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Title: Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, No. 446

Author: Various
Editor: Robert Chambers
Editor: William Chambers

Release date: March 13, 2007 [eBook #20806]

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Malcolm Farmer, Richard J. Shiffer and the
Online Distributed Proofreading Team at <http://www.pgdp.net>

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EDINBURGH JOURNAL, NO. 446 ***

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONTENTS

[WOLF-CHILDREN.](#)
[THE LITERATURE OF PARLIAMENT.](#)
[LIGHTS FOR THE NIGHT.](#)
[OUT-OF-DOORS LIFE IN CENTRAL EUROPE.](#)
[MY FIRST BRIEF.](#)
[ELECTRO-BIOLOGY—\(SO-CALLED.\)](#)
[NEW MOTIVE-POWER.](#)
[GOOD-NIGHT.](#)
[ENGLISH INDEPENDENCE.](#)

[pg 33]



CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF
'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S
EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 446. NEW SERIES. SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1852. PRICE 1½*d.*

WOLF-CHILDREN.

[Return to Table of Contents](#)

It is a pity that the present age is so completely absorbed in materialities, at a time when the facilities are so singularly great for a philosophy which would inquire into the constitution of our moral nature. In the North Pacific, we are in contact with tribes of savages ripening, sensibly to the eye, into civilised communities; and we are able to watch the change as dispassionately as if we were in our studies examining the wonders of the minute creation through a

microscope. In America, we have before us a living model, blind, mute, deaf, and without the sense of smell; communicating with the external world by the sense of touch alone; yet endowed with a rare intelligence, which permits us to see, through the fourfold veil that shrouds her, the original germs of the human character.^[1] Nearer home, we have been from time to time attracted and astonished by the spectacle of children, born of European parents, emerging from forests where they had been lost for a series of years, fallen back, not into the moral condition of savages, but of wild beasts, with the sentiments and even the instincts of their kind obliterated for ever. And now we have several cases before us, occurring in India, of the same lapses from humanity, involving circumstances curious in themselves, but more important than curious, as throwing a strange light upon what before was an impenetrable mystery. It is to these we mean to direct our attention on the present occasion; but before doing so, it will be well just to glance at the natural history of the wild children of Europe.^[2]

The most remarkable specimen, and the best type of the class, was found in the year 1725, in a wood in Hanover. With the appearance of a human being—of a boy about thirteen years of age—he was in every respect a wild animal, walking on all-fours, feeding on grass and moss, and lodging in trees. When captured, he exhibited a strong repugnance to clothing; he could not be induced to lie on a bed, frequently tearing the clothes to express his indignation; and in the absence of his customary lair among the boughs of a tree, he crouched in a corner of the room to sleep. Raw food he devoured with relish, more especially cabbage-leaves and other vegetables, but turned away from the sophistications of cookery. He had no articulate language, expressing his emotions only by the sounds emitted by various animals. Although only five feet three inches, he was remarkably strong; he never exhibited any interest in the female sex; and even in his old age—for he was supposed to be seventy-three when he died—it was only in external manners he had advanced from the character of a wild beast to that of a good-tempered savage, for he was still without consciousness of the Great Spirit.

In other children that were caught subsequently to Peter, for that was the name they gave him, the same character was observable, although with considerable modifications. One of them, a young girl of twelve or thirteen, was not merely without sympathy for persons of the male sex, but she held them all her life in great abhorrence. Her temper was ungovernable; she was fond of blood, which she sucked from the living animal; and was something more than suspected of the cannibal propensity. On one occasion, she was seen to dive as naturally as an otter in a lake, catch a fish, and devour it on the spot. Yet this girl eventually acquired language; was even able to give some indistinct account of her early career in the woods; and towards the close of her life, when subdued by long illness, exhibited few traces of having once been a wild animal. Another, a boy of eleven or twelve, was caught in the woods of Canne, in France. He was impatient, capricious, violent; rushing even through crowded streets like an ill-trained dog; slovenly and disgusting in his manners; affected with spasmodic motions of the head and limbs; biting and scratching all who displeased him; and always, when at comparative rest, balancing his body like a wild animal in a menagerie. His senses were incapable of being affected by anything not appealing to his personal feelings: a pistol fired close to his head excited little or no emotion, yet he heard distinctly the cracking of a walnut, or the touch of a hand upon the key which kept him captive. The most delicious perfumes, or the most fetid exhalations, were the same thing to his sense of smell, because these did not affect, one way or other, his relish for his food, which was of a disgusting nature, and which he dragged about the floor like a dog, eating it when besmeared with filth. Like almost all the lower animals, he was affected by the changes of the weather; but on some of these occasions, his feelings approached to the human in their manifestations. When he saw the sun break suddenly from a cloud, he expressed his joy by bursting into convulsive peals of laughter; and one morning, when he awoke, on seeing the ground covered with snow, he leaped out of bed, rushed naked into the garden, rolled himself over and over in the snow, and stuffing handfuls of it into his mouth, devoured it eagerly. Sometimes he shewed signs of a true madness, wringing his hands, gnashing his teeth, and becoming formidable to those about him. But in other moods, the phenomena of nature seemed to tranquillise and sadden him. When the severity of the season, as we are informed by the French physician who had charge of him, had driven every other person out of the garden, he still delighted to walk there; and after taking many turns, would seat himself beside a pond of water. Here his convulsive motions, and the continual balancing of his whole body, diminished, and gave way to a more tranquil attitude; his face gradually assumed the character of sorrow or melancholy reverie, while his eyes were steadfastly fixed on the surface of the water, and he threw into it, from time to time, some withered leaves. In like manner, on a

moonlight night, when the rays of the moon entered his room, he seldom failed to awake, and to place himself at the window. Here he would remain for a considerable time, motionless, with his neck extended, and his eyes fixed on the moonlight landscape, and wrapped in a kind of contemplative ecstasy, the silence of which was interrupted only by profound inspirations, accompanied by a slight plaintive noise.

We have only to add, that by the anxious care of the physician, and a thousand ingenious contrivances, the senses of this human animal, with the exception of his hearing, which always remained dull and impassive, were gradually stimulated, and he was even able at length to pronounce two or three words. Here his history breaks off.

The scene of these extraordinary narratives has hitherto been confined to Europe; but we have now to draw attention to the wild children of India. It happens, fortunately, that in this case the character of the testimony is unimpeachable; for although brought forward in a brief, rough pamphlet, published in a provincial town, and merely said to be 'by an Indian Official,' we recognise both in the manner and matter the pen of Colonel Sleeman, the British Resident at the court of Lucknow, whose invaluable services in putting down thuggee and dacoitee in India we have already described to our readers. [3]

The district of Sultanpoor, in the kingdom of Oude, a portion of the great plain of the Ganges, is watered by the Goomtee River, a navigable stream, about 140 yards broad, the banks of which are much infested by wolves. These animals are protected by the superstition of the Hindoos, and to such an extent, that a village community within whose boundaries a single drop of their blood has been shed, is believed to be doomed to destruction. The wolf is safe—but from a very different reason—even from those vagrant tribes who have no permanent abiding-place, but bivouac in the jungle, and feed upon jackals, reptiles—anything, and who make a trade of catching and selling such wild animals as they consider too valuable to eat. The reason why the vulpine ravager is spared by these wretches is—*that wolves devour children!* Not, however, that the wanderers have any dislike to children, but they are tempted by the jewels with which they are adorned; and knowing the dens of the animals, they make this fearful gold-seeking a part of their business. The adornment of their persons with jewellery is a passion with the Hindoos which nothing can overcome. Vast numbers of women—even those of the most infamous class—are murdered for the sake of their ornaments, yet the lesson is lost upon the survivors. Vast numbers of children, too, fall victims in the same way, and from the same cause, or are permitted, by those who shrink from murder, to be carried off and devoured by the wolves; yet no Indian mother can withstand the temptation to bedizen her child, whenever it is in her power, with bracelets, necklaces, and other ornaments of gold and silver. So much is necessary as an introduction to the incidents that follow.

One day, a trooper, like Spenser's gentle knight, 'was pricking on the plain,' near the banks of the Goomtee. He was within a short distance of Chandour, a village about ten miles from Sultanpoor, the capital of the district, when he halted to observe a large female wolf and her whelps come out of a wood near the roadside, and go down to the river to drink. There were four whelps. Four!—surely not more than three; for the fourth of the juvenile company was as little like a wolf as possible. The horseman stared; for in fact it was a boy, going on all-fours like his comrades, evidently on excellent terms with them all, and guarded, as well as the rest, by the dam with the same jealous care which that exemplary mother, but unpleasant neighbour, bestows upon her progeny. The trooper sat still in his saddle watching this curious company till they had satisfied their thirst; but as soon as they commenced their return, he put spurs to his horse, to intercept the boy. Off ran the wolves, and off ran the boy helter-skelter—the latter keeping close up with the dam; and the horseman, owing to the unevenness of the ground, found it impossible to overtake them before they had all entered their den. He was determined, nevertheless, to attain his object, and assembling some people from the neighbouring village with pickaxes, they began to dig in the usual way into the hole. Having made an excavation of six or eight feet, the garrison evacuated the place—the wolf, the three whelps, and the boy, leaping suddenly out and taking to flight. The trooper instantly threw himself upon his horse, and set off in pursuit, followed by the fleetest of the party; and the ground over which they had to fly being this time more even, he at length headed the chase, and turned the whole back upon the men on foot. These secured the boy, and, according to prescriptive rule, allowed the wolf and her three whelps to go on their way.

'They took the boy to the village,' says Colonel Sleeman, 'but had to tie him,

for he was very restive, and struggled hard to rush into every hole or den they came near. They tried to make him speak, but could get nothing from him but an angry growl or snarl. He was kept for several days at the village, and a large crowd assembled every day to see him. When a grown-up person came near him, he became alarmed, and tried to steal away; but when a child came near him, he rushed at it with a fierce snarl, like that of a dog, and tried to bite it. When any cooked meat was put near him, he rejected it in disgust; but when raw meat was offered, he seized it with avidity, put it upon the ground, under his hands, like a dog, and ate it with evident pleasure. He would not let any one come near while he was eating, but he made no objection to a dog's coming and sharing his food with him.'

This wild boy was sent to Captain Nicholetts, the European officer commanding the 1st regiment of Oude Local Infantry, stationed at Sultanpoor. He lived only three years after his capture, and died in August 1850. According to Captain Nicholetts' account of him, he was very inoffensive except when teased, and would then growl and snarl. He came to eat anything that was thrown to him, although much preferring raw flesh. He was very fond of uncooked bones, masticating them apparently with as much ease as meat; and he had likewise a still more curious partiality for small stones and earth. So great was his appetite, that he has been known to eat half a lamb at one meal; and buttermilk he would drink by the pitcher full without seeming to draw breath. He would never submit to wear any article of dress even in the coldest weather; and when a quilt stuffed with cotton was given to him, 'he tore it to pieces, and ate a portion of it—cotton and all—with his bread every day.' The countenance of the boy was repulsive, and his habits filthy in the extreme. He was never known to smile; and although fond of dogs and jackals, formed no attachment for any human being. Even when a favourite pariah dog, which used to feed with him, was shot for having fallen under suspicion of taking the lion's share of the meal, he appeared to be quite indifferent. He sometimes walked erect; but generally ran on all-fours—more especially to his food when it was placed at a distance from him.

[pg 35]

Another of these wolf-children was carried off from his parents at Chupra (twenty miles from Sultanpoor), when he was three years of age. They were at work in the field, the man cutting his crop of wheat and pulse, and the woman gleaning after him, with the child sitting on the grass. Suddenly, there rushed into the family party, from behind a bush, a gaunt wolf, and seizing the boy by the loins, ran off with him to a neighbouring ravine. The mother followed with loud screams, which brought the whole village to her assistance; but they soon lost sight of the wolf and his prey, and the boy was heard no more of for six years. At the end of that time, he was found by two sipahis associating, as in the former case, with wolves, and caught by the leg when he had got half-way into the den. He was very ferocious when drawn out, biting at his deliverers, and seizing hold of the barrel of one of their guns with his teeth. They secured him, however, and carried him home, when they fed him on raw flesh, hares, and birds, till they found the charge too onerous, and gave him up to the public charity of the village till he should be recognised by his parents. This actually came to pass. His mother, by that time a widow, hearing a report of the strange boy at Koeleapoor, hastened to the place from her own village of Chupra, and by means of indubitable marks upon his person, recognised her child, transformed into a wild animal. She carried him home with her; but finding him destitute of natural affection, and in other respects wholly irreclaimable, at the end of two months she left him to the common charity of the village.

When this boy drank, he dipped his face in the water, and sucked. The front of his elbows and knees had become hardened from going on all-fours with the wolves. The village boys amused themselves by throwing frogs to him, which he caught and devoured; and when a bullock died and was skinned, he resorted to the carcass like the dogs of the place, and fed upon the carrion. His body smelled offensively. He remained in the village during the day, for the sake of what he could get to eat, but always went off to the jungle at night. In other particulars, his habits resembled those already described. We have only to add respecting him, that, in November 1850, he was sent from Sultanpoor, under the charge of his mother, to Colonel Sleeman—then probably at Lucknow—but something alarming him on the way, he ran into a jungle, and had not been recovered at the date of the last dispatch.

We pass over three other narratives of a similar kind, that present nothing peculiar, and shall conclude with one more specimen of the Indian wolf-boy. This human animal was captured, like the first we have described, by a trooper, with the assistance of another person on foot. When placed on the pommel of the saddle, he tore the horseman's clothes, and, although his hands were tied, contrived to bite him severely in several places. He was taken to

Bondee, where the rajah took charge of him till he was carried off by Janoo, a lad who was khidmutgar (table-attendant) to a travelling Cashmere merchant. The boy was then apparently about twelve years of age, and went upon all-fours, although he could stand, and go awkwardly on his legs when threatened. Under Janoo's attention, however, in beating and rubbing his legs with oil, he learned to walk like other human beings. But the vulpine smell continued to be very offensive, although his body was rubbed for some months with mustard-seed soaked in water, and he was compelled during the discipline to live on rice, pulse, and bread. He slept under the mango-tree, where Janoo himself lodged, but was always tied to a tent-pin.

One night, when the wild boy was lying asleep under his tree, Janoo saw two wolves come up stealthily, and smell at him. They touched him, and he awoke; and rising from his reclining posture, he put his hands upon the heads of his visitors, and they licked his face. They capered round him, and he threw straw and leaves at them. The khidmutgar gave up his protégé for lost; but presently he became convinced that they were only at play, and he kept quiet. He at length gained confidence enough to drive the wolves away; but they soon came back, and resumed their sport for a time. The next night, three playfellows made their appearance, and in a few nights after, four. They came four or five times, till Janoo lost all his fear of them. When the Cashmere merchant returned to Lucknow, where his establishment was, Janoo still carried his pet with him, tied by a string to his own arm; and, to make him useful according to his capacity, with a bundle on his head. At every jungle they passed, however, the boy would throw down the bundle, and attempt to dart into the thicket; repeating the insubordination, though repeatedly beaten for it, till he was fairly subdued, and became docile by degrees. The greatest difficulty was to get him to wear clothes, which to the last he often injured or destroyed, by rubbing them against posts like a beast, when some part of his body itched. Some months after their arrival at Lucknow, Janoo was sent away from the place for a day or two on some business, and on his return he found that the wild boy had escaped. He was never more seen.

It is a curious circumstance, that the wild children, whether of Europe or Asia, have never been found above a certain age. They do not grow into adults in the woods. Colonel Sleeman thinks their lives may be cut short by their living exclusively on animal food; but to some of them, as we have seen, a vegetable diet has been habitual. The probability seems to be, that with increasing years, their added boldness and consciousness of strength may lead them into fatal adventures with their brethren of the forest. As for the protection of the animal by which they were originally nurtured becoming powerless from age, which is another hypothesis, that supposes too romantic a system of patronage and dependence. The head of the family must have several successive series of descendants to care for after the arrival of the stranger, and it is far more probable that the wild boy is obliged to turn out with his playmates, when they are ordered to shift for themselves, than that he alone remains a fixture at home. That protection of some kind at first is a necessary condition of his surviving at all, there can be no manner of doubt, although it does not follow that a wolf is always the patron. The different habits of some of the European children we have mentioned, shew a totally different course of education. If, for instance, they had been nurtured by wolves, they would no more have learned to climb trees than to fly in the air. As for the female specimen we have mentioned, hers was obviously an exceptional case. She was lost, as appeared from her own statement, when old enough to work at some employment, and a club she used as a weapon was one of her earliest recollections.

The wild children of India, however, were obviously indebted to wolves for their miserable lives; and it is not so difficult as at first sight might be supposed, to imagine the possibility of such an occurrence. The parent wolves are so careful of their progeny, that they feed them for some time with half-digested food, disgorged by themselves; and after that—if we may believe Buffon, who seems as familiar with the interior of a den as if he had boarded and lodged in the family—they bring home to them live animals, such as hares and rabbits. These the young wolves play with, and when at length they are hungry, kill: the mother then for the first time interfering, to divide the prey in equal portions. But in the case of a child being brought to the den—a child accustomed, in all probability, to tyrannise over the whelps of pariah dogs and other young animals, they would find it far easier to play than to kill; and if we only suppose the whole family going to sleep together, and the parents bringing home fresh food in the morning—contingencies not highly improbable—the mystery is solved, although the marvel remains. It may be added, that such wolves as we have an opportunity of observing in menageries, are always gentle and playful when young, and it is only time that develops the latent ferocity of a character the most detestable, perhaps, in the

whole animal kingdom. Cowardly and cruel in equal proportion, the wolf has no defenders. 'In short,' says Goldsmith—probably translating Buffon, for we have not the latter at hand to ascertain—'every way offensive, a savage aspect, a frightful howl, an insupportable odour, a perverse disposition, fierce habits, he is hateful while living, and useless when dead.'

But what, then, is man, whom mere accidental association for a few years can strip of the faculties inherent in his race and convert into a wolf? The lower animals retain their instincts in all circumstances. The kitten, brought up from birth on its mistress's lap, imbibes none of her tastes in food or anything else. It rejects vegetables, sweets, fruits, all drinks but water or milk, and although content to satisfy its hunger with dressed meat, darts with an eager growl upon raw flesh. Man alone is the creature of imitation in good or in bad. His faculties and instincts, although containing the *germ* of everything noble, are not independent and self-existing like those of the brutes. This fact accounts for the difference observable, in an almost stereotyped form, in the different classes of society; it affords a hint to legislators touching their obligation to use the power they possess in elevating, by means of education, the character of the more degraded portions of the community; and it brings home to us all the great lesson of sympathy for the bad as well as the afflicted—both victims alike of *circumstances*, over which they in many cases have nearly as little control as the wild children of the desert.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] See 'The Rudimental,' in No. 391.

[2] A paper on this subject will be found in *Chambers's Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts*, vol. v. No. 48.

[3] See 'Gang-Robbers of India,' in Nos. 360 and 361 of this Journal. The title of the pamphlet alluded to is, *An Account of Wolves nurturing Children in their Dens*. By an Indian Official. Plymouth: Jenkin Thomas, printer. 1852.

THE LITERATURE OF PARLIAMENT.

[Return to Table of Contents](#)

THE Imperial Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland, in addition to its other varied and important functions, fulfils, through one of its branches, that of a great national book manufactory. Every session, the House of Commons issues a whole library of valuable works, containing information of the most ample and searching kind on subjects of a very miscellaneous character. These are the Blue-books, of which everybody has heard: many jokes are extant as to their imposing bulk and great weight, literally and figuratively; and a generation eminently addicted to light reading, may well look with horror on these thick and closely-printed folios. But, in truth, they are not for the mere *reader*: they are for the historian, and student of any given subject; they are storehouses of material, not digested treatises. True it is, that their great size sometimes defeats its object—the valuable portion of the material is sometimes buried under the comparatively worthless heap that surrounds it—the golden grains lost amid the chaff. But in a case of this kind, the error of redundancy is one on the safe side; let a subject in all its bearings be thoroughly and fully brought up, and it is the fault or failing of him who sets about the study of it, if he is appalled at the amount of information on which he has to work, or cannot discriminate and seize upon the salient points, or on those which are necessary for his own special purposes.

Few persons, we believe, who have not had occasion to consult these parliamentary volumes in a systematic manner, are at all aware of the immense labour that is bestowed upon them, and the care and completeness with which they are compiled and arranged. Indeed, we daresay few readers have any accurate notions of the actual number of parliamentary papers annually issued, or of the nature of their contents. From even a very cursory examination of the literary result of a parliamentary session, the previously uninformed investigator could not fail to rise with a greatly augmented estimate of the functions of the great ruling body of the state—the guarding and directing power in the multitudinous affairs of the British Empire—an empire that extends over every possible variety of country and climate, and includes under its powerful, yet mild and beneficent sway, tribes of every colour of skin, and of every shade of religious belief. Such a survey, in fact, tends to impress one more fully and immediately than could well be fancied, with the magnitude of the business of the British legislature, and the consequent weighty responsibilities imposed upon its members. But, great as

the burden is, it is distributed over so many shoulders, that it appears to press heavily, and really does so, only on a few who support it at the more trying points.

The session 1851 is the latest of whose labours, as they appear in the form of parliamentary records, an account can be given. By the admirable system of arrangement we have referred to, each parliamentary 'paper,' whether it issues in the shape of a bulky Blue-book—that is to say, as a thick, stitched folio volume, in a dark-blue cover—or as a mere 'paper'—an uncovered folio of a single sheet of two or four pages, or several stitched together, but not attaining the dignity of the blue cover—is marked as belonging to a certain class; and when the issue of the session is complete, a full set of 'Titles, Contents, and Indexes' to the whole is supplied, so that they can all be classified and bound up in due order with the utmost ease and celerity. The *Titles, Contents, and Indexes to the Sessional Printed Papers of Session 1851* are at present before us, in the shape of a folio Blue-book about an inch and a half thick, from which we think we may pick some facts of interest.

It must be premised, that the session 1851 was considered by politicians a peculiarly barren and unfruitful one, as the Great Exhibition, in conjunction with ministerial difficulties, and the monster debates on the Ecclesiastical Titles' Bill, tended greatly to impede the ordinary business of the Houses, and gave an air of tedium and languor to the whole proceedings. Nevertheless, the papers for the year amount to no less than sixty volumes! Of these, the first six contain Public Bills. A bill, as most of our readers must be aware, is a measure submitted to the consideration of parliament with the view of its being adopted into the legal code of the country, for which it must receive the sanction of both Houses and the assent of the crown. When a bill has 'passed' through the Lords and Commons, and received the royal assent, it becomes an 'act'—that is, a law. A bill, in passing through the Houses, is subjected to numerous amendments and alterations in form, and is often printed, for the use of members and other parties interested, three or four times after such alterations, before it comes forth in its final and permanent form as an act. Thus, the famous Ecclesiastical Titles' Bill is to be found in three several shapes among the bills before it reappears for the fourth time as an act. Again, the word 'public' prefixed to these six volumes of bills, reminds us of the vast amount of business that comes before parliament and its committees in the shape of 'private' bills, of which no record appears here. These are bills of special and individual application, such as when a public company seeks an act of incorporation, the possessor of an entailed estate desires to sell a portion of ground, a railway directory asks for powers of various kinds, and so on.

[pg 37]

An examination of the contents of these six volumes would shew how many and diverse are the subjects that turn up in parliament in the course of a single and brief session; but to enter on it satisfactorily would require a great amount of space, and might, after all, be more tedious than profitable. A glance at those actually passed may suffice. These were 106 in number: the first is, 'An Act to amend the Passengers' Act of 1849;' and the hundred and sixth, 'An Act to appoint Commissioners to inquire into the Existence of Bribery in St Albans.' Besides the acts of an ordinary or routine character, we find the following among the subjects legislated on:—The Marine Forces, Leases for Mills in Ireland, Protection of Original Designs, the Protection of Servants and Apprentices, the Sale of Arsenic, Highways in Wales, Sites for Schools, Herring-Fishery, Prisons in Scotland, Common Lodging-Houses, Window and House Duties, Marriages in India, Ecclesiastical Titles, Smithfield Market, Settlement of the Boundaries of Canada and New Brunswick, Highland Roads and Bridges, Gunpowder Magazine at Liverpool, Management of the Insane in India, Lands in New Zealand, Representative Peers of Scotland, Emigration, Law of Evidence, Criminal Justice, &c.

Following the six volumes of bills, are fifteen volumes of *Reports from Committees*, which are again succeeded by nine volumes of *Reports from Commissioners*. These two sections of the literature of parliament form vast stores of material on an immense number of subjects, into which he who digs laboriously is sure to be rewarded in the end. They contain great masses of 'evidence,' extracted by the examinations of committees and commissioners from the parties believed to be best qualified to give correct and full information on the various subjects on which they are examined, and these opinions are supported by facts and authentic statements and statistics, invaluable to the investigator. The first volume of last year's Reports from Committees opens with that on the Edinburgh Annuity Tax, the fifteenth contains that on Steam Communications with India. There are four volumes on Customs, two on Ceylon, one on Church-rates, one on the Caffre Tribes, one on Newspaper Stamps, &c.; while other volumes contain Reports on the

Property Tax, the Militia, the Ordnance Survey, Public Libraries, Law of Partnership, &c. From commissioners, we have Reports on Fisheries, Emigration, National Gallery, Public Records, Board of Health, Factories, Furnaces, Mines and Collieries, Education, Maynooth College, Prisons, Public Works, &c.

The fourth section of these parliamentary papers for 1851 amounts to thirty volumes, and consists of *Accounts and Papers*. It is in these that the statist finds inexhaustible wealth of material, long columns of figures with large totals, tables of the most complicated yet the clearest construction, containing a multiplicity of details bearing on the riches and resources of the empire in its most general and most minute particulars. Thus the first volume relates to 'Finance,' and includes the accounts of the Public Income and Expenditure, Public and National Debt, Income Tax, Public Works, and a vast variety of other subjects. The second volume is made up of the 'Estimates' for the Army, Navy, Ordnance, and 'Civil Services,' which includes Public Works, Public Salaries, Law and Justice, Education, Colonial and Consular Services, &c. The third volume is filled with Army and Navy Accounts and Returns. The next six volumes refer to the colonies, and consist of Accounts, Dispatches, Correspondence. The tenth is occupied with the subject of Emigration; and the eleventh with the Government of our Eastern Empire in all its vast machinery and complicated relations. The remaining volumes—for space would fail us to enumerate them in detail—treat of such subjects as the Census, Education, Convict Discipline, Poor, Post-office, Railways, Shipping, Quarantine, Trade and Navigation Returns, Revenue, Population and Commerce, Piracy, the Slave Trade, and Treaties and Conventions with Foreign States. Last of all, as volume sixty of the set, we have the *Numerical List and General Index*, itself a goodly tome of nearly 200 pages, compiled with immense care, and arranged so perspicuously as to afford the utmost facilities for reference.

These papers, as we have said, differ greatly in size. Some consist of but a single page, others swell up to volumes two or three inches thick, and of perhaps 2000 pages. As to the contents, the majority display a mixture of letterpress with tabular matter; and while some are wholly letterpress, others present an alarming and endless array of figures—filing along, page after page, in irresistible battalions. In many, valuable maps and plans are incorporated, with occasional designs for public works, &c.

Besides these returns and papers of permanent value, there are daily issued during the session programmes of the business of the day, entitled *Votes and Proceedings*, and containing a list of the subjects, the motions, petitions, bills, &c., that are to be brought before the House, according to 'the orders of the day.' These, and all the other papers issued by parliament, may be obtained regularly through 'all the booksellers,' by any person desiring to have them. Their prices are fixed; and in the case of the larger papers, the price is printed on the back of each. Copies of bills and returns may be had separately, on payment of these affixed prices; and indeed few parties require complete sets. Some public libraries take them, as do most of the London, and one or two provincial newspapers, by which the gentlemen of the press are enabled to compile the numerous articles and paragraphs with which all newspaper readers are familiar, and which usually begin: 'By a return just issued, we learn,' &c.; or: 'From a parliamentary paper recently printed, it appears,' &c. The public is often considerably indebted to the labours of newspaper men in regard to these papers, for the exigence of space, and the necessity of beating everything into a readable shape, require them to condense the voluminous details of the returns; and their sum and substance is thus given without any encumbering extraneous matter.

The cost of complete series of the papers varies from session to session, according to the number issued, ranging usually about L.12 or L.14.

LIGHTS FOR THE NIGHT.

[Return to Table of Contents](#)

UNQUESTIONABLY, darkness is disagreeable. Whether to manhood hoary-headed in wisdom, or to childhood yet in soft-brained ignorance, darkness is an unpleasant fact, to be got over in the best way possible—to be got over at all events, and at any cost, and to be turned into luminosity by every expedient that can be used. Wax-tapers, to throw their soft, luxurious light on my lady's delicate face, as she lies like a beautiful piece of marble-work on her dreamy couch; shaded lamps for the grave merchant, the virtual king of the present, as he sits in his still office, ruling nations by bale and bond, and guiding the

tide of events by invoices and ship's papers; Palmer's candles, under green pent-houses, for students and authors, whose eyes must withstand a double strain; the mild house-light, with a dash of economy in the selection, whether of oil, sperm, long-fours, or short-sixes, for the family group; the white camphene flame for the artist: strange mechanisms for the curious; the flaunting brilliancy of the coloured chandeliers and cut-glass shades for our English Bedouins in the gin-palace; the flaring jet of the open butchers' shops; the paper-lantern of the street-stalls; the consumptive dip of the slop-worker; the glimmering rush-light for the sick-room; the resin torch for the midnight funeral: these, and countless other inventions—not to mention the universal gas—assert man's disinclination to transact his life in the dark, or to bound his powers by the simple arrangements of nature. There are better lights, though, than any of these, and a worse than mere physical night, be it the blackest with which romancer ever stained his innocent paper, when describing those dark deeds on desolate moors which all romancers delight in, and which send young ladies pale to bed. The night of the mind is worse than the night of time; and lamps which can dispel this are more valuable than any which make up for the loss of the sun only, though these are grand undertakings too.

Most people know what a Child's night-light is, and most people have heard of Belmont Wax, and Price's Patent Candles, though few would be able to explain exactly what the warrant guards. But who ever pretends to understand patents? The 'Belmont' every one knows; it is a mere ordinary wax-candle, which perhaps does not 'gutter' so much as others, and with wick more innocent of 'thieves' than most, but with nothing more wonderful in appearance than an ordinary candle. A Child's night-light, too, has nothing mysterious in its look. It greatly resembles the thick stumpy end of a magnificent mould, done up in a coloured card-jacket, and with a small thin wick, that gives just a point of flame, and no more, by which to light another candle, if necessary—of admirable service for this and all other purposes of a common-place bedroom. Eccentric sleepers, who write Greek hexameters, and fasten on poetic thoughts while the rest of the world are in rational slumber, might object to the feebleness of this point of light; but eccentricities need provisions of their own, and comets have orbits to which the laws of the stars do not apply. For all ordinary people, this thick candle-end is a delicious substitute for the ghastly rush-light in its chequered cage, which threw strange figures on wall and curtain, and gave nervous women the megrims. But nothing more is known of Belmonts or night-lights; their birthplace, and the manner of their making, are alike hidden from the outer world; the uninitiated accept the arcana of tallow only in the positive form. It is generally presumed that candles, in the abstract, come from some unknown place in 'the City;' but how they are made, or who is employed in their making, or how the workmen live in the grease-laden steam of the factory, not one in a thousand would know if he could certainly none would give himself any trouble to find out. Neither should we ourselves have known, had not a little pamphlet, bearing the heading, *Special Report by the Directors to the Proprietors of Price's Patent Candle Company*, fallen into our hands. Holding the Report open on the desk before us, we will now give to our readers the net result of the moral doings of the factory.

In the winter of 1848, half-a-dozen of the boys employed in the candle manufactory used to hide themselves behind a bench two or three times a week, when work and tea were over, to practise writing on useless scraps of paper picked up anyhow, and with worn-out pens begged from the counting-house. Encouraged by the foreman of their department, who begged some rough, movable desks for them, and aided by timely but not oppressive prizes from the Messrs Wilson, and by the presence of Mr J. P. Wilson, the little self-constituted school progressed considerably, until it reached the number of thirty; then a large old building was cleared out, a rickety wooden staircase taken down, an iron one put up in its stead, and a lofty school-room, capable of holding about 100 or more, made in the place of two useless lumber-rooms. The making and furnishing that room amounted to L.172. The school for some time held to its first principles of self-government. All the instruction, discipline, and management were supplied by the boys themselves; and when a number of elder boys joined, a committee, appointed by themselves, regulated the affairs of the community. However, this did not last long. The hot young blood and immature young brain needed a stronger curb than self-appointed committees could supply; and by a general request, the school has since been worked by authority—this authority itself guided by a general vote in many matters of choice immediately concerning the scholars. In the following summer—we are still in '48—a day-school was held in the room, to which the younger boys who were wanted in the factory at uncertain times and for indefinite periods, were sent when not employed—drafted from school to work, and from work to school, as the necessities of the factory required.

The annual cost of this day-school is L.130; the total cost from the commencement, L.327.

Amusements must now be provided. The first and most obvious were tea-parties, the usual rewards to school-children, and often made very tedious affairs by the enormous quantity of talk inflicted on them. However, Mr Wilson managed better. To the first, many of the boys came dirty and untidy; the second shewed a great improvement; the third, one still greater; until now, most of the factory-boys assemble to chapel, and other places where they ought to be decent, in plain suits of black, which give them a neat and even gentlemanlike appearance: yes, though the word applied to a set of factory-boys, candlemakers, may make many of our readers smile. But for all that constitutes real gentlemanlike feeling for order, obedience to authority, courtesy of manner, the absence of rudeness, quarrelling, and other petty vices of school-boys—these factory lads, taken from the very heart of a low population, shine pre-eminently, or rather have shone, since Mr Wilson has taken their educational training so much to heart. The first tea-party was held on Easter-Monday, as a counterpoise to the attractions of Greenwich and Camberwell fairs; and it succeeded in that object, evidencing that vice is not that necessary ingredient in the pleasures of the people which some people think.

In 1849, the cholera came, peculiarly severe about Lambeth and Battersea Fields, where many of the candlemakers lived. Mr Wilson's first thought was for the young people in the factory. He consulted with his brother, and they took additional counsel of first-rate medical men, and then added to the committee a Mr Symes, a gentleman holding a field that was waiting to be built on. The result of these consultations was, that Mr Symes giving them temporary possession of the field, the night-school was closed entirely, and all the boys set to work to learn cricket—cricket as the best antidote to cholera the directors of Price's Patent could devise. Wise men these directors, with some sterling common sense and rare old hearty benevolence mixed up with their generous Saxon blood! Mr Symes was not the only stranger—for stranger he was—eager to help the directors. A Mr Graham came forward, and many others joined in offering; and altogether, as Mr J. P. Wilson says, 'everybody's heart seemed to warm up to their object.' The plan was a success. Of the whole crowd of cricket-players, only one, an interesting lad of seventeen, was lost, though most of them had kinspeople dying and dead in their own homes. That cricket-ground was not, however, useful only for physical health; it presented a beautiful and striking scene, which must have carried home to every heart deep thoughts and holy purposes to strengthen the soul as well.

'Always when the game was finished,' says Mr Wilson, 'they (the boys) collected in a corner of the field, and took off their caps for a very short prayer for the safety of themselves and their friends from cholera; and the tone in which they said their amen to this, has always made me think, that although the school was nominally given up for the time, they were really getting from their game, so concluded, more moral benefit than any ordinary schooling could have given them.' This belief we heartily endorse. That informal prayer, made while the blood was warm with happiness and high with health, spoken in the open field, by themselves, direct to Heaven, without other interpreter between them, must have made a deep impression on the boys. Its very informality must have added to its solemnity; making it appear, and indeed making it in reality, so much more the genuine, spontaneous, heart-spoken expression of each individual, than the mere customary attendance on a prescribed form can admit. A field of six and a half acres is now rented, at the annual gross cost of L.80, the middle of which is kept for the cricket-ground, while the edges are laid down in gardens, allotted out.

During all the bright summer weather the boys worked eagerly at their gardens, and played perseveringly at cricket—making a happy and healthy use of time that otherwise must, if used well, have been spent in a dull school-room (not the most inviting of recreations, after a hard day's work at the candle-making), or idled away in the streets, amongst the unprofitable and unhealthy amusements provided for the people. Amongst other good results, Mr Wilson notices that of 'softening to the boys one of the greatest evils now existing in the factory—the night-work, for which the men and boys come in at six in the evening, to leave at six in the morning.' These workers do not go to bed, it seems, so soon as they leave work: in former days, they generally dawdled about, took a walk, or strolled into a gin-palace, as it might happen, or did anything else to kill the time until their sleeping-hour arrived. Since the cricket-ground has been established, however, they rush off to the field on leaving work at six in the morning, thoroughly enjoy themselves at gardening

and cricket until about a quarter past eight; and then, after collecting in a little shed, where a verse or two of the New Testament and the Lord's Prayer are read to them, they go home to sleep, refreshed by the exercise after their unnatural hours, happy, peaceful, and healthy. These are the birches and canes of the Messrs Wilson's moral and scholastic training!

Then came the summer-excursion. The first experiment was in June 1850, when 100 of them went down to Guildford early in the morning, and returned late in the evening. It was a beautiful day, bright and cloudless; and as those London boys wandered about the country lanes and meadows of Guildford, and heard the ceaseless hum of insect life, and the uncaged birds singing high in the blue sky, and saw the wild-flowers in the hedgerows, and the glancing waters in their way, we may be sure that more than mere enjoyment was stored up in their minds, and that thoughts which might not be brought out into set phrases, but which would be undying in their influence through life, were raised in each heart that drank in the glories and the holy teaching of nature, perhaps on that day for the first time. It was something for them to think of in the toil and heat of the factory; a beautiful picture, to fill their minds while their hands were busy at their work; and the rippling rivers and singing birds would sing and flow again and again in many a young head bending carefully over its task. The excursion of the next year was on a grander scale: 250 started from Vauxhall Bridge, to go down the river to Herne Bay, which, though it may sound ludicrously Cockneyfied, was quite as much as the strength, and more than the stomachs of the little candlemakers could stand; yet very delightful, notwithstanding the qualms and face-playing of the majority. This year, they are all invited by the Bishop of Winchester to the brave old castle of Farnham—a treat to which they are looking forward with all the headlong eagerness of youth, and which, we trust, will have other and even better results than the pleasures we wish them. A bishop entertaining a set of factory children will be a welcome sight in these days of clerical pomp, when the episcopal purple so often hides the pastoral staff. It will be a rare occurrence, but a good practice begun—to be followed, we would fain hope, by its like in other districts.

The expense of the day at Guildford was L.28; of that at Herne Bay, L.48; the estimated expense of the excursion for the present year is L.55. This seems a heavy item for a single day's amusement, but the Messrs Wilson have proved the immense advantage which their boys derive from these excursions: the hope, the stimulus to exertion—as only those who have worked hard at school, and behaved well generally, join the cricket-club and the excursionists—the health, the incentive to good conduct, and the preservation from evil habits; all these varied good effects have convinced the directors that it is money well spent—money that will bring in a richer percentage than government securities or Australian gold-fields could give, for it brings in the percentage of virtue. Not always in the power of money to gain that! And right thankful ought we to be, when we have found any investment whatever which will return us such rich usurious interest for what is in itself so intrinsically valueless.

So much, then, for the Belmont Factory—for the light of that busy wax-candle making. Turn we now to the Night-Light Factory, though our notice of this must be brief; but brevity befits those thick, short candle-ends.

In the autumn of 1849, the night-light trade came into the possession of Price's Patent Candle Company. Amongst the Child's Lights we have girls to deal with as well as boys—an element not to be provided for in the Belmont arrangements, and causing a little difficulty as to their proper disposition on first starting. But nothing seems to daunt Mr Wilson. Give him but a square inch for his foothold, and his moral lever will raise any given mass of ignorance, and remove any possible amount of obstruction. After a little time, and some expense, one of the railway arches near the night-factory was taken possession of, fitted up, made water-tight, and turned into a school-room for the boys and girls of the adopted concern. The expense of preparing and furnishing that arch was L.93. Still, the girls remained as a doubtful and untried version of the Belmont success; but by the energetic aid of a lady, much experienced in such matters, and by the untiring cares of a chaplain recently appointed to the factory, and who is in reality the moral and educational superintendent of the whole, something of the uncertainty hanging over the result has been removed, and all matters have greatly improved. Inasmuch as the character of women is of more delicate texture than that of men, so are the managers of the Night-Light School more careful to secure an unexceptionable set of girls in the school, that prudent parents may send their children there without alarm, and without more danger of contamination than must always arise where a number of human beings, adults or youths, are assembled together.

Everything seems prospering. Church-organs in the school-rooms, chapel-services at various times as the different sets of workmen come and go, and flourishing schools for the mere child up to the actual young man, supply all the spiritual, intellectual, and devotional requirements of the work-people; games, gardening, excursions, and a general friendliness between masters and people, form their social happiness; and useful arts taught and about to be taught, help to make up the wellbeing of the community. Tailoring and shoemaking are to be learned, not as trades, but as domestic aids, many working-men having found the advantage, in various ways, of being able to do those little repairs at home which perishable garments are always requiring; and a shop full of young coopers employs another section of tradesmen in rather large numbers. For this last improvement, Mr J. Wilson was obliged to take up his freedom of the city, that he might apprentice the lads to himself, as it is a rule among the coopers that no one follows this trade, which is a close one, without having learned it by regular apprenticeship. However, a freeman can take apprentices in any trade, whether close or open, provided he does teach them a *bonâ fide* business; and Mr Wilson availed himself of this privilege, and netted to himself a batch of young coopers, as we have said. So much can one earnest wish to be of real use to a cause or a generation enable a single individual to do! We may be sure that when we talk of our inability to do good, we mean our inattention to means, not our incapacity from want of them.

The expenses we have quoted were all originally borne by Mr J. P. Wilson. In three years, he spent L.3289 in payments to teachers, in fitting up schools, in cricket-grounds, excursions, chaplain's salary, &c. His own salary is L.1000 per annum. And though the proprietors have refunded all moneys spent by him on these things, and have taken on themselves the future expenses of the institutions commenced by him, yet that does not diminish the worth of his magnificent intentions, or take from the largeness of his self-sacrifice and generosity. Add to this simple expenditure—for it was made in good faith, and in the belief that it was a virtual sacrifice of income—the labour, want of rest, the constant thought at all times and under all sorts of pressure—illness and business the most frequent—and we may form a slight estimate of what this glorious work of educating his young charge has cost a man whose name we must ever mention with respect.

In Mr J. Wilson's Report, there are many points unattainable to moderate incomes and circumscribed resources, but many also that it is in the power of every man of education, and consequently of influence, to carry out in his neighbourhood. Amongst them is that simple item of the cricket-field and garden-ground. It has become so much the fashion among certain of us, renowned more for zeal than knowledge, to cry down all amusements for the people, as tending to the subversion and overthrow of morality, to shut them out from all but the church, the conventicle, and the gin-shop—that any recognition of this mistake in a more liberal arrangement, may be hailed as the inauguration of an era of common sense, and consequently of true morality. Amusements are absolutely necessary for mankind. The nation never existed on this earth which could dispense with them. Sects rise up every now and then which carry their abhorrence of all that is not fanaticism—after their own pattern—to the extreme, and which lay pleasure under the same curse with vice; but sects are cometic, and are not to be judged of after the generalisations of national character. Practically, we find that rigidness and vice, amusements and morality, go together, Siamese-like. In the year of the Crystal Palace, the London magistrates had fewer petty criminals brought before them than at any other period of the same duration; and what Mr Wilson proves in his cricket-ground, what London shewed in the time of the World's Fair, generations and countries would always exhibit in larger characters, more widely read—that the mind and body of man require amusement—simple pleasure—purposeless, aimless, unintellectual, physical pleasure—as much as his digestive organs require food and his hands work; not as the sole employment, but mixed in with, and forming the basis and the body of higher things—the strong practical woof through which the warp of golden stuff is woven into a glorious fabric—a glorious fabric of national progression. Yes, and into a wider garment still; one that will cover many an outlying Bedouin cowering in the darkness round—one that will join together the high and the low, the good and the bad, and so knead up the baser element into amalgamation with and absorption into the higher. This is no ideal theory. It is a possibility, a practical fact, proved in this place and in that—wherever men have taken the trouble to act on rational bases and on a true acceptation of the needs of human nature. For as the quality of light is to spread, and as the higher things will always absorb the lower, so will schools and kindly sympathy diffuse knowledge and virtue among the ignorant and brutalised; and Love to Humanity will once more read its mission in the salvation of a world.

OUT-OF-DOORS LIFE IN CENTRAL EUROPE.

[Return to Table of Contents](#)

THE out-of-doors life enjoyed by the inhabitants of the continent, strikes a person, unacquainted with their habits and manners, more perhaps than anything which meets his eye in that part of the world. Rational, agreeable, and healthy as it is, it requires a long time before a thorough Englishman can accustom himself to it, or feel at all comfortable in eating his meals in the open air, surrounded by two or three hundred persons employed in the same manner, or crossing and recrossing, and circling round his table. He is apt to fancy himself the sole object of curiosity; while, in reality, the eyes which seem to mark him out, have in them perhaps as little speculation as if they were turned on vacancy. We have been amused, and sometimes ashamed, in witnessing the painful awkwardness of many of those numerous steam-boat voyagers who, subscribing in London for their passage to and from the Rhine in a given time, and for a trifling sum, find themselves in a few hours transported from the bustle of Oxford Street, Ludgate Hill, or the Strand, to the happy, idle, *fat*, laughing, easy enjoyment of a German *Thee-Garten*, in the midst of four or five hundred men, women, and children—all eating, drinking, and smoking as if time, cares, and business had no influence over them. It is a life so new to him, and so diametrically opposed to all his habits and notions, that, in general, it affords him anything but ease and enjoyment. To those, however, who know how to enjoy it, it affords both. There is in these popular reunions an ease and confidence, a *bonhomie* and freedom, of which a Briton, with all his boasted liberty, has no idea. What is strangest of all to him, no distinction of rank, wealth, or profession is acknowledged. There are no reserved places. The rich and the poor, the prince and the artisan, sit down at the same kind of modest little green-painted tables, with rush-bottomed chairs, all kind, affable, and jovial—all respecting each other. The child of the citizen comes up without restraint, and plays with the sword-knot of the commander-in-chief; and the little princess will naïvely offer her bunch of grapes to the peasant who sits at the next table with his pipe and his tall glass of Bavarian beer. And yet the truest decorum is observed. There is no noise, no rioting, no intoxication; we have never witnessed a single example of any of these inconveniences. The education and habits of all the inhabitants of this part of the world, have been from infancy so regulated, and during many generations so completely formed to this sort of life, that not the smallest ungracious familiarity ever troubles these kindly popular reunions.

But let us come to a definite description. We will take the Blum-Garten at Prague, for example—a city where the aristocracy are as exclusive, as it is called, as anywhere in the world. This garden, or rather park, is an imperial domain, having formed part of the hunting-park of the emperors of Germany in the beginning of the fourteenth century. It was planted by the great and good Charles IV., king of Bohemia, and emperor of Germany, son of that blind king who was killed at the battle of Cressy by Edward the Black Prince. This park is situated without the fortifications of the Hradschin, at about half an hour's walk from them, in a valley formed by the river Moldau, and stretches away to the plateau which forms the eastern boundary of the valley. On the edge of this plateau, surrounded by gardens and plantations, is situated the Lust-Haus, or summer residence, in which the governor of Bohemia, or the members of the imperial family in Prague, pass some days at intervals during the summer months. The principal descent to the park is by a broad drive, which zig-zags till it gains the proper level. There are also several pleasant paths which descend in labyrinths under a profusion of lilacs and other flowering shrubs, overhung by birches and all kinds of forest-trees.

At the foot of the drive is the house of general entertainment, consisting of several apartments, together with a spacious ball-room—an indispensable requisite, as on the continent all the world dances. From this house stretches a long wide gravel space, completely shaded from the noonday heat by four or five vast lime-tree alleys, beneath which are placed some fifty or a hundred tables. A military band is always to be found on fête-days, and very good music of some kind is never wanting. Here the whole population of Prague circle with perfect freedom, and with no attempt at class separations. The first comer is first served, taking any vacant place most suited to his fancy, or to the convenience of his party. At one table may be seen the Countess Grünne, her governess, and children, taking their coffee with as much ease and simplicity as if she were in her own private garden; at another, a group of peasants, with their smiling faces and picturesque costumes; at a third table, a soldier and his old mother and sister, whom he is treating on his arrival in his native town. Then come the Archduke Stephen, with his imperial retinue, and one or two general-officers with their staffs; and at a little distance, with

a merry party of laughing guests, the Prince and Princess Colorado. In short, all the tables are by and by occupied by guests continually succeeding each other, of all classes and of all professions, from the imperial family, down to the most humble artisan; all gay, amiable, condescending on the one side; happy, respectful, and free from restraint on the other. Thus the season passes in that delicious climate, which is rendered a thousand times more delicious by the harmony and good-feeling reigning throughout all these mingled classes of society. In the evening, the same joyous reunions again take place, with this exception, that after dinner (which meal takes place generally from three to four, *very rarely* so late as six, and that only within the last three or four years) the aristocracy drive round the broad shady alleys of the park till sunset, while the lawns and paths are crowded with innumerable groups of pedestrians, before or after taking their evening repast under the lime-trees.

But what makes summer life so agreeable in these countries, is the simplicity and cheapness with which every variety of necessary refreshment and restoration is afforded, and the multiplicity of places where such are to be found. Walk in whatever direction you may, in the environs of any town—wherever there is shade, wherever there is a grove, or a clump of acacias, limes, or chestnuts, the favourite trees for such purposes, and consequently much cultivated—there you are sure to find rest and refreshment suited to the wants and purses of all classes—from the most simple brown bread, milk, and beer, to the most delicate sweetmeats and wines. In the article of wine, however, Bohemia is not so favoured; but this is a circumstance more felt by the stranger than by the natives, who like the wines of their own country, as they do the beer better than our ale and porter. Still, there are some passably good wines, such as Melnik, Czerniska, and one or two others, and all at a moderate price, varying from 8d. to 1s. a bottle. But in Hungary we have good wines and extraordinarily cheap, which adds much to these rural out-of-doors reunions. It is true, that some of the most fashionable restaurateurs, both in the town and country, have been much spoiled by the extravagance of the higher classes, who are here the most reckless; carrying this vice in Europe to an excess which has ruined, or greatly embarrassed, almost all the nobility of the kingdom. Notwithstanding this passion, however, for everything that is foreign, few countries can be at all compared with Hungary as to its wines, many of which are scarcely known to any but to the peasants who grow them, and the local consumers of the same class. These wines, with which every peasant's house, especially on the skirts of the mountain-districts, and every little bothy-like public-house, are abundantly furnished, are both red and white, and at a price within the reach of the poorest peasant. Even in and about the great towns—such as Presburg, near the frontier of Austria—where every article of food is double and treble the price of the interior—the wines cost no more than from 2d. to 3d. a quart. Most of the peasants grow their own, and make from 50 to 200, and even 1500 eimers or casks, containing 63 bottles each; and this is not like many of the poor, thin, acid wines, known in so many parts of Germany, the north of France, and other countries; but strong, generous beverage, with a delicious flavour, perfectly devoid of acidity, and at the same time particularly wholesome. Many of the white wines we prefer to the generality of those from the Rhine, Moselle, &c.; the red has a kind of Burgundy flavour, with a sparkling dash of champagne, and is nearly as strong as port, without its heating qualities.

For the sake of these agreeable and cheap enjoyments, the whole of the population of the towns pass a great part of the summer in the woods, orchards, and gardens in the neighbourhood, where every want of the table is supplied without the trouble of marketing, cooking, or firing; and, consequently, in the cool of a summer morning, the inhabitants of Presburg, for instance, may be seen strolling in different directions—either ascending the vine-covered hills to the fresh tops, or wending their way through the deep, shady woods, along the side of the Danube, to the Harbern or the Alt Mülau. There, after having sharpened their appetites with this charming walk, they find themselves seated at a neat little table, beneath the shade of an old chestnut or elm. The cloth is laid by the vigilant host as soon as the guest is seated, and often before, as the former knows his hour; for nothing in machinery can equal the regularity with which meal-hours are ordered, especially in Germany, where the habitual greeting on the road is: 'Ich wünsche guten appetit'—(I wish you a good appetite.) Coffee, wine, eggs, butter, sausages, Hungarian and Italian, the original dimensions of which are often two feet long, and four to five inches thick: these are to be found at the most humble houses of resort, among which are those frequented by the foresters and gamekeepers, not professed houses of entertainment, yet always provided with such materials for those who love the merry greenwood, and who extend their walks within their cool and solitary depths. And now we must speak of the expenses of these rural repasts. A party of five persons can

breakfast in the above manner—that is to say, on coffee, eggs; sausages, rolls, butter, and a quart bottle of wine—for something less than 4-1/4d. a head. Those who breakfast more simply, take coffee and rolls—and the natives rarely, if ever, eat butter in the morning, though a profusion of this, as well as of oil and lard, enters into the preparation for dinner—and such guests pay only from 3d. to 3-1/2d. But if wine, which is the most common native production, is taken instead of coffee, it is always cheaper. Among the middle and lower classes, the favourite refreshment is wine, household bread, and walnuts; and thus you will constantly find labourers, foresters, or woodcutters, joyfully breakfasting together, with their large slices of brown bread and a bottle of wine, for 2d. a head. Many, again, of the lower classes of labourers bring their own home-baked bread in their pockets, and get their large tumbler of good wine to moisten it for a half-penny.

The evening, however, is the great time for recreation and redoubled enjoyment, as the labours and occupations of the day have then ceased; and all without exception, rich and poor, flock from the town to the sweet, cool, flowery repose of the woods and vineyards, and there take their evening repast in the midst of the wild luxuriance of nature, 'health in the gale, and fragrance on the breeze.' And when the sun is gone down, they return in the cool twilight to their homes, where they find that sweet sleep which movement in the open air alone can give, and which, with our more confined British habits, few but the peasant ever enjoy.

A word more on Presburg, and we have done. In winter, this place, so little known to travellers, is frequented by the best society in Hungary; and it becomes a little metropolis, to which many of the nobility resort from the distance of 300 to 500 miles—from Tokay, and beyond the Theiss and Transylvania. In summer, perhaps, it offers still more enjoyment; for although the winter society is then scattered far and near, the town is always animated by the presence of those who are continually coming and going between Pesth and all parts of the south of Hungary and Vienna, conveyed either by the railway or by the numerous steam-boats which daily ply on the Danube. The neighbourhood, as we have already mentioned, is full of simple and healthy enjoyments, from the number of its delicious drives and walks, and places of rural entertainment, the quaint names of some of which cannot fail to amuse and attract the stranger. At about half an hour's drive from the town is the Chokolaten-Garten, much frequented for its excellent chocolate, which is manufactured on the spot. A little further on, and situated in the centre of one of the most beautiful little valleys of the Kleine Karpathen, is the Eisen-Brundel, a large house of entertainment, with a spacious dancing-room; and, without, a luxuriant grove of fine old trees, forming an impenetrable shelter, beneath which are arranged a number of tables and chairs. Here every species of entertainment is to be found, from the most simple brown bread, milk, and fruits, to the most sumptuous champagne dinners; and the prince and the peasant take their places without ceremony, as in the olden time of Robin Hood and Little John—'all merry under the greenwood tree.'

Numerous other and still more simple places of refreshment and enjoyment present themselves at every turn of those delicious mountain-paths, which lead through the little valleys and hollows of the vineyards overlooking the town. One of the most agreeable is on the summit of the hill, near the little chapel of St Mary, called Marien Kirche, under the Kalvarienberg, and from which the eye looks over the whole town and the plain which stretches towards Pesth, and through which the Danube winds like a vast silver serpent, till it is lost in the far woods and dim distance. Lower down, and still nearer the town, in a little valley, is 'The Entrance to the New World!' The house is deliciously situated half-way up a wooded hill crowned with pines, and clothed with rich orchards and vineyards; not far off, in another little valley, are the Patzen-Häuser, with their orchards and gardens; and higher up we come to 'The Entrance to Paradise!' whence, as might be expected, there is a most superb view. This embraces the whole plain so far as the eye can reach towards the east and south; on the north it is bounded by the towering mountains of the Great Carpathians, the haunt of bears and wolves, wild boars and stags; and to the west, between the valleys which are formed by the hills of this smaller range of the same mountains, is seen the plain of Vienna, in the midst of which can be distinguished in a clear day the tall spire of St Stephen, rising as if from the bosom of the imperial park which conceals the capital. Beyond this towers the Neu-klosterberg, with its vast monastery; and further to the left, like white broken clouds in the blue horizon, are the snow-clad mountains of Steyer-mark (Styria.)

I had been at Westminster, and was slowly returning to my 'parlour near the sky,' in Plowden Buildings, in no very enviable frame of mind. Another added to the long catalogue of unemployed days and sleepless nights. It was now four years since my call to the bar, and notwithstanding a constant attendance in the courts, I had hitherto failed in gaining business. God knows, it was not my fault! During my pupilage, I had read hard, and devoted every energy to the mastery of a difficult profession, and ever since that period I had pursued a rigid course of study. And this was the result, that at the age of thirty I was still wholly dependent for my livelihood on the somewhat slender means of a widowed mother. Ah! reader, if as you ramble through the pleasant Temple Gardens, on some fine summer evening, enjoying the cool river breeze, and looking up at those half-monastic retreats, in which life would seem to glide along so calmly, if you could prevail upon some good-natured Asmodeus to shew you the secrets of the place, how your mind would shudder at the long silent suffering endured within its precincts. What blighted hopes and crushed aspirations, what absolute privation and heart-rending sorrow, what genius killed and health utterly broken down! Could the private history of the Temple be written, it would prove one of the most interesting, but, at the same time, one of the most mournful books ever given to the public.

I was returning, as I said, from Westminster, and wearily enough I paced along the busy streets, exhausted by the stifling heat of the Vice-Chancellor's court, in which I had been patiently sitting since ten o'clock, vainly waiting for that 'occasion sudden' of which our old law-writers are so full. Moodily, too, I was revolving in my mind our narrow circumstances, and the poor hopes I had of mending them; so that it was with no hearty relish I turned into the Cock Tavern, in order to partake of my usual frugal dinner. Having listlessly despatched it, I sauntered into the garden, glad to escape from the noise and confusion of the mighty town; and throwing myself on a seat in one of the summer-houses, watched, almost mechanically, the rapid river-boats puffing up and down the Thames, with their gay crowds of holiday-makers covering the decks, the merry children romping over the trim grass-plot, making the old place echo again with their joyous ringing laughter. I must have been in a very desponding humour that evening, for I continued sitting there unaffected by the mirth of the glad little creatures around me, and I scarcely remember another instance of my being proof against the infectious high spirits of children. Time wore on, and the promenaders, one after the other, left the garden, the steam-boats became less frequent, and gradually lights began to twinkle from the bridges and the opposite shore. Still I never once thought of removing from my seat, until I was requested to do so by the person in charge of the grounds, who was now going round to lock the gates for the night. Staring at the man for a moment half unconsciously, as if suddenly awaked out of a dream, I muttered a few words about having forgotten the lateness of the hour, and departed. To shake off the depression under which I was labouring, I turned into the brilliantly-lighted streets, thinking that the excitement would distract my thoughts from their gloomy objects; and after walking for some little time, I entered a coffee-house, at that period much frequented by young lawyers. Here I ordered a cup of tea, and took up a newspaper to read; but after vainly endeavouring to interest myself in its pages, and feeling painfully affected by the noisy hilarity of some gay young students in a neighbouring box, I drank off my sober beverage, and walked home to my solitary chambers. Oh, how dreary they appeared that night!—how desolate seemed the uncomfortable, dirty, cold staircase, and that remarkable want of all sorts of conveniences, for which the Temple has acquired so great a notoriety! In fine, I was fairly hipped; and being convinced of the fact, smoked a pipe or two—thought over old days and their vanished joys—and retired to rest. I soon fell into a profound sleep, from which I arose in the morning much refreshed; and sallying forth after breakfast with greater alacrity than usual, took my seat in court, and was beginning to grow interested in a somewhat intricate case which involved some curious legal principles, when my attention was directed to an old man, whom I had frequently seen there before, beckoning to me. I immediately followed him out of court, when he turned round and said: 'I beg your pardon, Mr —, for interrupting you, but I fancy you are not very profitably engaged just now?'

I smiled, and told him he had stated a melancholy truth.

'I thought so,' answered he with a twinkle of his bright gray eye. 'Now'—and he subdued his voice to a whisper—'I can put a little business into your hands. No thanks, sir,' said he, hastily checking my expressions of gratitude—'no thanks; you owe me no thanks; and as I am a man of few words, I will at once state my meaning. For many years, I have been in the habit of employing Mr

—' (naming an eminent practitioner); 'and feeling no great love for the profession, intrusted all my business to him, and cared not to extend my acquaintance with the members of the bar. Well, sir, I have an important case coming on next week, and as bad luck will have it, T—'s clerk has just brought me back the brief, with the intelligence that his master is suddenly taken dangerously ill, and cannot possibly attend to any business. Here I was completely flung, not knowing whom to employ in this affair. I at length remembered having noticed a studious-looking young man, who generally sat taking notes of the various trials. I came to court in order to see whether this youth was still at his ungrateful task, when my eyes fell upon you. Yes, young man, I had intended once before rewarding you for your patient industry, and now I have an opportunity of fulfilling those intentions. Do you accept the proposal?'

'With the greatest pleasure!' cried I, pressing his proffered hand with much emotion, quite unable to conceal my joy.

'It is as I thought,' muttered he to himself, turning to depart. Then suddenly looking up, he requested my address, and wished me good-morning.

How I watched the receding form of the stranger! how I scanned over his odd little figure! and how I loved him for his great goodness! I could remain no longer in court. The interesting property case had lost all its attractions; so I slipped off my wig and gown, and hastened home to set my house in order for the expected visit. After completing all the necessary arrangements, I took down a law-book and commenced reading, in order to beguile away the time. Two, three o'clock arrived, and still no tidings of my client; I began almost to despair of his coming, when some one knocked at the outer-door; and on opening it, I found the old man's clerk with a huge packet of papers in his hand, which he gave me, saying his master would call the following morning. I clutched the papers eagerly, and turned them admiringly over and over. I read my name on the back, Mr —, six guineas. My eyes, I feel sure, must have sparkled at the golden vision. Six guineas! I could scarcely credit my good-fortune. After the first excitement had slightly calmed down, I drew a chair to the table, and looked at the labour before me. I found that it was a much entangled Chancery suit, and would require all the legal ability I could muster to conquer its details. I therefore set myself vigorously to work, and continued at my task until the first gray streak of dawn warned me to desist. Next day, I had an interview with the old solicitor, and rather pleased him by my industry in the matter. Well, the week slipped by, and everything was in readiness for the approaching trial. All had been satisfactorily arranged between myself and leader, a man of considerable acumen, and the eventful morning at length arrived. I had passed a restless night, and felt rather feverish, but was determined to exert myself to the utmost, as, in all probability, my future success hung on the way I should acquit myself that day of my duty. The approaching trial was an important one, and had already drawn some attention. I therefore found the court rather crowded, particularly by an unusual number of 'the unemployed bar,' who generally throng to hear a maiden-speech. Two or three ordinary cases stood on the cause-list before mine, and I was anxiously waiting their termination, when my client whispered in my ear: 'Mr S— (the Queen's counsel in the case) has this instant sent down to say, he finds it will be impossible for him to attend to-day, as he is peremptorily engaged before the House of Lords. The common dodge of these gentry,' continued he in a disrespectful tone. 'They never find that it will be impossible to attend so long as the *honorarium* is unpaid; afterwards— Bah! Mere robbery, sir—taking the money, and shirking the work. However, as we cannot help ourselves, you must do the best you can alone; for I fear the judge will not postpone the trial any longer. Come, and have a dram of brandy, and keep your nerves steady, and all will go well.' I need not say it required all his persuasion to enable me to pluck up sufficient courage to fight the battle, deserted as I now found myself by my leader; still, I resolved to make the attempt. Presently the awful moment arrived, and I rose in a state of intense trepidation. The judge seeing a stranger about to conduct the case, put his glass up to his eye, in order the better to make himself acquainted with my features, and at the same time demanded my name. I shall never forget the agitation of that moment. I literally shook as I heard the sound of my own voice answering his question. I felt that a hundred eyes were upon me, ready to ridicule any blunder I might commit, and even now half enjoying my nervousness. For a minute, I was so dizzy and confused, that I found it utterly impossible to proceed; but, warned by the deep-toned voice of the magistrate that the court was waiting for me, I made a desperate effort at self-control, and commenced. A dead quiet prevailed as I opened the case, and for a few minutes I went on scarcely knowing what I was about, when I was suddenly interrupted by the vice-chancellor asking me a question. This timely little incident in some measure tended to restore my self-

possession, and I found I got on afterwards much more comfortably; and, gradually warming with the subject, which I thoroughly understood, finally lost all trepidation, and brought my speech to a successful close. It occupied at least two hours; and when I sat down, the judge smiled, and paid a compliment to the ability with which he was pleased to say I had conducted the process, whilst at least a dozen hands were held out to congratulate on his success the poor lawyer whom they had passed by in silent contempt a hundred times before. So runs life. Had I failed through nervousness, or any other accident, derisive laughter would have greeted my misfortune. As it was, I began to have troops of friends. To be brief, I won the day, and from that lucky circumstance rose rapidly into practice.

Years rolled on, and I gradually became a marked man in the profession, gaining in due time that summit of a junior's ambition—a silk gown. I now began to live in a style of considerable comfort, and was what the world calls a very rising lawyer, when I one day happened to be retained as counsel in a political case then creating much excitement. I chanced to be on the popular side; and, from the exertions I made, found myself suddenly brought into contact with the leading men of the party in the town where the dispute arose. They were so well satisfied with my endeavours to gain the cause, as to offer to propose me as a candidate for the representation of their borough at the next vacancy. This proposition, after some consideration, I accepted; and accordingly, when the general election took place, found myself journeying down to D—, canvassing the voters, flattering some, consoling others, using the orthodox electioneering tricks of platform-speaking, treating, &c. Politics ran very high just then, and the two parties were nearly balanced, so that every nerve was strained on each side to win the victory. All business was suspended. Bands of music paraded the streets, party flags waved from the house windows, whilst gay rosettes fastened to the button-hole attested their wearer's opinions. All was noise, and excitement, and confusion. At length the important hour drew near for closing the polling-booths. Early in the morning, we were still in a slight minority, and almost began to despair of the day. All now depended on a few voters living at some distance, whose views could not be clearly ascertained. Agents from either side had been despatched during the night to beat up these stragglers, and on their decision rested the final issue. Hour after hour anxiously passed without any intelligence. My opponents rubbed their hands, and looked pleasant, when, about half an hour before the close of the poll, a dusty coach drove rapidly into the town, and eight men, more or less inebriated, rolled out to record their votes. The following morning, amidst the stillness of deep suspense, the mayor read the result of the election, which gave me a majority of three. Such a shout of joy arose from the liberals as quite to drown the hisses of the contending faction; and at length I rose, flushed with excitement, to return thanks. This proved the signal for another burst of applause; and amid the shouting and groaning, screaming and waving of hats, I lost all presence of mind, and fell overcome into the arms of my nearest supporters.

'Dear me, sir, you've been wandering strangely in your sleep. Here have I been a-knocking at the door this half-hour. The shaving-water is getting cold, and Mr Thomas is waiting yonder in the other room, to give you some papers he's got this morning.'

I rose, rubbed my eyes, wondered what it all meant. Ah, yes; there was no mistaking the room and Mrs M'Donnell's good-natured Scotch voice. It was all a dream, and my imagination had magnified the thumping at the door into the 'sweet music of popular applause.' I fell back in bed, hid my face in the pillow, sighed over my short-lived glory, and felt very wretched when my young clerk came smiling into the room. 'Here's some business at last, sir!' cried the boy with pleasure.

To his astonishment, I looked carelessly at the papers, and found they consisted of 'a motion of course,' which some tender-hearted attorney had kindly sent me. Heigh-ho! it was all to be done over again! I flung the document on the ground in utter despair; but gradually recovering my temper, I at length took heart, and fell earnestly to work. At all events, this was a *real* beginning; so I began to grow reconciled to the ruin of my stately castle of cards. It was a cruel blow, though; and now, reader, you have learned how I came by MY FIRST BRIEF.

ELECTRO-BIOLOGY—(SO-CALLED.)

THAT the phenomena now so commonly exhibited under the above title, demand a careful examination, and, if possible, a distinct explanation, will be readily admitted. It is clear that they ought not to be allowed to rest as materials for popular amusement, but should be submitted to strict scientific inquiry. The theory which so boldly ascribes them to electric influence, should be strictly examined. If this theory is found to be untenable, some important questions will remain to be considered; such as: May not the phenomena be explained on physiological principles? and, Is it not probable that the means employed may have an injurious tendency?

The extent to which public attention has been excited by the phenomena, may be guessed by a glance at the advertising columns of the *Times*, and by placards meeting the eye in various parts of the country, announcing that, 'at the Mechanics' Institute,' or elsewhere, experiments will be performed in 'electro-biology,' when 'persons in a perfectly wakeful state' will be 'deprived of the powers of sight, hearing, and taste,' and subjected to various illusions. One advertiser professes to give 'the philosophy of the science;' another undertakes to 'reveal the secret,' so as to enable *any* person to make the experiments; and another undertakes the cure of 'palsy, deafness, and rheumatism.' Lectures on the topic, in London and in the provincial towns, are now exciting great astonishment in the minds of many, and give rise to considerable controversy respecting the theory and the *modus operandi*.

It is on this latter point—the means by which the effects are produced—that we would chiefly direct our inquiry, for we shall very briefly dismiss the attempt to explain them by a vague charge of collusion or imposture.

If this charge could be reasonably maintained, it would, of course, make all further remarks unnecessary, as our topic would then no longer be one for scientific investigation, but could only be added to the catalogue of fraud. It is possible that there may have been *some* cases of feigning among the experiments, but these do not affect the general reality of the effects produced. So epilepsy and catalepsy have been feigned; but these diseases are still found real in too many instances. We need not dwell on this point; for it may be safely assumed, that all persons who have had a fair acquaintance with the experiments of electro-biology (so-called), are fully convinced that, in a great number of cases, the effects seen are real and sincere, not simulated. The question then remains: Are these effects fairly attributed to 'electric' influence, or may they not be truly explained by some other cause?

Before we proceed to consider this question, it will be well to give some examples of the phenomena to which our remarks apply. We shall state only such cases as we have seen and carefully examined.

A. is a young man well known by a great number of the spectators—unsuspected of falsehood—knows nothing of the experimenter or of electro-biology, not even the meaning of the words. After submitting to the process employed by the lecturer—sitting still, and gazing fixedly upon a small disk of metal for about a quarter of an hour—he is selected as a suitable subject. When told by the experimenter that he cannot open his eyes, he seems to make an effort, but does not open them until he is assured that he can do so. He places his hand upon a table—is told that he cannot take the hand off the table—seems to make a strong effort to remove it, but fails, until it is liberated by a word from the lecturer. A walking-stick is now placed in his right hand, and he is challenged to strike the extended hand of the lecturer. He throws back the stick over his shoulder, and seems to have a very good will to strike, but cannot bring the stick down upon the hand. He afterwards declares to all who question him, that he 'tried with all his might' to strike the hand. A. has certainly no theatrical talents; but his looks and gestures, when he is made to believe that he is exposed to a terrific storm, convey a very natural expression of terror. He regards the imaginary flashes of lightning with an aspect of dismay, which, if simulated, would be a very good specimen of acting. In many other experiments performed upon him, the effects seem to be such as are quite beyond the reach of any scepticism with regard to his sincerity. He cannot pronounce his own name—does not know, or at least cannot *tell*, the name of the town in which he lives—cannot recognise one face in the room where scores of people, who know him very well, are now laughing at him. On the other side, we must state, that when a glass of water is given to him, and he is told that it is vinegar, he persists in saying that he tastes water, and nothing else. This is almost the only experiment that fails upon him.

B. is an intelligent man, upwards of thirty years of age, of nervous temperament. His honesty and veracity are quite beyond all rational doubt. The numerous spectators, who have known him well for many years, are quite sure that if he has any will in the matter, it is simply to defeat the lecturer's purpose. However, after he has submitted himself to the process, the

experiments made upon him prove successful. He is naturally a fluent talker, but now cannot, without difficulty and stammering, pronounce his own name, an easy monosyllable—cannot strike the lecturer's hand—cannot rise from a chair, &c. We may add, that he cannot be made to mistake water for vinegar.

One more case. C. is a tradesman, middle-aged, has no tendency to mysticism or imaginative reverie—knows nothing of 'mesmerism' or 'electro-biology'—was never suspected of falsehood or imposition. He proves, however, the most pliable of all the patients—the experiments succeed with him to the fullest extent—his imagination and his senses seem to be placed entirely under the control of the experimenter. Standing before a large audience, he is made to believe that he and the lecturer are alone in the room. He cannot recognise his own wife, who sits before him. He cannot step from the platform, which is about one foot higher than the floor. When informed that his limbs are too feeble to support him, he totters, and would fall if not held. Many of the experiments upon him, shewing an extreme state of mental and physical prostration, are rather painful to witness, others are ludicrous; for instance, he is made to believe that he is out amid the snow in the depth of winter—he shivers with cold, buttons up his coat, beats the floor with his feet, brushes away the imagined fast-falling flakes from his clothes, and almost imparts to the spectators a sympathetic feeling of cold by his wintry pantomime: then he is jocosely recommended not to stand thus shivering, but to make snow-balls, and pelt the lecturer. Heartily, and with apparent earnestness, he acts according to orders. Next, he is made to believe that the room has no roof. —'You see the sky and the stars, sir?'—'Yes.' 'And there, see, the moon is rising, very large and red, is it not?'—'Yes, sir.' 'Very well: now you see this cord in my hand; we will throw it over the moon, and pull her down.' He addresses himself to the task with perfect gravity, pulls heartily. 'Down she comes, sir! down she comes!' says the experimenter: 'mind your head, sir!'—and the deluded patient falls on the platform, as he imagines that the moon is coming down upon him.

These instances will be sufficient for our purpose. We have given them as fair average examples of many others. If any reader still supposes that these effects have all been mere acting and falsehood, we must leave that reader to see and examine for himself as we have done.^[4] For other readers who admit *the facts* and want an explanation, we proceed to discuss the *modus operandi*.

In the first place, then, we assert that *there is no proof whatever* that these effects depend upon any electric influence: there is absolutely no evidence that the metallic disk, as an '*electric*' agent, has any connection with the results. On this point, we invite the lecturers and experimenters who maintain that electricity is the agent in their process, to test the truth of our assertion, as they may very easily. *Cæteris paribus*—all the other usual conditions being observed, such as silence, the fixed gaze, monotony of attention—let the galvanic disk be put aside, and in its place let a sixpence or a fourpenny-piece be employed, or indeed any similar small object on which the eyes of the patient must remain fixed for the usual space of time, and we will promise that the experiments thus made shall be equally successful with those in which the so-called galvanic disk is employed. The phenomena are physiological and not electrical.

Our conviction is, that the results proceed entirely from *imagination acting with a peculiar condition of the brain*, and that this peculiarly passive and impressible condition of the brain is induced by the *fixed gaze* upon the disk. These are the only agencies which we believe to be necessary, in order to give us an explanation of the phenomena in question. In saying so, however, we are aware that such data will seem to some inquirers insufficient to account for the effects we have described. It may be said: 'We know that imagination sometimes produces singular results, but can hardly see how it explains the facts stated.' We have only to request that such inquirers, before they throw aside our explanation, will give attention to a few remarks on the power of imagination in certain conditions. We propose, *1st*, To give some suggestions on this point; *2d*, To notice the relations of imagination with reason; and, *3d*, To inquire how far the physical means employed—the fixed gaze on the disk—may be sufficient to affect the mental organ, the brain, so as to alter its normal condition.

1. Our usual mode of speaking of imagination, is to treat it as the opposite of all reality. When we say, 'that was merely an imagination,' we dismiss the topic as not worthy of another thought. For all ordinary purposes, this mode of speaking is correct enough; but let us ask, Why is imagination so weak?—why are its suggestions so evanescent? Simply because it is under the control of reason. But if the action of reason could be suspended, we should then see how great, and even formidable, is the imaginative power. It is the most

untiring of all our mental faculties, refusing to be put to rest even during sleep: it can alter the influence of all external agents—for example, can either assist or prevent the effects of medicine—can make the world a prison-house to one man, and a paradise to another—can turn dwarfs into giants, and make various other metamorphoses more wonderful than any described by Ovid; nay, these are all insufficient examples of its power when left without control; for it can produce either health, or disease, or death!

To give a familiar instance of the control under which it is generally compelled to act: You are walking home in the night-time, and some withered and broken old tree assumes, for a moment, the appearance of a giant about to make an attack upon you with an enormous club. You walk forward to confront the monster with perfect coolness. Why? Not because you are a Mr Greatheart, accustomed to deal with giants, but because, in fact, the illusion does not keep possession of your mind even for a moment. Imagination merely suggests the false image; but memory and reason, with a rapidity of action which cannot be described, instantly correct the mistake, and tell you it is only the old elm-tree; so that here, and in a thousand similar instances, there is really no sufficient time allowed for any display of the power of imagination.

A tale is told—we cannot say on what authority—which, whether it be a fact or a fiction, is natural, and may serve very well to shew what would be the effect of imagination if reason did not interfere. It is said that the companions of a young man, who was very 'wild,' had foolishly resolved to try to frighten him into better conduct. For this purpose, one of the party was arrayed in a white sheet, with a lighted lantern carried under it, and was to visit the young man a little after midnight, and address to him a solemn warning. The business, however, was rather dangerous, as the subject of this experiment generally slept with loaded pistols near him. Previously to the time fixed for the apparition, the bullets were abstracted from these weapons, leaving them charged only with gunpowder. When the spectre stalked into the chamber, the youth instantly suspected a trick, and, presenting one of the pistols, said: 'Take care of yourself: if you do not walk off, I shall fire!' Still stood the goblin, staring fixedly on the angry man. He fired; and when he saw the object still standing—when he believed that the bullet had innocuously passed through it—in other words, as soon as reason failed to explain it and imagination prevailed—he fell back upon his pillow in extreme terror.

2. The point upon which we would insist is that, in the normal condition of the mind and the body, the power of imagination is so governed, that a display of the effects it produces while under the control of reason, can give us but a feeble notion of what its power might be in other circumstances. To make this plain, we add a few suggestions respecting the nature and extent of the control exercised by reason over imagination; and we shall next proceed to shew, that *the activity of reason is dependent upon certain physical conditions.*

We shall say nothing of a metaphysical nature respecting reason, but shall simply point to two important facts connected with its exercise. The *first*—that it suspends or greatly modifies the action of other powers—has already been noticed in our remarks on imagination; but we must state it here in more distinct terms. We especially wish the reader to understand how wide and important is the meaning of the terms 'control' and 'overrule' as we use them when we say: 'reason controls, or overrules, imagination!' When we say that, in nature, the laws which regulate one stage of existence *overrule* the laws of another and a lower stage, we do not intend to say that the latter are annulled, but that they are so controlled and modified in their course of action, that they can no longer produce the effects which would take place if they were left free from such control. A few examples will make our meaning plain. Let us contrast the operations of chemistry with those of mechanism. In the latter, substances act upon each other simply by pressure, motion, friction, &c.; but in chemistry, affinities and combinations come into play, producing results far beyond any that are seen in mechanics. On mechanical principles, the trituration of two substances about equal in hardness should simply reduce them to powder, but in chemistry, it may produce a gaseous explosion. Again—vegetable life overrules chemistry: the leaves, twigs, and branches of a tree, if left without life, would, when exposed to the agencies of air, light, heat, and moisture, be partly reduced to dust and partly diffused as gas in the atmosphere. It is the vegetative life of the tree which controls both the mechanical and the chemical powers of wind, rain, heat, and gravitation; and it is not until the life is extinct that these inferior powers come into full play upon the tree. So, again, the animal functions control chemical laws—take digestion, for example: a vegetable cut up by the root and exposed to the air, passes through a course of chemical decomposition, and *is* finally converted into gas; but when an animal consumes a vegetable, it is not

decomposed according to the chemical laws, but is digested, becomes chyle, and is assimilated to the body of the animal. It is obvious that animal life controls mechanical laws. Thus, the friction of two inert substances wears one of them away—the soft yields to the hard; but, on the contrary, the hand of the labourer who wields the spade or the pickaxe becomes thicker and harder by friction.

The bearing of these remarks upon our present point will soon be obvious: we multiply examples, in order to shew in what an important sense we use the word *control*, with regard to the relation of reason with imagination. As we have seen, chemistry overrules the mechanical laws; vegetation suspends the laws of chemistry; a superior department of animal life controls influences which are laws in a lower department; again, mind controls the effects of physical influences; and, lastly, one power of the mind controls, and in a great measure suspends, the natural activity of another power—*reason controls imagination*. A second fact with regard to the action of reason must be noticed—that *it requires a wakeful condition of the brain*. Some may suppose that they have reasoned very well during sleep; but we suspect that, if they could recollect their syllogisms, they would find them not much better than Mickle's poetry composed during sleep. Mickle, the translator of the *Lusiad*, sometimes expressed his regret that he could not remember the poetry which he improvised in his dreams, for he had a vague impression that it was very beautiful. 'Well,' said his wife, 'I can at least give you two lines, which I heard you muttering over during one of your poetic dreams. Here they are:

"By Heaven! I'll wreak my woes
Upon the cowslip and the pale primrose!"

If we required proof that the operation of reason demands a wakeful and active condition of the brain, we might find it in the fact, that all intellectual efforts which imply sound reasoning are prevented even by a partial sleepiness or dreaminess. A light novel may be read and enjoyed while the mind is in an indolent and dreamy state; music may be enjoyed, or even composed, in the same circumstances, because it is connected rather with the imaginative than with the logical faculty; but, not to mention any higher efforts, we cannot play a game of chess well unless we are 'wide awake.'

Now we come to our point:—Supposing that, by any means, the brain can be deprived of that wakefulness and activity which is required for a free exercise of the reasoning powers, then what would be the effect on the imagination? For an answer to this query, we shall not refer to the phenomena of natural sleep and dreaming, because it is evident that the subjects of the experiments we have to explain are not in a state of natural sleep; we shall rather refer to the condition of the brain during what we may call 'doziness,' and also to the effects sometimes produced by disease on the imagination and the senses.

[pg 47]

We all know that in a state of 'doziness,' any accidental or ridiculous image which happens to suggest itself, will remain in the mind much longer than in a wakeful condition. A few slight, shapeless marks on the ceiling will assume the form of a face or a full-length figure; and strange physiognomies will be found among the flowers on the bed-curtains. In the impressible and passive state of the brain left by any illness which produces nervous exhaustion, such imaginations often become very troublesome. Impressions made on the brain some time ago will now reappear. Jean Paul Richter cautions us not to tell frightful stories to children, for this reason—that, though the 'horrible fancies' may all be soon forgotten by the healthful child, yet afterwards, when some disease—a fever, for instance—has affected the brain and the nerves, all the dismissed goblins may too vividly reproduce themselves. Our experience can confirm the observation. Some years ago, we went to a circus, where, during the equestrian performances, some trivial popular airs were played on brass instruments—cornets and trombones—dismally out of tune. Now, by long practice, we have acquired the art of utterly turning our attention away from, bad music, so that it annoys us no more than the rumble of wheels in Fleet Street. We exercised this voluntary deafness on the occasion. But not long afterwards, we were compelled, during an attack of disease which affected the nervous system, to hear the whole discordant performance repeated again and again, with a pertinacity which was really very distressing. Such a case prepares us to give credit to a far more remarkable story, related in one of the works of Macnish. A clergyman, we are told, who was a skilful violinist, and frequently played over some favourite *solo* or *concerto*, was obliged to desist from practice on account of the dangerous illness of his servant-maid—if we remember truly, phrenitis was the disease. Of course, the violin was laid aside; but one day, the medical attendant, on going toward the chamber of his patient, was surprised to hear the violin-solo performed in rather subdued tones. On examination, it was found that the girl, under the excitement of

disease, had imitated the brilliant divisions and rapid passages of the music which had impressed her imagination during health! We might multiply instances of the singular effects of peculiar conditions of the brain upon the imaginative faculty. For one case we can give our personal testimony. A young man, naturally imaginative, but by no means of weak mind, or credulous, or superstitious, saw, even in broad daylight, spectres or apparitions of persons far distant. After being accustomed to these visits, he regarded them without any fear, except on account of the derangement of health which they indicated. These visions were banished by a course of medical treatment. In men of great imaginative power, with whom reason is by no means deficient, phenomena sometimes occur almost as vivid as those of disease in other persons. Wordsworth, speaking of the impressions derived from certain external objects, says:

————— on the mind
They lay like images, *and seemed almost*
To haunt the bodily sense!

Again, in his verses recording his impression of the beauty of a bed of daffodils, he says:

And oft, *when on my couch I lie*, [dozing?]
They *flash* before that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude.

These words are nothing more, we believe, than a simple and unexaggerated statement of a mental phenomenon.

Enough has now been said to shew, that in a certain condition of the brain, when it is deprived of the wakefulness and activity necessary for the free use of reason, the effects of imagination may far exceed any that are displayed during a normal, waking state of the intellectual faculties. The question now remains: Are the means employed by the professors of electro-biology sufficient to produce that peculiar condition to which we refer? We believe that they are; and shall proceed to give reasons for such belief.

3. What are these means? or rather let us ask, 'Amid the various means employed, which is the real agent?' We observe that, in the different processes by which—under the names of electro-biology or mesmerism—a peculiar cerebral condition is induced, such means as the following are employed:—Fixed attention on one object—it may be a metallic disk said to have galvanic power, or a sixpence, or a cork; silence, and a motionless state of the body are favourable to the intended result; monotonous movements by the experimenter, called 'passes,' may be used or not. The process may be interrupted by frequent winking, to relieve the eyes; by studying over some question or problem; or, if the patient is musical, by going through various pieces of music in his imagination; by anything, indeed, which tends to keep the mind wakeful. Now, when we find among the various means *one* invariably present, in some form or another—*monotony of attention producing a partial exhaustion of the nervous energy*, we have reason to believe that *this* is the real agent.

But how can the 'fixed gaze upon the disk' affect reason? Certainly, it does not immediately affect reason; but through the nerves of the eye it very powerfully operates on the organ of reason, *the brain*, and induces an impressive, passive, and somnolent condition.

Such a process as the 'fixed gaze on a small disk for about the space of a quarter of an hour,' must not be dismissed as a trifle. It is opposed to the natural wakeful action of the brain and the eye. Let it be observed that, in waking hours, the eye is continually in play, relieving itself, and guarding against weariness and exhaustion by unnumbered changes of direction. This is the case even during such an apparently monotonous use of the eye as we find in reading. As sleep approaches, the eye is turned upwards, as we find it also in some cases of disease—hysteria, for example; and it should be noticed, that this position of the eye is naturally connected with a somnolent and dreaming condition of the brain. In several of the subjects of the so-called electro-biological experiments, we observed that the eyes were partially turned upward. It is curious to notice that this mode of acting on the brain is of very ancient date, at least among the Hindoos. In their old poem, the *Bhagavad-Gita*, it is recommended as a religious exercise, superior to prayer, almsgiving, attendance at temples, &c.; for the god Crishna, admitting that these actions are good, so far as they go, says: '*but he who, sitting apart, gazes fixedly upon one object until he forgets home and kindred, himself, and all created things—he attains perfection.*' Not having at hand any version of the *Bhagavad-Gita*, we cannot now give an exact translation of the passage;

but we are quite sure that it recommends a state of stupefaction of the brain, induced by a long-continued fixed gaze upon one object.

We have now stated, *1st*, That such an act of long-fixed attention upon one object, has a very remarkable effect on the brain; *2d*, That in the cerebral condition thus induced, the mental powers are not free to maintain their normal relations to each other; especially, will, comparison, and judgment, appear to lose their requisite power and promptitude of action, and are thus made liable to be overruled by the suggestions of imagination or the commands of the experimenter.

[pg 48]

To this explanation we can only add, that all who doubt it may easily put it to an experimental test. If it is thought that the mere 'fixed gaze,' without electric or galvanic agency, is not sufficient to produce the phenomena in question, then the only way of determining our dispute must be by fair experiment. But here we would add a word of serious caution, as we regard the process as decidedly dangerous, especially if frequently repeated on one subject.

To conclude: we regard the exhibitions now so common under the name of electro-biology as delusions, so far as they are understood to have any connection with the facts of electricity; so far as they are *real*, we regard them as very remarkable instances of a mode of acting on the brain which is, we believe, likely to prove injurious. As we have no motive in writing but simply to elicit the truth, we will briefly notice two difficulties which seem to attend our theory. These are—1. The *rapid transition* from the state of illusion to an apparently wakeful and normal condition of mind. The patient who has been making snow-balls in a warm room, and has pulled the moon down, comes from the platform, recognises his friends, and can laugh at the visions which to him seemed realities but a few minutes since. 2. The *apparently slight effects* left, in some cases, after the experiments. Among the subjects whom we have questioned on this point, one felt 'rather dizzy' all the next day after submitting to the process; another felt 'a pressure on the head;' but a third, who was one of the most successful cases, felt 'no effects whatever' afterwards; while a fourth thinks he derived 'some benefit' to his health from the operation. We leave these points for further inquiry.

FOOTNOTES:

- [4] We can corroborate the view taken by the writer of this article as to the reality of the effects produced on the persons submitting to the process, having seen many who are intimately known to us experimented on with success. The incredulity which still prevails on this subject in London can only be attributed to the necessary rarity, in so large a town, of experiments performed on persons known to the observers.—ED.

NEW MOTIVE-POWER.

[Return to Table of Contents](#)

We copy the following from an American newspaper, without vouching for the accuracy of the statement:—"The *Cincinnati Atlas* announces a wonderful invention in that city. Mr Solomon, a native of Prussia, is the inventor. He is a gentleman of education, and was professor of a college in his native land at the age of twenty-five. In Cincinnati, he prosecuted his scientific researches and experiments, which now promise to result in fame, wealth, and honour to himself, and incalculable benefit to the whole human family. The invention of a new locomotive and propelling power by Mr Solomon was mentioned some six months ago; and a few days ago, his new engine, in course of construction for many months, was tested, and the most sanguine expectations of the inventor more than realised. The *Atlas* says: "On Monday last, the engine was kept in operation during the day, and hundreds of spectators witnessed and were astonished at its success. The motive-power is obtained by the generation and expansion, by heat, of carbonic acid gas. Common whiting, sulphuric acid, and water, are used in generating this gas, and the 'boiler' in which these component parts are held, is similar in shape and size to a common bomb-shell. A small furnace, with a handful of ignited charcoal, furnishes the requisite heat for propelling this engine of 25 horsepower. The relative power of steam and carbonic acid is thus stated:—Water at the boiling-point gives a pressure of 15 pounds to the square inch. With the addition of 30 degrees of heat, the power is double, giving 30 pounds; and so on, doubling with every additional 30 degrees of heat, until we have 4840 pounds under a heat of 452 degrees—a heat which no engine can endure. But with the carbon, 20 degrees of heat above the boiling-point give 1080 pounds;

40 degrees give 2160 pounds; 80 degrees, 4320 pounds; that is, 480 pounds greater power with this gas, than 451 degrees of heat give by converting water into steam! Not only does this invention multiply power indefinitely, but it reduces the expense to a mere nominal amount. The item of fuel for a first-class steamer, between Cincinnati and New Orleans, going and returning, is between 1000 and 1200 dollars, whereas 5 dollars will furnish the material for propelling the boat the same distance by carbon. Attached to the new engine is also an apparatus for condensing the gas after it has passed through the cylinders, and returning it again to the starting-place, thus using it over and over, and allowing none to escape. While the engine was in operation on Monday, it lifted a weight of 12,000 pounds up the distance of five feet perpendicular, five times every minute. This weight was put on by way of experiment, and does by no means indicate the full power of the engine."

GOOD-NIGHT.

[Return to Table of Contents](#)

GOOD-NIGHT! a word so often said,
The heedless mind forgets its meaning;
'Tis only when some heart lies dead
On which our own was leaning,
We hear in maddening music roll
That lost 'good-night' along the soul.

'Good-night'—in tones that never die
It peals along the quickening ear;
And tender gales of memory
For ever waft it near,
When stilled the voice—O crush of pain!—
That ne'er shall breathe 'good-night' again.

Good-night! it mocks us from the grave—
It overleaps that strange world's bound
From whence there flows no backward wave—
It calls from out the ground,
On every side, around, above,
'Good-night,' 'good-night,' to life and love!

Good-night! Oh, wherefore fades away
The light that lived in that dear word?
Why follows that good-night no day?
Why are our souls so stirred?
Oh, rather say, dull brain, once more,
'Good-night!'—thy time of toil is o'er!

Good-night!—Now cometh gentle sleep,
And tears that fall like welcome rain.
Good-night!—Oh, holy, blest, and deep,
The rest that follows pain.
How should we reach God's upper light
If life's long day had no 'good-night?'

O.

ENGLISH INDEPENDENCE.

[Return to Table of Contents](#)

Somebody—and we know not whom, for it is an old faded yellow manuscript scrap in our drawer—thus rebukes an Englishman's aspiration to be independent of foreigners: A French cook dresses his dinner for him, and a Swiss valet dresses him for his dinner. He hands down his lady, decked with pearls that never grew in the shell of a British oyster, and her waving plume of ostrich-feathers certainly never formed the tail of a barn-door fowl. The viands of his table are from all countries of the world; his wines are from the banks of the Rhine and the Rhone. In his conservatory, he regales his sight with the blossoms of South American flowers; in his smoking-room, he gratifies his scent with the weed of North America. His favourite horse is of Arabian blood, his pet dog of the St Bernard breed. His gallery is rich with pictures from the Flemish school and statues from Greece. For his amusement, he goes to hear Italian singers warble German music followed by a French ballet. The ermine that decorates his judges was never before on a

British animal. His very mind is not English in its attainments—it is a mere picnic of foreign contributions. His poetry and philosophy are from ancient Greece and Rome, his geometry from Alexandria, his arithmetic from Arabia, and his religion from Palestine. In his cradle, in his infancy, he rubbed his gums with coral from Oriental oceans; and when he dies, he is buried in a coffin made from wood that grew on a foreign soil, and his monument will be sculptured in marble from the quarries of Carrara. A pretty sort of man this to talk of being independent of foreigners!—*Harper's Magazine*.

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by W. S. ORR, Amen Corner, London; D. N. CHAMBERS, 55 West Nile Street, Glasgow; and J. M'GLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin.—Advertisements for Monthly Parts are requested to be sent to MAXWELL & Co., 31 Nicholas Lane, Lombard Street, London, to whom all applications respecting their insertion must be made.

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