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# CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

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## A GLANCE AT CONTINENTAL RAILWAYS.

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WHEN lately making a pretty extensive continental excursion, we were in no small degree gratified with the progress made in the construction and operation of railways. These railways, from all that could be seen, were doing much to improve the countries traversed, and extend a knowledge of English comforts; for it must always be borne in mind that the railway system, with its locomotives, carriages, waiting-rooms, commodious and cheap transit, and

other matters, is essentially English. Hence, wherever one sees a railway in full operation, he may be said to see a bit of England. And is not this something to be proud of? The railway being your true civiliser, England may be said to have sent out a missionary of improvement, whom nothing can withstand. The continent, with all its stupid despotisms, must improve, and become enlightened in spite of itself.

The newspapers lately described the opening of the line of railway from Paris to Strasbourg. Those who know what travelling in France was a few years ago, cannot wonder that Louis Napoleon should have made this the occasion of a popular demonstration. The opening of this line of railway is an important European event; certainly it is a great thing for both France and Germany. English travellers may also think much of it. A tourist can now journey from London to Paris—Paris to the upper part of the Rhine at Strasbourg, going through a most interesting country by the way—then go down the Rhine to Cologne by steamer; next, on by railway to Ostend; cross by steamer to Dover; and, finally, reach London—thus doing in a few days, and all by force of steam, what a short time ago must have been done imperfectly, and with great toil and expense. Still more to ease the journey, a branch railway from the Strasbourg line is about being opened from near Metz, by Saarbrück, to Manheim; by which means the Rhine will be reached by a shorter cut, and be considerably more accessible. In a month or two, it will be possible to travel from Paris to Frankfort in twenty-five hours. All that is wanted to complete the Strasbourg line, is to strike off a branch from Metz to Luxembourg and Treves; for by reaching this last-mentioned city—a curious, ancient place, which we had the pleasure of visiting—the traveller is on the Moselle at the spot where it becomes navigable, and he descends with ease by steamer to Coblenz. And so the Rhine would be reached from Paris at three important points.

Paris, as a centre, is pushing out other lines, with intermediate branches. Marseille, Bordeaux, Nantes, Rouen, Dieppe, Boulogne, Calais, and Lille, are the outposts of this series of radiation. The latest move is a line from Caen to Cherbourg; it will start from the Paris and Rouen Railway at Rosny, 40 miles from Paris, and proceed through Caen to the great naval station at Cherbourg—a distance of 191 miles from Rosny. By the time the great lines in France are finished—probably 3500 miles in the whole—it is expected that the total expenditure will amount, in round numbers, to a hundred millions sterling.

It is gratifying to know, that the small German powers which border on France have been most active in providing themselves with railways; not only for their own accommodation, but to join the lines of other countries; so as to make great trunk-thoroughfares through their dominions. There seems to be a cordiality in making these junctions, for general accommodation, that cannot but deserve praise. The truth, however, is, that all these petty states are glad to get hold of means for bringing travellers—that is, money-spenders—to their cities and watering-places, and for developing their long-hidden resources. For example, in the district lying between Saarbrück and Manheim, there exist vast beds of coal, and powerful brine-springs; but hitherto, in consequence of being out of the way of traffic, and there being only wretched cars drawn by cows, as the means of locomotion, this great mineral wealth has been locked up, and next thing to useless. What an outlet will the Strasbourg and Manheim Railway furnish! Paris may be as well and as cheaply supplied with coal as London.

Belgium—a kind of little England—has for a number of years been well provided with railways; and you may go by locomotion towards its frontiers in all directions, except one—namely, that of Holland. This odd exception, of course, arose from the ill-will that has subsisted for a number of years between the Belgians and Dutch; the latter being not at all pleased with the violent disjunction of the Netherlands. However, that coolness is now passing off. The two neighbours begin to find that ill-nature does not pay, and, like sensible people, are negotiating for a physical union by rail, seeing that a political one is out of the question. In short, a railway is proposed to be laid down in an easterly direction from the Antwerp branch, towards the border of Holland; and by means of steam-boat ferries across the Maas and other mouths of the Rhine, the junction will be effected with the Rotterdam and Amsterdam series of railways. The north of Holland is yet a stranger to railways, nor are the towns of such importance as to lead us to expect any great doings there. But the north German region—from the frontiers of Holland to those of Russia and Poland, a distance of something like 1000 miles—is rapidly filling up the chasms in its railway net-work. Emden and Osnaburg and Gottingen in the west, Danzig and Königsberg and Memel in the east, are yet unprovided; but almost all the other towns of any note in Prussia and North Germany are now linked together, and most or all of the

above six will be so in a few years.

The Scandinavian countries are more interesting in respect to our present subject, on account of *their* railway enterprises being wholly written in the future tense. Denmark has so little continuous land, Sweden has so many lakes, and Norway so many mountains, that, irrespective of other circumstances, railways have not yet reached those countries. They are about to do so, however. Hitherto, Denmark has received almost the whole of its foreign commodities *viâ* the two Hanse towns—Hamburg and Bremen; and has exported its cattle and transmitted its mails by the same routes. The Schleswig-Holstein war has strengthened a wish long felt in Denmark to shake off this dependence; but good railways and good steam-ship ports will be necessary for this purpose. When, in April 1851, a steamer crossed rapidly from Lowestoft to Hjerting, and brought back a cargo of cattle, the Danes felt suddenly independent of the Hamburgers; but the route from Hjerting to Copenhagen is so bad and tiresome, that much must yet be done before a commercial transit can really be established. There was at that time only an open basket-wagon on the route; there has since been established a diligence; but a railway will be the only effective means of transit. Here we must correct a mistake in the last paper: Denmark is not quite without railway accommodation; there is about 15 miles of railway from Copenhagen to Roeskilde, and this is to be continued across the island of Zealand to Korsör. The Lowestoft project has led to important plans; for a railway has been marked out from Hamburg, through the entire length of Holstein and Schleswig to the north of Jütland, where five hours' steaming will give access to the Swedish coast; while an east and west line from Hjerting to Copenhagen, with two breaks at the Little Belt and the Great Belt, are also planned. If Denmark can by degrees raise the requisite capital, both of these trunk-lines will probably be constructed.

Norway has just commenced its railway enterprises. It seems strange to find the familiar names of Stephenson and Bidder, Peto and Brassey, connected with first-stone layings, and health-drinkings, &c., in remote Norway; but this is one among many proofs of the ubiquity of English capital and enterprise. The government of Norway has conceded the line to an English company, by whom it will be finished in 1854. The railway will be 50 miles in length; it will extend from Christiania to Lake Miösen, and will connect the capital with an extensive chain of internal navigation. The whole risk seems to have been undertaken by the English company; but the benefits will be mutual for both companies—direct steam-communication from Christiania to some English port being one feature in the comprehensive scheme.

In Russia, the enterprises are so autocratic, and ordinary joint-stock operations are so rare, that our Stock Exchange people know very little about them. The great lines of railway in Russia, either being constructed or definitely planned, are from Warsaw to Cracow (about 170 miles); Warsaw to St Petersburg (680 miles); Moscow to St Petersburg (400 miles); from a point on the Volga to another point on the Don (105 miles); and from Kief to Odessa, in Southern Russia. The great tie which will bind Russia to the rest of Europe, will be the Warsaw and St Petersburg Railway—a vast work, which nothing but imperial means will accomplish. Whether all these lines will be opened by 1862, it is impossible to predict; Russia has to feel its way towards civilisation. During the progress of the Moscow and St Petersburg Railway, a curious enterprise was determined on. According to the *New York Tribune*, Major Whistler, who had the charge of the construction of the railway, proposed to the emperor that the rolling-stock should be made in Russia, instead of imported, Messrs Harrison, Winans, and Eastwick, engineers of the United States, accepted a contract to effect this. They were to have the use of some machine-works at Alexandroffsky; the labour of 500 serfs belonging to those works at low wages; and the privilege of importing coal, iron, steel, and other necessary articles, duty free. In this way a large supply of locomotives and carriages was manufactured, to the satisfaction of the emperor, and the profit of the contractors. The managers and foremen were all English or American; but the workmen and labourers, from 2000 to 3000 in number, were nearly all serfs, who *bought their time* from their masters for an agreed period, being induced by the wages offered for their services: they were found to be excellent imitative workmen, perfectly docile and obedient.

Our attention now turns south-westward: we cross Poland and Germany, and come to the Alps. To traverse this mountain barrier will be among the great works of the future, so far as the iron pathway is concerned. In the early part of 1851, the Administration of Public Works in Switzerland drew up a sketch of a complete system of railways for that country. The system includes a line to connect Bâle with the Rhenish railways; another to traverse the Valley of the Aar, so as to connect Lakes Zurich, Constance, and Geneva; a junction of

this last-named line with Lucerne, in order to connect it with the Pass of St Gothard; a line from Lake Constance to the Grisons; a branch connecting Berne with the Aar-Valley line; and some small isolated lines in the principal trading valleys. The whole net-work of these railways is about 570 English miles; and the cost estimated at about L.4,000,000 sterling. It scarcely needs remark, that in such a peculiar country as Switzerland, many years must elapse before even an approach to such a railway net-work can be made.

To drive a railway across the Alps themselves will probably be first effected by the Austrians. The railway through the Austrian dominions to the Adriatic at Trieste, although nearly complete, is cut in two by a formidable elevation at the point where the line crosses the eastern spur of the great Alpine system. At present, travellers have to post the distance of seventy miles from Laybach to Trieste, until the engineers have surmounted the barrier which lies in their way. The trial of locomotives at Sömmering, noticed in the newspapers a few months ago, related to the necessity of having powerful engines to carry the trains up the inclines of this line. Further west, the Alpine projects are hidden in the future. The Bavarian Railway, at present ending at Munich, is intended to be carried southward, traversing the Tyrol, through the Brenner Pass, to Innsprück and Bautzen, following the ordinary route to Trieste, and finally uniting at Verona with the Italian railways. This has not yet been commenced. Westward, again, there is the Würtemberg Railway, which ends at Friedrichshafen on Lake Constance. It is proposed to continue this line from the southern shore of the lake, across the Alps by the Pass of the Splügen, and so join the Italian railways at Como. This, too, is *in nubibus*; the German States and Piedmont are favourable to it; but the engineering difficulties and the expense will be enormous. Other Piedmontese projects have been talked about, for crossing the Alps at different points, and some one among them will probably be realised in the course of years. Meanwhile, Piedmont has a heavy task on hand in constructing the railway from Genoa to Turin, which is being superintended by Mr Stephenson; the Apennines are being crossed by a succession of tunnels, embankments, and viaducts, as stupendous as anything yet executed in Europe.

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In Central Italy, a railway convention has been signed, which, if carried out, would be important for that country. It was agreed to in 1851 by the Papal, Austrian, Tuscan, Parmese, and Modenese governments. The object is to construct a net-work of railways, each state executing and paying for its own. Austria is to do the work as far as Piacenza and Mantua; Tuscany is to finish its lines from Pistoja to Florence and Lucca; the Papal government is to connect Bologna with both the former; and the small states are to carry out their respective portions. The great difficulty will be, to cut through the Apennines, which at present sever Tuscany from the other states; but a greater still will be the moral one, arising from the disordered state of Italy. Rome has conceded to an Anglo-French company the construction of a railway from the capital to Ancona; but that, like all other commercial enterprises in the Papal dominions, is lagging sadly.

Crossing the Pyrenees to view the works in the Peninsula, which *Bradshaw* may possibly have to register in 1862, we find that, amid the financial difficulties of Spain, three lines of railway have been marked out—from Madrid to Irun; from Aranjuez to Almansa; and from Alar to Santander. The first would be a great line to the vicinity of the French frontier, to cost 600 millions of reals; the second would be part of an intended route from Aranjuez, near Madrid, to the Mediterranean; the length to Almansa, involving an outlay of 220 millions. The third line, from Santander to Alar del Rey, on the Biscayan seaboard of Spain, is intended to facilitate approach from the interior to the rising port of Santander; the outlay is put down at 120 millions. It is difficult to translate these high-sounding sums into English equivalents, for there are three kinds of reals in Spain, varying from 2-5/8d. to 5-1/4d. English; but taking even the lowest equivalent, the sum-total amounts to a capital which Spain will have some difficulty in raising. The Santander line, however, has attracted English capital and engineering towards it; the first sod was turned by the king-consort in May 1852, and the works are now in progress. There is also an important line from Madrid to the Portuguese frontier near Badajoz, marked out on paper; but the fruition of this as well as other schemes will mainly depend on the readiness with which English capital can be obtained. Unfortunately, 'Spanish bonds' are not in the best favour in England.

Portugal is a *terra incognita* to railways. It is on the extremest verge of Europe towards the Atlantic; and European civilisation finds entrance there with remarkable slowness. In 1845, the government tried to invite offers from capitalists to construct railways; in 1849, the invitations were renewed; but the moneyed men were coy, and would not be wooed. In 1851, the

government appointed a commission to investigate the whole subject. The commission consisted of five persons; and their Report, dated October 20, 1851, contains a large mass of valuable information. It appeared in an English translation in some of the London journals towards the close of the year. The commissioners take for granted that Spain will construct railways from Madrid to the Portuguese frontier at Badajoz on the one side, and to the French frontier, near Bayonne, on the other; and they then inquire how best to reach Badajoz from Lisbon. Three routes present themselves—one to Santarem, and across the Tagus to Badajoz; another to Santarem and Coimbra, and so on into Spain by way of Almeida; and a third to Oporto, and thence by Bragança into Spain. The first of these, being more directly in the route to Madrid, is preferred by the commissioners, who estimate the outlay at a million and a quarter sterling. They discuss the terms on which capitalists might possibly be induced to come to their aid; and they indulge in a hope that, ten years hence, Lisbon may be united to Central Europe by a railway, of which 260 kilomètres will cross Portugal to Badajoz, 370 from Badajoz to Madrid, and about 400 from Madrid to the French frontier, where the Paris and Bayonne Railway will continue the route. (Five kilomètres are equal to rather more than three English miles.) The Continental *Bradshaw* will, we apprehend, have to wait long before these peninsular trunk-lines find a place in its pages.

Leaving altogether the countries of Europe, and crossing the Mediterranean, we find that even Africa is becoming a member of the great railway system. After a world of trouble, financial and diplomatic, the present ruler of Egypt has succeeded in giving reality to a scheme for a railway from Alexandria to the Nile. A glance at a map of Egypt will shew us that a canal extends from Alexandria to the Nile, to escape the sanded-up mouths of that famous river. It is mainly to expedite the overland route, so far as concerns the transit along this canal, that the railway now in process of construction has been planned; anything beyond this, it will be for future ages to develop. The subject of the Isthmus of Suez and its transit has been frequently treated in this *Journal*, and we will therefore say nothing more here, than that our friend *Bradshaw* will, in all probability, have something to tell us concerning the land of Egypt before any long time has elapsed.

Asia will have a spider-line of railway by and by, when the slow-coach proceedings of the East India Company have given something like form to the Bombay and Bengal projects; but at present the progress is miserably slow; and *Bradshaw* need not lay aside a page for the rich Orient for many years to come.

There are a few general considerations respecting the present aspect of the railway system, interesting not only in themselves, but as giving a foretaste of what is to come. In the autumn of last year, a careful statistician calculated that the railways of Europe and America, as then in operation, extended in the aggregate to 25,350 miles, the total cost of which was four hundred and fifty millions of pounds. Of this, the United Kingdom had 7000 miles, costing L.250,000,000. According to the view here given, the 7000 miles of our own railways have been constructed at an expense prodigiously greater than the remaining 18,350 miles in other parts of the world. It needs no figures to prove that this is the fact. Many of the continental and American railways are single lines, and so far they have been got up at a comparatively small cost. But the substantial difference of expense lies in our plan of leaving railway undertakings to private parties—rival speculators and jobbers, whose aim has too frequently been plunder. And how enormous has been that plunder let enriched engineers and lawyers—let impoverished victims—declare. Shame on the British legislature, to have tolerated and legalised the railway villainies of the last ten years; in comparison with which the enforcements of continental despotisms are angelic innocence!

Besides being got up in a simple and satisfactory manner, under government decrees and state responsibility, the continental railways are evidently more under control than those of the United Kingdom. The speed of trains is regulated to a moderate and safe degree; on all hands there seems to be a superior class of officials in charge; and as the lines have been made at a small cost, the fares paid by travellers are for the most part very much lower than in this country. Government interference abroad is, therefore, not altogether a wrong. Annoying as it may sometimes be, and bad as it avowedly is in principle, there is in it the spirit of protection against private oppression. And perhaps the English may by and by discover that jobbing-companies, with stupendous capital and a monopoly of conveyance, are capable of doing as tyrannical things as any continental autocrat!

vicious speculation—properly speaking, gambling—in railway finance, our country is in some degree redeemed from obloquy by the grandeur of a social melioration which jobbing has not been able to obstruct. The wide spread of railways over the continent, we have said, is working a perceptible change in almost all those arrangements which bear on the daily comforts of life. No engine of a merely physical kind has ever wrought so powerfully to secure lasting international peace as the steam-engine. The locomotive is every hour breaking down barriers of separation between races of men. And as wars in future could be conducted only by cutting short the journeys by railway, arresting trains, and ruining great commercial undertakings, we may expect that nations will pause before rushing into them. Already, the French railways, which push across the frontier into the German countries, are visibly relaxing the custom-house and passport systems. Stopping a whole train at an imaginary boundary to examine fifteen hundred passports, is beyond even the French capacity for official minutiae. A hurried glance, or no glance at all—a sham inspection at the best—is all that the gentlemen with moustaches and cocked-hats can manage. The very attempt to look at bushels of passports is becoming an absurdity. And what has to be done in the twinkling of an eye, will, we have no doubt, soon not be done at all. Thanks to railways for this vast privilege of free locomotion!

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## A NEW PRINCIPLE IN NATURE.

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It is pretty well known that researches by Matteucci, Du Bois-Reymond, and others, have made us acquainted with the influence of electricity and galvanism on the muscular system of animals, and that important physiological effects have been attributed to this influence, more than perhaps we are warranted in assuming in the present state of our knowledge. That an influence is exerted in some way, is clear from the difference in our feelings in dry and wet weather: it has been supposed, however, that the effects on the nervous system are not produced by an accumulation of positive or of negative electricity, but by the combination of the two producing dynamic electricity. While these points are undergoing discussion, we have an opportunity of bringing before our readers the results of investigations bearing on the general question.

Most persons are aware of the fact, that a peculiar taste follows the application of two different metals to the tongue in a popular galvanic experiment. This taste is caused by the azotic acid formed from the oxygen and azote of the atmosphere. An electric discharge, too, is accompanied by a smell, which smell is due to the presence of what is called ozone; and not long ago M. Schoenbein, of Basel, the inventor of guncotton, discovered ozone as a principle in the oxygen of the atmosphere; and it is considered to be the *active* principle of that universal constituent. Later researches have brought out a striking analogy between the properties of ozone and chlorine, and have led to conclusions as to the dangerous effect which the former may produce, in certain cases, on the organs of respiration. Some idea of its energy may be formed from the fact, that mice perish speedily in air which contains one six-thousandth of ozone. It is always present in the atmosphere in a greater or lesser degree, in direct relation with the amount of atmospheric electricity, and appears to obey the same laws in its variations, finding its maximum in winter and its minimum in summer.

Ozone, in scientific language, is described as 'a compound of oxygen analogous to the peroxide of hydrogen, or, that it is oxygen in an allotropic state—that is, with the capability of immediate and ready action impressed upon it.' Besides being produced by electrical discharges in the atmosphere, it can be obtained artificially by the passing of what is called the electrical brush into the air from a moist wooden point, or by electrolyzed water or phosphorus. The process, when the latter substance is employed, is to put a small piece, clean scraped, about half an inch long, into a large bottle which contains just so much of water as to half cover the phosphorus, and then closing the mouth slightly, to guard against combustion, to leave it standing for a time in a temperature of about 60 degrees. Ozone soon begins to be formed, as shewn by the rising of a light column of smoke from the phosphorus, which, at the same time, becomes luminous. In five or six hours, the quantity will be abundant, when the bottle is to be emptied of its contents, washed out, and closed for use and experiment.

Whichever way the ozone be produced, it is always identical in its properties; and these are described as numerous and remarkable. Its odour is peculiar, resembling that of chlorine, and, when diluted, cannot be distinguished from

what is called the electric smell. When largely diffused in atmospheric air, it causes unpleasant sensations, makes respiration difficult, and, by acting powerfully on the mucous membranes, produces catarrhal effects; and as such air will kill small animals, it shews that pure ozone must be highly injurious to the animal economy. It is insoluble in water, is powerfully electromotive, and is most strikingly energetic in numerous chemical agencies, its action on nearly all metallic bodies being to carry them at once to the state of peroxide, or to their highest point of oxidation; it changes sulphurets into sulphates, instantaneously destroys several gaseous compounds, and bleaches indigo, thus shewing its analogy with chlorine.

In proceeding to the account of his experiments, M. Schoenbein shews, that gases can be produced by chemical means, which exercise an oxidizing influence of a powerful nature, especially in their physiological effects, even when diffused through the atmosphere in very minute quantities: also, that owing to the immense number of organic beings on the earth, their daily death and decomposition, an enormous amount of gases is produced similar to those which can be obtained by artificial means; and besides these, a quantity of gaseous or volatile products, 'whose chemical nature,' as the author observes, 'is as yet unknown, but of which we can easily admit that some, at least, diffused through the air, even in very small quantities, and breathed with it, exert a most deplorable action on the animal organism. Hence it follows, that the decomposition of organic matters ought to be considered as one of the principal causes of the corruption of the air by miasmatic substances. Now, a continuous cause, and acting on so vast a scale, would necessarily diffuse through the atmosphere a considerable mass of miasmatic gases, and accumulate them till at length it would be completely poisoned, and rendered incapable of supporting animal life, if nature had not found the means of destroying these noxious matters in proportion as they are produced.'

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The question then arises: What are the means employed for this object? M. Schoenbein believes that he has found it in the action of ozone, which is continually formed by the electricity of the atmosphere, and is known to be a most powerful agent of oxidation, causing serious modifications of organic bodies, and, consequently, of their physiological action. 'To assure myself,' he pursues, 'that ozone destroys the miasma arising from the decomposition of animal matters, I introduced into a balloon containing about 130 pints of air, a piece of flesh weighing four ounces, taken from a human corpse, and in a very advanced state of putrefaction. I withdrew it after a minute; the air in the balloon had acquired a strong and very repulsive odour, shewing that it was charged with an appreciable quantity—at least for the smell—of miasm caused by the putrefaction.

'To produce ozone, I introduced into the infected balloon a stick of phosphorus an inch long, with water sufficient to half cover it. At the same time, for the sake of comparison, I placed a similar quantity of phosphorus and water in another balloon full of pure atmospheric air. After some minutes, the reaction of ozone in the latter was most evidently manifested, while no trace of it was yet apparent in the former, which still gave off an odour of putrefaction. This, however, disappeared completely at the end of ten or twelve minutes, and immediately the reaction of the ozone was detected.'

The conclusion drawn from this experiment is, that the ozone destroyed the miasm by oxidation, and could only make its presence evident after the complete destruction of the noxious volatile substances. This effect is more strikingly shewn by another experiment.

A balloon of similar capacity to the one above mentioned was charged as strongly as possible with ozone, and afterwards washed with water. The same piece of flesh was suspended within it; and the opening being carefully closed, it was left inside for nine hours before the air of the balloon presented the least odour of putrefaction. The air was tested every thirty minutes by an ozonimeter, and the proportion of ozone found to be gradually diminishing; but as long as the paper of the instrument exhibited the slightest trace of blue, there was no smell, which only came on as the last signs of ozone disappeared. Thus, all the miasm given off by the piece of flesh during nine hours was completely neutralised by the ozone with which the balloon had been impregnated, so small in quantity as to be but the 6000th part of a gramme. One balloon filled with ozonified air, would suffice to disinfect 540 balloons filled with miasmatic air. 'These considerations,' says M. Schoenbein, 'shew us how little the miasma of the air are to be appreciated by weight, even when they exist therein in a quantity very sensible to the smell, and how small is the proportion of ozone necessary to destroy the miasm produced by the putrefaction of organic substances, and diffused through the atmosphere.'

The presence of ozone in any vessel or in the atmosphere, may be detected by a test-paper which has been moistened with a solution composed of 1 part of pure iodide of potassium, 10 parts of starch, and 100 parts of water, boiled together for a few moments. Paper so prepared turns immediately blue when exposed to the action of ozone, the tint being lighter or darker according to the quantity. Schoenbein's ozonometer consists of 750 slips of dry bibulous paper prepared in the manner described; and with a scale of tints and instructions, sufficient to make observations on the ozone of the atmosphere twice a day for a year. After exposure to the ozone, they require to be moistened to bring out the colour.

M. Schoenbein continues: 'We must admit that the electric discharges which take place incessantly in different parts of the atmosphere, and causing therein a formation of ozone, purify the air by this means of organic, or, more generally, oxidizable miasma; and that they have thus the important office of maintaining it in a state of purity suitable to animal life. By means of atmospheric electricity, and, indirectly, nature thus attains on a great scale the object that we sometimes seek to accomplish in a limited space by fumigations with chlorine.

'Here, as in many other cases, we see nature effecting two different objects at one stroke. For if the oxidizable miasma are destroyed by atmospheric ozone, they, in turn, cause the latter to disappear, and we have seen that it is itself a miasm. This is doubtless the reason why ozone does not accumulate in the atmosphere in greater proportion than the oxidizable miasma, notwithstanding the constant formation of one and the other.

'In all times, the idea has been held, that storms purify the air, and I do not think that this opinion is ill-founded. We know, in fact, that storms give rise to a more abundant production of ozone. It is possible, and even probable, that sometimes, in particular localities, there may not be a just relation between the ozone and the oxidizable miasma in the air, and that the latter cannot be completely destroyed. Hence, in accordance with the chemical nature and physiological influence of these miasma, they would exert a marked action on the animal economy, and cause diseases among the greater number of those who breathe the infected air. But numerous experiments prove that, as a rule, the air contains free ozone, though in very variable proportions; from which we may conclude that no oxidizable miasm—sulphuretted hydrogen, for example—can exist in such an atmosphere, any more than it could exist in air containing but a trace of chlorine.

'I do not know if it be true, as has been advanced by Mr Hunt and other persons, that ozone is deficient in the atmospheric air when some wide-spread malady, such as cholera, is raging. In any case, it would be easy, by means of the prepared paper, to determine the truth or fallacy of this opinion.

'There is one fact which should particularly engage the attention of physicians and physiologists, which is, that, of all seasons, the winter is distinguished by the greatest proportion of ozone; whence it follows, that during that season the air contains least of oxidizable miasma. We can say, therefore, with respect to this class of miasma, that the air is purer in winter than in summer.

'All my observations agree in shewing, that the proportion of ozone in the air increases with the height; if this fact be general, as I am disposed to believe, we must consider the upper regions of the atmosphere as purer, with regard to oxidizable miasma, than the lower.

'The appearance of certain maladies—intermittent fever, for example—appears to be connected with certain seasons and particular geographical conditions. It would be worth while to ascertain, by ozonometric observations, whether these physiological phenomena have any relation whatever with the proportion of ozone contained in the air in which they occur.

'Considering the obscurity which prevails as to the cause of the greater part of diseases, and the great probability that many among them owe their origin to the presence of chemical agents dispersed in the atmosphere, it becomes the duty of medical men and physiologists, who interest themselves in the progress of their science, to seize earnestly all the means by which they may hope to arrive at more exact notions upon the relations which exist between abnormal physiological phenomena and external circumstances.'

Such is a summary of M. Schoenbein's views as communicated to the Medical Society of Basel; and we the more readily accord them the publicity of our columns, as, apart from the intrinsic value of the subject, it is one which has for some time excited the interest of scientific inquirers in this country. During the late visitation of cholera, reports were frequently spread that the



atmosphere was deficient in ozone.

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## ENGLISH SISTERS OF CHARITY.

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How much real good could yet be done in this old, full, struggling world of ours, where so many among us have need of help, if each in his or her small circle could manage just not to leave undone some of the things that should be done. Little more is wanting to effect this than the will, or perhaps the mere suggestion. A high influence may at a time confer a considerable benefit; but very humble means, systematically exerted, even during a comparatively short season, will certainly relieve a load of misery.

In a small village towards the west of England, there dwelt, some years ago, two maiden gentlewomen, sisters, the daughters of the deceased rector of the parish. Their father had early in life entered upon his duties in this retired locality, contentedly abiding there where fate had placed him, each passing year increasing his interest in the charge which engrossed all his energies. His moderate stipend, assisted by a small private fortune, sufficed for his quiet tastes, and for the few charities required by his flock; it also enabled him to rear a large family respectably, and to start them creditably on their working way.

There was no railway near this village—even the Queen's highway was at some distance. Fields, meadows, a shady lane, a brook, and the Welsh mountains for a background, formed the picture of beauty that attracted the stranger. There was hardly what could be called a street. The cottages were clustered upon the side of the wooded bank above the stream, shrouded in gardens of apple-trees; but there was space near the foot of the hill for a green of rather handsome size, with a plane-tree in the middle of it, and a few small shops along one side. Opposite the shops was the inn, the doctor's house, the market-house, and a public reading-room; and a bylane led from the green up towards the church—an old, low-walled, steep-roofed building, with a square, dumpy tower, in which hung a peal of bells, and where was placed a large, round, clumsy window. A clump of hardwood trees enclosed the upper end of the church-yard, and extended to the back of the rector's garden, quite concealing his many-gabled dwelling. In a still, summer evening, the brook could be heard from the parlour windows of the rectory, dancing merrily along to its own music; and at those less pleasant seasons when the foliage was scanty, it could be seen here and there between the boles of the trees, sparkling in the sunshine as it rippled on, while glimpses of the rich plain beyond added to the harmony of the prospect.

The society of the village and its immediate neighbourhood was of a humble kind—neither the rich nor the great were members of it; yet there were wisdom, and prudence, and talent, and good faith to be found in this little community, where all inclined to live as brethren, kindly together. It was not a bad school this for the young to grow up in. The rector's family had here been trained; and when they grew to rise beyond it, and then passed out upon the wider world, those of them that were again heard of in their birthplace, did no discredit to its name: and all passed out, all but two—our two sisters. It is said adversity must at some time reach us all: it had been late in visiting them, for they had passed a happy youth in that quiet parsonage. At last, sorrow came, and they were left alone, the two extremes of the chain which had bound the little household together—all the intermediate links had broken; and when, upon their father's death, they had to quit their long-loved home, they found themselves verging upon old age, in circumstances that natures less strictly disciplined would have felt to have been at the least dreary. The younger sister was slightly deformed, and very delicate; the elder, though still an active woman, was quite beyond the middle of life; the income of the two, just L.30—no great elements these of either usefulness or happiness. Let us see, then, what was made of them. Some relations pressed the sisters to share their distant home, but they would not leave the village. They felt as if their work lay there. The friends they knew best were all around them; the occupations they had been used to still remained to them; the memory of all they had loved there clung to them, in the old haunts so doubly dear to the bereaved who bear affliction patiently. So they moved only to a cottage a little higher up the hill, yet within view of the church, and of the dear old house, with its garden, sheltering wood, and pleasant rivulet; and there they lived in comfort, with enough to use and much to spare, their cruse never failing them when wanted. It was a real cottage, which a labourer had left: there was no ornament about it till they added some. Rude and unfashioned did this low-thatched cabin pass to them; it was their own hands, with very little help from

their light purse, which made of a mere hovel the prettiest of rural dwellings—her own hands, indeed; for Sister Anne alone was the working-bee. Sister Catherine helped by hints and smiles, and by her nimble needle; but for out-of-doors labour she had not strength. Sister Anne nailed up the trellised porch, over which gay creepers were in time to grow. Sister Anne laid out the beds of flowers, protected by a low paling from the sheep which pastured on the downs. She planned the tidy bit of garden on one side, and the little yard behind, where pig and poultry thrived; but Sister Catherine watched the beehives near the hawthorn hedge, and plied her busy fingers by the hour to decorate the inside of their pretty cottage. They almost acted man and wife in the division of their employments, and with the best effect.

It would have astonished any one unaccustomed to the few wants of simple tastes, and to the many small gains from various trifling produce which careful industry alone can accumulate, to see the plenty consequent on skill, order, and neatness. The happiness was a joy apart, only to be felt by the sort of poetic mind of the truly benevolent, for it depended not on luxury, or even comfort, or any purely selfish feeling. It sprang from warm hearts directed by clear heads, invigorated by religious feelings, and nourished by country tastes, softened and elevated by the trials of life, till devotion to their kind became the one intention of their being; for it is as Sisters of Charity we introduce our heroines to our readers, one of a wide class in our reformed church, who, unshackled by vows, under no bondage of conventual forms, with small means, and by their own exertions and self-sacrifices, do more good in their generation than can be easily reckoned—treading in the footsteps of their Master, bearing healing as they move. Every frugal meal was shared with some one less favoured. No fragments were too small for use in Sister Anne's most skilful cookery; not a crumb, nor a dreg, nor a drop was wasted. Many a cup of comfort fed the sick or the weary, made from what, in richer households, unthrifty servants would have thrown away. There were always roots to spare from the small garden, herbs for medicines, eggs for sale, salves, and lotions, and conserves of fruit or honey. All the poor infants in the parish were neatly clothed in baby-linen made out of old garments. There were always bundles of patches to give away, so useful to poor mothers; strips of rag for hurts; old flannel, and often new; a little collection of rubbish now and then for the bagman, though very rarely, the breakage being small where there were so few hands used, and they so careful.

[pg 183] They gave their time, too; for they were the nurses of all the sick, the comforters of all the sorrowful, the advisers of all in difficulty—without parade. They were applied to as of course—it seemed natural. And they were sociable: they had their little tea-parties with their acquaintance; they made their little presents at Christmas-time; they sweetened life throughout their limited sphere; and all so quietly, that no one guessed the amount of their influence till it ceased. They preached 'the word' practically, producing all the charity it taught, inculcating the 'peace on earth, good-will towards men' which disposes even rude natures to the gentler feelings, and soothes the chafed murmurer by the tender influence of that love which is so kind. They were unwearied in their walk of mercy, though they met with disappointment even among the simple natures reared in this secluded spot. They bore it meekly; and when cross or trial came to those around, then could our good sisters carry comfort to afflicted friends, never pleading quite in vain for the exercise of that patience which lightens suffering. They were as mothers to the young, as daughters to the old, of all degree; for they did not ostentatiously devote themselves to the poor and ignorant alone—the so-called poor: the poor in spirit, of whatever rank, were as much their care as were the poor in purse; their charge was all who needed help—a help they gave simply, lovingly, not as meddlers, but as sisters bound to a larger family by the breaking of the ties which had united them to their own peculiar household.

There was no scenic effect visible along the humble walk of their pure benevolence, no harsh outlines to mark the course they went, or shew them to the world as devoted to particular excellence all throughout a lifetime of painful mortifications. Very noiseless was their quiet way. In a spirit of thankfulness they accepted their lot, turning its very bitterness into joy, by gratefully receiving the many pleasures still vouchsafed them; for it is a happy world, in spite of all its trials, to those who look aright for happiness. Our sisters found it and bestowed it. How many blessed their name! How many have had reason to love the memory of these two unobtrusive women, who, without name, or station, or show, or peculiarity, or distinction of any kind, were the types of a class the circle of which even this humble memorial, by its truth and suggestiveness, may aid in extending—of the true, simple, earnest, brave, holy Sisters of Charity of our country!

# BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION.

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I AM not sure about bribery and corruption. It may be a bad thing, but many seem to think otherwise. Much may be said on both sides of the question. Oh! don't tell me of a worm selling his birthright for a mess of pottage: I never read of such worms in Buffon, or even in Pliny. But if they do exist in the human form, the baseness consists in the sale, not in the *quid pro quo*. A mess of pottage in itself is a very good thing—I should say, a very respectable thing; and no exchange can take away from it that character. Still, if what we give for it is an heirloom, coming from our ancestors and belonging to our posterity, the transaction is shabby, and not only shabby, but dishonest. If that is proved, I don't defend the worm. Trample on him by all means—jump on him. But beware of insulting the mess of pottage, which is as respectable as when newly out of the pot. Fancy the sale to have been effected by means of some other equivalent: and that, by the way, is just what puzzles me. There are numerous other equivalents, not a whit more respectable in themselves—many far less so—which not only escape all objurgation, but serve to lift the identical transaction out of the category of basenesses. This confuses a brain like mine, even to the length of doubting whether there is any harm in the thing at all. Let us turn the question over patiently. I confess I am slow; but 'slow and sure,' you know.

Bribery and corruption is a universal element in civilised society; but let us talk in the meantime of political bribery and corruption. It is the theory of the law—if the law really has a theory—that in the matter of a parliamentary canvass, every man, as a celebrated Irish minister expressed it, should stand upon his own bottom. By this poetical figure, Lord Londonderry meant that the man should depend upon himself, upon his own merits and character, without having recourse to any extrinsic means of working upon the judgment of others. It is likewise the theory of the law, that a man who *suffers* his judgment to be indirectly biassed is as bad as the other—and worse: that he is, in fact, a Worm, unfit to possess his birthright, of which he should be forthwith deprived. Well, this being premised: here is the Honourable Tom Snuffleton, who wants to represent our borough, but having neither merit nor character of any convertible kind, offers money and gin instead. The substitute is accepted; and Honourable Tom, slapping his waistcoat several times, congratulates the free and independent electors on having that day set a glorious example to the world, by thus exercising their birthright and upholding their palladium; and the affair is finished amid cheers and hiccups.

When I say, however, that the substitute is accepted, I do not mean that it is accepted by, or can be offered to the whole constituency. That would be a libel. There are many of the electors who have a soul above sovereigns, and who, if they could accomplish it, would never drink anything less than claret. These persons are ambitious of being noticed by the family of Honourable Tom. They are not hungry, but they take delight in a dinner in that quarter. They also feel intensely gratified by having their wives and daughters bowed to from the family carriage. A thousand considerations like these blind them to the absence of merit and character on the part of the candidate, and lay them open to that extrinsic influence which, according to the meaning of the law, is bribery and corruption. As for the man who takes his bribe, for the sake of convenience, in the direct, portable, and exchangeable form of a sovereign, he lays it out in any pleasure or distinction he, on his part, has a fancy for. If he is a dissolute person, he spends it in the public-house; if he is a proper-behaved husband, he gives his wife a new gown; if he is a respectable, serious individual, he devotes it to the conversion of the Wid-a-wak tribe in Central Africa, and gloats upon the name of John Higgins in the subscription-list. In whichever way, however, he may seek to gratify himself, he is neither better nor worse, so far as I can see, than the voter of more elegant aspirations: they have both been bribed; they are both corrupt; they have both sold their birthright.

This is a homely way of viewing the question, but it suffices. If we inquire into the motives of a hundred electors, we shall not find ten of them free from some alloy of self-interest, direct or indirect. In cases where the candidates are all equally good, equally bad, or equally indifferent, there may be no practical harm in this; but it is not a political but a moral question that is before us. The question is as to the *bribe*. If we are to be excused because of the nature of the solatium we accept, then should a thief successfully plead that it was not money he stole, but a masterpiece of Raphael. What I doubt is, whether they who have not been solely influenced by patriotic motives, have any right to cast stones at the free and independent elector who has sold his vote for a sovereign.

If the common saying be true, that 'every man has his price,' then are we all open to bribery and corruption; and the only difficulty lies in ascertaining the weak side of our nature. The distinction in this case is not between vice and virtue, but between the various positions in which we are placed. Money will do with some men; others, who would be shocked at the idea of taking money, will accept of something it has bought; others, again, who would spurn at both these, will have no objection to a snug little place for themselves or their dependents. The English, as a practical, straightforward people, take money—five to ten pounds being considered a fair thing for a vote, and no shame about it. The Scotch, as more calculating, like a *situation*; anything to put sons into, will do—a cadetship in India, a tide-waitership, a place in the Post-office, or a commission in the army. From a small Scotch country town, which we have in our eye, as many as fourteen lads in one year received appointments in the Excise; everybody knew what for: an election was in expectation. No money, however, being passed from hand to hand, the fathers of these said lads would look with horror on such cases of bribery as have given renown and infamy to Sudbury and St Alban's.

All men think all men *sinn*ers but themselves.

Happy this consciousness of innocence! How fortunate that we should be such a virtuous and discreet people! And thus does one's very notions of what is right become a marketable article. Where neither money nor place is wanted, a gracious look and an invitation to dinner may have quite a telling effect. In fact, the more refined men have become, through the action of circumstances, such as education and position, the more abstracted and attenuated is the equivalent they demand for their virtue; till we reach the highest grade of all, whose noble natures, as they are called, can be seduced only by affection and gratitude. Now observe: in all these cases the *thing* is the same, whether it be crime we have been tempted to commit, or mere illegality; the only distinction lies in the value of the *quid pro quo*. But is there a distinction even in that? I doubt the fact. I don't say there is none, but I doubt it. Value is entirely arbitrary. One man, at the lower end of the scale, sins for the sake of a pound; and another, at the higher end, does the same thing for the sake of a kindness. The two men place the same value on their several equivalents, and each finds his own irresistible. Are they not both equally guilty?

That a refined man is better than a coarse one, I admit. He is pleasanter, and not only so, but safer. We know his virtue to be secure from a thousand temptations before which meaner natures fall; and to a large extent, therefore, we feel him to be worthy of our trust. He will not betray us for a pound, or a dinner, or a place, or a coaxing word, or a condescending bow: but we must not go too far with him for all that. He has his price as surely as the meanest of his fellows; and let him only come in the way of a temptation he values as highly as the other values his miserable pound, and down he goes! Refined natures, therefore, are only comparatively trustworthy; and, however estimable or admirable they may be under other circumstances, when they do fail they are as guilty as the rest. It is a bad thing altogether, bribery and corruption is; and I don't object to your putting it down when it takes that material form of money you can so readily get hold of. But what I hate is the cant that is canted about it by those who have not even the virtue to take their equivalent on the sly. For it is a remarkable thing, that when this does not come in a material shape, such as you can count or handle, it is looked upon by the bribee as no bribe at all! Nay, in some cases he will glory in his crime, as if it were a virtue; and in all cases he will turn round upon his fellow-criminal—him of the vulgar sort—call him a worm, and throw that mess of pottage at him! This refined evil-doer may be as energetic as he pleases in his actions, but it would be well if he were a little more quiet in his words. If he looks within, he will find that the distinction on which he prides himself is wholly superficial; and that such language is very unbecoming the lips of one who might more truly, as well as more politely, say to corruption, thou art my father, and to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister.

The main cause of such anomalies I take to be, that there is among us a general want of earnestness. We do not believe in ourselves, or our duties, or our destinies. Our life has no theory, and we care only for outward forms and symbols. Our taste is shocked by the grossness of vice, but we have no quarrel with the thing itself; and if the people around us will only preserve a polished, or at least inoffensive exterior, that is all we demand. Why should we look below the surface in their case, when we do no such thing in our own? We feel amiable, genteel, and refined; we detest the appearance of low impropriety, and would take a good deal of trouble to put it down; we look very kindly on the world in general, if the low people who are in it would only become as decorous as ourselves. In the old republics, the case was different. There men had a theory, even if a bad one, and they stuck to it through good report and

through bad report. The theory was the spirit of the community, and its members sacrificed to it their whole individuality. No wonder that such little political unities held together as if their component parts had been welded, and that they continued to do so till they came into collision, and, from their hardness and toughness, rubbed one another out.

Put down bribery and corruption: that is fair. And more especially put down open, shameless, and brutal bribery and corruption, for its very coarseness is, in itself, an additional crime. But no reform is efficacious that does not come from within; and when refined men wage war against vulgar vices, let them look sharply to their own. I do not say, that by taking thought they will be able to do entirely away with the seductive influence of a bow, or a dinner, or a kind action; and that, in spite of these, they will do their duty with the stern resolve of an ancient Spartan. But they will be less likely to yield to temptation, and the price of their virtue will at least mount higher and higher, which is as much as we can expect of human nature. The grand benefit, however, they will derive from the inquisition, is the lesson of tolerance it will teach. They will refrain, for shame's sake, from casting stones and calling names. They will see that the only part of the offence *they* can notice is vulgarity and ignorance, and they will quietly try to refine the one and enlighten the other.

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## THE EGYPTIAN MUSEUM, LIVERPOOL.

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IN a cross street named Colquitt Street, near a fashionable promenade of Liverpool, will be found the rich, valuable, and interesting museum which we are about briefly to describe. It is the property of Mr Joseph Mayer, F.S.A., a townsman of Liverpool, esteemed as much for his private worth as for his refined classical taste. This gentleman has been long known as a collector; and by the purchase of an entire gallery of antiquities, formed by one who travelled long in Egypt and Nubia, and visited the remains of ancient Carthage, he became possessed of a museum so extensive that his private residence could not contain them, and so rare, that the public desired to know more about them. With the view, therefore, of keeping them together, and gratifying the many who longed to acquaint themselves with these interesting relics of an interesting race, this house in Colquitt Street has been appropriated. For the purpose of meeting the current expenses of the exhibition, and enabling the proprietor to add to its contents, a very trifling charge is made for admission, and a book is kept for the autographs of the visitors.

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The first room entered displays a large collection of Egyptian *stelæ* and other monuments, while the outer cases and sarcophagi of several mummies are placed in another apartment. The word *stela* means merely a memorial pillar or tombstone; and in this room the reflective mind will find much food for meditation. We have here the first elements of all religion brought visibly before us in the carvings—the recognition of a deity, and the belief in immortality. More than one of these *stelæ* has upon it the royal cartouch; one of them has no fewer than four of these elliptical rings with inscriptions, and two more from which the hieroglyphics have been erased. This tells a tale, for in the age commemorated, it was a mark of disgrace to have the name obliterated. Another *stela* contains the jackal, or genius of the departed, with propitiatory offerings from his friends. The curious will learn with interest, that another of these monuments dates back to the time of Joseph. It has twice engraved upon it the name Osortosen—perhaps the Pharaoh 'who gave him to wife Asenath, the daughter of Potiphorah, priest of On,' and raised the obelisk at Heliopolis, towns thought to be the same. Near to this is another *stela* of great beauty, engraved in low relief and cavo-relievo, coloured. It belongs to Manetho's sixth dynasty, and is consequently very ancient. One still more so is in the same collection: it is of the fourth dynasty of that historian—consequently, of the time when the Pyramids were built. It is beautifully executed in intaglio and relievo, with the surface polished. These *stelæ*, of which the collection is very rich, are composed of various rocks—such as granite, syenite, limestone, the travertino of the Italians, and sandstone.

While the tombs of Egypt have furnished these monuments, Karnac is represented by a portion of its great obelisk, and Rome has supplied a cinerary urn with cremated bones, several sepulchral tablets, and an altar.

In another room on the same floor, we find an extensive collection of pottery from the tombs of ancient Etruria, and other parts of Italy; Roman pottery

found in Britain; Samian ware, and articles of that kind, from Pompeii, Carthage, and South America. The central case is overflowing with riches, containing as it does nearly six hundred Etruscan vases in terra cotta. It is a subject of doubt among the learned, whether these painted vessels, so called, are not in reality Grecian. Bossi, in his great work on Italy, claims the first manufacture for the Tuscans; but there is a strong argument in favour of their Grecian origin in the negative evidence obtained from Roman Italy, where they are not found, and the positive evidence from the Grecian subjects depicted on the pottery; besides which, the tombs of the Greek islands of the Archipelago contain them. Their not being met with in the Asiatic colonies of the Greeks may go merely to shew, that although the objects might be Grecian, the trade was Etruscan. It is well known, too, that at Athens the art of making pottery had arrived at great perfection. That the Tuscans used these as funereal vessels at a remote period, is fully established; but the custom of depositing them in sepulchres is not supposed to have originated with that people, but to have been brought by colonists from Greece Proper.

In this apartment, there are sepulchral lamps in the same material as the Etruscan vases, and idols not a few. Besides these, there are numerous Roman fibulæ (a sort of brooch) and bracelets, found at Treves, and others dug up in England. There are likewise many Roman antiquities, which have been recently met with at Hoy Lake, near Liverpool. But we must not attempt to enter into details; let us mount to the floor above, and notice the contents of the apartments there.

The first room on the second storey is the Mummy Room; and there rest, side by side, royal personages and humble individuals, male and female, who, about four thousand years ago, breathed the air of Egypt. Except by their cerements, and the inscriptions on the cases, who could tell which had been the greater?

The plan adopted for the display of these human mummies—for the Museum contains the preserved remains of the ibis and hawk, the cat, and even the dog, a rare subject for the embalmer, besides the bodies of other inferior animals—is to remove the outer case and covering, then to place the inner case upon the floor; above it, resting on supports, the body; and above that again, the lid, enclosing all within plates of glass, so that the spectator may go round the mummy, examining it in all directions, and likewise the case, within and without, on which the hieroglyphics are inscribed. Before we describe the mummies so laid out, let us explain briefly the process of embalming. Herodotus is a great authority on this matter, and we cannot do better than follow him.

In the first place, the embalmer was a medical practitioner, and legally pursued his craft. The deceased was taken to his room, and there the process of preservation was conducted; not, however, till the agreement had been made between the relatives and the embalmer as to the style and cost; for there were three methods of embalming, suitable to different ranks. This having been determined, the operator began, the relatives having previously retired. In the most expensive kind of embalming, the brain was extracted without disfiguring the head, and the intestines were removed by an incision in the side: these were separated and preserved. The body was now filled with spices—myrrh cassia, and other perfumes, frankincense excepted; and the opening was firmly closed. It was now covered with natron for seventy days; and at the expiration of that time, it was washed and swathed in linen cloth, dipped in gums and resinous substances, when it was delivered to the relatives, and by them placed in the mummy case and sarcophagus. It was finally placed perpendicularly in the apartment set apart for the dead; so that the Egyptian could view his ancestors as figured on their coffins; and with the thought that not only were their portraits there, but their bodies also—for the Egyptian was a firm believer in immortality, and piously preserved the body in a fitter state, as he thought, for reunion with the soul, than if allowed to perish by decay.

According to the second mode of embalming, no incisions were made upon the body, but absorbing injections were employed. The natron was used as before; and after the customary days were passed, the injected fluid was withdrawn, and with it came the entrails. The body was now enfolded in the cloth, and returned to the friends. This process cost twenty minæ, the other was a talent. In the third style, that adopted by the poor, the natron application was almost the only one used; the body lay for seventy days in this alkaline solution, and was then accounted fit for preservation. Sometimes the body, enveloped in the cloth, was covered with bitumen.

The most interesting mummy in this collection is that of a royal personage, Amenophis I., the most ancient of the Pharaohs whose name has yet been

found. The case is richly decorated, and the name appears in three different places—that in the interior being in very large characters, in a royal cartouch. The spectator seems to hang over this mummy as if spell-bound. Can this in reality be one of the Pharaohs? Such is the question; and the inscription, thrice repeated—'Amenophis I.'—is the answer! This monarch reigned in Egypt about half a century after the exodus of the Israelites, and 3400 years ago, according to the chronology of Dr Hales; but others give a remoter period—even in the days of Joseph.

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Another mummy has the face covered with gold, and the body is inscribed with the gods of the Amenti, on those regions over which they were the genii. Thus *Amset*, with a human head, presided over the stomach and large intestines, and was the judge of Hades; *Hape*, with the head of a baboon, presided over the small intestines; *Soumautf*, the third genius, with a jackal's head, was placed over the region of the thorax, presiding over the heart and lungs; and the last, *Kebhsnauf*, with the head of a hawk, presided over the gall-bladder and liver. Besides these, there are other mummies exhibiting the style of swathing peculiarly Egyptian, in contradistinction to the Græco-Egyptian, which differs from the former in having the limbs separately bandaged, instead of being placed together and enveloped in one form. There are also fragments of the human body mummied, one of which contains between the arm and shoulder a papyrus-roll. And while we are now among the mummies, we must not forget the vases called canopuses, in which the entrails and other internal organs were deposited; each bearing upon it the emblem of the genius presiding over the separately embalmed viscera. On each of these canopuses, four of which compose a set, an inscription may be seen. Thus: *Amset*—'I am thy son, a god, loving thee; I have come to be beside thee, causing to germinate thy head, to fabricate thee with the words of Phtah, like the brilliancy of the sun for ever.' *Hape*—'I have come to manifest myself beside thee, to raise thy head and arms, to reduce thy enemies, to give thee all germination for ever.' *Soumautf*—'I am thy son, a god, loving thee; I have come to support my father.' *Kebhsnauf*—'I have come to be beside thee, to subdue thy form, to submit thy limbs for thee, to lead thy heart to thee, to give it to thee in the tribunal of thy race, to germinate thy house with all the other living.'

In this apartment there are many statues, some in wood, some in stone. In one of wood there is a recess behind intended for a papyrus manuscript. There are also specimens of Egyptian Mosaic pavement, and a monumental tablet, interesting from its having a Greek inscription, while its style and figure are Egyptian—proving the continuance of the ancient manner down to the Ptolemaic dynasty.

The adjoining room contains infinitely more than we can enumerate, and, like the others, many articles not Egyptian, yet deeply interesting in themselves. The centre cases will demand our first attention; and here we have idolets and amulets innumerable; coins of the Ptolemies, Cleopatra, and others; and jewellery of all descriptions, from the golden diadem and the royal signet down to the pottery rings and glass beads worn by the poor. As might be expected in an Egyptian collection, the *scarabæus*, or sacred beetle, frequently meets the eye. Here are scarabæi in gold, cornelion, chalcedony, heliotrope, torquoise, lapis-lazuli, porphyry, terra cotta, and other materials; many of them having royal names and inscriptions engraved.

Two objects claim our first attention, on account not only of their value, but their associations. They are placed together in a glass-case, marked No. 3. One of them is perhaps the most ancient ring in existence, and is a magnificent signet of pure solid gold. It bears in a cartouch the royal name of Amenophis I., and has an inscription on either side. The signet is hung upon a swivel, and has hieroglyphics on what may be called the reverse. It is a large, heavy ring, weighing 1 ounce, 6 pennyweights, 12 grains, was worn on the thumb, and taken from the mummy at Memphis. It was purchased by Mr Sams at the sale of Mr Salt's collection in the year 1835, for upwards of L.50, and is highly prized by the present proprietor. Some doubt still rests upon Egyptian chronology. By certain antiquaries, this ring is supposed to have been worn by the Pharaoh who ruled over the land while Joseph was prime-minister; but others, as has been mentioned, place the reign of Amenophis I. after the departure of the Israelites.

The other is a diadem of pure gold, about seven inches in diameter, taken from the head of a mummy. In the centre, a pyramid rises with a double cartouch on one side and a single one on the other. Towards this twelve scarabæi are approaching, six on either side, emblematic of the increase and decrease of the days in the twelve months; and between these is a procession of boats, in which are deities and figures. In the inner side of this diadem the



signs of the zodiac are represented.

In close proximity to these remarkable objects is another of no less interest—namely, a pair of earrings of gold, weighing each *half a shekel*—'And it came to pass, as the camels had done drinking, that the man took a *golden earring of half a shekel weight*, and two bracelets for her hands of ten shekels weight of gold; and said, Whose daughter art thou?' Such was the present to Rebekah; and here, before us, are ornaments similar probably in shape (zone-like), and exactly similar in weight!

Among the jewellery in this collection we find several valuable necklaces in gold, coral, and precious stones. Besides the Egyptian, there are some of Etruscan origin, taken from the tombs of this ancient people. We cannot leave this subject without noticing the beauty and perfection of the filigree-work, executed about 2400 years ago, and equal to modern workmanship. Some exquisite specimens from Pompeii are preserved here.

Turning now to the walls of this apartment, we find glass-cases filled with vases in terra cotta and eastern alabaster. On some of these are royal names, gilt and coloured; that of Cheops, the builder of the great Pyramid, occurs on one. Another of these vessels, or the neck part of one, is covered with cement, and sealed with three cartouches, besides having four others painted on it. This, it is thought, may have contained the precious Theban wine, sealed with the royal signet. There are many other things taken from the tombs which our space forbids us to dwell upon; such as idols and figures, papyri and phylacteries, paint-pots and colours, workman's tools, stone and wooden pillows or head-rests, and sandals; a patera with pomegranates, another with barley, the seven-eared wheat of Scripture, bread and grapes, besides other fruits and dainties which were supplied to the dead when deposited in the Theban tombs. On a tablet here we find the name of that Amenophis or Phamenoph, who is celebrated as the Memnon of the Greeks. We also find bricks as made by the Israelites, and stamped probably in accordance with the regulations of the revenue department of old Egypt. There are preserved in this and the adjoining apartments some beautiful ancient manuscripts, and an exceedingly valuable collection of books on antiquities, to which the visitor has access.

We now ascend to the upper rooms, where in one is a collection of armour, and in the other, the 'Majolica' Room, specimens of pottery, as revived in Europe in the fifteenth century by Luca Della Robbia, who was born in 1388. He discovered the art of glazing earthenware. In the former of these rooms, all sorts of weapons and defensive apparatus are met with—modern, mediæval, and antique; some are highly finished, others very rude. In the Majolica Room, there is much matter for study, and those will fail to appreciate the value of the collection who have not learned something of the history of the ware. Here is exhibited a Madonna and Child, of about the year 1420, by Robbia himself. It was given to Mr Mayer by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, when the medal of Roscoe was struck and presented. There are five plates, made after the patterns of the Moors, about the middle of that century, at Pessaro, near the Po; and four with portraits, marked 'Majolica Amatorii.' We find several other specimens, shewing the most curious anachronisms and blunders in design. The 'Temptation,' for example, is represented as a plate, with the drawing of a town and a Dutch church. 'Jacob's Dream,' 'Joseph and his Brethren,' 'Alexander and Darius,' 'Actæon and Diana,' and such scenes, seem to have been favourites. The specimens of 'Mezza Majolica,' with raised centres, scroll-work borders, and embossed figures, are very curious. There are two dishes, each eighteen inches in diameter, of Raffaele ware, on one of which is 'Christ healing the Sick,' and on the other, 'Christ driving out the Money-changers.' Another, of Calabrian ware, is very curious: it is of brown clay, glazed, with four handles, and inside are the figures of two priests officiating at an altar; behind, are female figures overlooking, but concealed by latticed-work. There is one object here of local interest, and with it we bring this description to a close. It is an earthenware map of Crosby, to the north of Liverpool, made in 1716, at pottery works in Shaws-brow.

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## UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

### STORY OF UNCLE TOM.

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A FORMER paper on Mrs Stowe's remarkable book, presented a little episode, the heroine of which was Eliza, a female slave on the estate of a Mr Shelby in Kentucky. We now turn to the story of Tom himself, whose transfers from



hand to hand afford the authoress an opportunity of describing the private life and feelings of slave-owners, and the unwholesome and dangerous condition of society in the south.

Tom, we have hinted, was jet black in colour, trustworthy and valued by his master, who was compelled by necessity to part with him to Haley, a slave-trader. The separation of this honest fellow from his wife Chloe, and his children, was a sad affair; but as Tom was of a hopeful temperament, and under strong religious impressions, he did not repine at the fate he was about to encounter, dreaded as that usually is by persons in his situation. 'In order to appreciate the sufferings of the negroes sold south, it must be remembered that all the instinctive affections of that race are peculiarly strong. Their local attachments are very abiding. They are not naturally daring and enterprising, but home-loving and affectionate. Add to this all the terrors with which ignorance invests the unknown, and add to this, again, that selling to the south is set before the negro from childhood as the last severity of punishment. The threat that terrifies more than whipping or torture of any kind, is the threat of being sent down river.

'A missionary among the fugitives in Canada told us, that many of the fugitives confessed themselves to have escaped from comparatively kind masters, and that they were induced to brave the perils of escape, in almost every case, by the desperate horror with which they regarded being sold south—a doom which was hanging either over themselves or their husbands, their wives or children. This nerves the African, naturally patient, timid, and unenterprising, with heroic courage, and leads him to suffer hunger, cold, pain, the perils of the wilderness, and the more dread penalties of recapture.'

After a simple repast in his rude cabin, Tom prepared to start. Chloe shut and corded his trunk, and getting up, looked gruffly on the trader who was robbing her of her husband; her tears seemingly turned to sparks of fire. Tom rose up meekly to follow his new master, and raised the box on his shoulder. His wife took the baby in her arms, to go with him as far as the wagon, and the children, crying, trailed on behind. 'A crowd of all the old and young hands in the place stood gathered around it, to bid farewell to their old associate. Tom had been looked up to, both as a head-servant and a Christian teacher, by all the place, and there was much honest sympathy and grief about him, particularly among the women. Haley whipped up the horse, and with a steady, mournful look, fixed to the last on the old place, Tom was whirled away. Mr Shelby at this time was not at home. He had sold Tom under the spur of a driving necessity, to get out of the power of a man he dreaded; and his first feeling, after the consummation of the bargain, had been that of relief. But his wife's expostulations awoke his half-slumbering regrets; and Tom's disinterestedness increased the unpleasantness of his feelings. It was in vain that he said to himself, that he had a *right* to do it, that everybody did it, and that some did it without even the excuse of necessity: he could not satisfy his own feelings; and that he might not witness the unpleasant scenes of the consummation, he had gone on a short business tour up the country, hoping that all would be over before he returned.'

Haley, with his property, reaches the Mississippi; and on that magnificent river, a steam-boat, piled high with bales of cotton from many a plantation, receives the party. 'Partly from confidence inspired by Mr Shelby's representations, and partly from the remarkably inoffensive and quiet character of the man, Tom had insensibly won his way far into the confidence even of such a man as Haley. At first, he had watched him narrowly through the day, and never allowed him to sleep at night unfettered; but the uncomplaining patience and apparent contentment of Tom's manner, led him gradually to discontinue these restraints; and for some time Tom had enjoyed a sort of parole of honour, being permitted to come and go freely where he pleased on the boat. Ever quiet and obliging, and more than ready to lend a hand in every emergency which occurred among the workmen below, he had won the good opinion of all the hands, and spent many hours in helping them with as hearty a good-will as ever he worked on a Kentucky farm. When there seemed to be nothing for him to do, he would climb to a nook among the cotton-bales of the upper deck, and busy himself in studying over his Bible—and it is there we see him now. For a hundred or more miles above New Orleans, the river is higher than the surrounding country, and rolls its tremendous volume between massive levees twenty feet in height. The traveller from the deck of the steamer, as from some floating castle-top, overlooks the whole country for miles and miles around. Tom, therefore, had spread out full before him, in plantation after plantation, a map of the life to which he was approaching. He saw the distant slaves at their toil; he saw afar their villages of huts gleaming out in long rows on many a plantation, distant from the stately mansions and pleasure-grounds of the master; and as the

moving picture passed on, his poor foolish heart would be turning backward to the Kentucky farm, with its old shadowy beeches, to the master's house, with its wide, cool halls, and near by the little cabin, overgrown with the multiflora and bignonia. There he seemed to see familiar faces of comrades who had grown up with him from infancy: he saw his busy wife, bustling in her preparations for his evening meals; he heard the merry laugh of his boys at their play, and the chirrup of the baby at his knee, and then, with a start, all faded; and he saw again the cane-brakes and cypresses of gliding plantations, and heard again the creaking and groaning of the machinery, all telling him too plainly that all that phase of life had gone by for ever.'

An unlooked-for incident raises up a friend. 'Among the passengers on the boat was a young gentleman of fortune and family, resident in New Orleans, who bore the name of St Clare. He had with him a daughter between five and six years of age, together with a lady who seemed to claim relationship to both, and to have the little one especially under her charge. Tom had often caught glimpses of this little girl, for she was one of those busy, tripping creatures, that can be no more contained in one place than a sunbeam or a summer breeze; nor was she one that, once seen, could be easily forgotten. Her form was the perfection of childish beauty, without its usual chubbiness and squareness of outline.'

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This angelic little creature was attracted by Tom's appearance; and speaking kindly to him, expressed a hope of serving him, by inducing her papa to become his purchaser. Tom had just thanked the little lady for her intentions, when the boat stopped at a landing-place. At its moving on again, Eva, who leaned imprudently on the railings, fell overboard. Tom was fortunately standing under her as she fell. 'He saw her strike the water and sink, and was after her in a moment. A broad-chested, strong-armed fellow, it was nothing for him to keep afloat in the water till, in a moment or two, the child rose to the surface, and he caught her in his arms, and, swimming with her to the boat-side, handed her up, all dripping, to the grasp of hundreds of hands, which, as if they had all belonged to one man, were stretched eagerly out to receive her. A few moments more, and her father bore her, dripping and senseless, to the ladies' cabin, where, as is usual in cases of the kind, there ensued a very well-meaning and kind-hearted strife among the female occupants generally as to who should do the most things to make a disturbance, and to hinder her recovery in every way possible.'

Next day, as the vessel approached New Orleans, Tom sat on the lower deck, with his arms folded, anxiously from time to time turning his eyes towards a group on the other side of the boat. 'There stood the fair Evangeline, a little paler than the day before, but otherwise exhibiting no traces of the accident which had befallen her. A graceful, elegantly-formed young man stood by her, carelessly leaning one elbow on a bale of cotton, while a large pocket-book lay open before him. It was quite evident, at a glance, that the gentleman was Eva's father. There was the same noble cast of head, the same large blue eyes, the same golden-brown hair; yet the expression was wholly different. In the large, clear blue eyes, though in form and colour exactly similar, there was wanting that misty, dreamy depth of expression; all was clear, bold, and bright, but with a light wholly of this world: the beautifully cut mouth had a proud and somewhat sarcastic expression, while an air of free-and-easy superiority sat not ungracefully in every turn and movement of his fine form. He was listening with a good-humoured, negligent air, half comic, half contemptuous, to Haley, who was very volubly expatiating on the quality of the article for which they were bargaining.

"All the moral and Christian virtues bound in black morocco, complete!" he said, when Haley had finished. "Well, now, my good fellow, what's the damage, as they say in Kentucky; in short, what's to be paid out for this business? How much are you going to cheat me, now? Out with it!"

"Wal," said Haley, "if I should say thirteen hundred dollars for that ar fellow, I shouldn't but just save myself—I shouldn't, now, raily."

"Papa, do buy him! it's no matter what you pay," whispered Eva softly, getting up on a package, and putting her arm around her father's neck. "You have money enough, I know. I want him."

Tom was purchased, and paid for. 'Come, Eva,' said St Clare, as he stepped across the boat to his newly-acquired property. "'Look up, Tom, and see how you like your new master.'" Tom looked up. It was not in nature to look into that gay, young, handsome face without a feeling of pleasure; and Tom felt the tears start in his eyes as he said, heartily: "God bless you, mas'r!"

"Well, I hope he will. What's your name? Tom? Quite as likely to do it for your

asking as mine, from all accounts. Can you drive horses, Tom?"

"I've been allays used to horses," said Tom.

"Well, I think I shall put you in coachy, on condition that you won't be drunk more than once a week, unless in cases of emergency, Tom."

"Tom looked surprised, and rather hurt, and said: "I never drink, mas'r."

"I've heard that story before, Tom; but then we'll see. It will be a special accommodation to all concerned if you don't. Never mind, my boy," he added good-humouredly, seeing Tom still looked grave; "I don't doubt you mean to do well."

"I sartin do, mas'r," said Tom.

"And you shall have good times," said Eva. "Papa is very good to everybody, only he always will laugh at them."

"Papa is much obliged to you for his recommendation," said St Clare laughing, as he turned on his heel and walked away.'

Augustine St Clare was a wealthy citizen of New Orleans, and possessed a domestic establishment of great extent and elegance, with a body of servants in the condition of slaves, to whom he was an indulgent master. The description of this splendid mansion, with its lounging and wasteful attendants, its indolent, pretty, and capricious lady-mistress, and the account of Ophelia, a shrewd New-England cousin, who managed the household affairs, must be considered the best, or at least the most amusing portion of the work. The authoress also dwells with fondness on the character of the gentle Eva, a child of uncommon talents, but so delicate in health, so ethereal, that while still on earth, she seems already an angel of paradise leading and beckoning to Heaven. Eva was kind to everybody—kind even to Topsy, a negro girl whom St Clare had one day bought out of mere charity, on seeing her cruelly lashed by her former master and mistress. Topsy is a fine picture of a brutalised young negro, who never speaks the truth even by chance, and steals because she cannot help it. Every one gives up Topsy as utterly irreclaimable—all except the gentle Eva. Caught in a fresh act of theft, Topsy is led away by Eva. "There was a little glass-room at the corner of the veranda, which St Clare used as a sort of reading-room; and Eva and Topsy disappeared into this place.

"What's Eva going about now?" said St Clare; "I mean to see." And advancing on tiptoe, he lifted up a curtain that covered the glass-door, and looked in. In a moment, laying his finger on his lips, he made a silent gesture to Miss Ophelia to come and look. There sat the two children on the floor, with their side-faces towards them, Topsy with her usual air of careless drollery and unconcern; but, opposite to her, Eva, her whole face fervent with feeling, and tears in her large eyes.

"What does make you so bad, Topsy? Why won't you try and be good? Don't you love *anybody*, Topsy?"

"Donno nothing 'bout love. I loves candy and sich—that's all," said Topsy.

"But you love your father and mother?"

"Never had none, ye know. I telled ye that, Miss Eva."

"Oh, I know," said Eva sadly; "but hadn't you any brother, or sister, or aunt, or"——

"No, none on 'm—never had nothing nor nobody."

"But, Topsy, if you'd only try to be good, you might"——

"Couldn't never be nothin' but a nigger, if I was ever so good," said Topsy. "If I could be skinned, and come white, I'd try then."

"But people can love you, if you are black, Topsy. Miss Ophelia would love you if you were good."

"Topsy gave the short, blunt laugh that was her common mode of expressing incredulity.

"Don't you think so?" said Eva.

"No; she can't bar me, 'cause I'm a nigger!—she'd's soon have a toad touch

her. There can't nobody love niggers, and niggers can't do nothin'. *I* don't care," said Topsy, beginning to whistle.

"O Topsy, poor child, *I* love you," said Eva, with a sudden burst of feeling, and laying her little thin white hand on Topsy's shoulder—"I love you because you haven't had any father, or mother, or friends—because you've been a poor, abused child! I love you, and I want you to be good. I am very unwell, Topsy, and I think I shan't live a great while; and it really grieves me to have you be so naughty. I wish you would try to be good, for my sake; it's only a little while I shall be with you."

'The round, keen eyes of the black child were overcast with tears; large bright drops rolled heavily down, one by one, and fell on the little white hand. Yes, in that moment a ray of real belief, a ray of heavenly love, had penetrated the darkness of her heathen soul. She laid her head down between her knees, and wept and sobbed; while the beautiful child, bending over her, looked like the picture of some bright angel stooping to reclaim a sinner.

"Poor Topsy!" said Eva, "don't you know that Jesus loves all alike? He is just as willing to love you as me. He loves you just as I do, only more, because he is better. He will help you to be good, and you can go to heaven at last, and be an angel for ever, just as much as if you were white. Only think of it, Topsy; *you* can be one of those spirits bright Uncle Tom sings about."

"O dear Miss Eva!—dear Miss Eva!" said the child, "I will try—I will try! I never did care nothin' about it before."

By such persuasions, Eva had the happiness to see the beginning of improvement in Topsy, who finally assumed an entirely new character, and attained a respectable position in society.

Eva, after this, declined rapidly. Uncle Tom was much in her room. 'The child suffered much from nervous restlessness, and it was a relief to her to be carried; and it was Tom's greatest delight to carry her little frail form in his arms, resting on a pillow, now up and down her room, now out into the veranda; and when the fresh sea-breezes blew from the lake, and the child felt freshest in the morning, he would sometimes walk with her under the orange-trees in the garden, or, sitting down in some of their old seats, sing to her their favourite old hymns. The desire to do something was not confined to Tom. Every servant in the establishment shewed the same feeling, and in their way did what they could.' At length, the moment of departure of this highly-prized being arrives. 'It is midnight—strange, mystic hour, when the veil between the frail present and the eternal future grows thin—then came the messenger!' St Clare was called, and was up in her room in an instant. 'What was it he saw that made his heart stand still? Why was no word spoken between the two? Thou canst say, who hast seen that same expression on the face dearest to thee—that look, indescribable, hopeless, unmistakable, that says to thee that thy beloved is no longer thine.

'On the face of the child, however, there was no ghastly imprint—only a high and almost sublime expression—the overshadowing presence of spiritual natures, the dawning of immortal life in that childish soul.

'They stood there so still, gazing upon her, that even the ticking of the watch seemed too loud.' Tom arrived with the doctor. The house was aroused—'lights were seen, footsteps heard, anxious faces thronged the veranda, and looked tearfully through the glass doors; but St Clare heard and said nothing; he saw only *that look* on the face of the little sleeper.

"Oh, if she would only wake, and speak once more!" he said; and, stooping over her, he spoke in her ear: "Eva, darling!"

'The large blue eyes unclosed—a smile passed over her face; she tried to raise her head, and to speak.

"Do you know me, Eva?"

"Dear papa," said the child with a last effort, throwing her arms about his neck. In a moment, they dropped again; and as St Clare raised his head, he saw a spasm of mortal agony pass over the face: she struggled for breath, and threw up her little hands.

"O God, this is dreadful!" he said, turning away in agony, and wringing Tom's hand, scarce conscious what he was doing. "O Tom, my boy, it is killing me!"

'The child lay panting on her pillows, as one exhausted; the large clear eyes rolled up and fixed. Ah, what said those eyes that spoke so much of heaven?

Earth was passed, and earthly pain; but so solemn, so mysterious, was the triumphant brightness of that face, that it checked even the sobs of sorrow. They pressed around her in breathless stillness.

"Eva!" said St Clare gently. She did not hear.

"O Eva, tell us what you see! What is it?" said her father.

'A bright, a glorious smile passed over her face, and she said, brokenly: "O love—joy—peace!" gave one sigh, and passed from death unto life!'

Previous to the death of the dear Eva, she had induced her father to promise to emancipate Tom, and he was taking steps to give this faithful servant his liberty, when a terrible catastrophe occurred. St Clare was suddenly killed in attempting to appease a quarrel in one of the coffee-rooms of New Orleans. His family were plunged into grief and consternation; and by his trustees the whole of the servants in the establishment, Uncle Tom included, were brought to sale in the open market.

'Beneath a splendid dome were men of all nations, moving to and fro over the marble pavé. On every side of the circular area were little tribunes, or stations, for the use of speakers and auctioneers. Two of these, on opposite sides of the area, were now occupied by brilliant and talented gentlemen, enthusiastically forcing up, in English and French commingled, the bids of connoisseurs in their various wares. A third one, on the other side, still unoccupied, was surrounded by a group waiting the moment of sale to begin. And here we may recognise the St Clare servants, awaiting their turn with anxious and dejected faces.

'Tom had been standing wistfully examining the multitude of faces thronging around him for one whom he would wish to call master; and, if you should ever be under the necessity, sir, of selecting out of two hundred men one who was to become your absolute owner and disposer, you would perhaps realise, just as Tom did, how few there were that you would feel at all comfortable in being made over to. Tom saw abundance of men, great, burly, gruff men; little, chirping, dried men; long-favoured, lank, hard men; and every variety of stubbed-looking, common-place men, who pick up their fellow-men as one picks up chips, putting them into the fire or a basket with equal unconcern, according to their convenience; but he saw no St Clare.

'A little before the sale commenced, a short, broad, muscular man, in a checked shirt, considerably open at the bosom, and pantaloons much the worse for dirt and wear, elbowed his way through the crowd, like one who is going actively into a business; and, coming up to the group, began to examine them systematically. From the moment that Tom saw him approaching, he felt an immediate and revolting horror at him, that increased as he came near. He was evidently, though short, of gigantic strength. His round, bullet head, large, light-gray eyes, with their shaggy, sandy eyebrows, and stiff, wiry, sun-burned hair, were rather unprepossessing items, it is to be confessed; his large, coarse mouth was distended with tobacco, the juice of which, from time to time, he ejected from him with great decision and explosive force; his hands were immensely large, hairy, sun-burned, freckled, and very dirty, and garnished with long nails, in a very foul condition. This man proceeded to a very free personal examination of the lot. He seized Tom by the jaw, and pulled open his mouth to inspect his teeth; made him strip up his sleeve to shew his muscle; turned him round, made him jump and spring, to shew his paces.' Almost immediately, Tom was ordered to mount the block. 'Tom stepped upon the block, gave a few anxious looks round; all seemed mingled in a common, indistinct noise—the clatter of the salesman crying off his qualifications in French and English, the quick fire of French and English bids; and almost in a moment came the final thump of the hammer, and the clear ring on the last syllable of the word "*dollars*," as the auctioneer announced his price, and Tom was made over.—He had a master!

'He was pushed from the block; the short, bullet-headed man, seizing him roughly by the shoulder, pushed him to one side, saying, in a harsh voice: "Stand there, *you!*"'

By his new and rude master, Tom was forthwith marched off; put on board a vessel for a distant cotton-plantation on Red River; stripped of his decent apparel by his savage owner, and dressed in the meanest habiliments. The treatment of the poor negro was now most revolting. He was wrought hard under a burning sun; half-starved; scourged; loaded with the grossest abuse. All this ends in a rapid decline of health; and his story terminates with an account of his death, his last moments being dignified by a strong sentiment of piety, and of forgiveness towards his inhuman taskmaster.

We have now presented a sufficiently ample abstract of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, a work which will undoubtedly be perused at length by all who feel deeply on the subject of negro slavery. Of the authoress, Mrs H. B. Stowe, it may be said, that her chief merit consists in close observation of character, with a forcible and truth-like power of delineation. In plot, supposing her to aim at such a thing, she decidedly fails, and the winding-up of her *dramatis personæ* is hurried and imperfect. Notwithstanding these defects, however, she has succeeded in rivetting universal attention, while her aims are in the highest degree praiseworthy.

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## HANDEL IN DUBLIN.

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If biographers will occasionally make assertions at random, and pass lightly over important events, because their records are not at hand, while they give ample development to others, just because the materials for doing so are more abundant, it is well that there is to be found here and there an industrious *littérateur*, who will leave no leaf unturned, and no corner unexplored, if he suspects that any error has been committed, or any passage of interest slighted, in the memoirs of a favourite author.

Mr Mainwaring, the earliest biographer of Handel, and, on his authority, a host of subsequent writers, took upon them to assert, without any apparent foundation, that the oratorio of the *Messiah* was performed in London in the year 1741, previously to Handel's visit to Ireland; but that it met with a cold reception, and this was one cause of his leaving England. Dr Burney, when composing his *History of Music*, examined all the London newspapers where public amusements were advertised during 1741 and for several previous years, but found no mention whatever of this oratorio. He remembered, too, being a school-boy at Chester when Handel spent a week there, waiting for fair winds to carry him across the Channel, and taking advantage of the delay 'to prove some books that had been hastily transcribed, by trying the choruses which he intended to perform in Ireland.' An amateur band was mustered for him, and the manuscript choruses thus verified were those of the *Messiah*. In the absence, therefore, of stronger evidence to the contrary, Dr Burney believed that Dublin had the honour of its first performance. An Irish barrister has now proved this, we think, beyond dispute.<sup>[1]</sup> His evidence has been drawn from the newspaper tomes of 1741, preserved in the public libraries of Dublin, confirmed by the records of the cathedrals and some of the charitable institutions, and yet more emphatically from some original letters of this date. He has thus succeeded in doing 'justice to Ireland,' by securing for it, in all time to come, the distinguished place which it is entitled to occupy in the history of this great man. Perhaps we should rather say, he has done justice to England, by clearing it of the imputation of having 'coldly received' a musical production to which immortal fame has since been decreed. While the musical world will thank our author for several new facts particularly interesting to them, the main attraction for general readers will probably be found in the glimpses which this volume affords of a *beau monde* which has passed away.

In 1720, a royal academy for the promotion of Italian operas was founded in London by some of the nobility and gentry under royal auspices. Handel, Bononcini, and Areosti, were engaged as a triumvirate of composers; and to Handel was committed the charge of engaging the singers. But the rivalry between him and Bononcini rose to strife; the aristocratic patrons took nearly equal sides; and a furious controversy on their respective merits was carried on for years. Hence the epigram of Dean Swift—

Some say that Signor Bononcini,  
Compared to Handel, is a ninny;  
Others aver that to him Handel  
Is scarcely fit to hold the candle.  
Strange that such difference should be  
'Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee!

When the withdrawal of both his rivals left Handel in sole possession of the field, he quarrelled with some of his principal performers, and thereupon ensued new scenes of discord. Ladies of the highest rank entered with enthusiasm into the strife; and while some flourished their fans aloft on the side of Faustina, whom Handel had introduced in order to supersede Cuzzoni, another party, headed by the Countess of Pembroke, espoused the cause of the depressed songstress, and made her take an oath on the Holy Gospels, that she would never submit to accept a lower salary than her rival. The humorous poets of the day took up the theme, Pope introduced it into his

*Dunciad*, and Arbuthnot published two witty brochures, entitled *Harmony in an Uproar*, and *The Devil to Pay at St James's*. The result of these and other contests, in which Handel gradually lost ground, was the establishment of a rival Opera at Lincoln's Inn Fields. It was patronised by the Prince of Wales and most of the nobles; and not even the presence of the king and queen, who continued the steady friends of Handel, could attract for him an audience at the Haymarket. It became quite fashionable to decry his compositions as beneath the notice of musical connoisseurs. Politics, it is said, came to mingle in the controversy; and those who held by the king's Opera were as certainly Tories, as those who went to the nobility's were Whigs. Of course all this was very foolish, and very wrong; yet in our days of stately conventionality, when perfect impassibility is deemed the highest style of breeding, there is something refreshing in reading of such animated scenes in high life. The crowning act of hostility to Handel, was when the Earl of Middlesex himself assumed the profession of manager of Italian operas, and engaged the king's theatre, with a new composer, and a new company.

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Handel had, for some time, been meditating a withdrawal from the Opera, in order to devote himself exclusively to the composition of sacred music, of which he had already produced several fine specimens. He was wont to say, that this was an occupation 'better suited to the circumstances of a man advancing in years, than that of adapting music to such vain and trivial words as the musical drama generally consists of.' The truth was, he had discovered his forte. But the tide of fashionable feeling ran so strongly against him, that even the performance of the oratorios of *Saul* and *Israel in Egypt* scarcely paid expenses. Unwilling to submit his forthcoming *Messiah* also to the caprices of fashion, and the malignity of party, he wisely embraced an opportunity which was opened to him of bringing out this great work in Dublin, under singularly favourable auspices, and crossed the Channel in November 1741.

Those who are acquainted with the Irish metropolis—not merely with the handsome streets and squares eastward, which are now the abodes of gentility, but with the dirty thoroughfares about the cathedrals—have observed the large houses which some of them contain, now let in single rooms to a wretched population, and need scarcely be told that they were once the abodes of wealth and luxury. Fishamble Street, in this quarter of the town, is one of the oldest streets in Dublin. 'Under the eastern gable of the ancient cathedral of Christ's Church, separated and hidden from it by a row of houses, it winds its crooked course down the hill from Castle Street to the Liffey, as forlorn and neglected as other old streets in its vicinity. A number of trunkmakers' shops give it an aspect somewhat peculiar; miserable alleys open from it on the right and left; a barber's pole or two overhang the footway; and huxters' shops are frequent, with their wonted array of articles more useful than ornamental. One would never guess, looking at this old street, that it was once the festive resort of the wealthy and refined. It needs an effort of imagination to conceive of it as having witnessed the gay throng of fashion and aristocracy; the vice-regal *cortège*; ladies, in hoops and feathers; and "white-gloved beaux," in bag, and sword, and chapeau; with scores of liveried footmen and pages; and the press of coaches, and chariots, and sedan-chairs. Yet such was the scene often presented here in the eighteenth century.' For see, in an oblique angle of the street, and somewhat retired from the other houses, is a mean, neglected old building, with a wooden porch, still known by name as the Fishamble Street Theatre. This is the remaining part of what was originally 'the great music-hall,' built by a charitable musical society, 'finished in the most elegant manner, under the direction of Captain Castell,' and opened to the public on the 2d October 1741. It was within these walls that the notes of the *Messiah* first sounded in the ears of an enraptured audience, and here that its author entered on a new career of fame.

To prepare for the reception of this, his master-work, Handel first gave a series of musical entertainments, consisting of some of his earlier oratorios, and other kindred compositions. They commanded a most distinguished auditory, including the Lord-Lieutenant and his family, and were crowned with success in a pecuniary point of view, answering, and indeed exceeding, the composer's highest expectations. In a letter written at this time to Mr C. Jennens, who had selected the words of the *Messiah*, and composed those of a cantata which had been much admired, he describes, in glowing colours, his happy position, and informs him that he had set the *Messiah* to music before he left England—thus inferentially affording additional evidence that it had not been performed there. Moreover, the advertisements call it Handel's *new* oratorio, and boast that it was composed expressly for the charitable purpose to which the proceeds of its first performance were consecrated. This is confirmed by reference to the minutes of one at least of these institutions, in

which it appears that Handel was in correspondence with them before he had completed his composition.

The people of Dublin are passionately fond of music, and charitable musical societies form a peculiar and interesting feature of its society during the last century. These were academies or clubs, each of which was attached in the way of patronage to some particular charity, to which its revenues were consecrated. Whitelaw, in his *History of Dublin* (1758), mentions a very aristocratic musical academy, which held its meetings in the Fishamble Street Hall, under the presidency of the Earl of Mornington—the Duke of Wellington's father. His lordship was himself the leader of the band; among the violoncellos were Lord Bellamont, Sir John Dillon, and Dean Burke; among the flutes, Lord Lucan; at the harpsichord, Lady Freke; and so on. Their meetings, we are told, were private, except once a year, when they performed in public for a charitable purpose, and admitted all who chose to buy tickets. It does not appear, however, that this academy was identical with the association that built the hall, and whose concerts seem to have been much more frequent, as well as its benevolent designs more extensive. It was called, *par eminence*, The Charitable Musical Society; the others having distinctive designations besides. The objects of its benevolence were the prisoners of the Marshalseas, who were in circumstances similar to those which, many years afterwards, elicited the benevolent labours of John Howard: confined often for trifling debts, pining in hopeless misery, and without food, save that received from the casual hand of charity. This society made a daily distribution of bread among some of these, while others were released through their humane exertions. On the 17th of March 1741, they report, that 'the Committee of the Charitable Musical Society appointed for this year to visit the Marshalseas in this city, and release the prisoners confined therein for debt, have already released 188 miserable persons of both sexes. They offered a reasonable composition to the creditors, and many of the creditors being in circumstances almost equally miserable with their debtors, due regard was paid by the committee to this circumstance.' Their funds must have improved considerably after the erection of their Music Hall, which seems to have been the largest room of the kind in Dublin, and in frequent requisition for public concerts, balls, and other reunions where it was desirable to assemble a numerous company, or employ a large orchestra. The hire of the hall on such occasions would form a handsome addition to the proceeds of their own concerts.

It was to these funds that the proceeds of the first performance of the *Messiah* were devoted, in connection with those of Mercer's Hospital, an old and still eminent school of surgery—and the Royal Infirmery, which still exists in Jervis Street as a place for the immediate reception of persons meeting with sudden accidents. The performance was duly advertised in *Faulkner's Journal*, with the additional announcement, that 'many ladies and gentlemen who are well-wishers to this noble and grand charity, for which this oratorio was composed, request it as a favour that the ladies who honour this performance with their presence would be pleased to come without hoops, as it will greatly increase the charity by making room for more company.' In another advertisement it is added, that 'the gentlemen are desired to come without their swords.'

On the ensuing Saturday, the following account was given of this memorable festival: 'On Tuesday last (April 13, 1742), Mr Handel's sacred grand oratorio, the *Messiah*, was performed in the New Musick Hall in Fishamble Street; the best judges allowed it to be the most finished piece of musick. Words are wanting to express the exquisite delight it afforded to the admiring, crowded audience. The sublime, the grand, and the tender, adapted to the most elevated, majestick, and moving words, conspired to transport and charm the ravished heart and ear. It is but just to Mr Handel, that the world should know he generously gave the money arising from this grand performance to be equally shared by the Society for Relieving Prisoners, the Charitable Infirmery, and Mercer's Hospital, for which they will ever gratefully remember his name; and that the gentlemen of the two choirs, Mr Dubourg, Mrs Avolio, and Mrs Cibber, who all performed their parts to admiration, acted also on the same disinterested principle, satisfied with the deserved applause of the publick, and the conscious pleasure of promoting such useful and extensive charity. There were above 700 people in the room, and the sum collected for that noble and pious charity amounted to about L.400, out of which L.127 goes to each of the three great and pious charities.'

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Handel remained five months longer in the Irish metropolis, during which period it is recorded that 'he diverted the thoughts of the people from every other pursuit.' On his return to London in August 1742, he was warmly received by his former friends; his enemies, too, were greatly conciliated. His



having relinquished all concern with operatic affairs, and opened for himself a new and undisputed sphere, removed the old grounds of hostility; while the enthusiastic reception which he had met in Dublin, had served as an effectual reproach to those whose malignity had forced him to seek for justice there. Notwithstanding some difficulties at the outset of his new career at home, he lived to realise an income of above L.2000 a year, and never found it necessary or convenient to revisit Ireland; but the custom of performing his oratorios and cantatas for the benefit of medical charities was maintained for many years; and it is believed that the works of no other composer have so largely contributed to the relief of human suffering.

## FOOTNOTES:

[1] *An Account of the Visit of Handel to Dublin.* By Horatio Townsend, Esq. London: Orr & Co.

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## ROYAL GARDENING.

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Gardening has frequently been one of the most exhilarating recreations of royalty. When Lysander, the Lacedemonian general, brought magnificent presents to Cyrus, the younger son of Darius, who piqued himself more on his integrity and politeness than on his rank and birth, the prince conducted his illustrious guest through his gardens, and pointed out to him their varied beauties. Lysander, struck with so fine a prospect, praised the manner in which the grounds were laid out, the neatness of the walks, the abundance of fruits planted with an art which knew how to combine the useful with the agreeable; the beauty of the parterres, and the glowing variety of flowers exhaling odours universally throughout the delightful scene. 'Everything charms and transports me in this place,' said Lysander to Cyrus; 'but what strikes me most is the exquisite taste and elegant industry of the person who drew the plan of these gardens, and gave it the fine order, wonderful disposition, and happiness of arrangement which I cannot sufficiently admire.' Cyrus replied: 'It was I that drew the plan, and entirely marked it out; and many of the trees which you see were planted by my own hands.' 'What!' exclaimed Lysander with surprise, and viewing Cyrus from head to foot—'is it possible, that with those purple robes and splendid vestments, those strings of jewels and bracelets of gold, those buskins so richly embroidered; is it possible that you could play the gardener, and employ your royal hands in planting trees?' 'Does that surprise you?' said Cyrus. 'I assure you, that when my health permits, I never sit down to table without having fatigued myself, either in military exercise, rural labour, or some other toilsome employment, to which I apply myself with pleasure.' Lysander, still more amazed, pressed Cyrus by the hand, and said: 'You are truly happy, and deserve your high fortune, since you unite it with virtue.'

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## UNDER THE PALMS.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

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UNDER the palm-trees on India's shore  
Ne'er shall I wander at morning or eve;  
Hearts there have withered, but still in the core  
Of mine springs the memory of feelings that give  
Green thoughts in sunshine and bright hopes in  
gloom;  
Friendship, which love's loud emotions becalms:  
Oh, happy was I, in those bowers of perfume,  
Under the palms!

Go forth, little children; the wood's insect-hum  
Invites ye; expand there, like buds in the sun;  
Leave schools and their studies for days that *will*  
come,  
And let thy first lessons from nature be won!  
Teachings hath nature most sage and most sweet—  
The music that swells in the tree-linnet's psalms;  
So taught, my young heart learned to prize that  
retreat

Under the palms!

The odour of jasmynes afloat on the breeze,  
That woke in the dawning the birds on each bough;  
The frolicsome squirrels, that scampered at ease  
'Mid lithe leaves and soft moss that smiled down  
below:  
Heaps piled up of mangoes, all fragrant and rich;  
Guavas pink-cored, such a wealth of sweet alms  
Presented by bright maids, whose sweet songs  
bewitch  
Under the palms!

Pale, yellow bananas, with satiny pulp  
That tastes like some dainty of sugar and cream;  
Blithe-kernelled pomegranates, just gathered to help  
A feast fit to serve in the bowers of a dream!  
Milk, foaming and snowy; rice, swelling and sweet;  
Iced sherbet that cools, and spiced ginger that warms:  
Oh, simple our banquet in that dear retreat  
Under the palms!

A tinkling of lutes and a toning of voices—  
Of young maiden voices just fresh from the bath;  
A sprinkling of rosewater cool, that rejoices  
The scented grass screening our bower from the path;  
Trim baskets of melons, new gathered, beside  
Fair bunches of blossoms that heal all sick qualms;  
And books, when to reading our fancies subside,  
Under the palms!

Or silence at eve when the sun hath gone down,  
Or the sound of *one* cithern makes melody near;  
While a beautiful boy, that hath ne'er known a frown,  
Softly murmurs a tale of the East in the ear;  
Of peris, that cluster round flower-stalks like fruit—  
Of genii, that breathe amid blossoms and balms—  
Of gazelle-eyed houris, that play on sweet lutes  
Under the palms!

Of roses, that nightly unfold their flower-leaves  
To welcome the lays of the loved nightingale—  
Of spirits, that home in an Eden of Eves  
Where the sun never scorches, the strength never  
fails!  
So singing, so playing, Sleep steals on us all,  
Enclasping us gently within her soft arms;—  
Let me dream that the moonbeams still over me fall  
Under the palms!

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