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WEEKLY

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PORTRAIT OF PRINCE ALBERT.

The Proprietors of the *Liverpool Mercury* have to request all holders of TICKETS for the above PORTRAIT to defer applying for the copies to which they are entitled until notice is given in the *Mercury* of their having arrived from London. The number required is so great, that the plate has now to be improved; and it may even happen that a new one must be procured. But the Proprietors will spare no pains or expense in redeeming, as soon as possible, the promise they voluntarily made to their numerous friends, in honour of the late Royal visit.

The Liverpool Mercury.

SALUS POPULI LEX SUPREMA.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 14, 1846.

MILITARY DISCIPLINE.

A cat is proverbial for its vitality. It is scarcely a vulgar superstition which assigns it nine lives. But there is a cat with nine tails more immortal still. It has been chased by the press, and sentenced by the Legislature. Government itself has scarce ventured to palliate its delinquencies, though pleading that it may be spared from the *retribution of summary* justice. It has been hurled from the precipice of public indignation, and yet it still continues to light upon its feet. Men, merely sentenced to be flogged, have actually been tortured to death,—an execution far more more horrible than that of legalized strangulation. A case has been made out against the brutal and brutalising practice more complete than was ever established against any social abuse; and yet there it still flourishes, because its principle is still asserted and preserved with nearly as vehement a protestation as ever. Since the younger days of Colonel White, who confessed to have been "devilishly well flogged," corporal punishment has been banished from our public schools, without any detriment to the success of teaching "the young idea how to shoot;" human nature has been better understood in the encouragement of childhood by reward, in place of its coercion by punishment; our criminal code has been rendered milder without any increase of grievous crimes being the consequence. The cart whip has been silenced in the West Indies, without producing any of the turbulence, disorder, and crime, which were anticipated from its suppression, and the brave defenders of our country alone are now left to the horror and the infamy of the lash. Humanity cries out, but the Duke commands silence;—reason, common sense, the universal and instinctive impulses of mankind demand redress of the monstrous outrage upon the dignity of our common nature; but the inexorable Commander-in-Chief, without deigning a reply, or condescending even to substitute a sophism in the absence of a reason, rolls back with an "absolute shall" the tide of the nation's will;

"As who should say
I am Sir Oracle; and when I ope my mouth
Let no dog bark."

After various useless and shifty postponements of the question at issue between humanity and the Horse Guards, the plan of the Government has at last been laid before the country. The principle of corporal punishment is still to disgrace our Christian civilization. Its severity is to be mitigated, so that fifty lashes shall in future be the maximum of infliction within the power of the military authorities to award; a strict preliminary inquiry is to be made into the state of health of the culprit, and his capacity to receive punishment, and a particular regard is to be had to the state of the weather, whether with regard to too much heat, too great cold, or too rapid an alternation from one extreme of temperature to another.

Statesmen are strange logicians. They seem to act upon the principle, that absolute truth is as great an evil as absolute error. Justice itself is with them a calamity if it tread too rapidly on the heels of iniquity. The thumb-screw and the iron boot they would have mitigated only by one turn. Witches they would have half drowned, and forgers half hanged, if the existing practice suffocated or strangled outright. Their policy leads them to be always in the wrong, by being only half in the right. They are like those umpires in arithmetic, to whom Lafayette compared the disciples of the *juste milieu*, who, when a Grey or a Bright asserts that five and five make ten, and is answered by a Newcastle or a Winchilsea that five and five make fifteen, step in as a Peel or a Lyndhurst, and exclaiming that both parties are in extremes, and that a middle course is best, propose to prove that the difficulties of the controversy will be most safely solved by maintaining the position that five and five make seven and a half. Look at the actual state of the argument in reference to military torture. When the truly philosophical legislators of the country, a century ago, took up the case at the point contended for by their successors now, they were met by the martinets of the time, by the assertion that the very existence of the army depended upon the unlimited power of flogging, even, if necessary, without the ceremony of a court martial; and, at the present moment, the Horse Guards authorities answer the demands of philosophy and philanthropy, with the statement that the army is in a higher state of discipline than ever it was before,—that the power of flogging has been reduced nearly to a *minimum*, but that, without keeping the cat in active requisition, both the great defensive services of the country would become perfectly disorganized and worthless. We have descended from the power to inflict 1900 lashes, and the common practice of actually administering 1200, down to the tapering point of 200 in extreme cases, and 100 on the average; and when the admission is appealed to that discipline is higher now than it was before, as an evidence that the less corporal punishment is resorted to the greater is the improvement in military subordination, and, as a necessary corollary, that the entire abolition of flogging would make the efficiency of our troops still greater, the stupid, illogical, sophistical answer is all that is attempted, that the cat has existed so long in connexion with the army, that the extinction of the nine lives of the one would bring about the absolute ruin of the other. Yet, if in war as in love, it be true that

"Discipline's great, for flogging is so small,"

the conclusion is as irresistible in the last case as in the first, that

"'Twould be greater if 'twere none at all."

If, with perfect safety to the efficiency of military authority, the lashes may be permanently reduced from 1900 to 50, there can be nothing more evident than that the transition from fifty hugs of the cat to none, is much less violent.

After conceding the principle that flogging ought to be inflicted at all, we think the argument logically is rather against a reduction in the number of the stripes. It is only upon the man lost to all sense of character, that, it is argued, the sentence of dorsal torture should be imposed; and as it is clear that the *shame* of such a degrading punishment is not likely to weigh with such a scoundrel, the smaller or larger number of lashes is truly the only consideration which will ever enter his mind. The fewer the number of lashes, the less must be the influence of such a punishment. The gentleman whose nose was pulled, answered all proposals to call the aggressor out, with the assurance that the tweak "wasn't very sore;" and when the vagabonds of the army have got over the sense of the disgrace of the ladder and triangles, no other argument remains which can have any weight with them, but the length or the brevity of the operation. Practically, the measure of the Commander-in-Chief is an abolition of flogging. We have no fears that each stripe will be aggravated in severity, as the number which can be inflicted is reduced. We believe all officers feel disgust with a punishment to which they only reconcile themselves by the conviction that it is a necessary evil. The new order of the Horse Guards affords an apology for ceasing to adopt that mode of punishment, under which the humane feelings, and, let us add, the good taste and even personal comfort of the officers of the army, will not be slow to shelter themselves. Responsibility is now thrown upon the surgeon. The whole regiment will henceforth be aware that when a man is flogged, it will only be because the doctor chooses. The escape from torture,—the health, the life, of every convicted offender, will now be felt to be entirely in his hands. How will he use his newly-imposed power? Certainly by making his escape from responsibility. No medical man can, as before the infliction of flogging he will be called upon to do, guarantee the consequences of such a punishment. If a flogged man escapes without injury to his health, the doctor will be blamed for not raising scruples which might have saved the culprit from his agony. If he become diseased or die, the entire blame of his malady or murder will be laid at the door of his want of feeling or his want of skill. A convenient cough, an obsolete quinsey, a revived palpitation of the heart, or a suddenly remembered history of a blister, will be readily at hand to save the humanity and relieve the anxiety of the medical officer, until doctors will become as blind as juries used to be in cases of forgery and are still in those of suicide, and refuse to convict a soldier of sound health, when the sentence on him will be a torture which in some cases *must*, and in all cases *may*, cause disease or death.

But the most ridiculous feature in this new system of cobbling bad laws with worse patches, is its moral and judicial consequences. It virtually proposes that a healthy mutineer shall be tortured, but a weakly thief shall escape. If a scoundrel is consumptive, he may defy his officers. Robustiousness will become the crime, and scrofula an extenuating circumstance. The only men that must be well-behaved, are such as have never had a headache. A drunkard with soft hair, or a deserter with a thin skin, are the only defenders of their country who can raise themselves above the terrors of the cat. The heat, the cold, the sudden changes of the weather, also are now to be taken into account. The barometer is to regulate the criminal code, and Fahrenheit is to become the Duke's provost marshal. Men disposed to petty larceny, or having a sneaking kindness for mutiny, will consult Murphy, to determine the time when crime may be safe. Prospective deserters henceforth will pine for the dog days, and drunkenness will depend upon the number of degrees below zero. If it be true, as Lord John Russell contends, that the entire abolition of flogging will be ruinous to the discipline of the army, then his own regulations as to its infliction will make subordination in Canada impossible for five months in the year, and at Cape Coast Castle or Aden all the year round. In fact, the proposed cat 'o nine tail scale of morals makes health equivalent to degradation, and a delicate constitution the only defence against brutalizing punishment. It levels all ethical distinctions, and graduates the consequences of vice, by the vicissitudes of the physical constitution. "It must not, nor it cannot come to good." The moral sense of the army will be entirely outraged by the observance of such distinctions. The private soldiers will lose all respect for a code which flogs the healthy deserter, and only imprisons the delicate thief! They will expect, and are entitled to demand, that equal justice be dealt out to all; and the shuffling evasions, and the distinctions without available differences which officers will draw, and the hair splitting and learned sophistry of scrupulous or timid surgeons, will bring the whole system into that degree of contempt which it is trusted will only be the certain forerunner of its total abolition.

THE RESULT OF AN ADVERTISEMENT.

By T. M. C.

Nothing is more melancholy than to peruse the long list of advertisements published in the *Times*, by those individuals who are unlucky enough to want the situations of governesses or tutors. A young lady, reared, perhaps, in every luxury, and skilled in every accomplishment, declares herself ready to devote the whole of her time and abilities for the small recompense of board and lodging; and one who has quitted his college with honours, seeks, till his heart grows sick with "hope deferred," to obtain a situation less lucrative, if more dignified, than that of a valet. Many of these notifications tell a tale of sorrow and disappointment that few remark, except those who have been in similar circumstances. At first, the advertisement is long enough to be charged 7s. for by the newspaper, and commences in a style which shows that the writer does not consider poverty can deprive her of all claim to respect. "A young lady desires the situation," and nothing is said about a salary. Presently it appears again, and experience has taught wisdom. "A lady desires a situation," and "a moderate salary will be accepted." All mention about youth is dropped,—that is an objection; and the "moderate salary" may tempt some one at least to grant an interview, when the advertiser feels certain of making a good impression. Day after day passes away, and the paragraph is cut down to the 5s. length, all extraneous matter being omitted. It, perhaps, now commences with "The Advertiser;" bitter lessons have proved that wealth is the only title to gentility: there are some individuals who object to a would-be-governess's assuming the designation of "a lady:" it is, therefore, expunged; and the announcement that "a comfortable home is sought, rather than remuneration," probably shows what strides poverty is making—a bare support will be accepted. Finally, this sad domestic drama concludes with—"The orphan daughter of an officer seeks;" and there is added—"No objection to go abroad." This is the last act! The appeal to sympathy comes at the eleventh hour: the very wish to remain near a once-happy home, and among kindred and friends, gives way to stern necessity; a livelihood, though in a strange land, and held by any tenure, however precarious, will now suffice. The advertisement appears no more: the applicant may have succeeded, or she may have died, or she may be lost to the world—mayhap, become one of those whom the untried thank God they are not like.

Some years ago, an advertisement of mine used to appear in the *Times*, calling public attention to the fact, that a gentleman of university education was willing to undertake the tuition of youth on moderate terms. Again and again did I journey to the Post-office, in Fleet-street, to inquire whether there were any letters for "X Y Z," (under which illustrious incognito I concealed myself,) and always met with the same disheartening reply. The tutors, probably, exceeded in number those to be taught; and the same newspaper which declared my desire for employment, also contained the antagonist announcements of "French without a Master," "Latin without a Master," and "Every man his own spelling-assistant;" nay, more, one gentleman, qualified to teach five languages, declared himself willing to impart some portion of his knowledge for sixpence an hour! How could I struggle against this? Bitterly did I lament the mistaken policy of my parents in spoiling the materials for a well-paid mechanic, in order to make a poor scholar. With a heavy heart I again appeared in Printing-house-square, bringing the old advertisement and my last five shillings. I blushed on presenting them, thinking the clerk would, necessarily, ascribe my want of success to want of ability; and it was a relief, though a sad one, to observe that experience had taught him to expect my constant visits, as a matter of course. The following afternoon I marched to the Post-office, with the usual inquiry, expecting the usual reply; but the boy in the shop thrust a letter into my hand, and evidently wished me success, in order that he might never be troubled with me again. I walked out and opened it: the writer, Mrs. Boddle, merely requested me to call at her house between twelve and one the following morning. My first impulse was to go there at once—the suspense of twenty-four hours seemed almost more than I could bear; but I at length recollected having made an engagement to dine with an old college friend, and passed a more comfortable evening than had fallen to my lot for many a week.

As the clock chimed a quarter-past twelve the next day, I knocked at Mrs. Boddle's door, in Russell-square. (I had been walking in the neighbourhood since ten.) When I had explained to the servant that I waited upon his mistress by appointment, he stared, and afterwards, with a good imitation of a grin, said—"Oh! I knows; Mary, show this 'ere young man up stairs!" adding, moreover, in an audible voice, "pretty well, though, to come with a double!" I was not pleased, but went on in silence. The lady being absent from the room, I took a chair and one of the annuals which were lying about, and waited patiently till she appeared. She was stout, elderly, and, judging by appearances, neither refined nor good tempered. Her first address, in answer to my silent bow, was—"Put that book down, Sir!" To resent this was to give up my only chance of avoiding starvation, so I obeyed, nervously awaiting the continuation of an interview so inauspiciously commenced. "You, said she, are the *individual* advertising in yesterday's *Times*: who will give you a character?" "I have been furnished," replied I, "with a *testimonial* by Dr. B——, of Wadham, and another by Mr. H——, of Trinity." "Oh!" she sharply rejoined, "I never take written characters; there's so much deception now-a-days, one can't be too careful whom one gets into a house: is there nobody in town who will speak for you?" "Yes, Madam; I am well known to Mr. F——, of the Temple." "And what wages do you expect—you'll find your own clothes, of course?" "Why, Madam, the salary I expect will depend much upon the nature of my duties!" "Duties! Why, the usual kind, of course; can you clean plate?" Here was a pretty question! Imagine my horror and astonishment at finding she expected me to polish her candlesticks as well as her offspring! However, I might have mistaken her meaning, and so I merely stammered out that I did not know much about it. She looked surprised, but continued—"you can be recommended for sobriety and honesty, of course—(I winced at this.) Now, can I always trust you alone in the cellar?" This was really too much—I could stand it no longer. "Madam," I said, with as much dignity as could be evoked on so short a notice, and under such circumstances, "it is quite plain we shall not suit one another, and, therefore, I wish you good morning." "And time, too, Mister!" rejoined she, "I wonder at your impudence in seeking such a place; I would not even take you as a footman; and then, only to think of your remaining seated in my presence!" I walked out, and thereby spared John the agreeable occupation allotted to him of turning me out. How vividly can I recall the state of my feelings at that moment! indignation struggled with grief. To be so talked at by a vulgar, purse-proud, old woman—to find that some people considered tutors little better than menials,—was almost more than my philosophy could bear. Besides which, I was dinnerless; my last shilling had gone in that ill-fated advertisement. Luckily, I had accepted an invitation to dine with my father's friend, Mr. Summers; and so, at the appointed time I made my appearance in his drawing-room, with the visage of a man about to be hung. I was a perfect stranger to all, and as the guests were chiefly rich city people, and my coat had evidently seen much service, I was left unnoticed and alone, praying that dinner might soon come, and manœuvering to make one white kid glove pass muster for two. Fresh arrivals kept pouring in; among them was Mr. Summer's partner, Mr. Hicks, a good tempered, but not very intellectual looking old gentleman, who brought with him a neatly dressed and prepossessing young man, Smithers by name. This gentleman caused a private conversation between the members of the firm, part of which I could not help over-hearing. It appeared he had applied to them for some vacant situation, and had brought a letter of recommendation, which Mr. Hicks read as follows:—"Lord Winnington has known Mr. Smithers and his family many years, and considers him thoroughly qualified for the situation he seeks." Now, Lord Winnington happened to be their best client, and so Hicks at once brought his protegée to Mr. Summers's house, in order that the latter might decide as to his fitness for the situation, which I learnt, with an envious sigh, was that of tutor to a wealthy young ward in chancery; and, finally, Mr. Hicks suggested that it would be an act of proper respect towards his Lordship to ask a person, of whom he seemed to entertain so high an opinion, to dinner. I had noticed that Smithers appeared ill at ease and anxious to retreat: the cause was now explained—he thought himself intruding; but he was soon undeceived by Mr. Summers, who, walking up to him, with a kind air, requested him to remain and partake of the entertainment. He agreed to do so, after many apologies, declaring it would give him "the greatest of pleasures." How I wished Mrs. Boddle had fallen to his lot, and Hicks to mine! but repining was useless, and I soon commenced a conversation with the lucky man, who was becoming an object of considerable interest to all the young ladies, it having been whispered that he was an intimate friend of Lord Winnington, and possessed of great expectations. Just as I was getting over the out-works of a talk, the footman announced Mrs. Boddle. I started at the name, and still more at the individual—it was my Russell-square acquaintance. She saw me, frowned, and, without noticing my mechanical bow, walked to a seat. Presently she seemed to recover herself, and began a colloquy in a subdued tone with Mrs. Summers. It evidently referred to me; and I thought the whole company must have known that, for they kept an ominous silence. I was meditating a retreat, when, to my unspeakable joy, the servant announced dinner; but Mrs. Boddle's last words, before going down, were—It's very suspicious! I'd look to the spoons." I sat at the bottom of the table, an unhappy and proscribed man. Hunger, and the consciousness of no offence, alone sustained me. Smithers was posted opposite. He looked embarrassed (which I could easily account for,) and hitherto had said very little indeed. Mrs. Boddle was next to him. As the dinner proceeded, Smithers' tongue, under the influence of wine, I charitably imagined, appeared to recover its vigour; and he and Mrs. Boddle were soon engaged in an animated discussion, appearing mutually pleased with each other. His carving was admirable, and his politeness unusual, for he was continually jumping up from his chair to fetch her any thing she wanted; but his stylish dress and appearance caused the company to overlook any little eccentricities on his part. After the ladies had retired, he proposed several "sentiments," and sang three songs, talking incessantly during the intervals. I thought his English was rather slip-shod; however, that might be owing to the excellence of our host's champagne, which was liberally distributed, and had already slightly exhilarated more than one gentleman. As for myself, I kept an uninterrupted silence, which nobody appeared to regret or even to notice. I was the first who appeared in the drawing-room, and I instantly perceived that Mrs. Boddle had been furnishing the ladies with some amusement at my expense. Even taxes, wrinkles, or cows could not have been more sedulously avoided than I was. The other gentlemen followed me, after a considerable interval, being evidently what the ladies term "merry," and as evidently delighted with Smithers, who had acted as their fugleman in a series of loud hurrahs, which had ascended to our ears. Mrs. Boddle welcomed him back most graciously. Her friends had been quizzing her about his manifest admiration and close attention, and so she was in great good humour; indeed, I could easily perceive that many younger ladies looked on the gay Lothario with favour. He had visited Paris and Italy, seemed to be intimately acquainted with all the great families in the Peerage, and talked conversation admirably; besides which, his manners were good, his height six feet, his neck-cloth and waistcoast spotlessly white, and his hair and whiskers superbly black. Still, in spite of all this, my critical, or, perhaps, envious ear would occasionally detect a vulgarism in his grammar, which I longed to point out to others. The music commenced. First of all, a young lady executed some sonata in a thunder-and-lightning style, to which I furnished an obligato accompaniment of groans, and secretly thanked her most sincerely—for ending. Next, Smithers favoured us with "My art's in the Ighlands," the people having previously declared themselves certain, "from his face," that he could sing; and truly he could, with a forty-chorister power. After this, my next entertainment came from an elderly lady, with a sharp nose and a crimson *turque*, who, wishing to give me something in a grave style, and out of the common way, commenced a dissertation on political economy, and evidently construed my writhings under the affliction into admiration of her discourse. I should really have felt grateful to her for speaking to me at all, had I not known that she did so because no one else would listen to her. Meanwhile, Smithers had been preparing something which eclipsed all his former efforts. Armed with a pocket-comb, covered with a piece of paper, he commenced a "siortonia," in the style of Beethoven, as he graciously informed us, and concluded with a capital imitation of a child crying. Words cannot describe the good reception his performance met with. Encouraged by the applause bestowed on him, he promised a still greater treat, previous to which he declared it was necessary for him to go down stairs and "whet his whistle." This piece of comicality was received by the ladies with gentle, though approving smiles, and the hero disappeared. I felt puzzled: there was no *mauvaise honte* about him; he seemed used to good society, and yet I could not bring myself to think him a gentleman. After he had been gone some time, a strange and decidedly bacchanalian noise was heard down stairs. We all listened; it was, perhaps, the commencement of the promised treat. Soon it resolved itself beyond question into the admired air, "We won't go home till morning," done by two voices, one of which was Mr. Smithers; and the other uncommonly like that of John the footman. At its termination the performers gave themselves three cheers, and then there was a grand smash of crockery. Could they be imitating the incantation scene in Der Freischutz? We went down in a body, prepared to be delighted, and, lo! rolling about among broken plates and dishes, were the two vocalists, fighting most furiously. We separated them, and then demanded of John (who was the least intoxicated of the pair) what this strange scene meant. John managed to hiccup out that, as his former fellow-servant and cousin had invited him to have something to drink, he could not refuse, especially as his relative seemed to be an intimate friend of Mr. Summers. "Your fellow-servant!" shouted our host; "what do you mean by that, sir? speak!" "Why, sir," said John, "Smithers and I was together at Lord Winnington's; he was butler, and I was groom; he was out of place, and advertised for a situation. Mr. Hicks answered him; there's the letter on the table—he's just been a showing it to me." A thought flashed across my mind. I took it up, looked at the date, and then at the address. Sure enough it was to "X Y Z, Post-office, Fleet-street," and merely requested the advertiser to call on Mr. Hicks at a certain hour. We had both unfortunately selected the same initials, and through our evil fate he had got the answer meant for me, and I Mrs. Boddle's, which was, in reality, intended for him. We returned to the drawing-room, and Smithers, in spite of John's efforts to restrain him, followed us there. None of the gentlemen liked to interfere with a man evidently possessed of great muscular power, and at that moment in a state of excitement; so we sent for the police. Meanwhile, "the horrid wretch," as Mrs. Boddle called him, was most polite and attentive to her; he evidently could not forget the good understanding which had existed between them. With drunken gravity and much earnestness of diction, he made an oration to Mr. Summers, thanking him for his kind and totally unexpected hospitality, which he emphatically declared he would always gratefully mention, (Summers looked any thing rather than pleased at the assurance;) he extolled the beauty of the young ladies, the extreme friendship and cordiality of Mrs. Boddle; and would have said much more had not two policemen entered, and, with infinite difficulty and some damage to the furniture, conveyed him to the station-house, whilst a crowd collected, it having been reported that Summers had given a grand dinner party, and that he and all his guests having got drunk, were being taken, one by one, to prison, John, meanwhile, waving a white napkin to his departing friend. To conclude, I was promoted to the tutorship, *vice* Smithers, sent to the house of correction.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

The Bank of England returns for the week ending the 1st instant, state the amount of notes issued to be £29,292,320, of which the banking department has on hand £8,796,875, leaving the circulation, in bank notes, £20,495,445, to which must be added, bank post bills, £943,423; against this, in addition to the Government debt and other securities, there is, in coin and bullion, £15,292,320. In the banking department, the liabilities are set down at £36,337,100; and the assets include £510,233, in gold and silver coin.

Sedition, blasphemy, and the like crimes are said to be most provalent among those who lead sedentary lives, especially tailors and shoemakers.

HIGH TREASON EXTRAORDINARY.—Archibald Cornuel, a sheriff's officer, was executed at Edinburgh, in the reign of James the First, of England, for hanging two pictures of the King and Queen, which he had seized under a distress for rent, to the gallows, the then usual place for sales by auction.

The *lobelia dortmanna* lives under water, raising its flowers only for the purpose of re-production.

Why are two boys tormenting a dog like butter? Because there's two t's in it—*(two teazing it.)* Oh!

More males than females are born; but more females than males survive infancy.

Damien slept on his bed of steel, St. Luke in his iron crown, and a battalion of infantry has been known to sleep on a march. —*Bains' Anatomy of Sleep.*

The blood contains a large quantity of iron.

The cobweb used to be esteemed a valuable remedy for ague.

Lord Coke remarks, that Job himself was impatient of a libel.

Prescriptions sometimes order a dose of medicine to be "exhibited," which, vulgarly speaking, means "shown," to the patient twice a day. Goodness knows *that* is often quite enough.

Professor Humboldt has had the honour of Doctor of Philosophy conferred upon him by nineteen universities.

From January 1 to April last, there were 2,239 designs registered according to the act. The expense was £484.

A subscription, amounting to upwards of £1000, has been made to the Council of the King's College, for the purpose of endowing a Chinese professorship.

Merrily jumpeth the child about on its crutch—peevishly crawleth the old man on his. Children both—wherein differ they?—The one hopeth, the other remembereth.

Who aims at excellence will be above mediocrity; who aims at mediocrity will fall short of it.

Serenity of mind is nothing worth, unless it has been earned; a man should be susceptible of passions, and able to subdue them.

There is this difference between happiness and wisdom. He that thinks himself the happiest man is really so, but he that thinks himself the wisest is generally the greatest fool.

When the sacrifice which you request a friend to make is greater than the benefit you obtained thereby, your demand is uncourteous.

Of all the actions in a man's life, his marriage does least concern other people, yet of all actions of his life it is most meddled with.

We should never estimate the soundness of principles by our own ability to defend them, or consider an objection as unanswerable to which we can find no reply.

Prefer solid sense to wit; never study to be diverting, without being useful; let no jest intrude upon good manners, nor say any thing that may offend modesty.

"Let me see you dare to do it," as the woman said to her husband when he told her he was going to throw himself into the river.

"Come, Bob, tell us how much you have cleared by your speculations?" said Bob's quizzical friend to him the other day. "Cleared!" replied Bob, with a frown, "why, I've cleared my pockets."

Many friends are lost by ill-timed jests; rather lose your best jests than your worst friend.

When a man chooses the reward of virtue, he should remember that to resign the pleasures of vice is part of his bargain.

It is calculated that, in licenses, taxes, and duties on spirits sold by them, the licensed victuallers contribute £11,000,000 sterling to the revenue.

The annual cost of the army and navy is about £8,500,000.

A new and fatal epidemic has broken out amongst cattle in Scotland. The disease attacks the windpipe or throat, and is fatal in a day or two. Blistering has been found efficacious when taken in time.

A figurative Hibernian patriot said, that he hoped this nation would not embark on a *sea* of trouble with old Ireland, for, if so, she might find the *sham*-rock a *real* one.

A journeyman cooper, aged 53, named Robert Kesteyan, died at Sheffield, a few days ago, of lock-jaw, which had resulted from his having accidentally given himself a blow with a hammer on his left thumb, about three weeks before his death.

"Not one cook in ten," says old Square-toes, "knows how to prepare a beefsteak: they neglect the grand rule, which is, to separate the fat from the lean; to put it on the gridiron first, and take it off last, so as to broil it half as long again as the lean. That makes it pulpy, like marrow, and makes all right. But how few do this!"

A marine, named James Sayer, was sentenced to death, by court martial, at Cork, for striking his superior officer; but, in consequence of some informality in the proceedings, has received a free pardon.

The heat was almost intolerable in Paris last week. On Wednesday the thermometer marked 95½ of Fahrenheit; on Friday it reached 98.

Dr. Cartwright states that barm, or yeast, is a certain specific for putrid fever. He tested it in the last stages of that dreadful disorder, and never knew it to fail, given in doses of two large spoonfuls every two hours.

Mr. William Chute, of Tralee, has entered two black Kerry cows for the national cattle show at Limerick. The smallest is only twenty-three inches in height, though rising two years old.

A certain eminent medical man lately offered to a publisher in Paternoster-row, a "Treatise on the Hand," which the worthy bookseller declined with a shake of the head, saying, "My dear sir, we have two many treatises on our hands already."

A Yankee editor, noticing the decease of a rich subscriber, observes that "he has died regretted by a numerous circle of friends, and leaving a widow as disconsolate as any widow need be who has obtained the uncontrollable possession of twenty thousand dollars per annum." About twenty young men have sent addresses of condolence to her.

Frances Jane Campbell, an infant a month old, was poisoned last week by a nurse-girl, who gave it a teaspoonful of laudanum. —At Holbeck, near Leeds, Mary Pickles, aged eight years, was killed by her mother in the same way.

A beggar, named Sweenie, is in custody, in Glasgow, on a charge of murdering his child, two years and a half old, by pushing him over a bridge. The child was taken to the Infirmary and died there.

Three-fourths, at least, of the Parisian journals, contained no notice of the attempt upon the King's life, the morning after the occurrence.

The *Sussex Express* announces a project of presenting to the Duke of Richmond a testimonial, for his services in the cause of the British agriculturist.

The Church of St. Peter, at Rome, is said to have cost the enormous sum of twelve millions sterling.

On Sunday evening se'nnight, a "navigator" and his wife, residing at Hackney, near Newton, quarrelled, and the woman jumped into the river Teign. The husband also plunged in to save her, and both perished.

The Queen has conferred the honor of knighthood on John Jervis, Esq., Attorney-General, and M. P. for Chester.

An attempt is now being made to raise £7000, in order to purchase an annuity of £800 a year for Father Mathew, the apostle of temperance.

Lindley Murray, the celebrated grammarian, was an American by birth, and a member of the Society of Friends. He acquired a fortune by mercantile pursuits in his native country, came to England in 1784, and published his grammar in 1795.

A legacy of £1000 has been left to the Foreign Mission Committee of the Scottish Free Church, for the erection of mission premises in India.

From 150 to 200 steamers arrive at, and depart from, the Bromielaw, Glasgow, in a day.

The Town Council of Manchester has adopted the principle of admitting the public to its meetings.

Prior to the year 1760, no stage coach came nearer to Liverpool than Warrington. In the same year there was but one private carriage in Liverpool, which belonged to a lady named Clayton.

The Right Rev. Dr. Walsh was consecrated Roman Catholic Bishop of Ossory, on Sunday se'nnight.

The Marquis of Normanby proceeds to the French capital at the close of the present month, as ambassador, in the room of Lord Cowley.

An unhappy protectionist editor, prophesying numberless evils from free trade, says, "The consequences must follow the cause, *as lightning pursues the thunder!*"

The originator of infant schools was David Dale, Esq., founder of New Lanark, and father-in-law of Mr. Robert Owen, the parallelogramatist.

The *Preston Chronicle*, of Saturday, mentions the sale of a small estate, near Leyland, at the rate of something more than forty years' purchase.

We understand there is likely to be a great scarcity of moor game this season on the Yorkshire moors, as they are found dead in large quantities.—*Leeds Mercury.*

An anti-slavery lecturer, named David Officer, was killed on the 5th ult., while lecturing in Shanesville, Ohio, by David M. Mains, who threw a brick-bat at him, and fractured his skull.

An illuminated missal, said to have belonged to Margaret of Anjou, Queen of Henry VI, was sold, last week, at Sotheby's auction rooms, for £115.

The Wakefield Board of Guardians have determined to petition Parliament for an entire repeal of the New Poor Laws

There are eight water companies in the metropolis;—the total daily supply is 36,000,000 gallons, which, for 250,000 houses, gives an average of 144 gallons.

A mushroom, which weighed nearly three pounds, and measured forty inches in circumference, fourteen inches across, and nine round the stalk, was found in a field near Beverley, the other day.

The *Limerick and Clare Examiner* gravely announces a sincere belief that "*nothing impossible has taken place* to prevent the return of Mr. William Smith O'Brien to Conciliation Hall." We were not previously aware that any thing impossible *could* take place.

Mr. Cobden and his family left Brighton last week for Dieppe, on a continental tour. They arrived in Paris on Saturday, *en route* for Switzerland.

The total number of men in the militia, in Great Britain and Ireland, for the current year, will be 5,376, and their cost, £154,938.

According to the *Morning Post*, the protectionist peers in conclave assembled, at Lord Stanley's, have determined not to divide on the Sugar Bill.

On Saturday week, Mr. Joseph Hebblethwaite, druggist, Charles-street, Leeds, and his wife, died by poison, supposed to have been administered by the husband.

Queen's College, Birmingham, is now regularly incorporated for collegiate, medical, and surgical education.

There is a rumour in Constantinople, that Mehemet Ali meditates abdicating in favour of Ibrahim Pacha.

A new Catholic church, built by W. S. Murray, Esq., of Danesfield, lately M.P. for Buckinghamshire, was opened, the other day, at Marlow.

The Count de St. Leu, ex-King of Holland, has left the bulk of his property to his only surviving son, Charles Louis Napoleon

The total quantity of copper ore imported into England in 1845 was 56,697¼ tons, of which 41,342 tons were from Cuba, 12,035 from South America, 1109 from South Australia, 701 from the United States, 646 from the British West Indies, and 640 tons from Italy.

On the 29th ult., a sharp shock of earthquake was felt at Liege and Cologne. Something similar was felt at Kingstown, Dublin, about the same time.

"The blackbird whistles for his dinner just like myself," said an Irishman to his companion. "How's that, Paddy, my darlint?" "Why, you spalpeen, don't you see that when he whistles he's calling for his *mate?*"

On the 12th ult. a fire broke out at Menemon, near Smyrna, which destroyed 600 shops in the bazaar, 20 dwelling houses, 2 mosques, and a public bath.

Lord George Bentinck is about to sell his racing stud, abandon his betting book, meaning to put himself in training for the Premiership, immediately.

Don Miguel, who is described as deplorably poor, has petitioned the new Pope for a continuance of his pension.

The Hungarian Jews have bought off the Tolerance Tax for £120,000, to be paid within five years.

In 1820, there were 61,014 acres of land employed in hop cultivation; in 1830, 46,726 acres; and in 1840, but 40,000 acres.—Is this Father Mathew's doing?

During the last year, says an Algiers journal, there were sold in Algeria 5250 estates, amounting together to 12,418,558f.

George Castle, private in the 3rd Light Dragoons, has been sentenced by court martial to seven years' transportation, as a felon, for desertion.

The Rev. Mr. Simpson, vicar of Mitcham, has resigned his living, and joined the Church of Rome.

The only living brother of Napoleon, is now the Prince de Montfort, ex-King of Westphalia, who is in his sixty-second year.

Mr. James Wilson, editor of the *Economist*, has accepted a requisition from the electors of Westbury, to contest the borough with Sir R. Lopez, at the next election.

One of Louis Philippe's daughters has lately given birth to a child, making the fourteenth or fifteenth grandchild of his Majesty.

It is expected that Parliament will be prorogued about the 25th or 27th instant.

Two valuable paintings,—one, Christ in the Sepulchre, supposed to be by Michael Angelo; the other a portrait of Cardinal del Monte, supposed to be by Raphael, have just been discovered at Rome.

The total number of postage stamps issued from 1841 inclusive to the end of the first quarter of 1846, was 83,694,240.

Sir W. O. Pell, Knt., Captain R.N., is appointed one of the Commissioners of Greenwich Hospital.

William Cave, a farmer and miller, at Hornton, near Banbury, a married man, with two children, is in custody, charged with the wilful murder of Hannah Tredwell, a woman with whom he cohabited, by shooting her with a gun.

The revenues of the see of Bangor are likely to be greatly augmented by the working of a valuable slate rock, situated on the episcopal property, adjoining the villa Crwrion.

The London *Tablet*, a repeal paper, is at daggers-drawing with the Dublin *Pilot*, another organ of the repealers, and passes this compliment upon it—"A statement made by that journal is *prima facie* a lie, and is taken as such by all the world!"

The cattle of Prince Albert have been attacked by disease, and his Royal Highness has, within the last few weeks, lost twenty or thirty valuable oxen and cows.

Three human skeletons have been found on the road-side between Oxford and Bunbury, in the spot indicated by Biddle the murderer, whose sentence of death was lately commuted. They are said to be the bodies of persons murdered.

Martha Williams, aged three years, died yesterday week at Alltgoch, Wales, from eating poisonous fungi, supposed by her mother to be mushrooms. A sister of the deceased had a very narrow escape.

The treaty of Navigation between Austria and Russia was signed on the 20th July.

The police of Hesse Cassel have orders to make out a list of all the German Catholics, and to report periodically on their conduct.

On Tuesday last, the committee of privileges of the House of Lords decided in favour of the claim of the Earl of Carbery to vote at the election of representative Peers for Ireland.

Mr. O'Connell has been restored to the commission of the peace for Kerry, by the Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

The cost of a call to the bar is about £80, of which sum £50 goes to the Government in the shape of duty.

The Royal Navy Club-house, Bond-street, London, with its contents, has been sold by auction, in consequence of the dissolution of the club.

The Lord Mayor of London, while waiting at the Blackwall Railway Terminus, Fenchurch-street, on Monday morning, was robbed of a gold watch and three gold seals, of the value of at least sixty guineas.

A monster rhubarb leaf, eleven yards and a half in circumference, has been grown in the neighbourhood of Manchester.

On a board in the garden of Mrs. E. Thomas, at Llandaff, is to be seen the following:—"Take Notice all Politice that will be seen on this Premises will be devoured by John Thomas."

Lord Brougham, the modern Proteus of Parliament, is now a convert to the necessity and advantages of military flogging. Poor old Harry!

A brute of a fellow, named John Nuttall, was fined 40s. and costs, at the Bolton Borough Court, on Monday, for beating his master's horse on the head with a stable fork, until he broke the handle, and then thrusting the prongs into the ribs of the poor animal.

On Monday last, a fire broke out at Messrs. Bolling and Co.'s cotton mill, Bolton, but the building being fire-proof, the flames were soon extinguished and the damage will not exceed £50.

A young man from Heywood, en route to Liverpool and the Isle of Man, on a journey of pleasure, had his pocket picked last week on the top of the Manchester and Middleton coach, and was, in consequence, compelled to return home minus his pleasure trip.

The Rev. Charles Kaye, minister of Old St. Pancras Church, London, aged 56, was, on Saturday evening se'nnight, removed from his residence in a cab to one of the hospitals, in a state of insanity, and died on Saturday, raving mad.

On Friday last, a dinner was given at Waltham

"REVIEWS." Liverpool Mercury, 14 Aug. 1846. British Library Newspapers, https://link.gale.com/apps/doc/BC3203965859/BNCN?u=bayreuth&sid=BNCN&xid=efdc533a. Accessed 15 Oct. 2020.