmosphere being presented with real poetical feeling, and great truthfulness of colour. "Valence" we hardly think worthy of him; but his "Barden Castle," his "Village of Sassenage," and his "Windy Day" (this last being perhaps a little too decidedly blue), are admirable examples of that daring vigour and brilliancy which first gained him his high position in his art. Mr. Jackson's "Wreck on the Coast" is clever; but his stormy waves in the distance are as sharp as rocks, and appear to stand just as still. Mr. Evans has never done better than in his "View of the Water-Meadows at Droxford"; it is powerfully, soberly, and most truly coloured. Mr. Naftel's "Well-known spot, in North Wales" (rather a vague title—has he forgotten the name of the place where he made his sketch?) is one of the most beautiful and elaborate landscape studies we ever remember to have seen produced in water-colours; it is a drawing to hang up and look at constantly, as distinguished from a drawing to be kept in a portfolio, and examined on state occasions. Mr. Bentley's "Dunluce Castle" is one of those wild scenes which would have gained in real strength of effect if the artist had painted it a little less wildly—the fiery sun-set looks more theatrical than natural. Mr. Callow's "Churches of San Giovanni and San Paolo" we can vouch for, from personal experience, as being excellent architectural portraits, firmly drawn and simply painted. The "Italian Composition," by Mr. Richardson, has a suspiciously English look in many parts of the scene. We like his "Glen Shee" much better. It has been taken from Nature, and looks like Nature; which is more than can be said of his "Composition," or indeed of any other landscape "Compositions," modern or ancient, in oil or water-colour, that we happen to be acquainted with. Mr. Fripp's "Ben Cruachan," and Mr. Dodgson's "Winter Sport," rank together for excellence, widely as they differ in subject; and as for Mr. Hunt's "Wood Pigeon," it is one of those triumphs of manipulative dexterity, and exquisite softness of colour, which no wise man would attempt to describe—which all wise men ought to see and enjoy for themselves.

There are many more drawings which we have not, unhappily, space to refer to; and besides these, there are probably many others which we had not the advantage of seeing at all. This misfortune was rendered inevitable by the crowded state of the room. The display of hats and paletots, shawls and bonnets, interfered sadly with the display of drawings in every direction. We saw enough, however, to convince us that the Water-Colour Exhibition of the present year is equal to any of its predecessors; and to warrant us, therefore, in promising a real treat to all lovers of art who visit the Room of the Society during the present season.

W.

THE NEW WATER COLOUR SOCIETY.

PLEASANTLY as ever opens the ever pleasant meeting of the New Water Colour painters; and though the favourites, Warren, Louis Haghe, and Corbould, come well up to scale this year, still, to take a turn in sporting phrase, the field [illegible] the best horse. Odds are by no means heavy on Mr. Warren's "Danger," against either Mr. Charles Weigall's "Dirk Hatteraik," Mr. Absolon's "The Nun," Mr. Kearney's "Pietro Torrigianni," or even Mr. Angelo Hayes's "Bold Soldier Boy." To be sure, Mr. Haghe's "Finish" is generally thought to be still unmatched, and Mr. Corbould's "Margaret" has little to apprehend from Mr. A. Bouvier's Plagiarism. But to descend, while we can with safety, from the language of noble sportsmen to that of vulgar critics, the exhibition of the New Water Colour Society is the best, take it altogether, that we recollect. Wonderful, certainly, is the change since water-colour painting was but the stenography of art; a change not so material as it is probably deemed by the enthusiastic gentleman who is about exhibiting a collection, illustrative of what he calls the "progress" of water-colours, though it is but a displacing of oils; and we believe Corbould could whip up one of his magnificent trifles from this kind of cream just as well as from that. Haghe has become more subdued to the element he works in—water. But that is because he is truly a water-colour painter, which Corbould almost as truly is not, his process with body colour being similar to that of oil-painting. The "Margaret and Faust" displays his delicate style of manipulation very effectively, and that is the best praise the picture deserves. The scene is the well-known "Plucking of the flower"—"He loves me—loves me not;" and the pair look like a pair that are tired with polking; not, certainly, like the Margaret and Faust of that most lovely scene. "The Magic Mirror," with Earl Surrey, in the wizard's room, looking on the phantom of the Lady Geraldine, appears to be a better specimen of Corbould, but the picture is hung so badly for light, it is impossible to get a fair view of it. Besides Warren's "Danger," which means a young female savage sleeping in a jungle, with a snake uncoiling from a stem very near her face, there is an "Augsburg Peasant Girl," by him, and also a "Walk to Emmaus," of which least said, perhaps, the better. Haghe has two wonderful pictures, quite equal to his "Audience Chamber at Bruges" last season. Is it generally known that Haghe, who has the credit of being the most dexterous producer of effect in detail, paints, from an accident, with his left hand? The "Happy Trio" gives us a stately young beauty, sitting at a harpsichord, a cavalier bending over her, with his lute, and a warmly toned old gentleman dozing near a window. His other picture is the "Salle d'Armes at Salzburg." Bennett and Davidson have their usual allowance of sunny landscapes; Vacher does not improve, but one or two specimens of his purple and gold bay scenery are worth remarking. Carrick, Fahey, and Harrison Weir paint separately, with so much evident observation of nature, each in a peculiar form, that it occurs to us how well they would paint together! The youngest name, and one quite new to us, is Keeling. His picture of "Gurth and Wamba in the Forest of Rotherwood" deserves notice as a work of some pretension and a great deal more promise.

THE AMATEUR GALLERY.

THE difficulty under which this exhibition started three years ago is now reversed. Then, it was almost impossible to get people to open their portfolios and to spare a single sketch. Even last year this difficulty had not been lessened. But the third season brings a surplus; three hundred works are sent back for want of room, and those retained are consequently picked fruit. Mrs. Bridgman Simpson takes the lead in landscape. In portraiture Miss Houlton performs the same necessary but difficult feat; and the almost public Mr. Richard Ford and Sir W. Gore Ouseley send a number of interesting scenes, gathered during travel. Lieutenant Tower has a capital view of Granada, taken from the favourite point, the Generalife, which overlooks the Alhambra. The most practised hand, apparently, is Mr. Eliot Yorke's, both in landscape and ornithological studies. It is curious in some instances to trace the directing hand of the real artist. Mr. Burcham, for example, has evidently studied under William Hunt, and has gained much of that painter's aptitude for the minutely picturesque in homely and natural objects. The Coxswain of the *Water Lily* has brought some dashing sketches home from the Danube. His more meditated impromptu style, after Leech, has less merit than the Magyar designs. We take leave of the exhibition for this year with hearty wishes for its success.

EXHIBITION OF GERMAN PICTURES.

IF this exhibition had been less ostentatiously christened, no one would have had cause to disparage it. At 168, New Bond-street, there are on view, how many we cannot exactly say, but *not* many, compositions, by German painters, on about a level with the six first men of the "National Institution." The most prominent picture, and the only subject, is the least worth notice. It is by one Camphansen, and represents Charles the First at Naseby. The "Good Samaritan," by Schirmer, is so called from the incidental group of figures, it being a landscape. In it, as in a few others, the principal merit seems to be a clever imitation of foliage in the foreground. The distances remind us of Sydney Percy, but they are harder in outline, and are flat in colour. Weber has two of the best landscapes, and next to him are Achenbach and Leu. The most commendable work, however, is Tidemand's. It is a portrait, apparently, containing the figures of two boys. The nearest face has a very uncommon look of intelligence and feeling, with some appearance of childish trouble. It is as well to correct a misapprehension of the exhibitor's, as other people may fall into it too. The names he publishes are *not* those of the most eminent German artists.

EXHIBITION OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

A GOOD exhibition of photographic pictures, including one or two portraits, has just been opened by Messrs. Delamotte and Cundall, next door to the Clarendon, in Bond-street. The views are just as they have left the photographer's hands, and are not touched or tinted in the usual way. This is an advantage. As the first public exhibition of its kind it is noticeable, but a more comprehensive display might have been given.

Q.

Commercial Affairs.

MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

Friday Evening, May 13, 1853.

DURING the whole of the week there has been a sensible depression in the money market. Every one is selling: money is said to be tight, and 3½ per cent. is given for accommodation. The uncertainty prevalent about the fate of the Exchequer Bills, and the still undecided Budget, is influencing the markets; but more than all this, the enormous quantity of worthless speculations to which persons have been eagerly subscribing during the last year and without a return, is shaking the confidence of the speculators, and it is believed by some persons that a temporary panic will take place ere long. French shares, Strasburg still taking the lead, have been very high, but the heavy rates in Paris to realize profits have flattened this market again. In the English heavy shares but little change has occurred. York and North Midland and South Eastern (Dover) are somewhat lower. Leeds remain stationary, if anything a little lower. Birminghams are steady. The Irish lines very firm, with an upward tendency. In the Land Company and Mining shares considerable falls have taken place. North British Australian Loan and Investment Company which, about five weeks ago, were to 2½ premium, have been dealt at as low as ⅛ premium per share; no reason is assigned for this heavy fall. Peel Rivers are flat, notwithstanding that there have been heavy bonâ fide purchases in this market by good brokers. The Jamaica Copper Mine, the Metcalfe, has also experienced a considerable fall, £6 to £7 premium per share, yet the accounts received by this company do not seem at all despondent, and the only way to account for it must be, the fall in the price of copper, a fall of £20 per ton. Californian mines promise steady and remunerative returns, but there is no disposition evinced to invest to any amount. In short, the minor markets are flat all round, and no signs of life. Consols are par ⅜ ½ for money, and for 1st June account, 100¾ ⅞. As yet no definite arrangement has been authoritatively announced, of the concession of the South Eastern of France (Lyons to Geneva) line, and it appears that a remonstrance on the subject of this concession has been made in the Corps Legislatif. On the whole, our markets close heavily, and with much gloom prevailing, without any real good cause—as far as one may judge.

CORN MARKET.

Mark Lane, Friday, May 13, 1853.

THE supplies of Wheat during the week have been large of Wheat and Oats and moderate of Barley. The demand for all articles has been limited to the supply of immediate wants, without any alteration in prices. Some few cargoes of Wheat and Rye now off the coast, or on passage, have been taken for Belgium and the North of France, where prices are fully as high as here.

BRITISH FUNDS FOR THE PAST WEEK.

(CLOSING PRICES.)

	Satur.	*Mond.*	*Tues.*	*Wedn.*	*Thurs.*	*Frid.*
Bank Stock	228	229	.....	229	228½	.....
3 per Cent. Red.	100⅛	100⅛	99⅞	100	100	99⅝
3 per Cent. Con. Ans.	100⅜	100⅜	100⅜	100⅜	100⅜	100⅝
Consols for Account	100¾	100¾	100¾	100¾	100⅞	100⅝
3½ per Cent. An.	103¼	103⅜	103¼	103⅜	103⅝	102¾
New 5 per Cents.	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Long Ans., 1860	.....	.....	5 15-16	6	5 15-16	5⅞
India Stock	.....	263	.....	.....	.....	262
Ditto Bonds, £1000	32	28	27	.....	25	.....
Ditto, under £1000	32	32	.....	25	29	30
Ex. Bills, £1000	4 p	1 p	par	par	4 p	4 p
Ditto, £500	4 p	par	.....	par	4 p	4 p
Ditto, Small	4 p	par	.....	.....	4 p	4 p

FOREIGN FUNDS.

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

Brazilian New 4½ per Cts.	100⅝	Portuguese 5 p. Ct. Conv. 1841	39
Brazilian New, 1829 & 39	103	Russian 4½ per Cents.	104½
Buenos Ayres Bonds	71½	Spanish 3 p. Cents.	49
Granada Deferred	10⅛	Spanish 3 p. Cts. New Def.	24
Greek, red	9⅛	Spanish Com. Certif. of Coupon not funded	6¼
Greek, blue	9	Dutch 4 per Cent. Certif.	96½
Mexican 3 per Cents.	26⅝		
Peruvian 4½ per Cents.	88½		
Peruvian Scrip	3⅛ pm.		

French Plays.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

On Monday Evening, May 16, the popular Play of LES DEMOISELLES DE ST. CYR. Madlle. Charlotte de Merian, Madlle. Madeleine Brohan—Madlle. Louise Mauclair, Madlle. Emma Fleury—Roger, M. Lafont—Hercule Dubouloy, M. Regnier.

M. LAFONT respectfully announces that his BENEFIT, and positively his Last Appearance but Three, will take place on WEDNESDAY EVENING, May 18, on which occasion will be presented a very Attractive Entertainment, for that Night only, commencing with—1. A new Petite Comedie, in one act, entitled LE BOUGEOIR. 2. Madlle. Page will appear in UNE VISITE A BEDLAM; Alfred de Roseval, M. Lafont—Amelie, Madlle. Page. 3. Molière's Comedy of TARTUFFE; Tartuffe, M. Regnier—Elmire, Madlle. Madeleine Brohan—Dorine, Madlle. Bertin—L'Exempt, M. Lafont. 4. The Second Act of LE GAMIN DE PARIS; Le General, M. Lafont—Elise, Madlle. Page. With other Miscellaneous Entertainments.

Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets may be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond Street; and at the Box Office of the Theatre.

MR. ALBERT SMITH'S MONT BLANC, EVERY EVENING, at Eight o'clock, except Saturday. Stalls, 3s. (which can be secured at the Box-office every day from Eleven to Four); area, 2s.; gallery 1s.

A Morning Performance every Tuesday and Saturday, at Three o'clock.

A View of the celebrated Mer de Glace, from Montanvers, has been added to the Illustrations.

Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

ZULU KAFIRS.—ST. GEORGE'S GALLERY, Hyde Park Corner.—With the sanction of the Colonial Authorities, OPEN EVERY EVENING; and a DAY EXHIBITION on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Afternoon.

FIRST PART.—I. Kraal, near d'Urban, Port Natal.—II. Umlongo Wam, or Meal Song and Dance.—III. The Ow Tulaswizwa, or Charm Song.

SECOND PART.—Morning Scene, Swartz Kop Location, near Pieter, Maritzburg—Song and Tramp Dance—Moving Panorama of African Scenery—U'msebeuza, or War Song—Attack—War Song—Cry—and Combat.

Doors open at Three and Eight. — Prices of Admission: Back Seats, 1s.; Reserved Seats, 4s.; Unreserved Seats, 2s. 6d.

MR. JAMES HANNAY, Author of "Singleton Fontenoy," &c. &c., proposes to deliver SIX LECTURES on SATIRICAL LITERATURE. — The Course will comprise Notices, Biographical and Critical, of Horace, and Juvenal, of Erasmus, Sir David Lindsay, and George Buchanan, of Boileau, of Butler, Dryden, Swift, and Pope, of some writers of the last age, and of some contemporary writers and publications.

Further particulars will be duly announced.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS' ANNUAL PERFORMANCES OF CLASSICAL AND MODERN PIANOFORTE MUSIC will Commence on Saturday Morning, May 21st, at the Hanover-square Rooms. He will be assisted by the most eminent artists. Subscription Tickets for the Series—Reserved Seats, One Guinea; Single Tickets, Half-a-Guinea. To be had at the Music-shops, and of Mr. Brinley Richards, 6, Somerset Street, Portman Square.

AT GORE HOUSE, KENSINGTON, by permission of the Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851, an EXHIBITION of STUDIES from the SCHOOLS of ORNAMENTAL ART, and of CHOICE SPECIMENS of CABINET WORK, will be OPENED on SATURDAY, the 28th of May, 1853. The Works of the Students illustrate the Progress of the Schools of Art of Belfast, Birmingham, Cork, Coventry, Dublin, Glasgow, Leeds, Limerick, Macclesfield, Manchester, Newcastle, Norwich, Nottingham, Paisley, Potteries, Sheffield, Stourbridge, Worcester, York, and the Metropolis; in connexion with the Department. A Collection of Studies from Life, by Mr. MULREADY, R.A., will also be exhibited, which has been lent by that Artist for the purpose of instruction to Students in the Anatomical and Figure Class.

The Collection of Cabinet Work consists of the finest Specimens of all Periods and Styles from the Fifteenth to the Nineteenth Century, lent for the purposes of Public Instruction, by

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

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The Duke of Northumberland.	George Field, Esq.
The Earl Spencer.	Robert Holford, Esq.
The Earl Amherst.	H. Magniac, Esq.
The Earl Granville.	James Morrison, Esq.
The Lord Willoughby D'Eresby	Charles Mills, Esq.
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The Lord Del'Isle.	J. Swaby, Esq.
Sir Anthony Rothschild, Bart.	The Rev. Montague Taylor.
John Auldjo, Esq.	C. Baring Wall, Esq., M.P.

And others.

Admission for the public, daily, from 12 to 7. Mondays and Tuesdays, Sixpence; Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, One Shilling; Saturdays, Half-a-Crown.

Persons are privileged to make Drawings and Sketches at all times.

All Visitors will receive a Card, which will enable them to enter in the Gardens of Gore House, during the months of May, June, and July, from 9 till 7.

Descriptive Catalogues, Sixpence each.

Students' Tickets and further information may be obtained at the Offices at Marlborough House, Pall Mall, and at Gore House, Kensington.

PRESENTATION DINNER. On THURSDAY, May 26th, 1853, A PUBLIC DINNER will be held in the FREEMASONS' TAVERN, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, after which will be presented the TESTIMONIAL to Mr. G. J. HOLYOAKE, in recognition of services to the right of Private Judgment. Mr. THORNTON HUNT in the Chair. Mr. James Watson will present the Testimonial. The Apollonic Society will sing several of their Choruses during the evening.—Dinner on Table at Half-past Five o'clock. The Chair will be taken at Half-past Seven. Tickets: to the Dinner, 3s. 6d.; to the Presentation, 6d. Admission will in both cases be by Tickets only; and as the numbers are strictly limited, an early application is necessary.

Tickets may be obtained of Mr. Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster Row; Mr. Truelove, 240, Strand; Mr. Goddard, Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square; Mr. Taylor, Tower Hamlets' Institution, Morpeth Street, Bethnal Green; Mr. Errol, 4, Gloucester Terrace, Hoxton; Mr. Bendall, Hall of Science, City Road; and Mr. Price, Secular Hall, Goldsmith's Row, Hackney.

"The saving of from 30 to 50 per cent. on each suit of clothes, is a feature which the practical genius of Englishmen will not fail to appreciate."

THE above quotation is taken from a Work lately published, on "The Various Systems, &c., of the Woollen-Cloth Trade." The immediate reference of this extract is to the New System recently introduced at THE LONDON CLOTH ESTABLISHMENT by

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Admittance, One Shilling. Catalogue, Sixpence.

GEORGE FRIPP, *Sec.*

THE WELLINGTON DINING-ROOMS. Entrance, 160, PICCADILLY.—This splendid establishment, formerly Crockford's Club, is NOW OPEN to the Public, on a scale of magnificence unprecedented in London, combining extreme moderation in Charges with the most unexceptionable Cooking and Bill of Fare; and uniting the independence of a public dining-room with the comforts and accommodation of a first-rate club.

Scale of Charges:—Dinner from the joint, with vegetables, bread, cheese, &c., 2s.; ditto, with soup or fish, 2s. 6d.; ditto, with soup and fish, 3s.; made dishes, with the joint, as per bill of fare; made dishes, without the joint, but with vegetables, bread, cheese, &c., 1s. extra. Waiter, each person, 3d.

The Wines and Beers will be sold by Imperial measure, and the decanters all marked, so that the quantity paid for will be actually supplied to the consumer. The Public will, therefore, appreciate this novel arrangement, more particularly when they understand that the Imperial pint contains four-fifths of what is usually sold as a bottle.

The Dining-Room will be open from Half-past Two, p.m., until Nine, p.m.

The magnificent Suite of Saloons, on the first floor, fitted up for Smoking, Reading, and Chess, will be well supplied with the London, Provincial, and Foreign Papers, Magazines, Books of Reference, &c.; and Tea, Coffee, Ices, Seltzer's Water, &c., will be supplied from Eleven, a.m., by Mr. Waud, of Bond Street. The Dining-Room will be open on Sundays at Half-past Five o'clock.

Lessee, HENRY THOMAS MUNDAY,
160, PICCADILLY.

GAS CHANDELIERS AND BRACKETS. The increased and increasing use of gas in private houses has induced WILLIAM S. BURTON to collect from the various manufacturers all that is new and choice in Brackets, Pendants, and Chandeliers, adapted to offices, passages, and dwelling-rooms, as well as to have some designed expressly for him; these are now ON SHOW in one of his TEN LARGE ROOMS, and present, for novelty, variety, and purity of taste, an unequalled assortment. They are marked in plain figures, at prices proportionate with those which have tended to make his Ironmongery Establishment the largest and most remarkable in the kingdom—viz., from 12s. 6d. (two light) to Sixteen Guineas.

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Catalogues, with Engravings, sent (per post) free. The money returned for every article not approved of.

39, OXFORD-STREET (corner of Newman-street): Nos. 1 and 2, NEWMAN-STREET; and 4 and 5, PERRY'S-PLACE.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS are not sold by any hosiers or drapers, and can therefore be obtained only at 38, POULTRY. Gentlemen in the country or abroad, ordering through their agents, are requested to observe on the interior of the collar-band the stamp—

"FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS, 38, POULTRY," without which none are genuine. They are made in two qualities—First quality, 40s. the half-dozen; second quality, 30s. the half-dozen. Gentlemen who are desirous of purchasing Shirts in the very best manner in which they can be made, are solicited to inspect these, the most unique and only perfect fitting Shirts. List of prices and instructions for measurement, post free, and patterns of the new coloured shirtings free on receipt of six stamps.

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AWARDED A PRIZE MEDAL UNDER CLASS XIX.

TO THE CARPET TRADE.—ROYAL VICTORIA FELT CARPETING.—The PATENT WOOLLEN CLOTH COMPANY beg to inform the Trade that their NEW PATTERNS in CARPETS and TABLE COVERS for the present season are now out, and will be found far superior to any they have hitherto produced, both in style and variety. The public can be supplied at all respectable Carpet-houses in London and the country. The public deem it necessary to caution the public against parties who are selling an inferior description of goods as Felted Carpets, which will not bear comparison with their manufacture, either in style or durability; and that the genuineness of the goods can always be tested by purchasers, as the Company's Carpets are all stamped at both ends of the piece, "Royal Victoria Carpeting, London," with the royal arms in the centre.

The Company's Manufactories are at Elmwood Mills, Leeds; and Borough Road, London. Wholesale Warehouses at

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INDIA and CHINA, viâ EGYPT.—For Aden, Ceylon, Madras, Calcutta, Penang, Singapore, and Hong Kong on the 4th and 20th of every month from Southampton, and on the 10th and 26th from Marseilles.

AUSTRALIA, viâ SINGAPORE.—For Adelaide, Port Philip, and Sydney (touching at Batavia), on the 4th of every alternate month from Southampton, and on the 10th of every alternate month from Marseilles.

MALTA and EGYPT.—On the 4th and 20th of every month from Southampton, and the 10th and 26th from Marseilles.

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N.B.—The rates of passage money and freight on the India and China lines have been considerably reduced, and may be had upon application at the Company's Offices, 122, Leadenhall Street, London, and Oriental Place, Southampton.

TEMPERANCE LINE OF PACKETS, From LONDON to AUSTRALIA.

For ADELAIDE, GEELONG, and MELBOURNE direct, with guarantee to land Passengers and Freight, the splendid new clipper-built ship CALIFORNIA (A 1), 1000 tons burthen. To load in the East India Docks. The accommodation for passengers by this vessel is of a very superior character, having a full poop and lofty 'tween decks, ventilated on the most approved plan. An experienced Surgeon is engaged, who will have at command an abundant supply of medical comforts. A well-selected Library will be put on board for the gratuitous use of the passengers.

For freight or passage apply to [illegible] K. M. Griffiths and Co., 27, Rood Lane, Fenchurch Street.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION at DUBLIN. GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

Notice is hereby given, that Tickets, including the fare by steamer from Bristol, will be issued at the Paddington Station, giving persons who wish to visit Dublin on the occasion of the Great Industrial Exhibition the opportunity of doing so at the following low fares:—

LONDON TO DUBLIN.

First Class.	Second Class.	Third Class.
31s. 4d.	28s. 6d.	14s. 4d.

LONDON TO DUBLIN AND BACK, available for Sixteen Days.

First Class.	Second Class.
47s. 3d.	43s.

Any information respecting the departure of the packets from Bristol can be obtained at the Paddington Station.

May 9, 1853.

TO EMIGRANTS.

THE following GUTTA PERCHA ARTICLES will be found of great value to Emigrants, especially such as are proceeding to the

GOLD DIGGINGS.

GUTTA PERCHA LINING FOR BOXES.

BUCKETS.	LIFE BUOYS.	WASHING BOWLS.
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SOLES FOR BOOTS AND SHOES.

TO KEEP THE FEET DRY is of the utmost importance to the Emigrant. This may be secured by the use of Gutta Percha Soles, which are perfectly Waterproof, Cheaper and more Durable than Leather. They can be put on with ease by any one. This cannot be too extensively known amongst Australian Emigrants, as it is now difficult to find a Shoemaker in that country.

GOLD WASHING VESSELS OF EVERY VARIETY OF SHAPE MAY BE HAD TO ORDER.

Directions to Emigrants for lining Boxes with Gutta Percha Sheet, (so as to preserve the contents from injury by sea water,) also for putting on Soles of Boots and Shoes, &c., may be had GRATIS on application to any of the Gutta Percha Company's Dealers.

N.B.—The Company's Illustrated Circulars, with Instructions for Joining Tubes, Lining Cisterns and Tanks, and for securely attaching Gutta Percha Soles, will be forwarded (post free) on receipt of four postage stamps.

THE GUTTA PERCHA COMPANY, PATENTEES,
18, WHARF ROAD, CITY ROAD, LONDON.

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