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THE LEADER AND SATURDAY ANALYST;

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that at the Annual Meeting of the Company, held at Radley's Hotel, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars, London, on the 24th day of February, 1860, Messrs. Charles Bennett, Peter Bunnell, John Robert Burton, George William Burge, and John Runtz, were nominated as Candidates in the place of Mr. Richard Cartwright, resigned, and of the three retiring Directors.

The show of hands having been declared in favour of Messrs. Bennett, Bunnell, Burton, and Burge, and a Ballot having been demanded, Mr. John Gover, the Chairman of the Meeting, fixed MONDAY, March 19, 1860, at the Offices of the Company, No. 32, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars, London, when the Ballot for the ELECTION OF FOUR DIRECTORS will be taken between the hours of 12 and 4.

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After which, a new serio-comic drama, founded on “Mon Oncle Baptiste,” to be called UNCLE ZACHARY. Characters by Messrs. F. Robson, G. Vining, W. Gordon, G. Cooke, F. Vining, H. Rivers, and Franks; Messrs. Leigh Murray, and Miss Herbert.

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curing a Cough or Cold.

BOURBONIST AND BONAPARTIST PARTIES IN PARLIAMENT.

HISTORY, it is said, never repeats herself. For the sake of the hard-tolling, over-taxed, war-harassed many, it is to be hoped indeed she seldom may. But remembering what took place half a century ago, and looking at what is taking place at the present moment in our own country as well as abroad, we are sorely driven to suspect that the philosophic saw is frequently very far from being true. What is our Parliament doing, and with what ideas are the minds of politicians predominantly possessed? There is the usual amount of commonplace talk about education, church-rates, changes in the liturgy, bribery at elections, vote by ballot, income-tax, shipping dues, army purchase, railways, and the rest: but the ambitious activity of party cares just now for none of these things. Its public utterances and secret aims are alike concentrated on foreign affairs. As it was sixty years ago, so it is now. Three great influences are struggling for ascendancy on the Continent,—Legitimate right, popular power, and that anomalous system invented by the first NAPOLEON, which, professing to be based on universal suffrage, governs by the sword and by espionage as despotically as any of the old absolutisms. The Court and the Conservatives of our fathers' time sided openly with Legitimacy. The sympathies of the people, then as now, were with their brethren, everywhere seeking to be free from native or foreign tyrants. The Whigs, who followed Mr. FOX, were dazzled and duped by Bonapartism. In their eyes, NAPOLEON was a rare instrument for the destruction of right divine, ecclesiastical authority, and democracy, all of which they abhorred. With them the selfishness and shamelessness of territorial cupidity went for nothing, compared with the humiliation of the ancient dynasties, and the repression of republicanism. The same feelings that animated the Whig party in 1800, prompted them under other circumstances to hail with delight the enthronement of LOUIS PHILIPPE, in 1830. The Citizen King was for them what the First Emperor had been, an object of equal terror to the dotard despots and democratic leaders of the Continent; and both were lauded and flattered accordingly by our oligarchic liberals, until the stomach of the country turned against their unnational policy, and they were compelled to repudiate it, with many vows of penitent regret. The Court and the Tories were more obstinate in their addictions, and they were more successful in winning over for a time a certain portion of popular feeling. There were, indeed, brief intervals, when they affected a tone of compromise with "the upstart and usurper," as they *always* loved to call the Corsican soldier and the Orleanist prince; GEORGE III., by the advice of Lords SIDMOUTH and CASTLEREAGH, signed the Treaty of Amiens with NAPOLEON; and WILLIAM IV., by the counsel of the Duke of WELLINGTON, acknowledged, without hesitation, his Most Christian brother of the Barricades. But, at heart, the Conservative party in England has always been Bourbonist, and no interchange of gilded compliments between the Courts of Windsor and St. Cloud, or reciprocation of presents and hospitalities, can persuade the world that those who have been born to the purple, would not rather see a descendant of St. LOUIS enthroned at the Tuileries than any other potentate or power. For sake of this principle of Legitimacy, the Tories in Parliament and Cabinet plunged England into the greatest and costliest war in which she has ever been engaged, and the pecuniary consequences of which she will never, unfortunately, be able to forget. And if they had their way they would betray us into the same disastrous and insane course again. While Lord PALMERSTON is ready to condone any perfidy in Napoleonic policy, and to accede to any projects his Imperial friend may take into his head (that of the Suez Canal only excepted), Mr. SEYMOUR FITZGERALD and Lord ELLENBOROUGH express in Parliament what the Carlton Club talks daily over its wine; and Lords NORMANBY and SHAFTESBURY are understood to speak as sponsors for inarticulate royalty.

In such a conflict of prejudices and passions, what course ought the faithful representatives of the people in Parliament and their faithful warders in the press to pursue? Shall we lend ourselves to dynastic schemers of reaction and restoration, or become the passive apologists of *parvenu* absolutism? Shall we make a quarrel with the ruler of France about the possession of a parish or two at the foot of the Alps, which its hereditary owner hardly pretends to regret seriously having agreed to resign as a sort of nominal consideration for the splendid acquisition of Lombardy and the Duchies? Shall we stimulate the pugnacity of a generous and credulous nation to head a second League of Pilsnitz in defence of Germany, before Germany affects to believe herself to be in danger, or calls on us for help? Shall we begin to load the back of industry with war taxes to provide an army, a fleet, and a commissariat for the Princes of the House of BOURBON,

whose heritage in France, in Italy, and in Spain, our fathers spent five hundred millions of money in the ineffectual attempt permanently to restore?

Far be it from us to argue this great question on the sordid and blind ground taken by the Manchester School. God forbid that we should ever say, "Perish, Savoy!" lest a profitable commercial treaty should be marred by our interposition; and "all honour to the Constitution of the United States," negro slavery included, because a cheap and regular supply of cotton is indispensable to millocrat fortune-making. It is on far different grounds that we deprecate the excitement of animosity between the two countries. It is because we know that the annexation of Savoy is a mere pretence, while the hope of resuscitating Legitimacy by a dynastic league is the real and actuating motive, that we resist the appeals professedly made on behalf of the inhabitants of Nice and Chambery. But neither do we desire, on the other hand, to encourage a craven tone of deference to the man who, having won the imperial diadem by an act of surpassing treachery to freedom at home, tries vainly to persuade the world that, for sake of realising an abstract idea of Italian independence, he undertook a perilous and costly war. We believe nothing of the kind. We believe that his objects in that war were, in the main, personal and egotistical. He wanted distraction for the minds of his subjects at home, and *éclat* for his name abroad. The humiliation of the Court of Austria, which had snubbed him as a suitor, and deceived him as an ally, was, in itself, no small temptation. The creation of a new, second-rate kingdom, south of the Alps, after the fashion of his uncle and prototype, had also its fascination for one who lives in a world of splendid dreams. To show that he possessed hereditary claims to the sword of NAPOLEON as well as to his sceptre, was perhaps paramount to all other considerations. But, whatever may have been the contributory impulses that actuated him, we have little doubt of their scope and character. The good service he has rendered to the Italian cause need not, therefore, and ought not, as a matter of fact, to be denied. On the contrary, if its acknowledgment tends to encourage its continuance, and in so far as it does so, its cheerful recognition seems to us a duty at the present time. But men who care for England's honour and for England's interest, will neither temporise with Bourbonist intrigues nor truckle to Bonapartist ambition. Their path lies clear of "both your Houses."

THE NEW BOROUGH FRANCHISE.

THERE is no disposition, as far as we know, to undervalue the concession proposed by the new Reform Bill to the industry and intelligence of the towns. That three men should in future be able to vote for representatives in Parliament where two only can now exercise that privilege, is a substantial improvement not to be despised. There are many places where this addition will probably have the effect of quenching reactionary hopes, and insuring the return to Parliament by a decisive majority of men representing the real wants and wishes of the great body of the people. There are other places, where hitherto it has been found worse than useless to bring forward men of earnestness and liberality of purpose, for which it will become possible for such men to stand. We may add that we know of none in which the addition to the constituency is likely to produce an opposite effect; and as no pretence is made of finality on the present occasion, and we are only asked to give a receipt on account, it were mere folly to hesitate about doing so. Throughout the country there is a quiet feeling of satisfaction at the step in advance about to be made, not so much for its own sake, as from the belief that it will necessarily lead in due time to others of importance. In whatever, therefore, we may have to say on the subject, we wish to be distinctly understood as desiring that, even in its present shape, the Bill should pass into a law during the present session.

We cannot, however, abstain from expressing our regret at certain omissions in the present measure, which we had not to complain of in that of the late Government. It sounds very well, no doubt, in an introductory statement, to talk of simplicity of design and uniformity of plan; but the wants of an old and mixed community like ours are not uniform, and no simple or single specific can be made applicable to them fairly. That every man occupying a £6 house, personally rated in respect thereof, and punctually paying all rates and taxes for which it is liable, should be clothed with the franchise, is very just and wise. It would be juster and wiser still to dispense with the conditions regarding personal rating, and payment of rates, because, from the varying conditions of the communities which inhabit our towns, there are in many places thousands of persons whom these tests will exclude, who are in every respect as well qualified to possess the suffrage as those of a similar class

who happen not to fall within the terms of such exclusion. In probably every parish of the metropolis, for example, as in the majority of our principal towns, there are numbers of houses valued at £8 and £10 (in many places at £15, and even £20) for which the owners are rated instead of the occupiers; and this arises not through accident or caprice, but because the proprietors of house property are enabled to compound with the parish for the whole of their tenements, and because the parish authorities consider that, in the increased security they thus obtain for regularity of payment, they make a good bargain. A clause might be introduced, we think, with advantage in committee enabling the £6 tenant to prove by the production of the rate collector's book before the revising barrister, that the rates on his house had been paid; and in such case there ought to be no necessity for him to prove his personal rating. It is a great mistake for him to suppose that such an amendment would necessarily add to the electoral list an overwhelming number of persons. Statistical tables may possibly show very large figures under the head of "tenements compounded for by their owners," but it will be found, we apprehend, upon inquiry, that upon an average fifty per cent. of these are inhabited by women, or by weekly lodgers, who occupy part of a house only. There seems, however, no justice or reason in making a law whereby one man who pays £6 a year rent and his own taxes should have a vote for members of Parliament, while his next-door neighbour, who pays £8 a year, but whose taxes are paid by his landlord, should be denied the franchise.

Then there is the question regarding lodgers, which nearly affects the skilled artisan class, especially in London. Thousands of respectable, thrifty, and intelligent operatives occupy portions of houses, for which they pay from eight to ten shillings a week, *i. e.*, from £20 to £26 a year. What is the sense of denying such men all share in the representation? The measure prepared by Lord DERBY'S Cabinet had the merit of containing a proposal for rectifying this anomaly. It was objected at the time that the standard it named for a qualifying lodger's rent (£20 a year) was too high; but, at all events, it asserted a principle, in which a great and valuable class of society is deeply and directly interested. We do not argue the matter on the narrow ground that there are rich or whimsical people, who like to live in luxurious lodgings instead of having distinct roof-trees of their own. We do not think it of very much consequence whether a few scores of oddities, or men about town, are or are not included in the register for Marylebone or Belgravia. But we do think it a matter of the utmost importance that another opportunity should not be lost of enlisting the best of the working classes in the maintenance of the Constitution.

Another omission, also, we would gladly see repaired: we mean that with respect to the payment of Income-tax. To us it seems wholly incomprehensible why a man should not be allowed to vote upon proof that he possesses a comfortable income, as well as upon proof of a small part of his expenditure. It may be disputable, and we know it is disputed by eminent politicians, what proportion a £6 householder should be deemed to contribute to the burthens of the State; but there could be no dispute about the reality of a man's contribution who claimed to vote out of his income-tax receipt. As no man is liable who does not possess or earn at least two pounds a week, and as we already allow multitudes to vote not one of whom possess or earn anything like that sum, it does seem passing strange that for the mere sake of what is called uniformity and simplicity, we should refuse to recognise so manifestly just a claim. We confess, likewise, we should have been glad to have seen the professional franchises retained, less for the sake of the number of highly educated men they would add to the constituency, than for the sake of the principle asserted thereby, that intelligence and learning ought to be more respected by the State than mere bricks and mortar.

THE SAVOY BUGBEAR.

THERE is a school of writers and politicians who are never happy unless they are making a sensation. They are determined to be distinguished, and find it easier to accomplish their desire by violent antics than by acts of utility. They care nothing for consequences, provided somebody else pays for them. One day they malign a private reputation, and the next they stir the fire of international animosity, content to be mischievous and irrational provided that they are notorious and smart. This fraternity would compromise the cause of Italy, and destroy the moral influence of England in France, by keeping up a continued clamour about the projected annexation of Savoy—a course of conduct which, by exaggerating one of the little questions of the day into primary importance, would effectually withdraw attention from others of more momentous character. Before the war with Austria broke out it was confidently stated by some Italian

politicians that LOUIS NAPOLEON had bargained with VICTOR EMMANUEL for the cession of Savoy as the price of services which were to expel the Austrians from Italy and raise Sardinia to the position of a considerable European power. Such an arrangement might have been safely left to the parties concerned in making it, had not Switzerland been naturally anxious to prevent the extension of the French Empire to the very doors of Geneva. If Chambéry and Nice were ceded to France she would gain some 670,000 fresh subjects, which might be a gratification to Napoleonic pride; and the new territory might place her in a position of greater political power, and thus destroy the so-called "balance" established by the Treaty of Vienna, which old-fogey politicians worship with all the superstitious devotion which an African pays to his Mumbo Jumbo. Rational England, however, will not be angry because that monument of statecraft receives another kick, but will readily acquiesce in any new arrangements which secure greater liberty on the Continent, and advance the interests of nationalities which brutal despotisms have so long oppressed.

The French Government might have decided upon annexing Savoy in a manner which would have deserved the strongest animadversion; but the proposals it actually makes, although not quite consistent with Imperial professions of perfect disinterestedness, and the balderdash about France being the only country that fights for an idea, are not in the least alarming to any one who will look at them with a little coolness and common sense.

The French Emperor declares that he will not attempt to take Savoy by force, and that he is willing to agree that Switzerland shall have Chablais and Faucigny—we presume he means the whole province of Annecy, which contains about 268,000 people—which she considers necessary for her safety; and is, moreover, willing to leave the question of whether a certain territory shall be joined to France, to the decision, by universal suffrage, of the inhabitants themselves. Now if VICTOR EMMANUEL is willing to give up, for what he may think an adequate consideration, in hard knocks to be administered to the Austrians, certain mountain slopes chiefly famous for supplying Europe with organ grinders; and if the interests of Switzerland are cared for, and the changes take place by the wish of the people immediately concerned, what on earth is England to get in a passion about? Or what ought we to care whether the Germans will be more anxious about their beloved Rhine? We should certainly sympathize with the Germans if NAPOLEON III. attempted to steal their pet river, with its thriving towns; but the German people are more numerous than the English, and quite as able to fight their own battles; and whenever they are really in danger from France, we may rely upon it, the fault will lie with their own Governments and themselves. There have been times when a large portion of Rhenish Prussia and Rhenish Bavaria would have gladly annexed itself to France; and if the nuisance of a swarm of petty potentates, and the unwillingness of Prussia to tread boldly the path of constitutional liberty, should weaken the adhesion of any part of Germany to its rulers, it is not for us to resist the natural progress of events.

The Italian question is not difficult to understand; and as England was not willing to render active assistance at any price whatever, it is certainly competent for Sardinia, in acting on behalf of Italy, to make the best arrangements she can for French support.

Lord JOHN RUSSELL, whose feelings towards Italy are much more liberal than those of Lords ABERDEEN and MALMESBURY, gave advice which, if followed, would have left Italy under Austrian thralldom till the crack of doom. VICTOR EMMANUEL wisely rejected the solemn platitudes about the force of example, and tried the force of French gunpowder against the oppressors of his race. The result has not been all we wished, but Italy has gained immensely by Magenta and Solferino, and is in a fair way of gaining more if she acts with prudence and courage. We may exclaim that it would be more noble if the French Government would complete its work, and turn Austria out of Venice and the Quadrangle, without asking for any other reward than the consciousness of having done well; and we may with justice complain of the opposition which LOUIS NAPOLEON makes to the union of Tuscany with Sardinia; but a Frenchman is entitled to ask in return, what England has done, or is prepared to do, if Austria and her allies rekindle the war. Lord JOHN RUSSELL would write despatches in business-like English, conveying moral sentiments that would do honour to any copy-book; but he would not recommend creating a diversion in favour of the Italians by landing a liberating expedition in Hungary; and if the French Government proposed to do so, it is believed that, in common with other Whigs, he would be seized with an attack of the Treaty of Vienna, which was mainly founded upon the idea of making Austria a counterbalance to France.

Such readiness to allow Venetia to remain the prey of Austria, and such willingness to place obstacles in the way of the liberation of Hungary, are not consistent with a thorough-going love of liberty, founded upon principles which a free country should approve. We think LOUIS NAPOLEON unwise in provoking alarm and hostility by this Savoy scheme, and ridicule the idea of France being in danger because Italy will be mistress of her own destinies; for if ever danger existed, it was when the passes of the Alps were virtually under the control of the powerful empire of Austria, and might have been used against France in the event of any quarrel in which Germany was involved. But we are not going to serve the cause of the HAPSBURGS, and damage the interests of Italy and Hungary by hounding on Europe to a coalition against France. It is quite possible that the influence of England might make the French Government unwillingly abandon its desire of having the passes of Savoy; but if by so doing we alienate France from Sardinia, and give new hopes and vigour to the Austrian cause, can it be pretended that we have done any good? If we choose to say to Sardinia, "Don't cede Savoy, but rely upon us to help you if Austria dares to offer molestation," there would be some consistency in the conduct; but while we are only ready to look on and applaud the performers who please us, as if the whole affair was an operatic spectacle, we ought to be chary of advice which France dislikes and Sardinia does not need. Our apprehensions may likewise be calmed by a passage in Sir J. HUDSON'S letter to Lord JOHN RUSSELL, dated February 10th, in which our minister at Turin says: "The people of Savoy have long been divided into two separatist parties, one for France, the other for Switzerland. The valleys which open on France, for France; those which open on Switzerland—Annecy, for instance—are for Switzerland."

The news from Austria and from Italy is more and more warlike, and nothing would better serve the bad interests of absolutism than obstructing the free action of Sardinia in making the most effective preparations and alliances to meet the struggle which appears daily more imminent. It is confidently hoped that the result of the appeal to universal suffrage will be a triumphant majority in favour of annexing the Duchies and Tuscany to Sardinia; and it is believed that the arrangements with reference to the Romagna will not lead to any misunderstanding between the Courts of the Tuileries and Turin. It is Austria, and Austria only, who opposes impracticable obstacles to the continuance of peace; and, instead of wasting energy upon the question of Savoy, it would be better to take time by the forelock and declare that if Italy is again attacked, England and France will not permit Russia to undertake any operations in Hungary with a view of preventing the independence of that country if it choose to throw off the Austrian yoke, nor with that of enabling FRANCOIS JOSEPH to pour additional forces upon the Italian plains.

We are glad to notice that Count CAVOUR appeals to Europe against the barbarities which Austria is perpetrating upon the Venetians. We must go back to the worst days of the worst Eastern despotism for any decree so cruel and barbarous as that by which any persons suspected of being anxious for the liberation of their country are, without any regard to their state of health, condemned to penal servitude in the military ranks. While acting upon such principles, it will be in vain for Austria to go through the farce of remodelling the constitution of her state council; nor will she benefit Popery by holding it up to the execration of humanity as the accomplice in her crimes. The moral feeling of England condemns wars of aggression and wars of diplomacy, for the idle purpose of keeping up artificial balances among despotic States. The only balance the British people care to maintain is that of justice and popular right; and whatever may be the future demarcations of Europe, they will rejoice in any movement by which nations are uplifted and their oppressors cast down.

THE SUPPLY OF RAGS.

IT has been announced in Parliament that the two powerful Governments of France and England are engaged in negotiations about rags; and interested manufacturers and leading journals have complained fiercely of the French Government for prohibiting the exportation of them. That one Government should be eager to withhold and others anxious to get what is proverbially worthless is due to the fact, that rags are the raw material of our most extraordinary manufacture. We are far better acquainted with the modern improvements of the art of paper-making than with its origin, and now its products are singularly various. From being chiefly used for writing and printing some persons imagine it is little required for anything else; but though indispensable for them, they are only a few of the many uses to which it is applied. Plate and jewellery are

wrapped up in the delicate tissue paper which almost disappears as we crumble it in our hands; and solid cornices for rooms, frames for looking-glasses and pictures, are composed of the same substance. The art may be shortly described as the means of liquefying vegetable matter by water, as smelting is the art of liquefying mineral matter by heat, and casting it into leaves thinner and finer than those of the most aerial plant, and manipulating it into lumps massive as granite rocks. Between these two extremes the forms into which this liquefied vegetable matter may be run, and the uses to which it may be put, are infinite; and importations from Japan have latterly practically convinced us that the glorious art has been cramped and stunted in its growth throughout the Western world, and especially in England, by ignorant and unintentionally mischievous fiscal regulations.

An explanatory report of the Inland Revenue Commissioners to the Treasury, published by the authority of Parliament on Tuesday last, informs us that British merchants are compelled to import light paper boxes made in Germany, in which to pack their goods for the foreign market, because our excise regulations and duties concerning pasteboard prevent such boxes being made in England. It further informs us that the best regulations concerning pasteboard and scaleboard, concerning envelopes made in paper mills and envelopes made by stationers, which the ingenuity of the Board could devise to enable these several manufacturers to carry on their respective businesses with an equality of hinderance and restriction, are so injurious that it has become impossible to defend them on principle, or continue them in practice. Since duties were levied on pasteboard, and not on scaleboard, a large manufactory near Oxford that supplied pasteboard for boxes could not be continued, and was given up. It is not, therefore, as some persons suppose, merely for the advantage of booksellers and newspaper proprietors that the excise duties on paper are to be abolished, but to liberate the "most ingenious of human arts" from the most ruinous fetters. If it be, as is said, a mark of barbarism not to allow the body to grow fully and freely to its destined proportions, surely it is a mark of still darker barbarism to stop art and skill, and thus prevent the inventive minds from becoming, like the divinity from which they grow, completely masters of matter.

The Commissioners speak, too, of "the unequal incidence of the paper duty," and admit that "the evils complained of by the manufacturers" cannot be denied, neither can any remedy be suggested for them but the entire repeal of the duty. They "cannot conceive a more untenable position for the heads of a Revenue department" than to be obliged to say, "in answer to complaints from persons whose trade is annihilated by our exaction of a duty, that such is the necessary consequence of the existence of the tax." Strong as this language may be considered in their mouth, they do not half comprehend the vast evil. They think their regulations leave "the paper-maker free to adopt the best and most economical modes of working," and that neither the cost of production nor the quality of the article is impaired by the fetters imposed for fiscal purposes. But such an art can only be improved by little experiments, and the necessity to take out a license to practise it must stop men from engaging in it, and stifle the germs of innumerable improvements. It was not in established factories, but in the privacy of their own dwellings, that CROMPTON and STEVENSON thought out the suggestions of their genius; and had they been obliged to ask permission of the Excise before they set to work, our cotton manufacture and our locomotives would have been as backward as our paper manufacture. The inevitable consequence of all such fiscal interference with business is to impede its progress; yet Mr. GLADSTONE, in his simplicity, while he wisely proposes to release paper-making from them, imagines that his own pet penny taxes, —unfelt, as is said, because their evils have not come into existence—will be exceptions to the general law, and that he is an exception to all previous tax imposers. As this great art needs freedom to make it prosper, so every other art restricted by fiscal regulations, whether invented by Mr. GLADSTONE or any other of the meddlers who sacrifice society to Government, will under them languish or decay.

The singularity of the art is that no other substance is so well adapted to make paper as worn clothing. Almost every fibrous vegetable substance is susceptible of maceration or liquefaction by water, but none answers so well for this purpose as well-worn cotton and linen garments. As they must be removed, or become a nuisance, it is not possible to find another material so cheap as they are. This has long been obvious to common sense; and now Science having found it out, demonstrates that every fibrous material which can be conveniently converted into paper, may first be advantageously converted into clothing. The impossibility of finding a substitute for rags, with the importance of paper to civilization, lies at the bottom of the pro-

hibition, which the Governments of France, Spain, and Belgium have, for a considerable period, laid on the export of rags. They want to keep this raw material of a noble art as much as possible for the use of their own people. They do not encourage the use and manufacture of clothing, and so increase the quantity of rags; they rather repress these by taxing the import of the raw materials and the finished article; they frown, too, on luxury of dress, but carefully monopolise their own rags. They do what our protectionists would have had us do with our coal. They were very desirous to promote the export of the rails and cutlery made by its means, but wished to keep all our coal for ourselves. The one error is equal to the other; but the protectionists abroad keep in an old and discredited path; our protectionists wanted to make us re-enter it. There is no probability of man wanting coal more than rags, or rags more than coal, if the relations established by nature between his exertions and the external world be not interrupted. But the Governments of the Continent first stop their people from getting plenty of clothing, and carry out their interference by maintaining a monopoly of rags.

It is a complete mistake to suppose, as the *Times* did, and wrote an elaborate essay on the supposition, that the recent treaty concluded with France made any difference on this subject, or has in any degree aggravated the evil. By that treaty it is provided that a duty shall be imposed on paper-hangings and cardboard imported from France equal to our excise duty on paper. Subsequently, however, to its being concluded, and wholly independent of it, Mr. GLADSTONE proposed, in consequence of the manifest evils of this duty, to repeal it, and at the same time to repeal all the customs' duties on the import of paper. To have continued them when he abolished the excise duty would have left his work incomplete, and given a pecuniary protection to our paper-makers against competition such as has now been taken away from nearly every other description of manufacturer. The negotiators of the commercial treaty, though vehemently scolded by the *Times*, had nothing whatever to do with the abolition of the excise duty, and could take no steps to procure the abolition of the prohibition to export rags from France. Only unreflecting ignorance could blame them for the new conditions of the paper trade resulting from Mr. GLADSTONE'S design of abolishing the excise duties.

The Treaty makes no difference in the regulations of France on this subject, and leaves our paper-makers with all their former sources of supply as full and uninterrupted as ever they were. It is not improbable, however, that the anxiety expressed to get rags by new regulations may induce the Governments of Prussia, Russia, the Hanse Towns, Italy, &c.—whence we draw supplies—to imitate the Government of France, and tax the export of rags, or make the non-exportation a means of extorting some concessions from a weak Government unfavourable to freedom. In the year 1858 we imported 11,379 tons of rags, equal to about one seventh part of the paper made in the same year—for that portion only of our supply are we dependent on others. The bulk of them came from Prussia and Hamburg; the remainder from Russia, Holland, Tuscany, the Papal States, and our own possessions. From all these sources we shall probably continue to derive as many rags as before, and probably an increasing quantity.

All the countries of the world, except those in which the prohibition to export rags is continued, will be open to our rag importers; and with our extensive trade they must be deficient in energy and skill if we cannot obtain supplies of rags better than any other country. The present consequence of the prohibition is to make rags fifty per cent. cheaper in France than in England, which carries with it the certainty that rags from other countries will come to England, not go to France. The prohibition to export rags, which keeps the price low, extinguishes the power to buy elsewhere; and if the prohibition secure the French manufacturer the use of all the rags made in France, it excludes the rags of other countries from his use. The advantages of such a law are on the side of the non-prohibiting countries. Everywhere, as the people increase in numbers and prosperity, they will use more clothing; but the French increase very slowly in comparison to the populations, except the Italian, from which we derive rags. France, therefore, will not increase her paper manufacture by the prohibition.

If there be a great increase in the demand for paper as civilization advances, there is also an equal or greater increase in the demand for clothing. Throughout the countries which export rags, and in almost every part of Europe, the multitude is very imperfectly clothed. Now, without any effort on the part of Governments, or paper manufacturers, the present activity of trade, arising from increasing freedom and increasing prosperity, is sure to cause a continual and rapid increase in the demand and supply of clothing and of rags. All the measures, including the Treaty, for permitting or promoting commerce tend to these ends. The rapid increase in our colonial population, and their inability, at

least in the early stages of their existence, to manufacture paper for themselves, operate in the same direction. The number of uses to which paper may be put, and the demand for it, are, no doubt, very rapidly increasing, but so are also the supplies of rags and of the auxiliary materials of paper. If the use of it be a necessity of civilization, we have good reason to infer from these facts that the relations between the production of paper, the production of rags, the use of clothing, and the march of civilization will be undisturbed. There is no good ground, consequently, for the present alarm, that printing and publishing may be impeded from a deficiency of paper.

The United States, which more than any other country, except our own possessions, is our largest customer for stationery and paper hangings, and our very largest customer for printed books, does not in return, except occasionally, and in very small quantities, send us any rags. In fact, the States export books and maps and stationery to a considerable extent; and they not only use all their own rags, but they are successful competitors with us for the comparatively few rags which the half-clothed Italians have to dispose of. In the natural course of things, the Americans should continue to derive from us not only much literature, but much stationery, and should in return contribute to our paper manufacture a considerable supply of the raw material. The productions of the intellect have however been more free here than the productions of the hand, and the States have in consequence had the advantages of our *unexercised* minds, and have made for themselves unexercised paper. For books—so far as the intellectual production is concerned—they continue to be our best customers; but our excise duties on paper, and their freedom from such duties, have enabled them fully to equal if not to surpass us in the manufacture. Such facts corroborate the opinion that the products of our hands for the general welfare and the general progress, whatever interested parties may say to the contrary, should no more be subject to an excise than the products of our intellect.

THE BRIBER CAUGHT.

THE briber has at last been tracked to his lair. The law, hitherto believed to be inoperative, has vindicated itself; not, it is true, without much difficulty, but still with sufficient potency to establish a conviction, which will lead the way to other results.

The borough of Berwick-upon-Tweed has long enjoyed, politically, a *nascent* notoriety. Respectable candidates avoided its representation as they would a plague. Berwick, consequently, became the object of the political attentions of millionaires, or adventurers, backed by the Reform or Carlton Clubs. What WALPOLE said with respect to men, Berwick always proved for constituencies. It had its price; and so long had the practice prevailed, that Berwick began to imagine the right to dispose of votes to the highest bidder was a constitutional prerogative vested in its voters. It was in vain that petitions were presented by defeated candidates, the re-issued writ only caused a repetition of the sale of votes, so that at last Berwick ceased to be offended at a mere imputation of bribery.

At the last general election Messrs. GORDON and EARLE, the Conservatives, defeated the Liberals, Messrs. MAJORIBANKS and STAPLETON. A petition was presented, and then a compromise was effected of a curious character. Mr. EARLE was to seek the retirement of the Chiltern Hundreds, and Mr. MAJORIBANKS was to come in unopposed. Mr. GORDON and Mr. EARLE bound themselves not to interfere, but to advise their friends to allow Mr. MAJORIBANKS "a walk over." But the local Tories were not so to be disposed of; so setting aside the practical part of the fact, they started Mr. RICHARD HODGSON as a candidate. All inducements to retire were resisted by the Tories. At the poll Mr. MAJORIBANKS was returned by a majority of *one!*

There happens to exist in the counties of Northumberland and Durham an association called the Northern Reform Union, of which a gentleman well known to reformers, Mr. JOSEPH COWEN, jun., is the head. Constituting its local members at Berwick a vigilance committee, and Messrs. COWEN, REED, and GILMORE a sub-committee at Newcastle to watch events, the Union soon discovered that Mr. MAJORIBANKS'S election had been procured by bribery. A report was published, animadverting in strong terms upon the friends of Mr. MAJORIBANKS. Evidence was taken, and writs for penalties issued. The Berwick Liberals fairly took alarm, and taking advantage of the strong language of the report, in which the names of six gentlemen accused of bribery were mentioned, as many actions for libel were commenced. These actions, and those for the penalties, went down for trial to the Northumberland Assizes last week.

The Berwick electors were first heard, and a special jury of the county found that the Committee's report was a libel, but they only awarded one shilling damages to a Mr. WILSON. The Union consented that in the other five cases verdicts for forty shillings to carry costs should be recorded. Next day, the action against one of the six for penalties was heard. A shockingly clear case of corruption was proved against Mr. D. A. LAMB, and the almost same jurymen found a verdict for the penalty of £100.

The Northern Reform Union pleaded that their report was no libel. Their counsel, Mr. TEMPLE, argued that it was only a fair comment upon a public matter. The libelled Mr. WILSON was put into the box, his counsel well knowing that, as the defendants had not "justified," he could not be cross-examined as to any bribery. Technically, the truth may be a libel. But when the parties reversed their positions, the Berwick counsel did not dare to tender Mr. LAMB for cross-examination, and so the story of the bribery is uncontradicted. MATTHEW MIDDLEMASS swore that LAMB had paid him £3, and told him to go and vote for MAJORIBANKS. The three sovereigns MIDDLEMASS showed to WAITE, one of Mr. HODGSON's supporters. Mr. LAMB sat behind his counsel and heard this evidence; and, as he did not offer to gainsay it, we are bound to believe it. The defence really offered was, that there was no proof when the writ for the election was received by the returning officer, nor when proclamation was made, or that the copy of the return was certified as required by the Act! Yet, if Mr. LAMB had been plaintiff on the previous day, he would have received damages for a libel!

The difficulties in proving bribery are multiplied by law. A private person bringing an action for the penalty, lays himself open to the imputation of being "a common informer." It is only a public association, having no personal interest in the result, that can undertake the disagreeable task of proving what Mr. Justice HILL very properly called "a crime." Security for costs has to be given; and if the association issues a report to its constituents, simply informing them of what has been discovered, they must also pay the costs of an action of libel. Then witnesses disappear from the scene, or become strangely obtuse as to what really took place. Spite of all such impediments, Messrs. COWEN, REED, and GILMORE have triumphed, and have read not Berwick only, but every corrupt borough, and every corrupt elector, a lesson, in a dose which they are prepared to repeat at the Summer Assizes.

And it is only in law that a cure for bribery is to be found. Public opinion can do nothing; for if bribery be exposed, and bribers published, it is a libel; if verbally reported from mouth to mouth, a slander. No other than the expensive process of a trial can accomplish the purity of constituencies. Fortunately, Berwick is cared for; but it is to be regretted that there is no unpersonal agency in the neighbourhoods of Beverley, Wakefield, Gloucester, and Dover. Associations, however, might soon be established. A score of determined electors might do more than twenty committees at Westminster. The Northern Reform Union has pointed out the way of action; it only requires to be resolutely followed. And so long as electors permit their neighbours' votes to be bought and sold, so long shall we have candidates willing to buy; and just so long shall we have candidates not worth having. But by the process of purgation which the Union has discovered, we destroy the vote of the *briber* as well as the bribed, and we reduce the unscrupulous partisan to a political nonentity.

It is impossible not to admire the unshrinking fortitude which Mr. COWEN and his colleagues have displayed. Ordinary men, not so much possessed by a disinterested purpose, would have shrunk from a shower of actions for libel. Regardless of inconvenience, local malevolence, and almost ruinous costs, they have struggled on to a victory; their reward for which only can be a consciousness that *they* first proved that the law can reach the political corruption which supposed itself safe from other than sentimental correction.

Let Berwick beware. It has a local tradition, explanatory of its singular topographical sandwich position between England and Scotland, which runs as follows: "When the Devil took the Son of man into the mountain, and showed him all the kingdoms of the world at one time, his Satanic majesty put his thumb upon Berwick, which operation excluded the borough from association with either of the kingdoms." We do not mean to say that the political corruption of Berwick argues a closer connection with the Prince of Darkness than with the Deity of Mammon, but we may remind Berwick that a continuance in corruption may induce Parliament to dissolve the connection between the Borough of Berwick and the Constitution of the realm. Certainly, if Middlesborough and Hartlepool can establish their right to be represented, we shall not be puzzled where to look for a dead city of the North to be offered as a sacrifice.

THE SLAUGHTER IN COLLIERIES.

WHATEVER may be the changes which speculative opinion is destined to undergo, it will redound to the eternal honour of the religion of this generation, that it laboured with energy and success to effect the introduction of Christian principles into the relations of social life, that it has bravely defended the cause of the poor and desolate, and raised millions of low estate from a position of degradation to one which, whatever its defects and calamities, is illuminated by the sunlight of charity, and warmed by the genial rays of fraternal love. We have, indeed, a Herculean task before us, to redress the wrongs which bad laws, imperfect arrangements, the dominion of ignorance and the greed of gain inflict upon numerous portions of society; but no class, and no individual, is beyond the reach of the active sympathy of philanthropic religionists; and, even in the basest criminal, the mere fact of humanity is a sufficient tie to link him with the best and proudest in the land, and secure for him a readiness to consider how the means of reformation and happiness may be placed within his reach. We have entirely passed out of that stage in which the misery of the poor could be viewed with complacency, and the task of Government summed up in the falsely conceived duty of keeping the masses in wretchedness and order, for the benefit of the luckily born and nurtured few. The great principle to which BENTHAM, borrowing from FRANKLIN, devoted a laborious life to expound, is now universally recognised; and forms of polity and methods of government stand acquitted or condemned in proportion as they succeed or fail to promote the "greatest happiness of the greatest number," and make the good old term "Commonwealth" literally applicable to our modern state. For a time, political economy had to wage war with uneducated and sentimental benevolence; but, although the science is still perverted by a few into an engine for grinding the faces of the poor, the ruling classes are becoming better acquainted with its principles and its limitations, and more able to make it the minister of beneficent progress, and not the coadjutor of the selfishness of capital for the oppression of the labouring class.

The doctrine of leaving adults to make precisely what bargains they please, however unjust in principle and detrimental to the public interest, has been beaten down by the inherent strength of honest emotions, and the Legislature has again and again stepped in to secure the weaker party against loss of health or infringement of rights to which he was exposed by the mere operation of commercial principles. In many cases such State aid should be regarded as provisional, and it ought to cease as soon as the protected persons are able to take care of themselves; but there are certain axioms in strict conformity with the rules of common law that ought never to be placed in abeyance by any technical defect in legislative machinery. No one has a right to use his own liberty or employ his property so as to injure others; and the doctrine that "no injury is done to him who consents," is utterly inapplicable to the consent wrung from misery, or extorted from ignorance, and which consent, according to the rules of sound morals, ought never to have been given at all. There may be a doubt as to the best way of enforcing the duties of property upon the master bakers of London; but when they carry on their trade in dark, damp, and fetid cellars, working their unhappy victims for unheard-of hours, and ruining their health to such an extent that medical examination rarely discovers a sound journeyman baker, no consent on the part of the sufferer ought to debar him from the right to redress; and he is morally as much entitled to damages for a shattered constitution, as he is legally, under Lord CAMPBELL's Act, for broken limbs in a railway collision.

No capitalist has a right to carry on his trade in a Juggernaut fashion, and drive his car of wealth over the mangled bodies of the working class; and whenever a workman is killed or injured because his employer neglects any known and reasonable means of rendering the occupation safe, he or his representatives are entitled to a cheap and easy method of obtaining pecuniary recompense for the damage that has been done. Trade would not be injured by enforcing its moral obligations. When a manufacture is unhealthy it is badly managed, and larger profits might be made by the application of greater science and better skill.

It is a monstrous wrong and cruelty, that men who happen to work in ignorantly managed pursuits should lose half their lives as a penalty for the employer's violations of chemical, physiological, or mechanical laws; or that such a business as digging coals should be eight or ten times as dangerous as the average pursuits of the community; nearly all the extra danger being the plain and palpable fault of the capitalists, for whose profit the business is carried on.

The terrific explosion which has just occurred at Burradon may, at least, serve to call attention to the deplorable position of the colliers as a class, and it is to be hoped that the causes of

this lamentable accident will be rigorously investigated, especially as the mine is reported to have been unsafe for some weeks before the catastrophe occurred. Pending the inquest, we offer no opinion upon this disaster, and shall rejoice if the owners of the mine should be proved blameless in the affair; but wherever the fault may lie, there is the fact, that eighty or perhaps more men and boys have been the ghastly victims of a fiery slaughter; that family after family have been suddenly plunged into grief and distress; and that in long rows of cottages, fathers, sons, and brothers no longer occupy their accustomed seats, but take their last rest in hastily-prepared coffins amid the sobs and tears of relatives at once agonized and pauperised by the desperate blow.

From a paper recently read before the Society of Arts by Mr. P. H. HOLLAND, it appears that the colliers number about 220,000, and that of this comparatively small band 1,000 a year are annually killed by accidents in their occupation; and of course a much larger number injured, and many maimed for life. During the past eight years the average slaughter in coal mines has been at the rate of 1,002 persons a year, or more than four per cent. of the workmen employed. The causes of death and lesser injuries are partly explosions of dangerous gases, with which science is perfectly competent to deal, but chiefly falls of coal and of the roof, resulting from neglect of obvious precautions. Deaths from explosions amount only to one quarter of the total of the slain; and, from Mr. KENYON'S evidence, quoted by Mr. HOLLAND, it appears that out of 1,099 deaths of this kind, only seven occurred with safety lamps, and no instance is known of an explosion occurring when a proper safety lamp was properly used. In Durham the greatest precautions are used to prevent accidents from falling of coal or the roof of the mines; and Mr. HOLLAND computes that, if all mines were as well managed, one hundred and twenty-six out of the three hundred and seventy annually killed by these accidents might be saved. It is moreover probable that one hundred and twenty-six would still represent a considerable proportion of preventible deaths. One-sixth, or one hundred and sixty-six a year, of the accidents producing deaths, are of a miscellaneous nature, the chief of which are crushings in the galleries from coal-tubs or trains. These occur from the galleries being dangerously narrow, or from employing careless and inadequately trained boys, on account of the cheapness of that class of labour. As an illustration of the carelessness of employers, Mr. HOLLAND cites the case of the explosion of the Cymmree Mine, by which one hundred and forty-four lives were sacrificed, although "the Inspector had, over and over again, pointed out its hazardous state, and urged upon both owner and manager, and that repeatedly, the necessity for increasing ventilation, and the exclusive use of safety lamps, but failed to convince them that it was their interest and duty to take such precautions. They considered the Inspector timid and over anxious, and did not adopt these or any other precautions. Nay, it is even said in the neighbourhood that the men were actually threatened that if they would not go into the mine, which they knew was full of gas, they should never go in again. This could not be proved, for the men alleged to have been threatened were killed, and very probably no threats in words were used, but there is little doubt the men were made clearly to understand that if they shrank from the risk they would lose their employment."

In practice, Lord CAMPBELL'S Act is rarely applicable to these cases, and when it might be resorted to, the colliers, or their widows, are not in a position to take the risks of an expensive litigation, nor to encounter the consequences of offending the capitalist class. Mr. HOLLAND, quoting Mr. MACKWORTH'S report, tells us that, after the Cymmree explosion, a collier who furnished evidence, was for many weeks excluded from employment, although he had been distinguished for courage and activity in rescuing others from danger. Mr. MACKWORTH adds—"Considerable expectation existed that the present Inspection Act would greatly facilitate the claims of the widows and orphans of the men killed, for compensation, whenever the death was caused by default or neglect on the part of the owner or manager. Many cases have since occurred which admitted of distinct proof, but in no case have the surviving relations ventured to press for such a demand for compensation as the law allows them. The power and influence arrayed against any attempt of this kind renders it almost hopeless to expect that Lord CAMPBELL'S Act will ever be of use to the mining population."

The lamentable position of the colliers is strikingly shown in the following passage, also from Mr. MACKWORTH'S report:—"A collier's wife becomes a widow, on the average, fourteen years sooner than the wife of an agricultural labourer, and she descends at once from 25s. per week (her husband's wages) to 2s. 6d. a week—the allowance of the parish." What a fearful

amount of blasted happiness and positive misery these figures proclaim; and legislation is stimulated to enforce the righteous demands of the workmen against the capitalists by the certainty that not only would some compensation be afforded when accidents occurred, but that the very act of enforcing it would lead to improved methods of conducting the business, and the greater part of the casualties be avoided altogether. Mr. MACKWORTH adds—"Considering the short lives of the colliers and the distress which follows their untimely death, it would be more equitable if compensation were awarded in every case by the owner of the mine to those relations who are dependant upon the labour of the collier. Such was the system adopted on the railways in France; and at Anzin, the largest collieries in France, which employ seven thousand persons underground, the company have carried the practice into effect of their own accord." In answer to the objection, that compelling such a practice would be a bar to mining enterprise, Mr. MACKWORTH shows that three farthings a ton upon the coals raised would suffice for a provision; and Mr. HOLLAND, who strongly recommends that no one should be allowed to work in a mine whose life was not insured by the owners, says:—"An increase of one penny per ton upon the cost of 66,900,000 tons annually raised, would amount to nearly £280,000 a year, or enough to purchase annuities worth two hundred pounds apiece for the families of the thousand men and boys annually killed, leaving a large margin for expenses of management and extra risks." Mr. HOLLAND expects that if this assurance were compulsory, the coal owners would be induced to manage their mines more carefully, in order to reduce the insurance premiums, which would, of course, vary with the reputation of the mines, and also because they could not possibly charge the consumer with more than the average cost of the insurance process.

It may be said that many accidents occur from the carelessness of the men, and that employers ought not to be liable for their neglect; but in practice it will be found that men are careful in proportion to the good management of the enterprise in which they work; and there is no compulsion upon the masters to employ careless men, if they do not like the risk such conduct entails.

The miners have a strong claim to the aid of the Government, and it is advisable that it should be afforded in such a manner as will impose the fewest restrictions upon the methods of working the mines, and that it should be given in a way likely to induce carefulness, and throw as heavy a burden as possible upon those owners who do not choose to adopt adequate precautions. The insurance method may be the best, and we should be glad to see a scheme thoroughly digested by which the men might be protected, and the profits divided among those employers who, during a certain term of years, occasioned no expense to the fund.

A MISTRANSLATION.

THE Emperor NAPOLEON concluded his late speech by saying, "Plus un pays est riche et prospère plus il contribue à la richesse et à la prospérité des autres." The correspondent of the *Times*, who transmitted the speech from Paris, accompanied it by a translation in which the word "pays" was rendered by the word "State." In a leading article of the same journal the same word was used, and the error clinched by saying "the greater the prosperity of a State, the more she contributes to the prosperity of other States." This mistranslation of a single word may appear a trifling matter, but it is, as we hope to prove to our readers, worthy of attention and comment.

The word "pays," used by the Emperor, properly translated in other journals by the word country, signifies rather the inhabitants of a country than their government, while the word substituted for it by the *Times* signifies the government of a country rather than the people. The term "State" represents the taxing power rather than the industrious power—the power which prohibits, wastes, and destroys, rather than the power which creates, trades, and preserves. But it is the industrious power which in one country creates the wealth that rewards, by exchange, the industry of another country, excites enterprise, and extends arts in both. By mutual exchange one man or one nation contributes to the prosperity of another, but one "State," by its legislation, its police, its municipal regulations, and its wars, does not—either directly or by its example—necessarily contribute to the welfare of another. The Emperor does not pretend, nor would it be borne by his people that he should pretend, to promote the prosperity of other countries by his regulations; he only pretends to remove certain restrictions from industry, or make some alterations in the laws of France, and he tells the French that in consequence they will be enabled to prosper by trading with other industrious people. It is perfectly clear, that by the exertions of the people, represented by the word "pays," and not by the

exertions of the State, as implied in the *Times*, they and others are to be made prosperous. In the people, as distinct from the State, which never interferes with industry but to injure it, lies the productive power which enriches all.

LOUIS XIV. said, "L'état c'est moi;" he could never have said, "Le pays c'est moi." The first BUONAPARTE repeated the phrase, and for ever distinguished between the State or his government and the people, especially the traders of France. Both LOUIS XIV. and BUONAPARTE were engaged in very sanguinary and protracted wars; both were for a considerable period very successful; under both the State was aggrandized—it was prosperous; but under both, the people of France and of several other countries were exposed by the State to great privations, hardships, and miseries. Far from other States prospering by the prosperity of the State of France, they were ruined or destroyed. The prosperity of the State there was completely hostile to the prosperity of the States of Holland, Germany, Italy, Russia, &c. Because the State of LOUIS XIV. inflicted great injuries on other States, they united against it, curbed it, and confined it. The State of BUONAPARTE, in proportion as it flourished, was found so ruinous to other States, that they united against it, and at length were able, by great exertions and great good fortune, to put it down as a nuisance. That they might prosper, they made a complete end, as they thought, of the State of BUONAPARTE. Clearly, therefore, the mistranslation by the *Times*, leading it to assert that the greater the prosperity of one State—i. e., France under LOUIS XIV. or under BUONAPARTE—the more she contributes to the prosperity of other States, i. e., England and Holland under WILLIAM III., or Prussia under FREDERICK WILLIAM, confounds a source of injury with the great source of social welfare. That journal treats as identical the brutal ravages of war and the glorious inventions of peace. It confounds the destruction with the creation of human welfare. The mistranslation of one word carries with it all the vast consequences of confounding good and evil. It may have no sinister effects on well-informed minds, but it cannot fail to lead many uninformed and indiscriminating minds astray. If unnoticed and uncorrected it may keep alive error and promote misery.

Under another aspect, the mistranslation of this single word is important. The slightest acquaintance with the social sciences, or with the writings of political economists, would have prevented both the correspondent and the leader writer from falling into this glaring error. They would then have known that the industry of individuals produces all wealth, while the action of the State as continually impedes production. Consequently it is the action of individuals as such in one country, which enriches the individuals of another country, and not the action of the State, which is merely, and wholly, and at all times obstructive. Nobody says it is good in itself; it is only tolerated as preventive of evil. As both these writers fell into this glaring error, we must conclude that they were absolutely deficient in a knowledge which is essential to statesmen and public writers. For the public, this is of great importance. It shows by one single but fruitful example, that it is not safe to surrender its judgment to any public writer. At the same time, it should inculcate on public writers some modesty in urging a line of policy which may be as erroneous, as representing the State as identical with the industrious people.

Another aspect also illustrates its importance. The Emperor of the FRENCH, or the State, has resolved, it appears, to annex Savoy, and the State of England can do nothing, we are told, to prevent it, however much it may "scold" at the deed. All the States of Europe are described as in a similar condition. They are represented as "laying down the law," and the Commons of England as uttering its philippics with the "impotence of fish-fags." If the State, therefore, and not the industrious people, be the means of making other States prosperous, there can be no hope even of preserving for any length of time the peace of the world, much less of securing its prosperity. We see, however, in fact, that this "State" of France, or the Emperor NAPOLEON III., is really susceptible to the influences of the people, who are not the State. In obedience to the voice of Europe, he tries to extend the freedom of industry; and we look, as other persons will look who do not confound the State with the people, to the latter, as sure to promote by their exertions the prosperity of all, and in the main to extend the trade and secure the peace of the world.

APOSTOLIC BLOWS AND KNOCKS.

THE rector of St. George's-in-the-East and his dearly beloved brethren pursue their holy war with undiminished zeal, whilst the law stands serenely by, encouraging the combatants to fight it out. The contest, however, has entered upon a new phase. Mr.

BRYAN KING and his friends, who had hitherto stood on the defensive, have now assumed a very offensive attitude, and in a desperate foray made last Sunday afternoon, when the enemy was rather too confident, committed sad havoc in his ranks. The story, as we have it at present, is quite dramatic, and although we shall of course be glad to know that Mr. KING does not do battle as one of the church militant à la TOM SAYERS, we shall yet feel somewhat annoyed if the interest of the episode should be spoiled by any prosaic disproof, given when the matter is heard before the Arbour Square Areopagus. Some zealous adherents of the Protestant faith had, it seems, determined to deprive the rector of the advantage he has taken for some Sundays past of filling a certain number of seats in the vicinity of the pulpit with his own adherents, thereby not only ensuring himself against personal violence in case of a row, but keeping the coughing and sneezing as far distant as possible. So these good people, who have obtained what in Stepney will be deemed the crown of martyrdom without seeking it, resolved to wait after the afternoon or lecturer's service, until the evening or rector's service, and thus preoccupy the coveted position. They waited, and took their places, no doubt congratulating themselves on their triumph; but the rector was not to be done. He ordered them off; they refused to go, alleging now that the church doors were locked, although why that should have prevented them from giving up the seats we cannot understand; and thereupon were "wolloped"—their own word—by their spiritual director and his friends. Some had the honour of receiving whacks from the rector, others from the curate, Mr. DOVE, and some were handed over to the kicks and cuffs of the common soldiers of the church militant. Mr. DOVE, however, is the hero of the day. He engaged in single combat with the leader of the malcontents, and for the moment enjoyed a signal triumph. Mr. HERBERT, who unites to his profession of scale-maker the high and mighty offices of vestryman and parish constable, is, we are told, the CICERO or DEMOSTHENES—we don't know what is his style of oratory—of the anti-Puseyite party. Well, this great man had been to the afternoon lecture, and there been grievously insulted by an "impudent little chorister boy." However he got over that outrage, and went home to tea. He did not enjoy his Bohea in peace. A messenger summoned him to the church. On his way people urged him to hasten, or murder would be done. He went to the side door and demanded admittance, but in vain. A chorister shoved him away, and another person, who is described as a fighting man, doubtless the rector's tutor in the noble art, shook him. Away he went to the vestry, but found the door leading thence to the church locked: so he turned him back and hied out of the vestry door; but Curate DOVE was there, slammed the door upon the constable, jammed his leg in, and kept it there one minute and a half. The constable describes himself as screaming, and DOVE as gloating over his agonies during that dread interval of time. We think it very likely the constable would have been more than mortal if he had not yelled under such circumstances; and if Mr. DOVE, when he had his great enemy thus laid fast, did not feel particularly comfortable, he is very much above the weaknesses of the common run of humanity.

Such is the story as the sufferers narrate it. Of course every item is exaggerated, and, probably enough, it will be proved by the rector that the conduct of the complainants was highly provocative, and in one sense fully justified the punishment given them. But if we adopt the interpretation most favourable to Mr. KING, there can be little doubt that he, a minister of religion, charged with the eternal interests of many thousands, actually engaged in an unseemly brawl with some of that very flock on the LORD'S day and in the LORD'S house. And this is but an incident—a sad one—as it makes the clergymen themselves participators in a continuous history of disgraceful disturbances. Every Sunday the church of St. George's-in-the-East is crowded, and every Sunday the performance of Divine Service is a blasphemous mockery. Nine-tenths of the congregation cough, sneeze, and whistle, read out the responses loudly, knock with their hands and feet, until the officiating minister seems to be engaged in a dumb show, and are only restrained by the presence of some fifty policemen from making a desperate row, and perhaps inflicting personal outrage upon the clergy present; the other tenth is engaged in an attempt to drown the noise made by the malcontents in a volume of choral sound, or else is endeavouring to identify the persons most active in the disturbance, in order to give evidence against them upon a summons before the police magistrates. That is the way in which things go on in this parish every Sunday; and the law, or rather those who should administer it, seem disposed to allow the riot to run its course. That such should be the case is a disgrace to the law, and an encouragement to similar excesses elsewhere.

We regret to be obliged to express the opinion that the magistrates at the Thames Police Court are not a little to blame for this protraction of a scandal which might have been easily got rid of at first. They shrank from discharging their plain duty, and have preferred to make long speeches, no doubt very well intended, but utterly uncalled for. The question before them was not whether Mr. KING was right or wrong; they had nothing to do with Puseyism, or any antagonisticism; their simple duty was to punish a riot in a religious meeting, and not to import a heap of utterly extraneous considerations. The question as between Mr. KING and the inhabitants, represented say by the vestry, objecting to his novel forms, is altogether a different matter. Upon that, although we should be obliged to condemn the absurd language employed by many of these over-zealous Protestants, yet we should join with them as against Mr. KING; and we can scarcely find words strong

enough to express our surprise, that a man who has solemnly devoted himself to the service of CHRIST should persist in awakening every unchristian emotion in the minds of those persons who are his particular charge, rather than sacrifice a few gewgaws, and so save his own pride—should do his best, or worst, to damn those whose salvation is his especial commission. But that, we repeat, was not the question before the magistrates. They had nothing to do with the internal dissensions of the Church of England, and indeed had no occasion to treat this as a matter affecting any one sect, except so far as the law provided special punishments for offences against its worship. It is the duty of the magistrate to protect the religious worship of all denominations. He has nothing to do with questions of discipline or Church policy. All he has to do is to punish persons outraging that service. Worse outrages than those committed in St. George's it is impossible to conceive, outrages which could only have been committed by scoundrels whose creed is ruffianism *pur et simple*, and yet instead of punishing the blackguards the "worthy magistrate" talked of conciliation. Conciliation indeed! Between whom? Such language would have been fitting, perhaps, if the offenders were parishioners excited into some little disorder by sudden innovations; but to use it when mischievous rascals were before them was only an encouragement to the rioters. We have the fruits of this most ill-judged lenity in the audacity with which the rowing is continued. Can nothing be done to stop this scandal? Is there no one who can put the whole lot of them down? Where is Sir PETER LAURIE? We want somebody to emulate his achievements, and put down rector, curates, vestrymen, choristers, fighting men, fanatics, thieves, and blackguards of every other description, who, together, make the disputants in this religious controversy.

We are heartily tired of the whole business. When the King of Prussia compounded his singular state church out of the different Protestant sects, there were some obstinate congregations who would not be harmonious, and insisted upon conducting their old service in their old tabernacles. His majesty, however, soon stopped that contumacy by occupying the churches with detachments of soldiers. We can't, perhaps, follow the precedent in this country, and utilize the volunteer corps by putting them in possession of St. George's, but surely there must be some means of putting an end to this most miserable squabble, in which all parties do their best to burlesque the religion they pretend to believe in.

THE KING OF THE FOX HUNTERS.*

A FRENCHMAN might be excused who, on first seeing a fox-hunt, mistook it for a band of keepers pursuing a madman, for a runaway regiment, or for a ride of experimental horse breakers. To break through bull finches tough as knotted wire—to storm over park palings—to pelt over double rails—to plunge into dykes—he would safely construe only as the acts of madmen. The object of the chase, unaided, he would most probably not see at all. To quietly point out that the men were staunchly pursuing, with danger to themselves, one of the swiftest and most crafty of animals, would perhaps startle him, as it would also to tell him that this sport was one of the main causes that kept English gentlemen so strong, enduring, hardy, and uneffeminate. To all this our Frenchman would probably answer:—"Ma foi, sare, I see it nothing at all."

If fox hunting has done no more for England than improving our breed of horses, and keeping our landlords from becoming absentees, it may claim some praise from the lover of his country; but if we can prove that Melton and Pytchley were the nurseries of our best cavalry officers, and that the dangers of the chase have done more than anything else to prevent the spread of enervating luxury among our yeomen of England, to strengthen their nerves, to deepen their pluck, and to heighten their powers of endurance, we think that we show that fox hunting cannot fairly be despised by the true Englishman.

The life of Mr. ASHETON SMITH is a fair sample of the value of physical training, and of the staunchness and bull-dog tenacity of will that result from a sound mind in a tough body. He has been condemned for wasting a life in hunting vermin; but this is scarcely a just accusation against a man who not only succeeded in becoming the best horseman of his century, but who made discoveries in yacht building, and busied himself in large trading enterprises in Wales.

Impetuous, irascible, overbearing, yet generous, brave and forgiving, Mr. ASHETON SMITH would never have been known for anything but a clear head and a good constitution, had he not devoted his life to fox hunting, and become famous by attaining the rank of first rider of his age. But for this he would have sunk into a gross bullying Squire Western, with great capacity for port, and deep knowledge in turnips, blustering at vestry meetings, and stupidly tyrannical on the bench. Those superfluous energies that he might have squandered in London vice he reserved for his favourite sport. In the twelfth century he would have led the Crosses up a bloody breach at Joppa or Acre; later he would have broken lances at Cressy, or turned reaver in the March country; in the nineteenth, the brave tough man is fox-hunter, and becomes king of that guild, as he would have been first at Agincourt, or leader against French bayonets at Malplaquet.

From the day that Master BYRON's rival in love beat in his face in a desperate drawn battle in the Eaton meadows, TOM SMITH seems to have resolved, urged by instinct and ambition, to become the king

of the fox hunters. He let other men hold on by their hands; he at once learned the true vice-like grip of a horse by the thigh and knee; and as for his hand, light as a fly-fisher's, it was never equalled, the men in scarlet admiringly said, but by the great CHIFNEY; he held the reins as if they were skeins of silk; his left hand was all the martingale he required, however fierce or flinging might be his horse; as for his seat he was one with his steed—he fell and rose with it. It was always his custom, without dismounting, to leap from the back of his hack to that of his hunter when the groom brought it to him at the covert side. If he fell he never let his horse go, thinking it contemptible to see a bruised man slinking out of a ditch, and calling to every one, "Catch my horse—pray catch my horse!"

For every contingency he learned to provide with a wise head and lion courage. His great object was, at all risks, to be first, to be the best man—to be in at the death, to excel in what he attempted. His will was inflexible. If he could not get over a big fence, he rode for a fall. "There is no place," he said; "one cannot go over with a fall; all men who are able to keep on should know how to fall." He once rode at a double-rail fence on his untried colt Jack o'Lantern on purpose to fall. "The very thing!" he cried when he first saw it, says an eye-witness; "just the place to make my colt a good timber jumper. Shut the gate, and leave us alone." At it went Jack, struck it with his breast, and over rolled TOM SMITH and his inexperienced nag.

"This is the making of the horse," cried the rider, quite pleased, and remounting. "Shut the gate again, and leave us alone."

Again the dauntless pair went at it, this time with tremendous success. From that day Jack was the first of timber fences. This was done in cold blood too; and we all know that cold-blood courage is as rare as that "two-o'clock-in-the-morning-courage" that NAPOLEON regretted he found so seldom among even his generals.

It was not by any great luxury in horses that TOM SMITH attained his pig-skin throne. He rode cheap horses, and eccentric horses. Jack o'Lantern, for instance—an old blood bay with crooked forelegs; Screwdriver, a tall dark chesnut, that threw everybody; and Ayston, a yellow bay, with tender back and pigeon toes.

Loved by his hounds, feared by his horses, TOM SMITH is a fine picture of a man when starting for the chase, all ablaze in scarlet, on his strong glossy bay, some dark November day, when the drift-clouds slope from the south-west, and the orange leaves are rolling in frightened leaps under the Tedworth elms; a few hours hence he will be no longer the grave, stern, quiet horseman riding forth among a crowd of brave men, telling some young beginner never to go fast at his fences, except water; but he will be riding like a wild huntsman over plough and fallow, skimming ridge and furrow like a bird, bursting like a congreve rocket through wiry bull-finch, swishing over brook and hedge, inning or outing over double rails, ready in fact to run sword in hand at anything and go anywhere. He may be all "blood and thorns," but he will be close to the fox, and will be there to toss the red lump of torn fur to the leaping dogs. Away he will go by Wilster wood, straight for Nettleton Hanger, down the steep slope, through the churchyard, up to Faccombe wood, on by Privet, through a corner of Charldown, into a vale below East Woodhay, and on to a farm in the meadows, where they will run in, no check or turn in one hour and twenty minutes.

Nothing stopped TOM SMITH, the king of riders and the emperor of foxhunters. On a hard puller he once leaped a ravine twelve feet deep and twenty-one across. He would have flown at a chalk pit had it come between him and a fox nearly ready to yield his brush. Once, in Leicestershire, he cleared an ox fence and hedge, besides ditch and back rails—certain death to any one else. Many times the great Skeleton sat watching for TOM SMITH in a wet Leicestershire ditch, but he never succeeded in trapping him; though he often fell eight times a day. He got through dykes where twenty men had been soused. He drove over posts and rails which even when broken other men would not face.

Every man has his climax. TOM SMITH's was in Lincolnshire; there he made his finest leap. It was on the banks of the Fosdyke, a navigable canal, crossed by two bridges, the one a bridle, the other a cart bridge, and running side by side at several yards distance. At the side of these bridges was a high gate, leading into a high field, and along each side of them a low rail, to protect persons while passing. TOM SMITH, riding along one of these bridges, found the nearest gate locked, the further one open. He immediately put his horse at the rails, and jumped across and over the opposite rails on to the other bridge, to the wonder of every one.

Superior in the field TOM SMITH never allowed. When he was riding to eclipse a rival, he used to be heard through thick hedges, crashing through bull-finches and rattling over gates as if his horse had run away with him. Once, when riding on Radical, determined to beat off a farrier who was trying to follow him close, he went at a hog-backed style, with a tremendous drop and steps leading into a road. Radical cleared it; but the farrier was thrown off, and taken up for dead.

In spite of this swift fury of riding, so skilful and merciful was Mr. SMITH, that though he never shirked a fence, he never killed a horse by hard riding, nor did one ever drop dead under him. His dogs and horses loved him because he was just, because he was their ruler, and one who dared do more than they ever dared. His fifty horses were all pets; his dogs, directly they were let loose from the kennel of a morning, made to his study window, and

* Reminiscences of the late Thomas Asheton Smith, Esq. By Sir JOHN B. BARDELEY WILMOT, Bart. London: Murray.

waited patiently till he came out. He could remember every dog by his face, and it only took him one interview to fix the names of a dozen new hounds in his memory. Every dog had its own story. This one always brought home the fox's head; that one unaided had drawn a marten cat out of a heap of hurdles; a third had rolled with a fox off the roof of a barn.

His whippers-in were wiry as Spartans, and quite as brave. One of them used to be famous, not caring for losing blood, for boring holes for his master in bull-finches. TOM SMITH used to say of one of them who died of consumption, he would have given ten thousand pounds to save him. It was touching when the mighty hunter was eighty years old—an interview he had with his old whipper-in, TOM WINGFIELD. "May I make so bold, Sir, to ask," inquired the whip, "whether you can manage *them there* big places as well as you used to in old Jack o' Lantern's days?"

"I hear no complaints," said the Squire resolutely; "and I believe my nerve is as good as ever."

"Ah! sir," said Tom the whip, sorrowfully, "it is not so with me; for though my sight fails me, them there big places looks twice as big to me as ever they used to."

The wish of another whip was "to be laid alongside master" in the mausoleum at Tedworth, with Ham Ashley and Paul Potter the hunters, and three or four couple of favourite hounds, "in order that they might be all ready to start again together in the next world."

It was a sad sight for fox-hunters when, in November, 1857, Tom Smith, in plain black, rode up to the meet, and as the scarlet river of horsemen poured through the park-gates, dismounted again slowly, and returned regretfully into his hall, never more to mount the pig-skin.

We close the pleasantly-written, manly book, confident that it records the skill and courage of a true Englishman. It is no bad epitaph to inscribe over a man, that "he succeeded and excelled in everything that he undertook."

CHATHAM AND WELLINGTON ON CONCESSION.

FEW people fully appreciate the danger of over-estimating a little good, when mingled with a superabundance of the contrary. The most perilous shops to the collector are those where one decent picture is discoverable amongst a mass of rubbish; and an occasional truism from a privileged jester in the House of Commons or out of it, invariably passes for double its worth.

The "misce stultitiam consiliis brevem" (would that it were always brevis!) ought to be a favourite adage in England. The ordinary Englishman is, when at work, a hardworking and earnest animal, and loves a little by-play and the semblance of ease. He likes the nonchalance with which PALMERSTON tempers his exertions, and heard with secret delight Lord MELBOURNE declare that he knew nothing about diplomacy, and that he merely wished to take the common-sense view of an important political question. This mode of treatment suits equally the fun and humour of the lower Englishman, who has a secret sympathy with it; it disavows the pedantry of which we all have an inordinate horror, and is acceptable to the "far niente" spirit of the higher circles, who love repose, or the appearance of it, and who are inclined to denounce as rather vulgar an excessive earnestness even in ordinary conversation.

Hence our love of the easy-going and jocular; hence our tolerance of SITHORPE, and of those who seem anxious to step into his empty shoes.

When Sir ROBERT PEELE held the bat one day on the Oxford cricket ground, a member of the landed aristocracy—we think Lord WARD, but we may be mistaken—said humorously, "Your father has just bowled us out (alluding to the measures for Free-trade), and we mean to bowl you out as soon as possible." We heartily wish Sir ROBERT may have occasionally his one run, certainly no more, particularly when the Emperor of the French is bowling. Such players, when they make a hit, too frequently drive the ball into their fellow batsman's wickets. Sir ROBERT's present play during his last two innings has been first to object to the defence of our volunteer corps, and next to move a question which just at the moment every sensible member of the House wished to suppress—the intentions of the French Emperor respecting Savoy; just the one difficulty that might lead to hostility, or the threat of it. We simply state the fact. It may be meant as a mystification; if so, it is on rather too serious a subject—if seriously, the honourable member's own special reasons are not particularly worth discussing.

It used formerly to be said, "Quand les Français ont parlé, ils ont fini; quand les Anglais ont parlé ils commencent." We almost begin to fear that the adage is undergoing a reversal by no means creditable to the national character. With the French it has been far more the word and the blow; with the English, panic, talk—panic, talk, and at last, tardily, preparation. It seems that Sir ROBERT PEELE likes the talk, and ridicules the preparation. Now, to us, it appears that nothing can be more undignified than this snarling and growling about a matter for which—and Mr. MILNES and Sir ROBERT PEELE know it full well—we do not mean to fight; and there are many more who have contributed during the last three or four years to put their country in the same ridiculous position on the Cherbourg and other questions. Already there are Frenchmen, and far too many for our credit, who most sincerely believe that England exists only by the sufferance of France; that silly and discreditable deputation from the City of London—that "Do not come and eat us" petition to the Emperor of the French—was probably the first thing which added to the numerous bees on the mantle, one in the bonnet of France; and we shall not put it out again by menace in debate, and bluster-

ing inaction. It is not what in our private opinion we ought to do in this Savoy question, it is what the nation infallibly will do, which should be considered. England, it is pretty evident, will go to war for nothing that is not of paramount importance, and paramount importance to English interests. She will not, for the sake of the "French side of the mountains" tear to pieces the Treaty of Commerce, which is at once an important benefit to herself, and the strongest and most artful, though most indirect discouragement to the dangerous and almost unmanageable predominance of the military spirit in France—a view of the matter which most writers and debaters seem strangely to have missed. But should this not be the primary object of the Emperor, should the Treaty be merely a trap to compromise England with France so far as to prevent the former from taking up arms on a motive of generosity and honour, it is, we believe—we might almost say fear—a trap into which England would rush with her eyes open, content to sacrifice her thorough liberty of action for the substantial bait of commercial advantage; and not now only.

Some of our humorists have lately been comparing Savoy to an unwilling bride, doomed to pine or to perish in the arms of an Imperial but most unacceptable lover. If the latter persists in the purpose he has expressed, England's final utterance on the subject may probably be found in "Antony and Cleopatra:"—

"Under a compelling occasion, let women die; it were a pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing."

So says the cruel and ungentle ENOBARBUS. Whether nobly or ignobly, England will allow the King of Sardinia to exchange his "set of attics, commanding an unequalled view of mountain scenery," for "a good ground floor," without any obnoxious remonstrance. At the worst, we should not be making half the sacrifices to keep the peace which we made to make it at the Treaty of Utrecht, and at other periods of our history. It is not like a resignation of our own possession, which was offered by STANHOPE, a not unpatriotic minister when Gibraltar was the stake. We have no ministers like CHATHAM, when, in 1770, taking example from the annexation of Lorraine, "in some measure a pacific conquest," he warned England against allowing a somewhat similar annexation—that of Corsica, which, as it happens by a curious fatality, led to a good many other annexations, pacific and the contrary, by placing the BONAPARTES on the throne of France. As to the wish of the bride on this occasion, expressed by deputation, we believe as much in its sincerity as in that of the sham Belgian deputies who at the commencement of the republican aggressions came to express their desire to be united to France.

Not to put Algeria into the scale against the "mountain shed," and say that they weigh equal, because nothing could vary more than opinions, might reasonably do as to the relative importance of the two possessions and the comparative justice of their occupation. We only propose to give WELLINGTON's opinion with regard to the occupation of the former, and the notice which he thought England should take of it. He said simply, "Let them have it, and say nothing about it." CHATHAM had been a cornet, but WELLINGTON had been a general, and was at least quite as much interested as CHATHAM in England's honour; but WELLINGTON, with, perhaps, less political foresight, had a more salutary fear of war; he had seen more bloodshed, and, like SOULT, had a greater dread of its recurrence, and, above all, he dreaded war when England was not most thoroughly prepared or intolerably provoked.

We may be prepared now; but, nevertheless, England most certainly will not make the Savoy business a *casus belli*. A calm governmental remonstrance is all the matter admits of, with as little chattering and threatening in the newspapers or the House of Commons as possible; let the country be spared the shame of making herself a spectacle of impotent anger.

Notwithstanding England's probable submission on this occasion, it is as well to hint to our French friends that she is capable of being provoked. Let France interfere seriously with important English interests—let France, either with swift or tardigrade movements, attempt to advance by yards instead of by inches, and she may depend upon it the old game would be played over again, for England would probably not be without allies. Any Whig ministry who then attempted to temporise, or interfere, or counsel disgrace would be kicked out of power as surely and as summarily as Mr. BRIGHT was out of Manchester. England was the slowest to begin the war of the French Revolution; when she once began, she never desisted till she had driven the French from one end of Spain out at the other, and finished at Paris the task she had set herself. At such a period she would not allow herself the innocent relaxation of even laughing at Sir ROBERT PEELE's jokes. We might have preferred Mr. ROBBUCK as a worthier subject for expostulation, but his clamours, often injudicious, are sometimes of service, and the Honourable Baronet's two innings tempted us to give him the preference.

THE NEW CONSTITUENCIES.

IN the new Reform Bill, four of our great commercial and manufacturing towns are to have one additional member each. Twenty-five smaller boroughs are to be shorn of one member, and three towns that have hitherto been but polling-places for others, are to return in future Parliaments one member each. So far, so good. Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, and Leeds, now returning two members, are to return three members each; and Guildford, Hertford, Devizes, etc., now returning two members, are to return in future Parliaments one member each. The new

boroughs which are to return one member each, are Birkenhead, Burnley, and Staleybridge. These places have till now been servants to their nearer and more petted neighbours: the proposed Reform Bill intends making them their own masters for the future, and rightly too. These towns have long since, to all intents and purposes, outgrown their political minority, and are quite able to speak and act for themselves. Guildford and similar boroughs can well afford to lose one member, and let such member get, if he can, on the back of a broader constituency. The population of Guildford does not reach seven thousand; its registered electors are six hundred and ninety-nine only. Now Staleybridge, which belongs to the parish and borough of Ashton-under-Lyne—a place not greatly its superior—has a population of fifteen thousand, or thereabouts; is a busy market town, and carries on important and extensive manufactures. Mr. MILNER GIBSON, who represents Ashton-under-Lyne, doubtless has it in his power to testify to this; or take Birkenhead, a large and thriving town on the Mersey, with a population of twenty thousand, and communicating by rail and by river with every part of the country. Why should Birkenhead be without a member? It is as distinct from Liverpool as a broad river can make it. Its inhabitants are numerous, intelligent, industrious, and as equally deserving of a representative in Parliament as the constituents of any borough in the country. The members for Liverpool no more represent Birkenhead than they represent the City of London. It is therefore just that Birkenhead should have a member of its own. It is the same with Burnley. Here is a population unrepresented which is double that of some other places which have two representatives in Parliament. There is a considerable trade in cotton and woollen fabrics, in brass and iron, carried on in Burnley. The people of Birkenhead, Burnley, and Staleybridge will now, however, feel grateful to the concoctors of the Reform Bill that they did not overlook their just and manifest claims, and they will, we doubt not, accept gladly the boon of a real, not a "fancy," franchise which is offered to them, while they console themselves with the reflection that it is better late than never.

We trust that the places which are to be boroughs and to return one member each to Parliament, will have the good fortune to choose the "right man" to represent them in a coming day. For Staleybridge we have heard it reported that Mr. JOHN CHETHAM is likely to be the first representative, and we are right glad to hear it, for he is a man of great intelligence and energy, well acquainted with public affairs, and one in whom the people of Staleybridge, and indeed the people of England, may place any confidence.

The increased franchise would be a miserable acquisition to any people, if they merely allowed a nominee to come down upon them like "the wolf on the fold" from a metropolitan club, and with the gleaming influence of his gold to succeed in enslaving their minds, perverting their consciences, and handing them over to some self-seeking party. We would advise the people of Birkenhead, Burnley, and Staleybridge to be wise and firm at the outset of their political career, and choose from amongst themselves an honest representative.

TRIALS FOR MURDER IN THE PAPAL STATES.*

OF late years, round and about Viterbo, there was a well-known character, GIOVANNI UGOLINI by name, a sort of itinerant Jack-of-all-trades; he wandered about from place to place, picking up any odd job he could find, and begging when he could turn his hand to nothing else. He is described in the legal reports as a tinker and umbrella-mender, but he seems also to have hit out a line of business—new to us at any rate—as tomb and monument scraper. By these various trades he scraped together a good bit of money for a man in his position, some persons said as much as seventy scudi, that is, about £14 odd. On the 4th of May, 1857, UGOLINI left the little town of Castel Giorgio, with the avowed intention of going to Viterbo that day for the purpose of changing his monies into Tuscan coin. Being belated on his road, he resolved to stop over the night at the cottage of a certain ANDREA VOLPI, which lay on his road, and where he had often slept before. On the following morning, about eight o'clock, he left VOLPI'S house, and went on his way towards Viterbo. Nothing more is positively known about him, except that on the same day his body was found on a by-path a little off the direct road to Viterbo, covered with wounds. No money was discovered about his person, while there was every indication of his clothes and pack having been rammaged and rifled.

Assuming, as one must do, the correctness of these facts, there can be no doubt that a very brutal murder and robbery had been committed. For some reasons, which we are not told, the suspicions of the police fell at once on one of VOLPI'S sons, called SERAFINO, a lad of about twenty-two, and on a friend of his, a certain BONAVENTURA STARNA, about two years older than himself, both common labourers, who were arrested in consequence on the 7th of May. They were not tried, however, till the 27th of April in the year following, when they were arraigned before the lay criminal and civil court of Viterbo.

The two prisoners are, nevertheless, not tried on the same ground. VOLPI is arraigned by the public prosecutor on the charge of wilful murder, accompanied with treachery and robbery, while STARNA is only accused as an accomplice to the crime, not as a principal. Before the actual guilt of either prisoner was legally established, the public prosecutor, that is, the Government, virtually decided the

relative amount of their respective hypothetical guilt. The justice of this proceeding may be questioned, but its motive is obvious enough. There was little or no direct evidence against the prisoners. "With both of them," says the sentence of the Court, "a criminal motive could be established, in the fact of their avowed poverty, as they each clearly admitted that neither they nor their families possessed anything in this world, and that they derived the means of their miserable daily sustenance from their own labour alone." A very close intimacy was proved to have existed between the prisoners; so much so, indeed, that STARNA had frequently been reproved by his parents for his friendship with a man who stood in such ill repute as VOLPI. The fact that the murdered man was, or was believed to be, in possession of money, was shown to be well known amongst the VOLPI family. Two of SERAFINO VOLPI'S brothers were reported to have spoken to third parties of UGOLINI'S savings, and one of them expressed a wish to rob him. Why this brother was never arrested or investigated is one of the many mysteries, by the way, you come across in these Papal reports. SERAFINO too, had mentioned, himself, to a neighbour, his suspicions of the tinker's having saved money. On the morning of the murder, STARNA was shown to have come to VOLPI'S house, to have talked with SERAFINO, and to have left it in his company shortly after UGOLINI'S departure. After about an hour's absence, SERAFINO VOLPI returned home, and therefore had had time enough to commit the murder. He was also shown to have been in possession of a knife which might have inflicted the wounds found on the corpse, and about which he could give no satisfactory account.

These appear to have been all the facts that could be established against either of the prisoners by direct evidence; and, at the worst, such facts could only be said to constitute a case for suspicion. Previous, however, to the trial, STARNA turned what we should call "king's evidence," and in contradiction to his previous statements made a confession, on which the prosecution practically rested its case. According to this confession of STARNA, on the morning of the murder he called accidentally at the VOLPI'S cottage, and stopped there till after the departure of the tinker UGOLINI, who was previously an entire stranger to him. On his preparing to go home himself, SERAFINO VOLPI proposed to accompany him, on the pretext of fetching some tool or other. They walked quick, to escape the rain, which was falling heavily, and shortly overtook UGOLINI, who exchanged a few words with VOLPI about the weather, and then turned off along a by-road. Thereupon SERAFINO proposed that they should follow, and rob UGOLINI, saying, "he has got a whole lot of coppers." STARNA refused to have anything to do with the business, on which SERAFINO said he should do it alone then, and asked STARNA to go and fetch the tool and bring it to him where they were standing. STARNA then left SERAFINO running across the fields to overtake the tinker, and went to fetch the tool. Very shortly after, as he was coming back to the appointed meeting-place, he met SERAFINO in a great state of agitation, who told him that the job was done, and the old man's throat cut, but that only twenty pauls' worth of copper money (about nine shillings) were found upon him. STARNA, then, according to his own story, took eight pauls as his share of the booty, and told SERAFINO to wash off some spots of blood on his sleeves. He also added that, later in the same day he met SERAFINO again, and expressed his alarm at what had happened; on which he received the answer, "If you had been with me, you would not be alive now."

One can hardly conceive a more suspicious story, or one more obviously concocted to give the best colour to the witness's own conduct at the expense of his fellow prisoner. No evidence whatever appears to have been brought in support of this confession. The court, however, decided that the truth of this statement was fully established by internal and external evidence, and therefore declared that the alleged crime was clearly proved against both the prisoners. "Considering," nevertheless, "that though STARNA was an accomplice in the crime, from his having assisted SERAFINO, and from having shared in the booty, by his own admission, yet his guilt was less, both in the conception and perpetration of the crime—as there was no proof that he had taken any actual part in the murder of UGOLINI." Therefore, "in the most holy name of God," the Court sentenced STARNA to public execution and VOLPI to twenty years at the galleys.

Of course both the prisoners resorted to the invariable right of appeal, but their case did not come on before the lower court of the supreme (clerical) tribunal at Rome till upwards of a year—namely, on the 17th of May, 1860. At this trial no new facts whatever appear to have been adduced. The chief object, however, of the very lengthy sentence of the court, recapitulating the evidence already admitted, seems to be to establish the comparative innocence of STARNA, who for some cause or other was favourably regarded. We are told that "the confession of STARNA is confirmed by a thousand proofs;" that "it is clearly shown" that STARNA in "this confession did not deny his own responsibility—a fact which gives his statement the character of an inculpatory and not of an exonerative confession; and that though he might possibly have wished, in his statement of the facts, to modify and extenuate his own share in the crime, yet there was no reason to suspect that he wished gratuitously to aggravate the guilt of his companion;" and that, also taking into consideration the infamous character of VOLPI, it cannot be doubted that he was the principal in the crime. I gather indistinctly that VOLPI'S defence was that he had not left his father's house on the morning of the murder at all, but that this attempt to prove an *alibi* broke down completely. The Court of Viterbo had decided that the crime of the prisoners was murder, coupled with robbery

* The foregoing article is from our correspondent at Rome, which accounts for the use of the first person.—Ed.

and treachery. The court of appeal decides, on what seem sufficient grounds, that there is no proof of treachery; and therefore, the crime not being of so heinous a character, reduces the period of STARNA'S punishment from twenty to fifteen years, while it confirms the sentence of death on VOLPI.

Again, as a matter of course, there is an appeal from this sentence to the Upper Court of the Supreme Tribunal, which appeal comes off, after four months' delay, on the 9th of September, 1859. The only ground of appeal brought forward is one which, according to our notions of law, should have been brought forward from the first, namely, "that the guilt of STARNA is not sufficiently proved on the unsupported statement of his accomplice STARNA, and that the evidence which corroborates this statement only constitutes an *a priori* probability of his guilt." The Court, however, dismisses this appeal at once, on the ground that it is not competent to take cognizance of an argument based on the abstract merits of the case, and therefore confirms the sentence.

On the 25th of November the sentence is submitted to, and approved by his Holiness the Pope. On the 3rd of January, 1860, orders are sent from Rome for the execution to take place. On the 17th the authorities of Viterbo notify to the prisoner that his last appeal has been dismissed, and "call on the military to lend their support to the execution of the sentence;" and on the following day, two years and eight months after his arrest, STARNA is executed for the murder of UGOLINI on the Piazza della Rocca, at Viterbo. On that day, too, appears the first report of his crime and trial.

The third and last murder case, of which I have obtained a report, is of a very simple character. In July last there were two galley-slaves in the bagnio of Civita Vecchia, ANTONIO SIMONETTI and DOMENICO AVANZI. SIMONETTI, the murderer, was a man of thirty years, whose life seemed to have been a long career of crime. He had enlisted at an early age in the Pontifical Dragoons, and served for seven years. On leaving the army he became a porter, and within a few months was sentenced to the galleys for life on a charge of highway robbery; then to five years' hard labour for theft; and again to seven years at the galleys for an attempt at escape. How the last punishment was consistent with the existence of the first, is a fact I cannot hope to explain. Of AVANZI nothing is told, except that he was an elderly man, condemned to a lengthened imprisonment for heavy crimes. Prisoners, it seems, sentenced for long periods, are not sent out of doors to labour on the public works, but are employed within the prison. Both SIMONETTI and AVANZI were set to work in the canvas factory, and, according to the system adopted in most foreign gaols, they received a certain amount of pay for their labour. An agreement had been made between them that one should twist, and the other spin the hemp; and the price paid for their work was to be divided between them in certain proportions. About a fortnight before the murder this sort of partnership was dissolved at the proposal of SIMONETTI, and some days after AVANZI made a claim on his late partner for the price of two pounds of hemp as not paid for. There seems to have been no particular dispute about this, but on the morning of the murder SIMONETTI was summoned before the overseer of the factory, on the ground of his refusal to pay the sum claimed by AVANZI, of fifteen baiocchi, or sevenpence halfpenny. SIMONETTI did not deny that AVANZI had some claim upon him, but disputed the amount. At last the overseer proposed, as an amicable compromise, that SIMONETTI should pay seven baiocchi, as a settlement in full, sooner than have a formal investigation. Both parties gladly adopted the suggestion, and returned to their work apparently satisfied. An hour and a half after, while AVANZI was sitting at his frame, with his face to the wall, SIMONETTI entered the room with an axe he had picked up in the carpenters' store, and walking deliberately up to AVANZI, struck him across the neck as he was stooping down. Almost immediate death ensued, and on the arrival of the guard, SIMONETTI was arrested at once, and placed in irons. With what the report calls justly "laudable celerity," the case was got ready for trial in a week, and on the 30th of July the Civil and Criminal Court of Civita Vecchia met to try the prisoner. There could be no conceivable question about the case. The murder had been committed in a crowded room, and, indeed, the prisoner confessed his guilt, and only pleaded gross provocation as an excuse. There was no proof, however, that AVANZI had used irritating language; and even if he had, too long a time had elapsed between the supposed offence and the revenge taken for provocation to serve as an excuse. Indeed, as the sentence of the Court argues, in somewhat pompous language, "Woe to civil intercourse and human society, if, contrary to every principle of reason and justice, an attempt to enforce one's just and legal rights by honest means were once admitted as an extenuating circumstance in the heaviest crimes, or as a sufficient cause for exciting pardonable provocation in the heart of criminals." The tribunal, too, considers that the crime of the prisoner is aggravated by the fact that his mind was not impressed "by the horrors of his residence, or the dreadful aspect and sad fellowship of his thousand unfortunate companions in guilt, or by the flagrant penalties imposed upon him for so many crimes." On all these grounds the Court declares the prisoner guilty of the wilful murder of AVANZI, and sentences him to death.

On the morrow this sentence is conveyed to SIMONETTI, who appeals. With considerable expedition, the Supreme Tribunal meet to hear the case on the 23rd September. The prisoner alleged before this Court, that his indignation had been excited by improper proposals made to him by the murdered man, and that it was on this account that their partnership had been dissolved. Besides certain inherent improbabilities in this story, the Court decided that

it was incredible that, if true, SIMONETTI should not have brought it forward at his first trial. The appeal was therefore dismissed, and the sentence of death confirmed. This sentence was notified to the prisoner on the 18th of November, who again appeals to the higher Court, which meets on the 29th of the same month. This Court at once decided that there was no ground for supposing the crime was not committed with malice prepense. It is not stated whether the sentence was submitted to the Pope or not; but on the 20th of January, 1860, the rejection of his final appeal is notified to the prisoner; and on the 21st the execution takes place, and the report is published.

Now, if I had wished solely to have decried the Papal system of justice, I should not have given the report of the last trial, which seems to me far the most favourable specimen of the set I have come across. I have little doubt that all the criminals whose cases I have narrated were guilty of the crimes alleged against them, and fully deserved the fate they met. My object, however, has been to point out certain reflections on the Papal system, which must, I think, force themselves on every one who has read these cases carefully. The disregard for human life, the abject poverty, and the wide-spread demoralization throughout the Roman people indicated by these stories; the great protraction of the trials, and the utter uncertainty about their date of occurrence; the unsatisfactory nature of the evidence, and the identity between the Court and the prosecution; the want of any cross-examination; the abuse of the unlimited power of appeal; the extent to which this appeal, from a lay to a clerical Court, places justice virtually in the hands of the priests, and the utter absence of any check on injustice through publicity; and, finally, the secret and private character of the whole investigation, are all things patent to the most careless observer. If such is Papal justice when it has no reason for concealment, and has right on its side, what would it be in a matter where injustice was sought to be perpetrated and concealed?

A DREAM OF TAXATION.

[As it is the object of this paper to encourage the free expression of those who have power of thought and utterance, essays are occasionally admitted to which the editorial sanction may not be given in full detail. That an entire change of our fiscal system is useful—indeed, rather that a system of taxation should be established—is a feeling fast gaining ground with all persons capable of judging in such matters. The principles of our contributor are undoubtedly sound, but the details of a new system require much deeper consideration than he appears to have bestowed on them; and we by no means think those proposed of value, except as the roughest suggestions.—ED.]

THOUGH MR. GLADSTONE is a gifted and conscientious man, and though his financial genius is considerable, yet manifestly it is not he who is destined to solve for us the great problem of taxation. In the first place, he is too crotchety and casuistic—too inclined to the complex and the entangled. In the second, he is signally deficient in pith, purpose, and persistency.

The leading principles of taxation are the following:—

Taxation should be as fairly apportioned and distributed as possible.

It should never interfere with the productive power of a country.

It should never hamper a country's external or internal trade.

It should never tempt to evasion or dishonesty.

Taxes should be levied at a minimum of cost, and through the very simplest machinery.

They should not be complicated with moral considerations of a pedantic, sectarian, pharisaic kind.

Surely our present taxes answer none of all these requirements. They are exceedingly unfair; they are obstacles, not helps, to commercial intercourse; they tempt the unscrupulous to cheat the Government; they are levied at a maximum of cost, and in the most complicated fashion; and they are mixed up with all the cant of the conventicle; all the humbug of the hypocrite, and moan in response to the moaning of the MAW-WORMS.

In a thorough, comprehensive reform of taxation the first thing we should do would be to sweep away the Custom-house, which we regard as a stupidity and a barbarism. How absurd to talk of free trade while duties are paid on the export and import of any article whatever! England seeks to make herself the gathering point of the world's commerce; and this is a noble aim. But it must be an aim futile and fruitless as long as the Custom-house rises—ugly, idiotic, and brutal—in the path of civilization.

The Custom-house having fallen, the excisemen and other robbers would, along with the custom-house officers, have to look out for some better trade than that of being troublesome.

We should forthwith proceed to simplify. We should have in London one grand department for the taxes, instead of a host of lesser and, it may be, clashing departments. To this one grand department the Government tax-collectors all over the country would be immediately subject. The system of licenses might be made universal. Why should you force certain classes to pay for licenses, while so many others are exempted? But licenses for life would often be better than licenses annually paid for. They would immensely diminish the labour of the collector, while the person receiving the license, having once paid, would be free from all future anxiety. Let an attorney, for instance, pay a hundred pounds, and then let him practise in any part of the British dominions he chooses. There might also be specific licenses, or general licenses, according to circumstances. If a man only wanted to sell coffee or tea, he might pay so much; but if he wanted to be a grocer in the widest sense, then he would pay a grocer's license.

Besides yielding a large sum, licenses would tend to make trade more respectable. If the hop duty and the malt duty were abolished, and if the beer license were four or five times as much as it is now, the low beershops would disappear, the hop-grower and the maltster being meanwhile benefited. Our unpaid magistracy is a monstrous imposture; but we should allow neither paid nor unpaid magistrates to interfere with the Government's right to grant licenses. If a man wants to sell spirits, or beer, or wine, let him have a license for selling them; if he commits an offence against police or other law, let him be punished for the particular act. Is it not in the highest degree unjust to punish him for the particular act, and rob him of his means of livelihood too? A poor cabman does something wrong. You fine and imprison him; that is surely enough; but in addition you decree that he is never to be a cabman more, and this is horrible injustice and cruelty. There is another aspect of taxation closely connected with this: the police is ordered to put down gambling houses and betting houses—it puts down neither; it cannot put down either; but it admirably succeeds in giving to vice that intensity and tenacity which make it incurable. If each keeper of a gambling house or of a betting house had to pay a hundred a year to Government, there would be an important addition to the revenue; that which now skulks in villanous corners would be open to the gaze of every one, and the control of public opinion would be far more effectual for remedy or prevention than the control of the police. In England, we find ourselves knocking our heads every day against two things—the Rump of Mediævalism and the Rump of Puritanism. The latter Rump hinders us, as much as English stolidity and unteachableness, from carrying out a noble plan of taxation. A false Puritanism, besides contradicting human nature, increases, intensifies every evil that it would cure. Its attempts lately at suppressing vice have been supremely ridiculous, and they have simply made the community—too hypocritical already—infinity more a hypocrite. This is a theme for the satirist, more than for sober mortals like ourselves, who want to show how taxation may be alike simple and productive. It is ours only to say that the very weakest government in England may now defy the false puritans; and, as the principal representative in Parliament of the Rump of Mediævalism, Mr. GLADSTONE ought to defy them.

It is more our desire to break ground on the subject of taxation, than to give, fortified by figures and blue books, a systematic exposition grouped and graceful. Of direct taxation we are the advocates out and out. If we have given prominence to licenses, it is merely as an illustration. Stamp duties are good taxes. A house tax of a shilling in the pound, universally levied, but to be paid in the first instance by the landlord, would be a good tax. But, in truth, so many people live by levying taxes, so many by avoiding them, or by paying an inadequate proportion, so many—ornamental persons—by eating taxes, that it is not so much knowledge as hope of amendment or courage to reform which is wanting. We might spend less than half in levying, yet make the taxes doubly productive; while we might spend less than half on the army and navy, yet render both more effective. Hail to real financiers! Hail to real economists! We have a word, by-and-by, to say to the Peelites, and especially about their leader and prophet, Mr. GLADSTONE. But briefly, we may now say that the reason why the Peelites have failed, not only as financiers and economists, but as statesmen, is that they have more head than heart, more heart than will, and it is will and heart that evermore gain the mastery of the world.

A FRENCH CHOWLER.*

HAD this pamphlet of M. Girardin been on the other side, it would have been entirely admirable. The acuteness with which the arguments are manipulated, the fearlessness with which the author attacks his opponents, and above all, the independence of expression which this "old patriot of '89," as he calls himself, has cultivated, all contribute to form an important and remarkable production; and the most staunch Free-trader may, without compromise, praise the tone of this Protectionist writer. In plain truth, however, in order to understand the full meaning of M. Girardin's remarks, it is necessary to regard them as directed much more against the application of Protectionist principles to discussion, than their abolition in commerce; and though the author is evidently hostile to free-trade, his chief complaint is that its supporters in France tyrannically suppress "free-trade in proofs and arguments." In this position every Englishman must sympathize with M. Girardin; and however earnestly we may prefer the vigour and comparative enlightenment of the Imperial régime to the sway of effete Bourbonism, or the wrangling anarchy of the republic, we must deplore the repression of free debate, whether it be demanded by the licence of the national character, or by the caprice of despotic policy. Let us hope that the new system which is inaugurated by free trade will, at some near period, be crowned with the yet more important right of unrestricted discussion. Free exchange of material goods is an inadequate offering, unless it be followed by permission of equal freedom in circulating and interchanging arguments. Free trade in commerce is good, but free trade in thought is still better. "Borrowing her outlery, instead of her liberty, from England, is this advancing civilization?" exclaims M. Girardin. Yes; but interchange of manufacture may very well precede interchange of liberal institutions. As years advance, and the French nation experiences the benefits of a large expansion of trade, they will begin

to have their lightheartedness and impetuosity tempered by a due admixture of the commercial element, and possibly the end of our century may see Napoleon IV. a constitutional monarch.

M. Girardin takes exception to the commercial treaty with England on two grounds, and regards it both as inexpedient in itself, and as being a virtual infringement of the constitution of 1852, when the Imperial prerogative was defined. (1.) On the first point, namely, expediency, he argues that all treaties of commerce between two countries are objectionable under any circumstances, inasmuch as they fetter that free control which every nation ought to have over the management of its own finances. Why should not two great States, by a common agreement, revise their tariffs, each on its own account, and adapt one to the other without mutually shackling their liberty?

This objection is borrowed from Mr. Disraeli, who complained against the treaty as a deviation from the principles of political economy, and "a tying of our hands in the administration of our own finances." We do not deny that under ordinary circumstances this argument is sufficiently tenable, but there is no principle so universal that the pressure of events and the rise of unexpected incidents may not legitimately demand some concession, and too close an adherence to the letter frequently involves the commission of what is absolutely hostile to the spirit. Surely it was politic in the English ministers to sacrifice to a trifling extent the independent control of finance for the sake of enlarging our commercial field, and of doing our utmost to promote free trade principles; and it was no less wise and laudable in the French Emperor to undertake a measure which, though apparently antagonistic to an established principle of political economy, and unwelcome amongst a selfish and short-sighted class, must certainly tend to an almost unlimited increase of national wealth, and eventually to the perfect development of the national character and institutions. In short, in politics as in private life, we are constantly called upon to weigh two principles, either of which abstractly true may become so modified by circumstances as to be for the time impracticable; we are bound to choose which of the two is most expedient.

But supposing some anomalous state of things justified the ratification of a commercial treaty, says M. Girardin, France is not prepared for the application of the competitive principle to her trade: French industry has indeed made marvellous progress, but under a system of moderate protection, and not of free trade. "English commerce and English industry have required almost a hundred and fifty years of the protective system to create their great firms, and to amass those enormous capitals which enable them to compete against the whole of Europe; and yet you wish our industry and our commerce, which scarcely dates from the empire, which has not yet had more than fifty years for its growth, which has only been able to accumulate capital for the last thirty years of peace; you wish our industry to accept the rivalry of the industry of England; you want to pit the child against the full-grown man!" But, says the advocate of free trade, if this system has met with such admirable success in England for the last ten years, why should it not work equally well in France? To which M. Girardin impetuously answers, "Ask all the statesmen of our time how it is that parliamentary government, which is the cause of England's strength and greatness, yet can never, as they constantly assert, become firmly established in this country. They will at once tell you that our customs and our ideas are entirely different from those of England; that we have not the same feelings or the same character; that our past history, our continental situation, our civil institutions—everything, in short, is different from England. It is only our commerce, then, and our industry which can be put under an English system without inconvenience and without danger; it is in this only that we can resemble England! In every thing else, complete difference, but on this point an absolute harmony: such is the decision of the free traders. I would lend myself readily enough to a free exchange between France and England in laws, institutions, and parliaments: such free trade is forbidden, on account, they say, of the profound differences between the two countries: it is only free exchange of goods that is allowed." (p. 14.)

This is specious arguing, and will have more than ordinary weight with the French nation, who not only recognise but glory in that entire dissimilarity of character which undeniably subsists between themselves and their "natural enemies" across the channel; but the fact that parliamentary government has not hitherto worked well in France, proves nothing with regard to the probable operation of the competitive principle in trade; neither does it by any means follow that, because a free constitution does not bring the same tranquillity to France as it does to England, therefore free commerce will not advance the material prosperity of France in the same proportion, and eventually to the same extent, as it has done that of England. A man may be an inferior statesman, but a first-rate merchant. So a people may display no aptitude for government, and yet prove unrivalled in transactions of commerce. The French have made a trial of the representative system in legislature, and with imperfect success; that comparative failure should be no obstacle to a trial of our system in the department of trade. Doctrines of government or theories of legislation are of necessity partially empirical; but the principles of political economy—and Free Trade is one of them—are little short of demonstrative truths.

(2.) M. Girardin's chief objection, however, to the Treaty of Commerce is based on constitutional grounds. By a decree of the Senate, of December 26, 1852, full power was given to the Emperor to make a treaty of commerce without consulting the *Corps Legislatif*; but on that occasion the Senate, feeling legitimate apprehen-

* *Des Traités de Commerce, selon la Constitution de 1852.* Par M. SAINT-MARCO GIRARDIN. Paris: Charpentier, 1860.

sions of the injury which an incautious treaty might do to the interests of trade and agriculture, saw the advantage there would be in a superior Council of Commerce, composed of intelligent and influential *négocians*, and were only diverted from proposing it by the arguments of those who showed that the various ministers constituted a body who would be able to furnish all the necessary information and advice to the Chief of the State. All this was conveyed to the Emperor in the Report of M. Troplong, the President of the Senate; and what M. Girardin complains of is, that the actual execution of this decree of 1852 is not in harmony with the meaning and intentions of those who composed and voted it. Now, if Napoleon III. were a constitutional sovereign, and professed to govern on constitutional principles, this would be at once a valid and a serious accusation; but as it is, since the French people has consented to endow him with supreme and unlimited power, it seems to us childish and futile to dwell upon the infringement of a decree which, at the time of its being passed, could not be supposed to possess much force; and which the course of events since then has uniformly tended to deprive of all authority whatever. It is preposterous to charge an absolute monarch with a breach of the constitution, and judge a despotism by republican principles. But, as Mr. Mill has acutely observed, the French publicists do not reason logically, on the same set of principles; they set out with one set, and finish with another diametrically opposite. The constitution of 1852 determined that absolutism was the most desirable form of government; and this being the case, M. Girardin is inconsistent with that determination in bringing a charge against the Treaty, on the ground of its having been made in an absolutist fashion. Despotism is the vocation of Napoleon III., and " 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation."

THE BUILDERS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.*

THEOLOGICAL strife has well nigh deprived us of the power of using our senses when we approach those subjects which have even a remote bearing on the religious habits of the Middle Ages. The ceaseless "jangling of the ministers," which has now been going on for upwards of three centuries, and as yet shows no sign of abatement, has so stunned us, that we are unable, for the most part, to reason on any of that class of objects which mark the birth-time and infancy of modern Europe without leaving our wits behind us. Men who are able politicians and ripe scholars, who can use their eyes and their heads on all things that concern the nineteenth century, and on many that are very far remote therefrom, fall victims to the most palpable errors as soon as they enter the charmed period that lies between the fall of the last of the Cæsars and the revolt of Teutonic Europe from the rule of his more than imperial successor.

This is perhaps not to be wondered at when we call to mind that nearly every historical work that has been produced since the chroniclers left off writing has had a distinctly religious bias, has been, in fact, a party pamphlet on a large scale. Protestants, Romanists, and sceptics, all saw that the part played by the Church in Europe, when the kingdoms were gradually cooling down from a state of fusion, and shaping themselves, each in its own manner, out of the seething mass that had been the Roman world, was no common phenomenon in the history of our race. They perceived the immense advantages that were to be gained for party purposes, could it be proved that through that long period her power over men's minds had been wielded as they, by a foregone conclusion, felt sure that it must have been, and so their ablest heads and hearts set to work at the thankless task of making a past time seem to reflect the passions of the present. Each party forged its own arms from the materials best adapted to its purpose; each gave boundless praise to those men of the middle ages, in whom they thought they saw champions or victims in a cause like to that for which they were now fighting. The Romanists lauded Becket for his most questionable acts, and reviled our Plantagenet princes in terms which are only equalled by the Protestant vituperation of that great churchman, and the praises showered upon his royal enemy. We are well enough acquainted with these opposing views, for the Protestant one pervades all our popular literature from Foxe's Martyrology to Dilworth's Spelling Book, and the Papist's case has been dinned into our ears by the unceasing clangour kept up by his brethren within the English Church, whose powers in the way of caricaturing history have surely never been surpassed save by the author of Knickerbocker's "History of New York." What we require is not views on mediæval history, but a lucid statement of facts from which we may each of us draw our own conclusions, and this is just what so few writers are capable of giving us. We have essays on and philosophies of history in abundance, but the books are sadly too few which bring before us the life and manners of the past without tint or shadow from the feelings and controversies of the day.

While students have been disputing about the theological significance of almost every act in the great drama of the Dark Ages, they have been careless in garnering all those facts which did not seem to bear on the questions in debate. Thus, much that is relatively of little value has been preserved, while, during these latter centuries, there has perished a mass of knowledge concerning the inner life of the past, which, if it had come down to our time, would have gone far towards fixing the data out of which the future science of history will have to be built, for it is evident that history can never take its

place beside the other branches of human knowledge until its whole basis has been widened and its sphere enlarged—till our historians at least endeavour to grasp all the phenomena, physical and mental, that have, during the times they treat of, appreciably affected the human family. To do this perfectly, is as impossible as it is to know all the results of the laws of astronomy perfectly; but it is as necessary to have the ideal of true excellence before us in the one branch as in the other.

The value of such minute information has only been discovered of late, and there are yet many to whom such an opinion seems foolish enough. The guardians of most of our local archives yet as carefully ward off the students from their precincts as the dragon guardians of the Princess Rosebud did the knights in the fairy tale. Those who have the custody of the ecclesiastical records of the archiepiscopal see of York are, however, a noble exception. The work before us could never have been executed if its editor had not had unrestrained use of the documents of which it is an imprint. Considering the prejudices that are afloat, too great praise cannot be given for this wise liberality.

The recent revival of the pointed styles of architecture has given an interest to these papers greater than they would otherwise have possessed; for they show, as in a journal, how stone after stone of that glorious fabric was piled. We learn where the quarries were, who gave the Chapter the timber, and who sold them the lead, whence they procured the glass for their windows, and the silver and gold for their altar services. All this, and much more of surpassing value to the antiquary, is to be found in those quaint old Latin account rolls; but if there had not been other information, of wider range, if not of deeper interest, we should hardly have noticed them here. As it seems to us, the special value of these documents consists in the light they throw not on architecture as an art, but on those principles and actions from which architecture and all other notable works among men take their rise.

From various circumstances, among which not the least potent was the independent spirit of the Northern nobility, the archbishops and higher dignitaries of York were usually appointed from among the most eminent of the clergy. Unlike the minor bishoprics, York was never disgraced by a king's bastard or a court favourite being promoted to its mitre. The result was that while it too often happened elsewhere that the bishops were the chief spoilers of their own cathedrals, at York we find them among its noblest benefactors. To Thoresby, Neville, Arundel, and the murdered Scrope much is due; for by their princely munificence was raised one of the most exalted types of beauty that the world has seen—a structure of which the very memory will be a worthy inheritance when the stones and the timber shall have passed away for ever. But let us never forget that we owe our churches and our abbeys to the free spirit of the people, not to the will of one man, however noble. From the people arose the great architects who planned them no less than the workmen who built and the populace who worshipped and rejoiced themselves within their walls. Of Thomas Haxey, "sometime treasurer of York," an ecclesiastic, an architect, and a member of Parliament, some remembrance should be had, for he was one of those brave free souls who loved beauty with a womanly fondness, and yet dared to speak his mind before kings, even when that freedom was punishable with death. In the Parliament of 1397 he had a seat as representative of the clergy, and in that assembly he lifted up his voice, as we are given to understand, in no measured terms against the luxury and extravagance of the court. The king caused Haxey to be condemned to death for treason by an *ex post facto* law. But the bishops loved and valued the brave speaker, "et prieront a roy humblement q' lui pleroit de sa grace avoir pitié et mercie del dit Thomas, et luy otroier et donir sa vie." The king dared not disobey the bishops, so Haxey was not murdered. When he died he was buried in the minster he loved so well, and a chantry and altar were raised in his memory. Both are now gone, but in the north aisle of the nave is a monumental stone that marks where his ashes rest.

The Surtees Society is the oldest of our popular publishing clubs. Established more than a quarter of a century ago, in honour of the memory of the historian of Durham, it has done much towards the elucidation of those parts of our national history that are connected with the north country. Few of its works are more valuable, and certainly none more carefully edited, than that which it has devoted to the noblest of our English minsters.

"Ut rosa flos florum, sic est domus ista domorum."

POLITICAL AND OTHER NOVELS.*

AS may be inferred from the title, *The Men of the People* is a thoroughly political novel; it is, in fact, founded upon the miserable state of the country in 1815-16, when the people had been hampered and oppressed with numerous imposts, in order to meet the expenses of the great Continental war, which then agitated the whole of Europe, and in which our Government had occupied so prominent a position. This, together with the baneful influence of the Corn laws, threw the whole working population of England into the most evident and alarming distress, a distress which in the majority of cases amounted to actual starvation; a fact, however, to which the ministerial cabinet was either wilfully or strangely-

* *The Men of the People*. By WILLIAM HOWITT. Three vols. Hurst and Blackett.

Holmby House; a Tale of old Northamptonshire. By G. J. WYTHE MELVILLE. Two vols. John W. Parker and Son.

Greywore; a Story of Country Life. Three vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

* *The Fabric Rolls of York Minster; with an Appendix of Illustrative Documents*. Edited by the Rev. JAMES RAINB, for the Surtees Society.

inadvertently blind. Mr. Howitt possesses a subtle and justly discriminating mind, which has enabled him, in the present instance, to enter with clearness and perspicuity into the details of the political crisis which agitated the period about which he writes. Of course the author possesses the advantage of the superior enlightenment of the present day, to assist him in diving with greater depth and judgment into the sources of the universal calamity, violence, and discontent which stain the annals of that age of comparative ignorance and intolerance. Mr. Howitt has not been slow in availing himself of this advantage; and the result is a novel which, for the soundness of its principles, and its treatment of the great national abuses which at the time almost paralysed the nation, and aroused the gigantic spirit of reform, that caused such uneasiness to the members of both Houses of the English Legislature—must be admitted into the foremost ranks of our political romances. If there is a fault to be found with this work, it is its evident tendency to tediousness and dryness. There is, in fact, so much space consumed in the discussion of the principal topics of reform, and the different interests enlisted for and against it, that the novelist has completely lost sight of the thread of his story, and the necessity of concentrating the attention of the reader around the principal personages connected with it. Indeed, it was not till towards the end of the second volume that we became conscious of any particular interest in the development of the several characters and incidents; then, however, we confess to have been fully rewarded for our perseverance in wading patiently through the heavier portions; and from this point our sympathies were not allowed to flag during a single chapter.

The hero of this book is Philip Stanton, son of Hugh Meynell Stanton, a man of true Christian fortitude, who sacrifices his worldly prosperity to the integrity of his principles, and dies, poor and neglected, at the commencement of the first volume. Philip commences his career as private tutor in the family of Sir Huldicote Peters, with whose daughter, Paulina, he has the misfortune to become enamoured, which circumstance ultimately leads to his expulsion from the Hall. He then rushes headlong into the spirit of the times, becomes a zealous reformer, and is hailed by the suffering masses as their great deliverer, the true "man of the people." In this character he soon has to acknowledge the bitter truth of the instability of popular favour; from the idol of the public he speedily becomes their execration. For the reasons of this change, together with the particulars of his imprisonment, release, and ultimate triumph over all his enemies, the reader will do well to consult the novel itself.

In compiling a novel, embracing all the principal historical personages that figured in the troublous reign of Charles I., the author of *Holmby House* has drawn upon himself a comparison by which he must necessarily suffer. In our opinion (and we believe in that of most people also), only one novelist has succeeded in placing before the public a true portraiture of one of the greatest men that ever adorned the annals of English history. For ourselves, we confess that our earliest impressions of Oliver Cromwell, his capacious intellect, his genius and his foibles, have been, next to the important biography by Mr. Thomas Carlyle, received through the medium of that prince of novelists, the inimitable Scott. In the present day, any romancist following in the track of that eminent writer, and reproducing under different colouring those historical impersonations for which he is so justly celebrated, must be content to submit himself to an ordeal in the shape of public criticism, from which it is next to an impossibility that he should escape unscathed. Mr. Melville has boldly challenged this ordeal; and though we cannot compliment him by placing his production upon a level with any one of his great predecessors, yet it possesses sufficient individual merit to entitle it to the respect of all who peruse it. The latter portion of *Holmby House* is decidedly the best; the interest becomes more sustained, the language more free and elevating, and the termination fully justifies us in excusing the author for a little tediousness at the commencement.

Greyshire is a simple but interesting story, carrying with it a pure and healthy moral. The author has, doubtless, intended it as a warning to parents on either side, who, marrying into a rank of life above their own sphere in society, are induced to relinquish the management and education of their offspring, in consideration of future advantages liberally held out to them, into the hands of their aristocratic relatives, who, thereupon, consider it an act of duty to rear them up in utter detestation of the more plebeian circle to which their immediate progenitors belong. In this state of affairs, should events yet hidden in futurity compel the return of the offspring under the guardianship of its natural protectors (a contingency which the author has fully realized in the present story), the result can only be misery to all parties involved. This book is well written throughout, and we can heartily recommend all who peruse its pages to con by heart the lesson therein prepared.

ENGLISH ENTERPRISE IN INDIA.*

LORD ELGIN, in the able address he lately delivered to the students of the University of Glasgow, dwelt with much force upon the opening offered to the educated intelligence of the British Empire, in those distant dependencies where we are not so much settlers as masters. He told his audience that, great as are the opportunities afforded by the colonies proper, a much larger field is

* *Rural Life in Bengal, illustrative of Anglo-Indian Suburban Life. Letters from an Artist in India, to his Sisters in England. Illustrated with one hundred and sixty-six Engravings. 1 vol. London: W. Thacker and Co.*

presented by those possessions in which we are, at present, merely the rulers of so many millions of a semi-barbarous indigenous population—a field both of personal profit and public utility; for the Englishman who turns his steps to these parts of the national dominion, has not only the opportunity of acquiring independence for himself, but, whilst obtaining that, may greatly improve the condition of the people amongst whom he settles, and consolidate the power of his sovereign. Lord Elgin has here touched a question which is every day assuming a greater importance. On the one hand, the struggle for educated employment at home becomes harder every day; the excess of those seeking it raises the standard of qualifications required, and reduces the remuneration offered; on the other, the great chance for the permanency of our rule—at all events, for its continuing to be at all profitable—in the Eastern Hemisphere, is now recognised to consist in a larger influx of English capital and intelligence. Of course that influx will not be an unmixed good; some men will take advantage of their strength and superiority to oppress the native population by which they are surrounded; but under any circumstances, there will be but few such taskmasters, and the greater the number of Englishmen in the settlement the less will be that oppression. Grant even that but few of them have an adequate appreciation of the duty they owe to the poor creatures and to their own country, the innate humanity of the Englishman, and his desire to see those at all dependent upon him happy and comfortable, will lead the majority to follow the course which the dictates of a sound policy would recommend.

In such an influx of English settlers, to whom it promises competence, if not immense fortunes, lies the great hope of India. Hitherto the country has been comparatively sealed to all save the members of the two services, who, scattered here and there over immense tracts, have been completely unknown to the great mass of the population. The poor cultivators have known the collector or judge, whose residence is perhaps fifty miles from their village, only by the native officials, who, under cover of the power given them by him, have made their appearance only to plunder and oppress. No man, however earnest and able, can do much by himself for the social elevation or even protection of a million of human beings; and as it is impossible for the Government to multiply its officials,—and, however multiplied, their very position disables them from learning the real wants and giving the requisite aid to the people—the only prospect of rescuing the latter from the oppression of their richer fellow-countrymen lies in the controlling influence of independent British settlers. At present the condition of the Hindoo cultivator is a most deplorable one. He is the victim of the accumulated exactions of all his more powerful countrymen. He is fleeced by the zemindar, and again by his agents and servants; then by the money-lender, from whom he has to obtain the means of cultivating his land and subsisting until his crop is gathered; then by the police agents, and in fact by every person who has the slightest opportunity of aiding or injuring him. The Hindoo is undoubtedly, as our Irish and French libellers proclaim, oppressed; but the oppressors are his own countrymen, and his chance of relief lies in the increase of his white masters. How far this is the case is evidenced by the results in that small part of India in which Englishmen have settled. We do not of course speak of the little European communities which nestle together at the capitals of the presidencies: barristers and merchants can do little as individuals amongst the masses who compose the population of Calcutta, Bombay, or Madras, and are too busily engaged even to think of trying it. But in those portions of Bengal in which the much abused indigo planters have located themselves, the people have been materially benefited. Some may have abused their strength, but the majority have not forgotten to aid the poor peasant whilst seeking their own profit. It is but a short time, it must be remembered, since India was opened even to them, and their efforts are still hindered and difficulties thrown in their way by the Government. The obstacles still opposing the acquisition of land, or rendering it a very hazardous investment, interfere much with the fixity of the planter's operations, and make him look rather to a great immediate profit than to a permanent income. But the general good influence of the planter in the present day is attested as well by the evidence of independent witnesses, such as the author of the book before us, as by the reports of the Government officers. He protects the ryot against the exactions he would otherwise be subjected to from the zemindar or his agents; frees him, to some extent, from the grasp of the money-lender, and is even a protection against that most dreaded body, the native police. In many cases the villagers have found in the planters a refuge from starvation, and some of the more liberal minded have, at great expense, founded and maintained schools and hospitals. The ryot indeed is robbed in his dealings with the planter, but that the latter cannot help. He is obliged to employ as his managers and assistants natives, and every one of them will have his *dustoree*, just as West-end servants will have their perquisites from tradesmen. It is no use forbidding the agents to receive or the peasants to pay it. They know that if they do not pay they will sooner or later suffer, as it is quite out of the power of one man to see that they do not. He has knowledge of the language ever so good, what can he do?—the solitary European upon an indigo plantation embracing within its area a population of one hundred thousand, or even twice or thrice that number. The indigo planter does what one man can do, whose chief aim, of course, is his own profit. He must wait until he can obtain a supply of European assistants before he can hope to suppress the injustice perpetrated in his name.

We have taken the indigo planter as an illustration of what has been done for the improvement of the people by settlers who belong

to an age in which the duty of promoting this improvement was little recognised, and whose labours for a long time encountered both the open and secret hostility of the Government. But there is much to be done in India besides the cultivation of indigo. It is needless to dwell upon the richness of the soil, and the immense number of most useful commodities which it produces—sugar, cotton, hemp, jute, all kinds of oil seeds, rice, and spices; all products for which Europe will always supply a market. Labour is so cheap, that it scarcely becomes an element in men's calculations. The only difficulty has been the conveyance of the produce when raised to the market, but that difficulty is now being fast got over. India offers a magnificent field for the employment of English capital and English intelligence. Of course, the capital must be there to employ the intelligence; but capital, timid as it is, has already found out the capabilities of India. Cheap as Indian labour is, English intelligent labour to direct it, however highly paid, is always cheap, not only from the saving it effects in the judicious application of means to ends, but from its prevention of that constant cheating which the Hindoo seems to regard as a virtue rather than a vice. It will be for the Government of India to aid, by judicious encouragements, or, more correctly, by the removal of present hindrances, the movement of capital to that country. Meanwhile, young men now anxiously seeking, and seeking in vain, congenial employment at home, would do well to follow Lord Elgin's hint. If worth anything at all, they can acquire that one indispensable qualification, a knowledge of the language used in the district to which they direct their steps.

And whilst no one must go to India in the expectation of accumulating an immense fortune in a few years, and returning a nabob to buy a great estate, a seat in parliament, or a peer's daughter for his wife, let no one be frightened by the notion that India is an excessively unhealthy country, to which he must go with the expectation of being supremely miserable all the while he is there, and the intention of running away just before the climate is on the point of making an end of him. No doubt a campaign against a native army in the hot months is a dreadful trial, under which the stoutest will often give way; and imprisonment in Calcutta the whole year round is a foretaste of purgatory, to use the mildest term. But in the interior, to leave out of the question those particular districts which enjoy a peculiarly healthful temperature, the vicissitudes of the climate may be got through well enough with but common care. At least a third part of the year the climate is agreeable; the sufferings sustained in the remaining two thirds are principally the result of imprudence. If anybody entertains the notion that the climate of India is necessarily destructive to health, let him get an introduction to any two or three indigo planters who may be over here on a visit, and he will be instantaneously undeceived. If the "Artist in India" has given a true presentment of Mofussil life—and, so far as we can judge, he has done so—the settlers in Bengal manage to get an amount of pleasure and enjoyment which many of us here at home can never hope for. Nor is India the far-off land it once was. In a little time the journey will become a much shorter one than that to Canada was even in our own days, and an occasional visit to England will be possible to every settler in at all a prosperous position. The youth of England wants a field for its energies. India offers a rich one. Let us take care that no Governmental bungling prevents its being fairly worked.

We must add a word of hearty commendation for the book which has induced these reflections. A better gift book and more appropriate ornament for the drawing-room table of those who have any connection with India we can scarcely conceive. The illustrations are admirably executed, and if the artist does not handle the pen quite so well as he does the pencil, he has yet managed to impart a great quantity of interesting and valuable information. The account of the cultivation and manufacture of indigo is remarkably clear; and, although the author's observations on the land question, the condition of the people, and the prospects of the missionaries are not very novel or striking, still they will prove of great service to many who would never open volumes of more serious pretensions, but who, turning from one of his pleasant illustrations to the other, may be induced to read the letters which explain them.

AN EDITOR AND AN AUTHOR.*

IS there in this great realm a more commonplace person than Dr. John Cumming? Is there a vainer or more presumptuous mortal? Here we have a book of travels by an American clergyman, which could very well have stood on its own legs, made its own bow, spoken its own speech; but it cannot be introduced to us, it seems, without the bombast and the balderdash of the arch-platitudinarian who wears the world with discourses at second hand on the millennium. Besides, we thought that editing really meant something. But how has Dr. Cumming edited this work? He has not corrected the proof-sheets, for there is a pleasant variety of typographical blunders. Neither has he elucidated or corrected anything. What, then, has he done? He has contributed an introduction remarkable for stupidity, and notes remarkable for silliness; and with glaring impertinence he has thrust before us those millenarian dogmas which are his stock-in-trade. Dr. Cumming never forgets the shop. The utterances of Daniel the Prophet, misinterpreted by one who is little of a prophet—and the Revelation of Saint John the Divine misinterpreted by John the Un-

divine, are the said John the Undivine's estate. Who would ever have heard of Dr. Cumming, if Dr. Cumming had not discovered that predictions about the millennium excited the hopes and alarmed the fears of so many? As respects the millennium, those are welcome to believe in it who choose; but most certainly, if we were millenarians, and were convinced that in half a dozen years Christ was to appear on the earth, and the Devil was to be chained, we should deem it our duty to act very differently from our fellow beings; we should prepare ourselves for the advent of the Messiah, and the dethronement of Satan, by prayer, by penitence, by solitude, by absolute abstinence from the cares and concerns of the world. But Dr. Cumming is the preacher to a fashionable audience; he is always glad to show his self-satisfied face with lords on the platform; and we never heard that in bargaining with his publisher about his trumpery tomes, he renounced all remuneration, or gave up every claim to the copyright, for the sufficient reason that the millennium is coming. We revere every man's faith who gives proof of his sincerity; and the more faithless an age—for our own is faithless enough—the more faith should be by the faithful revered. But what proof of sincerity has Dr. Cumming given? Not even that of studying, of knowing the subject well of which he professes to treat. As there are few more barren thinkers, few worse writers than Dr. Cumming, so there are few more ignorant scholars or incompetent theologians. Sundry Americans have borrowed from the Germans; *he* borrows from the Americans; and a curious aspect the whole thing wears when it comes before the British public. The plagiarist is half a quack. We wish we could believe that Dr. Cumming's quackery were limited to his notorious plagiarisms. But when Dr. Cumming frightens the old women in the country with his books—so tawdry in style, so big with folly—yet looks perfectly undisturbed in the prospect of the tribulations which he prophesies, and if not greedy of pence is certainly very greedy of praise, we ask him whether he should be quite so hard on Pio Nono, and on papal impostors and impostures generally? At all events, in the present instance we could have dispensed with Dr. Cumming's millenarian advertising cards and placards; and we think that Dr. Cross could have dispensed with them too. For one reader whom Dr. Cumming's name will attract, there are ten whom it will repel.

Dr. Cross is a much superior man to Dr. Cumming. Though by birth an Englishman, yet he has been so long settled as a Wesleyan preacher in the United States that he seems to consider himself an American. He is joyous, genial, broad-hearted, abhors cant, and is not, like Dr. Cumming, always bringing in the shop. On the contrary, he appears glad to escape from the shop, though quite as likely as Dr. Cumming to be a devoted minister of Christ. Dr. Cross would be a good writer, if he had not caught the bad habit of American grandiloquence. Where all is ecstasy, nothing is ecstatic; where all is emphasis, nothing is emphatic. More monotonous than even dullness is huge, accumulated, unpausing, rhetorical embellishment. Dr. Cross is also tainted somewhat with American vulgarity. He has a Yankee way of looking at things which offends the more refined English taste. Dr. Cross generally entertains when narrating his adventures; he is tiresome when he parades his erudition, which is neither very profound nor very accurate. He fills a large part of his volume with describing Italian scenes, Italian edifices, monuments, and ruins, the character and manners of the Italians. How often all this has been done before; but done with the poet's power, the painter's warmth, the scholar's indefatigable research and exhaustive minuteness. Dr. Cross, however, when on Italian ground, offers us little more than a bad guide-book, if he has not, indeed, been considerably indebted to the guide-books. From a traveller we demand the history of fresh facts, or the picture of fresh impressions. In Dr. Cross's work we have the history of facts which are not fresh, and the picture of impressions some of which are not fresh. Our older books of travels are far more interesting and instructive than the new, for the simple reason that the traveller two or three hundred years ago deemed it becoming to tell the world what he saw, while the modern traveller is not satisfied unless he can tell what he has read about what he has seen. The traveller of the sixteenth or seventeenth century might be an exceedingly unlearned person, but he had a quick and healthy glance for colour, for form, for life, for distinctive differences, and also for that eternally human, eternally divine nature which makes all nations brothers. The modern traveller has always his guide-book in his hand, has no eyes, no heart, no brain of his own, and is the guide-book's slave. Many German students rumble all over the continent with a stick in their rough fist, a wallet on their stout back, very little money in their pocket, and assuredly no guide-book there. And who sees all that is worth seeing on the Continent so well or so wisely as they? The most moderately gifted man pierces beneath the surface if he trusts to his own sight and insight; the most highly gifted man who trusts to the sight and the insight of another is afraid even to touch the surface, and cannot therefore penetrate below it. Away, then, with the guide-books, the manuals of antiquities, and the classical dictionaries, and let us once more have stalwart men, who, by sheer heroism, can create what is most poetic in the midst of what is most prosaic.

Two thirds of this volume might be banished to the antiquarian lumber room; the remaining third would be lively and readable. Some of Dr. Cross's experiences in Italy were of a peculiar kind. He makes mention of a place in Italy where you may dine on fish which you select while swimming about in their native element. This in England would scarcely be considered as adding to the luxury of eating fish. Who would like to strip and plunge for an hour or two among the waves in order to have a mouthful of sole or of salmon? Dr. Cross, perhaps, meant to say that we can select

* *The American Pastor in Europe.* By the Rev. JOSEPH CROSS, D.D. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D., London: Richard Bentley.

the fish while the fish are swimming about in their native element; but to this there are two objections: first, that the fish might not be willing to be caught; and secondly, a gentleman who deliberately selected his fish, while these were still swimming, to dine on, would feel a good deal like a murderer. Dr. Cross is not swimming in his native element when judging the great men of antiquity. He calls Cicero the noblest of all the Romans; transcendently eloquent, and with a marvellous mastery in style, yet Cicero showed himself the weakest and vainest of mankind, never rose in patriotism or in statesmanship above a sort of effete whiggery; and there was many a nobler Roman than he. Our author speaks of Hannibal's ferocity as if the Carthaginian had been a kind of brutal Attila: this is purely false. Hannibal had no equal in genius among the generals of ancient or modern times; and this seems to have been the opinion of Napoleon; while he certainly was not inhuman—estimated by the practice of war two thousand years ago. Dr. Cross is more in his native element when judging the small men of our own day. Mr. Spurgeon is a favourite with him, and a good many people are favourites with him whom we never heard of before, and never wish to hear of more. Dr. Cross himself we shall be glad to meet again, for his heartiness, healthy instincts, and sound, solid English qualities.

MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS.*

THE *Dictionary of English Synonyms* (Fifth edition) is a valuable school and college book; a single example will suffice to show the utility of the work. Let us take the verb *To affix*—which means attach, subjoin, connect, annex. These are English synonyms, or words which have the same signification. But while we might explain properly the meaning of the word affix by either of its four synonyms, we could not as well use any one of them for the other. Hence the judgment and taste of the speaker or writer may be exercised to advantage in selecting the most appropriate word for his purpose. Upon the utility of the work we need not further enlarge. An acquaintance with English synonyms is absolutely necessary to a perfect knowledge of the English language, and Carpenter's work will materially assist every student eager to attain perfection in the knowledge of English.

A *Manual of Interest and Annuities*, by Mr. E. Smyth, is a valuable little work.

We next draw attention to a work upon a subject that must possess primary interest for every ratepayer—*The Equalization of the Poor's Rate of the United Kingdom*. Mr. Hutchinson is, we believe, the originator of the plan for the equalization of the poor-rate. He has long had the subject under consideration, and seems to be so thorough a master of it in general and in detail, that we may fairly pronounce him an authority. He has endeavoured since 1829 to bring his plan before the Poor Law Board and the Government, convinced, as he had reason to be, that if it were adopted and acted upon it would substantially improve the condition of the poor, and benefit the ratepayer. Mr. Hutchinson, we imagine, must have been at immense pains in getting up the statistics and facts contained in his volume; and the clearness of statement and completeness of view it contains of the whole question, render it a useful manual for the politician, the guardian, and the ratepayer—in short, for all who love equity more than old legal statutes and obsolete customs.

SERIALS.

THE regular reprint of the *Tales from Blackwood* is, we should think, sufficient evidence of their unflagging interest. At any rate, at the first glance, this is the inference we should naturally draw. We doubt not that the publishers desire that these "Tales," like most of the good things in human life and in intellectual creations, should have a two-fold existence; and, acting on this principle, they have accordingly transferred them from their magazine into a small and compact volume, that they may have a separate and more permanent existence. In the eighth volume we have four tales reprinted, viz., "The Surveyor's Tale," by Professor Aytoun, which appeared in *Blackwood* in 1846, long enough ago to find new readers. "The Forrest-Race Romance," "Di Vasari, a tale of Florence," and "Sigismund Fatello." Each of these tales has, we think, conspicuously, the qualities of brevity, liveliness, and vigour.

Mr. Thorley, the inventor of Thorley's food for cattle, has written a reply to Messrs. Lawe and Morton's observations on the "so-called concentrated food" and "feeding statistics," to which we beg to draw the attention of every one who is interested in preserving the health and strength of cattle.

Routledge's Illustrated Natural History, by the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A., is a decidedly important and useful work, and we need do no more than mention the publication of Part XII.

No. X. of the people's edition of *Moore* is just published. The universal celebrity of the poet, and the acknowledged musical talent of the editor of the present edition of his airs, are a guarantee for its faultlessness and excellences.

The Cross in Sweden; or, the Days of King Ingi the Good, is one of a series of historical tales, published by Messrs. J. H. & J. Parker, 377, Strand. The present tale is a literal translation from the old Norse of a chronicle written in the twelfth century by a monk of the Abbey of Warnhem, in the province of Westgothland.

* *A Comprehensive Dictionary of English Synonyms*. By WILLIAM CARPENTER, revised and enlarged by Rev. W. WEBSTER, M.A., King's College, London. London; William Tegg, 85, Queen Street, Cheapside.

A Manual of Interest and Annuities. By EDWARD SMYTH. London: Messrs. Routledge and Co.

The Equalization of the Poor's Rate of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland proved to be both equitable and practicable, &c. By G. L. HUTCHINSON. London; Robert Hardwicke, 192, Piccadilly.

It is a curious narrative, has a gothic character, and will, we are sure, be read with great interest.

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN BOOKS.

THIBET.

THE Hierarchy is a plant which prospers in every soil and under every climate, and the most varying relations. For its growth, for its flourishing, however, no circumstance can be more favourable than absolute isolation, through which all foreign disturbing influences are kept far away from the spirit of the people, whom the priests desire to hold in thralldom. This advantage Thibet offers in an unrivalled degree, for it is the highest, the most secluded and unapproachable of Alpine lands—the very heart of the earth, as its inhabitants fitly call it. Walled in by the grandest, most gigantic mountain chains; in the south and south-west by the Himalaya; in the north by the Tsung-Ling, the Kuen Luen, and the Bajian Khavat; and in the east by the Jün Ling, it offers, so far as our geographical knowledge extends, on no side and at no point a free and easy access—one not crowded with difficulties and dangers—but can only be approached by paths which lead up to the confines of eternal snow, which conduct through rocky labyrinths, or along the brink of giddy abysses, or over glaciers and boundless fields of snow. And when you have climbed the highest ridge, left the boundary proper behind you, descended into a valley traversed by streams, and think you have at last gained the plain, then suddenly rises before you, perhaps after a day's march, a new and scarcely less formidable chain of mountains, and after short intervals a third, or fourth: thus does it go on for weeks, and, if you are coming from the north, for months—a frightful succession of naked precipices, of frozen plateaus, of steep and narrow passes, of deep and gloomy valleys through which the rivers cleave their way, of immeasurable deserts, before you arrive at the fertile centre of Thibet itself. Besides, there lie in wait for us on many of the heights, which we have to climb, pestilential vapours, which have been fatal to many a traveller. These vapours are produced by evil spirits—so the priests say, and the people believe; their existence, however, is a well-ascertained fact, no priestly invention. Far more to be dreaded than the spirits or the vapours are, in these mountain wastes, the robber hordes, who haunt especially the north-western districts, and often plunder the caravans. Let the narratives and descriptions of the Chinese be read, or of the few Europeans who have visited Thibet, from the first missionary Pater Andrada, who from Cashmere crossed the mountain ranges; down to those French Lazarists who, during recent years, starting from the Blue Sea, reached Lassa by the north route, and by the east route journeyed to Canton; and the Abbé Krick, who, by the shortest route,—that from the south—travelled up by the Bramaputra, but did not get further than the frontier,—let such narratives and descriptions be read, and it will easily be understood why Buddhism, notwithstanding its propagandist activity, was so late in piercing inaccessible Thibet, and only after it had subdued and established itself in all the neighbouring lands; and why on the other hand, altogether in silence, and undisturbed for long centuries by the outer world, a hierarchy was able to root itself fast in Thibet, not inferior in tenacity of influence and splendour of rule to the Roman Catholic Church when in its proudest supremacy. Thibet, moreover, has not universally that wild and barren character which we have been delineating. It has wealth in its rhubarb, and musk, and goats, in its silver and gold; the last of which abounds in the sand of the rivers, is rolled down from the mountains, and can be easily gathered. Thibet also contains plains of no great extent, but capable of the highest cultivation, with a hot summer and a mild winter, a pure air and a healthy climate, which, for the most part admirably watered, yield grain and fruits of every kind, not excepting grapes and figs. It is in these happy plains that the hierarchs dwell; it is there that the cloistral palaces are erected. To the countless pilgrims who still stream from all dioceses of the Lamaic Church, and who, on their long and terrible pilgrimage, have seen nothing but the sky, and the snow or stones bleached for myriads of ages in the desert, such plains seem an earthly Paradise, with their many-coloured fields, their magnificent groups of trees, their temples, and their towns gleaming with gold.—*Kooypon's Religion of Buddha*.

NATURE.

Great Nature, to thee let me always come when among men troubles gather round me! Thou art my oldest friend and my truest, and thou canst always console me, until I fall from thy arms at thy feet, and need consolation no more.—*Richter*.

THE PRACTICE OF THE LAW.

I studied law for four years at Montpellier; then for three years at Bologna the whole body of Civil Law; and, in the eyes of many, I appeared a youth of great promise for legal science and practice. But as soon as I became master of my own career, I abandoned the law. Not that I had not a deep feeling for the majesty of the laws, but I was grieved at their neglect and corruption through the wickedness of men. It saddened me to learn anything which I was not willing to exercise in an ignoble manner, but which I could not exercise in a noble manner.—*Petrarch*.

LAWS.

A few wise laws render a people happy. Where, however, the laws are exceedingly numerous, they embarrass jurisprudence. A huge mass of laws becomes a labyrinth, where juris-consults and justice are lost together.—*Frederick the Great*.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

(SPECIAL.)

ROME, February 21.

THE "CARNIVAL SENZA MOCCOLO."

THERE are things in the world which allow of no description, and of such things a true Roman carnival is one. You might as well seek to analyze champagne, or expound the mystery of melody, or tell why a woman pleases you. The strange web of colour, beauty, mirth, wit, and folly is tangled so together, that common hands cannot unravel it. To paint a carnival without blotching, to touch it without destroying, is an art given unto few—I might almost say to none—save to our own wondrous word-wizard, who dreamt the "dream of Venice," and told it waking. For my own part, the only branch of art to which, even as a child, I ever took kindly was the humble one of tracing upon gritty glass with a grating pencil hard outlines of coarse sketches squeezed tight against the window pane. After the manner in which I used to draw, I have since sought to write. For such a picture frame then as mine, the airy baseless fabric of an Italian revel is no fitting subject, and had the Roman Carnival for 1860 been even as other carnivals are, I should have left it unrecorded. It has been my lot, however, to witness such a Carnival as has not been seen at Rome before, and is not likely to be seen again. In the decay of creeds and the decline of dynasties there appear from time to time signs which, like the writing on the wall, proclaim the coming change, and amongst these signs our past Carnival is, if I err not, no unimportant one. While, then, the memory of the scene is yet fresh upon me, let me seek to tell what I have seen and heard.

The question whether we were to have a Carnival at all, remained long doubtful. The usual time for issuing the regulations had long passed, and no edict had appeared. Strange reports were spread, and odd stories circulated. Our rulers were, it seems, equally afraid of having a Carnival and not having it; and with their wonted wisdom decided on the middle course of having a carnival which was not a carnival at all. One week before the first of the eight *fête* days, the long-delayed edict was posted on the walls. The festival was to be celebrated as usual, except that no masks were to be allowed. False beards and moustaches, or any attempt to disguise the features, were strictly forbidden. Political allusions, or cries of any kind, were placed under the same ban. Crowds were to disperse at a moment's notice, and prompt obedience was to be rendered to any injunction of the police. Subject to these slight restraints, the wild revel and joyous licence of the Carnival was to rule unbridled. In the words of a Papal writer in the Government Gazette of Venice, "The festival is to be celebrated in full vigour, except that masks are not allowed, as the fashion for them has lately gone out. There will be, however, disguises and fancy dresses, *confetti*, bouquets, races, *moccoletti*, public and private balls, and, in short, every amusement of the Carnival time." What more could be required by a happy and contented people? Somehow, the news does not seem to be received with any extraordinary rejoicing. A group of idlers gaze at the decree and pass on, shrugging their shoulders listlessly. Along the Corso notice boards are hung out of balconies to let, but the notices grow mildewed, and the balconies remain untaken. The carriage-drivers don't pester you, as in former years, to engage them for the Carnival; and the fancy dresses exposed in the shop windows are shabby and few in number. There is no appearance of unnecessary excitement; but "still waters run deep, and in order to restrain any possible exuberance of feeling on the very night before the Carnival the French general issues a manifesto. "To prevent painful occurrences," so runs General GUYON'S orders, "the officer commanding each detachment of troops which may have to act against a crowd, shall himself, or through a police officer, make it a summons to disperse. After this warning the crowd must disperse instantly, without noise or cries, if it does not wish to see force employed." Still no doubts are entertained of the brilliancy of the Carnival. The Romans (so at least their rulers say, and who should know them better?) will enjoy themselves notwithstanding. The Carnival is their great holiday, the one week of pleasure counted on the long dull year through, and no power on earth, still less no abstract consideration, will keep them from the Corso revels. From old time, all that they have ever cared for are the "*panes et circenses*," and the Carnival gives them both. It is the Roman harvest-time, when the poor gather in their gleanings. Flower-sellers, vendors of *confetti*, hawkers of papers, letters-out of chairs and benches, itinerant minstrels, perambulating cigar merchants, pedlars, beggars, errand boys, and a hundred other obscure traders, pick up, heaven knows how, enough in Carnival time to tide them over the dead summer season. So both necessity and pleasure, want and luxury, will combine to swell the crowd, and the pageant will be surely gay enough for the Vatican to say that its faithful subjects are loyal and satisfied.

The day opens drearily, chilly, and damp and raw, with a feeble sun breaking at intervals through the lowering clouds. Soon after noon the streets begin to fill with soldiers. Till this year the Corso used to be guarded, and the files of carriages kept in order by the Italian pontifical dragoons, the most warlike-looking of parade regiments I have ever seen. Last spring, however, when the war broke out, these bold dragoons grew ashamed of their police duties, and began to ride across the frontier without leave or license, to fight in behalf of Italy. The whole regiment, in fact, was found to be so disaffected, that it was disbanded without delay; and at present there are only some score or so left, who ride close behind the Pope when he goes out "unattended," as his

partisans profess. So the dragoons having disappeared, the duty of keeping order is given to the French soldiers. There are soldiers ranged everywhere. Along the street pavements there is one long line of blue over-coats and red trousers and oilskin flowerpot hats covering the short, squat, small-made soldiers of the 40th Foot regiment, whose fixed bayonets gleam brightly in the rare sunlight intervals. At every piazza there are detachments stationed; their muskets are stacked in rows on the ground, and the men stand ready to march at the word of order. In every side street sentinels are posted. From time to time orderlies gallop past. Ever and anon you hear the rub-a-dub of the drums, as new detachments pass on towards the Corso. The head quarters at the Piazza Colonna are crowded with officers coming and going, and the whole French troops off duty seem to have received orders to crowd the Corso, where they stroll along in knots of three or four, alone and unnoticed by the crowd around them. The heavy guns boom forth from the Castle of St. Angelo, and the Carnival has begun.

Gradually and slowly the street fills. One day is so like another, that to see one is to have seen all. The length of the Corso, there saunters listlessly an idle, cloak-wrapt, hands-in-pocket-wearing, cigar-smoking, shivering crowd, composed of French soldiers and the riff-raff of Rome, the proportion being one of the former to every two or three of the latter. The balconies, which grow like mushrooms on the fronts of every house, in all out-of-the-way places and positions, are every now and then adorned with red hangings. These balconies and the windows are scantily filled with shabbily-dressed persons, who look on at the scene below, as spectators, not as actors. At rare intervals a carriage passes. The chances are that its occupants are English or Americans. On the most crowded day, there are, perhaps, at one time, fifty carriages in all, of which more than half belong to the *forestieri*. Indeed, if it were not for our Anglo-Saxon countrymen, there would be no Carnival at all. We don't contribute much, it is true, to the brilliancy of the *coup d'œil*. Our gentlemen are in the shabbiest of coats and seediest of hats, while our ladies wear grey cloaks and round, soup-plate bonnets. However, if we are not ornamental, we are useful. We pelt each other with a hearty vigour, and discharge volleys of *confetti* at every window where a fair English face appears. The poor luckless nosegay or sugar-plum boys look upon us as their best friends, and follow our carriages with importunate pertinacity. Fancy dresses of any kind are few. There are one or two very young men—English, I suspect—dressed as Turks, or Greeks, or pirates, after Highbury Barn traditions, looking cold and uncomfortable. Half a dozen tumble-down carriages represent the Roman element. They are filled with men disguised as peasant women, and *vice versa*; but, whether justly or unjustly, they are supposed to be chartered for the show by the Government, and attract small comment or notice. Amongst the foot-crowd, with the exception of a stray foreigner, there is not a well-dressed person to be seen. The fun is of the most dismal character. Boys with bladders whack each other on the back, and jump upon each other's shoulders. Harlequins and clowns—shabby, spiritless, and unmasked—grin inanely in your face, and seem to be hunting after a joke they can never find. A quack doctor, or a man in crinoline, followed by a nigger holding an umbrella over his head, or a swell with paste-board collars and a chimney-pot on his head, pass from time to time, and shout to the bystanders, but receive no answer. Give them a wide berth, for they are spies, and bad company. The one great amusement is pelting a black hat, the glossier the better. After a short time even this pleasure palls, and, moreover, victims grow scarce, for the crowd, contrary to the run of Italian crowds, is an ill-bred, ill-conditioned one, and take to throw nosegays weighted with stones, which hurt and cut. So the long three hours, from two to five, pass drearily. Up and down the Corso, in a broken straggling line, amidst feeble showers of chalk (not sugar) plums, and a drizzle of penny posies to the sound of one solitary band, the crowd sways to and fro. At last the guns boom again. Then the score of dragoons—of whom one may truly say, in the words of Tennyson's "Balacava Charge," that they are "all that are left of—not the 'twelve' hundred"—come trotting down the Corso from the Piazza del Popolo. With a quick shuffling march, the French troops pass along the street, and form in file, pushing back the crowd to the pavements. With drawn swords and at full gallop, the dragoons ride back through the double line. Then there is a shout, or rather a long murmur. All faces are turned up the street, and half a dozen broken-kneed, riderless, terror-struck shaggy ponies, with numbers chalked upon them, and fluttering trappings of pins and paper stuck into their backs, run past in straggling order. Where they started you see a crowd standing round one of the grooms who held them, and who is lying maimed and stunned upon the ground, and you wonder at the unconcern with which the accident is treated. Another gun sounds. The troops form to clear the street, the crowd disperses, and the Carnival is over for the day. A message is sent to the Vatican, to inform the Pope that the festival has been most brilliant, and along the telegraphic wires the truth is flashed to Paris that the day has passed without an outbreak.

The dull round, however, of the eight carnival days, all so drearily like each other, was not unbroken by other incidents. Thursday last, the "Giovedì Grasso," is the great people's day. It is a festival, and all shops are shut, and the citizens are at liberty. On this day the devotees of the Carnival worship had pinned their last hopes. If to-day was a failure as before, it was all up with this year's Carnival. There were extra carriages chartered by Government, and the Papal officials were required to muster in the Corso balco-

nies. As the time approached the streets began to fill, as on other years, with carriages and footfolk in holiday attire. Their faces, however, were turned from, not towards, the Corso. By some mysterious system of communication, which seems ever to flourish beneath despotic governments, it became known, without proclamation or notice, that the road beyond the Porta Pia was the spot fixed on for the city's rendezvous. Along this road, which leads to the Mons Sacer, whither the plebeians went forth in olden time in behalf of freedom, the Roman people poured out in numbers, to show that they also were not forgetful of the past. Throughout the Carnival hours, there was one long string of some four or five hundred carriages, stretching from the gate to the convent of Saint Agnese. The footpaths were densely lined with thousands of well-dressed, respectable Roman citizens; the class, in fact, whom you looked for in vain amongst the Corso's mob. There were no shouts, no crowding, no demonstration of any kind, save that conveyed in the presence of the vast orderly multitude. The day was one of the few Spring days we have had this year. The Campagna looked fresh and green; the distant hills, snow-capped and shadow-striped, shone out bright and clear in the rich evening light; and the people around you seemed to enjoy the scene, quietly, if not boisterously. It is true there were neither *comitti* nor *mazzoletti*, but then there were no French soldiers, and no gendarmes.

On the Saturday, the demonstration was repeated, with much the same features, save that, this being a working day, there were fewer people on foot, and the carriages were of a more aristocratic character. The great event of the day, however, was the appearance of the public executioner. The feeling all over Italy about the "Carnefice" is one which we cold-blooded Northerners find it difficult to comprehend. He is always, at Rome, a criminal condemned to death, who has consented to purchase his life by the acceptance of the loathed office. He is forbidden to pass the river, or indeed to leave the "Rione," or district of St. Angelo, where he lives, except on duty, and never does so for the best of all reasons, that, unguarded, he would run the greatest risk of being torn to pieces by the mob. With that petty spite and silly petulance which characterises our Papal rulers, they resolved to insult the crowd at the Porta Pia, who refused to come and amuse themselves like good children in the Corso; and no more appropriate or refined insult could be conceived than sending up the "Carnefice" to drive along the road, protected by a dozen sbirri. Even this insult failed to produce the desired outbreak, which would have given the Government a plea for dispersing the crowd. The next day, a pasquinade appeared, thanking the Governor of Rome, in the name of the Roman people, for having sent his Secretary to the Porta Pia, as he was not able to come himself. This was all the outward sign; but when the heavy day of reckoning comes between the priests and their subjects, the "hangman's mission" will neither be forgotten nor forgiven.

On the last day of the Carnival the Porta Pia road was full as usual, and the Corso filled, as usual, with soldiers, and sbirri, and rabble. An order was published, that any person appearing out of the Corso with lighted tapers would be arrested, and, therefore, the idea of an evening demonstration outside the gates was dropped. Not all the efforts, however, of the police could light the *moccoletti* in the Corso. House after house, window after window, were left unlighted. The crowd in the street carried no candles, and there were only sixteen carriages or so, all filled with strangers. Of all the dreary sights I have ever witnessed, that *moccoletti* illumination was the dreariest. At rare intervals, and in English accents, you heard the cry of "Senza moccole," which used to burst from every mouth as the tiny flames flickered, and glared, and fell. Before the sight was half over, the spectators began to leave, and while I pushed my way through the dispersing crowd, I could still hear the faint cry of "Senza moccole." As the sound died away, the cry still haunted me; and, in my recollection, the Carnival of 1860 will ever remain as the dullest and dimmest of Carnivals—the Carnival without mirth, or sun, or gaiety—the "Carnival senza moccole."

HANOVER, March 5th, 1860.

IF Mr. BRIGHT is justified in his condemnation of the war alarm or invasion panic in England, then, most assuredly, the entire people of Germany—the profoundest thinkers in the world, according to many learned English writers, have become as superficial and silly as those whom Mr. BRIGHT so loudly ridicules; for I doubt whether a dozen men could be found in this country who do not fully share your doubts and fears; nay, more, you are absolutely charged with apathy and political blindness by all journals excepting those in the interest of Russia, which, singularly enough, are disposed to clasp you on the back for the good sense you evince in your foreign policy. Your indifference or shortsightedness with regard to the net which is spread before you, is the constant theme of all the German journals. As may be imagined, it is very amusing to hear you blamed by Mr. BURGESS and others in England for your impolitic suspicion and groundless fears, while in the journals of this country are exclaiming: "Mistrust! mistrust! the more peaceably inclined, the more moderate the Emperor of the French appears, mistrust him so much the more: but, not mistrust alone—courage, courage, courage." The progress made by Prussia in Europe, says the *Weser Gazette*, is watched with the liveliest anxiety. The Cabinets make efforts now and then to stem the progress, but no sooner has the Cabinet of the Tuileries a success, an accomplished fact to show, than these efforts instantly

cease, till another Napoleonic idea is brought forth, and then the efforts recommence, to be, however, set at rest again by another success, another *fait accompli*. Thus it is that, in spite of all warnings and representations, the French Emperor is permitted to remove one obstacle after another that stands in the way of the accomplishment of his views, and to approach nearer and nearer to the grand object of his life, which object is nothing less than French supremacy in Europe.

It is the general belief that the war in the Crimea and the war in Italy were undertaken for the purpose of sowing animosity among the other nations, breaking alliances, isolating his rivals, and accustoming his troops to fight preparatory to the grand swoop upon the Rhine, where one victory will enable him to laugh all efforts to scorn. The people of this country are in despair to observe at this eventful period the disunion existing among the confederate princes. At this moment Germany is divided within herself. Even in a matter of such importance as the reform of the army the States are opposed to each other. The arguments advanced by Prussia in the proposals lately made for a revision of the German Federal army have been formally replied to by Hanover in a lengthy note. All things considered, the Hanoverian Cabinet declares resolutely against the division of the Federal army into two parts, as proposed by Prussia (*i. e.*, the absorption into the Prussian and Austrian armies of all the different contingents). Hanover perceives in the realization of this scheme the destruction of all the middle and smaller states, whose independence Hanover is anxious to maintain, not only in her own particular interests, but in those of all Germany. The Hanoverian Government is of opinion that although the Federal military organisation is open to improvement, the system upon which it is based, is, for the whole of Germany, the best that could be devised, and that nothing further is required but a uniform and sound system of discipline in the several contingents, and patriotic self-denial on the part of the confederate princes. The note is signed PLATEN HALLERMUND.

In the affair of the coast defences also Hanover still declines to enter into the plan of Prussia, or to adopt any measures in concert with that country which have not the acquiescence and support of all members of the Confederation, *i. e.*, the Diet. As a maritime Federal power Hanover considers herself not equal merely, but superior to Prussia, and regards the initiative adopted by that power in a question of naval defences, as an attempt to establish a supremacy over the Confederation. In this view Hanover is seconded by Austria, Bavaria, Saxony, Hesse, and several of the lesser states.

According to private letters from Flensburg the Danish Government is taking somewhat high-handed measures against the members of the Provincial Assembly. Their houses are entered and searched by the police, and letters addressed to members are detained at the post-office, and afterwards read by officials in the presence of the parties to whom the letters are addressed. Letters addressed "Schleswig-Holstein, Germany, instead of "Schleswig" or "Holstein, Denmark," are immediately returned, marked by the post officials, "False address." The animosity between the German and Danish or Scandinavian party is constantly on the increase, and an intriguing foreign foe might, without much difficulty at this moment, fan this smouldering hatred into a flame. It is incomprehensible to the impartial observer, how, in the present day, two kindred nations like the Danes and Germans, with France and Russia on their flanks, and threatening their very existence, can continue to cherish and encourage a hatred of each other so unchristian and imprudent. The tyranny, actual or pretended, of the Danish Government is not sufficient ground for the bitter enmity evinced by the Germans. The King of Denmark or Duke of Holstein is quite as much a German prince as the sovereigns of Hesse and Saxony, who, heaven knows, grant their subjects but little liberty, and whose people are quite as deserving of compassion and sympathy as the Holsteiners. That the Danish Government is guilty of the greatest folly in not granting the fullest liberty to the inhabitants of the duchies, as regards the conduct of their internal affairs, the use of the German language, the choice of their officials, schoolmasters, &c., is evident by the effects. The duchies are burning for an opportunity to revolt, and the German people, who ought to be the friends and allies and bulwark of Denmark against Russia, are its most inveterate enemies. It is evident that the people, as represented by their writers, whatever may be said of the Governments, have no clear conception of their true interest with reference to their internal and foreign policy. The Germans, while watching with feverish anxiety every move of Louis NAPOLEON's, and firmly persuaded that it is his aim to make the Rhine the "natural" boundary of France, take no care to conciliate either Danes or Dutch, far less the Slavonians. Instead of endeavouring to make allies, or, at any rate, friends of the people of Denmark and Holland, the maritime countries of geographic Germany—and who by origin, religion, and language are part and parcel of themselves—they have by their writings rather than by their actions thrown these brave seafaring nations into the arms of Germany's mortal foes. This must be apparent to every German; and yet not one voice is raised to effect betimes, before the evil day overtakes us, a reconciliation between the kindred people. Press and people, the written and the spoken word, are devoted to widening the breach.

On the 21st ult., when the motion of Count HAUDISSIN respecting freedom of the press was to have come on for discussion in the Provincial Assembly, the Government commissioner read a paper emanating from the Danish minister Baron BLIXEN-BLINSKED. In this writing all the acts and political tendencies of the members

of the Assembly were subjected to severe and menacing criticism, and the Assembly was warned beforehand against expressing any opinion upon the question of freedom of the press, which, they would remember, was in 1848 the signal of revolt. Count BAUDISSIN rose to protest against this proceeding on the part of the minister, but was immediately silenced by the president, who, in consequence of the great excitement which ensued, adjourned the Assembly.

On the 23rd ult., the sister-in-law and biographer of the celebrated NIEBUHR died at Kiel, in the ninetieth year of her age.

RECORD OF THE WEEK.

HOME AND COLONIAL.

ON Wednesday, March 7, the Queen held a *levée* at St. James's to receive the officers of the Volunteer Corps; the Prince of Wales, Prince Consort, and Prince Alfred were present; two thousand officers were presented.—The same night Her Majesty was present at the amateur performance of the Savage Club at the Lyceum Theatre, given for the benefit of the families of two authors deceased.—On the same evening a ball was given to the Volunteers in the Floral Hall of the Royal Italian Opera; it is thought seven thousand were present.—On the same day the Speaker held his *levée*, which was numerously attended; and in the evening his sixth Parliamentary dinner.

The *London Gazette* of Tuesday, March 6, announces that the barony of Brougham and Vaux is to descend to William Brougham, Esq. (brother of the present peer), with remainder to his issue.

On Wednesday, March 7, a public meeting was held of the inhabitants of S. George-in-the-East, to raise funds for the defence of Mr. Rosier, who is prosecuted in the Ecclesiastical Court by the Rev. Bryan King for brawling.—On the same day, at Exeter Hall, the journeymen bakers met in great numbers to agitate for shortening the hours of their labour. The Earl of Shaftesbury was present, as also Lord Ebury and Mr. Coningham, M.P.—On Monday, March 5, a conference of clergy of the Established Church was held at Radley's Hotel, to consider the best means of extending Sunday schools which should propagate their principles. The Bishop of London presided.

On Friday, March 2, there was a terrible explosion of fire-damp in the Burradon colliery, near Newcastle, belonging to Mr. Bowers; eighty men and boys, and forty horses are killed, and some hundreds of women and children left destitute; cause of explosion not yet discovered.—On Monday, March 5, arrived intelligence of the loss of the steamer *Jungarian*, from Liverpool, for Portland, U.S., on Sable Island, on Feb. 20; the crew of eighty men, with thirty-five passengers, it is feared, are lost.—On Wednesday, March 7, and two following days, were enormous high tides in the river Thames, occasioning great loss of property. These had been foretold by the Admiralty reckonings.—On Wednesday, March 7, a great fire destroyed the printing-house of Messrs. Skipper and East in Great Tower Street. This was the office of the *Public Ledger*. Great destruction of property, and two hundred men and boys thrown out of work.—On the same day, a furious gale nearly destroyed the new station of the South-Western Railway in the Waterloo-road.

On Monday, Mar. 5, at the plaint of sundry inhabitants of S. George-in-the-East, summons were issued against Revs. Bryan King and Thomas Dove, to answer certain charges of assault committed by them in the church.—On Thursday, Mar. 8, the parties attended at the police office; the case was postponed.—On Wednesday, Mar. 7, the appeal of Rev. Alfred Poole against the decision of the Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop of London was admitted to be heard before the Privy Council, but not yet decided.

On Tuesday, Mar. 6, a frightful murder was committed near Gainsborough, on one Charles Spencer, a cattle jobber, for the sake of some twenty pounds he was known to have upon him.

On Wednesday, Feb. 29, insubordination was shown on board H.M.S. *Diadem*, 32, at Plymouth, in consequence of the men's money and leave to go ashore being stopped; no violence was committed, but the men refused to obey orders; their demands have been complied with.

The Bombay mail of the 11th Feb. tells of disturbances in the city of the Nizam.—Jung Bahadoor has surrendered the Begum and her son.—The Bombay, Baroda, and Central India Railway was opened on the 7th February.

On the 13th January, the Parliament of Victoria (Australia) was adjourned; new gold diggings of great richness have been discovered.

On Tuesday, March 6, arrived the West India mail of Feb. 10; it was expected that the governor would dissolve the Assembly, and issue writs for a new Parliament; the press of the island calls out for the immigration of more Chinese coolies.—News from Havannah of the same date, is that the Captain-General has prohibited any increase of the China labourers.

The Public Health is slightly improved; the Registrar's return of Tuesday, March 6, being, deaths 1,412, which is 58 less than last week, though 115 more than the average; births, 1,773, or 31 more than the average.

On the 28th February the British Empire Assurance held its meeting; total annual income, £59,300; assurances in force, £1,723,115; distribution of profits, £31,855; accumulated fund of members, £165,145.—On Wednesday, March 7, the Submarine Telegraph Company declared a dividend of 5 per cent.—On Thursday, March 8, Consols closed at 94½ to 95, and 91½ to 92 for the account; French Three per cent. Rentés 67f. 75c.

FOREIGN.

On Sunday, March 4, the Minister of the United States presented his credentials at the Tuileries.—On the same day, at Nice (according to French journals), great demonstrations were made in favour of annexation to France.—On Tuesday, March 6, the *Moniteur* denied that France was making any increase to her army. On the same day was received the King of Sardinia's reply to M. de Thouvenel's letter on Italian affairs; it is not distinct as to Tuscany, and makes no communication as to Savoy.

On Saturday, March 3, the Spanish official journals announced that to retain the conquered territory in Africa would involve too great sacrifices.—On Tuesday, March 6, arrived news from Tangier that the Morocco Sultan has plenty of money and soldiers, and will not surrender anything.

On Sunday, March 4, arrived the American mail. On the 21st Feb. the Mexican treaty was read in the Senate, and about to be considered. The Secretary at War was preparing a great movement of troops on the Mexican frontier.

The same mail brings news that on Feb. 13 large bodies of the Liberal party in Mexico were marching against Miramon with great hopes of victory.

On Sunday, Mar. 4, the Vienna official organ announced that since Austrian interests are not directly affected by the annexation of Savoy to France, Austria will remain passive.—On Monday, Mar. 5, the *Wiener Zeitung* announced the official programme of reform which is to liberalize the Austrian constitution.—On Tuesday, Mar. 6, the Presburg Evangelical community refused to submit to the imperial decrees.

On Thursday, Mar. 1, was a discussion in the Prussian Parliament on affairs of Italy; the liberals, under Von Vincke, in favour of Sardinia; the general feeling against the annexation of Savoy to France.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

A shorter little burletta, more notable for the sparkling point of the dialogue than for novelty of plot or skilfulness of construction, was produced at the ST. JAMES'S Theatre, to the delight of a full house, on Monday last. The "No. 49" which gives title to the piece, is a hypothetical post-office in the Strand, to whose care are addressed letters for *Sir William Whimsical* (Mr. Barrett), a peculiar personage, who, instead of going direct for one to the "Savage" Club, has advertised in *The Times* for a manager of some amateur theatricals. Mr. Barrett successfully sketches the worthy baronet—now proud, now mean, selfish often, but by fits, and sometimes by force, generous—obdurate beyond all but stage reason, esteemed by some of his fellows in the play—but tolerated by all on account of natural ties. His niece *Emily* (Miss Arden), sings neatly, and sings a very pleasing song, composed by Mr. Heywood; is beloved by a briefless barrister, one *No-fee* (Mr. C. Young). The mere acquaintance of the young couple is vetoed, of course, by the uncle, who, firstly, does not know the young man, and, secondly, objects to him on financial grounds. The lover, as such has ever will, proceeds to rummage *The Times* for a situation; sees old *Whimsical's* advertisement, assumes a false name, gets the place, and thus introduced into the family, carries on his courtship. The stream of the lovers' intrigue (which they carry on after the manner of the play in "Hamlet") is, however, interrupted by the entry of a process-server, when the old gentleman discovers that his theatrical intendant is the lover of his niece. He is, of course, highly indignant; but as *Harry No-fee* is too useful, and his niece is too domestic, to be parted with; and as, moreover, he had just, in the episodic play, consented to their union, he determines to rescind his judgment, and brings matters to a satisfactory conclusion. Mr. Lawrence is the author of the piece, which we were glad to see so well received.

The amateur performance at the LYCEUM, on Wednesday night, by members of the "Savage" Club, may claim exemption from criticism, on the grounds usually assigned in similar cases. The "School for Scandal" is somewhat of an Icarian flight for all but the most highly finished members of the dramatic profession, and notwithstanding the high intelligence of the gentlemen amateurs who essayed it on Wednesday could have saved them from a desperate *passion*. Several of the characters evinced careful stage study, while thorough (and sometimes too intense) appreciation of author's meaning was, we may fairly say, common to all.

The prominent parts of *Sir Peter, Joseph, Charles* and *Moses*, were taken by Messrs. Francis Talford, Crawford Wilson, Henry Byron, and Dr. Strauss respectively. Without venturing—as were indeed unprofitable, if not uninteresting to the reader—on to the tedious ground of comparisons, we must report the received impression of all present in favour of the *Moses*, which was an excellently coloured and nicely finished performance. After all is said and done, too, it is no treat to see an amateur cast of principals, it is refreshing to see one of subordinates. It has never occurred to us—not having before assisted at an amateur "School for Scandal"—to see *Charles Surface* surrounded at his own board by such really good company. The supper scene was a far prettier tableau than usual, and Mr. C. Furtado gave *Sir Harry Dumper's* well-known song in such excellent style as to demand a word of notice. So does the charming Mrs. Howard Paul, who, by way of entr'acte, favoured us with "Rory O'More," in which she was justly encored. But we must now pass to the joint stock wind up of the evening (to borrow Mr. Planché's joke,) to which seven dramatist directors and forty "Savage" amateurs were made contributories. The story of "Ali Baba" has been carefully and very smoothly worked up by our

heptarchy of authors, and the leading characters were excellently assumed by Messrs. Brough, Byron, Buckingham, Francis, and Talfourd. The prologue, written by Planché, was so witty, and so well spoken by Mr. Leicester Buckingham (as *Abdallah*), that the audience, including Her Majesty, Prince Albert, and some of the Court, were delighted. Nor did this excellent promise fail, for nothing could (in its way) be more cleverly written than the greater part of the entertainment, and certainly the burlesque acting—as far as the male parts are concerned—has on no stage been surpassed in many particulars.

The most attractive features were the *Ali Baba* of Mr. Byron, notable for its perfect ease; the *Cogia* of Mr. F. Talfourd, for its elegance in dress and "deportment;" the *Morgiana* of Mr. R. Brough, for photographic servant-galism; and the cobbler *Mustapha* of Mr. Francis, for picturesqueness. Our remark, *à propos* of Charles's friends in the "School for Scandal," applies in the case of the supernumerary thieves *à forty-ori*. Stage managers in general might look and long at the admirably built, coloured, and drilled gang of thieves whom the "Savages" lent to the Lyceum for the evening. Their grand scene—in the which, by the way, they capture Albert Smith, a traveller, and force him to sing his "Voyage of the Bentinck"—showed great individual study and a rare degree of unity. We mentioned, anticipating this performance, that it was for a charitable purpose. We have now the pleasure to say that the families of two lamented literary men will reap a very substantial benefit through the arduous, hearty, and self-sacrificing exertions of these tender-hearted "Savages," and the liberal encouragement of the public.

PARLIAMENT.

FROM an inquiry on Friday in the Lords, an answer was elicited from Lord DE GREY, that it was not the intention of HER MAJESTY to call out the yeomanry, for either training, or exercise, or permanent duty this year. The Earl of MALMESBURY would have preferred to hear that this useful body was to be called out. If economical reasons had led to this determination, he thought Mr. GLADSTONE would have done better to retain some of the duties he was about to relinquish sufficient to defray the expenses. Lord DARNLEY advised Government to appoint an inspector-general of yeomanry, in order to ensure something like an efficient standard in that branch of service. The Earl of ELLENBOROUGH could not applaud the Government for its decision with respect to calling out the yeomanry. The Duke of NEWCASTLE, however, denied that Government undervalued the services of the yeomanry, and explained that it was a matter of expediency only which had led the Government to the determination they had arrived at. The address on the treaty with France was deferred until Friday, or rather, until it should first be passed by the House of Commons. A petition from Nottingham, numerous signed, was presented by Lord SHAFTESBURY, praying that the lace-trade be brought under the operation of the Factory Act. The petition originated, it was stated, in the fact that a large number of women and children were employed at excessive hours in these factories, and it was therefore considered most desirable they should be brought under the operation of the Factories Act. The noble Lord intimated that at the fitting time he would introduce a bill on the subject. The Joint Stock Companies Bill was read a third time, but not until enough had fallen from the LORD CHANCELLOR, to make it pretty clear that this bill, like all its predecessors, would give the public no real protection against fraud, and would prove, for all practical purposes, a dead letter. The Sale of Poisons Bill, which was intended to bring within the scope of the law cases of poisoning where there was no felonious intent, was read a second time.—On Tuesday the Earl of ELLENBOROUGH brought on the Savoy question by asking whether any steps had been taken to communicate to the other Powers of Europe the opinion of the English Government with respect to the projected annexation of Savoy and Nice by France. The Duke of NEWCASTLE intimated that Austria, Russia, and Prussia had been already put in possession of the views of HER MAJESTY'S Government on the subject. The Attorneys and Solicitors Bill, to elevate the character of the profession, was read a second time.

The Savoy annexation question, which has now assumed formidable proportions in consequence of the Emperor's speech and the publication of the Correspondence between the English and French Governments, was brought on last Friday by questions put to Lord JOHN RUSSELL, who, in reply, denied that any "treaty" existed between France and Sardinia for the annexation of Savoy. HER MAJESTY'S opinion on the subject had already been explicitly avowed, and the French Emperor having declared that he would submit the question to the Powers of Europe, no doubt existed in his mind that the Powers of Europe would decide unanimously that France did not require such annexation for the better security of her frontiers. The matter dropped for a brief space, but was revived again by Sir R. PEEL declaring himself dissatisfied with the explanation of Lord JOHN RUSSELL. Mr. BRIGHT, amid the derision of the House, asserted that it would be better to say "perish Savoy," than to embroil this country in a war with France on a matter which we could not prevent, and which, he asserted, was desired by the Savoyards themselves. Lord J. MANNERS, on the part of the House and the country, warmly repudiated Mr. BRIGHT'S opinions. Mr. MILNES, who, in the course of the discussion, had been pointed out to the House by Sir R. PEEL in a remark attributed to the French Emperor, that "in return for his sacrifices for England, all he had acquired was the friendship of Mr. MONKTON MILNES," made a few remarks; after which Lord J. RUSSELL repeated the answer he had already given, and deprecated any angry tone in that House when dealing with the subject, as it might be productive of irritation elsewhere. When the report on the Customs Acts was brought up, several members took the opportunity of attempting to get several of its clauses modified. The cork trade was first brought into prominence by Mr. DUNCOMBE, who declared that the English cork cutters would be reduced to starvation if the clause remained in its original form. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER asserted that English cork cutters could not cut corks against Catalonian operatives, and he was satisfied that free

trade was required, not only for the benefit of the public, but the English cork cutters themselves. The next article was silk, Mr. NEWDEGATE moving an amendment, the object of which was to retain the duties until the 1st October. Some strong appeals were made to the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER by Mr. ROLT, Mr. BASS, and other hon. members, but the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER was inflexible, and the original clause, on a division, was carried by 179 to 150. When the House went into Committee, a last effort on behalf of an addition to the duty on foreign spirits was made by Mr. DUNCOMBE, but it also failed on a division by a majority of 191 to 48.—On Tuesday, Sir G. C. LEWIS intimated that, in consequence of the local prosecutions having failed, it was his intention to prosecute the parties who had entered into an illegal marriage at Shrewsbury. Some discussion took place on the respective merits of the ARMSTRONG and WHITWORTH guns, in the course of which Mr. S. HERBERT stated he had invited Mr. WHITWORTH to send a gun to Shoeburyness, in order that its alleged relative superiority might be fairly tested. In reference to the treaty, which now affords constant material for question and discussion, Lord J. RUSSELL informed the House that the French Emperor had determined to allow the exportation of rags. The Customs duties was forwarded a stage. VISCOUNT PALMERSTON then rose to move the suspension of the orders of the day, in order to enable Government to bring forward notice of motion for an address to HER MAJESTY on the subject of the commercial treaty with France. Mr. LINDSAY, who had a prior motion on the subject of the differential duties, was appealed to, in hopes that he would give way to Government. Mr. LINDSAY, however, thought the House should not proceed further until the words of the address and the words of his amendment were before the House. Mr. KINGLAKE rose, and objected to the proposition of Lord PALMERSTON until the House had before it a clear statement of our present relations with France. Mr. BYNG having declared that he was willing to place the terms of his motion for an address to HER MAJESTY before the House on Thursday, Viscount PALMERSTON withdrew his motion. This was the signal for an unforeseen attack on Government. Mr. DISRAELI having said a few meaning words, Mr. S. FITZGERALD rose and declared that the importance of the question just raised could not be exaggerated—it was, whether by treaty the relations of this country with France should be made more intimate, and that, too, at a moment when a serious question affecting those relations had been raised. The hon. gentleman referred to the demand of France for Savoy and Nice, and remarked there was not a single Power in Europe who did not regard the policy of the extraordinary man who now ruled the destinies of France with alarm, adding, that no European Power was willing to take the initiative against France, but all looked to England to begin, and then they would be sure to follow. Mr. BRIGHT heard this speech with "astonishment and pain," and hoped the House would not add to the gravity of the situation by importing into the discussion matter of irritation. After some not very important remarks from several other hon. members, Mr. ROEBUCK declared that the Emperor of the French, while entering into friendly relations with us, was at the same time breaking all the treaties we had made, and casting dishonour on us by appearing as our friend, while he was doing a disgraceful and a dishonourable act. He called on the House to pronounce its opinion on the declaration of the French Emperor with regard to his annexation project, before proceeding to consider the treaty. Lord JOHN RUSSELL deprecated irritating discussions on the subject, and after giving some further explanation relative to the Savoy question, and repeating his objections to the project, he said he thought, as the Power most concerned had not pronounced any opinion on the matter, that the discussion should not go on. The motion of Lord PALMERSTON was withdrawn. The Customs Act was proceeded with, and some further progress made with the clauses. The Settled Estates Amendment Act was lost on a division, by 86 to 43. Sir DE LACY EVANS, on Tuesday, brought on his important motion, for the purpose of praying HER MAJESTY to abolish gradually the system of the purchase of commissions in the army. Captain VERNON, by way of amendment, moved that it was not desirable to extend the seniority system to the whole army. This brought on a discussion, in which Col. DICKSON, Sir F. SMITH, Capt. JARVIS, Col. P. HERBERT, and Col. LINDSAY, took part. Mr. S. HERBERT considered the question was complicated and difficult, but his opinion was if the present system was abolished and the new one introduced, it would not make the slightest difference with respect to the class of persons entering the army. He did not think the purchase system so objectionable, but it would be his duty, on behalf of the Government, to prepare a scheme to be laid before Parliament, founded on principles that he hoped would meet the views of those who wished for change. The amendment was withdrawn, and the motion was negatived by 213 to 59. Among the most important of the bills introduced by private members, were two by Lord RAYHAM, to amend the Act for Aggravated Assaults on Women, and to make the Cruelty to Animals Prevention Act more effectual.—Mr. M. MILNES on Wednesday, gave notice for Monday next, that on the motion by Mr. KINGLAKE relative to the annexation of Savoy, he would move as an addition that words be added to the effect that "the House would earnestly support HER MAJESTY'S advisers in conducting their negotiations in this question to an issue compatible with the true interests of France, Switzerland, and Italy, with the faithful observance of treaties, and with the peace of Europe." The second reading of the Registration of Voters Bill was moved by Mr. M. MILNES, which, however, met with so little support that the Bill was withdrawn. Mr. COBBETT moved the second reading of the Coroners Bill, the object of which was to put an end to the unseemly contests between counties and coroners on the subject of inquests' expenses, and to establish the rate of payment by salaries instead of, as at present, by fees. Sir G. C. LEWIS would vote against the bill, it not being as efficient as a similar bill which he had introduced. An amendment, referring both bills to a Select Committee, after some discussion, was agreed to.—On Thursday Lord JOHN RUSSELL announced that the correspondence on the affairs of Savoy and France would be laid on the table the following day. He therefore appealed to Mr. KINGLAKE with respect to his motion announced for Monday. The hon. member for Bridgewater consented to postpone his motion to Monday week, and added that it was not his intention to imply any censure on the course Government had followed.

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