

CASES OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

The records of every country abound in remarkable cases of persons being judicially put to death for crimes of which they were entirely innocent. A mistaken resemblance to the actual perpetrator, the fact of having been seen near the spot where the crime was committed, or some other suspicious circumstance, has contributed to bring the guilt and punishment on the wrong party. At one time cases of injustice were also committed by condemning individuals for murder when it was not proved that a murder had been perpetrated. The now well-recognized principle in criminal law that no man can be held as having been committed till the body of the deceased has been discovered, has terminated this form of legal oppression. Another, and perhaps one of the most common causes of injustice in trials of this nature, is the pervasiveness of the party charged with the offence. Finding himself, though innocent, placed in an awkward predicament, he invents a plausible story in his defence, and the deceit being discovered, he is at once presumed to be in every respect guilty. Sir Edward Coke mentions a melancholy case of this kind. A gentleman was charged with having made away with his niece. He was innocent of the crime; but having, in a state of trepidation, put forward another child as the one said to have been destroyed, the trick was discovered, and the poor gentleman was executed a victim of his own disingenuousness.

The following interesting cases of loss of life from too great a leaning on circumstantial or presumptive evidence, we select from various authorities, English and foreign.

WILLIAM SHAW.

In the year 1721 there resided in Edinburgh an upholsterer named William Shaw, who had a daughter, Catherine Shaw, who lived with him. This young woman, it appears, encouraged the addresses of John Lawson, a jeweller, to whom William Shaw declared the most insuperable objections, alleging him to be a profligate young man, addicted to every kind of dissipation. He was forbidden the house; but the daughter continuing to see him clandestinely, the father, on the discovery, kept her strictly confined.

William Shaw had for some time urged his daughter to receive the addresses of a son of Alexander Robertson, a friend and neighbour; and one evening, being very urgent with her thereon, she peremptorily refused, declaring she preferred death to being young Robertson's wife. The father grew enraged, and the daughter more positive, so that the most passionate expressions arose on both sides, and the words *barbarity, cruelty, and death*, were frequently pronounced by the daughter. At length he left her, locking the door after him.

The greater number of the buildings in Edinburgh are tall and massive, divided into *flats or floors*, each inhabited by one or more families, all of whom enter by a stair leading to the respective floors. William Shaw resided in one of these flats, and a partition only divided his dwelling from that of James Morrison, a watch-case maker. This man had indiscreetly overheard the conversation and quarrel between Catherine Shaw and her father, and was particularly struck with repetition of the above words, she having pronounced them loudly and emphatically. For some little time after the father was gone out all was silent, but presently Morrison heard several groans from the daughter. Alarmed, he ran to some of his neighbours under the same roof; these entering Morrison's room, could not find Catherine, but they heard the groans, but distinctly heard Catherine Shaw two or three times faintly exclaim, "Cruel father, thou art the cause of my death." Startled with this, they flew to the door of Shaw's apartment; they knocked—no answer was given. The knocking was repeated—still no answer. Suspicious had before arisen against the father; they were now confirmed. A constable was procured and an entrance forced; Catherine was found weltering in her blood, and the fatal knife by her side. She was alive, but speechless; but on questioning her as to owing her death to her father, she was able to make a motion with her head, apparently in the affirmative, and expired. At this critical moment William Shaw returns, and enters the room; immediately all eyes are on him. Seeing his neighbours and a constable in his apartment, he appears much disordered; but at the sight of his daughter he turns pale, trembles, and is ready to sink. The first surprise and the succeeding horror leave little doubt of his guilt in the breasts of the beholders; and even that little is done away on the considerable discovery that the shirt of William Shaw is bloody.

He was instantly hurried before a magistrate, and, upon the depositions of all the parties, committed to prison on suspicion. He was shortly after brought to trial, when in his defence he acknowledged the having confined his daughter to prevent her intercourse with Lawson; that he had frequently insisted on her marrying Robertson; and that he had quarrelled with her on the subject the evening she was murdered, as the witness Morrison had deposed; but he asserted that he left his daughter unharmed, and untouched, and that the blood found upon his shirt was there in consequence of having blood himself some days before, and the bandage becoming united. These assertions did not weigh a feather with the jury when opposed to the strong circumstantial evidence of the daughter's expressions of "barbarity, cruelty, death," and of "cruel father, thou art the cause of my death," together with that apparently affirmative motion with her head, and of the blood so conspicuously providentially discovered on the father's shirt. On these several concurring circumstances was William Shaw found guilty, and executed at Leith Walk in November 1721.

Was there a person in Edinburgh who believed the father guiltless? No, not one, notwithstanding his latest words at the gallows were, "I am innocent of my daughter's murder." But in August 1722, as a man who had become the possessor of the late William Shaw's apartments was rummaging by chance in the chamber where Catherine Shaw died, he accidentally perceived a paper fallen into a cavity on one side of the chimney. It was folded as a letter, which on opening contained the following:—"Barbarous father, your cruelty in having put it out of my power ever to join my fate to that of the only man I could love, and tyrannically insisting upon my marrying one whom I always hated, has made me form a resolution to put an end to an existence which is become a burden to me. I doubt not I shall find mercy in another world, for sure no benevolent Being can require that I should any longer live in torment to myself in this. My death I lay to your charge: when you read this, consider yourself as the inhuman wretch that plunged the murderous knife into the bosom of the unhappy—CATHERINE SHAW."

This letter being shown, the handwriting was recognised and avowed to be Catherine Shaw's by many of her relations and friends. It became the

public talk; and the magistracy of Edinburgh, on a scrutiny, being convinced of its authenticity, ordered the body of William Shaw to be taken from the gibbet, and given to his family for interment; and as the only reparation to his memory and the honour of his surviving relations, they caused a pair of colours to be waved over his grave in token of his innocence—a poor compensation, it will be allowed, for an act of gross cruelty and injustice.

THE FRENCH REFUGEE.

The following singularly involved case is given in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1754, with the initials of a correspondent, who states it to have been extracted from some minutes of evidence made by his grandfather in criminal causes in which he was counsel on the part of the crown in the reign of Charles II.

Jacques du Moulin, a French refugee, having brought over his family and a small sum of money, employed it in purchasing lots of goods that had been condemned at the customhouse, which he again disposed of by retail. As these goods were such as, having a high duty, were frequently smuggled, those who dealt in this way were generally suspected of increasing their stock by illicit means, and smuggling, or purchasing smuggled articles, under colour of dealing only in goods that had been legally seized by the king's officers, and taken from smugglers. This trade, however, did not, in the general estimation, impeach his honesty, though it gave no sanction to his character; but he was often detected in uttering false gold, and he was frequently

received money with several of these pieces of counterfeit coin, and pretended that they were among the pieces which had been paid him; this was generally denied with great eagerness; but, if particular circumstances did not confirm the contrary, he was always peremptory and obstinate in his charge. This soon brought him into dispute, and he gradually lost not only his business but his credit. It happened that, having sold a parcel of goods, which amounted to £78, to one Harris, a person with whom he had before had no dealings, he received the money in guineas and Portuguese gold, several pieces of which he scrupled; but the man having assured him that he himself had carefully examined and weighed these various pieces, and found them good, Du Moulin took them, and gave his receipt.

In a few days he returned with six pieces, which he averred were of base metal, and part of the sum which he had a few days before received of him for the lot of goods. Harris examined the pieces, and told Du Moulin that he was sure there were none of them among those which he had paid him, and refused to exchange them for others. Du Moulin as peremptorily insisted on the contrary, alleging that he had put the money in a drawer by itself, and locked it up till he offered it in payment of a bill of exchange, and then the pieces were found to be bad; insisting that the pieces were the same to which he had objected. Harris now became angry, and charged Du Moulin with intending a fraud. Du Moulin appeared to be rather piqued than intimidated at this charge; and having sworn that these were the pieces he received, Harris was at length obliged to make them good; but as he was confident that Du Moulin had injured him by a fraud, supported by perjury, he told his story wherever he went, exclaiming against him with great bitterness, and met with many persons who made nearly the same complaint of him; insisting that the pieces were the work of Du Moulin for a considerable time. Du Moulin now found himself universally shunned; and hearing from all parts what Harris had reported, he brought an action for defamatory words, and Harris, irritated to the highest degree, stood upon his defence; and in the meantime having procured a meeting of several persons who had suffered the same way in their dealings with Du Moulin, they procured a warrant against him and he was apprehended upon suspicion of counterfeiting the coin. Upon searching his drawers, a great number of pieces of counterfeit gold were found in a drawer by themselves, and several others were picked from other money that was found in different parcels in his scrutineer; upon further search, a flask, several files, a pair of moulds, some powdered chalk, a small quantity of aqua regia, and several other implements, were discovered. No doubt could now be entertained of his guilt, which was extremely aggravated by the method he had taken to dispose of the money he made, the insolence with which he had insisted upon its being paid him by others, and the perjury by which he had supported his claim. His action against Harris for defamation was also considered as greatly increasing his guilt, and everybody was impatient to see him punished. In these circumstances he was brought to trial; and his many attempts to put off bad money, the quantity found by itself in his scrutineer, and above all, the instruments of coining, which, upon a comparison, exactly answered the money in his possession; being proved, he was upon this evidence convicted, and received sentence of death.

It happened that, a few days before he was to have been executed, one Williams, who had been a seal-engraver, but had left his business, was killed by a fall from his horse; his wife, who was then pregnant, and near her time, immediately fell into fits and miscarried. She was soon sensible that she could not live; and therefore sending for the wife of Du Moulin, she desired to be left alone, and then gave her the following account:—

"That her husband was one of four, whom she named, that had for many years subsisted by counterfeiting gold coin, which she had been frequently employed to put off, and was therefore entrusted with the whole secret to that another of these persons had hired himself to Du Moulin as a kind of footman and porter, and being provided by the gang with false keys, had disposed of a very considerable sum of bad money by opening his master's scrutineer, and leaving it there in the stead of an equal number of good pieces which he took out; that by this iniquitous practice Du Moulin had been defrauded of his business, his credit, and his liberty, to which in a short time his life would be added, if application were not immediately made to save him. By this account, which she gave in great agony of mind, she was much exhausted, and having given directions where to find the persons whom she impeached, she fell into convulsions, and soon after expired. The woman immediately applied to a magistrate; and having related the story she had heard, procured a warrant against the three men, who were taken the same day, and separately examined. Du Moulin's servant steadily denied the whole charge, and so did one of the other two; but while the last was examining, a messenger, who had been sent to search their lodgings, arrived with a great quantity of bad money, and many instruments for coining. This threw him into confusion, and the magistrate improving the opportunity by offering

him his life if he would become an evidence for the king, he confessed that he had been long associated with the other prisoners and the man that was dead, and he directed where other tools and money might be found; but he could say nothing as to the manner in which Du Moulin's servant was employed to put it off. Upon this discovery Du Moulin's execution was suspended; and the king's witness swearing positively that his servant and the other prisoner had frequently coined in his presence, and giving a particular account of the process, and the part which each of them usually performed, they were convicted and condemned to die. Both of them, however, denied the fact, and the public were still in doubt about Du Moulin. In his defence, he had declared that the bad money which was found together with such as he could not trace to the persons of whom he had received it; that the parcels with which had money was found mixed he kept separate, that he might know to whom to apply if it should appear to be bad; but the finding of the moulds and other instruments in his custody was a particular not yet accounted for, as he only alleged in general terms that he knew not where they came there; and it was doubted whether the impeachment of others had not been managed with a view to save him who was equally guilty, there being no evidence of his servant's treachery but that of a woman who was dead, reported as such by the wife of Du Moulin, who was manifestly an interested party. He was now, however, charged by either of the convicts as an accomplice, a particular which was strongly urged by his friends in his behalf; but it happened that, while the public opinion was thus held in suspense, a private drawer was discovered in a chest that belonged to his servant, and in it a bunch of keys, and the impression of one in wax: the impression was compared with the keys, and that which it corresponded with was found to open Du Moulin's scrutineer, in which he had money and implements and been found, when this particular, so strong and unexpected, was urged, and the key produced, he burst into tears and confessed all that had been alleged against him. He was then asked how the tools came into his master's scrutineer; and he answered, that when the officers of justice came to seize his master, he was terrified for himself, knowing that he had in his chest these instruments, which the private drawer could not contain; and fearing that he might be included in the warrant, his consciousness of guilt kept him in continual dread and suspicion; that for this reason, before the officers went up stairs, he opened the scrutineer with his false key, and having fetched his tools from his box in the garret, he deposited them there, and had just locked it when he heard them at the door.

In this case even the positive evidence of Du Moulin, that the money he brought back to Harris was the same he had received of him, was not true, though Du Moulin was not guilty of perjury either wilfully or by neglect, inattention or forgetfulness. And the circumstantial evidence against him, however strong, would only have heaped one injury upon another, and have taken away the life of an unhappy wretch, from whom a perfidious servant had taken away everything else.

HINTS ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF DRESS.

Written for the latitude of Bond Street and the Chancery Lane, but to be kept in all climates* instigated by "men of fashion."

We have been for many years deeply engaged in a philosophical inquiry into the origin of the peculiar attributes characteristic of the man of fashion. A work of such importance, however, we cannot think of giving to the world, except in the appropriate envelope of a pensive quarto; but, by way of whetting the appetite of expectation, we shall merely observe, that, after much pondering, we have at last discovered the secret of his wearing his garments, "with a difference," or more properly, with an indifference unattainable by others of the human species. You will conjecture, happily, that it is because he and his father before him have been from childhood accustomed to pay attention to dress, and that habit has given them that air which the occasional dresser can never hope to attain; or that, moving the best artists, seconded by that beautiful division of labour of which we have spoken heretofore, he can attain an evenness of costume, an undeviating uniformity of togetherness—not at all the whole secret consists in never paying, nor intending to pay, his tailor!

Poor devils, who, under the Mosaic dispensation, contract for three suits a year, the old ones to be returned, and again made new; or those who, struck with more than money madness, go to the tailor, cash in hand, for the purpose of making an investment, are always accustomed to consider a coat as a representative of so much money, transferred only from the pocket to the back. Accordingly, they are continually labouring under the depression of spirits arising from the sense of the possible depreciation of such a valuable property. Visions of showers of rain, and March dust, perpetually haunt their morbid imaginations. Greasy collars, chalky seams, threadbare cuffs, (three warnings that the time must come when that tunic, for which five pounds ten have been lost to them and their heirs for ever, will be worth no more than a couple of shillings to an old-clothesman in Holywell Street), fill them, as they walk along the Strand, with apprehensions of anticipated expenditure. They walk circumspectly, lest a baker, sweep, or hodman, stumbling against the coat, may deprive its wearer of what to him represents so much ready money. The real and imaginary evils altogether prohibit the proprietor of a put-up coat wearing it with any degree of graceful indifference.

But when a family of fashion, for generations, have not only never thought of paying a tailor, but have considered taking up bills which the too confiding snip has discounted for them, as decidedly smacking of the punctilious vulgarity of the tradesman; thus drawing down upon themselves the vengeance of that most intolerant sect of Protestants, the Notaries Public; when a young man of fashion, taught from earliest infancy to regard tailors as a Chancery of the Exchequer regards the people "large, that is to say, as a class of animals created to be victimized in every possible way it is a shocking what a subtle grace and indescribable expression are conveyed to coats which are sent home to you for nothing, or, what amounts to exactly the same thing, which you have not the most remote idea of paying for, in *secula seculorum*. So far from caring whether it rains or snows, or whether the dust flies, when you have got on one of these eleemosynary coats, you are rather pleased than otherwise. There is a luxury in the idea that on the morrow you will start fresh game, and victimize your tailor for another. The innate cruelty of the human animal is gratified, and the idea of a tailor's suffering is

never conceived by a customer without involuntary exultation. Not only is he denied the attribute of integral manhood—which even a man-milchier by courtesy enjoys—but that principle which induces a few men of enthusiastic temperament to pay debts, is always held a fault when applied to the bills of tailors. And, what is a curious and instructive fact in the natural history of London fashionable tailors, and altogether unnoticed by the Rev. Leonard Jenyns, in his *Manual of British Vertebrate Animals*, if you go to one of these gentlemen, requesting him to "execute," and professing your readiness to pay his bill on demand or delivery, he will be sure to give you order to the most scurvy botch in his establishment, put in the worst materials, and treat you altogether as a person utterly unacquainted with the usages of polite society. But, on the contrary, you are recommended to him by Lord Fly-by-night, of Doman Priory—if you give a thundering order, and, instead of offering to pay for it, pull out a parcel of bill-stamps, and promise fifty per cent. for a few hundreds down, you will be surprised to observe what delight will express itself in the radiant countenance of your victim: visions of cent. per cent., ghosts of post-obits, dreams of bonds with penalties, and all those various shapes in which security delights to involve the extravagant, rise flatteringly before the inward eye of the man of shreds and patches. By the transactions with the great, he becomes more and more a man, less and less a tailor; instead of cutting patterns and taking measures, he flings the tailoring to his foreman, becoming first Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer to peers of the realm.

A gentleman never affects military airs or costume if he is not a military man, and even then avoids professional rigidity and swagger as much as possible; he never sports spurs or a riding whip except when he is upon horseback, contrary to the rule observed by his antagonists the snob, who all ways sports spurs and riding-whip, but who never mounts higher than a three-penny stride on a Hamstead donkey. Nor does a gentleman ever wear a *moustache*, unless he belongs to one of the regiments of hussars, or the household cavalry, who alone are ordered to display that ornamental exuberance. Foreigners, military or non-military, are recognized as wearing hair on the upper lip with propriety, as is the custom of their country. But to gentlemen here thinks of such a thing any more than he would think of sporting the uniform of the Tenth Hussars.

There is an affectation among the vulgar clever, of wearing the *moustache*, which they clip and cut a *la Faudyke*: this is useful, as affording a ready means of distinguishing between a man of talent and an ass—the former, trusting to his head, wears clean shaven, and looks like an Englishman; the latter, whose strength lies altogether in his hair, exhausts the power of Maccassar in endeavouring to make himself as like an orang-outang as possible.

Another thing must be observed by all who would successfully ape the gentleman; never to smoke cigars in the street in mid-day. No better sign can you have than this of a fellow reckless of decency and behaviour: a gentleman smokes, if he smokes at all, where he offends not the factories of the passers-by. Nothing, he is aware, approaches more nearly the most offensive personal usage, than to compel ladies and gentlemen to inhale, after you, the ejected fragrance of your penny Cuba, or your three halfpenny wild Havana.

In the cities of Germany, where the population almost to a man inhale the fumes of tobacco, street smoking is very properly prohibited; for, however agreeable may be the seductive influence of the Virginia weed when inspired from your own manufactory, nothing assuredly is more disgusting than inhalation of tobacco smoke at second-hand.

Another thing if a gentleman sticks a pin in his cravat, you may be sure he has not a head as big as a potato, and is not a sort of Siamese Twin pin, connected by a bit of chain, or an imitation precious stone, or Mosaic gold concern. If he wears studs, they are plain, and have cost not less at the least than five guineas the set. Neither does he ever make a High Sheriff of himself, with chains dangling over the front of his waistcoat, or little pistols, seals, or trinketry appearing below his waistband, as much as to say, "if you only knew what a snitch I have inside?" Nor does he court trumpet rings upon rattle-boned fingers; if he wears rings, you may depend upon it that they are of value, that they are sparingly distributed, and that his hand is not a paw.

If you are unfortunate enough to be acquainted with a snob, you need not put yourself to the unnecessary expense of purchasing an almanac for the ensuing year; your friend the snob will answer that needful purpose completely to your satisfaction. For example, on Thursdays and Sundays he shaves and puts on a clean shirt, which he exhibits as best as possible in honour of the event; Mondays and Fridays you will know by the vegetating bristles of his chin, and the discoloring of the shirt cuffs and collar. These are replaced Tuesdays and Saturdays by supplementary collars and cuffs, which, being white and starched, form a pleasing contrast with that portion of the original chemise, vainly attempted to be concealed behind the folds of a three-and-sixpenny stock. Wednesdays and Fridays you cannot mistake; your friend is then at the dirtiest, and his beard at the longest, anticipating the half-weekly wash and shave; on quarterdays, when he gets his salary, he goes to a sixpenny barber and has his hair cut. A gentleman, on the contrary, in addition to his other none inutilities, is useless as an almanac. He is never half shaven nor half short; you never can tell when he has had his hair cut, nor has he clean-shirt days, and his days of foul linen. He is not merely outwardly *propre*, but asperges his cuticle daily with "oriental scrupulosity;" he is always and ever, in person, manner, dress, and deportment, the same, and has never been other than he now appears.

THE MUSICIAN'S WIDOW.

LINTON, a musician belonging to the orchestra of Covent Garden theatre, was murdered by street robbers, who were afterwards discovered and executed. A play was given for the benefit of his widow and children; and the day preceding the performance the following appeared in one of the public prints.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

For the Benefit of Mrs. Linton, &c.

"The Widow," said Charity, whispering me in the ear, "must have your mite; wait upon her with a guinea, and purchase a box-ticket."

"You may have one for five shillings," observed Avarice, pulling me by the elbow.

My hand was in my pocket, and the guinea, which was between my finger and thumb, slipped

"Yes," said I, "she shall have my five shillings."

Good heaven!" exclaimed Justice, "what are you about? Five shillings! If you pay but five shillings for going into the theatre, then you get value received for your money."

"And I shall owe him no thanks," added Charity, laying her hand upon my heart, and leading me on the way to the Widow's house.

Taking the knocker in my left hand, my whole frame trembled. Looking round, I saw Avarice turn the corner of the street, and I found all the money in my pocket grasped in his hand.

"Is your mother at home, my dear?" said I, to a child who conducted me into a parlour.

"Yes," answered the infant; "but my father has not been at home for a great while. That is his harpsichord, and that is his violin, he used to play on them for me."

"Shall I play you a time, my boy?" said I.

"No, Sir," answered the boy, "my mother will not let them be touched; for since my father went abroad, music makes her cry and then we all cry."

I looked on the violin—it was unstung. I touched the harpsichord—it was out of tune. Had the lyre of Orpheus sounded in my ear, it could not have insinuated to my heart thrills of sensibility equal to what I felt.

It was the spirit in unison with the flesh. "I hear my mother on the stairs," said the boy. I shook him by the hand—"Give her this, my lad," said I, and left the house.

It rained—I called a coach—drove to a coffee-house, but not having a farthing in my pocket, borrowed a shilling at the bar.

REMEMBER THE POOR.—The following extract is from South's sermon on "The Vanity of Good Intentions merely." Some of your readers may be moved, and others may be stirred up to save those that are *ready to perish*.

After exposing the evasive excuses of one that can give but won't, but promises to *pray*, he goes on:

"Ah, thorough hypocrite! when thy brother has lost all that he ever had, and is languishing and gasping under the utmost extremities of poverty and distress, dost thou think to lick him whole again, only with thy tongue? Just like that old formal Lucius, who denied a beggar a farthing, and put him off with his blessing."

"The measures that God marks out for thy charity are these—Thy superfluities must give place to thy neighbor's great convenience; thy convenience must give way to thy neighbor's necessity; and lastly, thy very necessities must yield to thy neighbor's extremity."

"This is the gradual process that must be thy rule; and he that pretends a disability to give, short of this, prevaricates with his duty. God sometimes calls upon thee to relieve the needs of thy poor brother, sometimes of thy country, and sometimes of thy prince; pause before thou flyest to the old, stale, usual pretence, that thou canst do none of all these things; consider with thyself that there is a God, who is not to be put off with lies, who knows exactly what thou canst do, and what thou canst not; and consider in the next place that it is not the best husbandry in the world to be shorn to save charges."

A short time ago I saw an account of a meeting of coloured people in the West Indies to promote a Christian object. The first step was to adopt three resolutions, in effect, as follows:—

1. We will all give something.
2. We will all give as we are able.
3. We will all give cheerfully.

The offering of one was rejected because he did not comply with the *second* rule. He offered more, but *grudgingly*. This also was rejected. He became *repentant*, and gave *liberally and cheerfully*. May white Christians do better, or even follow this instruction.— *Tribune*

THE NEW PLANET.—A great triumph in theoretical astronomy has been achieved by the accurate predictions and discovery of another new planet. Sir John Herschel writes to the *Athenaeum*, that on July 12, 1842 the late illustrious astronomer, Bessel, conversing with him "on the great work of the planetary reductions undertaken by the Astronomer Royal—then in progress, and since published—M. Bessel remarked that the motions of Uranus, as he had satisfied himself by careful examination of the recorded observations, could not be accounted for by the perturbations of the known planets; and that the deviation far exceeded any assignable limits—of error of observation. In reply to the question whether the deviation in question might not be due to the action of an unknown planet, he stated that he considered it highly probable that such was the case—being systematic, and such as might be produced by an exterior planet." These unaccounted for perturbations became the subject of calculation, and Le Verrier having resolved these inverse problem, pointed out, as now appears, nearly the true situation of the new planet. Other observations and calculations carried on by Mr. Adams, a young Cambridge mathematician, quite independent of those by M. Verrier, produced the same result, of the correctness of which Sir John Herschel was so convinced, that, speaking of the indicated planet, he said, "We see it as Columbus saw America from the shores of Spain. Its movements have been felt, trembling along the far-reaching line of our analysis, with a certainty hardly inferior to that of ocular demonstration." This has at length been affirmed. Mr. Hind recently announced in the *Times* that he had received a letter from Dr. Rumov, of the Royal Observatory at Berlin, giving the important information that Le Verrier's planet was found by M. Galle on the night of September 23d. It is a star of the 8th magnitude, but with a diameter of two or three seconds. Mr. Hind observed the planet at Mr. Bishopp's observatory, in the Regent's Park, on Wednesday night week. "It appears bright," he says, "and with a power of 320 I can see the disc. The following position is the result of instrumental comparisons with 33 Aquarii:—Sept. 30, at 8h. 16m. 21s. Greenwich mean time—Right ascension of planet 21h. 52m. 47.15s.; south declination 13 deg. 27m. 28s.—The present distance of the new planet, expressed in common measures, is about 32000, 31000,000 Eng. miles from the sun, and about 3100,000,000 miles from the earth. Its distance from Uranus, whose motions it disturbs, is about 150,000,000 miles. Its diameter is estimated at 50,000 miles. That of Uranus is about 35,000; of Jupiter, 86,000; of Saturn, 79,000; of the earth, 8000. Its cubic bulk is to that of the earth as 250 to 1. The new planet is the largest in our system except Jupiter and Saturn; and since these two planets, as well as Uranus, are each attended by a train of satellites, it is extremely probable that the new planet will have a similar accompaniment."

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