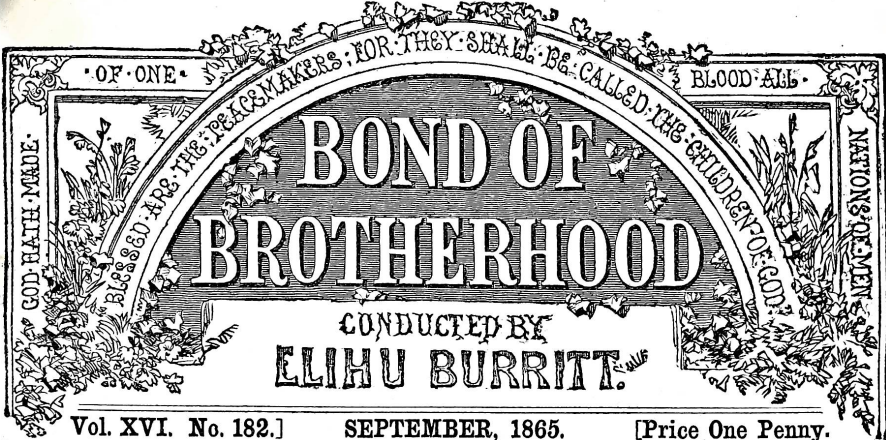


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L' Entente Cordiale.

THE *French Invasion Panic* has long been in a moribund state. The funeral obsequies were performed at Cherbourg a few days ago, England and France uniting to bury the dead monster with every possible demonstration, not of sorrow, but of joy and exultation over its early and gratefully welcome death. Its funeral oration was pronounced by the French Minister of Marine, M. Chasseloup Laubat, who at the banquet given to the Lords of the English Admiralty proposed the toast of "Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, and the 'entente cordiale' between England and France." He said that the time of hostile rivalry between the two countries had passed away. There now only remained emulation in doing everything that could advance the cause of civilisation and liberty. "Freedom of the seas, pacific contests in labour, beneficent conquests achieved by commerce," said the French minister. "Such is the signification of the union of the noble flags of England and France."

The Duke of Somerset, the English First Lord of the Admiralty, replying to the toast, thanked M. Laubat for the sentiments he had expressed, and continued: "We accept the toast as a proof of the cordial friendship of the Emperor and the French nation for our Queen and country. We also entertain, on our part, the same sentiments of esteem for the Emperor of the French. In proposing the health of the

Emperor, I wish to speak not only in the name of the government of any political party, but in the name of every enlightened Englishman." These noble words were uttered respectively by the representatives of the French and English Governments at Cherbourg, under the guns, as it were, of the allied fleets, and under the shadow of those gigantic fortresses which were so dexterously used by the alarmists in this country, a very few years since, as a bugbear with which to frighten the English nation into a belief in the imminent danger of a French invasion and the necessity of a vast increase in our English armaments, and the erection of costly new coast fortifications with which to menace and dishearten our French neighbours.

It must be re-assuring, we think, to every "enlightened Englishman"—as the Duke of Somerset expresses it—to find the invasion panic so suddenly displaced, and so happily succeeded by an *entente cordiale*, ratified by the friendly union of the two fleets at Cherbourg and Brest, at Plymouth and Portsmouth, and confirmed by the most enthusiastic demonstrations of popular approval and sympathy in both countries. Let us adopt the words of the French Minister of Marine as a suitable inscription to be graven on the tombstone of the departed "Panic"! Can anything be more appropriate? "The time of hostile rivalry between the two countries has passed away: there now only remains emulation in everything that can advance the cause of civilisation and liberty!" Is it possible that idle prejudices of the past can avail to deter the English and French people from turning to practical account these wise words which offer a new standard by which to regulate the future international policy of Europe. The friendly confidence of the two governments will surely inspire mutual confidence between the two peoples, and we shall cease to deem it necessary to squander millions upon millions of the hard earnings of industry upon those gigantic standing armaments, which, now that "the time of hostile rivalry has passed away," can only be regarded as burlesques upon our own profession of mutual confidence and goodwill, and as scandals upon the civilisation of the age in which we live. It will not do to rest satisfied with fetes on either side of the channel, and fraternisation speeches made by great naval authorities. These must be followed up by joint endeavours to realise some of the practical fruits which the people have a right to expect from demonstrations so happily suggestive of a good time coming; a time when

War shall be
A monster of iniquity,
In the good time coming,

and when the burdens of the poor shall be lightened by a simultaneous reduction of the armaments of Europe, and by the impetus which will be given to the trade and commerce of all countries by the universal feeling of confidence and stability which a policy of disarmament will inspire. The advocates of "Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform" will surely take heart, and seek every opportunity to impress upon the new House of Commons the necessity of early and vigorous effort to give substantial effect to the hopes and expectations raised by the recent fraternisation at the great French and English naval ports. No pains

will be spared by those interested in maintaining things as they are to prevent any practical issue in the shape of greater economy in the war-like expenditure of the nation. The patronage and pay of the military and naval services have been too long and too extensively enjoyed to be lightly relinquished or even diminished, but the new currents of public thought and feeling which have been set in motion at Plymouth and Cherbourg, at Brest and Portsmouth, can never again be lulled absolutely to rest. They cannot, they will not rest, but will bear us on to yet higher and greater and more comprehensive ideas of the privileges and duties of international relationship; the mistakes of the past will be rectified as they come to be looked at from the new stand-point, and it will be discovered that national security, national prosperity, and national honour can be established upon a far sounder and more satisfactory basis through the agencies of christian civilisation than through a fatuous dependence upon the insane rivalry which has been so long pursued in the maintenance of armed force. May the "noble flags of France and England" continue to float peacefully side by side through all future time, and may the peaceful alliance of England and France be at once an incentive and an example to all other states to aim at the final abolition of all war, and the establishment of permanent and universal peace throughout the world!

E. F.

The Inefficiency of Capital Punishment.

To the Editor of the "Bond."

SIR,—Notwithstanding "the great moral lesson" of deterrence just afforded by the execution of Dr. Pritchard and others, five murders at London and Ramsgate, and three at Bankside, have been perpetrated almost before the termination of the summer assizes, which have resulted in the solemn display of the gallows.

Thus we have another striking instance of the frequently illustrated fact that the occurrence of an execution, or of a notorious capital trial for murder constitutes a strong presumptive probability of the speedy repetition of further similar crime.

It was so in the metropolis last autumn. Muller was executed November 14th, and on the evening of the very same day William Jessemer, an engineer, stabbed Leonard Blackburn, in Berwick Street, exclaiming, presently afterwards, "I will be hung for him, as Muller was for Briggs." The same week Elizabeth Burns cut the throat of her son, in Southwark, and stated to the magistrate (Mr. Woolrych) "Yes, I intended to murder them all, as I wish to die—I want to be hung." A few days previously, Wm. Greenwood, a soldier, attempted to murder Margaret Sullivan, in Gray's-Inn-Road, and, on his apprehension, said to a policeman: "I will be hung for her, I don't mind swinging with Muller for such as her." Again, just after Muller's sentence, another foreigner (Kohl) committed the horrible murder at Plaistow for which he was shortly afterwards hanged. And nine days after Muller's execution Alfred Jackson murdered Thomas Roberts at Clerkenwell, almost under the shadow of the gallows of the Old Bailey.

Yet another murder also took place at Hatcham, near London, in the interval between Muller's sentence and execution. Such an extraordinary outbreak of homicidal crimes in the metropolitan district is, I believe, utterly unprecedented, and if capital sentences are efficient to deter, the period of their occurrence should have been the very last one where they might have been looked for.

The notorious quadruple execution at Liverpool two years ago, instead of deterring from murder in that place, for some considerable subsequent period at least, was followed in a few weeks by five murders and one attempt to murder; all the crimes being committed in the same town.

In like manner a recent execution for the murder of a child at Chatham, by Burton (who had expressed a wish to be hanged), was followed in a few weeks by another murder of a child in the same town by Alfred Holden, who also repeatedly uttered a desire to be hanged, a wish which was not refused; and a third murder was perpetrated at Chatham shortly after these two executions.

Space would fail for the number and details of similar illustrations which might be adduced evincing the tendency of capital sentences and executions to foster a morbid desire for notoriety or murderous imitation.

Recent events strongly exhibit the anomalous and very irregular treatment of murderers which is inevitably necessitated by the enactment of death penalties. Juries will persist in acquitting murderers even in peculiarly atrocious cases. The Home Office is again and again importuned by deputations and individuals; and necessarily so. Pleas of insanity are raised on murder trials, both rightly and wrongly in various cases according to the respective circumstances, but equally bewildering and undesirable, whether such pleas are well founded or not.

The result of all this is confusion, wide-spread dissatisfaction, and encouragement to the most violent persons. Thus two men have just been sentenced to death at Winchester. One (Hughes) was hung whilst the mob outside the gallows were calling loudly for the authorities to bring out the other (Broomfield), whose sentence had been commuted. At the last Lent Assizes at Exeter, when the atrocious child murderess, Charlotte Winsor, was first put on her trial, the jury could not agree, eight being for an acquittal and four for a verdict of guilty. A second jury have now found her guilty on the same charge, but the irregularity has necessitated her reprieve. At the recent Maidstone Summer Assizes, 1865, the bystanders were astounded at the extraordinary and most unexpected acquittals of Thomas Jones and Elizabeth Inglis, both charged with murder on evidence apparently clear and strong. By a like special uncertainty in the enforcement of capital penalties, a Dr. Smethurst was acquitted, and a Dr. Pritchard hanged. At the execution of the latter, the mob loudly cheered Calcraft, whilst at Wright's execution in Southwark, yells and groans evinced the general sense of an inconsistent departure from the recent precedents of the Hall and Townley commutations.

But if capital punishment were abolished, there would then be removed the chief cause of nearly all this irregularity, this sympathy

for the criminal rather than for the victim, this unwillingness of juries to convict, this inevitable danger of sometimes visiting inherent mental affliction or disease with a fatal punishment, and this widespread popular apprehension of administrative partiality or inequitable distinction.

May the repeated experiences of these evils more and more awaken and direct public attention to the superior efficacy of severe secondary punishments for murder, with certainty of infliction, rather than capital penalties necessarily and inevitably encompassed with uncertainty, and with many chances of partial or total escape for the most atrocious and dangerous of criminals!

I remain, Sir, yours truly,

WILLIAM TALLACK,

Secretary to the Society for the Abolition
of Capital Punishment.

63, Southampton Street, Strand.

The "Peace of God."

The grievous famines, the consequent diseases which prevailed in some parts of France at the close of the tenth century, and the general belief that the end of the world was at hand induced the great feudal lords and the people to promise to abstain from private warfare. The Ecclesiastics continued to preach this Peace of God, as it was called, after men, recovering from these calamities, had begun to violate it. Some years afterwards, says a contemporary, Glaubius, all Europe suffered again from a terrible famine, in fact for more than sixty years famine and its attendant mortality came upon them as terrible scourges, and awakened religious zeal which held the wars prevailing in every province of France as violation of the laws of Christianity. In 1035, a bishop announced that he had received from heaven the command to preach peace on the earth. "Soon," said Glaubius, "the bishops, first in Aguitamo, soon after in the province of Arles and in the Lyonnese, then in Burgundy, and at last in all France assembled councils at which the clergy and all the people assembled. As it had been proclaimed that it was the object of these councils to renew or renovate the peace of the sacred institutions of the faith, the people assembled with joy ready to obey the orders of the pastors of the church. In those councils a description was drawn out in chapters, containing a list on one hand of all that was forbidden, and on the other of all that the subscribers engaged not to do by a devout promise to God. The most important of these engagements was that to preserve an inviolable peace, so that men of all ranks might thereafter go without arms and without fear, notwithstanding any pretence whatever for attacking them which might have been previously made."

When a provincial council had established this "Peace of God," public notice was given by a deacon mounting the pulpit and pronouncing a curse on those who should break the peace,—“We

excommunicate all the knights of this bishopric who will not pledge themselves to maintain peace and justice; may they and all those who help them to do evil be accursed; may they be found with Cain the fratricide, with the traitor Judas, with Dathan and Abiram, who descended alive into Hell."* The bishops and the priests who held lighted tapers extinguished them on the ground whilst the people exclaimed, as one man, "May God thus extinguish the happiness of those who will not accept peace and justice."

This "Peace of God" was so opposed to national manners that soon after it was but little observed. But those who had sworn to do so agreed to re-assemble at the end of five years, to give it greater stability. With this object, says Sismundi, several provincial councils met in 1041, in Agutamo, at which the term "Truce of God" was substituted for "Peace of God," and it was sought rather to limit than to abolish war.

"We have," says Sismundi, "the acts of the Council of Tuluges, in Roussillon, of Ansome, of St. Giles, and of some others, for the establishment of the "Truce of God." These acts are not entirely uniform, but the principle which all maintained was always to limit the right to carry on war, and to forbid, under the severest ecclesiastical penalties (even at the moment when all laws seemed abrogated by war) those actions which were contrary to humanity and to the rights of men.

Notwithstanding the diversity of these enactments of council, a general law on war and on the Truce of God, was adopted in Europe. Hostilities, even between soldiers, were restricted to certain days of the week, and certain classes of persons were shielded from these hostilities. Every warlike act, every attack, all rapine, all shedding of blood, was forbidden between the setting of the sun on Wednesday evening and its rising on Monday morning, so that only three days and nights in the week were allowed for the violence of war and of vengeance.

During Lent no one could commence new fortifications, nor work on the old.

The clergy if not armed, and churches not fortified were to be always safe from violence. Agriculture, also, was protected. It was no longer permitted at any time to wound or to injure peasants, whether men or women, nor to arrest them except according to law for individual breaches of it. The instruments of tillage, the stack-yard, cattle, &c., were placed under the protection of the "Truce of God." Some of these things could not be taken as plunder, and others which might be taken to be used were not to be burnt or otherwise destroyed.

In several provinces of France, peace officers and an armed police, supported by a "pacata" or "peace-rate" were appointed to repress infractions of this law. But in the little territory of Henry I. this Truce was not permitted; that weak king deemed it an infraction of his right, although himself unable to protect his subjects.*

* *Concilium Lemovicense Secundum*, t. ix., p. 891.

† *Concilium Tulugrese*, t. xi., p. 510, &c., *Hist. of Languedoc*, lib. xiv., ch. 9.
As quoted by Sismundi, vol. iv., p. 250.

‡ *Sismundi Historie des Francais*, vol. i.

Sismundi says: "This legislation was often violated, and ultimately became a dead letter, and yet we must consider it as the most glorious of the efforts of the clergy; one which contributed most to the development of feelings of commiseration amongst men, to their sufferings and to their enjoyments, of as much peace and happiness as seemed possible with their state of society."

A Cow Trying it on.

An illicit distiller in America recently "run the machine" in a small way for private consumption and for his neighbours' use. He had turned out seventeen gallons of the fieriest kind of whiskey, and poured it in a tub to cool outside his domestic distillery. A poor honest cow, parched with thirst, coming up, thrust her head into it, and drank it off to the last drop. She staggered home, literally "beastly drunk," and for weeks was the most miserable wretch that ever tried to walk on four legs in vain. Day after day she was raised up and assisted to stand by several moderate drinkers of less physical understanding, but as soon as they withdrew their hands she would collapse just like a human drunkard, and show all the symptoms of his drivelling misery. It was a sad and striking parody on his condition.

The Freedmen's Association.

This Association, with its working centre in Birmingham, is sending munificent gifts of clothing to the freedmen in America. It is truly a noble enterprise, blessing all who take part in it, as well as the beneficiaries of such large benevolence. It is fitting that the two great families of the Anglo-Saxon race should be united in the effort to help these suddenly emancipated millions through the wilderness they must cross before they can reach the Canaan of freedom, and enjoy its rights and privileges. There is a strong determination in the Northern mind that they shall not fall back into bondage. The most desperate efforts will be made by the old slaveocracy to reduce them to that condition as nearly as possible. But the North is on guard to defeat this purpose. General Howard, at the head of the Freedmen's Bureau at Washington, is the very man to watch over the rights and interests of the emancipated negroes. The old West Indian combination will be resorted to by their former masters to fix the tariff of their wages so low that they shall have as little pecuniary interest in freedom as possible. But this policy will not be allowed by the government. They are determined that the freedman's labour shall be placed on the same footing as that of the whites, to be paid for, not according to *colour* but *quality*.

The education of the negroes is progressing very favourably, showing an eagerness on their part to be taught. In the city of New Orleans there are 200 teachers, 15,000 children in the day schools, and 5,000 adults in the evening schools. Thus a vast number of negroes of both sexes and all ages are learning to read and write. We hope that if any qualification be required to entitle them to vote, it will not be property, but the ability to *read*. The right of suffrage thus acquired will be the reward and evidence of merit.

"Walk from London to Land's End and Back."

This volume has been delayed a few weeks in the press, but will probably appear by the 1st of October, if not before.

Subscriptions to the Gratuitous circulation fund of the "BOND OF BROTHERHOOD.:"

P. C., Plymouth..... 1 0 0

Bond of Brotherhood,

SEPTEMBER, 1865.

The Re-action of Great Wrongs.

We have glanced at the peculiar aggravations of the great wrong inflicted upon the Negro. We have seen wherein his lot of servitude and suffering has been embittered beyond the experience of any other subject class in Christendom. We have noticed how Religion, Science, Commerce and Political Economy were brought into the general conspiracy against him, to degrade his being as well as his condition. How could he arise under the burden put upon him? With his oppressors there was power—seemingly all power to press him down to the dust for ever. What could he do? What could he say, when even the one among a million of the "superior race" who essayed to speak for him, a thousand miles from the house of his bondage, was gagged, mobbed and threatened with the halter? He had no tongue, no speech nor power. Never was a lamb led more dumb to the slaughter than he to the auction-block as a chattel. Could a human being be more utterly helpless and hopeless? He is not a shorn or bound Samson grinding in his prison-house. He never had any strength of his own. He never saw an hour of free play for his sinews as a free man. What can he do for himself? With what or whose strength shall he break off this bondage and stand upright in the bold stature of a man among men?

He shall "learn to suffer and be strong"—stronger than Samson a thousand-fold. He shall stand still and see the salvation of God wrought in his behalf. He shall show this to the world, that the mightiest human being on earth is the man who bends under the greatest wrong. His wrong shall work for him by night and day with the strength of God's archangels. It shall work right and left. It shall make the highest places and strongest places of human power tremble. It shall make a continent quake and smite distant nations with its retribution. All this has come. It is not a prophecy; it is the most vivid reality before the world at this moment.

The very science of common schools tries to make children understand what physical forces are concealed in little things;—what a drop of water, a particle of air, or a grain of powder may be made to do if

pent up and set in action in a certain way. The moral force of a tear of sympathy, or of a sigh of convicted conscience is an agency that does not act with a sudden explosive or expansive power like these elements of nature. It may seem at first the merest trifle in the world; but it shall work itself to a strength that shall rive the fabric of a nation and change the condition of a race. This it has done, and the doing is marvellous in our eyes. Fifty years ago, the wrong put upon the Negro had hardly begun to act upon the mind of Christendom. The moral force that was to rend the structure of his oppression had hardly as yet worked itself to the measure of a single tear of sympathy in his behalf. Little by little the public conscience on both sides of the Atlantic began to show a faint sensibility to his condition. The pent up force was working. The little drop of sympathy for the Slave produced small explosions of human nature here and there. The still small voice in favour of his freedom called out a thousand strong voices in favour of his bondage. Then the still small voice grew louder and stronger at every utterance. It would not down. The tempest of denunciation could not stifle it. The Power that made and moves the world was in it, small as it was, as in the day of Elijah. Doctors of Divinity cried "*infidelity!*" at it from the pulpit. Statesmen cried "fire!" from the platform. Journalists re-echoed the cry and stirred up mobs to club down the preachers of the new doctrine. The merchants on 'Change shouted "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" The battle was joined at every point of issue between the friends of the Slave and the abettors of his bondage. The latter threw down the gauntlet upon the opened Bible and challenged a discussion of the subject between its leaves. Theologians, Physiologists, Social Economists, Political Philosophers, College Professors and writers of all grades of talent and position elaborated arguments of every texture to prove that the Negro was in his right place. Why break up the foundation of society and seek to set aside the ordinance of Providence, to overthrow a divine institution, all out of a fanatic and useless sympathy for him? Then the Great Wrong began to show its power. "There was a dreadful sound in the ears" of its perpetrators. The restless pulse of an evil conscience threw up mire and dirt. They and their abettors grew more and more desperate. South cried to North, "Stop that voice! Smite the Abolitionists on the mouth! Stay this fanatical agitation!"

But the voice went on; for it was not the earthquake or the windy tempest, otherwise it would have ceased. It was not loud, and it was the breath of a June breeze compared with the voices that essayed to drown it. It was still and strong, for it was the utterance of the moral conscience of a constantly increasing host against the iniquity. Perhaps it may become the earthquake in the end. We shall see. The struggle thickens and widens. The Negro is bending in silence to his bondage. He hardly hears a distant murmur of the din of the battle over him. His ears are stopped by his master; his lips are sealed; his hands are bound. Who so helpless and hopeless as he? Indeed! What one human being on the face of the earth is so strong? Who ever had more voices to plead for him, or hands to work for him, or

hearts to hope for him? He has learned in silent waiting "to suffer and be strong." How that strength makes the capitol at Washington tremble from door stone to dome! How it sways back and forth all the millions of the nation from ocean to ocean! It moves every political and ecclesiastical assembly convened in the country. The national Congress, the State Legislatures, Missionary Societies of every name and denomination, are stirred to deep emotion by its action on them. It deepens and widens over the silent Negro. The Continent is cleared for action; it is cleared of all other questions of discussion. There is not room for them; they are too small and temporary compared with the principle involved in the Slave's condition and rights. The nation cannot talk of the routine details of political economy, of Bank, Tariffs, Internal Improvements and the like, over him. He is still and meek, and makes no movement towards righting himself. He does not even consciously aid those who are labouring to right him. He simply suffers, quietly and tongueless. But his Great Wrong has come to its hour. Poor, reviled, oppressed and degraded being, the world has called him. The world shall now see what his Wrong shall do. It has come to its hour and to its full strength. The God of the oppressed has nerved it with the sinews of His omnipotence. How puny were Samson's in comparison! It takes hold of the central pillars of a mighty republic flushed with its growth and greatness. See how the deep foundations quiver! See how the fabric reels, with all its treasured histories, hopes and ambitions! What a crash! What a crash! What a rending and shivering of goodly timbers and stones framed and carved by the old and venerated builders of the boasted temple of freedom!

THE GREAT WRONG CAME TO JUDGMENT.

It spread its retributions with even-handed justice over all who had participated in the guilt of the oppression, far and near. Every cotton spindle in Europe felt the benumbing thrill of the shock. The pulse of the weaver's beam fell to a weak, slow beat; his shuttle lagged on its way. Every man, woman and child in Christendom who had touched, tasted and handled the produce of the Slave's toil was reached in the great inquisition. The burden of the judgment was heavy upon distant nations. At one time it seemed as if the whole of Christendom would be ignited into a blaze by the flying fire-brands from the burning house of bondage. Thus the earthquake was in the still small voice. If the Almighty ever walked over the world in a still small voice, He did in that. *Vox populi vox Dei.* That was an axiom of the heathen world. How much truer it is in this! The voice of the people does not mean a temporary and impulsive utterance, a sudden explosion of a fitful thought or temper. It means the steadily-growing conscience, a deep, earnest, active sentiment which grows to an irresistible power, mighty through God to the pulling down of the strongest hold that Satan can build on earth. The heathen maxim falls far short of the truth. This public sentiment is not only the voice but the right arm of Omnipotence among men. He works through no other agency in overthrowing the great iniquities of the world. Before it Slavery falls with the crash of a tremendous ruin. All the cupidities and sophistries,

all the stays and girders of Scriptural argument, all the beams and buttresses of Science, bribed by self-interest or prejudice, that were brought to compact and strengthen the great structure of oppression, are flying hither and thither like straws on the wind. Before it War's turn to fall shall come in like manner. Before it the Great Red Curse shall be drummed out of the world, as a disgrace to the ranks of Humanity. Its butchering-irons shall rust in one everlasting grave with the broken fetters of Slavery; and the leech shall no more slake its thirst at the veins of the human race.

Before it Intemperance, with its wider reign of *moral* ruin, shall beat a retreat and call off its marauding furies, to prey no more upon the homes of mankind.

Before it, Oppression, Idolatry, Superstition, and every other great Organism of Sin or Ignorance, shall fall one by one. For the tide and the strength of this mighty sentiment are arising. It gathers force from every new grapple with Moral Evil.

We have dwelt upon the retributive re-action of Great Wrongs,—upon the sure and inevitable judgment they bring upon their perpetrators and abettors, punishing them in every interest they thought to advance by their iniquity. In fact, we have confined our remarks chiefly to the *penal* department of their issues. We have not yet considered their *Moral* Mission proper. This we may make the subject of another article.

E. B.

A Relic of Slavery.

The Tower of London has its block of bloody history, on which many a noble neck was severed by the axe. The Museum of the Natural History Society, Boston, has recently had a block added to its relics which in times coming may be looked at with the same feeling. It is the Charleston auction-block, on which thousands of slaves have been knocked down to new masters under the hammer. At the capture of that southern city—the very seat and citadel of slavery—this block was found at the deserted shambles, and conveyed to Boston. It was placed for public view in the great Music Hall, and a meeting was held to celebrate the triumph. When William Lloyd Garrison entered the hall, and stood upon the block to address the audience, a scene ensued of thrilling interest. Many were present who could remember when he faced such persecution and obloquy in Boston as no other American ever confronted, in his attempts to plead for the slave. Some may have remembered the very words of that impassioned utterance in face of a tempest of opposition: "*I am in earnest, and will be heard!*" He was heard, and here he was at last, standing upon the central auction-block of the South, a relic of the system against which he had laboured with such heart and hope from his youth up. The whole assembly arose to their feet and greeted him with a reception worthy of the man and of the occasion. Charles Sumner, also, and other old champions of freedom spoke from the same platform.

E. B.

The Victory of Defeat.

No defeat of the two great allies, Science and Art, ever carried away so many of the best laurels of victory as the breakage of the electric bond that was to connect the two hemispheres. It was a grand discomfiture, which brought out such latent and invincible energies of human faith, hope, and courage on one hand, and such resources of hitherto unfathomed science and art on the other, as a complete victory could never have revealed to the world. All hail, say we, to that sublime defeat, with its heroic antecedents and glorious subsequents! It was grievous to the athletes of Anglo-Saxon pluck, who wrestled with the elements of misfortune. It was a sore and heavy battle for them. Never men before stood the strain of such a struggle. Tennyson ought to celebrate it in verse of as lasting a memory as the Atlantic itself. It would be a grander subject for his genius than the "Charge of the Six Hundred" at Balaclava. England and America should pass a joint resolution of thanks to the heroes, that they did not despair of the cable when it fell back into its mid-ocean bed the last time, and all their fishing lines and rods were broken. It was a loss heavy to be borne by the stockholders: but who else would sell that experience out of the history of the world for a million sterling! The *morale* itself is worth to mankind the value of a hundred of those ostentatious events generally called victories. But the science that unmasked, in the battle with the ocean, ingenuities that startle the imagination with their subtlety and power will have for-ever a working value among men "that cannot be meted out in words nor weighed with language." Jason and his companions did something in their day with a vessel which may have been called a "Great Eastern" by the multitude. How small its exploits, with all the help of the heathen gods to boot, compared with the mighty sea-walker that trailed this electric cable across the ocean's bed to almost within sight of the other shore! If the victory had been complete, if no little iron bodkin, no headless pin, concealed in the coating of the lightning-courser, had pierced the cuticle and punctured the vital vein, how small would have been the success, brilliant as it would have been, compared with the results won for the world in this actual issue of the expedition? Who can measure, from the standpoint of the present hour, those results, either in number or importance? Hundreds of hardy enterprises the world would not else have thought of may grow out of one of the consequences of the great experiment. Science, in the sublime crisis, changed its base. To use the subtle phrase of a distinguished politician, it extended its forces "*vertically*" as well as laterally and magnificently in both directions, which was a great improvement on his axiom. The Great Eastern did not go out with any such idea in its head or at its stern; and if the cable had not parted, the banks of Newfoundland would not have become the grounds of a fishery never before dreamed of. The vast ship, sidling backward and forward like a stealthy angler, trailing hook and line to catch with its barbs a small electric eel buried in the mud at the depth of two miles and more, and raising the slimy reptile half way to the surface at the first trial—this is a picture, this is a power, worthy

of the painter's pencil and the poet's pen. It is no fault of science that the line broke once, twice, or thrice, and the hook went to the bottom of the deep sea, with the heavy reptile in its clasp. Art will "cut and try" again. Art will make tackle that will fish up from the depths of the ocean heavier things than electric cables. Who can tell where and in what this "vertical extension of the suffrage" of science will end? What new fisheries will be opened, what hooks will be barbed and baited for broken ships, and for treasure buried in seas never fathomed before? How Science will walk the ocean wild and wide, and trail her dark lanterns along its undulating floor, peering into its caverned mysteries, and exploring all its hidden biocracies?

Then, putting aside these grander results of the defeat, it was worth the breakage that the men of the Great Eastern were able to stick a pin right over the place where the splintered end of the cable went down—a pin with a great hollow head to it, called a *buoy*, and then to sail all the way back to England with a good heart in them, believing that, when fitted out with stronger hook and line, they would tread out westward again and find that pin's head among the rolling seas and dank fogs, just where they left it. To do such a thing is a mighty feat of science and art. To believe it may be done, and to make that belief take hold of the hearts of common sailors and nerve them for a new trial, this has its *morale* of great value to the age in which we live.

With these views, we repeat, all hail to the sublime defeat! The genius of Old Ocean might say with Pyrrhus over a partial triumph: "One more such a victory and I am lost." E. B.

"Wayside Warbles."

By the Bideford Postman Poet.

We wish all our readers would read this volume of poems by Edward Capern, the Bideford Postman Poet. He is the Robert Burns of Devonshire, and we think some of his verses will equal anything the Scotch bard ever wrote in the way of touching pathos and beauty. No equal space in Ayrshire has been set to more joyous music of a poet's soul than the postal beat of Edward Capern. It extends six miles out from Bideford to a small rural village called Buckland Brewer. This he has walked for many years, and he walks it now with his letter-bags. And while he walks, he "warbles by the wayside" about everything he sees—lads and lassies, flowers, birds and bees, and trees, and brooks, and barn-yards, mills and rills. He gives them the pulse and voice of life, and sets them a singing for very joy. While waiting for his little mail in the village on the hill, he writes out these musings by the way; sometimes carrying home with him two or three songs on different subjects. On our recent "Walk from London to Land's End and Back," we spent several days with him, and accompanied him on his postal beat, and sat by him at the cottage table in the village, on which he has penned most of his poems, and saw many of the subjects of his song. His muse is naturally as joyous as the lark's, and sings as spontaneously. A rich, rollicking happiness wells up in his verse on bird, bee, brook or flower. The two concluding verses of "My Excuse" explain his predilection for the scene and subjects of his singing:

The lonely bird that wakes the night
 Down in the dingle-bushes,
 Ne'er imitates the skylark's note,
 Nor warble of the thrushes.
 The linnets, too, have their own song,
 The happy little darlings !
 And next the oratorio
 Loud chanted by the starlings.

The storm-cock braves the wintry blast,
 In his bold lay delighting,
 And sings, like me, the loudest oft
 When winds are cold and biting.
 Each has its own delicious way
 In trilling Nature's praises ;
 And I have mine, which sweetest sounds
 Among my native daisies.

Up to a recent date all his verse was as mirthful as the laughter of a meadow brook. It fairly bubbled over with a glory of gladness. But suddenly a great and almost crushing sorrow fell down upon his spirit. His only darling daughter "Milly" was taken away. "Under the shadow of this affliction his soul sat dumb" for a season. Then his muse began to breathe a strain never heard before. In a part of the volume entitled "Willow Leaves," several poems touching on this grief are given, which, to our mind, are as full of the mournful beauty of sorrow as Burns ever put into verse. We subjoin one of these, headed "The Two Minstrels," mostly for the two last stanzas :

THE TWO MINSTRELS.

Now while hedgerows, high and swelling,
 All with clover sweetly smelling
 In the new made hay ;
 Where the golden sunbeams shimmer
 Through the leafy lanes of "summer,"
 Drowsy with the heat and glimmer,
 I betake my way.

List ! is that the skylark soaring ?
 What a passionate outpouring
 Of his love and joy !
 Hark ! how loud his notes are trilling,
 All my soul with rapture filling !
 So sang I with soul as willing,
 When I was a boy.

See, along the plains of Heaven,
 Mimicking the fields of Devon,
 Snow white swaths are seen :
 "Hear me, unseen meader there,
 With thy scythe so keen and bare,
 Mowing down its lilies fair,
 Lacking meadows green !

Have you not a saintly stranger,
 Freed from sorrow, death and danger,
 Like a ray of light,
 Fairer than your snowy showers,
 Visiting your pleasant bowers,
 Gathering celestial flowers,
 Like your blossoms white?"

If so, 'tis my maiden Milly,
 And, I pray thee, tell that lily,
 In the fields of God,
 Tuneful, from this desert springing
 Oft I fly, the bright air winging,
 But, lark like, I cease my singing
 When I touch the sod."

For the Children.

The African Boy.

When Jesus came on the earth, he brought man a golden rule with him. He said, "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you." "Overcome evil with good," and many other beautiful truths were brought and left on record for our lasting benefit. Our Saviour acted on the law of kindness. He never spoke an unkind word. "When He was reviled, He reviled not again; when He suffered, He threatened not." His was indeed a bright example for all, for the young and the old, the rich and the poor. How thankful then ought we to be, that we can enjoy this blessed book, the Bible, undisturbed and at so cheap a price! Some dark countries have not yet enjoyed the light of the Gospel. How then can we be surprised if they give way to naughty passions, and are cruel and harsh to one another? How different is your lot from theirs! and how different should your conduct be! Compare your situation with that of the poor African,—the poor black negro! They have a heart and a soul as you have; there is feeling under the black skin as well as under the white. The same Great King who made you—made them! Why should you have more advantages than they? But so it is. Prize your high privileges, and pray for the poor negroes. Oh, you do not know, dear children, how thankful, how delighted these poor creatures are when good white men carry the blessed truths to them; and it was but the other day that I heard two gospel ministers speaking of poor benighted Africa, where they have lately been travelling. They said they had preached in many large assemblies, and seen many eyes bathed in tears,—all anxious to hear of their dear Saviour. No doubt their kind words and the blessed gospel that they preached touched the hearts of the poor blacks. Perhaps many had never heard of Christ before. One little circumstance I must mention that they related. A little boy about nine years of age, went out to service. His mistress was a kind, pious woman. After a short time he became dull, spoke little, and seemed as if a dark cloud was passing over his once bright mind. The lady asked him what was the matter. "Oh!" said he, "my heart rough: my heart bad; me no love Jesus!" She encouraged him with kind words, and told him where to look for help and comfort. A few days more passed, and again he seemed the same happy creature. Upon his mistress inquiring as to the change, "My heart smooth; my heart smooth; me love Jesus!" This is a simple little story, but one of great interest. If ever you meet with poor negroes, treat them kindly; do not laugh at them, as some wicked children do, because they differ from you. Try to win them to Christ, and again I say, pray for them!

LOUISIA A.

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