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# The Leader.

"The one Idea which History exhibits as evermore developing itself into greater distinctness is the Idea of Humanity—the noble endeavour to throw down all the barriers erected between men by prejudice and one-sided views; and by setting aside the distinctions of Religion, Country, and Colour, to treat the whole Human race as one brotherhood, having one great object—the free development of our spiritual nature."—*Humboldt's Cosmos.*

## Contents.

### NEWS OF THE WEEK—

	PAGE
Public Opinion on the Eastern Question	1010
Obsequies of Protection in Essex	1011
Our Sanitary Condition	1011
Letters from Paris	1012
Continental Notes	1012
Mechi on the Steam Plough	1014
A School for Tenant-Farmers	1014
"The Golden Age"	1014
The Anonymous Slanders of Bakourine	1014
The Wellington Monument in Somersetshire	1015

The Working Classes	1015
Criminal Record	1015
Miscellaneous	1016
<b>PUBLIC AFFAIRS—</b>	
Destiny of Christian Turkey	1017
Austrian Loans and Loans that Pay	1018
Hail Columbia in Japan	1018
The Brass-Button Policy	1019
The Fairy Tales of Science	1019
The Wilts County Magistrates' Justice	1020
The Governing Classes—No. VII.	
General Viscount Hardinge, G.C.B.	1020
The Farmer and his Friend	1022

### OPEN COUNCIL—

The Greek Empire Notion	1022
The Wages Movement and the Political Economists	1022
Hotel Charges	1022
Government Neglect of Scottish Rights	1022
A New Invention	1022

### LITERATURE—

Books on our Table	1024
The Religion of the Heart	1024
Allieford	1026

### PORTFOLIO—

Letters of a Vagabond	1027
-----------------------	------

### THE ARTS

The Olympic and its New Management	1029
------------------------------------	------

Health of London during the Week	1029
Births, Marriages, and Deaths	1029

### COMMERCIAL AFFAIRS—

City Intelligence, Markets, Advertisements, &c.	1029-1034
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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1853.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.]

## News of the Week.

NOT the slightest novelty has been introduced into the Turkish affair; only some of the illusions which beset it seem at last to be gradually disappearing. The pacific disposition of Russia is now denied by the *Morning Post*, in terms which leave little expectation that the Czar will justify the dilatory indulgence of the English Government. According to the *Post*, whatever the Czar may have said in loose conversation to intimate his readiness to receive new negotiations, he has really exerted himself at Warsaw and Potsdam to effect an "alliance," a conspiracy it should be called, between Russia, Austria, and Prussia, against Turkey and the Western Powers against Europe. Prussia was the difficulty, not Austria. Prussia held aloof, and that Power it was necessary to bribe. The Czar, therefore, offered to resign possession of Warsaw, and thus to abandon Poland to the House of Brandenburg. The King of Prussia is reported to have been too discreet for this desperate game. It is not wonderful that with the appearance of timidity in our own Court, with her success in Hungary, and now in Turkey, and with the subserviency of the second greatest empire in Europe, Russia should suppose herself strong enough to dictate to the Continent and the world. The King of Prussia does not live quite so far north but that he knows something more of what is going on in the west, and he holds aloof. The attempted alliance was a failure; Prussia remains effectively neutral, and Austria simulates the course taken by the most moderate of kings, also remaining neutral, and also, it is said, sincere in that neutrality. If this should be so, Russia will be unable to traverse the territories that cut her off from the rest of Europe, save by the route of the Baltic and the Black Sea. But we confess that we put no faith whatever in the neutrality of Austria, and none in the persistency of Prussia. The chief value of the report is to strengthen the suspicion that Russia will go forward, whatever negotiations may be attempted.

The proceedings on the Danube equally indicate this probability. The recruitment of forces, the appointment of Menschikoff as superintendent of the Principalities, the construction of barracks for the troops, the exile of two Wallachians who simply presented, the one a statement of grievances, and the other a translation of that state-

ment, indicate that Russia is not only preparing for a winter residence in the Principalities, but is actually acquiring the habits of government in that quarter. The intrigues of Russia amongst the Christian population have perhaps been checked by these examples of her tyranny, but Austria cannot yet have given up her hopes of annexing Servia, and perhaps Bosnia, notwithstanding the difficulties inherent in such enterprises. Austria may be neutral now, but she will, no doubt, wait a time when the force of circumstances will oblige her to take sides with her protector and accomplice, Nicholas.

The position of our own Government is not more clear than it has been for several weeks. Well-informed people aver that it is more firm than it professes to be. The newest report is the revival of an old one—that on some occasion in the last war Lord Aberdeen saw a number of dead bodies, and was so impressed by the unwholesome spectacle as to record a pledge against any conduct that should lead to war, as death was the worst evil that could befall humanity. Another member of the government is loud in declaring for peace at all price. Lord Palmerston is reported to hold conspicuously aloof. We know nothing of the truth of these reports, save as to the loud-speaking of the peace declarations of the Minister in question.

The departure of Count Mensdorf from the Court of our Queen to his own in Austria, and the subsequent departure of an Austrian Mensdorf from Vienna to the Court of St. Petersburg, causes a suspicious watchfulness. By favour of secret diplomacy, we shall know nothing about the result of all these manœuvres. They will remain unknown until the whole of the mischief shall have been done.

Notwithstanding the fact that meetings have been held this week, the most important agitation in favour of a right course with respect to Turkey, is the movement in Edinburgh, last week, for peace. At present the public is still disinclined to move, uncertain of the facts, and willing to hope that Ministers are really proceeding in a right course. The public, therefore, stops at home, and leaves the platform to the comparatively few moving men whose very names give a certain peculiarity of colour to the ostensible proceedings. There are few men of what are called "station" who have the courage to come forward, like Mr. Blackett, the Member for Newcastle, and to take their posts publicly as

Englishmen in declaration of a national duty, while so many of their order remain at home, each man ashamed to move unless everybody else will stand by him. But what public declaration has failed to do in the positive form, the Peace Party have succeeded in doing by the negative process. Mr. Cobden, by putting the doctrine of non-intervention in its most naked shape,—by declaring the conduct of Russia to be "selfish," and yet surrendering the world to the mercy of that policy,—by the gross sophistry with which he represents resistance to Russia as the maintenance of Mahomedanism in Europe, has roused the public to feel the total untruth of these representations, to feel even an indignation at the attempt to palm off fallacies so transparent. In like manner, Mr. Bright's upholding of the American model for military expenditure, while deprecating that same model for military organization, has drawn attention to that important subject by a new and an amusing illustration of the shifts to which its opponents were driven. The Peace Party did not go to Edinburgh for nothing; they have convinced the public that their doctrines are unattainable in England.

In home politics we have nothing more amusing or politically significant, than the meeting at Castle Hedingham, where the Hinchford Agricultural and Conservative Association held its annual banquet. In former times this periodical feast has been attended by those staunch Parliamentary Protectionists, who were called the "Essex Ten;" and it was in the same place that Mr. Disraeli first propounded his plan of transferring local burdens to the Consolidated Fund. Those were the days, however, when the Protectionists, by the weakness of the Whig Government, the supposed audacity of Lord Derby, and the dramatic ingenuity of Mr. Disraeli, appeared to be making a real onward march. They have marched into office only to show what they were; and Essex, powerfully represented in the Ministerial party of the Derby day, had its full share of the glories. Mr. Disraeli became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and did not insert the Hedingham speech into his Budget. Lord Derby became Prime Minister, to rest his Cabinet on the policy of Mr. Disraeli, and yet to talk at that Minister in a manner more curious than conducive to respect for the leader of the House of Commons; and to show that while he desired to be "audacious,"—as in breaking down Irish education—

he had not really the "pluck" that his tongue had indicated. He succumbed in the matter of Irish education, as his Finance Minister did in regard to "unrestricted competition." William Beresford entered into the Derby intrigues; Augustus Stafford rendered his administration of the Admiralty immortal; and the stanch Protectionists, like Sir John Tyrrell, sat on the Ministerial side in a state of total mystification at these attempts "to reconcile the House of Commons with the public departments;" to carry out protection in the shape of "unrestricted competition," and to exhibit the power of the Protectionist-Conservative party by yielding every point which distinguished it, and carrying on, with silly equivocations, the policy of the preceding Ministry, which was said to have been beaten, but which still imposed its own measures on its victors. The last meeting at Castle Hedingham marks a total contrast between the present day and that preministerial meeting in Hedingham Castle. Of all "the Essex Ten," only Bowyer Smijth was present. Disraeli sticks to his Royal Bucks, and roams not to vaticinate in Hedingham Castle. "W. B." sends a letter that he would come and explain everything, but that proceedings against him are pending in a criminal court. And Sir John Tyssen Tyrrell sends the most ingenuous of letters, confessing that his party is broken, its moral influence gone, that it must be reformed before it can continue, that he is too old to change his principles, and that he shall "content himself with floating on the political surface, until it shall have become less disagreeable." Such is the state of the Protectionist party, with "W. B." under arraignment, with its prophet silent in the county of John Hampden, with its Premier making unpublished speeches into the ear of a Liverpool Corporation, and with Sir John Tyssen Tyrrell floating on the political surface. A splendid declaration, however, was made at this meeting, by a local clergyman, the Reverend John Cox, who really, to use the vulgar phrase, did "take the shine" out of every speaker present. We do not except Mr. Round, the chairman, although that gentleman displayed so much power of imagination as to declare his party "the most important and powerful interest in the country." The sympathy of the meeting with the reverend gentleman is shown in the fact that, after his speech, as an act of gratitude, the meeting drank a special toast to his health, awarding him a civic crown of beeswing. And he deserves it. It is well known that the Conservative party, like a high prerogative party in a neighbouring kingdom, have from time to time conceived the idea of basing their power on Universal Suffrage, and this idea came out for the first time in open words, if we are not mistaken, from the mouth of the Reverend John Cox. He declared totally against Whig-Radical Reform—and a five-pound franchise. That, he said, is "democracy;" if they were to extend the franchise, let them have Universal Suffrage, "for there is something imperial in that: *Look at France.*"

The Reverend John Cox has a fitting contemporary in Mr. Booker, the Herefordshire member. At the annual agricultural dinner of the county, Mr. Booker was in a perfect ecstasy of bliss. The prospects of farmers were never brighter; gloomy forebodings and despondings have vanished from the mind of Booker. He holds up his head again. A thing he never could have expected to happen, has happened. Mr. Booker, the day before he made his speech, sold a thousand bushels of two-year old wheat for 500*l.*—ten shillings a bushel! *There* was an event to come to pass in 1853—seven years, only, after the repeal of the Corn-laws. Like Sir John Tyrrell Mr. Booker glowed at the thought of famine prices, he felt an "honest pride" in the anticipation of them; and so he said nothing, no not a word, about Protection. But there are, we are glad to say, other representatives of the agricultural mind, beside the Rev. John Cox and Mr. Booker. While the great Herefordshire member pins his faith on prices, Mr. Martin, a tenant-farmer of Cheshire, calls out for books. Mr. Martin has a new thing—county schools for the sons of tenant-farmers. Well done, Cheshire; that will be a good step in advance. Erect a college in the centre of the county, says Mr. Martin; send our children thither, and make them something. What prospects of improvement are suggested by the idea!

Mr. Wallis has made an interesting move-  
ment in the city, with what chances of success,

however, we are as yet unable to tell. His position is peculiar. The shrievalty has become an office more onerous than agreeable to the magnates of the city, and they usually try to avoid serving. The refusal entails a fine, and some officials profit by that fine. Hence, a traffic in modern times to procure the election of reluctant candidates, and thus to obtain the fine. At the last election a stand was made against this abuse; and after a good deal of discussion and difficulty, the candidates first chosen persevered in holding aloof, and another gentleman was elected on his own terms; that is to say, with the understanding that he should be allowed to dispense with the pageantries of his office, and to conduct his duties in a business-like manner. Not long since Mr. Wallis put the following advertisement into the *Times* :—

MR. Sheriff WALLIS respectfully invites his brother Liverymen of the City of London to MEET him at the London Tavern, To-morrow (Tuesday), at 2 o'clock precisely, to consider how best they may assist Her Majesty's Commissioners in the forthcoming inquiry, and so perpetuate the constitutional right of local self-government.

The meeting thus convened was accordingly held on Tuesday last. Mr. Sheriff Wallis appeared, declined to take the chair *ex officio*; was elected to it, and the resolutions which he had prepared in accordance with his invitation were carried unanimously. A requisition will be presented to the Lord Mayor, asking him to convene a Common Hall; and thus, at the instigation of one of the Sheriffs, the great body of the citizens are asked to take part in aiding a thorough reform, which should preserve to the city its local self-government while adapting it to the increased wants, and improved opinions of the day. Mr. Wallis has not expounded any plan of his own; but from all that has passed in public, appears to be acting openly and straightforwardly in the endeavour to obtain the genuine voice of the great body of the citizens.

The Irish jury have given their verdict on the first fatal railway accident in Ireland. They find the driver and stoker guilty of "manslaughter;" they find the company blameless. Deliberate experiment has proved that the luggage-train had just time to stop, if the driver had begun to pull up at the place where he saw, or ought to have seen the light. But, alas! the company are not quite blameless as it appears to us. The luggage-train was going fast, and it might go fast if it chose. The red tail light of the express had gone out; the white side lights were not in their places. Clearly the signal system was again at fault. Nor was there a break-van in proper order on the crushed train. We doubt the utility of finding drivers and stokers guilty of manslaughter, when the system is at fault. And if the drivers and guards on the Irish railways are worked as unmercifully as they are on some of the English lines, accidents cease to be accidents, and become certainties.

There is but little to say on the subject of the public health. Fewer deaths occurred in London last week than on the week previously—the numbers being 45 and 66 respectively. But we must expect these variations. Every fact elicited by inquiry confirms the strong conviction in the public mind that impurity and cholera are cause and effect, and it behoves the authorities to take measures accordingly.

The question is asked, whether Parliament is not to be summoned, for Ministers to consult it touching the posture of affairs in the East; but what good? Why assemble gentlemen who are laid up in ordinary till after Christmas, in order that they may debate motions by Mr. Newdegate, Mr. Ewart, or Sir Benjamin Hall, and sit to cheer while Lord John Russell, *vice* Lord Clarendon, emulating Lord Palmerston's admired feat, "throws himself on the House," and asks to be allowed to answer questions by silence? Members care no more about England, her honour, and influence, than other Englishmen do.

Miss Margaret Cunningham has been forcibly released under peculiar circumstances. The release was made suddenly—instantly on the grave demand of England. It is averred that a competent ecclesiastical authority had pronounced the tracts which she distributed *not* to be oppugnant to the Romish faith; so that she did not beard the Pope, and was not seeking martyrdom. Yet when her prison door was thrown open, she objected to go forth without a formal order! It is lucky that Tuscany has cut short this "question" by locking out this refractory young lady, for it might have been difficult for Lord Clarendon either to draw back, or to enforce his peremptory demand.

## PUBLIC OPINION ON THE EASTERN QUESTION.

THE Finsbury meeting on Tuesday was very large. It was held at the Music Hall in Store-street: the room was crowded. Mr. Thomas Slingsby Duncombe took the chair, and explained the objects of the meeting in an opening speech. He said :—

"I find that we are assembled together for the purpose of calling upon her Majesty's Government to assist the Turks by every means in their power in expelling the Russian troops from the Danubian Principalities, where they have committed a most unwonted aggression upon our old ally, the Sultan. (Cheers.) It is quite clear that if the requisition convening the meeting means anything, it means war; and it is a matter of serious consideration to the people of this country, whether they should or should not express, in terms not to be misunderstood, how far they are prepared to sanction the Government of the day in proceeding to such an extremity. We know perfectly well that the Crown has the prerogative of declaring war, or making peace; but it is the prerogative of the people, if the Ministers of the Crown counsel the Sovereign to conclude a dishonourable peace, to call those Ministers to account for giving such advice. I confess I should have been glad to see at the present moment some preparations for the re-assembling of Parliament (cheers), in order that the people of this country, through their representatives, might be able to express their opinion as to the course which England ought to pursue on this occasion. (Cheers.) That there has been a most unjustifiable aggression on the part of Russia no one can doubt. Every one is ready to admit that a great wrong has been done to Turkey, and that the occupation of the Danubian Principalities is an insult to Europe at large. (Cheers.) That a difference of opinion exists as to the course which this country ought to pursue, is apparent to every one who reads the daily papers. You have doubtless read an account of the proceedings of what is called the Peace Conference, at Edinburgh. Those proceedings were most amicably and delicately conducted. But I may say this—that, looking at the materials with which we have to deal—the Nicholas of the North—I don't think the argument of the Peace Conference likely to make much impression. Your negotiations with them will be useless, unless you mean gunpowder, and nothing but gunpowder. (Cheers.) If that be not your meaning, they will not attend to you at all—they will snap their fingers at you, and you might just as well whistle to the winds as talk about amicable negotiations with persons who are determined to do wrong if they have the power, or if you give them the opportunity. Now, if we are for war, let us know, at all events, what that war is to be for—let us know what it is likely to cost. You are well aware that at the close of the last century, before the commencement of the disgraceful wars in which this country became engaged, our taxation was only 2,000,000*l.* In the year 1815 it amounted to 70,000,000*l.* At the former period our public expenditure was about 3,000,000*l.*, but in 1815 it had increased to 130,000,000*l.* Now, although the sacrifices which we made were very great, we must not conclude a dishonourable peace or submit to any disgraceful proceedings on the part of the Autocrat of Russia. (Cheers.) I am well aware that, in discussing this subject, we are doing so under a great disadvantage, in consequence of the secret system of diplomacy which has been too long pursued in this country, and which, I hope and trust, is fast coming to a close. (Cheers.) I don't know an instance in which the inconvenience of secret diplomacy has been so signally displayed. Look at the six great parties engaged in the affair. Five of these nations publish to the world the progress of events, by issuing circulars and manifestos; but England publishes nothing; and at the close of the session of Parliament, all we could get from the present Government was the usual excuse, 'Negotiations are not yet complete, and it would be inconvenient to develop what is in progress.' Now look at the inconvenience caused by this attempt at secrecy. The Emperor Nicholas endeavoured, through his minister, to justify his aggression in Wallachia and Moldavia by a statement which was false from beginning to end. And what was that false statement? That our vessels having appeared within sight of Constantinople, it became necessary for him to take possession of the Principalities. Now the reverse was exactly the case. But that was the statement of an Emperor. It used to be said that if truth and good faith were to be banished from all parts of the world, it ought to be found in the breast of princes. But it is not so now. After that circular was issued what happened? The French and English Governments answered it; but we could not for a long time get at the precise terms of the reply of our Government. The reply of the French Government was a spirited one, and told Russia, in the plainest possible terms, that she had spoken a falsehood. Lord John Russell stated, in the House of Commons, that the English letter was much to the same effect; but it was not until certain garbled passages had appeared in print, that Lord Clarendon felt obliged to publish the entire letter, to set matters right. It would have been much better if we had been put in possession of that correspondence before the prorogation of Parliament. Lord Palmerston has been amusing ladies and gentlemen in the north, telling them that the present Government is going far beyond all others, and is ready to proceed to the correction of all abuses. If the noble lord will just for a moment turn his attention to the subject of secret diplomacy, he will find ample room for improvement; and I am quite certain that the people will soon find him plenty to do in other affairs relating to both Church and State. (Cheers.) Gentlemen, it is not for me to anticipate the resolutions which you may be prepared to adopt; nor would it be becoming in me to anticipate any of the sentiments that you may advance; but I am satisfied of this, that whatever resolutions you may adopt, and whatever opinions you may express, they will be in perfect accordance with those just and liberal principles which I as



your humble advocate in Parliament, have ever endeavoured to enforce. (Loud cheering.)

The first resolution was moved by Mr. Shaen. He urged the Government to assist the Turks in enforcing the evacuation of the Principalities. The people, he said, should bring "thought and deep conviction to this subject." He was sorry to see that Mr. Cobden had attempted to make this a religious question, by asking us to sympathise with the Czar, as the protector of Christians.

Dr. Epps seconded the resolution, and denied that Turkey was in a state of decay.

Mr. Urquhart then spoke. He condemned the system under which the diplomacy of the country had been so long conducted, and declared that the men to whose management it had hitherto been entrusted were not competent to perform their duties, and were dangerous to the country. (Cheers.) He contended that Turkey was a strong and rising power. Within the last twenty-five years Turkey had exhibited a spectacle unknown to any nation in ancient or modern times. She had quadrupled her commerce, and doubled her revenue. Mr. Urquhart then stated, on his own authority, that the Sultan had refused the protection of England.

The rest of the proceedings was remarkable for a "row," caused by the intrusion of Mr. Bronte O'Brien, and the unwillingness of many in the meeting to listen to his speech. Finally he was heard, and when he ended quiet was restored. An address to Lord Clarendon was voted, and the proceedings ended.

#### DR. NEWMAN'S VIEWS.

Dr. Newman has delivered a timely lecture at Liverpool on the Tartar races. He commenced by laying it down as a principle that there had been from time immemorial a great conflict between the north and south. The north had been aggressive, and the south had always to be on the defensive. This was brought before them in the Holy Scriptures. When the favoured people fell into sin, and were threatened with judgment, it was said to come from the north, because in the history of the world the north was the place which was the home of those restless nations which poured down upon the south. Why they did so was very plain also. The one had every thing to tempt, and the other had numbers to be tempted. The lecturer then described the formation, and other characteristics of the extensive plateau possessed by the Tartar tribes, and observed that the only office their fatherland could do them, was to thrust them forth from its inhospitable bosom on lands more fertile and tempting. He then described the course the tribes took in their migrations, which were always in the first instance westward. Having got to the edge of the plateau, they left Mongolia and entered Tartary. They then reached Pama, crossed the Oxus, and then descended into the vast plains of Turkistan. If they did not take that course, they turned towards Siberia, and the top of the Caspian, and then crossed the Oxus, by the Caucasus. And when they took neither of these courses, they crossed the Don, and so got into Russia, and then, crossing the Danube, they would find themselves in Europe.

The lecturer then described how these migrations were nothing more than raids or invasions, and how, travelling at their usual rate on such occasions, of one hundred miles a day, they could within a few weeks overrun all Asia, devastating and laying waste the country which they passed, more fearfully than a cloud of locusts. They rushed along with all the excitement of a fox hunt, but with the eagerness and silence of a beast of prey. Having named the countries which suffered most from these raids by the northern hordes, he remarked that while the north was so powerful, the south was equally powerless against such a calamity. For, in the first place, the north had no reprisals to offer, and therefore there could be no retaliation. In addition, the north was in itself impregnable; for what ambition could be so mad as to attempt to conquer in these regions? With ambition, in itself a fever, you could not lay down any rules, and there had been conquerors who had attempted it; but from the very first to the very last, from the great Cyrus down to Napoleon, they might observe as a rule, that no conqueror, no soldier, had ever attempted to lead his troops to the north but who had failed, accomplishing only the destruction of his army, and the prestige of his name. In ancient history they had one or two instances of attempts of the south to attack the north, and they illustrated merely that which was illustrated in the later history of Napoleon, in going against Russia. The lecturer then narrated the origin and result of the expeditions of Cyrus and Darius against the Scythians, and how their innumerable troops were destroyed, as those of Napoleon were, by the poverty of the country and the rigour of the climate. It was a very curious fact, and a very prophetic remark of the greatest of ancient historians, Thucydides, that if the Scythians were united, they would be the greatest and most powerful of all peoples. In ancient times they never were united; but it so happened since the Christian era, they had been united under one power five different times. There had been five different Tartar or Scythian Empires. The first was that of Attila and the Huns; the second was Zangis and his Tartars; the third was Timour, or Tamerlane, and his Mongols; the fourth was the Turks; and the

fifth was the Russians. What was more remarkable in those five empires was, that as time had been going on, they had been more powerful, and more civilized, (though none of them were really civilized) than the one before it; and another remarkable thing was, they had all been enemies of the Church. The two first were simple Pagans; Attila and Zangis. Timour was a Mahomedan; the Turks were Mahomedans; and the Russians belonged to the Greek Church. Each of those empires was more lasting than that which went before it. Attila's power died with himself; Zangis extended to his grandchildren. Timour founded an empire which existed to the middle of the last century, when the English superseded it; Delhi was his capital. The Turks were a most remarkable race, augmenting and springing up in a most wonderful way, when they appeared to be almost destroyed. Russia was composed of numerous Tartar races, and it was remarkable in this respect; they had the force, ferocity, and energy of barbarians in the subject, with refinement and civilization in the rulers. Those five empires had been all enemies of the Church, and one after the other had been more powerful than the one before.

#### OBSEQUIES OF PROTECTION IN ESSEX.

CASTLE HEDINGHAM is the moral centre of the Hinckford Hundred, and in its ruined castle—an old ivy-coated and broken-down building—Disraeli once roused the Protectionists of the county. But the decay of the party, and the winter and rough weather of the present day, prevented any such oratory in any such place at the annual meeting last Friday. In an inn room "about fifty" gentlemen met, and the notabilia of the evening were the absences of the county members. Letters were read from both. Sir John Tyrrell wrote as follows. (The passages we italicise deserve attention for their style and sentiment):—

"My dear Round—I am sorry frankly to admit that I have neither heart, spirit, nor courage to attend your meeting at Hedingham on the 14th.

"I feel that many friends will think that I am neglecting them, others that I am indifferent to what is passing in the county.

"Your meeting is *Conservative and agricultural*. I have a few words to say upon this subject.

"The Conservative party is so completely demolished in the House of Commons as a party that it must be reformed before it can be a combined party.

"If I am asked what has brought about this state of things, my answer is, the treachery and insincerity of conduct and action of many of that party who talked loudly upon the hustings of confidence in Lord Derby, and who were afterwards in the lobby of the enemy, defeating by their countenance the proceedings of the most strenuous and able of our leaders.

"Under these circumstances, our moral influence as a party has vanished. Undoubtedly I acted like the cabmen, and struck work, and perhaps you may say abandoned my duty. I admit that I am too old to enter the lists, and I have seen too much of party conflicts to attack those in our own ranks who, though their motives may be sincere, have, in my opinion, acted a part inconsistent with their declarations, which excited cheers from the hustings, and caused extraordinary exertions to be made to secure their return to Parliament.

"It is not impossible that we may, ere long, from the present sedative state of the party, be awakened by some attack upon our Protestant liberties, or by the din of war, mainly brought about by the antiquated imbecility of the head of the Cabinet, whose known sympathy with the Orleans party has encouraged Russia to rely upon a division between England and France, which would at once leave Turkey at the disposal of Russia. This state of things never would have occurred had Lord Derby remained in office. And this is the penalty that England has to pay in supporting a Government bound by a combination of trading politicians—that is, of men whose great object was to be in office upon any principles or at any price—and which is daily becoming explained to the public by the élite of the Irish party. These gentlemen, it seems, have been tampered with by the underlings of the Peel Whig party, putting into the shade by their imperfection the little imperfections of which Lord Derby's officials were accused.

"The only consolation of an alleviating character that is left for us amidst the convulsion in the money market is the prospect of bread and meat being a shilling a mouthful. It cannot be said that this has been done by the noblemen and gentlemen of the counties for their own benefit. This is the only pull, in a selfish point of view, that we have.

"It is a deplorable state of things that we have a Cabinet composed of statesmen without a party, who are staking the very existence of the honour and credit of the country and the nation upon the decisions and numbers of public meetings; and Ministers of the Crown get upon wagons and platforms in order to give their opinions weight at the next Cabinet Council.

"I sincerely wish well to the objects of your meeting. I cannot see my way in this *crash of the Conservative party*, and I know that the gentlemen of the Hedingham district understand the local but meritorious object of their meeting better than I do; but at the same time I acknowledge that I have neither heart nor courage to attend and speak my real opinions of the causes that have brought about this internal confusion and break down of our party in the House of Commons. I admit it would bring a hornet's nest about my ears attended with no beneficial result.

"I shall refrain from attending meetings, and content myself with floating upon the political surface till some event takes place that may render it less disagreeable than it would be now, by coming in conflict with many of those

with whom we have fought many a battle. I am, my dear George Round, always sincerely yours, J. T. TYRRELL."

Hampton Court, where Sovereigns have held counsel, is now partly occupied by the notorious W. B., and from this royal abode he wrote a letter in view of his coming trial as a corrupter of the Parliament. He said:—

"Till within a few weeks it was my decided resolution to have taken advantage of their annual meeting (the Hinckford farmers) to lay before them, and the constituency of North Essex, a full and detailed statement of the transactions connected with the Derby election, and the consequent inquiry, and to have vindicated myself from the unjust and malignant imputations which I have borne hitherto in silence, awaiting this opportunity to expose and refute them. A fresh persecution has been lately commenced against me; the whole matter has been opened afresh, and is to be brought to the issue of a trial. Such proceedings necessarily preclude me from entering into these explanations, which might be impolitic as far as I am individually concerned, but which must be unfair towards others whose cause has been mixed up with mine on this occasion. . . .

"I trust that those to whom you will read this letter will patiently await the conclusion of these legal proceedings, before they condemn unheard, or on the ex parte version of malignant enemies, one whose unremitting exertions for six years in the cause of the agricultural and Conservative interests, if overlooked by the party in whose service he has toiled, have not been forgotten by their opponents, and his unrelenting persecutors."

Speechmaking followed the reading of these letters. The Reverend J. Cox essayed a discourse on politics. He referred with anger to the "indignities" offered to Major Beresford and Sir John Tyrrell at the last election; yet, "after these indignities," some Peelite would meet him and say, "How do you do, Cox? Party is at end, and we are the Conservative Administration." Mr. Cox then explained that he differed from the present Ministry, and had no confidence in them; and he showed how Free Trade had not prevented a great number of ills. It had not prevented fluctuations in the market nor a scarcity of provisions. But, never despairing, Mr. Cox indicated a hope. Having been beaten upon the principle of Protection, the next question which naturally presented itself was this—"Is the Conservative party, then, to be broken up and annihilated because they have been beaten upon a fiscal duty on the price of corn?" Then they might look and see what were the great principles which had been acted up to by the Conservative party. They had carried out what Mr. Disraeli called the embodiment of a great principle, whilst on the other hand Peelites, and Radicals, and Whigs, with the Pope's brass band, none having a principle, were engaged to destroy the Conservative party. There might be some in the Government who acted upon principle, but he had looked and could not find one man upon whom he could pin his faith. With this melancholy conclusion Mr. Cox subsided.

The next speaker was Mr. Ashurst Majendie. He praised Sir John Tyrrell for "clearheadedness and firmness of character," generally lauded Major Beresford, and brought in Mr. Disraeli as "a man of infinite talent." He then attacked "two dangerous parties," "the cockney statesman and the cockney farmer"—the one who wished the Manchester men to supply the world with manufactured articles in exchange for corn, and the other reminded him of the Irish gentleman who supposed that, on some fine summer morning, he would be able to go to the hunt astride of his teakettle.

With such deadly-lively criticisms on current topics the company beguiled the hours, and sadly closed an assembly conducted with all the gloom and despondency proper to the occasion.

At a Herefordshire agricultural meeting, on Wednesday, Lord Bateman gave good advice to the farmers. Good farming in Herefordshire, he said, is the exception not the rule, and with the present prospect of scarcity, an effort should be made to remedy this state of things. And as regards their labourers, the farmers should avoid strikes, by showing a liberal spirit—not screwing their men down, but allowing them to share in the general prosperity. Mr. Booker was a succeeding speaker, and instead of a lamentation over low prices, he made an apology for high prices, and said that the cost of cultivation and the unfavourable weather would justify 8s. or 10s. a bushel. "Politics" were expressly eschewed by all the speakers.

#### OUR SANITARY CONDITION.

THE Queen's Prison (metropolis) is reported in an unwholesome state, arising from the emanations from the bone-boiling and other offensive trades carried on in the neighbourhood.

The graveyards of St. George, Bloomsbury, and St. George, the Martyr, are kept open to the great injury of the health of the neighbours.

In the Notting-hill portion of Kensington parish there still exists that slough of abominations known as "The Potteries." Things are even worse now than in 1848-49, when loud complaints were made by all the respectable inhabitants of the neighbourhood of the horrible condition of the locality, and when the medical officer of the district proved that the ratio of mortality among the residents exceeded that of almost any part of England. No one who has visited the spot where swine and human beings are suffered to remain immersed

together in filth, can wonder at such a result. There is a general opinion prevalent that the Kensington Board of Guardians might have done much more than has been done to correct this monster nuisance, and it has even been alleged that some of the guardians are owners of the property in "The Potteries."

A case of cholera has occurred within the last few days in Kensington, in the very same room where the first fatal case occurred in 1849. There have also been two fatal cases in St. George's-in-the-East.

In Newcastle much good has been done by the covering up of heaps of refuse with fresh earth. The nuisance is completely buried out of sight. The earth will have a deodorising action on the refuse, which after some time can be harmlessly removed.

The cholera still lingers in Newcastle. The deaths daily have fluctuated during the week from 6 to 2. In Gateshead, on the 19th, there was no death, and one or two have occurred on each other day of the week.

In the metropolis sudden outbursts of the cholera occur in bad places. In a close and unwholesome court, New-court, Bluegate-fields, two deaths have occurred. Such was the filthy condition of this court, and so imminent appeared the danger to the inhabitants in general, that the medical officer recommended their removal, if practicable, until the place could be thoroughly cleansed.

Beneath a great portion of the town of Hull there extends a system of flat brick sewers, which, under present arrangements, constantly accumulate foul deposit. During the last twelvemonth the local board have turned their attention to clearing out these receptacles of filth. Upwards of 10,000 cubic yards of foul matter are estimated to have been removed by hand labour and cartage from about ten miles of sewer.

The condition of the small town of Castleford is very bad. Foul middens, dung heaps, and collections of decomposing refuse, abounded in all parts of the town, and the liquid filth and house refuse stagnated on the neglected surfaces of yards and streets.

At the last visitation of cholera Hull is reported to have suffered the most severely of any town; Castleford was next on the list.

In York-buildings, Grub-street, Westminster, the Commissioners of Sewers emptied a cesspool down one of the old sewers which they were not able to flush, while the rule is to empty such pools into flush sewers only. The magistrate has been obliged to interfere to prevent the Commissioners from committing a nuisance.

Under the arches of the Eastern Counties Railway a heap of manure is allowed to remain, spreading most dangerous effluvia throughout the neighbourhood. Diarrhoea, typhus fever, and other dangerous maladies prevail in the neighbourhood. The officials of the railway station have been warned by the police.

In Gloucester a system of sewerage is in progress, but at present the inhabitants of the four principal streets live over cesspools, which are in their cellars, and the contents of which are nightly pumped into the streets, creating a stench of the most frightful description. Only a few days since it was decided that water should be procured from the filthy Severn instead of the Seven Springs, the source of an unbounded supply of pure water, the expense being about equal!

#### LETTERS FROM PARIS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

##### LETTER XCV.

Paris, Thursday Evening, Oct. 20, 1853.

ARRESTS are falling thick as hail just now upon the Republican party. Charles Delescluze, the friend of Ledru Rollin, and a fellow-refugee with him at London, has been arrested on a secret journey he was making to Paris. His arrest caused a number of others. He had gone to see M. Goudchaux, and some thirty men of the party. The police paid a domiciliary visit to the honourable Republican banker, and conducted him to prison at the Préfecture de police; but he was only detained there two hours. The Emperor, informed of his arrest by the electric telegraph, ordered his immediate release. It was not so, however, with the other persons compromised in the visits of Delescluze. They were all arrested, and are still, as I write, in confinement. The arrests have not been limited to Paris; they have been carried on very extensively in the provinces. At Tours five democrats have been thrown into prison. At Nantes the popular and esteemed Doctor Guépin, and Rocher (the inventor of that admirable machine for filtering salt water, which figured at the Great Exhibition of 1851) have both been arrested. They were both commissaries of the Provisional Government in Brittany in 1848. Doubtless the fact of their having held that temporary position exposes them to the suspicion of being as it were the rallying centres of the patriotic party in Brittany. Two more persons have been arrested at Tours; they are the printer and editor of the *Phare de la Loire*, MM. Mangin, father and son. After a most minute domiciliary visit they were both taken to prison. You will remark that all these various arrests are directed against the republican party of the middle-classes; not a single working-man is arrested. Perhaps the reason for this may be that the working-classes have a far stronger organization than the bourgeoisie. All the working-men who have tried isolated agitation, who

have not been willing to undergo the salutary yoke of the strictest discipline; all, in fact, who have tried to preserve their individual initiative, their private freedom of action, have been severely punished for their pains; witness the journeymen hatters of the quarter of the Temple arrested three weeks since. On the other hand, not a single one of those who have submitted themselves to the *mot d'ordre* has been either imprisoned or disturbed. So, half the working-men of Paris, and nine-tenths of those at Lyons, are now regularly organized. The southern departments have been considerably agitated of late. A serious exasperation has shown itself in the public spirit, as the Government inspectors have themselves attested. In a recent report to Bonaparte they assured him that it would be imprudent in the existing state of effervescence of the public spirit to relax those rigorous measures under which those departments are placed, and that the strength of the garrisons cannot be diminished.

With this slight interruption, Bonaparte is hunting, as if nothing had happened. The whole official world of the first class has received invitations to Compiègne. They take their turns by ticket, as you do in an anti-chamber. The finances are in a bad state. I have already mentioned the deficit. It appears the Government is preparing a series of measures to provide against the difficulty: among others, a loan of 400 millions (of francs), 16,000,000%. This is seriously talked of at the Bourse.

We are now in a complete stagnation of business. Commercial men are universally complaining. They have bought dear, and can find no sale. Bonaparte fancied that to toss stone and mortar about would be at once to revive commerce. But this political economy of 1803 is found to be totally unavailing in 1853. The State and the Municipality of Paris have been plunged into fabulous expenditure. A tenth of Paris has been knocked down; and after all, at the close of the year, the result is disastrous. Now, as it is the first of the reign, you may imagine it is far from an encouraging prospect.

And thus it is that some change or other is looked for in all quarters. Now it is to be observed that when such is the disposition of the commercial world in Paris, it is just then that revolutions happen—and succeed. The working men of Paris have translated the fact into a principle. They say, to make a revolution the workmen must be up, and the tradesmen looking on. Now circumstances are such (next May they will be a thousand times worse) that the tradespeople at their wits-end will have nothing more to lose. Then revolution will be possible. So people are beginning to have a presentiment that the year 1854 may even hold the promise of 1852. Not to speak of the chance of a European war, and of the whole continent being under arms. In vain Austria and Prussia are trying to preserve neutrality; it is impossible. Of two things one: either Turkey will beat Russia, or Russia will beat Turkey. In the first case Russia, driven to madness, will only redouble her efforts; she will raise a million of men if necessary to avenge her defeat; then France and England, to prevent Constantinople falling into the hands of the Czar, will be forced to give the Porte material succour of another kind than the mere presence of their squadrons; they will have to send an army into Turkey. Russia will call Austria, if not Prussia, to her aid, and then we have all Europe in a blaze. In the second case the result is the same: only more immediate.

In the meanwhile, preparations are made on all hands for war. An army of observation is to be formed at Metz, under the command of Prince Jerome Napoleon. This army would be designed, in certain contingencies, to act directly against Rhenish Prussia, and to operate on the Rhine from Landau to Cologne. All the garrisons in the northern departments are being brigaded by brigades, divisions, and corps, so as to be ready to furnish, at the first flash of the electric telegraph, a second army of 60,000 men, to act on Belgium and on the Rhine, from Cologne to Düsseldorf. All these garrisons could now, by means of the railway, be concentrated in one grand corps d'armée in twenty-four hours.

Russia, on her side, is not remaining inactive. The Czar, it is said, on learning the Turkish declaration of war, said, that it should be a war of extermination. Consequently, he gave orders to mobilize the entire active army—that is to say, the ten corps d'armée, of 60,000 men each, and to march them upon the Pruth. Russia, then, pretends to be able to march 600,000 men to the conquest of Turkey. Shall we let this be? Shall civilization let barbarism triumph? Let me cite the words of one of our eminent writers:—"It is high time to put an end to the middle ages, preserved, like a mammoth, in Polar ice; to have done with a world which has no place in the century, and which has given to humanity neither an idea nor an industry, nor an invention, nor a science, nor an art, nor a genius—nothing but war and Cholera. Russia is the nation of death. To kill or perish, such is her mission." I ask again, shall we let it be? S.

#### CONTINENTAL NOTICES.

The Empress Eugénie is reported to be again in an "interesting situation."

M. Zamoyski has written to the *Débats* to state that

there is no truth whatever in the assertions made by the *New Gazette of Prussia* (copied into the *Messenger*), of an auxiliary legion of refugees being formed at London, to assist Turkey, under the direction of a committee of Polish officers and the Polish Literary Society.

The *Moniteur*, of the 20th instant, contains a decree granting an extraordinary credit of 5,000,000f. to the Minister of the Marine.

The Ministerial report on which this decree is founded states that France has at present two squadrons of 40 ships-of-the-line, with a proportionate increase in the number of steam-frigates and corvettes. There is in the French navy one steam-line-of-battle-ship, the *Napoleon*; four with auxiliary power, completed; while nine others are being fitted for steam, and will be ready for sea within the next two months. Two 90 gun steam line of battle ships are to be launched at Brest on the 31st inst. Six new steam-vessels, after the model of the *Napoleon*, are on the stocks, and will be launched about the end of 1854. The total of the French navy amounts to 161 vessels, manned by 33,625 sailors, gunners, and marines.

All this is mainly owing to the energetic economies effected by M. Ducos, the present Minister of Marine, and it sufficiently reveals the determination of his government to make France a really formidable maritime power.

It was on Tuesday week that Alexandre Dumas addressed the letter, which we printed last week, to the director of the Théâtre Français, proposing to write and complete an entirely new comedy, in five acts (to replace the play stopped by the censorship), by the following Monday. On Friday night, just three days after the offer was made, the new comedy was finished; on Saturday it was read before the committee of the Théâtre Français, and accepted with enthusiasm. It was declared to be superior to the comedy for which it was substituted.

With regard to the recent obsequies of Francois Arago, the *Sidèle* remarks:—"Many were astonished not to see a single member of the Provisional Government in the procession. MM. Lamartine, Dupont (de l'Eure), Crémieux, and Garnier Pages, are absent: Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc, and Flocon are in exile: Albert is at Belleisle, and Armand Marrat is no more."

It appears that there is some chance of the Austrian quarrel with Switzerland taking a turn equally unexpected and unwelcome to both parties. A considerable party in Tessin, exasperated at what they think the unpatriotic and spiritless conduct of the Bundesrath towards Austria, is active at present in bringing about a separation of the canton from the Swiss Confederation, and its annexation to Sardinia.

The Federal Government acknowledges that the policy of conciliation is exhausted towards Austria, but declines, for the present, to do more than assist the suffering Tessinese with grants of money and provisions.

Corn riots took place at Turin on the 18th inst., but were easily suppressed.

Fifteen or twenty of the refugees lately arrested at Genoa were to be conveyed to Malta.

Miss Margaret Cunningham had literally, we are told, to be forced out of the Tuscan prison. She would not accept the *pardon* of the king, as it was acknowledged that not even under the Tuscan laws was she liable to imprisonment. The conduct of Mr. Scarlett, the British *chargé d'affaires*, who is so completely in the good graces of the Grand Duke, that the release of Miss Cunningham is granted as a compliment to him, is complained of as similar to his conduct in the Mather affair—unworthy of the Power he represents, and full of weak subservience to the Court to which he is accredited.

The return, just published, of the commerce and navigation of the Netherlands during the year 1852, shows considerable increase of imports, exports, and transit, as compared with the former year.

The Danish Chamber, on the 13th inst., rejected the Government scheme for the revision of the constitution, known as the Whole-State project. It decided unanimously, after a short discussion, to reject the project of the Government, and to take for the base of its deliberations the fundamental law of the 5th of June, 1849. There will be three discussions.

This is a check to Russian intrigues. The attempt of the Ministry has united the whole of the Danish Parliament against the Whole-State law. So that the Ministry must either "decree" a constitution, or dissolve the Parliament. The first course might effect their wishes, were they audacious enough to attempt it; the second would lead to the election of a new Parliament still more opposed to their policy. It is notable, that the Peasant-leaguers—hitherto partisans of the Court—have now joined the left and the centre in opposing the Court.

The Governments of Naples, Tuscany, and Rome, are throwing open the ports to corn, and are thinking to shut out cholera by strict quarantine against vessels from England and the north.

We are glad to hear that Malta and Trieste are gradually abolishing the absurd system of quarantine, and admitting vessels from ports formerly "suspected" to free pratique without delay.

The *Cologne Gazette* complains of the results of the commercial treaty with Austria, of February last, as detrimental to the Western States of the Zollverein. All the propositions of Russia and the Northern States of Germany, tending to reductions of the tariff, are said to have failed before the Austrian coalition.

The Austrian Government has reduced its army by decree to the extent of 75,000 men. We have more than once exposed the hollowness of these pretended reductions, intended to throw dust in the eyes of capitalists when a loan is wanted.

Rather inopportunistly, the same Government has re-established all the political and social disabilities from



which the Jews throughout the Austrian empire were released in 1848. Great indignation exists among the chief of the Jewish community; and threats are made of withdrawing their financial support to the tottering exchequer in the hour of need. But it is difficult to believe that Moses will outweigh Mammon, or that the children of Israel will be diverted from their operations by any sense of insult or injury to their faith.

The subjoined manifesto of the Porte was published on the 4th inst., the first day of the Mahomedan year, and read on the 7th inst. in all the mosques:—

#### MANIFESTO OF THE SUBLIME PORTE.

"In the present state of circumstances it would be superfluous to take up from its very commencement the explanation of the difference which has arisen between the Sublime Porte and Russia, to enter anew into the detail of the diverse phases which this difference has gone through, or to reproduce the opinions and judgments of the Government of his Majesty the Sultan, which have been made public by the official documents promulgated from time to time.

"In spite of the desire not to restate the urgent reasons which determined the modifications introduced by the Sublime Porte into the draft of the Note prepared at Vienna (motives exposed previously in a Note explanatory of the modifications), yet new solicitations having been made for the adoption, pure and simple, of the said Note, in consequence of the non-adhesion of Russia to these same modifications, the Ottoman government finding itself at present compelled and forced to undertake war, thinks it a duty to give an exposition of the imperious reasons for that important determination, as well as for those which have obliged it not to regulate this time its conduct according to the counsels of the Great Powers, its allies, although it has never ceased to appreciate the benevolent nature of their suggestions.

"The principal points to which the Government of his Majesty the Sultan desires to give prominence are these:—That from the very beginning his conduct has furnished no motive of quarrel, and that, animated with the desire of preserving peace, he has acted with a remarkable spirit of moderation and conciliation, from the commencement of the difference up to the present time. It is easy to prove these facts to all who do not wander from the path of justice and equity.

"Even supposing that Russia had a subject of complaint in relation to the Holy Places, she ought to have circumscribed her actions and solicitations within the limits of this question alone, and ought not to have raised pretensions which the object of her complaints could not sustain. She ought not, moreover, to have taken measures of intimidation, such as sending her troops to the frontiers, and making naval preparations at Sebastopol, on the subject of a question which might have been settled amicably between the two Powers. But it is evident that what has taken place is totally contrary to an intention of amicable settlement.

"The question of the Holy Places had been settled to the satisfaction of all parties; and the Government of his Majesty the Sultan had testified favourable dispositions on the subject of the guarantees demanded. In short, Russia had no longer any ground for raising any protest.

"Is it not seeking a pretext for quarrel then, to insist, as Russia has done, upon the question of the privileges of the Greek Church granted by the Ottoman Government, privileges which the Government believes its honour, its dignity, and its sovereign power are concerned in maintaining, and on the subject of which it can neither admit the interference nor the surveillance of any Government? Is it not Russia which has occupied with considerable forces the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, declaring at the same time that these provinces should serve as a guarantee, until she had obtained what she desired? Has not this act been considered justly by the Sublime Porte as a violation of treaties, and consequently as a *casus belli*? Have the other Powers themselves been able to come to any other decision? Who, then, will doubt that Russia has been the aggressor? Could the Sublime Porte, which has always observed all her treaties with a fidelity known to all, by infringing them in any way do more than determine Russia to a proceeding so violent as that of herself infringing all these treaties? Again, has there arisen, contrary to the promise explicitly given in the treaty of Kainardji, such facts in the Ottoman empire as the demolition of Christian churches, or obstacles opposed to the exercise of the Christian religion?

"The Ottoman Cabinet, without desiring to enter into too long details on these points, doubts not that the high Powers, its allies, will judge with perfect truth and justice on the statement just exhibited.

"As to the non-adoption of the Vienna Note in its pure and simple form by the Sublime Porte, it is to be remarked that this project, although not in every point conformed to the Note of Prince Menschikoff, and while containing, it is true, in its composition, some of the paragraphs of the draught Note of the Sublime Porte, is not, as a whole, whether in letter or spirit, essentially different from that of Prince Menschikoff.

"The assurances recently given by the representatives of the Great Powers respecting the apprehended danger from hurtful interpretations of the draught Note in question, are a new proof of the kind intentions of their respective governments towards the Sublime Porte. They have consequently produced a lively satisfaction on the part of the Government of his Majesty the Sultan. It must be remarked, however, that while we have still before our eyes a strife of religious privileges raised by Russia, which seeks to base its claims on a paragraph so clear and so precise in the treaty of Kainardji; which wishes to insert in a diplomatic document the paragraph concerning the active solicitude of the Emperor of Russia for the maintenance in the states of the Sublime Porte of religious immunities and privileges which were granted (*octroyés*) to the Greek rite by the Ottoman Emperors before Russia so much as existed as an empire, to leave in a dark and doubtful state the absence of all relation between these privileges and the

treaty of Kutschuk Kainardji, to employ in favour of a great community of subjects of the Sublime Porte professing the Greek religion expressions which might make allusion to treaties concluded with France and Austria relative to the French and Latin religions—this would be to incur the risk of placing in the hands of Russia vague and obscure paragraphs, some of which are contrary to the reality of facts, and would offer to Russia a solid pretext for her pretensions to a religious surveillance and protectorate—pretensions which that Power would attempt to produce, affirming that they are not derogatory to the sovereignty and independence of the Sublime Porte.

"The very language of the *employés* and agents of Russia, who have declared that the intention of the Government was no other than to fulfil the office of an advocate with the Sublime Porte whenever acts contrary to existing privileges might be done, is a patent proof of the justice of the opinion of the Ottoman Government.

"If the Government of his Majesty the Sultan has judged it necessary to require that assurances should be given, even if the modifications which it introduced by it into the Vienna Note were adopted, how in conscience could it be tranquil if the Note were to be retained in its integrity and without modification? The Sublime Porte, in accepting that which it has declared to all the world it could not admit without being compelled thereto, would compromise its dignity in view of the other Powers, would sacrifice its honour in the eyes of its own subjects, and would commit a mental and moral suicide.

"Although the refusal of Russia to accord the modifications required by the Sublime Porte has been based on a question of honour, it cannot be denied that the ground of that refusal was simply and solely its desire not to allow explicit terms to replace vague expressions, which might at some future time furnish it with a pretext for intermeddling. Such conduct, therefore, compels the Sublime Porte to persist on its part in withholding its adhesion.

"The reasons which have determined the Ottoman Government to make its modifications having been appreciated by the representatives of the Four Powers, it is proved that the Sublime Porte was right in not purely and simply adopting the Vienna Note. It is not with the view of criticising a project which obtained the assent of the Great Powers, that we enter upon a discussion of the inconveniences which the Vienna Note presents. Their efforts have always tended to the preservation of peace, while defending the rights and independence of the Imperial Government. The endeavours made to attain these objects having been as laudable as can be conceived, the Sublime Porte cannot sufficiently acknowledge them. But, as evidently each Government must possess, in consequence of its peculiar knowledge and its local experience, more facilities than any other Government for judging of the points which concern its own rights, the examination which the Ottoman Government makes is prompted entirely by its desire to justify the obligatory situation in which, to its great regret, it finds itself placed, desiring, as it has done, to continue following the benevolent counsels offered to it by its allies ever since the commencement of the differences, and which until now it has followed.

"If it is alleged that the haste with which the Vienna Note was drawn up results from the backwardness of the Sublime Porte to propose an arrangement, the Government of his Majesty the Sultan must justify itself by stating the following facts:—

"Before the entrance of the Russian troops into the two Principalities, some of the representatives of the Powers, actuated by the sincere intention of preventing the occupation of those provinces, urged upon the Sublime Porte the necessity of framing a draft Note occupying a middle place between the draft Note of the Sublime Porte and that of Prince Menschikoff. More lately the representatives of the Powers confidently communicated different schemes of arrangement to the Sublime Porte. None of these latter responded to the views of the Imperial Government; and the Ottoman Cabinet was on the point of entering into negotiations with the representatives of the Powers on the basis of a project drawn up by itself in conformity with these suggestions. It was at this moment that news of the passage of the Pruth by the Russians arrived, a fact which changed the face of the whole question. The draught Note proposed by the Sublime Porte was then set aside, and the Cabinets were requested to express their views of this violation of treaties after the protest of the Sublime Porte. On the one hand, the Ottoman Cabinet had to wait for their replies, and on the other it drew up, at the suggestion of the representatives of the Powers, a project of arrangements, which was sent to Vienna.

"As the sole answer to all these active steps, the draft of our Note prepared (*elaboré*) at Vienna made its appearance.

"However that may be, the Ottoman Government fearing rightly everything which might imply a right of interference in favour of Russia in religious matters, could do no more than give assurances calculated to dissipate the doubts which had become the subject of discussion; and it will not, after so many preparations and sacrifices, accept propositions which could not be received at the time of the stay of Prince Menschikoff at Constantinople. Since the Cabinet of St. Petersburg has not been content with the assurances and pledges that have been offered, since the benevolent efforts of the High Powers have remained fruitless, since, in fine, the Sublime Porte cannot tolerate or suffer any longer the actual state of things, or the prolongation of the occupation of the Moldo-Wallachian Principalities, they being integral portions of its empire—the Ottoman Cabinet, with the firm and praiseworthy intention of defending the sacred rights of sovereignty and the independence of its Government, will employ just reprisals against a violation of the treaties which it considers as a *casus belli*. It notifies, then, officially, that the Government of his Majesty the Sultan finds itself obliged to declare war, that it has given most precise instructions (*les instructions les plus catégoriques*) to his Excellency Omar Pasha to demand from Prince Gortschakoff the evacuation of the Principalities, and to commence hostilities, if after a delay of fifteen days from the arrival of

his despatch at the Russian head quarters an answer in the negative should be returned.

"It is distinctly understood that should the reply of Prince Gortschakoff be negative, the Russian agents are to quit the Ottoman States, and that the commercial relations of the respective subjects of the two governments shall be broken off.

"At the same time, the Sublime Porte will not consider it just to lay an embargo upon Russian merchant vessels, as has been the practice. Consequently, they will be warned to resort either to the Black Sea or to the Mediterranean Sea, as they shall think fit, within a term that shall hereafter be fixed. Moreover, the Ottoman Government being unwilling to place hindrances in the way of commercial intercourse between the subjects of friendly powers, will, during the war, leave the straits open to their mercantile marine."

The *Trieste Gazette* notices a difference which distinguishes the present Turkish declaration of war from those which have preceded it. Formerly every act of this kind was preceded by a *fetvâh* by the Sheik ul Islam, as chief of the Mahomedan religion, and which declared the war to be commanded by the church. This time, out of regard for the Christians, the custom has been broken; and the declaration of war is exclusively a political act. The *fetvâh* given merely states that the projected war was not contrary to religion.

Omar Pasha's summons to Prince Gortschakoff to evacuate the Principalities, sent by a son of Reschid Pasha, was as follows:—

"Monsieur le General,—It is by the order of my Government that I have the honour to address this letter to your Excellency.

"While the Sublime Porte has exhausted all means of conciliation to maintain at once peace and its own independence, the Court of Russia has not ceased to raise difficulties in the way of any such settlement, and has ended with the violation of treaties—involving the two Principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, integral parts of the Ottoman empire.

"True to its pacific system, the Porte, instead of exercising its right to make reprisals, confined itself even then to protesting, and did not deviate from the way that might lead to an arrangement.

"Russia, on the contrary, far from evincing corresponding sentiments, has ended by rejecting the proposals recommended by the august mediating Courts—proposals which were alike necessary to the honour and to the security of the Porte.

"There only remains for the latter the indispensable necessity of war. But as the invasion of the Principalities, and the violation of treaties which have attended it, are the veritable causes of war, the Sublime Porte, as a last expression of its pacific sentiments, proposes to your Excellency, by my intervention, the evacuation of the two provinces, and grants for your decision a term of fifteen days, to date from the receipt of this letter. If within this interval a negative answer shall reach me from your Excellency, the commencement of hostilities will be the natural consequence.

"While I have the honour to make this intimation to your Excellency, I embrace the opportunity to offer the assurances of my high esteem."

The reply of Prince Gortschakoff is said to have been in these words:—"My master is not at war with Turkey, but I have orders not to leave the Principalities until the Porte shall have given to the Emperor the moral satisfaction he demands. When this point has been obtained, I will evacuate the Principalities immediately, whatever the time or the season. If I am attacked by the Turkish army, I will confine myself to the defensive."

The latest accounts from Constantinople, of the 10th inst., by the Vienna telegraph, state that the Sultan had made a formal demand to the Ambassador of England and France, to summon the allied fleets to the Bosphorus. The Ambassadors had accordingly done so. It is said in a despatch from Bucharest of the 5th, that Prince Gortschakoff's inspection being terminated, "the camps had been broken up, and Russian troops were moving in masses on the Danube to the number of 35,000 men, with 251 guns." This does not tally with the special information which Mr. Urquhart has communicated to the *Times*, to the effect that Reschid Pasha had declined the "amicable" offers of assistance, made to the Porte by the British Ambassador, and that the French squadron was to winter at Vourla Bay and the British squadron at Mitylene.

The other details furnished by Mr. Urquhart may, however, be more authentic. His correspondent writes that,—

100 field-pieces were about to be despatched by sea to Varna. The principal personages have contributed their carriage-horses for the service.

On the 5th, the steamboats reached Constantinople with the advanced guard of the army of Mesopotamia, having been despatched ten days before to the coast of Syria to fetch them up.

The Sherif of Mecca has sent to inform the Sultan that there are 100,000 Arabs at his disposal, who will serve without pay, and ask only to be furnished with provisions.

The Greek Patriarch at Constantinople (it must not be forgotten that the Russo-Greek Church is wrested from the Patriarchate) lately died with mysterious suddenness. He had protested against the Protectorate claimed by Prince Menschikoff. A synod has been summoned to elect his successor, and busy intrigues are at work in the interest of Russia.

It is announced that the Sultan has granted a firman for the construction of a canal from Russowa, on the Danube, where the river bends to the north, to Kustenjde on the Black Sea. The concession is to an English company. If successful, this canal will render British commerce independent of Russian obstructions. The distance from the extreme points is only thirty miles, but the canal

would shorten the navigation of the Danube between Vienna and Constantinople by 250 miles, and bring the mouth of the river 150 miles nearer to Constantinople.

It is stated that the Turkish Government has asked the French Emperor to allow two general officers and about a dozen staff officers to attach themselves to his army.

The Syrian contingent to the Turkish army of Asia will number near 18,000 men.

The Prince of Servia is reported to have informed Omer Pacha that 30,000 men are on the frontier, to repulse the troops of Austria, if they should attempt to enter the Principality.

M. Xavier Raymond, one of the chief political writers of the *Journal des Débats*, has been sent to Constantinople to report on events. His first letter describes the enthusiasm of the population for war, and at the same time their dignity, moderation, and calmness, the immense efforts to support the struggle, the effective state of the Turkish army, and the activity and extent of the warlike operations. He had visited the fleets in Besika Bay. The British fleet had suffered much from sickness, but the health of the ships was much improved.

The Porte has expressed its determination to restrict the consequences of the impending war to Russian interests only, and to protect those of all other States, as in time of peace.

The Russian subjects in Turkey are, from the 1st of October, to be placed under the protection of Austria.

Omer Pacha has declared that vessels sailing under a neutral flag will be allowed to pass on the Danube till the 25th inst.

A command in the Turkish army has, it is said, been offered to Abd-el-Kader, but previous to accepting it the Emir had asked the opinion of the French Government on the subject.

From the Danube we hear that "Omer Pasha has organized a regiment of Pontonniers, whose instruction was making rapid progress every day. He has nearly completed all the *matériel* for throwing a bridge across the river, but it is not expected that he will make any movement until next spring." Prince Gortschakoff, it is said, has ordered 3000 huts to be erected on the left bank of the Danube, and the Wallachian government has to pay 30,000 ducats for their construction. "The commissariat of the Russian army" is described by the *Times* as being "so infamously managed, that sometimes there is no bread. From 10,000 to 12,000 men are constantly in the hospital with dysentery and typhus. Generals Gortschakoff and Dannenberg are also ill. A thing hitherto unheard of in the Russian service has occurred: Generals Sattler and Kotzebue have written to St. Petersburg, and declared that, in consequence of the *nonchalance* of Prince Gortschakoff, the army will be ruined before the campaign begins. Prince Paskiewitch is loudly demanded by the army.

A French paper states that Lord Brougham has placed over his portals at Cannes the classical inscription valedictory to public life—

Inveni portum—Spes et Fortuna, valet—

Sat me lusistis—ludite nunc alios.

The Earl of Carlisle was at Malta on the 12th inst.

#### MECHI ON THE STEAM PLOUGH.

At a meeting of the Witham Labourers' Friend Society, Mr. Mechi made a good speech. The early part of the day had been devoted, mainly, to ploughing matches, and the speech of the citizen-farmer, spoken after dinner, explained clearly the scope and character of the new steam machinery. We give, almost in its entirety, his very interesting speech.

His "balance-sheet" was the first topic:—

"I have been for a long time asked for my balance-sheet, and a few days ago I set myself quietly down to my books to examine the accounts of the year; I called in my neighbour here to assist me in the valuation, and we both agreed that we were entitled to a larger valuation for tillages than last year; but laying it at the same I found that I not only derived my improved rental, but I derived a profit of at least 300*l.*, taking the wheat at 16*l.* a load, and with the present price of wheat, perhaps I shall get 400*l.* But I beg to state that the difference has arisen in a great measure from the stock account, and my improved system of irrigation, from its enabling me to keep double the amount of stock on the same amount of land; that has influenced my crops more or less, and though I have purchased 700*l.* of food, I find the difference has been very much in my favour. To that, quite as much as to the general advance in price, I attribute my success. I am now in a better condition than I ever was—more ready to produce better crops in future; and I may say I may fairly congratulate myself on being now safely landed in the harbour of profit. (Cheers.) The system of irrigation I have adopted certainly does wonderful things. It will change a bad pasture into a good one in the course of a year. There is not a person in this meeting who will not be able to confirm what I say, that do what you will, and spend what you will, it is difficult to get good pasture on the hard yellow clay; but the irrigation appears to make the old plants die out, and brings you in a new stock of grasses and clover, that makes the animals look better, and enables you to keep more per acre. That brings me to the question of drainage; and the more carefully I consider that, the more I am convinced I am right in this principle, for I assure you that the liquid manure not only saturates the ground to the depth of three, four, or five feet, but runs through these solid clays, coloured highly, and smelling, and you may trace it in the ditches for 200, or 300, or 400 yards."

Steam cultivation is making progress.

"I have a strong opinion, which is confirmed more and more every day, that steam will shortly be the power to cultivate most of our soils, and for this simple reason,—that horses soon get tired of hard work. We never allow them to plough more than an acre a day, when they are then taken off and sent home, because you know it would

be against your interest to make them do more. On the road the power of a horse regularly worked is exhausted in an hour. He takes a coach seven or eight miles,—that is one stage; and he is then taken off for the remainder of the day: he is worked one hour, and he rests 23,—and he cannot do that more than six days out of the seven. But if you get a steam horse, and feed him with coals and water, you may keep on till the end of time, or till it is worn out. I believe that steam power is as important in the cultivation of the land as in any of the other operations in which it is employed. The great difficulty of the matter has been to get the great weight, that was thought necessary to give the power, on to the land, but I think by our machine we shall get the power of 10 or 12, or 15 horses, concentrated into the weight of two tons; and if we do get it in two tons with the power of 15 horses, we shall be able to move a great deal of soil at little cost. Whether the tilling of the soil, the preparing of it, and the seeding, can be done all at one time, remains to be seen. The inventor says that a rabbit when it scratches up a piece of ground, covers it by what is scratched up from that which follows. This will be the principle of the machine. If it make a hole it will fill it up in the same way; and if it succeed in that and roll the land, it will be a great convenience to the farmers. I have also to state that the new American thrashing machine has arrived; the boxes have been sent down to my farm, and I have suggested to the party that we should have a trial of it on the same day as the digging machine. If that should succeed—I have seen a model of it, and I think on the whole it is an improvement on the others we have in the thrashing and dressing part—he says it will thrash two bushels a minute—I shall be satisfied if it does one; but this I am rather surprised at—it is worked by horse power. We of course shall use steam. As to the steam digging machine, I ought to state that the power will be applicable to all other objects in farming, thrashing, pumping, or anything on the farm; and if it should succeed, it will be let out as drills are for small farmers, I have no doubt. I should mention there is another large plan of steam cultivation under consideration, in which, by the introduction of a system of railways and endless ropes, the farmer will be able to use an engine of 30 or 40, or 50-horse power; that is under consideration, and I have seen the drawings, but I am not in a condition to say whether it will be carried out. But I think in seven years you will see forty different plans for cultivating land by steam."

Mr. Mechi then praised a new kind of perforated bricks, as being stronger than the common bricks, and with other advice on practical matters, wound up a pleasant and probably useful speech.

#### A SCHOOL FOR TENANT FARMERS.

SOME very timely and judicious remarks were made at a meeting last week of the Cheshire Agricultural Society. The speaker was a Mr. Martin, and the theme the necessity of especial education for the sons of tenant farmers.

"We are all aware, and I hope we all duly appreciate the great efforts that have been made by the aristocracy of this country and the public generally, in providing for the education of the working-classes, and no one more sincerely than myself wishes that those efforts may be crowned with success. We have, my lord, a diocesan college for the training of schoolmasters; we have our national schools studded over the country, and a great national ornament they are; we have our endowed public schools, our chambers of commerce, our schools of design, and innumerable other establishments of learning and improvement for all classes of her Majesty's subjects but one, and that a very important class. I mean the tenant farmers' sons, for whom I do respectfully contend there is not that adequate provision made which their station in society demands. I believe it is the opinion of some that a very moderate amount of education, and indeed a very moderate capacity, is sufficient for a farmer. Now, my lord, I must take leave to differ entirely from this doctrine; and when we consider the difficult and important duties a farmer has to perform, such as the selection of stock, the treatment of that stock, understanding the value of it when ready for market, the selection of proper implements, the management of their servants, the performance of parochial duties, and a great many other things which necessarily devolve upon him, I think you must agree with me that both a wise head and a well-informed mind are quite necessary for the due performance of these important duties. I am aware that some people think the education to be obtained in our national schools is quite sufficient for a farmer's son; but supposing this to be the case, I know there is a strong objection on the part of farmers generally to their children being sent to the same schools as those boys who are to become in after life their servants, as it tends to destroy or interfere with that authority the master ought to exercise over the servant; besides which they contend (and I think with reason) that the farmer has a great right to maintain his position in society as any other section of the community. I think, therefore, my lord, what is wanted is simply the erection of a proper building in some central part of the county, which might be done by a public subscription, and if once set in motion I make no doubt it would be a self-supporting institution, as I know from my intercourse with the farmers of this county that something of this sort is loudly called for by them. I would not confine the subscription to the gentlemen and yeomen of the county, but I would take in another class of gentlemen whom I think we may conclude, from the present position of trade, have a deep interest in everything that may tend to the success of agriculture, and the increase of home-grown human food. I mean the commercial men and manufacturers; and if I am not very much mistaken in my estimation of their good feelings towards our Cheshire farmers, I believe an appeal to the merchant princes of Liverpool, and the rich manufacturers of Lancashire and Yorkshire in this good cause would not be made in vain. Indeed, I think it would be a very graceful way of acknowledging the civility they have always re-

ceived, and the obligations they are under to the Cheshire farmers for permitting them, with so much good humour, to ride over their fields and fences in pursuit of their favourite and exhilarating sport of fox-hunting and other field amusements. However impracticable my ideas upon this subject may appear at first sight, if I am spared, I hope many in this room may live to see the day when a building shall rear its head in some healthy locality in this county, where the rising generation of farmers' sons may be able to obtain a good sound agricultural education." (Cheers.)

The people present quickly took up the idea thus put forth, and Dr. Brindley promised to put the matter in train for a practical issue.

#### "THE GOLDEN AGE."

THIS new American steamship now in the Mersey is, in fact, the American river boat sent to sea, and although her speed has not been extraordinary on her late passage, it has been fair—say good, occupying eleven days nine hours. The adaptability of boats of this class to ocean steaming, not on the calm waters of the Pacific, but amidst the gales of the Atlantic, is as yet an undecided question, for the *Golden Age*, the first steamer of her class, experienced moderate weather upon the whole. To test the matter fairly and conclusively, it would require that she made a westerly passage from hence to New York, in what we often find in the logs of the present steamers, "heavy gales and high cross sea."

Her hull is very beautiful, the forepart being remarkably sharp, more so than in any vessel we remember to have seen, and the afterpart of the ship is as finely cut away. Her paddle-wheels are placed very far aft, and the mainmast is "stepped" between the paddle-boxes. She has no bowsprit, and for her figure-head she has a full-length figure of Mercury, which is the best thing of the kind we have seen from the American side of the water. The tonnage is 3000, with 1000 horse-power.

It is in the interior of the ship, however, the novelties are to be found. The *Golden Age* is designed to carry some 1200 passengers, and in the provision for them is seen the great feature of the American system, house upon house. In most respects the *Golden Age* differs from our English notions of a ship. She has on deck what may be called a deck-house, running its entire length, with a passage round the greater part of it, and above this again another deck-house, as high as the top of the paddle-boxes. The vessel will take three classes of passengers. First, there are the steerage passengers, who sleep below, and mess in the forepart of the deck-house, where they have plenty of room, shelter, and light. The second class may be accommodated in the after saloon, and the first class in the upper saloon. These saloons are nicely fitted up, especially the upper one, which is a light and cheerful apartment. In this saloon is carried out one of the American "notions," in the shape of two bridal cabins. There is one of these cabins in each side of the ship. One of these cabins is called "Esperance," and the other "El Dorado." They are elegantly furnished. The bed hangings are of network, the sofas of white and amber silk, and all the other decorations in keeping.

The *Golden Age* has but one engine, which consumes but forty tons of coal daily instead of seventy tons—the daily consumption of the *Arctic*. Their shape also precludes vibration, and causes the ship to proceed without straining at a steady and uniform speed.

#### THE ANONYMOUS SLANDERERS OF BAKOUNINE.

WE have received, with a request for its insertion, the following declaration. Mazzini, Kossuth, Arnold Ruge, and other unimpeachable names, have already disposed of the odious charge which anonymous pens have sought to bring against the fair fame of the unfortunate Russian patriot, Bakounine. German democratic combatants, who fought at Dresden in 1848, now add their united testimony to rebut the secret slanderers. We are happy to give our publicity to this declaration: the more so that the journal (a "liberal" journal, we regret to add) which admitted the calumny rejects the vindication:—

TO THE ANONYMOUS F. M.—

SIR,—In your letter, entitled, "The Russian agent, Bakounine," in the *Morning Advertiser*, where you endeavour to show, "by facts," that Bakounine was a Russian spy, you rely, strange to say, upon his revolutionary activity, his captivity and prosecution in Saxony, and depend chiefly on them for the grounds of your supposition.

I was intimately connected with Bakounine and with the provisional government of Saxony, left Dresden at the same time as they did, and guided the retreat of the men who fought upon the barricades there, as far as Freiberg; I was with them till the very moment of the capture of Bakounine; Heubner, &c., and escaped the same fate only by accident. I am therefore in a position to know and to speak of circumstances better than any one else.

I have, then, no hesitation in saying, that "the facts" related by you are altogether false.

You state, further on, that Bakounine was suf-



from the Austrian and Saxon police. What were, then, the reasons why Bakounine hid himself in Leipzig, and afterwards in Prague, and had connexion with no party beyond a few intimate and confidential friends, and never used to go out without being accompanied by them, and in the evenings only? Such precautions would have been unnecessary had he been well secured from the Austrian and Saxon police, as you believe.

You state further: "In the insurrection of Dresden, Bakounine was made prisoner, with arms in his hands, by the Prussians, and his less guilty companions were put to death, whilst he passed unmolested through the hands of the Prussians, Saxons, and Austrians."

Bakounine, Heubner, &c. were arrested early in the morning of 10th May, 1849, in Chemnitz (the first town which acknowledged the provisional government), placed in solitary confinement by the bourgeoisie of that town, and afterwards delivered into the hands of the Prussians, and sent to Altenburg. The chief instrument of this base action was Dr. Becker, Heubner's brother-in-law. I was at that time in Chemnitz till noon of that day, and up to that time there was not a single Prussian soldier in the town.

The companions of Bakounine—Heubner, &c.—were not put to death; they are still alive in the dungeons of Saxony.

Bakounine did not pass through the hands of the Prussians, Saxons, Austrians, as you relate; he was, together with his companions, sentenced to death in Dresden, as well as afterwards in Prague, and of all the prisoners in Königstein and Gradschin, he was most strictly and cruelly watched. His execution would have been certainly carried into effect, had not at that time the punishment of death for political offences been abolished.

These are the undeniable facts of the case, which can be opposed only by falsehood and calumny. The statement in your letter is a mere invention, which only a writer whose pen is bought to stab a man in the dark would dare to employ against such a man as Bakounine.

Everybody who had an opportunity of knowing better the political character of Bakounine will share with us the persuasion that it remained always without any stain; and his well-known political life will challenge the strictest investigation. This illustrious man has incessantly worked with rare energy and self-denial for the cause of liberty.

HERRMANN DAEUMER, German exile.

The undersigned, who took part in the struggle of Dresden, from the beginning to the end, and many times witnessed the revolutionary energy, courage, and rare self-denial of noble Bakounine for the cause of liberty, certify the above-mentioned explanations.

HEINRICH MARTIUS,  
GEORG WILH KIRCHHOFFER, } German  
JULIUS MEISNERBERGER, } exiles.  
JOHANN ENGELS,

#### THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT IN SOMERSETSHIRE.

THE subjoined correspondence has been placed in our hands. It is, we hear, the last appeal to the Somersetshire gentry on the subject of the local and national monument to Wellington near to the town from which he took his title, and in the heart of the district from which his ancestors derived their family name. It certainly appears strange that no greater amount of subscriptions should have been received. The present list does not yet reach, we are informed, 1000*l*. We trust this generous letter of Sir Arthur Elton may quicken the lagging zeal of the county. Surely Bath, Bristol, Wells, Frome, and Yeovil ought to manifest some slight interest in the success of a monument which would be not only a mark of public spirit in the subscribers, but a permanent source of attraction to the county of Somerset. Many of our readers will remember that we drew their attention to the subject of this monument some months since. We make no apology, therefore, for publishing this last appeal in its behalf. It is a sign of greatness in a nation to honour its great men, and death, the universal democrat, is neither envious nor partial in its consecrations.

Weston-super-Mare, 12th October, 1853.

SIR,—I have received a communication from Sir Arthur Elton, in reply to my letter, requesting his subscription for the Wellington monument. Sir Arthur's appeal to the county of Somerset is so earnest and well-timed, and so calculated to promote the desired object, that I rejoice in the opportunity of giving it the publicity which it merits. The gauntlet has been thrown down, and are not the knights of the present day ready to accept the challenge? or will they, counting the cost, postpone the combat for a more convenient season?

It is the wealthy of the land who should raise and complete public monuments to the great; and to them a second appeal is made. By their deeds it will be shown, whether the pillar now in progress of restoration will prove a noble monument of the people's love for the patriot warrior, or a melancholy memorial of neglected opportunities, and of vacillating patriotism,—which seeks to do what is just and right, yet shrinks from the sacrifice it involves. Let me rather hope that Somersetshire, rich in her soil, will be found richer in her wisdom and her virtues; and that her

fair name will not suffer in history by neglecting to honour the memory of the illustrious dead.

There is one portion of Sir Arthur Elton's letter which conveys an impression that this subject has not been prominently brought before the notice of the public. In this view of the case he has formed an erroneous opinion. The great county meeting, convened for the purpose of adopting measures for the restoration of the Wellington monument, was supported by the presence and influence of the Lord Lieutenant, the High Sheriff, and a large assembly of our Somersetshire gentry. The proceedings were published in the *Times*, the *United Service Journals*, and in all the Somersetshire papers, and the widest circulation was given to the meeting, consistent with an economical disposition of the funds.

For many months I have perseveringly laboured in the cause, with mingled feelings of satisfaction and disappointment. Unnumbered applications have been made for Subscriptions, and in some instances I have received prompt and substantial replies—from others, silence; whilst many have excused themselves from subscribing to the Somersetshire monument, in consequence of their previous contributions to the Wellington testimonial in London.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

ARTHUR KINGLAKE.

TO ARTHUR KINGLAKE, ESQ.

Clevedon Court, 6th October, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR,—I regret to learn, from your letter, that the amount of subscriptions hitherto received in aid of the restoration of the Wellington Monument falls very short of what might have been expected. I cannot believe that the Somersetshire gentry are behind the rest of their countrymen in admiration and respect for the great warrior, the wise and honest statesman, who has been so recently taken away from us.

The subject can scarcely have been pressed upon their attention with sufficient energy and perseverance. If I recollect right, Mr. Escott, in his eloquent address to the meeting held at Taunton in furtherance of the restoration of the monument, stated, that when he contemplated the goodly assembly round him, he felt proud that he was a "Somersetshire man." I do not know what his feelings are at present, but I trust that the enthusiasm then kindled has not yet wholly evaporated.

Bad as it is to allow the monument of a great man to fall to decay, it is yet worse to take measures for its restoration, and to fail ignominiously in the endeavour. This appears to me to be adding insult to injury.

I trust, therefore, that the numerous resident gentry of this rich and important county will speedily awake from their apparent apathy, and send in subscriptions from all quarters.

By way of making a commencement, I would add, that I shall be happy to raise my subscription to 25*l*., if half-a-dozen gentlemen will subscribe the same sum. I would also venture to suggest that advertisements should be inserted in all the local papers, stating the precise sum required for the restoration of the monument, and the amount contributed up to this date.

I am yours very faithfully,

ARTHUR H. ELTON.

#### THE WORKING CLASSES.

THE *Preston* strike overshadows all the industrial tidings of the week. Nearly 25,000 persons are out of employ, and the usual circulation of 12,000*l*. weekly is stopped in the town. The masters have done it all. Their men were contented to work on at present wages, but they were anxious to help their brothers in some other factories to obtain the same wages, and for this generous sympathy the masters have "locked out" the men, and deprived fully 20,000 families of their daily bread. The contest is carried on fiercely, and whichever side wins, the loss to trade will be heavy. The united operatives are able to contribute about 2000*l*. a-week for mutual support, and the masters boast of being able to keep the mills idle. At *Wigan*, the strike of the colliers still goes on; about 15,000 are out of work, and coals are very dear. The dyers in *Manchester* (1600) are still out: they propose to establish dye-works. The weavers in the employ of Mr. J. R. Kay, of Bass-lane House, *Bury*, have been "locked out" because they persisted in their determination to assist the weavers on strike. About 200 weavers, in the employ of Mr. Alcock, Free Town, ceased working on Saturday last. About 250 of the weavers in the employ of Mr. John Walker, Burybridge, are at present on strike for an advance of 10 per cent. Mr. Walker had previously given the advance; but as his conduct had not been followed by the other masters, he gave notice to his hands that he should reduce them to the former standard; and, to resist the proposed reduction, the weavers turned out. The weavers in the employ of Mr. Fish turned out, but afterwards returned to work, having a promise of advance. The weavers in the employ of Mr. Howarth have turned out, in consequence of notice being given that the recent advance of 10 per cent. would be taken off. A portion of the weavers in the employ of Messrs. Proctor and Evans have also turned out. The *London* carpenters demand that their masters should not work their men overtime, but employ extra hands when more work has to be done. The *London* hairdressers are preparing for a movement. (They ask the Queen to restore the old elaborate style of arranging the hair!) The *Kilmarnock* block printers ask to be paid fortnightly instead of monthly. At *Holsworthy*, some carpenters and joiners have struck for higher wages, but it is probable that an arrangement will soon be come to between

them and their employers. The following fact shows, not a demand, but the necessity for one. In Somersetshire, able-bodied day labourers receive only 8*s*. a-week, and carters only 9*s*., and this while their cottages, without gardens, average 3*l*. a-year, coal 20*s*. a-ton, new wheat 8*s*. a bushel, bread 8½*d*. the 4*lb*. loaf, butter 13½*d*. a lb., bacon and cheese 8½*d*. a lb., lard 9*d*., potatoes from 1*s*. to 1*s*. 4*d*. the peck of 20 lb., grinding barley 5*s*. a bushel, new beans 5*s*. 6*d*., ditto (boiling peas) 8*s*. 6*d*. per bushel, and they are still charged the old price of 5*s*. per lb. for tea of very average quality. A correspondent of the *Times* describes the dietary of the class:—Weak tea, without milk or sugar, potatoes, and poor skim cheese, with their bread, is too often their sole dietary throughout the week. Seldom, even on Sundays, can they afford bacon; butchers' meat is almost, if not entirely, unknown to them.

The "successes" this week are not many. The Torquay policemen have got their wages raised from 16*s*. to 18*s*. a-week. The strike of the shoemakers at Devonport is now over, and all the men are again at work. At Brixham there was likely to have been a turn-out on a small scale a short time since, but terms were soon come to between the masters and the men, and the ill effect of such an ill-timed step was thus averted. The *London* slopworkers have got advanced wages. The *Birmingham* tinplate-workers have generally obtained the rise of ten per cent.

But general facts of a pleasant kind are plentiful. A few days since, the workmen in the employ of Mr. Truscott, of Nelson-square, Blackfriars-road, the Government contractor for vellum binding, printing, &c., memorialised that gentleman for permission to cease work on Saturday evenings at six o'clock, instead of eight, as heretofore; when he, in the most handsome manner, cordially acceded to their request, thus allowing upwards of 150 individuals the opportunity of availing themselves of whatever means of improvement may be within their reach. Every loom in the north of Ireland is at full work; the new power-looms are well tended by hands at good wages. And the *Belfast Mercury* writes:—"We are gratified to learn that the class of work done by the embroiderers in the west of Ireland shows considerable improvement, and that the good wages which numbers of the girls and women in that quarter are now able to earn, have already created a desirable change among the labouring ranks in those remote districts." Touching the wages of labourers, William Dargan has written the following letter to an Irish journal:—

"I had already observed the misreported passage in my speech at Limerick, on the 5th instant, on which you have commented in your paper of the 8th, but fully appreciating the difficulties which gentlemen connected with the press must have in the discharge of their onerous duties, and not attributing so much importance to any observations of mine as you do, I did not trouble any person with a correction of the error. You have been pleased to attach some importance to what I said, and as your comments are made on a misreport, I beg leave to give you, as nearly as I can remember, what I did say, and which was this:—'I have heard a great deal of regret expressed about emigration, in which I fully participate; but you may rely on it, emigration will continue until the working-man receives in this country as much for his labour as he can get in other countries. I do not know where the limit of wages can be fixed, but it is somewhere, and we are not at all near it yet,' &c. You will see, then, that my observations tended to the opposite inference of that suggested by your comments; even the context of the inaccurate report must have shown, that what I intended to express to the meeting, as my humble opinion, was, that wages were too low; that their inadequacy to the proper support of the working-man promoted emigration; would continue to promote it, and that it would be checked only by raising the standard of wages. I may further add, that I believe it to be the interest of those who employ labour to deal with their labourers as considerately and as liberally as they can. I am quite sure, if justly paid, and skilfully directed, they would be as laborious and efficient at home as they admittedly are in all other countries."

The working-men in Glasgow, who love to make good use of Sunday leisure, have won a new triumph. Sir James Colquhoun applied to the Court of Session for an interdict against the landing of the *Emperor* passengers at the Gareloch quay. Lord Robertson refused to grant any interdict.

#### CRIMINAL RECORD.

WHILE sorting letters at Charing-cross, George Clement felt a little letter and found a coin in it. He threw his handkerchief over it and whipped it into his pocket. He was seen, and is in gaol awaiting trial.

A dog-stealer has been again playing his pranks in town—trying to get money from Mrs. Grace Leslie and Lady Clare by offering to bring back stolen dogs. This man (William Thomas) has been committed at every police-court in London for dog-stealing.

A young man in Wells loved Miss Sophia Clarke, dress-maker, but was too poor to have a home for two. They were therefore privately married, and the lady lived with her friends, while her husband in another town was striving after independence. But one day in a garden the secretly wedded gentleman accidentally put out the eye of a Miss Mead, and thenceforth was "attentive" to her. Afterwards he married her. He is now to be tried for bigamy.

A servant girl, living in Bromley, was to be married to a young man, whom she loved very much. She went out one

morning, to buy her wedding dress, but, on coming home, in the evening, seemed very sad. That night she was found dying in her bed: she died in a quarter of an hour. Poison was found in a bottle, in the room. In her pocket was a slip of letter, to her sweetheart. It ran:—

"Charles, Charles, remember your unhappy Elizabeth, whose eyes are now closed in death. I asked you to save me from that death, but now my hands and heart are cold."

In a letter to her mother she wrote:—

"My dear Mother,—Weep not for me. Please to bury me if you can by the side of my sister. I hope the Lord will bless you when I am dead in my cold grave. Farewell. May God bless you."

The inquiry into the mutiny on board the *Queen of the Teign* has been concluded. Two Lascars, Ahalt and Ali, have been committed to Newgate; and three Englishmen, Captain Stooke, Northcote, and Goldsworthy are also committed on the evidence of the Lascars. In giving the evidence the Malays, being Mahomedans, were sworn "on the Koran and with their shoes off."

The foreman of a large upholsterer's acquainted the Westminster magistrate with the following:—A respectably dressed man came to the firm a few days ago for some goods, and disarmed suspicion by opening his dealings with an account that his father-in-law, a miserable old fellow, who denied himself every comfort, had died, leaving him his house of furniture and a few hundreds; but although the former might have suited an old-fashioned person like the defunct, the things were not congenial to his taste, and he wanted some good modern furniture. He then selected a new Brussels carpet, and subsequently, by instalments, as the others were delivered, curtains, chairs, bedding, &c., to the amount of 60*l*. The last things were delivered on Saturday, when the customer requested his bill, as it "made him miserable" to owe anything, and said, if they looked in on Tuesday he would discharge it. They "looked in" as requested, but found that both customer and goods were gone. Nothing was said at the time of purchase about ready money or credit. The swindler has not yet been caught.

There have been six cases of woman-beating this week. Mr. Hurd, a shopkeeper, had a quarrel in a pie-shop with a tall young man. The row spread into the street, and there an "unfortunate" girl assisted the tall young man, her friend. Hurd struck her and dashed her head against the pavement. He has been sent to gaol for two months, with hard labour.—Nicholas Bradshaw struck Mrs. Willett, (for helping her husband, who he had also beaten.) He knocked her down by a terrible blow on the forehead, and before she had time to rise, he seized her by the hair of the head, and held her fast while he kicked her in a savage manner about the head and other parts of her person. He also assaulted a constable. He was awarded six months, with hard labour.—Sam Johnson, a "navvie," had a quarrel with a woman, "his lover." Meeting her with some "navvies" in a house, he struck her hardly on the right temple, and struck her about the face and body. She said, "Oh, Sam, give over; do, Sam, give over!" But he struck her again, when she exclaimed, "You have done for me now!" Another tremendous blow, and he struck the unhappy woman dead in the arms of one of the navvies, who laid the senseless body on the bed. This occurred in Wolverhampton. He has been arrested.—Henry Sharp, a strong, powerful-looking man, assaulted Mary Peters, an aged and feeble woman. He kicked her violently on the fleshy part of the right thigh, and struck her on the left arm with his heavy shoe. The assault was unprovoked. He has been sentenced to "three months" imprisonment.—Octavius Eicke knocked down Mrs. Downham, the wife of a livery-stable keeper, she having interposed to prevent him taking away a horse which he had put in the stable as security. He was fined 5*l*.—John Broadley quarrelled with Mary Ann Branchley, a woman living with him, for having lent sixpence to a neighbour. He struck her with his fists about the head and face, until her eyes were blinded. She called out murder, on which he kicked her out of the room, seized her by the waist, and hurled her from the top of the stairs to the bottom. (Some time ago, this man was imprisoned for two months for beating this same woman, and the memory of this exasperated him.) When the policeman came, he found a pool of blood on the stairs, as if a beast had been slaughtered; and the woman was lying in the yard, apparently lifeless. "Six months" were awarded to the man.

A little girl only twelve years of age, went into the shop of Mr. Roe, a Cambridge silversmith, and representing herself as the servant of Mr. Thurston, sugar boiler, of Market-street, asked for some gold chains and lockets for her mistress's inspection. Mrs. Roe gave her four gold chains and six lockets, altogether of the value of 16*l*.; but in order to test the truth of the girl's story, asked how Mrs. Thurston's baby was. To this the prisoner promptly replied, "The baby's dead, ma'am;" and this being actually the case, all suspicion of her integrity was lulled. Just as the girl was leaving the shop, Mr. Roe entered, and learning from his wife the nature of the girl's business, he went with her to Thurston's. On looking into Thurston's shop, the little girl said, "Oh, there are customers in the shop; let us go to the private door," and she went accordingly and rang the bell there. This raised Mr. Roe's suspicions, and he called out to Mrs. Thurston in the shop, "Here is a parcel for you." An explanation ensued, and it turned out that the prisoner had never been deputed by Mrs. Thurston, and had never been in her employ. She has been sentenced to four years "penal servitude."

A poor Irishwoman in Ratcliff was brought before the magistrate charged with being destitute. She sobbed so much that she could not speak. Her three children were clothed neatly though very poorly, and the parish officer spoke in the highest terms of her, as a "clean, hardworking, and sober woman." Her husband has deserted her, and thus she is chargeable. Some effort is to be made towards getting her employment in London.

The inquiry into the accident which occurred some weeks ago on the Midland line near Derby, has resulted in a ver-

dict of manslaughter against the drivers of the goods and passenger trains, and against Samuel Kent, the guard.

The inquest to inquire into the causes of the late Irish railway accident has ended. The engine-driver and the stoker of the goods train have been found guilty of manslaughter, and were committed for trial. In a "rider" to their verdict the jury exculpate the managers of the railway and approve the rules. Miss Emma Pack, one of the wounded passengers, has died in hospital. This makes fifteen deaths. Mrs. Latham Blacker and Mr. Knapp's child are still in danger. The ultimate recovery of Esther Coffey is very doubtful. Miss Farrell and Dr. Stokes's servant are going on favourably.

A Galway gentleman was eccentric in his conduct. His friends, fearing violent insanity, got a warrant to arrest him. He resisted the policemen, firing a blank cartridge over their heads; upon which both shot at him. Two bullets were lodged in his body, but he is not yet dead.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

THE Queen has passed the week quietly, at Windsor. The Earl of Aberdeen had an audience, on Saturday, and dined with the Queen, on Monday and Tuesday. The Earl of Clarendon also dined with the Queen, on Tuesday.

The King of the Belgians, with his son and daughter-in-law, (Duke and Duchess of Brabant,) have arrived on a visit to the Queen.

Lord Aberdeen, in reply to the Sheffield peace memorial, says that the Government will not cease to "reconcile the serious differences which have arisen, and consistently with the honour of this country, to preserve Europe from the calamities of war."

The commissioners appointed to enquire into the bribery at Cambridge have made a report. They give the proved details of the bribes effected at successive elections. They thus conclude:—"We find that at all elections for the borough of Cambridge, to which our inquiry has been directed, treating has extensively prevailed on behalf of the candidates of both political parties; and that an expenditure has been openly and avowedly incurred by both sides, in the employment of flag-bearers, protectors, messengers, &c., to the number of from two hundred to three hundred, and at an expense, on an average, of 300*l*. for each party, such persons being appointed on the recommendation of voters, and their duties being for the most part merely nominal. Finally, we report to your Majesty that bribery, treating, and other corrupt practices, have for a long period systematically prevailed at elections for members to serve in Parliament for the borough of Cambridge."

The Mayothon Commissioners have already spent upwards of one month continuously in inquiring into several matters within the scope of their commission. They have not confined their examination to witnesses who, from their present or past connexion with St. Patrick's College, might be supposed to be prejudiced in favour of its system, but have sought for information and suggestions from several independent sources. After a few more meetings the commissioners will adjourn for the purpose of considering and digesting the mass of evidence which they have accumulated on the several heads of their inquiry, and in December they will meet again to investigate further, if necessary, and canvass their report.

The seat for Salisbury is vacant, by the death of Mr. Baring Wall. General Buckley, an independent supporter of the Ministry, is the only candidate announced.

The Roman-Catholic Bishop of Ferns has forbidden his clergy to attend any public political banquet in future. The *Nation* discusses the question with the bishop, arguing that he strains the diocesan statutes, and applies to public dinners the prohibition against gourmands and diners-out. Certes, no gourmand goes to political "banquets."

There is a hitch in the progress of the Lawson Observatory. Mr. Lawson stipulated for 10,000*l*., in addition to his own donation, while the Committee thought 10,000*l*., including that donation, had to be raised. They will work on, however, to obtain the greater fund.

Since the opening of the Galway College, there have entered 177 students in all—93 Roman Catholics, 63 Established Church, and 21 Presbyterians.

A "University for Wales" is proposed to be formed by a combination of the College of St. David, at Lampeter, the Llandovery Institution, the Brecon College, and the endowed grammar schools of the Principality.

The Medical Society of London has decided to hold special meetings of the fellows, for the consideration of physiological questions, apart from the ordinary meetings of the society.

Of all the Spithead and Channle fleet, the *Jean d'Acre* and the *Duke of Wellington* are the best in speed, both in sailing and in steaming.

The people of Hull express some apprehension for the defenceless state of that town, in the event of a war between this country and Russia. It is but slenderly fortified, and has only a few troops.

Iskender Bey, aide-de-camp of Omar Pasha, arrived in Paris last week. He is said to be charged with a special mission for the Cabinets of Paris and London.

Abdel-Kader, it is said, has been offered a command in the Turkish army, and has asked the consent of France.

The successor to the late Patriarch of Constantinople has not yet been named. The choice rests with the Sultan, and at present, the selection will be significant.

Lady Emily Dundas, wife of Admiral Dundas, came home in the *Coradoc*, from Besika Bay. This, it is thought, betokens some warlike stir in the fleet.

The report of the death of the Princess Belgiojoso turns out to be untrue. The Princess is in good health and was but slightly wounded by the assassin.

Miss Cunningham, it seems, left her Italian prison with reluctance. She would not accept her freedom as an act of

grace, as she had been imprisoned a month without trial, and she had "a good case." But the jailers told her that they would turn her out by force, and thus insultingly denied more persecution, the lady left the gaol.

Cardinal Wiseman visited Paris last week.

It is said that Rear-Admiral Berkeley, C.B., one of the Lords of the Admiralty, will vacate his seat at the Board on being appointed Superintendent of the new Coast-Guard Volunteers, and be succeeded by Rear-Admiral Sir James Stirling as one of the Lords of the Admiralty.

Some important appointments are rumoured at Portsmouth. Rear-Admiral Sir Edward Lyons, appointed to the second post of command in the Mediterranean, is to hoist his flag in the *Agamemnon*, screw 91, at Plymouth. Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence is to be Lieutenant-Governor of Greenwich Hospital.

Captain McClure is from Wexford, Ireland. The present is his third expedition to the North Pole, where he has spent seven years of his life.

Lieutenant-General Sir William Napier, K.C.B., has been appointed colonel of his late brother's regiment—the gallant 22nd. This is a fitting tribute to the living soldier and to the memory of the dead.

Lieut. Robert Cathcart Dalrymple Bruce has been appointed adjutant of her Majesty's 29th Regiment.—*Allen's India Mail*. Lieutenant Bruce is a young officer, and his promotion to an adjutancy is remarkable as a testimony to his steady service.

Lord Onslow has revoked the munificent bequest which he had made to the nation of his fine collection of pictures by the old masters. It is said that he has taken this step in consequence of the very unsatisfactory nature of the report from the Select Committee on the National Gallery.

We recorded last week that Lord Onslow had placed one hundred guineas at the disposal of Mr. Morris Moore, in testimony of the part Mr. Moore had taken in exposing the defects in the management of the National Gallery. Lord Onslow has since written to the *Morning Post*, mentioning that Mr. Moore has nobly declined to receive money.

Major Fairfield, agent to Mr. Sidney Herbert's property in Dublin, is dead. He was distinguished in Dublin for his anxiety to promote art, and he took an active part in organising the Exhibition.

Mr. Holyoake, the editor of the *Reasoner*, has been lecturing on "Secularism" in Holmforth. The local *Examiner* says:—"The room was uncomfortably crowded on both nights, and at the close an unanimous vote of thanks was awarded to Mr. Holyoake for his lectures." Individual testimonials were also given to Mr. Holyoake for the "gentlemanly way in which he had spoken his sentiments."

The liverymen of London met on Tuesday, at the request of Mr. Sheriff Wallis, to consider what aid they could give to the inquiries of her Majesty's Commissioners. Mr. Brooke said that the liverymen were prepared to assist her Majesty's Commissioners in knocking down those barriers which existed, to the disgrace of the city of London, and which excluded men from voting because they did not pay a fine to a trading company of the city of London. He asserted that it was essentially necessary that the Commissioners should be supported in their investigations, because he knew the power of the corporation of London, and he declared to them that it was an immense power. As a former member of the Common Council, he had no hesitation in saying that the management of the corporation was corrupt. Mr. Jones, in a lengthened speech, dwelt upon the theory of the corporation, and hoped that the time would come when the dignity of labour and the skill of the handicraftsmen of London would be recognised, as of yore, through the medium of the various guilds of the city. He believed that if a Plato were to visit the earth to project a new republic, he would take the theory of the corporation of the city of London as his model. He maintained that that corporation was venerable by its antiquity, and that by its powers had been gained in past times much of the liberty which the people of England now enjoyed. A resolution for a public meeting was passed.

Capacious docks are to be built on the Surrey side of the Thames, close to the Spa-road station of the Greenwich Railway. The capital is to be 1,000,000*l*. in 25*l*. shares, and the area contemplated consists of 130 acres, of which 60 will be water. They are to be called the Wellington Docks, and are to be capable of admitting the largest steamers.

"A short supply of tea this season" is reported, from China. It will, it is calculated, be 10,000,000*lbs*. less than the supply in 1852.

Ships entering Gloucester with corn, want back freights, hitherto unsupplied. But a new branch railway from the forest of Dean coal pits, to the Gloucester Docks, will soon supply coal for export.

A telegraph across the Atlantic is to be made, by a new company in New York. The route is to be *via* Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and Galway, to Liverpool, the whole length being about 2800 miles, at an entire cost of about 350,000*l*. Improved methods of constructing and laying submarine wires, discovered by an inventor in Massachusetts, will, it is alleged, greatly facilitate the undertaking, and the right of using them has been purchased on behalf of the company.

The Chairmanship of the London and North-Western Railway, to which Lord Chandos has been appointed, is an unpaid office, but the Marquis has been elected, also, to a Directorship of the Company, which is a paid office.

The visitors to the Dublin Exhibition have risen above 12,000 daily, this week. The admission fee is reduced to sixpence.

American gold coins are now received as legal tender in the British West Indies—the eagle at 41*s*., the half-eagle at 20*s*. 6*d*., the quarter-eagle at 10*s*. 3*d*.

Mormonism is making great progress in Wales, especially in Carmarthenshire and Glamorganshire.



In Caffraria the "medical profession" is hardly treated. Krell's favourite son died lately, and the chief immediately put his principal witch doctor to death.

A French medical newspaper has got a donation of 10,000*fr.* a-year from a physician, on condition that the donor's name shall be kept inviolably secret; that 3000*fr.* of the sum shall be employed in encouraging the authors of useful and practical papers published in the journal; and that the remaining 7000*fr.* shall be employed in distributing copies of the paper to physicians or students who are too poor to pay the whole or any part of the subscription, the simple declaration to that effect of the applicants being all that is to be required.

On Sunday last, an accident occurred on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway. A luggage-train running from Normanton to Liverpool, consisting of twenty-three wagons and a guard-van, reached a point at Darcy Lever, about a mile and a half from Bolton, at seven minutes past ten in the morning, when the axletree broke of the eighth wagon from the engine. The guard having become aware of the circumstance, applied his break, and leaped off the train, which continued its course down an inclined plane of a somewhat considerable gradient. Presently, the train passed over a shunt, and the whole of the wagons behind the injured one were thrown off the rails, and brought into violent contact with a number of loaded coal-trucks on a siding. This had the effect of materially retarding the train's progress, but it dragged on to the Darcy Lever Viaduct, placing in imminent danger the inhabitants of fifteen or twenty houses lying underneath. The viaduct is a structure of iron lattice work, two hundred yards long, resting on massive piers of stone, and extending across a valley at an extreme altitude of eighty-six feet. The engine was brought to a stand when it had passed about half-way over, having run six hundred or seven hundred yards after the breaking of the wagon's axle. Fortunately no portion of the train was thrown into the valley, and no personal injury was sustained. A scene of destruction, however, presented itself, in the shape of broken wagons and their freight (principally grain) scattered upon the line. Many of the wood sleepers had also been split, and one of the planks, forming the roadway of the viaduct, was broken through.

The *Chronicle* says, "It has been currently reported that the Roman-Catholic prelates decided, at the late Thurles conclave, to admit of no more mixed marriages. They will not perform the marriage ceremony between any member of their faith and that of the Protestant church. We give this as it has reached us from one who was trying the experiment."

M. C. Szulezewski, the resident secretary of the Literary Association of the Friends of Poland, has published a statement, quite unnecessarily, we think, contradicting an absurd letter that appeared in the *New Gazette of Prussia*, which sets forth as facts:—That the Polish Literary Society has 6000 muskets on board two vessels at Southampton, ready to be conveyed to the Magyar-Polish Legion in Turkey—that 900 Poles, completely armed, and commanded by Colonel Oporski, were on the eve of leaving Southampton; that the street in which the Literary Society holds its meetings (Duke-street, St. James's) was blocked up by Polish refugees; and other ridiculous fables. Colonel Wiercinski has also published a contradiction to the statement in the above veracious print, that he directs and superintends the depot of the workmen in the name of the National Committee, and that he causes a certain number of young Polish refugees to practice military exercises, &c., daily.

A correspondent of the *Times* points out that the widow of the Ettrick Shepherd still lives, and has three "bonnie lasses"—all unprovided for, while the widow of Southey, and the widow of Joseph Tram (author of the *History of the Isle of Man*) get pensions. The widow of the Ettrick Shepherd should not be left without some testimony of national love for the poetry her husband wrote.

The mail steam-ship *Despatch*, which carries the mails between Jersey and Southampton, was nearly lost off Jersey, shortly after leaving that port on Monday last. It appears that she left early on the morning of that day, and, when within about half a mile from the Corbiere, carried away her intermediate shafts, and also both her eccentric rods. A very heavy sea was running at the time, and every exertion was made to keep the vessel clear of the rocks, which render the navigation at that part very dangerous; but, unfortunately, her helm would not answer. Guns were at once fired as signals of distress, and her Majesty's ship *Dasher*, which happily was lying in the docks at the time with steam up, immediately proceeded to her assistance, and after some difficulty towed the distressed vessel back to Jersey. The *Dasher* in her exertions became nearly filled with water, and also carried away a boat. The *Despatch* had on board 106 passengers, all of whom were, of course, in a position of the greatest danger. Had not a favourable wind sprung up, which protected the vessel from foundering on the rocks previously to the *Dasher's* arrival, little doubt exists that all on board must have perished.

Some Benedictine monks, vowed to poverty and celibacy, claimed, at Morpeth, to be put on the voters list in respect of property in a house and garden. After an examination into the rules of the convent, and a discovery that any peculiar property each had went, after his death, to the convent, the claim was disallowed.

The Mormons are annoyed by the Indians. Governor Brigham Young has issued a proclamation calling all the military forces of the territory into service. He had also ordered a wall to be built around the city 20 feet high and eight thick, with a ditch on the outside.

A new "empire" is to be won by one of the butcheries called *coups d'état*. Santa Anna, at the head of 80,000 soldiers, is the conspirator who, it is said, meditates the crime. (Mexico had, some years ago, an Emperor Iturbide, celebrated for his short reign and public death.) The suppression of journals and the banishment of politicians, prepare the way for the new reign.

# The Leader.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1853.

## Public Affairs.

There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural and convulsive, as the strain to keep things fixed when all the world is by the very law of its creation in eternal progress.—DR. ARNOLD.

### DESTINY OF CHRISTIAN TURKEY.

To support Turkey, says Mr. Cobden, is to uphold Mahomedanism in Europe; and the *Times*, which amuses itself one day with exposing the fallacy of Mr. Cobden's sophistries, is repeatedly insinuating or asserting, that to defend Turkey against the inroad of Russia is to perpetuate rude barbarism in Europe, and to check the advance of civilization and the progress of Christianity. This view of the subject is one that naturally appeals to the sympathies of Christian States; but it is so unfounded in truth, that it can only be sustained by assertions which are the reverse of fact.

In proof, it is stated that Christians in Turkey have no civil rights; now this is untrue. The States of Christian Turkey are so different in their constitution and their progress towards civilization, that they cannot be lumped together in one general statement. But the chief of these States have made a progress which is not to be denied. In Bulgaria, the people have so decidedly advanced in industry and in social influence, that they have submitted with a sort of bourgeois contentment to the dominion of the Turks; they only wanted to be left in quiet, and to have more of that which they have cultivated with great assiduity—education. We speak with a personal knowledge of opinion amongst indigenous Bulgarians of high rank. Bosnia has been under different circumstances. The local seigneurs, who have been for generations renegades from the Christian faith, in order to strengthen their feudal power, are opposed to all reforms; and it was only under the vigorous administration of the Vizier Tahir that many oppressive usages—the remains of a *corvée*, imposts fixed by the Turkish officers, and other prescriptive oppressions—were abolished. The Servians, who have cultivated a military organization with great ability and assiduity, exercise, under the suzerainty of the Porte, a species of independence which makes them feel that they can, to a certain extent, dispose of the balance of power in Christian Turkey; and whatever the tentatives of Russia, the disappointments of men like Petronivitch—whose services during 1848 Austria scantily repaid—and the intelligent policy of Alexander Georgevitch incline the Servians, in common with the Christians of Turkey Proper, to the maintenance of the Porte as the true protector of their practical independence, which would be submerged under either an Austrian or a Russian suzerainty.

The movements of 1848 called together the leaders of these several tribes with those from the other provinces, only to show how the anti-reforming tendencies of the Bosniac seigneurs, the different objects of Bulgarians and Servians, forbade any united action on one side or the other. The several tribes could assert their own power, but they could not unite, either to revolt or to put down revolt. Omer Pacha suppressed the revolution, and then offered conditions to the defeated which went to complete the practical emancipation of the Christian Rayahs. There were many reasons for this policy, besides the intelligence of the renegade Turkish chieftain. There was the fact, that Servia, the Christian province, had made its support appreciated by the Porte. There is in the Turkish army a large proportion of refugees from Poland and Hungary, who sympathize with popular reform—if we may use such a phrase—and who are not to be despised. The Christian populations, especially in Bulgaria, have so improved in intelligence, that their views must be perforce respected and conciliated, except at the expense of a fresh crusade, which the Porte cannot wage against its own Christian subjects when

it needs the support of those subjects against external enemies. The Christian schools in Bulgaria are permitted; the right of testimony in courts of law, which the *Times* has recently denied, was granted to Bulgaria, has been practically exercised elsewhere, and had been completed by a recent edict for all Christian subjects of Turkey before the *Times* asserted the contrary. But a still more important right was granted during the movements which began in 1848, and terminated in 1850—that of bearing arms. A new act of tyranny on the part of Turkey—a tyranny which the Turkish Government commits in common with Austria, with Russia, with France, and even with our own in times not long past, is likely to give a new impulse to the Christian population of Turkey—it is the forced conscription, which is rapidly recruiting Turkish army with Christian soldiers, and, at the same time, obliging the Turkish Government, in deference to the increasing numbers and intelligence of the Christians, to extend to Christians a military promotion hitherto denied.

It is said that the Turks are barbarians; and they are so, though not to the extent to which the term might formerly be applied. But did the *Times* and its party support the Italians and the Hungarians for the sake of their intellectual and moral superiority, when they were assailed by the Austrians? Was any resistance made to the Government of the Czar, who thinks that the will of one man is to dictate to Europe; who threatens to swamp international law with a deluge of bean-eating conscript ruffians; whose family cultivate the old Russian customs, and terrify their European wives by riding on horse-back into their bedrooms? Is such a race to disclaim the title of barbarian while it is extended to the Turk? But, indeed, this point is beside the real question, which is, whether the maintenance of the Turks is for the present politically desirable? We maintain that it is so, and that it is conducive, not only to the growing freedom of Christians, but to the development of Christianity itself.

The policy of Mahmoud and Abd-ul-Medjid, essential to maintain the position of Turkey amongst other Governments in Europe, is fatal to Mussulman supremacy of the old kind, and favourable to the Christians. It was indeed derived from a sense of the growing importance of Christian Powers, of the superior systems of those Powers, and being in its spirit derived from Christian States, while it has necessarily favoured the Christians, it has compelled the Porte to rely more and more on members of that faith. The Christians feel this, and while they feel that they are not yet prepared to act together, that they cannot unite and organize "a State" of their own, they prefer to retain the comparatively indulgent and mild suzerainty of Turkey rather than to introduce a great Power, barbaric though called Christian, which would force upon them a régime more strange and hateful than that of Turkey, and reduce them, politically as well as theologically, to the Procrustes rule of its own "orthodoxy." Several mercenary, or ambitious intriguers, like old Milosch Obrenovich, have desired to carve out new principalities on the Danube under the auspices of Nicholas; but they have always been frustrated by the invincible repugnance of the subjects of the Porte, both Christian and Mussulman, to the Russian régime. Since 1848 Russia and Turkey have changed places in the view of the Christian populations, so far as these populations can be said to have a view. The Panslavism of Russia—that dream of an Empire—has been dissipated by experience of Russian tyranny, brought nearer every day, and now introduced amongst the Moldo-Wallachians, who are learning already what Russian exile is; and also by a knowledge of the base agents who have recently represented Russia to the Turkish Christians. Russia is now the oppressor, the Sultan the protector of the Rayahs.

If the Christians are necessary to the Porte, so also is the Porte to the Christians. If the Turks were driven out of Europe, as the Saracens were from Spain, European Turkey would have even more immediate cause to deplore the privation than Spain had; and for other reasons. The Turkish Government may be described as a fence which keeps out alien tyrants, while the Christian populations are developing their crudeness. As yet the Christians could neither stand alone, nor unite; but under the temporary and imper-

fect sovereignty of the Porte, they are working out the problem of their true relations to each other; and in the meanwhile, the secondary problem may be worked out: What shall be the relation of Turkey to her territories? It is absurd to talk of a Greek element in Turkey, when that Greek element is represented by a kingdom almost unable to reduce itself to order under an alien monarchy, or by the mere traders scattered about the indented shores, and so demoralized as to be incapable of organizing themselves. It is absurd to talk of "a Christian State," when the Christian provinces of Turkey could only meet to treat each other like the men of Cadmus. It is not in a State, that Christian Turkey can develop itself—it is a congeries of separate and heterogeneous States, in different conditions, with varying degrees of civilization, which must be further cultivated before they can act together. They might act together before they could be united in a political whole. They might be federated before they could be consolidated. All this might be done under the shelter of the Turkish Government—indeed, is doing. When the Christian populations of Turkey have grown to a sufficient size, the doom of the Empire will have arrived, and the Saracen palace will fall by the growth of a tenant too large to contain it. At that time, probably, the Oriental Switzerland of separate States—each under its own Constitution, will arise by natural growth; and it will then be time to determine what relation the more purely Turkish provinces shall have to the rest? What shall be the toleration which the Cross shall extend to the Crescent, in return for the tolerance already shown for the Cross, before the Sultan had parted with the scimitar of his forefathers?

#### AUSTRIAN LOANS AND LOANS THAT PAY.

AUSTRIA again appears as a borrower, or would-be borrower, and proposals are made, here and there, to take the opportunity of retaliating upon Austria, through her finance, for the wrongs she has committed upon humanity. In other words, it is proposed to crumple up Austria, according to Mr. Cobden's recipe, some years ago. We doubt, however, the ability of moneyed men for the purpose. Mr. Cobden, himself, upon explaining his crumpling theory, at the Edinburgh meeting, said that he intended, in part, to rely upon the power of an armed navy to blockade the ports of Russia; so that the apostle of peace positively relies upon the armed power of Europe, for accomplishing his pacific purposes, and not, altogether, upon the loan-refusing plan. Austria has used the members of the Jewish race with great severity, and a political suggestion is thrown out, that the Jews should refuse their assistance to the new loan. It is expected that even the liberal member for London City, Consul-General for his Imperial Majesty of Austria, would join in the refusal of financial aid; but we have no faith in the action of moneyed men, on political grounds. Sin never sticks to silver, gold knows no infection, and profit does not depend for its amount upon moral considerations. Even if Baron Lionel de Rothschild were to refuse direct help to the Austrian Exchequer, the effect might be the same to Austria, for, in finance, there is a manœuvre, as available as in ordinary commerce—we mean the triangular trade. Rothschild might refuse a loan to Austria, but, perhaps, might lend money for Greek purposes, to any available financier, say to a Baltazzi; and the distance from Baltazzi to Vienna is not great.

The real check upon these loans to Austria, is the state of Austria herself, and her finances. For some years her credit has been of the worst. The Imperial Bank of Vienna suspended its cash payments long ago. The paper currency of Austria is so depreciated, as to vitiate the nominal value of her payments, and the Government has, on more than one occasion, been obliged to accept nominal loans, as from the Duke of Modena, to conceal the refusal which its necessities had entailed upon it. With far larger territory than ours, Austria can barely support a national debt, amounting to about a hundred and thirty millions; but we need not be surprised at the bare Exchequer of a State, which suppresses the liberties and industry of all the races subjected to its rule. Add to these notorious facts the important one, in addition, that none of the financial statements put forward by Austria are in the slightest degree to be trusted, and we understand the rea-

son why the bankrupt Emperor is continually appearing in the market for petty loans, sometimes to meet refusal and sometimes to raise the wind, on terms of nominal interest, but notoriously on far more ruinous terms. It is much to be doubted whether an Austrian loan would really pay the lender; if it should it is hardly worth while, for so paltry a prize as simple interest, to gamble in the fortress of an empire rotten to its core, political as well as financial.

If Englishmen have money to spare there are hundreds of enterprises that are at once safer and more profitable. It has become of late years a common custom to lend money upon the strength of "quotations" in the market, that is to say the private individuals who form what money-men call the public, and who have money to invest, suffer themselves to be guided by the fashion of the day; and because stock-jobbers are gambling in shares of a West Diddlesex, or a loan to a South American republic, the widows of half-pay officers and other persons wanting an income out of a certain capital go into the market and buy. They may buy, but they are generally sold in these transactions. The Stock Exchange can no more run against the laws of political economy than the Thames can turn upon its course. That investment only is thoroughly safe which is based upon production, or which is immediately used in increasing the wealth of the world. The more directly that effect is produced, the more complete the return for the investor. A good railway where there is really a large amount of traffic through wealthy districts, or one not expensive to construct and calculated to call forth a good amount of dormant wealth, like that through the North-American provinces; a well-directed steam navigation between wealthy communities, such as that of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, or some of the new Australian lines, or Cunard's; a well considered and well managed acquisition of an Irish estate; English insurance, either as proprietor, or insurer; a group of substantial or well-built houses in a wealthy and pleasant part of England, or a flourishing town; a thoroughly well-managed estate in England—these are but examples of a list which might be carried to a much greater length for the investment of money with something like a certainty of return at a considerable rate—these are the loans that pay. When the investor is doing something to increase the wealth of America, of England, of Ireland, he is employing persons with benefit to themselves, to give him a proportionate share of their returns, and while he is doing good he is placing his property in the most profitable and safe hands. When he is lending money to a bankrupt Emperor, who is bolstering up rotten finance with loans—who uses the money to oppress many nations, to keep down the freedom of industry—then the lender is doing ill, and is staking his money on the desperate fortunes of a tyranny condemned.

#### HAIL COLUMBIA IN JAPAN.

In order to appreciate Commodore Perry's entrance into Japan, a preamble is necessary—the preambulation namely, of the Dutch superintendent. Japan has exceeded even China in its exclusiveness towards foreigners and in the fantastical mixture of common sense and nonsense, which appears to regulate its customs and government. It is well known that the country is under the government of a potentate called Emperor; who is so sacred that he cannot intermingle with mortal affairs, and nothing which he touches can be used by any profane mortal; hence he is retained in a species of holy imprisonment, and for the dress, furniture, or utensils of daily life, is fobbed off with the cheapest manufactures of the island. His government is carried on by a Ziogoon, or military lieutenant, who really possesses all the power, and exercises it with a paternal despotism approached only by China. The Dutch are admitted on a species of sufferance most peculiar. At Dezima, near Nagasaki, a small island has been artificially constructed to place the outside barbarians upon; it is walled off from the town, and no Japanese boat must approach it. The European residents are limited to eleven; the only Japanese permitted to remain amongst them after sunset are women, "who have forfeited the first claim of their sex to respect or esteem." Half caste children are removed. And, in short, the European residents are prisoners in the strictest sense of the word. Even the Opperhoofd, or President, can only make a tour in the island under the most ludicrous restrictions.

He must ask permission, and is then given in charge of an interpreter with subordinates and police-officers, and an agent who manages the expense. All those persons are attended by their own servants, and every official may invite as many friends as he pleases. Thus swelled to regimental numbers, the party is permitted to ramble the streets of the town, and to visit the tea-houses,—at the expense of the Dutch; whose alien hospitality is severely taxed.

On rare occasions the Dutch President is permitted to visit Yeddo, the capital, for the purpose of conveying homage and tribute in the shape of presents. He is conveyed under guard of a grand police-officer, with an expensive retinue, and placed in a sort of honourable custody. During this visit the grandees of the capital bribe the guards to admit them to see the curious animals from Europe; and in those interviews the Japanese are reported to evince a curious intelligence. The Opperhoofd is allowed to reside a certain period, for the sake of interviews with the Ziogoon. After due waiting, he is permitted to be glorified by admission into the presence of that potentate; escorted hither by a large train, bearing the presents. The interview is a most elaborate affair. Once in the presence, the Opperhoofd pays his compliments to the silent Ziogoon; is pulled by the cloak, told that the audience is over, and is carried out; the whole passing amidst the stillness of death. At another audience the Emperor sits behind a screen, and an interview goes on by the medium of an interpreter; direct communication being impossible.

A Japanese grandee never speaks direct to a Dutchman, but through an interpreter. At the two audiences which the President has every year with the Governor of Nagasaki, a regulated dialogue is repeated between the President offering compliments and presents, and the Governor graciously accepting, after which the President goes into another room and pays a separate visit to the secretaries, also with set compliments. In short, a Dutchman must live in a prison; walk under a police guard; travel in custody, supporting the surrounding mob, at his expense; must speak according to book; must prostrate himself; must abstain from addressing a sacred Japanese; and must admit himself an inferior being for the privilege of being permitted to trade.

So much for the Dutchman: now for the American. Commodore Perry entered the bay of Yeddo, sacred town! with two steam-frigates and two war-sloops, the steamers being the first ever seen in Japanese waters. The town of Uraga was appointed for the interview; a nobleman of the third rank came to ascertain the object of the expedition; and on the fourth day an officer of the highest rank was appointed to receive the Commodore. The Commodore was asked, indeed, at first, to go to Nagasaki, as the proper point from which to negotiate with the Japanese Government—Nagasaki, the residence of the Dutch; but he replied that to ask him to proceed thither would be an insult to his Government, and it was not pressed. On the sixth day, the Governor and the Deputy-Governor, with the Commandant of the Forces, conducted the Commodore to the landing-place; soldiers were arrayed on the shore in grand force; the Commodore was received by the first councillor of the empire and another prince; to them the credentials were delivered, and an official receipt was taken. If the Japanese had before negotiated only through subordinates, it was not so with Commodore Perry; his only personal interview was with that first councillor. After the interview, however, the Governor and Deputy-Governor were treated to a trip on board one of the steam-frigates, and the Governor afterwards exchanged presents with the Commodore: the Japanese dignitary's superiors waiving the old rule which forbade officials to accept presents. Thus did the vigour of Commodore Perry enable him to make a first stand upon Japanese ground; breaking through their little rules, as Gulliver broke through the web-thread. Perhaps nothing better illustrates the mode of taking possession than the fashion in which the Commodore landed and marched to the house of reception, the American colours flying, and the band playing "Hail Columbia."

Holland has been long trying to obtain and maintain a footing in Japan. Commodore Perry plants his foot there in state, and upon equality with the dignitaries of the island. America has received other tributes not less striking to the



vigour of her external administration. A Hungarian refugee is detected at Smyrna and violently taken by an Austrian officer. He has, however, to some extent an American character, for he bears American papers, if not American citizenship; he was rescued by an American, and provisionally lodged in custody of the French consul. The Austrian Government makes an appeal to the civilized world against the outrage. The American Government indorses the prompt action of Captain Ingraham in the rescue of Kossta, and ultimately Austria, after having seized the man, and after having protested in the face of Europe, surrenders him to America. So far has a little vigorous treatment broken through the Japan box of Austrian privilege! But Austria has not done with America yet. The principles of the two countries are so diametrically opposed that they cannot meet without conflict. The commerce of the Western power is so extending, that the two nations must meet again and more frequently. Austrian routine and etiquette will be put to severe trials; but there will be a Commodore Perry for other exclusive systems besides that of Japan; and we may look forward to the day even when some land-going Commodore Perry shall bid the everlasting gates lift up their heads, proclaim freedom even in Vienna or Milan, and enter the capital of despotism, with the American colours flying, and the band, echoed in the hearts of the people, playing "Hail, Columbia."

#### THE BRASS-BUTTON POLICY.

WE have recently said that the true emancipation of labour will be found, not in any sudden "reconstruction of society," which is not necessary to the development of the true principle of Concert—not in mere political enfranchisement, although that will greatly facilitate the machinery of better industry—but in the extension of practical information on their own commercial interests, amongst the members of the working-classes. We do not mean education in the ordinary sense of the word; we do not mean that the working-classes need to wait the slow process of sending little children to school, letting them be taught a plain curriculum, letting them grow up, and then by their children two or three generations hence, slowly arriving at a better state. What we mean is, that in proportion as the working-classes take pains to acquire a knowledge of the facts bearing upon their actual condition, and especially of the commercial value which attaches to their labour, they will be able to adapt their labour to the demands of the day, and to obtain the highest returns which are in the possibility of things.

The employing classes continue to restrict them from that information. In this respect the old "friend of the labourer" is still the most distinguished by the worst species of tyranny—the dishonest attempt to cajole ignorance into contentment. The employing classes in the cotton districts keep aloof from their men, withhold information, and do not try to come to that common understanding which would best promote the interests of both. But they do not directly endeavour to keep their hands ignorant; they do not give pitiful rewards for ignorance and for contentment under starvation, by clothing the contented clown in a green coat with brass buttons, and putting a sovereign or two in his hand.

That policy is reserved for "the friend of the farmer." We have it in its best form at the feast of that Agricultural Society which is also a noble example of Toryism consistent with itself, and of Protectionism true to its old colours. Of all boons given to the labouring classes, a prize proclaimed by the Hinckford Agricultural and Conservative Association is the one which most disgraces its donors. It was a prize to that labourer, servant of a subscriber, who should have paid the largest amount to a medical club without having received more than 10s. a week. What is the precept which this prize practically conveys? It is this. "The labouring man ought not to depend upon us for help in sickness." In those feudal days when men were "tyrants," their labourers did so depend upon them; we still want to be landowners, but we would get rid of that responsibility. We will not subscribe for you, but you must subscribe for yourself to a medical club. We will not care for you unless you are our servants; you must still be 'adscribed' to us though you are self-supporting. We com-

pound for your subsistence by giving you wages, but it must be only 10s. per week. If you will thus rub on, at the end of the year we will reward you by a munificent gift of one pound sterling." And positively there is found a candidate to compete for that prize! Now, how are these wretched people to be emancipated by universal suffrage, or by "reconstruction of society" in that ancient hamlet of Castle Hedingham? Yet now would they not be emancipated if they knew the true rights of their case, as the labouring classes are all beginning to do in other quarters.

We may understand what amount of wages is considered remunerative, by the state of another district greatly resembling in its purely agricultural character the one to which we refer. Let us take the district of Yoxford, in Suffolk. There wages are 11s. a week, sometimes 12s., and so high is the present price of provisions—although they are not dearer in Suffolk than in Essex—that even with 11s. or 12s. it is hard work to get on. The Suffolk man has 1s. or 2s. above the Essex 10s.—2l. 10s. or 5l. more in the year; yet when the Essex man is rewarded for foregoing that 2l. 10s. or 5l., he has an idea that he has gained something by the reward of 1l. sterling. If he only knew!

We say it is hard work to live, even at the higher rate of wages, in the Suffolk district; but hard as it is, the case may be yet harder before long. Should wages continue at that rate, and prices rise, it is probable that when wheat seeding is finished many labourers will be discharged, and the now independent man will become the pauper. It has been recommended by a correspondent of the *Times* that agents in other parts of England should seek labour in Norfolk, and convey it elsewhere to the advantage of employers and employed. Not, indeed, to the advantage of employers in Norfolk, who have not too many hands, nor too much capital to pay them with. The plan of agency, indeed, has been tried in other places, but not with the best effects. A wealthy, intelligent, and benevolent manufacturer suggested it years ago for the cotton districts, and agricultural labourers were poured in, to the detriment of wages in those districts. The same people were poured back again, at a subsequent day, in the shape of enervated weavers, and they became paupers in their native villages. Men are not beasts; and when they become commodities for the dealing of "agents," they are likely to undergo the fate of those German "redemptioners" in the United States, who were actually bought and sold before their faces by the agents who spoke a language unintelligible to the ignorant foreign emigrants.

English labourers have sometimes been sold almost in the same manner. Some years back families were actually taken from a district in Suffolk to other parts of England; where it was represented that they would obtain much higher wages. After a time, a few families, with great difficulty and much hardship, managed to get back, and others were prevented from doing so only by the lack of means, so little had they found prosperity where it was promised to them by the strangers. No, the working-classes must be informed on their own interests, and on their own knowledge must be enabled better to regulate their claims of wages at home, better to speculate in home migration, or to seek fortune in America or Australia.

By the proper development of intelligence amongst themselves and their employers, prosperity may be brought, like justice, to their own doors. To the Suffolk district which we have mentioned it will come some day, not long hence we hope, with railways and improved cultivation. The railway indeed, which is already settled, will not occasion immediate increase of employment for the labourers, because it scarcely suits the ordinary agricultural labourer to abandon his home and become a navigator, with higher wages but also higher expenses and unsettled condition. The navigator will come and earn his own wages; but the railway will bring traffic, and will bring means of carrying off the produce of the land. It will introduce a more stirring spirit into the heart of the county, will elevate the style of agriculture, will call for more intelligence on the part of the labourer, and thus, while augmenting the produce of the district, will enhance the rate of wages, and improve the condition of the whole. This is sounder and better than protection, which rewards labourers content to starve through the

period of rising wages and commercial prosperity, upon the beggarly pittance of 9s. or 10s. a week.

#### THE FAIRY TALES OF SCIENCE.

IN the mist of an Irish evening, groups of travellers sped gaily along a noble highway. A sudden stop: but they wait calmly—a little work will set all right again. But they soon hear of a terrible destroyer on their path. Death rides behind. It comes in a familiar shape: that of a railway engine, whose stops are governed by a man's hand. Yet the trained officers of the railway cannot check it. It rushes on: it presses the life from out young hearts, and the evening darkens for ever to some bright eyes.

Is the mechanical genius of our people gone? Has our right hand forgot its cunning? If a murderer is to be caught in London, a whisper from Liverpool plants the policeman on his path. But if a murder is being prepared two miles off, by means of a railway engine, there is no whisper, and no fine ear to hear it. On a smooth and simple path advances a railway engine: Required, to send to it, as quickly as possible, a command to stand still. One would think a set of savages with nothing but native tact could devise some means towards this end, and yet we are told that our railway managers are at a loss. On the Irish line they sent back a man to wave a lamp, fondly hoping that a driver blinded with rushing wind and furnace glare would see him; and the device failed. Explosive signals would have roused the driver, even had he been asleep; but explosive signals were not used, because there was no fog, and no thick darkness. Here we trace the ill effect of bad rules. Instead of using explosive signals only for fogs, they should be used on all occasions, until better signals are invented. The Hornsey accident would not have occurred had they been used: and this Irish accident they might have prevented. But in the latter case time was wanted for the fixture of signals at a distance far enough from the place of danger. A man, running, cannot do much towards stopping a train coming on at thirty miles an hour. A signal transmitted as rapidly as the train was advancing, would have met it three miles from the broken-down engine, and so have prevented all accident. But there was no such signal to be had. Railway managers can run heavy engines fifty miles an hour, and are not able to run signal locomotives to fire off lights at meeting another train? We are not engineers, but the thing does not seem impossible. Or, to suggest another device, if a touch at Liverpool can make a sign in London, why should not a touch at a station show signs along the telegraph posts for miles?

But the true cause of all these calamities lies in the characters of railway directors. If they do not see direct gain in a new plan, they will not take it up. In the long run it is better for a railway company to work its line well. But who are the railway Directors? They are men who make money by speculation in railway shares, not by the working of a railway traffic. Whether a Company gets a bad name or not, there are nice things to be made out of speculation in its very infamy. Many a fine fortune has been made out of the falling stock of a fatal line. Few of the great men of a Company are directors only of that one line. They are owners of railway property all over the kingdom. They sit at many boards. Unless you knock up all the railways in the land, you cannot diminish their profits; the low shares of one railway cause high shares in another, and they know how to rig the market at pleasure. And who are the Company? A shifting body of silly shareholders, who sell out in a panic, and buy in when they have nothing else to do with their money. Simple straightforward people think railways were built for the conveyance of men and goods. They were projected to enable a set of clever gentlemen to cook accounts, and live on the fat of the land—the iron road and the steam coaches being merely "accidents." If we would turn the lines to their proper use, we must regard these gentlemen in their true light,—speculators on the Stock Exchange. If they or any other persons establish a machine or institution for public use, we must see that they do not so misuse it as to endanger public health. We drain off cesspools, and will not allow gunpowder factories: are we to allow Death to ride roughshod on our railways because the directors are "busy in their parlours counting all their money?"

Mark well; it is merely a mechanical question. A proper system of signals *can* be invented, both for communication between driver and guard, and for a warning to trains rushing into danger. In America, a guard can pass through all the carriages up to the driver: in Germany, he can ring a bell. It is not for us, nor for the Government, to dictate how the intercourse is to be contrived; but it must be done, under the provisions of that supreme law,—the safety of the people. There are difficulties, such as the necessary dis-jointing of all the carriages, and the awkwardness of a continuous wire or cord when carriages would have to be sundered; but even crude mechanical conception can suggest modes of doing the thing. The signal to warn back a distant train might be done by firelights, or by some speedy mechanical messenger sent along the rails. Without any mechanical invention, a great deal could be done by a sentinel posted on the engine, or by the South Eastern system of signalling "a clear line" from station to station. Lord Palmerston forbids smoke without telling its producers how to put it down: he should command a safe railway system, and let directors find out the cheapest and the best.

#### THE WILTS COUNTY MAGISTRATES' JUSTICE.

WE have long been of opinion that the economical maxim, which appraises the worth of "anything" at "just as much as it will bring," receives its most triumphant illustration in the case of our unpaid magistracy; but we are not ashamed to confess that we begin to doubt whether we have not been in error all this while, and whether, after all, amateur justice, which we get for nothing, is not dear at the price. The Wilts county magistrates, in the course of this week, have upset our old notion altogether, and left us wondering how we could so long have been victims to the generous, but utter delusion, that the value of the services of the great unpaid was not exaggerated when taken at the apparently modest estimate of those who render them.

A month since there appeared in the papers an announcement that the office of the governor of the new prison at Devizes was vacant, and a request that candidates would forward their testimonials by the 11th inst., and be themselves present in person on the 18th, the day of election. The advertisement led to numbers of applications. Gentlemen who had been in the army, gentlemen who had been in the navy, gentlemen on half-pay, and gentlemen on no pay—gentlemen who had been governors of gaols, and gentlemen who only wanted to be—hastened to prepare their papers, and inundated the clerk's office with assurances of their fitness, and with credentials from their friends and former officers. Before the 11th, the magistrates had received some forty applications; and on the 18th, thirty-two of the candidates—all, perhaps, who (we know not at what cost or sacrifice) had been able to find money for their hotel and travelling expenses,—appeared, to be inspected and examined by the august body in whom lay the power of appointment. They came together as rivals, but they left as friends, bound to each other by the strongest sympathy, by feelings of the warmest indignation, and the most unmitigated contempt for the magistrates by whom they had been gulled into going a fool's errand, and into wasting on a useless expedition money which the very fact of their seeking such an appointment shows they could but ill spare. It seemed, when they got into court, that the advertising for a governor, and the promise of an election, were mere formalities—simple, pleasant, little legal fictions, having no object but the laying out, for the encouragement of journalists, of a portion of the county funds, and perhaps—for justices are getting so philanthropic—the providing of some consoling speculations among the prisoners as to the probable character of the ruler who was shortly to be "elected" over them. The appointment was, in fact, made, and made on grounds which must have been as patent to the appointers before they received a single testimonial as after they had read—if they did read?—them all. However, it was thought decent and attentive to keep up the farce: so the names of the candidates were called over, and those who—poor fellows—had not managed to be present, were struck off the list; their non-appearance being considered so disrespectful to the worshipful Bench as to vitiate all their claim to take part in the solemn

humbug about to be perpetrated on their wealthier rivals. The ceremony having got to this point, it was politely intimated to the expectant and eager crowd that it rested with them to determine whether the performance should be continued; but to guide their judgment on this point it was kindly told them that the magistrates had not a thought of appointing any of them, though of course they were quite ready to go through the forms of an election if it would be the least satisfaction to each or any of the thirty-one candidates to find himself in a minority of 0. The boldest of the thirty-one gentlemen suggested, in the course of the proceedings, that this did rather puzzle him and—by this time—his friends, and that they would rather like to know what it meant. Meanwhile, however, he was informed that the magistrates, who are disposed to pride themselves on their economy, would be delighted to hear—which was strange, if they had already read them—the best bits of his and the others' testimonials; but that they had set their hearts upon the appointment of a Mr. Alexander, who had this convincing testimonial to his fitness—that if he were not appointed, he must be pensioned by the county. Not a word about his fitness—what had that to do with it? The only qualification mentioned, the only one thought of, was the saving of the pension. He may have the highest claims; he may have none; at least, he is not to flatter himself that they gained him the appointment. The saved pension is his testimonial; the *il faut vivre* is his merit. Perhaps he will be a good governor; at least, he is a cheap one.

Mr. Alexander, it seems, has for some thirty years been governor of the Marlborough Bridewell; that bridewell which he has ruled so long is about to be abolished, and his "vested interest" therein to be consequently imperilled. So the magistrates, alleging no other ground, appoint, lest they should have to pension, him. They would have made him chaplain had that post been vacant, or surgeon perhaps; and we doubt not that at future public dinners, they will instance this as a case of retrenchment; and, after attacking Manchester men, affirm that your true economy is that practised by country gentlemen.

We will not here enter into the question of Mr. Alexander's fitness or unfitness for the post—that, indeed, being a question on which we cannot pretend to have any information, and which therefore (like the magistrates, though for a different reason,) we may as well keep out of our view. We cannot, indeed, assert that it had nothing to do with the appointment; and we do not see that it is material to our case.

The point to which we wish to draw attention is the iniquity—especially glaring just now, when the magistrates must find hotel charges so prominent a topic in their newspapers—of bringing thirty or forty gentlemen hundreds of miles on a wildgoose chase, when an outlay of thirty or forty postage stamps would have apprized them all that their visit was of no use.

It was not pretended that their candidature would lead to the least chance of their success. They were there for a form; and when they did pluck up courage to read their testimonials, were impatiently stopped in the attempt to read extracts of the papers with which they were provided.

The magistrates took no interest in the proceedings: for anything but the saving of Mr. Alexander's pension, they did not care. There was no blush of shame on the bench when it came out in open court that there was a doubt among themselves as to who had been fulfilling the prison duties since the resignation of the late governor, Mr. Heywood; nor were the visiting justices disconcerted when it appeared that, without their sanction, without even their knowledge, the gaol school had been closed for three months, whilst its master, the son of the late governor, had been travelling about seeking votes for the appointment which his father lately held.

Such a state of things needs only narration, not comment. We are glad, therefore, to learn that a committee of the aggrieved candidates have communicated all the above facts to Lord Palmerston, who, we feel convinced, will give them his conscientious attention, and who, indeed, dare not, after the recent investigations into prison discipline elsewhere, neglect to inquire into the case which we have now set before the public.

#### THE GOVERNING CLASSES.

No. VII.

GENERAL VISCOUNT HARDINGE, G.C.B.,  
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

It is very unfortunate that that sublime structure, the British constitution, should be only a theory. It is scarcely less unfortunate that Great Britons, as a mass, believe in it as a reality. Let me do justice to the shrewdness of the Governing Classes. They not only drew up a better constitution than Sieyès ever hit upon; but they have, from generation to generation, succeeded in educating the governed classes to believe that their theoretical constitution was realized in laws, customs, and institutions.

For instance. Is it not a daily boast among the most democratic classes, that "Thank God, sir, this is a free country: in this country the highest places are open to merit?" And they give examples. "Look at Charles James, Bishop of London—look at Hardinge." The other day some merchants of Liverpool, in a moment of coarse conviviality, cheered Lord Derby, when that nobleman, slyly answering a comparison previously drawn by Mr. John Bright, between England and the United States, was using the ordinary British argument, and mentioning, to prove his case, that his Chancellor, Edward Sugden, the son of a barber, had become a peer of the realm. And the instances are so numerous which appear to sustain the theory, that ordinary men are as fully impressed with the idea, that the governing and aristocratic classes are not exclusive, as they are convinced that the Crown is an exclusive institution. The House of Lords, said Lord Derby, whom we may take as the exponent of most thoughtless, mindless, British can'ts,—the House of Lords is open to all men. The answer is,—as the London Tavern is open to all men,—who can pay. The price of entrance among the governing classes is,—subjection to the governing classes. Excepting Lord Brougham, in respect to whom the circumstances were peculiar, no man ever got into the Peerage who did not go to the House of Lords as the agent of the Peerage. There are only two classes who get out of the mire into the ermine,—soldiers and lawyers. Soldiers are always Tories; or when they are not, as Napier was not, they are put down. Lawyers are always intense Conservatives, for obvious reasons: and the most Tory lawyers who have reached the Woolsack have been Whigs,—like Lord Cottenham. Occasionally a millionaire gets in, like Jones Loyd: and, notoriously, the most conscious of aristocrats is the parvenu Peer. Just as borough owners did and do send their valets, their toadies, their "agents," or their sons, into the "Commons" House, so the flatterers, the tools, and the varlets, of the governing classes are permitted to get into the Lords' House. Every new creation which is a concession to the cleverness and worth of the basely-born ambitious, is a new coat of paint to the old House of Lords,—freshening it up in the eyes of the prone and gaping multitude: and the exceptions, which only prove the rule of exclusiveness, are loudly made use of to demonstrate the theory of the open Constitution. The Governing Classes have a distinct policy,—to perpetuate their class: and the governed classes are always applauding when they see the governing classes make use of mean men! Every able man can reach the highest place in this free country, said the enlightened journals of the governed classes when the governing classes (in each case with sensible distrust) made Canning Premier; made Peel Premier; gave Disraeli the Finance Office; a seat in the Cabinet to Macaulay; and Treasury dirty work to ex-chapelier James Wilson. But did any man ever get into the Cabinet who was pledged to realizing the theories of the Constitution? Did any man ever get a Peerage who was adverse to Spiritual Peers, and indisposed to the Conservation of the Commons as an ante-room of the Peers? In fact, only very few of the astute sycophants themselves get the reward of admission within the adyta of the British Temple. There was Burke who did good Conservative work at a risky period: and that amiable and brilliant Charles Fox, who never did a good and never said a clever thing, never suggested a Peerage for the incomparable Irishman. That more recent Whig chief, Lord John Russell, lost and annihilated a party by his ungenerous coldness in rewarding useful brains. Beyond the discovery of Mr. James Wilson he never helped a human being in the path of



ambition—Oh, yes. We beg his pardon. He actually made Charles Buller, who had the genius of a dozen Charles Foxes, a President of a Poor-law Board.

That Lord Hardinge is an able, and a generous man, with a good deal of that heroic element which men worship, in his nature, there can be no question. But there can be as little question, that neither to his ability nor to his heroism does he owe his Peerage, his splendid position, the result of the great opportunities which were given him, and his ample fortune. Contrast his fate with that of Sir Charles James Napier. He was always as inferior to Napier as the Duke of Cambridge is to Lord Hardinge: and yet one died, the victim of a third-rate *doctrine* noble, Lord Dalhousie, and the other is Commander-in-chief as a European war is opening. Hardinge was Secretary of State for Ireland, while Napier commanded the garrisons of Chester and Preston: Hardinge, in 1847, went out as Governor-General of India: and Napier, in 1849, came back from India the scouted general of a sectional command, although in that command he subdued and organized a martial province, and fought the tremendous odds of Meanee. Lord Hardinge, like Lord Hill, got into the high places of British, political, and social life, by consenting to be a good Tory: by not only caressing the aristocracy with the instinct of a soldier, but by worshipping the chief of the aristocracy. Wellington created Hardinge: gave him all his chances, offered him all his opportunities: and the sincerest praise that the historian can give to Lord Hardinge is, that he was a good lieutenant, and tolerably equal to his opportunities,—that is, as a soldier: as a politician, he was an absurdity; for though, when he became Secretary for Ireland, he took Wellington's sage counsel, never to speak of what he did not understand, and never to quote Latin—which was supererogatory advice—he was as much out of place in the House of Commons as a soldier always is in a free and mixed assembly. Wellington had, indeed, the faculty of great men—of discerning great men, as he evidenced when, Hardinge being still alive, he spoke of Napier as being the only man to repair the disasters of another of his pupils, Sir H. Gough, on the Sutlej. But it is remarkable that he made no discoveries of great men, in fighting, or in politics, while his own fame as a general was fresh, and while his own position as a politician was uncertain. All his lieutenants were second-rate men: and all Napoleon's lieutenants were first-rate men. Lord Hardinge was the only one of his old officers whom he encouraged into politics, after the peace: and Lord Hardinge never was a rival in his path. But Lord Hardinge remains, still, the most successful of the men presented by Wellington to Great Britain: and the services which Lord Hardinge rendered Great Britain in doing for India what Great Britons think it so wrong in Prince Gortschakoff to do for Moldo-Wallachia, justified his advancement, and earned his title. His campaign in India was more than brilliant; it was heroic: and to the end of time British historians will rightly tell heroic youth how Lord Hardinge, the Governor-General, who might have stayed away from the risk to fame and life, rode into the front of the battle, with his gallant boy by his side, won a great victory, and gave the honour of it to a subordinate.

And now, as a European war re-opens, Lord Hardinge is Commander-in-chief: Commander-in-chief of that army which dare lose none of its prestige: first man, in a military crisis, of a nation which must go forward or disappear. And he is sixty-eight years of age. That is a serious fact. When forty, in the full swing of his energy and his intellect, no one would have dreamed of him for such a post, even had there been no Wellington his contemporary; but, in peace, he got his post, by seniority: and there he is—in that post, as war opens, at sixty-eight years of age—as inferior to himself at forty, as at forty he was inferior to Wellington. However, this enlightened country endured a Duke of York till a Wellington and a Nelson turned up; and must rejoice in a Hardinge till a Napier be found, or be employed. In truth, the selection is limited; the governing classes reject brains so emphatically that most of the able men go into commerce, finding money to compensate for fame; and the unhappy question is—whom would you substitute for Lord Hardinge? Successful men in this country have to reach second childhood before they get peerages and

crosses, and the governing classes would not dream of giving the Horse Guards to mere manhood and brains without a title and a cross. In that respect England is far behind the rest of Europe: merit travels faster even in the Russias; and certainly faster in the Turkish service than in the British.

A war now is to England far more serious than to France or Russia. England will be ruined by war if she does not win in it. And there are no evidences that her present rulers are the men to carry her through the war. In the last war Pitt and Wellington were both young; but now, not only all her statesmen in office, but all her generals and admirals, are dangerously old men, and the chances are that before she begins to win she will have to kill off all the old statesmen and all the old commanders.

Youth is genius; it is energy. Age in action is a blunder, because it is not active. The influence of age is visible in the negotiations which have caused the now inevitable war; could such an influence be trusted in the conduct of a campaign? To suggest that sexagenarians and septuagenarians are less capable than men of thirty and forty to conduct and manage a great war is no more to insult old age than it is insulted by the remark that beards grow grey. The men who would have to conduct a war now on behalf of England—Lord Aberdeen, Lord Hardinge, Sir James Graham, Lord John Russell, and Lord Palmerston—would break down simply because a council of war, in which every councillor is seventy, cannot possibly achieve a victory. Experience has its advantages—but only when action is routine. Nestor talked more wisely than anybody else in the debates before Troy; but Achilles, a rash young fool, took the city. Austria, it may be said, was saved the other day by the octogenarian Radetzky; but she was also, before, lost by Würmser, fighting against a general of thirty, and against soldiers who had no shoes and no brandy. And if England gives way, first, as Radetzky did, her Radetzky's will never bring her to the front again. For Russia is not Lombardy; and we are not, like Austria, accustomed to be loser.

Gentlemen of from sixty to seventy years of age are so wise that they cannot be original; and if England's rulers and generals cannot now lift themselves out of routine into a conception of a great campaign, England is lost. And there is no evidence that our Cabinet or our Commander-in-chief have got vigorous ideas about the war. They already talk through a leading journal, to the effect that as a war only brings the belligerents to a treaty, all the bloodshed had better be "skipped," and we had better begin with the treaty! And this is said the same day on which the Czar's challenge is bruited forth to Europe,—war to extermination! Starting from such different points of view,—the Russian seeking the extermination of his opponent, and the English Government aiming only at the truce of a Conference, which is likely to win?

England ought to accept the challenge, and exterminate Russia. If she fights only to conquer Russia in some pitched battle, then to coerce Russia into a temporary truce, called a treaty, she fights under a misapprehension. Russia, as a system which gives to one man the power which Czar Nicholas possesses and misuses, is the curse of mankind. We are about to make war on Russia as a public robber, plunderer, and breaker of treaties. If we beat her in a battle, or battles, and get a new treaty or treaties, we do not avert, we only postpone, that danger to Constantinople, which is the danger to Western civilization. Russia, enemy to God and man, is only to be conquered in one way—by being destroyed;—*La guerre a l'outrance!*

Wars are undertaken to procure peace; that is the best war which secures the longest peace. The existence of Russia—as a political system—being incompatible with peace, (and there is no peace while each Power upholds vast standing armies, as the existence of Russia requires of every other Power,) that war would be a holy war which annihilated Russia.

Russia is one man, the master of 60,000,000 other men, whom he oppresses and corrupts, or allows to be oppressed; whom he retains in barbarism; whom he converts into the enemies of the rest of mankind. To destroy, therefore, the system by which this one man has power, would be to benefit not only Western Europe, but all the Russians.

History applauds all the conquests accomplished by civilized men over barbarians. Rome benefited the world by organizing the world. William the Norman

was a hero whom humanity blessed for conquering Saxon England. Henry the Norman was a benefactor for handing over Celtic Ireland to Norman barons. Pizarro and Cortes were heroes for carrying civilization among savages—by force of arms. Penn, the saint, was not the less a saint that he was a plunderer,—of the lands of Red Indians. The world would have been the gainer if the Crusades had been successes. The world has been the gainer that England conquered Hindostan from preceding conquerors. England is admired by Englishmen when she exterminates Kaffirs and New Zealanders, whose crime is, that they do not appreciate commercial settlements in their neighbourhoods. France is doing the work of civilization in routing out the Sheiks from Algiers. Brooke is blessed for slaughtering savages in the Indian Archipelago. Yet not one of these conquests has that justification which would attend a conquest of Russia. For Russia—the political system—is the common foe of all mankind. *La guerre*, then, *a l'outrance*.

But how annihilate Russia? We live so much in routine that the idea terrifies. We have no William the Norman, no Clive, no Cæsar, no Godfrey of Bouillon among us, to make the deeds of a great nation great.

Yet it is not a new idea. Napoleon not only conceived the thought, but he acted on it; and he would have annihilated Russia, but for three accidents: a winter unparalleled for severity, the fire of Moscow, and a severe diarrhoea. England may take advantage of his experience to avoid all such contingencies.

He would have annihilated Russia, by re-creating a Polish or Slavonic empire between her and Europe, by giving Turkey vast new territories towards the Danube, by despoiling the Russian nobles, and organizing a new people; by enfranchising the serfs, and, if possible, by coaxing the Cossacks, and inciting other Russian nationalities into independence of the Czar. And he would have kept a French army long enough in Russia to have completed his new organization: and he would have made the Russians pay the expenses of that army, and of that army getting there.

All that Napoleon did, or sought to do, England could accomplish. If she gives money to Kossuth, Kossuth will create the Slavonic empire. If she gives money to the Circassians, the Circassians will not only repel, but will attack Russia. If she gives money to the Cossacks, their Hetman will do her will. The Danubian Principalities are easily convertible into a strong state: with a better and more real Turkish protectorate; and our own protectorate of Turkey could be organized more efficiently, by our sinking every ship the Czar owns, by destroying Sebastopol, and establishing (the old system of the Canadian lakes) a permanent fleet, in charge of the Black Sea. But Russia would still remain: we have no army to go to Moscow. How did William the Norman collect an army? By promising the country to the conquerors. We got together a Spanish legion upon a shilling-a-day promises. A Russian legion, with larger promises, would be collected in a month. The religion is not so much in the English as it was in Napoleon's way. An army of conquerors would not be pious; but, even supposing them ardent Protestants,—between Anglican Protestantism and the Greek Church there is no very ferocious difference.

The destruction of Russia means the creation of several new states, who would be good commercial customers; and thus not only would the annihilation of Russia, to which the Czar challenges us, be a blessing to the world, a guarantee to civilization, a benefit to the Russian populations, but—it would pay, as an investment. No argument, therefore, remains against the project. Except, perhaps, that our good ally, Louis Napoleon, would be too moral to join us. That is not likely: the project suits his interest, his morals, and the genius of his people, even better than it would suit England. And even if he did object, and opposed, England has an ally in reserve, and a protector against the combined world, in the United States.

Such is a project, however, which would ill suit the habits of mind, and the incapacity for action, of the rulers of this enlightened nation. They would manage Nicholas as modern doctors manage a madman, quiet him by politeness. So shall we have a succession of fits, and a variety of treaties. It would not be etiquette to annihilate Russia; Russia, therefore, will have her chance of annihilating England. NON-ELECTOR.

## THE FARMER AND HIS FRIEND.

THE country gentlemen begin to show themselves men, and leaving the Derby and Beresford hunt have turned to the more wholesome and cleanly task of working well each in his own field. And the earth has given the new Antæi a fresh strength. An active and enterprising landlord, once a thorough Protectionist, sends us this week a tale of his own conversion to unprotected science, comically contrasted with the headstrong obstinacy of a foggy old farmer. He writes:—

"This morning I went to inspect the men finishing the work of cleansing my reservoir. I met old H— (his immediate neighbour and tenant), and told him I should make a large tank at a sufficient distance from the house to catch the liquid manure and surface water from my out offices, his out offices, and his pigstyes, so as to put a good sum in his pocket in the shape of the best manure we know of, and at the same time remove a dangerous nuisance from the vicinity of his house. His answer was:—

"I doan't want a tank. It's always run into the ditch sin' I know it, an' I've bin here thirty-eight year."

"And how often have you cleaned out the ditch?"

"Well, I know I've cleaned 'un out twice."

"The ditch is within about forty yards of the house, and the manure water alone must have been worth hundreds in the period he named."

Our correspondent adds, "I didn't believe he could be such an ignorant old fool." He forgets that not many years ago half the farmers of the kingdom were allowing such wealth to run to waste while they ran, piteously howling, after the Derby dilly.

## Open Council.

[IN THIS DEPARTMENT, AS ALL OPINIONS, HOWEVER EXTREME, ARE ALLOWED AN EXPRESSION, THE EDITOR NECESSARILY HOLDS HIMSELF RESPONSIBLE FOR NONE.]

There is no learned man but will confess he hath much profited by reading controversies, his senses awakened, and his judgment sharpened. If, then, it be profitable for him to read, why should it not, at least, be tolerable for his adversary to write.—MILTON.

## THE GREEK EMPIRE NOTION.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

10, Great Winchester-Street, Old Broad-street,  
October, 18, 1853.

DEAR SIR,—Permit me to thank Mr. Robinson for his letter referring to the Greek Empire meeting at Crosby Hall, and at the same time to correct a misstatement of his, or a misprint of yours. I spoke of 9,000,000 of Christians, not of "90,000,000."

The Greek Empire attempt seems to me to be a great mistake. It means insurrection of the Christian population of Turkey during her present difficulties, and the sequence of such insurrection would be, not freedom to the Christians, but dismemberment of the Turkish Empire. Such insurrection would be an excuse for Austrian interference on the western frontier, and would force Turkey into an injurious truce with Russia, so that an insurrection, whether meant or not, would really be an effort for the interests of Russia. The Christian insurrectionists would be put down. If Turkey alone could not do it, Russia and Austria would help her to do it. Their object is, I need hardly say, not freedom to the people, but aggrandisement of Russia and Austria.

The character of the Christian and of the Mussulman need not be discussed, nor the motives and interests that prompt Englishmen to advocate the restoration of the Greek Empire. The inutility of such an advocacy is so plain, and the blind infatuation of its advocates so evident, that there is no need to imply bad motives to defeat them.

Intelligence and energy are sure to make themselves felt. If the Greeks possess qualities they will become the dominant race, but if the Turks possess those qualities in a greater degree, then nothing we can do will dispossess them of the inheritance and dominance that is ever the birthright of intelligence and strength.—Yours very truly,  
C. F. NICHOLL.

## THE WAGES MOVEMENT AND THE POLITICAL ECONOMISTS.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—I believe it is a maxim of the political economists, that a man should be peaceably allowed to get as much as he can for his commodity, and that the seller will probably be a better judge than any uninterested party, though never so learned in their science, of what that maximum is. Public writers who violently condemn the workman's demands, and counsel masters not to accede to them, appear to me sometimes to lose sight of these maxims.

It is also, if I'm not mistaken, admitted by these same economists (who were never particular friends of ours), that A.'s refusal to sell is, at least, as good a proof that the market value has not been offered, as B.'s declining to buy is a proof of the contrary.

Writers who point to the rejection of the workman's demands, as irrefutable evidence that they should not have been made, appear to me to forget this maxim, also.

I am told, that all good Benthamites have scratched out of their dictionary such words as "regrater," "forestaller," "usurer," "extortioner," &c., and that they affirm, that a greater demand than supply gives the seller the power to exact a higher price, and the right to do so, if he can. May not a shipwright or collier, for instance, who could neither read nor understand Mr. Bentham's elegant English, possibly have a glimmering of this truth at the present time? If so, ought we, professing Benthamism, to call him a "misguided man," to rate him from the Bench, to abuse him in the papers, and to caricature and sneer at him in *Punch*?

A general bullying of the "Bears," or an overbearing attack upon the "Bulls," might probably affect the Stock Exchange; but it would neither be fair towards the "Bears" or the "Bulls." Our Newspaper writers, I suppose, feel this; for they never interfere with them to damage or uphold either interest.

Now, we are simply "Bulls," and our employers (without offence) are "Bears."

Might it not, then, be fairer and wiser, after all, to let us alone, too? I am, Sir, yours very respectfully,  
W. M. T.

## HOTEL CHARGES.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

Boulogne, 13th Oct. 1853.

SIR,—The *Leader* of the 24th September contains respecting hotels, an article full of truth, and very much to the purpose, and ending with the announcement of a project that could but appertain to a company who have already stirred the world with a most gigantic conception, executed so that every nation in turn will try to imitate it.

This project, sir, which I think is the indispensable auxiliary to railways, will complete the grand education of cosmopolism begun at your great Exhibition.

The good effects of such a change in the systems of hotels can hardly be calculated, for it will bring together people that would otherwise have remained buried in their own conceit and infatuation. . . . The idea is certainly worth the great nation which has already taken so many noble initiatives.

The Frenchman, who still thinks that a visit to London costs a small fortune, will no longer satisfy himself with what he hears from those lucky enough to have the means to go and see; but he will be able to go and see himself; and as his bile will no longer be kept in constant ebullition by the incessant drags upon his purse, his eyes will see what they otherwise would certainly not have seen.

Besides, instead of a hurried visit of a day or two, during which the visitor runs from one place to another like a madman, he will give himself time to digest his thoughts, and will not regret his money when he has had what he wanted for his money. . . . The question is not always the sum spent, but often, what did one get for that sum.

Now, Mr. Editor, suppose the system projected for London be carried in Paris, and in some of our principal towns in France, how many English, who return home disgusted with the numerous impositions to which they have been subjected, will lose many prejudices only to be eradicated by a frequent and friendly intercourse.

Again, how extended the limits for the peregrinations of the humble purse when this most excellent hotel system is imported into Germany and Italy.

With respect to Paris and London it is most desirable and very feasible. Cheap and comfortable places might even be secured in Boulogne and Folkestone for the traveller to either capital. Let us also hope that the passage between Folkestone and Boulogne would then be what it should have been for some time—5s. and 3s.

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, I think that all the world ought to vote thanks to a company who are taking an initiative pregnant with so many means of civilization, and which will do more for fraternal feeling between nations than writing for a century upon manners, &c.

Excuse my Franco-English, and allow me to remain, sir, your very obedient servant,  
P. BONNEFOY.

## GOVERNMENT NEGLECT OF SCOTTISH RIGHTS.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—Much of the indifference regarding Scottish matters, ascribed to the good folks south of the Tweed, arises from two causes—viz., from limited and imperfect notions of what Scotland really requires and complains of, and above all, from a disbelief that a Government which gives justice to England, and something more to Ireland, would deny to Scotland her just and proper rights. But such is the fact, as the following extract will in some measure illustrate:—

THE FRENCH IN POSSESSION OF A BRITISH DOCK.—This, however strange and ominous it may sound, is literally the case. There is at Leith a Government dock

called the Queen's Dock, forming the westmost of the three docks belonging to Leith Harbour. Here are laid up such government craft as may happen to be in the quarter, and yachts and other private vessels whose owners are allowed the privilege. Formerly the entrance to this royal basin was guarded by a sentry, but this, we suppose, being found to be more a piece of etiquette than necessary for security, &c., the usual result in Scottish arrangements followed—the extravagance was lopped off, and the sentinel withdrawn, a year or two ago. Some few weeks back a small French man-of-war came to our coast, and it has latterly been laid up in this dock. The public, who are admitted to the place, were last Sunday evening rather astonished, as they were walking about viewing the vessels, &c., lying there, when they were accosted by a French marine from the French vessel, ordering them to turn out, that he might shut the gates. Not knowing what to think of this foreign exercise of authority, the people, with their habitual deference to orders, obeyed, and it was only when fairly on the outside that they gave vent to their British feeling on the subject, one old woman exclaiming, "Weel, wha wad hae thocht o' seeing us put oot o' our ain docks by the French?" Seriously, is it not disgraceful that, for the miserable saving of a sentry's pay, the guardianship of one of our royal docks should actually be entrusted to the men of a French man-of-war?—*North British Daily Mail*.

Now, Sir, financial reform and retrenchment are two excellent things when judiciously administered; but the screw principle, as applied to Scotland, is, to say the least, both unfair and unmerited, seeing that she is, in more senses than one, a paying concern.\*

Were the English people fully alive to Scottish matters and interests, we would have no lack of hands willing and ready to help us; to such I would now appeal, and from all I would ask help.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

A SCOTCHMAN.

Edinburgh.

[\* What would old Samuel Johnson have said to this assertion of our correspondent?—Ed.]

## A NEW INVENTION.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

October 19, 1853.

SIR,—Shawl and plaid printing gives occupation at present to between three and four thousand persons in Scotland. These persons work with blocks in heated shops. The occupation is severe, not very healthy, and not very permanent, but remunerative while it lasts.

Messrs. Cumming, Melville, and Co. are patentees for a machine of cylindrical character, which will produce four times the quantity of work at present produced by three men, and for the sum of eight shillings will give what at present a workman would charge four pounds.

It is only within a fortnight that the sight of the new machine has induced 130 sales at 100l. for every four, that is, above 3000l. worth of it has been sold. These sales only include the right to fit them up; the material and expense of fitting them up depend on the buyer.

Now, what is the moral of this? Naturally it should tend to take a tax off, but the greater number of the blockprinters here look on it as a misfortune, some see through it a criminal intention, and would say the inventors have "perpetrated," &c.

I cannot see how a blockprinter can make his objections good unless he ignore the conveniences and hopes of existence.

When a blockprinter sends his child to a baker's shop he is careful that it learn to walk thither on a path approximating as nearly as possible to that line, "in which," saith Archimedes, "if any two points be taken, the part intercepted between them is the shortest that can be drawn." When a blockprinter is eager to see a friend, his walk is such as to show he practically understands *Euclid* 1 and 20, every time he turns a corner. When he wishes to heat his house he inserts a poker where the power of the lever will abbreviate that of the hand. He will not even let a syren pluck off his beard, but flies for the aid of the keenest of wedges, and his obligations to the wheel are past finding out. It would be hard to find him working seriously without (according to the measure of his force) working on the very principles which urged forward the most startling inventor in his career. Methinks, then, it were wise to pause before he blame.

TIM.

## NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RUSSIAN SERFDOM, by Alexandrie Herzen, in our next.

WHEN A PENNY RECEIPT-STAMP IS REQUIRED.—If you purchase over the counter so many articles that an invoice is made out, and the vendor writes paid against the total of 2l. or upwards, a penny-receipt stamp should be stuck on the invoice, and the vendor's initials written upon the stamp; whereby it is defaced, and rendered incapable of use a second time. Remember that the stamp is not a receipt until that defacement is made, and that neglect to make it exposes to a fine of 10l. If a tradesman, calling at your house, ticks off in your account-book items to the amount of 2l. or upwards, that informal acquittance must also be witnessed by the attachment of the penny *effliche*. And of course, in paying larger sums—such as your Michaelmas rent—you will take care that the receipt is written out on stamped paper.—*Nonconformist*.



## Literature.

Critics are not the legislators, but the judges and police of literature. They do not make laws—they interpret and try to enforce them.—*Edinburgh Review*.

WE have more than once declared, that one of the great functions of Quarterly Reviews was that of lessening the number of books published, by giving suitable publicity to ideas and researches on important subjects, which, in default, would either have remained unpublished, or would have swelled out into books. In the current number of the *British and Foreign Medical Review*—a work which, in spite of its professional aim, is nevertheless sufficiently devoted to science to secure the attention of philosophic readers—there are two essays of the kind we have in view, and to which we specially call attention. The first is on *The Cell Theory*—perhaps of all biological speculations the most important—and is written by Mr. HUXLEY, one of the young men from whom science has most to hope; the second is by Dr. THOMAS WILLIAMS, and is on the *Blood—its Chemistry, Physiology, and Pathology*; unhappily only in part published, the conclusion and plates are to come in the next number.

This essay on the Cell Theory, wherein Mr. HUXLEY opposes SCHWANN and SCHLEIDEN, is too important to be passed over with a cursory indication, and we shall in a future number consider it in detail. Meanwhile we may make a remark in passing on a passing remark of Mr. HUXLEY's, *à propos* to COMTE's refutation of BICHAT's celebrated definition, "Life is the sum of the functions by which Death is resisted"—a definition which, to use the words of COLERIDGE, consists in saying that "Life is being able to live," but which Mr. HUXLEY seems to think an acceptable definition, adding in a note:—

"It is amusing to find M. Comte, a mere bookman in these subjects, devoting a long argument (*Philosophie Positive*, tom. iii. p. 288) to a refutation [?] of what he calls the 'profonde irrationalité' of Bichat's definition. As a specimen of the said refutation, we may select the following passage: 'Si comme le supposait Bichat, tout ce qui entoure les corps vivans tendait réellement à les détruire, leur existence serait par cela même radicalement intelligible; car, où pourraient-ils puiser la force nécessaire pour surmonter même temporairement un tel obstacle?' What a question for a positive philosopher! Does M. Comte doubt his own power to get up from his easy chair, because it is unquestionably true that the action of the whole globe 'tends' to retain him in his sitting posture, and because he cannot tell whence he gets the force which enables him to rise."

The greatest anatomist of France does not speak in this strain of COMTE; but the tone is the least objectionable part of this note. Mr. HUXLEY's attempt at ridicule and illustration is unfortunate. All things do *not* tend to destroy living beings; they tend to nourish them even more than to destroy, as is proved by the fact that living beings are nourished. Moreover, the action of the whole globe does *not* tend to keep the philosopher in his chair; but only his own specific gravity does so. The mistake reminds us of the late JAMES MILL's ludicrous notion of habit making man *accustomed* to the weight of the atmosphere!

There is also a paper on *Dietetics*, from which we will borrow a passage or two of general interest. Speaking of the influence of cooking on food, the writer says of *roasting*:—

"Soon the outer layer of albumen becomes coagulated, and thus the exit of that which is still fluid is prevented, and it becomes solidified very slowly, if at all. The cellulose tissue, which unites the muscular fibres, is converted by gradual heat into gelatine, and is retained in the centre of the mass in a form ready for solution. At the same time, the fibrin and albumen, according to Mulder, take on a form more highly oxidized, and more capable of solution in water. The fat also is melted out of the fat-cells, and is directly combined with the alkali from the serum of the blood. Thus the external layer of albumen forms a sort of box which keeps together the important parts of the aliment till they have undergone the desired modification by slow heat; a box, however, permeable in some degree by the oxygen of the free surrounding air, so that most of the empyreumatic oils and products of dry distillation are carried off. These are doubtless, in a general way, no loss to our stomachs or our palates; but one, we may hope, is retained in some proportion. This is acetic acid, whose presence would certainly tend to make the muscular fibre, as well as the albumen, more soluble. The case-hardening of the joint may be produced in a certain degree by *rapid boiling*; but the interior albumen seems by this process more hardened and less digestible—perhaps from want of the acid above named. *Steaming* and *baking* retain all the good things; but then they retain also a variety of known and unknown educts, inimical to the stomach's peace; while *slow boiling* makes, it is true, a digestible soup, but converts the muscular fibre into a mass of hard strings, which, eaten or not eaten, must necessarily be wasted. *Roasting*, then, is as scientific and wholesome, and therefore as economical, a process as it is a palatable one. One great advantage which roasting can boast of is, that it puts a check upon the deception, intentional or non-intentional, as the case may be of over-preparation. Heat seems to have an effect upon albumen, in some degree proportioned to the period of its application, rendering it more and more insoluble, even after any apparent change can be perceived by the palate. Thus, soups and stews which are 'kept hot,' are wholesome enough during the first three or four hours, may be digested at a railway refreshment room for some hours after; but on the second or third day, give the incautious eater of two-franc Palais Royal dinners an infallible diarrhoea."

Here is another bit—on *pie-crust*:—

"So, too, in food, the mechanical differences of modes of preparation must offer to the intestinal canal the component parts of the dish in a different order. For example, two sorts of pie-crust are familiarly known as 'short' and 'puff'; in the former, the butter is thoroughly incorporated with the dough, so as to divide the starch-granules one from the other, and permeate the gluten like a sponge; while in puff-pastry, the dough forms thin but solid layers, like a quire of buttered paper. If the teeth are imperfect, or the mastication careless, the latter is well

known to form a solid mass in the stomach, which is very difficult of solution in the upper portion of the intestines; while the easily-broken paste is mixed with the rest of the food, and though formed of the same chemical constituents as its indigestible brother, receives a very different character from its employer."

Here is a long but interesting passage on the influence of diet:—

"The influence of diet over muscular fibre is an important social question, for thews and sinews have always ruled the world, both in peace and war, in a proportion quite equal to brains. Indeed, it is a question, which the present writer is disposed to answer in the affirmative, whether, *nationally*, muscular and mental energy do not always run in couples, and whether the first is not the cause of the second? It does not appear that any diet, so that there be plenty of it, is incapable of fitting man to get through his daily work; but the best specimens of the species are certainly those who enjoy the greatest mixture. The example of the hunting nations across the Atlantic is given by Dr. Moleschott in evidence that an exclusive diet of mammalian flesh increases muscular development; but Mr. Catlin and the Ioways at Lord Cricket's ground did not bear out this statement. And the inhabitant of the Pampas, who lives wholly on water and beef, made tender by being rode upon between saddle and back till dinner time, cannot show, according to Sir F. Head, an inch of calf, though use and necessity develop his arms to an unnatural extent. A Bramin sepoy, who would as soon eat his own flesh as anything besides rice, would walk him, run him, or knock him down any day; and he again would receive the same treatment from many of us, fed as our fancy leads us. Feeding on fish has, according to our author, a deteriorating effect upon the size and development of the muscles; but he is not very happy in the instances he cites of ichthyophagous nations. He mentions the Samoyedes, the inhabitants of the Hebrides and Farøe islands, Greenlanders, and the North-west Americans. Now, the Samoyedes are small enough, certainly, but do not live on fish, being so noted for their love of warm-blooded meat, that 'in the Russian chancellery they are designated *Sirognezzi*, eaters of raw meat.' The present inhabitants of the Hebrides would stare much at the company they find themselves in; nor were matters worse 150 years ago; for we read in Martin's *Description of the Western Islands* (London, 1716, 2nd edition), that 'the diet generally used by the natives (of Skye) consists of fresh food, for they seldom taste anything that is salted except butter. . . . Their ordinary diet is butter, cheese, milk, potatoes, coleworts, brochan—that is, oatmeal and water' (vulgo *porritch*);—and a similar bill of fare is attributed afterwards, in the same work, to Tirae and St. Kilda. As to Farøe, their bad habits seem to have been given up now nearly a hundred years; for we read, that 'we have a remarkable instance of the great effects of diet on the diseases of a nation in the inhabitants of the isle of Ferro. Since fishing has declined among them, and the inhabitants have cultivated corn, and live on other food instead of whale's flesh and bacon, the elephantiasis has entirely ceased among them.' As to North-west America, the public interested in the search for Sir John Franklin have been assured over and over again that an abundance of fowl, and mammalia also, sufficient for human food, is obtainable at all seasons. The excessive improvidence of the natives, and the severe climate, fully account for their miserable condition. On the other hand, large tribes who subsisted at one time entirely, and still in a great measure, without red-blooded meat, are noted for their corporeal development. Who have so often excited the wonder of travellers for their superiority to most of the Pacific nations allied to them as the New Zealanders? Yet they are notorious fish-eaters. Their *cante* is deficient in mammals; dogs and swine are a recent introduction; and man, we hope, was always an occasional luxury: but a programme of their fish-dinners, given us by a chaplain to their enterprising bishop, might almost draw Apicius round the globe. It comprises lampreys, eels fresh and dried, kippered shark, a kind of cod, mullet, whitebait (*inanga*), which is boiled or broiled, or baked in small baskets, so as to make a fish-cake, cockles of three sorts, mussels, oysters, and a whole list of Maori names, said to belong to dainties of the most refined description. It is true they have birds, and vegetables also, in considerable variety; and, as before suggested, perhaps this variety causes their superiority; but still, the staple of their fare is evidently fish, as observed by Captain Cook. A similar mode of living is attributed by this observant seaman to the Sandwich islanders, of whom he says—'the majority were above the middle height; and to the clean, comely Otaheitans, whose frail daughters were fair enough to cause the mutiny of the *Bounty*, before European civilization had altered them. So that we cannot attribute degeneracy solely to the substitution of fish for meat. The truth probably is, that the mode of procuring food has a greater influence over mind, manners, and muscles, than the nature of the food itself. He that is satisfied with what he can pick up ready-grown degenerates either into a starved New Hollander, where food is deficient, or into an effeminate creature, like the former inhabitant of the West Indies, where it is abundant; he that seeks only the greatest amount of nitrogenous matter grows up a mere hunter, and becomes a prowling, cruel, passionate, dirty, yelling American Indian (for the 'noble savage' existed only in Mr. Cooper's fancy); while a civilized people will be found from the earliest times, like the wise son of Sirach's man of a good heart, to 'have a care for their meat and diet.' They will have thought about it, laboured for it steadily, investigated nature and advanced science to improve it, and obtained their reward in the search itself."

We have said enough to pique curiosity and send the reader to the *British and Foreign*; and while on the subject of Reviews, we may mention that the *Quarterly* has an excellent article on *Electro-Biology, Mesmerism, and Table Turning*, written in a scientific spirit and popular style. As the *Quarterly* needs no introduction from us, a mention will suffice.

DUMAS, the incommensurable, the incomparable DUMAS! the lying LORD DE VEGA of romance! the BRIAREUS of fiction! who last week promised the *Théâtre Français* a new five-act comedy in six days, and who has done it in less than four days! and whose "fecundity" has suggested endless speculations, none of which are reconcileable with all the facts, has in his last novel surpassed even the DUMAS audacity. We knew him of old to be an AUTOLYCEUS. It is his boast that, like MOÏSÈRE, he *repossesses* himself of his property wherever he finds it ("Je reprends mon bien où je le trouve"), and he laughs at the word plagiarism—"convey, the wise it call." But he really has surpassed himself in *Le Pasteur d'Ashbourn*—surpassed even his "repossession" of *Conscience l'Innocent*. You shall judge. There is an old and now almost forgotten German novelist, AUGUSTUS LAFONTAINE by name, whose novel, *Family Pictures*, has been republished by SIMMS and M'INTYRE, in their *Parlour Library*. The worthy fellow is dead now, and cannot clamorously pro-

test against DUMAS, who has taken this novel, transferred the scene to England, heightening the reality by a few touches of *couleur locale*, such as can be afforded by Mrs. SNART, Mr. STIFF, and the "village of Wircks-worth," substituted a visit to *le grand poète*, POPE, for the original visit to GELLERT, taken, in short, the story just as he found it in LAFONTAINE, with only DUMAS additions in the way of "sentiment," description, and dialogue. Thus, where the hero first sees the heroine, LAFONTAINE simply remarks her freckles on a pale face; but for DUMAS this is a *point d'orgue*, and he favours us with pages about her Leghorn hat, her white muslin dress and blue sash, her hair, &c. &c.—the rhetoric of millinery.

Two out of four volumes are thus "repossessed" from LAFONTAINE. In the other two he starts off at a tangent—perhaps to "repossess" himself elsewhere; a description of Holland House and of Lord and Lady HOLLAND will amuse the English reader—if indeed the whole work do not. Not the least amusing part is the cavalier allusion, towards the close, of the use he has made of his predecessor. Has literature a parallel to this man?

The dispensations of the mysterious Providence that watches over pensions puzzle us. A letter in the *Times* of yesterday draws attention to the fact that Mrs. HOGG, the Ettrick Shepherd's widow, and three "bonnie lasses," the Ettrick Shepherd's daughters, need the notice of those in "high quarters." "SIR FRANCIS HEAD, Bart.," has his 100*l.* a year from her Majesty, in consideration of his not invaluable services to literature, and in spite of the fact that he is not, like those whom poor HOGG has left behind him, totally unprovided for; and the widow of JOSEPH TRAIN—whoever he may have been—has hers; but Mrs. HOGG, it appears, is too old to push her claims in person, and has no indefatigable friend in power to sue for the little pension for herself and her daughters with which the niggard bounty of the Crown recognises departed genius, and pays its Royal tribute to real greatness. LORD ABERDEEN should think of this, and let Scottish nationality triumph over Scottish parsimony. LADY NICOLAS, we are glad to learn, has at length been remembered. A pension of 100*l.* a year, not extending, we regret to find, over the lifetime of any of her numerous family, has been granted her in recognition of the devoted labours of SIR HARRIS, who so long and so enthusiastically toiled in a field of labour never likely to be pecuniarily productive. This, however, comes too late to look like an act of grace, and appears, when we consider the date of his death, rather as if conceded to influence in "high quarters" than as if proffered in honest generosity to an unquestionably worthy recipient. DE QUINCEY's name is not published in the pension-list. When will it be? We suppose the properly-constituted authorities are investigating his claims, and will look through his works some day. Meanwhile, they are studying the publications of MR. TRAIN, and buying up at second-hand bookstalls (where they may be had very reasonably) those of SIR FRANCIS HEAD.

#### BOOKS ON OUR TABLE.

*The Assurance Magazine and Journal of the Institute of Actuaries.* October, 1853. C. and E. Layton, Fleet Street.

THIS complete repository of essays and facts on life assurance makes progress. The opening article exposes the inadequacy of existing data for determining the rate of mortality among select lives, and brings very clear reasoning and some convincing facts in support of the opinion asserted by the writer. The following from an article on the stamp duties on fire insurance has a popular tone, inciting us to quotation:—

"This primary objection, which applies to every tax of the kind, however small, becomes strikingly apparent in the case in question, by the disproportion of the duty levied to the actual charge for premium required to cover the risk. In cases of common hazard, the duty is double the premium. To insure 1000*l.* on a private house, the charge for premium is 15*s.*; the duty levied and paid at the same time, is 30*s.*: so that a man impelled by motives of prudence to relieve himself from a contingent risk, which highly responsible parties are willing to cover for 1*s.* 6*d.*, is called upon to pay 3*s.* to the revenue, in order to give validity to the transaction.

"It will be observed that the premium in the case of small amounts is higher than for larger sums; but it is to be borne in mind that the expense and trouble to the Office for small insurances bear a much larger ratio to the premium than for larger sums. The same printed receipts, entries, postages, notices for renewal, indorsements, are necessary; but no one who knows the course of business can doubt that a reduction of duty would bring such an increased number of policies of this class that a considerable reduction of premium might be confidently expected to follow. The case of the honest and hard-working classes, as to insurance, is often made painfully apparent. Whenever a fire happens in a crowded neighbourhood, the most indubitable evidence is always furnished of the general neglect by the labouring classes of this net of prudent precaution. To such an extent, indeed, does this happen, that appeals to the public sympathy for pecuniary relief are quite a common appendage to the public notice of the calamity. The middle and mercantile classes find also in the high duty reasons either for altogether neglecting insuring, or reducing the amount of their policies to an imprudently low level. The tax becomes, in proportion to other rates, really a serious item of charge—a per centage upon the rental of houses, equal to the property tax. The tenant of a house of 50*l.* per annum, holding on lease, probably insures for 500*l.* on the building and 500*l.* on the contents. The duty is 30*s.*, or a little beyond the amount of the property tax chargeable for the house."

Opinions thus fairly stated, and on professional matters, touching the interests of all, have great value, and must have weight.

*Handley Cross; or, Mr. Torrock's Hunt.* 1*s.*

*The Art of Reasoning.* By S. Neil.

*Salad for the Solitary.* By an Epicure.

*The Universal Library.* 1*s.*

*The History of Pyrrhus.* By Jacob Abbott.

*The History of Alfred the Great.* By Jacob Abbott.

*The Poetical Works of Alexander Pope.* Vol. II.

*The Illustrated Family Novelist—Blanche the Huguenot.* By W. Anderson.

Bradbury and Evans.

Walton and Maberly.

R. Bentley.

Nathaniel Cooke.

Nathaniel Cooke.

Nathaniel Cooke.

Nathaniel Cooke.

Nathaniel Cooke.

*Pretty Lessons in Verse for Good Children.* By Sara Coleridge.

*Immortal Sewerage—The Beer-Shop Evil.* By the Hon. and Rev. S. G. Osborne.

*Reading for Travellers—Sketches of the Hungarian Emigration into Turkey.* By a Honved. 1*s.*

*The Drying up of the Euphrates; or, the Downfall of Turkey.* By J. Aston. 1*s.*

*Hope. A Story of Chequered Life.* By A. W. Cole. 3 vols.

*Thoughts on Cholera.* By E. Hearne.

*Sabbath Laws and Sabbath Duties Considered in Relation to their Natural and Scriptural Grounds.* By R. Cox.

*Poems.* By James Payn.

*Turkey, Past and Present.* By James Hutton, Esq. 1*s.*

*The Family Friend.* 2*d.*

*The Family Tutor.* 2*d.*

*Valentin's Text-book of Physiology.* Translated by W. Brinton, M.D. 13*s.*

*Rhymes for the Times; or, "Mercury's" Poems.* By J. Jitter.

*A Set of Songs.* By E. H. Fitzwilliam.

*The Trial of the Manchester Bards, and the Bowdon Coronation.* By a Manchester Man.

*New Government Succession-Duty Tables.* Computed by A. G. Finlaison.

Whittaker and Co.

Chapman and Hall.

John W. Parker and Son.

John W. Parker and Son.

By a Honved. 1*s.*

Chapman and Hall.

Arthur Hall, Virtue and Co.

T. C. Newby.

John Churchill.

*Natural and Scriptural*

MacLachlan and Stewart.

Macmillan and Co.

Clarke, Beeton, and Co.

W. S. Orr and Co.

W. S. Orr and Co.

Renshaw.

Partridge and Oakley.

D'Almaine and Co.

Whittaker and Co.

Chapman and Hall.

#### THE RELIGION OF THE HEART.

*The Religion of the Heart. A Manual of Faith and Duty.* By Leigh Hunt.

John Chapman.

RELIGION has three aspects corresponding with the three fundamental divisions of our nature: it is speculative, emotional, and practical; a dogma, a feeling, or a guide. Hence the paradoxes we observe of men sincerely orthodox, yet practically atheists; of others, avowedly atheist, yet practically Christians; of others again, orthodox both in creed and in conduct, yet almost wholly without the reverential and ennobling emotions which constitute the whole religion of some.

Dividing mankind in the popular way into those who have a Religion and those who have none—into Believers and Unbelievers, a little experience of the world makes us aware of a secondary division necessary to be established, namely, those who have religious *sentiments*, and those who have none. We exclude for the present all consideration of Religion as a rule of conduct, because it is quite clear that while some men act uprightly, drawing their sanction from Religion, other men act uprightly, drawing their sanction from the verdict of conscience, and their perception of the relations due from one to another; and as in this secular view the main question is with the result rather than the motive, with virtuous life rather than with the legislative sanction, we may omit it from present consideration.

We start, then, from the proposition that the world may be divided into two classes with respect to Religion, somewhat as it may with respect to Music (if the illustration be not thought too trivial), wherein we see persons so organized as to be keenly susceptible to all the delicacies and varieties of modulation and rhythm, while others are totally insensible to the charm of even a simple tune. A man may have a soul for Religion as he may have "a soul for music." He may also be destitute of the faculty which shall apprehend the one and the other. Hence, in the class of Believers, we shall find persons who to sincerity in *creed* add a grace of *sentiment* which is totally wanting in many who, nevertheless, would go to the stake for their convictions! While in the class of Unbelievers we shall find persons like the last named, wholly wanting in religious sentiment, and steadfast in their negative creed; and also persons who, though steadfast in their negations, are nevertheless animated by the most active religious sentiments. In other words, the men of large emotional natures have, over and above their creeds—positive and negative—a common feeling, sentiment, *mysticism*, if you please to call it so; whereas, the men of narrower natures (narrower, we mean, in respect of emotive capacity) have little or nothing beyond their speculative creeds, positive and negative. Thus a man may be a great thinker, and yet be insensible to music; a great man of science, and yet be insensible to the appeals made to his Religious sentiment; his orthodoxy has nothing to do with it.

To the class of thinkers who are feelers also, to those whose soul is larger than mere logic can compass, and who habitually endeavour on the wings of Imagination to soar into regions which transcend Reason, this beautiful book by Leigh Hunt is specially addressed.

"There are thousands of persons in England, as well as in other countries, who appear to be of no religion; who are certainly not of any of the established opinions; and who join in no sort of worship, public or private. These persons are of all classes. Formerly they were confined to the more educated; but of late years they have spread among all the others. It is admitted, at the same time, that great numbers of persons of this description enjoy the most respectable characters; are just in their dealings, beloved by their friends, and fit to set an example to society in every respect but this one.

"It is not so well known, certainly not so often admitted, that, however deficient these persons may be with respect to any visible religion, there are multitudes of them who have a strong sense of religion at heart; who make inquiries on the subject in all directions, vainly seeking spiritual satisfaction; and who are thus driven to wish that they were in possession of some form of religion of their own, not inconsistent with those exalted notions which they entertain of the Divine Spirit of the universe, and of the duties of beneficence. A great reverence for the character and intentions of the Founder of Christianity is common among them, though they take care to distinguish their opinions of him from those which have been dictated by theologians.

"By a form of religion not inconsistent with these sentiments, is meant one free from contradiction to the best ideas of moral goodness. In the service of the church, speaking of it as a whole, including the scriptural as well as ecclesiastical portions, nothing is to be desired in point of eloquence. It is often affecting, often majestic, always nobly and simply written. The authors of it, both ancient and modern, were in earnest, and brought to their tasks a great portion of natural humanity, as well as certain induced feelings not so worthy of it as they supposed, though equally calculated to make an impression upon existing states of the human mind. But not to mention other difficulties in the way of making a selection from this service, those very feelings, which were thought so essential a part of devotion, express, and mix up with better things so many rude and mistaken passions, and involve contradictions, both divine and human, so incompatible with the present advanced state of knowledge and love of good, that they are found to



be no less barbarous in the eyes of simplicity and common sense, than in those of a philosophy the most subtle. The man unsubdued by the force of habit, and the child before he is made to take words for ideas, are equally qualified to refute some of their gravest dogmas. The very congregations who repeat them, are compelled, from time to time, by the progress of reason, to soften the meaning of them in their own minds; till at length a persuasion comes up, that profession and belief are different things, and that it is necessary in this world to say one thing and mean another;—an insincerity, the danger of which is evident, and which has been extremely pernicious."

Leigh Hunt, grown grey through time and sorrow, and much meditation, has never lost the youthfulness of heart which fits him to be a teacher both to young and old; like Ulysses, he has "learned from what he has suffered"—*εμαθεν ἐφ' ὧν ἐπαθε*—but no amount of tribulation has made him blaspheme against Life and God, by calling this a "vale of tears." It is therefore a Religion of Cheerfulness he inculcates; and his words should have weight, because they do not bubble up in foam of levity, but come from the very depths of sorrowing experience; his cheerfulness is healthfulness, not levity; it does not ignore the presence and necessity of pain, it does not evade the solemn and serious appeals of all experience, but regarding pain as transitory, evil as the shadow of an infinitely more abundant good to which in the end it is subservient, his Religion is meant to comfort and sustain with hope and earnestness, not to terrify and depress with threats and lamentations.

Let us first quote a passage far on in the volume, wherein he explains what is

#### THE RELIGION OF THE HEART.

"And what, it may be asked, is the Heart? Physically speaking, it is that organ of the body which, from its sensibility to emotion, has been thought the seat of the affections, and which is looked upon as their symbol and representative. Morally speaking, it is the Heart of our Spirit; or that something within us, of which every one is more or less conscious as his innermost truth; something which is as vital to our spiritual, as the heart bodily is to our bodily welfare; which keeps the current of our affections warm and pure; which directs all our faculties to their completest ends; which makes knowledge wise and benevolence active; and without whose entire sanction, good conscience itself is not thoroughly good, not entirely secure from self-reproach, from tyrannous mistakes and unholy transports. For though the heart, in the individual, is not always equally good and wise, no wisdom can without thorough-heartedness be thoroughly wise in any one; can thoroughly feel all which is to be felt for all, and so give no fellow-creature a right to rebuke it.

"Upon this innermost heart of man, God, the Great First Cause, in the mysterious graduality of his ways, imprinted those first sentiments of good and just, to grow with his growth in knowledge, and strengthen with his strength in wisdom, which, however imperfectly read by conscience for a time, were never wholly overlooked by it; which, however forgotten or renounced by passion, have never been without some regret from passion; and which, however confused with local or other ordinances, or refused participation in their authority, have never failed to prove their sole and exclusive divineness, by remaining whole while the others perished, and by meeting with love and recognition in every corner of the earth, instead of dispute and hatred.

"These, then, and these alone, are the scriptures of which it can be said, that 'not one jot or one tittle can pass away'; these, and these alone, the texts that require no explanation and give rise to no wars and heresies, in whatever book we meet with them: and to know thus much, and abide manfully and devoutly by the knowledge, is the only religion which men can cease finally to dispute, because it is the only one that can secure brotherhood on earth, and that preaches hope, without exception, for all who die."

The ritual is very simple; and although it is open to the objection which assails all rituals,—namely, that by repetition it may degenerate into mere form, yet, on the other hand, if no form be given, the wandering mind has seldom a guarantee against allowing oblivion to bury the best intentions. The daily service is as follows:—

#### "ASPIRATION IN THE MORNING.

"When the hour has arrived in the morning, at which the reader thinks it right for him (or her) to get up, he will repeat mentally and with his greatest attention (or aloud, if a companion is agreed with him in so doing) the following words. In the latter case, the personal pronoun singular will be changed for the plural.

"1. In the name of the Great Beneficence, to whom be all reverence, with a filial trust.

"2. My first duty this day is to delay, or slur over, nothing which I am bound in conscience to perform.

"3. The hour has come, at which it is therefore time for me to rise.

"4. Thou, O my heart, biddest me rise, for the sake of others as well as myself.

"5. Because on thee the Divine Spirit has written the laws, which love teaches knowledge to read:

"6. And because they tell me, that duty must be done, and that affection must be earned by good offices.

"7. May I discharge, throughout the day, every other such duty as conscience enjoins me:

"8. Beginning the day with a kind voice to others;

"9. And ending it with no reproach to myself.

#### "ASPIRATION AT NOON.

"(To be repeated as the foregoing, and as near to the hour of noon as possible.)

"1. Blessed be God: blessed be His beneficence, working towards its purposes in the noon.

"2. It is good for me, whether unoccupied or busy, to withdraw my thoughts awhile into a sense of my duties towards God and man; towards the appreciation of the good and beautiful in His universe, and the diffusion of their blessings among His creatures.

"3. The sun, glorious when the sky is clear, glorious also, for it gives light, when the sky is clouded, is the mightiest, and at the same time the most beneficent, of all his visible creatures in this our sphere:

"4. And yet it is but one of an innumerable starry brotherhood:

"5. What a proclamation of the nature of himself!

"May exalting and humanizing thoughts for ever accompany me, making me confident without pride, and modest without servility.

"7. Perhaps my dearest friend is now thinking of me:

"8. Perhaps more than one of my dear friends and kindred.

"9. May I ever be such as generous affection would have me;

"10. And may strength and happiness be theirs.

#### "ASPIRATION IN THE EVENING.

"(To be repeated at dusk.)

"1. Blessed be God: blessed be His beneficence, working towards its purposes in the evening.

"2. The portion of the globe on which I live is rolling into darkness from the face of the sun.

"3. Softly and silently it goes, with whatever swiftness.

"4. Soft and silent are the habitual movements of nature;

"Loudly and violently as its beneficence may work, within small limits and in rare instances.

"6. Let me imitate the serene habit;

"7. And not take on my limited foresight the privilege of the stormy exception.

"8. May I contribute what I can, this evening, to the peace and happiness of the house in which I live;

"9. Or of the fellow-creatures, anywhere, among whom I may find myself.

#### "ASPIRATION AT BEDTIME.

"(To be repeated as the foregoing.)

"1. Blessed be God: blessed be His beneficence, which neither sees wisdom in haste, nor has need of rest.

"2. If I have done any wrong to-day, or fear so;

"3. Or if I have left any duty undone, as far as I could perform it;

"4. Let me not fail to make amends to-morrow.

"5. Let me not have to repeat this wish to-morrow night.

"6. May M. have a happy sleep:

"7. May N.:

"8. May all whom I love:

"9. May all who are to sleep this night.

"10. I hope grief and pain will find respite;

"11. And wakefulness discover its cure.

"12. Gentle and good is darkness:

"13. Beautiful with stars;

"14. Or working to some benefit of a different aspect, with clouds.

"15. God's ordinance of the rolling world takes away the light at bed-time, like a parent;

"16. Shall I not sleep calmly under its shadow?

"17. May I drop as calmly into the sleep of death;

"18. And wake to an eternal morning."

On Sunday there is a fuller service. Here are some extracts:—

#### "DURING A TIME OF TROUBLE.

"Peace be to this meeting. May duty and love be its support. May it strengthen itself by still giving that comfort to others which at this moment it finds it difficult to receive.

"Tears, and sorrows, and losses, are a part of what must be experienced in this present state of life: some for our manifest good, and all, therefore, it is trusted, for our good concealed;—for our final and greatest good.

"But part of our good consists in the endeavour to do sorrows away, and in the power to sustain them when the endeavour fails;—to bear them nobly, and thus help others to bear them as well.

"Let us take care, therefore, that we do not degrade our sorrows by sullenness and ill-temper, and that we may ever be ready to accept a kind relief.

"Let us seek also rational and generous comfort ourselves; and therefore let us begin by bestowing it.

"Some tears belong to us because we are unfortunate; others, because we are humane; many because we are mortal. But most are caused by our being unwise. It is these last only that of necessity produce more. The rest dissolve into patience and hope, and may add to the sum of our blessings, by enlarging our hearts.

"But so may the others, if we grow wiser. Whenever evil befalls us, we ought to ask ourselves, after the first suffering, how we can turn it into good. So shall we take occasion, from one bitter root, to raise perhaps many flowers.

"Neither let us repeat this to ourselves as a thought to be approved, but as a thing that can be done: and never let us forget, that, on this as on all other occasions, the endeavour is half the work. Come what will, to be weak is only to be more miserable. To be strong is to have a double chance. The supports of sorrow are patience, activity, and affection. May we be strong in ourselves: may we be strong in loving and being beloved by one another. Linked with one another's hearts, let us be equally prepared to present a firmer front to adversity, and to partake the dew of whatever blessing shall fall upon our heads."

#### SECRETS.

"We must regard every matter as an entrusted secret, which we believe the person concerned would wish to be considered as such. Nay, further still, we must consider all circumstances as secrets entrusted, which would bring scandal upon another if told, and which it is not our certain duty to discuss, and that in our own persons, and to his face. The divine rule of doing as we would be done by, is never better put to the test than in matters of good and evil speaking. We may sophisticate with ourselves upon the manner in which we should wish to be treated, under many circumstances; but everybody recoils instinctively from the thought of being spoken ill of in his absence."

#### ON THE DEATH OF ANY ONE DEAR TO US.

"He has gone before us. The spirit within him, that used to talk to us, to enjoy with us, to look at us with kind eyes, has left its body to dissolution, and is visible to us no longer. Blessings on his memory! May he also, if he behold us, bless us! for we need blessing. Greatly we need it, with these hopeless yearnings for his presence; these impatience constantly reminded of the dreadful necessity of patience; these fears, even in the midst of conviction to the contrary, that we did not do all that might have been done for him; this consternation and astonishment perpetually recurring, at the difference between *what was* and *what is*;—this awful experience of the terrible thought 'No More;' of the inexorable truth 'Never;'—this almost shame at feeling that we are warm and living, while he is cold and motionless; at home and housed, while he is away and in the earth; seeing thousands still privileged to remain who seem of no worth, while he, so kind and so good, is gone for ever!

"But these are our thoughts, not his; and though they are permitted to the first bursts of our sorrow, to continue them would be undutiful towards the Beneficent Mystery, without whose ordination of death as well as life, he himself would not have existed to bless us. His body is not his spirit; and perhaps his spirit looks upon us this moment, and sees how we loved him, and how we suffer.

If it does, (and the power of thinking so, and of hoping so, is given us by the same Beneficence,) he knows that a time will come, when he shall be beheld again. To bear the same anguish as ourselves, is therefore not in his power. But he can pity us still: he knows the struggles that we have still to endure; he looks on his mortal friends with immortal kindness; on these dear relations; on these weak and beloved children; and whatsoever a spirit can feel, in the place of tears, that assuredly he feels, blessing us with an angel's countenance.

"Let us pacify ourselves in the hope of rejoining him: let us become patient in it: let us rejoice in it; let us earn, if we may so speak, the right of the re-union by all the thoughts which he would desire us at this moment to entertain, by all the duties which he would wish us, now and ever, to perform. That we are not vessels broken by the way, let these our endeavours, and even these our sorrows, show to us; for surely sorrow, if it be loving, will be recompensed, and good endeavour is our share in the great task of serving the divine energy, and extending happiness to others. Let us show, before we leave this earth, that we are deserving of a heaven of heavens, that is to say, a heaven with those whom we have loved, by having extended, as far as lies in our power, a heaven upon earth; and may our sorrows do for us what our virtues have left undone!"

## IMMORTALITY.

"For does this soul within me, this spirit of thought, and love, and infinite desire, dissolve as well as the body? Has Nature, who quenches our bodily thirst, who rests our weariness, and perpetually encourages us to endeavour onwards, prepared no food for this appetite of immortality?"

## PRAYER.

"But for the most part, we should pray rather in aspiration than petition, rather by hoping than requesting; in which spirit also we may breathe a devout wish for a blessing on others, upon occasions when it might be presumptuous to beg it.

"But let no one disgrace his belief in a Divine Being, either with thinking to gain by praise what his endeavours or his troubles should obtain for him; or by assuming even the right to praise, when his worship has never been anything but that of a worldling or a slave.

"To praise even an earthly father in order to gain some object by the praise, is disgraceful in children, and dishonouring towards himself.

"What is to be thought of it, when the father is God?"

"God is not to be supposed to delight in praise and glorification, like a satrap. To praise is to upraise; and who can upraise the highest? To glorify is to surround with pomp and lustre; and what can do that like his works?"

"The praise which God requires from creatures no greater than ourselves, is to love one another; to delight ourselves in his works; to advance in knowledge; and to thank him, when we are moved to do so, from the bottom of our hearts.

"Thank whenever your heart is joyful, and the occasion not mean:—not as children who are taught to do it, in good manners, for every little thing; much less for meat and drink in particular, unless when you can give them to the poor, or when you yourself have failed in spirit for need of them; but chiefly for things spiritual and noble; for the good and beauty of his works; for the happiness of your friends; for the advancements of your fellow-creatures."

## TEARS AND LAUGHTER.

"God made both tears and laughter, and both for kind purposes. For as laughter enables mirth and surprise to breathe freely, so tears enable sorrow to vent itself patiently. Tears hinder sorrow from becoming despair and madness; and laughter is one of the very privileges of reason, being confined to the human species."

These extracts, taken from various marked passages, will show, better than any description, what is the nature and spirit of the book. It is a book which cannot be read even as a book (and not accepting it as a ritual) without humanizing and enlarging the reader's mind. Leigh Hunt, in the fine concluding passage of the preface, assures us that—

"Partially as it has yet been put in action, and in a very small circle, it has done good to man, woman, and child. Infirmary of purpose has found help in it: thought has dated advancement from it: parents have happily begun with it: beloved memories of the dead have endeared it—have in the eyes of affection consecrated it: and if any one should suppose that I say thus much of it out of any earthly consideration, apart from the welfare of those for whom it is intended, he knows little either of life or death, compared with that experience of joy and of sorrow, which has impelled me to give it to the world."

All we can say is, that a noble and accomplished woman was listening to her husband's reading of the book when we called one evening, and that her eyes were full of tears!

## AILEFORD.

*Aileford: A Family History.* By the Author of *John Drayton*. 3 Vols.

Price 31s. 6d.

Hurst and Blackett.

*John Drayton—Bentley's Railway Library.* Price 1s.

Bentley.

WITH great natural powers, a style of unusual grace and beauty, a keen and tender sympathy with all the manifold nobilities and infirmities of our nature, the author of *John Drayton* wins from his reader peculiar regard, and even from his critic a tenderness of castigation, springing from sorrow rather than anger. We have on two occasions had both to praise this writer emphatically and to condemn with regret; we fancied we were dealing with a clergyman, and now that we understand the Author to be a lady, we have only the most technical objections to make. Her new novel, *Aileford*, has kept us fascinated over its pages. It has but one fault in our eyes, a fault in Art very common in novels, and mainly owing, we believe, to the inexorable necessities of three volumes. It is properly a novel in two volumes,—the third is like the fifth act of one of Knowles's comedies, a mere dallying with the catastrophe. Instead of allowing her creation to stand before us in its own proportions, the authoress has followed the fashion, and padded out to reach the conventional standard.

After noting this one fault, which was worth noting, for it will seriously affect the general impression produced by the book, let us call attention to the charming humanity moving through these pages, and to the really religious tone, unostentatious yet abiding, manifested less in Scripture quotations than in sympathy with whatever is true, affectionate, and holy. Let us also note the musical and poetical, as well as picturesque style, and the easy distinctness of the characterization. They are Scotch people, all

of them; the husk of Scottish harshness is not made to conceal the kernel of Scottish humanity. The cautious, timid Andrew, the cold and wise Mary Burnet, the active tongued Mrs. Cockburn, the wild Jamie, the excellent Mother, and that capital incidental sketch of the grumbling Father, are one and all portraits, touched with a very delicate and skilful hand. Nothing can be better than the truthful way in which the grand and visionary sybil adapts herself to the prosaic realities of her domestic life, and while showing the courage and sagacity of an ideal housewife to endure and to contrive, there is shining through it all, the passionate and poetic nature, which having made its poems out of vision, now makes a poem out of life. Equally admirable is the unforced way in which Willie Mitchell, the narrator, is depicted as a speculative do-nothing, kind and ineffectual, always "put upon" by others, always pushed aside by the rushing current of life, and left moaning on its banks, helpless, but not untaught.

We shall not mar the reader's zest by even hinting at the course taken by this simple and interesting story; but by way of an extract easily separated from the context, and not a bad specimen of the author's descriptive powers, we will find room for the following:—

## GERMAN PICTURE.

"Only a very short time after, my sole preparation for my new beginning consisting in an introduction, supplied me by my Jew friend, to the Commandant of Wurtzburg, I took my place in the *Schnellpost*, and set out for the old ecclesiastical city. The *Schnellpost* was not by any means so *schnell* as it professed to be; but with our horses jingling in their loose harness, and our postillion, glorious in azure coat and silver lace, we made no small commotion as we dashed through the half-awakened villages in the cold, early daylight of October. The heavens had been weeping as we rattled out of the stony streets of Frankfort, and now, though a faint sunlight began to flutter about the sky, the green, silent country roads and way-side cottages looked at first drenched and sodden, full of the morning rain. But as we made progress, the atmosphere lightened, and now the brown tobacco leaves, hung up upon the cottage walls, began to flutter faintly on the rising breeze, and to shake from them their heavy burden of rain-drops; and what was damp before, grew dewy and sparkling under the rising light, and the day was full once more in the clear enfranchised heavens.

"The faint dull stir of this far inland country life began, and under the way-side trees, heavy with their cloud of small, brown, russet apples, a decent peasant of Bavaria, with long black coat, and flat, silver buttons, now and then paused to look up at us, sheltering his eyes with his hand. He might be a Lutheran village Dominus of the Reformation times, if we took his appearance for our sole guide—might have sat at mild Melancthon's feet, or cheered the brave young Hessian Philip in his ardour for the faith; but he is only a father of the hamlet yonder, a man of to-day after the antique fashion which to-day wears in Bavaria, and will soon be plodding over the Frankfort road with his meek cow harnessed to his rough wooden cart—no steed of other mettle procurable to his poverty—carrying the produce of his home-acre to the market we have left behind.

"And now, up a hundred little, tantalizing, eminences, which we never see, but only feel, as our vehicle creeps at a snail's pace up the ascending side to reward our long-suffering with a two-minutes' gallop down—trees in a long succession thicken round us, and withdrawing somewhat sullenly from the desecrating public road, which breaks their calm, the relics of the great Spessart forest stretch away in half-cleared glades and crowded knolls on either hand. Pine trees in rank and file, a ragged army, with not a rood of underwood for miles to reconcile the umbrage on their heads with the luxuriant soil in which their feet are planted; but long pale glimmers of sky instead, flying along behind them, and bringing out the rigid individuality of every separate trunk in strong and high relief. Stout old oaks, too, gnarled and knotty, and pretty shy withdrawing beeches, brave in the russet ribbons of the waning year, like village maidens dressed for an autumn festival. Along the grassy edges of the road, good-humoured and unenvious, a file of stumpy acacias, hanging down their long graceful leaves in a rounded ball, very like a clownish shock of hair, keep the way, not without a half-comic sense of their contrast, uniform and trim, to their free natural brethren behind. Something like the strong suppressed excitement which attends a youth's first journey into the world, is with me now, less fresh and less delighted, but more eager—for I have a strange certainty that I go into some new and brighter development of life. The road interests me somewhat, but the road is tedious, and I am often inclined to spring down, like the impetuous Frenchman, and push the slumbrous vehicle, which I almost fancy a sturdy pedestrian might outstrip, from behind. But still the hours pass on as we pass, the cheerful morning light glides round, and by-and-bye throws itself aslant over those peaceful fields, and the far slopes of the retreating forest, and at last our long day's journey is concluding, in the mist of coming night.

"Just before the sunset, as the light grew languid, weary with its day's labour done, I came first in sight of Wurtzburg. The sunbeams had ascended higher than the dim and shadowed Maine, which, travelling a longer road than we, had crossed our path more than once on his way to Frankfort and the Rhine. But so calm and placid lay the little river, playing softly with a tiny ferry-boat, that you could not have suspected him of so long a journey, nor believed that, ever so foot-sore and weary, his quiet tide could hold its course so far. On his eastern bank low vines, trimly luxuriant, climbed upward rank by rank, till they reached to the long level sunbeams straying over the hill tops, and brightened into smiles of success and pleasure under the lingering ray. Opposite these mild Franconian hills, no higher than a river's bras might be at home, rose a loftier eminence, bearing on a natural platform, half-way up its ascent, the donjon of the citadel, and overshadowing with an air of natural protection the grey calm town below. And flashing here and there in a gilded vane, striking a long golden line through streets which open to the west, besetting high church towers and pinnacles with a haze of glory, which penetrated every crevice, and brought out dark and distinct some richly fretted morsels of the carven work of old, the sun threw his yellow light on Wurtzburg—on Wurtzburg, with its calm forsaken palace, with the quiet half-holiday traffic in its streets, with the old remembrances of ecclesiastical pomp and wealth which dwell within it, like the pale bishops on its bridge—dead so far as evil, so far as oppression or exaction, or haughty power may go—but living in a dreamy, shadowy grace, half-created out of the glory of old Art—half out of the common yearning of Nature, for links and kindly ties to the dead, among whom we, too, to-morrow must be content to dwell."

The new edition of *John Drayton*, which Mr. Bentley has placed among the attractions of his *Railway Library*, calls for only a line from us to say that it is printed in bold railway-readable type, and is as attractive a shillingworth as the station-stall can present.



## Portfolio.

We should do our utmost to encourage the Beautiful, for the Useful encourages itself.—GOETHE.

## LETTERS OF A VAGABOND.

XX.

Seven Hills, May 4, 1853.

YOU could scarcely understand, amici miei, how reluctant Margaret is to speak, but still less if you knew how well she speaks. Edwardes, who delights to draw out his young adversary, has twitted her for days with not having completed the exposition of her principles. "Principles!" she replied: "women have no principles. Men have principles; women have only intentions." It was again by accident that we provoked her to explain herself. We had been going over good part of Rossini's greatest work, his own favourite, and Margaret's; taking it up here and there. Julie, who grows more brilliant every day, and would be Margaret's companion in arms, or rather voice, but for a contingency that will spoil the fair Canadian for art by converting her into an English woman of "property," had been singing the duet of the mother and son; but had been deposed by the pitiless Margaret, who declared that Julie's singing had no sense of guilt or penance—no tears in her voice; and Yseult was put in her place. The duet between the two rival generals—and Stanhope is developing a very fair basso cantante of the austere order,—led to the other between Semiramide and Assur—that wonderful compound of triumph, horror, and defiance. But sweet Yseult, who could so passionately urge her son to strike home and avenge his father, has the voice but not the fierce heart for the indomitable defiance of the warrior queen; and in the midst of her threats to the dark traitor Assur, Margaret, exclaiming with irrepressible impatience—"Oh! Yseult dear!"—began the melody again with her own voice. You know what the music is; but you would have been astounded if you had heard the force, the brilliancy, the triumphant dash with which the young contralto hurled forth the taunts of the audacious soprano,—like lightning in coruscating sound; and she turned round on her music stool, as much as to tell Yseult—"That is the way to do it."

"But, Yseult, you see," said Julie, in reply to the look, "however she may excel me in guilt and contrition, has no hardened defiance like that, Margaret."

"Thank heaven!" cried Edwardes, "or some of us would not be safe! But where did you get all these dark passions, Margaret?"

"From nature," she said. Perhaps the study had called it forth; especially of Rossini, for there is not a passion which he has not taught. All artists are so of the same school in that respect. It is often observed that they must know all parts of human nature, and be capable of all; and she insisted on that, literally. The true artist must not only know each passion, as a matter of critical contemplation, but he must be capable of *being* the hero and the villain, the apostle and the apostate, the rescuer and the murderer, the tyrant and the victim that he paints; each in turn, though neither one exclusively."

"But how," asked Edwardes, "would you apply this principle of evoking the genius of martyrdom, housebreaking, sudden death, and other virtues?"

"I don't know," answered Margaret, ingenuously. "I have not studied philosophy; only art a little; and I observe that life consists in what I said the other day—in those same things that make the raw material of art."

"The application," interposed Conway, "is not so difficult as Edwardes pretends. You have to cultivate the faculties, not separately, but in one and the same man; and Margaret counts upon the sum as being a complete and noble type of manhood, and therefore not base, truculent, and unsafe."

"That may be all very well in a rude and barbarous, or a mediæval and chivalrous state of society; but at present, I confess, I neither see the advantage nor necessity of cultivating murderers, martyrs, and other monsters."

"You need not, Edward," Margaret answered for herself; "they are made for you, as it is. You pretend only that those bad qualities and passions are suppressed. You pretend that there is peace or order in society, between man and man, between nation and nation; but how is the fact? Are all people 'living happy ever after'? Is there no cowardice, no meanness, no tyranny, no breach of faith, no hypocrisy?"

"Margaret is right," said Conway. "Society is but one pretence, in which the appearance often is the reverse of the truth. We pretend to be devoted to peace, and thus tacitly suffer thousands to be flagellated, hanged, and imprisoned; besides the thousands of patriots who are still under spies. It is so over the greater part of Europe. We pretend to so-called virtues in our homes; and yet, in proportion to the virtue is the vice that clamours in the streets."

"Because you try to regulate life by abating it."

"Very true," said Edwardes; "but I don't see how we can do otherwise. We cannot induce society—at least, not English society—to take up crusades or knight-errant enterprises. We lock up our culprits in prisons, and there is nothing for the knight-errant to exercise his virtue upon. We prefer the Policeman to the knight-errant."

"And society consents to live the life of a policeman—in livery, with a bent, and a thief ever in the eye."

"But come now, tell us, Margaret, what you would do."

"I am no reformer."

"No, I mean you individually. How, being thus discontented with society as it is, would you act? You say you have no principles, but only intentions."

With an instant's pause, Margaret said—"Well, at least, I would not

conform. Some must do so—they cannot help themselves. I could, or at least, would not; and I think," she added, with a slight degree of indignation in her tone, "that those who dissent from society, and do not mark their dissent, but conform, are traitors to their own convictions, as well as to those who share them."

There was a slight pause; the blow hit more than one of her hearers. "But," asked Edwardes, "may not that arise from modesty? Each one of us must feel that he cannot set the world right, however it may be out of joint. Indeed, there is a certain presumption in thinking so."

"Then there is a presumption in being a martyr."

"Exactly so."

"After you, sir!" cried Julie; "that is what Mr. Edwardes would say to the martyr."

"And there is a presumption," continued Margaret, "in rescuing a fellow-creature."

"Without leave or apology!" exclaimed Julie.

"There are many things in society of which we must disapprove," said Edwardes; "but we must combat them by reason."

"Yes, and example. Prove that it is possible to be rational, consistent, 'moral,' and yet to hold opinions the reverse of those often held; and then you will vindicate for truth its own self-dignity."

"Still," said Conway, "there is a defect here; and you do not seem to me to fetch it out, Margaret. It is impossible for us to act in the present state of society as you recommend, hypocrisy apart. You commend bodily exercises; but what man of the middle class, father or son, can command the due quantum. We may be sick of the world's hypocrisy, and yet our actions are not all our own, we drag others with us, and perhaps inflict on them the martyrdom to which we ourselves should be hardened."

"I told you," said Margaret, "that I could not give you principles, and if you cannot do it for me, Alfred, it must remain undone."

"How unjust women are to their own faculties. And yet I do not know—After all, thinking is not the only, or the greatest, function of the creation. Inception is greater—intention as you call it. What would you do, Margaret; tell me your acts, and I will tell you your principles."

"I would do what I could."

"And what would that be in the case supposed? Do not fence with me, my dear girl."

"I am not, Alfred; and only hesitate because you suppose a case which I have not before supposed, in which one could not act according to one's own conscience. In that case, I suppose, one should do nothing, except watch to help those that are more fortunately free; but I think that we should all try to make ourselves free."

"Yet the freest of us cannot act exactly as he resolves. Laws compel."

"No, I know; but compulsion exonerates conscience, and resistance to that which is irresistible only ends in ridicule. So far as we think differently from those around us, or differently from the way in which those around us profess to think, we must act as if we were in a foreign country; observing the manners and customs of the natives, so far as we are compelled, either by force of law, or by the desire not needlessly to outrage other people's feelings."

"That is your first principle. Next."

"By viewing it in that light we shall avoid ill to others, and gratuitous trouble to ourselves, and still preserve our independence of mind."

"Good."

"But then we should try to enlarge our independence of action as much as possible, because although independence of thought is greater than independence of act, and must come before that; yet it stops with itself if it be not expressed in word or act; whereas, put in action, it sets other thought in motion."

"But how would you enlarge your independence of act? That is the whole question for some of us."

"I do not know how *all* could; I only know how some could. Artists must obey laws which others need not. I mean if they are to be real artists, and not painters of still life, they must know the passions which others are taught to stifle; and perhaps that is the reason why other laws—the common laws, are not so strictly enforced upon them."

"I see it," cried Conway. "If a man wants to be free, he must be an artist. There is some truth in that; at least, no man is freer than the artist, if he pleases. Especially a musician—the most purely æsthetic, and non-intellectual of artists. An artist needs not be of any established sect: no, he may be of any sect, and sing in the Mass. He needs not bind himself in wedlock if he disapprove of that bond—unless he go to America. He needs not be monarchical or anti-monarchical, so that his counterpoint be just, or his voice pure. After all, however, if we extract your principle, it does not apply exclusively to art, though it is quite natural that Margaret should think of that. I suspect it depends on power. In any profession—except the Church—a man of great power, not caring for 'society,' might be practically independent. So might an artisan, or a shopkeeper, or a manufacturer, if a genius in his way. It all depends on power. Yes, I see; if we have power, we may be independent—if we have power, will, and conviction. That is it, Margaret. You would, you say, obey positive compulsory laws. Now, what do you mean by that?"

"I mean, that a perfectly distinct law, which actually forces you to submit, should be obeyed without resistance. For example, nobody is master of his own actions till he is twenty-one years old: do not let him attempt to act independently till that age, except negatively. We can all of us refuse to act; we can't always act as we choose; and I would do nothing till I was by the law free. The next hour I should no longer consider obedience due to any one; though I might consider deference due to any person on a subject which he understood better than myself."

"And all the while," cried Julie, "Margaret has been thought the quietest, most obedient, most docile of little girls! So then, I see, you wait two years, and then—"

I checked the thoughtless girl; Margaret, however, replied—"I was only answering Alfred's question; but I said, Julie, at first, that women have no principles; they have only intentions."

"And desperate intentions you must have, then, my dear," cried Julie. "And now, who delivers judgment next?"

But we none of us felt judicial. Perhaps we were all somewhat surprised by the settled purpose indicated in Margaret's manner rather than her words; and by general consent, the conversation dropped into a separate fit of musing that seized us all.

## The Arts.

### THE OLYMPIC AND ITS NEW MANAGEMENT.

(WITH A WORD ABOUT ROBSON.)

ON Monday, the OLYMPIC opened its doors, with by far the greatest prospect of success since the days when Madame Vestris made it the most novel, the most elegant, and the most attractive theatre in London. Alfred Wigan, a great favourite, socially and theatrically, has made a good start. His friends are satisfied. The game is in his own hands,—a perilous game, as all managers know; a game in which luck is greater than skill, and yet skill itself as indispensable as luck. To please a public with successive novelties is a terrible task; for the public, facile in enthusiasm, ready to gape at any absurdity others are gaping at, ready to rush out and see any "reed shaken by the wind," is also a most capricious as well as stupid public, and more ungrateful than either.

Wigan is, I hope, too wise to be cajoled into security by his opening success. We all know how promising are the honeymoons of management! Great as Wigan's "reception" was, (expressive of real hearty good-will and admiration,) great as was the enthusiasm of Monday night, such things have no permanent influence. Jones, who has shouted himself hoarse, and blistered his beefy hands in enthusiasm, will mercilessly hiss the first inferior piece, and as mercilessly keep away from the first dull one! Jones himself, like his enthusiasm, is a vanishing phenomenon, not a perdurable nounenon!

This by way of moralizing. On Monday, then, to resume narrative, the season was "inaugurated." *The Olympic Camp*, a sort of *revue* by Planché, and written in his very happiest vein, introduced the forces (and the "weaknesses") of the company, and while incidentally satirizing the present state of the drama, announced the "intentions" of the new management. The piece is on an old and not agreeable plan, and is rather too long; but there are so many admirable and "telling" lines in it, the fun is so appreciable, and so removed from coarseness, that it passes off gaily. One point I wish to remark, because it is characteristic. The opening scene is meant to represent the bare walls and stage of a theatre; but on the stage it is almost impossible to get reality, and this scene, instead of being the reality, (which was surely facile enough?) was the "stage idea" of a bare stage!

*Plot and Passion*, the drama in three acts, which followed, is the joint production of Tom Taylor and John Lang, (known as "Mofussilite" Lang,) and is an effective piece, carrying the audience with it from the first. The germ of the drama is Fouché's known practice of employing persons of rank as his spies. Among his unhappy victims is the beautiful *Marie de Fontanges*, thrown into his power by her unfortunate passion for gambling. He gives her money to indulge her vice, and she in return gives him information. Become his instrument, through dread of exposure to the world which believes her spotless, she is forced to act as a decoy to bring to Paris one of Fouché's enemies. In doing so, she falls in love with the man whose ruin she is sent to effect. I will not tell you more of the plot, lest the edge of curiosity be taken from your interest; but you can at once see the capabilities of such a story for powerful situation.

If it were a work of more pretensions, I would pause to point out several serious defects both of characterization and construction; but there are only two points needful to be alluded to, and I allude to them because even in a drama of this unpretending class, they are sources of weakness. The first is a want of earnestness and passion in the dialogue; the second is the undramatic disposition to take for granted what ought to be shown: I allude to such points as *Marie de Fontanges*, both as gambler and spy, not being represented, but merely spoken of. We ought

to see her under the fascinations of play, and under the infamy of her office. Very fine dramatic material is lost by this neglect. If I am told that by such a picture her character would lose its "interest" with the audience, I reply, that, in the first place, an audience sympathizes strongly with human passion and human infirmity, and would be more inclined to pardon *Marie* if they felt her temptation, and saw her struggles; and, in the second place, do what you will, you cannot efface the stain from her forehead—she has been a spy and a gambler. Another point of the same "take for granted style," is *Fouché's* consummate ability and astuteness, of which we are perpetually told, but of which, throughout the piece, he exhibits no evidence.

All deductions made, however, the piece is an ingeniously-wrought drama of the modern French school, abounding in good situations, with characters strongly marked, and with the interest kept up to the last. Wigan played the Creole lover with very remarkable force of passion—the passion of a gentleman, not of a stage lover; and there were accents in his voice which made the audience thrill. Mrs. Sterling—what a favourite she is!—threw all her pathos into the part of *Marie*; and Emery was careful in the part of *Fouché*. But the part in the piece was one I have not yet mentioned—a secretary of the Marall species, raised into dominant eminence by the admirable acting of Robson, who made a "hit" in it which will draw the town.

I had only seen this now popular actor in the burlesque *Shylock*; and it may be as well to repeat here what were my first impressions, given in *Leader* No. 174:—

"His performance is certainly peculiar, showing mimetic power, and significance of gesture, but no humour. It was not funny—yet was it not tragic, although hovering on the confines of tragedy. It had the merit of originality and invention; but I must see Mr. Robson in some character not burlesque before venturing on an opinion as to his powers."

Those were my first impressions; and those remain with me, after seeing him play the serpent secretary. He is a remarkable—a very remarkable actor; and I shall be much surprised if he do not become, in his way, a great actor; for he has two essential qualities—originality and mimetic power. Humour he has none; he is as dry and hard as "Crabstick Persius;" and it is not as a low comedian that he will take rank, but as an actor of Bouffé parts, in which character—individuality—is represented by truthful details. For I think those critics who credit him with tragic power make a fundamental mistake; because his *Shylock* was more serious than comic, they jumped to the conclusion that he would have played Shakspeare's *Shylock* finely; because in this secretary the emotive passages were finely represented, his admirers pass on in admiration to the belief that he has tragic passion at command. Now, I must not be understood as depreciating Robson's powers, but as *describing* and *defining* them, in saying, that he seems to me unequal to the force, breadth, and impassioned dignity of a tragic scene. It is not *passion* so much as *excitability* he portrays. The details by which he illustrates his emotion are all good, true, and suggestive; but they are *small*—they are the details of an irritable nature easily moved, and moved from the surface—not of a passionate nature moved from the depths, "which moveth all together, if it move at all." And hence my impression of his acting in burlesque, that it "hovered on the confines of tragedy," remains true of his serious acting; it lies as near tragedy as temper does to passion—as the exasperation of an ordinary man against his wife does to the deep and all-absorbing passion of wronged *Othello*.

As an actor of what may be called Bouffé parts, I believe Robson will eventually take his position. In spite of his success—in spite of the powers which legitimate that success—he must not, however, be spoken of in the same breath with Bouffé—*yet*. Bouffé had both passion and humour. But he had, also, one quality which Robson must work very hard still to attain—I mean, that of being an *artist*. In his performance, on Monday, the details, taken separately, were admirable; but they made no homogeneous creation. There were dashes of burlesque, and rapid transitions, which marred the unity, because they were transitions not from one emotion to another, but from one individuality to another. He represented emotions of rage, jealousy, love, triumph, hate; but he never represented those emotions in their *subsidence*; on the contrary, the passage from one to the other was like that of figures in a galante show. I direct his attention to this defect; because, with his intelligence, and mobile face, he *can* remedy it; whereas, to tell an actor like Charles Kean to express subsiding emotions, is like telling Daniel Lambert to jump over a hurdle!

VIVIAN.

**THE NEW DUTIES ON SERVANTS.**—By the new Assessed Taxes Act, masters have to pay from the 10th instant for every male servant of the age of eighteen and upwards the annual duty of 1*l.* 1*s.*, and under that age 10*s.* 6*d.* Last year the duty on servants brought to the revenue 209,613*l.*

**CHINESE "JUSTICE."**—Not long since, as the Emperor was walking on the slopes in his garden at Peking, an attempt was made upon his life, but, happily for the "Son of Heaven," a chamberlain interposed his arm, and succeeded, at the hazard of his own, in saving his master's life. It was never precisely ascertained whether the miscreant were instigated to the act by the rebels, but eighteen mandarins of the highest rank were accused of complicity, and they, and every member of their respective families were put to death, and the country for many miles round their dwellings was absolutely laid waste! Such is Chinese justice, at least under the old régime!—*New Quarterly Review* for October.

**REVENUE FROM RECEIPT STAMPS.**—By a Parliamentary paper just printed it appears that the revenue from receipt stamps in the year ended the 5th January, 1851, was 169,570*l.*; in 1852, 174,744*l.*; and in 1853, 180,491*l.*

**ABBAS PASHA AND HIS DOG.**—Abbas Pasha lately obtained from England, by great exertion, a gigantic mastiff, of the celebrated Lyme breed, and the monster was the talk of the whole city of Cairo. As the Pasha's private Secretary proceeded through the narrow streets, accompanied by his very docile but very formidable-looking acquisition, the Turks did not fly, nor did they seek shelter, nor put themselves in attitude of resistance. They stood still and trembled. Some muttered only "Wonderful! wonderful!" others adopted literally the Haydon phrase, "Our trust is in God." One old man we heard to exclaim, "Many of the creations of God are terrible!" and another gravely asked the dignified dog, "Art thou sent to consume us utterly?" The general expression, however, was "God can protect us even from thee, oh terrible one!"—*New Quarterly Review* for October.

**HEINE THE GERMAN POET.**—The German poet, Henry Heine, has for many years past been struck with paralysis. His limbs, his body, his features, even to his very eyelids, are lame, and to all purposes like those of a dead man. Indeed it may be said that life only lingers in the brain and tongue—the man is a mere corpse: the poet alone survives. An exile from

his country for many long years past, and for many years past, too, a captive to illness in the back room of a small apartment in the Faubourg Poissinière at Paris, the poet, whose early flights of fancy created a new era in German lyrics—and, one might almost say, in German politics and religion—has still been active; and if not his best, at least his most pungent books have issued from that living head attached to a dead body, which keeps its long vigils in the heart of the Babel of France.—*New Quarterly Review* for October.

**OFFICIALISM IN AMERICA.**—The American Patent-office does not confine its duties to the mere business of granting patents, but, in addition, endeavours to collect information on the subject of inventions and industrial progress in every part of the world. For this purpose the American consuls in each of their districts are charged with the duty of reporting to the authorities at home everything that may be calculated to be useful to home industry.—*Journal of the Society of Arts*.

**STREET RAILWAYS IN AMERICA.**—The inhabitants of Brooklyn, United States, have taken the lead in street locomotion, and are about, with the sanction of the Common Council, to lay rails and run cars, in lieu of omnibuses and cabs, through the principal streets, Sundays excepted.



## HEALTH OF LONDON DURING THE WEEK.

THE number of deaths registered in the metropolitan districts in the week that ended on Saturday was 1039. In the ten corresponding weeks of the years 1843-52, the average number was 949, which if raised in proportion to increase of population will give 1044. A comparison of the actual and estimated results shows that London last week suffered not more than its ordinary rate of mortality.

Cholera, which has made its presence felt in various parts of the metropolis, and during the four weeks that followed 10th September, showed a small but continuous increase, does not appear latterly to have gained ground. The deaths from this disease were 66 in the first week of October; last week they declined to 45. It is a somewhat remarkable coincidence that 45 was the number registered in the corresponding week (viz., the 42nd) of 1848; for many weeks thereafter the deaths rose and fell, dropping so low as one and two in the spring of 1849, till the epidemic broke out with violence in summer. The fluctuations which mark its previous history may attend its course again; but experience affords sufficient warning that a temporary abatement should not lull into security those whose business it is to prepare for the attack. The 45 deaths of last week (21 of which occurred to males, 24 to females) were thus distributed over London: In the West districts 6, in the North 3, in the Central 2, in the East 6, and on the South side of the Thames 28.

Last week the births of 812 boys and 761 girls, in all 1573 children, were registered in London. The average number in eight corresponding weeks of 1845-52, was 1561.

At the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, the mean height of the barometer in the week was 29.587 in. The mean temperature was 52 deg., which is slightly above the average of the same week in 38 years. The wind blew generally from the north-east.

## BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

## BIRTHS.

On the 5th of October, at Souvenir, Lausanne, the wife of Henry John Carteis, Esq., late Captain of her Majesty's Thirty-seventh Regiment: a daughter.

On the 11th, at St. Helier's, Jersey, the wife of M. E. Laurent, Vice-Consul for France in the Channel Islands: a son.

On the 14th, at Tufnell-park, Holloway, Mrs. Charles R. Tatham: a son.

On the 14th, at the house of her father, the Rev. T. A. Powys, M.A., Medmenham, Henley-on-Thames, the wife of Edward Bode, Esq.: a daughter.

On the 14th, at 29, Chesham-street, the wife of Captain Gladstone, R.N., M.P.: a daughter.

On the 17th, at Brookwood-park, Hampshire, the wife of Colonel William Greenwood: a daughter.

On the 17th, at Kempton-park, Middlesex, the wife of Thomas Barnett, Esq.: a daughter.

## MARRIAGES.

On the 12th of October, at Southrepps, Norfolk, Barzillai A. Harling, Esq. of Stowmarket, to Caroline, youngest daughter of the Venerable George Glover, M.A., Archdeacon of Sudbury, and rector of Southrepps.

On the 13th, at Arndilly, Hamilton Forbes, Esq., to the Hon. Elizabeth Fraser, sister of the Right Hon. Lord Saltoun.

On the 14th, at St. Andrew's Catholic Cathedral, Glasgow, Archibald Maera Chisholm, Esq., of the Forty-second Royal Highlanders, son of Dr. Stewart Chisholm, senior surgeon, Royal Artillery, to Maria Frances, only daughter of William Dominic Lynch, Esq., late of Devonshire-place, London, residing at Murthly Castle, Perthshire.

On the 18th, at Trinity Church, Marylebone, William Henry Mangles, Esq., Fiftieth (Queen's Own) Regiment, only son of Robert Mangles, Esq., of Sunningdale, to Emily Ellen, eldest daughter of Captain Henry Mangles Denham, of her Majesty's ship *Herald*, now on an exploring expedition in the South Pacific.

On the 19th, at St. George's, Hanover-square, Peter Gerhard Vander Byl, Esq., of Cape Town, eldest son of the late Hon. Peter Voltelin Vander Byl, of the Cape of Good Hope, to Céline Euphemia, eldest daughter of Philip Patton Blyth, Esq., of Upper Wimpole-street, Cavendish-square.

On the 20th, at St. George's, Hanover-square, the Hon. George Augustus Browne, son of the late Lord Kilmaine, to Frances Mary, eldest daughter of Charles Prideaux Brune, Esq., of Pridaux-place, Cornwall.

## DEATHS.

On the 12th of October, at Dieppe, Anne Augusta, aged seven months, only child of Lord and Lady Gilbert Kennedy.

On the 13th, at Cadogan-place, Captain Henry Edward Napier, R.N., F.R.S., youngest brother of the late Lieutenant-General Sir C. J. Napier, G.C.B., aged sixty-four.

On the 16th, at Alburgh Ash, near Liverpool, aged seventy, Rear Admiral Christopher Bell, C.B.

On the 17th, John Beames, Esq., of Bashley-lodge, Hants, a Deputy-Lieutenant for the county, and formerly of Lincoln's Inn, one of her Majesty's Counsel, aged seventy-three.

At his residence, Bath, General Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Bart., G.C.B., G.C. St. Jan., of Faldrum, Ross-shire, the senior General of her Majesty's service, aged eighty-three.

## Commercial Affairs.

## MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

Friday Evening, October 21, 1853.

The English Stock Market was very heavy this morning. The political intelligence has less influence now than the state of the money market. Consols have been 91½ to 4 for transfer and account. The New 3½ per Cents. have realised 92½ to 4. The speculators are now looking rather anxiously to the answer which Russia may give from St. Petersburg to the demand for the evacuation of the Principality; and ½ per cent. was given yesterday afternoon for the "put" of a large amount, said to be 250,000. Consols, on Monday at 91. Bank Stock has been lower again, having opened at 218, and been done since at 215. Exchange Bills have been worth 2s. to 4s. premium. East India Bonds are at par.

Foreign Securities have been weaker in the absence of large transactions. Russian 4½ per Cents. have been done at 90½. Spanish 3 per Cents. bring 44½. The Certificates are 5. Buenos Ayres Bonds have been firmer at 57. French 4½ per Cents. realise 90 50, with the exchange at 24 96. Dutch 2½ per Cents. have been 62½, after having opened at 63.

Railway Shares have been exceedingly quiet, and at a further slight decline in prices. This applies to Great Western, South Western, Brighton, and most others. French shares also are dull. In the Gold Mine Shares there is continued heaviness.

## CORN MARKET.

Mark Lane, Friday, October 21, 1853.

During the week the supplies of Wheat, Oats, and Barley into London have been liberal, yet, notwithstanding this, the value of the two former articles has advanced, viz., Wheat 2s., and Oats 1s. per qr. This is caused partly by the weather, which has been most unfavourable for the sowing of Wheat, and which excites the gravest apprehensions for next year's crop; and partly by the knowledge that the supplies now on the way from the East of Europe are not large. The country markets have been better supplied with Barley, and the value of this article consequently remains stationary. Beans and Peas are scarce everywhere and command higher rates.

## BRITISH FUNDS FOR THE PAST WEEK.

(CLOSING PRICES.)

	Satur.	Mon.	Tues.	Wedn.	Thurs.	Frid.
Bank Stock	220	219	216	216	216	.....
3 per Cent. Red.	91½	90½	90½	90½	90½	.....
3 per Cent. Con. Ans.	92	91½	91½	91½	91½	.....
Consols for Account	92	91½	91½	91½	91½	.....
3½ per Cent. An.	93	92½	92½	92½	92½	.....
New 5 per Cents.	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Long Ans. 1860	.....	5 3-16 5	3-16 5	3-16 5	5-16	.....
India Stock	.....	.....	.....	248	.....	.....
Ditto Bonds, £1000	3 dis	.....	4 p	.....	5 dis	.....
Ditto, under £1000	.....	5 p	4 p	5 p	5 dis	.....
Ex. Bills, £1000	4 p	.....	8 p	6 p	2 p	.....
Ditto, £500	4 p	8 p	8 p	8 p	2 p	.....
Ditto, Small	4 p	.....	8 p	8 p	2 p	.....

## FOREIGN FUNDS.

(LAST OFFICIAL QUOTATION DURING THE WEEK ENDING THURSDAY EVENING.)

Brazilian Bonds	97	Russian Bonds, 1822, 5 p. C.	112½
Buenos Ayres 6 per Cents.	56½	Russian 4½ per Cents.	97½
Chilian 6 per Cents.	99½	Spanish 3 p. Ct. New Def.	21½
Danish 5 per Cents.	102	Spanish Committee Cert.	.....
Ecuador Bonds	5½	of Coup. not fun.	5½
Mexican 3 per Cents.	23½	Venezuela 3½ per Cents.	31
Mexican 3 per Ct. for Acc.	.....	Belgian 4½ per Cents.	97
October 28	24	Dutch 2½ per Cents.	62½
Portuguese 4 per Cents.	41½	Dutch 4 per Cent. Certif.	94
Portuguese 3 p. Cts., 1848	37		

## OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, MR. ALFRED WIGAN.

On Monday, October 24, and during the week, the new Extravaganza, called *THE CAMP AT THE OLYMPIC*, in which will appear Messrs. A. Wigan, Emery, F. Robson, Cooper, and Galli; Mesdames A. Wigan, Stirling, P. Horton, Chatterly, E. Turner, and Wyndham. After which, an Original Drama, in Three Acts, called *PLOT AND PASSION*. Principal characters, Messrs. F. Robson, Emery, Leslie, Cooper, White, and A. Wigan; Miss E. Turner and Mrs. Stirling.

Box-office open from Eleven to Four. Doors open at Seven, and commence at Half-past Seven. Stalls, 5s.; Boxes, 4s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.

## DR. KAHN'S ANATOMICAL MUSEUM.

consisting of more than 700 Models, is Now Open, at the PORTLAND GALLERY, Regent Street (opposite the Polytechnic), every day, except Friday, for Gentlemen only, from Eleven till Five, and from Seven till Ten. On Fridays, however, the Morning Exhibition for Gentlemen will close at Two o'clock, when Ladies only will be admitted until Five o'clock. Dr. Leach will lecture at 12, 2, and 4, Morning; and quarter to 8 o'clock Evening; and for Ladies by Mrs. Leach. Admission, One Shilling.

## THE REV. WILLIAM FORSTER preaches

regularly, every Sunday, at the TEMPORARY FREE CHRISTIAN CHURCH, Hawley Crescent, Camden Town; in the Morning at Eleven, and in the Evening at half-past Six o'clock.

## PEACOCK AND FOX INN, and BRAD-

FORD HOUSE, 12, GRAY'S INN LANE, (Holborn end.)

RYDER and CO., Licensed Victuallers, beg to inform their Friends and the Public in general, that they have Re-opened the above airy and commodious Premises, where every attention will be paid to the comfort of all parties who may favour them with a call; and every article supplied at moderate prices.

The House, being in one of the great leading thoroughfares to the City, is, from its central position, very conveniently situated for Persons arriving in London either by the Great Northern or North-Western Railways.

N.B.—THE TIMES, LEADER, and BRADFORD OBSERVER Newspapers taken in and filed.

Parties can be accommodated with a large Room for Social or other Meetings.

## FIVE GUINEAS.—MR. WM. H. HALSE, the

Medical Galvanist, of 22, Brunswick-square, London, informs his friends that his FIVE GUINEA APPARATUS are now ready.—Send two postage stamps for his Pamphlet on Medical Galvanism.

## TEETH.—By Her Majesty's Royal Letters

Patent.—Nowly-invented and Patented application of chemically-prepared WHITE INDIA RUBBER in the construction of ARTIFICIAL TEETH, Gums, and Palates.—MR. EPHRAIM MOSELEY, Surgeon-Dentist, 61, Grosvenor-street, Grosvenor-square, Sole Inventor and Patentee. A new, original, and invaluable invention, consisting in the adaptation, with the most absolute perfection and success, of chemically-prepared WHITE INDIA RUBBER as a lining to the ordinary gold or bone frame. The extraordinary results of this application may be briefly noted in a few of their most prominent features, as the following:—All sharp edges are avoided, no springs, wires, or fastenings are required, a greatly increased freedom of suction is supplied, a natural elasticity hitherto wholly unattainable, and a fit, perfected with the most unerring accuracy, is secured, while from the softness and flexibility of the agent employed, the greatest support is given to the adjoining teeth when loose, or rendered tender by the absorption of the gums. The acids of the mouth exert no agency on the chemically-prepared White India-rubber, and, as it is a non-conductor, fluids of any temperature may with thorough comfort be imbibed and retained in the mouth, all unpleasantness of smell and taste being at the same time wholly provided against by the peculiar nature of its preparation.—To be obtained only at

61, LOWER GROSVENOR-STREET, LONDON.  
22, Gay-street, Bath.  
34, Grainger-street, Newcastle-on-Tyne

## FENDERS, STOVES, and FIRE-IRONS.

Buyers of the above are requested, before finally deciding, to visit WILLIAM BURTON'S SHOW-ROOMS, 39, Oxford-street, (corner of Newman-street,) Nos. 1 and 2, Newman-street, and Perry's-place. They are the largest in the world, and contain such an assortment of FENDERS, STOVES, RANGES, FIRE-IRONS, and GENERAL IRONMONGERY, as cannot be approached elsewhere, either for variety, novelty, beauty of design, or exquisiteness of workmanship. Bright Stoves, with bronzed ornaments and two sets of bars, £2 14s. to £5 10s.; ditto with ormolu ornaments and two sets of bars, £5 10s. to £12 12s.; Bronzed Fenders complete, with standards, from 7s. to £3; Steel Fenders from £2 15s. to £6; ditto with rich ormolu ornaments, from £2 15s. to £7 7s.; Fire-irons, from 1s. 9d. the set to £4 4s. Sylvester and all other Patent Stoves, with radiating hearth plates. All which he is enabled to sell at these very reduced charges.

First—From the frequency and extent of his purchases; and Secondly—From those purchases being made exclusively for cash.

## DISH COVERS AND HOT-WATER

DISHES in every material, in great variety, and of the newest and most recherche patterns. Tin Dish Covers, 6s. the set of six; Block Tin, 12s. 3d. to 27s. 2d. the set of six; elegant modern patterns, 32s. 3d. to 57s. 6d. the set; Britannia Metal, with or without silver-plated handles, 73s. to 110s. 6d. the set; Sheffield plated, £10 to £16 10s. the set; Block Tin Hot-water Dishes, with wells for gravy, 13s. to 19s.; Britannia Metal, 20s. to 72s.; Sheffield plated, full size, £9 10s.

WILLIAM S. BURTON has TEN LARGE SHOW-ROOMS (all communicating), exclusive of the Shop, devoted solely to the show of GENERAL FURNISHING IRONMONGERY (including cutlery, nickel silver, plated, and japanned wares, iron and brass bedsteads), so arranged and classified that purchasers may easily and at once make their selections.

Catalogues, with engravings, sent (per post) free. The money returned for every article not approved of.

39, OXFORD-STREET (corner of Newman-street); Nos. 1 & 2, NEWMAN-STREET; and 4 & 5, PERRY'S-PLACE.

## COLT'S REVOLVERS.—NOTICE.—Now

Ready.—COLONEL COLT is now ready to supply the ARMY and NAVY or BELT PISTOL (six shots) of British manufacture, of the best material and finish, in any quantity. Government agents, dealers in fire-arms, merchants, &c. &c., supplied on favourable terms.—Address, Colonel Colt, No. 1, Spring-gardens, London.

## TEA!

## CULLINGHAM AND COMPANY.—

The advantages, both in quality and price, to be derived from purchasing at a first-class City house must be too apparent to every one to need comment.

We are now selling

The very Best Black Tea, at	4s. 0d. the pound.
Good sound Congou	3s. 0d. "
Finest Pekoe ditto	3s. 8d. "
Fine Gunpowder	4s. 0d. "
Choice Coffee	1s. 0d. "
Finest Homœopathic Cocoa	1s. 0d. "

This is the most pleasant and nutritious preparation of Cocoa.

For the convenience of our numerous customers, we retail the finest West India and Refined Sugars at market prices.

All goods delivered by our own vans, free of charge, within eight miles of London. Parcels of Tea and Coffee, of the value of Two Pounds sterling, are sent, carriage free, to any part of England.

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The Annual Reports of the Company's state and progress, Prospectuses and Forms, may be had, or will be sent, post free, on application at the Office, or to any of the Company's Agents.

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