

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.*

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VOL. IV. No. 193.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1853.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.]

News of the Week.

NOTWITHSTANDING the comparative novelty and the practical importance of the new contest on the Upper Rhine for spiritual ascendancy; the dispute between Turkey and Russia, with the imminent consequences, is still the absorbing question of the day. On the ground of armed contest, the fortune of war is not materially changed; the most recent advices, while we write, ascribe the success of the moment to the Russians. After many oscillations of fortune at the island near Giurgevo, the Russians appear to have remained masters of that limited ground; but the constant wavering of fortune shows how nearly the forces were matched; and, upon the whole, the balance of loss in killed and wounded appears still to side with the Russians, who repeatedly find themselves in detached parties confronting a superior force of Turks. The Turks also still remain in possession of Upper Wallachia; but both sides appear to be rather retracting from the line of conflict and falling back for the winter. There is some anticipation that after the rains, when the frost shall have set in, formal hostilities will be renewed; but we must anticipate rather a succession of skirmishes—a species of armed recreations—than pitched battles, or any contest which can decide possession of the territory.

While the Russians and the Turks are at their old game of fighting, new propositions are said to agitate the councils of the Great Powers. From St. Petersburg is announced as forthcoming another circular to the European Courts, and another manifesto. It is one of the most enterprising of the great publishing firms; dealing, like some of our own London publishers, principally in fiction. From Austria is said to emanate a new proposition for negotiations to be carried on in London—an old idea, at which Austria might very likely catch as a means of prolonging the fruitless palavers with which she has hitherto subserved the purposes of Russia. From Austria also, comes, it is said, another proposition—that the Four Powers should back out of every intervention, and leave Russia and Turkey to contest the matter alone; but this we suspect to be no more than the repetition of an old story. Whenever it may have happened, it is understood to have been scouted by France; and if our Government

wavered for a moment, ultimately it agreed with our ally. From France is understood to have come a proposal for a treaty between the two Western Powers, laying down the basis on which they would unite to enforce a conclusion of the contest upon that Power which has provoked it; but we do not learn that our Government has signified its assent to this proposal; which has, however, so far as it has been promulgated in England, obtained a very general approbation. These few facts appear to embrace the salient points in the present position of affairs.

That Austria and Russia have conceived new hopes of subverting France, and so defeating the Western alliance, appears to be established by the countenance which the Emperor of Austria gives to the union between the Count de Chambord and the Duke de Nemours. The most ostentatious publicity is given to the most trivial forms in the interview between those two potentates out of work. *Punch* has ridiculed this ceremonious puffing of "Henry the Fifth" and his cousin, by announcements of the compliments which they exchanged, the history of their reciprocal brandy-and-water, and the joint stirring of the sugar therein. But in fact the jokes of *Punch* scarcely transcend the elaborate solemnity with which some wandering court newsman tells how the Duke called the Count "My King;" and the Count called the Duke "My Cousin;" how the Duke would have kneeled, but the Count took him by both hands; and how the Count walked fifteen paces in order to receive the Duke exactly within the door. The court newsman, however, is but the tool; the Duke must be the prime mover of sending round these announcements, in order to impart to his enterprise and to the gracious favours vouchsafed by Henry V. as much as possible the appearance of a legitimate reality and of an important event. The circumstances of the reconciliation have been communicated to those French Generals, Changarnier, Lamoricière, and Bedeau, whom Louis Napoleon exiled; and they are understood to have expressed their satisfaction at the re-union. This would imply that a military connexion is to be formed in France; Changarnier being the model of aristocratic disciplinarians; Lamoricière, a popular General, friend of "*ses enfans*," the soldiers; and Bedeau, the austere type of Duty. The Emperor of Austria supplies the locale for this reception, invites the Princes to dinner, and is evidently giving them assistance

in a new conspiracy to subvert the French Government.

Some anxiety has been created respecting the position of Servia. The province has long professed a neutrality totally inconsistent with fealty to the Porte. She has not only refused to permit the passage of Bosniac troops in support of Omer Pacha, but has claimed the right to receive a Russian consul without the exequatur of the Porte. And people are already anticipating a declaration of independence placing Servia in the position of Greece. The province has no claim to such a position, and could scarcely sustain it, but may be the instrument for the enemies of Turkey.

In Vienna, where the greatest efforts are made to prevent extremities, the hope of averting a wide and lengthened contest is rapidly dying away. People now say, in that optimist capital, that affairs must take their course; and although Austria has the deepest stake in the preservation of tranquillity, she is making up her mind to let the Czar and fate have their fling. Our own Government appears to drift towards the same conclusion, with sorriest reluctance; and we do not wonder. Although public opinion here is rapidly becoming reconciled to the prospect of being obliged to maintain the position and fame of England, and the honour of her flag, habit is strong with your Englishman, and the habit of peace sticks to him like a tourniquet. Occasionally a little incident helps this. The meeting in commemoration of the Polish revolution in 1830, although it is an event of no political importance, limited, in its bearing, to the exiles who have, as it were, a personal interest in that unhappy land, and to those who are connected with them by individual friendship, yet it has served as a bugbear for some, who are terrified even at the beard of a revolutionist, or who are misled by indifferent reports of speeches in "foreign language." One phrase in an address, which was really admirable, has been grossly misapprehended, and it has been supposed that the guillotine was recommended by the orator, as the legitimate instrument of revolution. The meaning of the phrase was almost the reverse; but the use of the word was unfortunate, and the exulting uproar which it created among the histrionic disciples of Robespierre, gave countenance to the misapprehension.

Nor can we attach much more importance to the meeting of the Protestant Alliance, at the

Freemasons' Tavern, which was convened to extort from our Government better protection for English subjects abroad, especially in cases where they are unjustly persecuted for Protestant opinions. The Papal aggression in Holland, the Maltese code, and the new code of Italy, with the persecution of the Madias and Miss Cuninghame, were the prominent topics. Lord Shaftesbury called upon our Government to be as bold as Elizabeth, as forward as Cromwell, and as fiery as America; but the memorial could suggest nothing more energetic in realizing these vigorous suggestions than to withdraw an ambassador from any country which should resort to measures so barbarous as those of Tuscany and of Rome. This is a lame and impotent conclusion of the somewhat boastful language with which Lord Shaftesbury introduced the business of the evening. The fact is, that Protestants of Lord Shaftesbury's stamp are, we believe, not prepared to take the steps necessary for sustaining either their doctrine in religion, or their claim in politics; they are not prepared to defend the weak; they are not prepared to be martyrs. Canon Miller, who saw the false logic of the proceeding which proposed to dictate internal laws to a foreign Government, declared that there was no hope of success by that means; that true religion can only be sown in catholic countries by loosening the ground with the blood of martyrs. But we do not learn that Mr. Miller destines even one ounce of his canonical blood to that blessed purpose. Nor has Miss Cuninghame been subjected to actual depletion on account of her religious enthusiasm. These are the martyrdoms to which English Protestants safely adhere, at Freemasons' Tavern and Exeter Hall. They do not go forth as martyrs, they do not go forth as defenders either of the faithful or of the persecuted.

It is not that there is no work for Protestants: there is more than one ground on which their cause is to be sustained. Piedmont has been but imperfectly supported, although it is a country whose position involves a species of national Protestantism, in many respects more hopeful for the overcoming of Rome than any case of individual proselytism. Rome, too, is making encroachments, as we have mentioned, on the Upper Rhine; an ecclesiastical province, created in that part of Germany, which includes Württemberg, Baden, Nassau, and Hesse. The church of Rome has claimed the right of appointing to ecclesiastical offices without consent of the State; the Governments have resisted such acts; in retaliation the Archbishop of Freiburg has excommunicated the officials. Priests reading the excommunication in churches have been arrested, and there the matter stands. The arrogant Archbishop and his clergy are sustained by the active sympathy of the hierarchy in Austria, and by the Archbishop of Posen; so that the contest involves a very extensive territory; and on this ground, again, we see how acquiescence in the tyrannical presumptions of the Absolutist Powers facilitates the encroachments of Rome.

Our hierarchy has been consecrating two Bishops to administer the functions of the church at Natal and at Graham's Town; the Protestant Alliance meets in Freemasons' hall for the purpose of asking Lord Clarendon to coerce the petty Grand Duke of Tuscany, and, if possible, to frighten the Pope, or to alarm the paltry Government of Portugal; but the real contest between the two great principles of oppression and freedom, with Absolutism and ultra-montanism on the one side, and Constitutionalism and freedom of conscience on the other, is suffered to make considerable way before the representatives of constitutional authority in Europe can make up their minds to a determined stand on behalf of their principles!

Our own affairs at home do not present much subject for remark. The strike in Lancashire continues. We might almost stereotype the statement on the subject. The contribution to the committee at Preston keeps up; but at Burnley and at other places the working people are accepting the offer of the masters conveyed in the opening of their mills for a short time—only four days a week,—and the attempts to procure support, whether for the strike or for the proposed "labour parliament," in new quarters, do not meet with the expected response. Birmingham, for example, responds with apathy and with silence.

The acquittal of eight copper-plate printers

charged with attempting to drive a fellow workman from employment, establishes the right of working people to send one of their number to Coventry; so that they do not threaten their employers with any bad consequences for continuing the man in service. In this case the motive of dislike was, that the man had acted for substitute in the house of Mr. Tallis, where workmen had struck for wages. The caution of Mr. Baron Alderson, that the printers would have done better if they had acted separately instead of jointly, will not have the effect of making the working classes better understand the law, because his qualification is not positive. In fact, it only weakens their confidence in the law by making them suppose that the judge is "against" them.

Another report has been issued by a committee of the Oxford Tutors' Association. It contains several recommendations on the subject of university education, and indulges in severe criticisms on the scheme of the commissioners, which it describes as "far too revolutionary." The Tutors seek to develop a wider system out of the existing elements, rather than to introduce any organic changes. Their suggestions, however, do not seem to attack the great evil of the present system, which affords no stimulus to exertion on the part of the Tutors, and throws the education of the University into the hands of men whose duty it is to teach every conceivable subject, without leaving time or holding out inducements for the successful prosecution of any particular branch of learning.

Australian shipping has been illustrating the great defect in the conduct of emigration ships, of which the colonists, in New South Wales, are complaining. The *Adelaide*, not the worst vessel belonging to the Royal Australian Mail Steam Packet Company, has been abandoned by the under-writers. The Company has been sustaining a trial, brought by a passenger home in the notorious steamer, *Melbourne*, the charge involving complaints of the most filthy condition and food on board. And, through the reckless sailing of the master, Mr. Hernaman, the ship *Meridian* has been lost, on the island of Amsterdam, on the voyage to Sydney. This last event forms one of the most striking stories of shipwrecks in the history of the sea, excellently told by a gentleman connected with the *Morning Chronicle*, who took a leading part, after the shipwreck, in rescuing the people, and keeping order amongst them, and economising their stores, for the thirteen days during which they were confined on the desert island. From the initial "L," and other circumstances, we conjecture the writer to be Mr. John Leitch, whose name has been mentioned before, in the literary part of our paper,—mentioned for his accomplishments and his wit, but now immortalised by his fortitude and courageous humanity.

Practical Positivism is making way. Even emigrant ships are better managed than they used to be, before the Passengers' Act; for the hardships of the *Melbourne* present no parallel with the miseries habitually endured on board the North-American ships, some few years since. At home we are beginning to conquer the material ills, which we have suffered to conquer us so long. John Simon has been telling the City of London how to attack the cholera at its foundation, in the sewer; and his masterly Report has had so great an effect, that people are actually expecting that the City will go and do what their admirable medical officer tells them.

THE WRECK OF THE MERIDIAN.

THE *Morning Chronicle* published yesterday an account of a shipwreck out in the Indian Ocean, on a rocky island, far away from all land. It is from the pen of a gentleman connected with that journal—Mr. John Leitch, we presume, from the initials. He dates his account from Port Louis, Mauritius, October 12. The *Meridian* was a first-class ship, commanded by an able and estimable man, who had been four times to Sydney. But the ship was undermanned, having only ten able seamen to work the ship, although her crew was nominally twenty-three. Consequently, no look out could be regularly kept. We append some extracts from "L."s letter, giving a graphic and touching account of some of the dangers undergone by the passengers:—

"We had one of the finest passages that ever was made, till we reached the 20th degree of south latitude. After that we met with baffling winds, calms and squalls, and soon afterwards a smart gale, which, however, did not last long. But on the night of the 23rd of August, when we were running for St. Paul's, which the captain wished to sight, in order to correct a suspected error in his chronometer, we encountered a strong gale, which induced the captain to alter our course, and bear up for Amsterdam, an island in

the same meridian of longitude as St. Paul's, but fifty miles to the southward of it. The gale continued all night and the following day, in the course of which we passed the barque *John Sugars*, of London, bound for Sydney, and which we ascertained, by a printed list of departures, to have left Gravesend fourteen days before us. We had spoken several vessels in the course of the voyage, and had invariably found, on comparing notes, that we had made a quicker passage than any of them. Captain Hernaman was strongly influenced by a sense of professional emulation; he could not bear to be beaten by another ship, and soon after passing the *John Sugars*, he ordered the ship's course to be altered a point, steering E. by S., so as to let the *Meridian* go more freely before the wind, though the night was very dark, the gale increasing, and he himself believed that his chronometer required correction. He told his passengers that he expected to make Amsterdam about twelve o'clock at night, and he contented himself by telling Mr. Lamburd, the first mate, whose watch on deck commenced at six o'clock, to keep a good look-out. It is but justice to that officer to state, that he, as well as the rest of the officers and crew, had been up all the preceding night, and was, no doubt, much fatigued; but it is equally due to truth to add, that there was no look-out on the fore-castle, and that he and the whole of his watch (except the man at the wheel) were engaged a little before seven o'clock in baling the water out of his cabin, which had been partially inundated by a sea, which had just before then burst over the vessel. After this the course of the vessel was altered, by the captain's direction, to east. The tea-things in the cuddy had just been cleared away, and many of the children were being undressed, when a smart shock shook the vessel from stem to stern. At first I believed that we had run foul of another vessel, but in a minute or two afterwards five or six more violent shocks, accompanied by a peculiar grating sound at the bottom of the vessel, left no room for doubt upon the nature of the misfortune which had befallen us. Mr. Tulloch, the second mate, who came shortly afterwards into the cuddy for an instant, told me in plain terms that the vessel was on shore, and for a time all was confusion, terror, and despair.

"The moment that the vessel struck, Captain Hernaman, who was standing in the passage leading to the cuddy, rushed up the poop stairs, exclaiming three times, 'Where is Mr. Lamburd?' (Mr. Lamburd, as he himself told me afterwards, was going at the time towards the galley fire, on the main-deck, for the purpose of lighting his pipe.) As the captain gained the quarter-deck, the awful truth burst upon him, and, with another exclamation of 'My God! it is the island!' he seized the wheel, and put the helm hard a-starboard. He then stripped off his coat, waistcoat, and trousers, shouted, 'Now every man for himself,' and bade one of the hands, named Charles Snow, assist him in casting off one of the hen-coops. While they were thus engaged a heavy sea burst over the poop, and swept him and Snow overboard, but Snow caught a rope as he fell, and climbed up again into the mizen rigging on the port side, and thence over to the starboard side of the poop deck, from which he descended to the main deck, and sought a temporary refuge in the main rigging. Mr. Lamburd and some of the crew climbed into the maintop, others held on to other parts of the rigging, exposed, of course, to the fury of the waves, which repeatedly washed over them.

"Meanwhile, the situation of the passengers in the 'tween-decks was awful in the extreme. The vessel lay very much over on her port side, towards the shore, and every sea that swept over the decks deluged the second cabin with water, and broke in the cabins on the lee side in less than five minutes after the vessel had struck. In a few minutes afterwards, the water rose so high that it reached to the waists of those who had cabins on that side, and some were immersed almost as high as their necks before they succeeded in climbing over the tables and reaching the starboard side of the vessel. There they remained in the expectation of instant death, clinging to every projection that offered itself, lest they should be washed away by the seas which came pouring down the hatchway, till about half-past nine o'clock, when Mr. Worthington, the third mate, and Snow, the sailor already mentioned, assisted by Mr. Tulloch, the second mate, came down at the risk of their lives to extricate the wretched creatures from their perilous position. With great difficulty and danger—for the cargo was now floating about in the 'tween-decks, threatening destruction to all with whom it came in contact—this object was accomplished, after the lapse of about an hour, when the breaking up of the vessel seemed imminent. The lower deck had given way, and one poor woman, the last who escaped, fell into the hold among the provision tins, but was dragged out, dreadfully bruised, by two of her children, and passing along by the sills of the cabin doors on the starboard side, which still stood firm, they were helped up the companion-ladder by the sailor Snow. The mother, bruised as she was, came up last, and she had hardly placed her foot on the deck when the ladder was washed away by a sea. As the second-cabin passengers came up from below they were passed into the cuddy, where the chief-cabin passengers were nearly all assembled, or they huddled together in groups by the steward's pantry, presenting a most pitiable spectacle. Many of them, the younger children particularly were in their night dresses, having retired to bed before the vessel struck, and all were drenched to the skin and shivering with cold. They were rather excited at first, but soon, however, became calm, and seemed prepared to meet the fate which they felt awaited them, sooner or later, with becoming resignation to the will of God.

"In the chief cabin, the situation of most of the passengers, though equally alarming, was yet comparatively comfortable. All the ladies, and some of the gentlemen, had stationed themselves on the starboard side, and thus escaped the heavy seas which poured every other minute through the skylights, and drenched to the skin those gentlemen who were compelled to stand on the port side, and to cling to the table for support. One of the lamps was

instantaneously extinguished, but another was kept burning, as we had procured a supply of candles from one of the cabins, while a passenger held another lamp in his hand, to relight the swing lamp if it should be put out, as was the case two or three times in the course of the evening. We could get, for a long time, little or no information as to what was passing outside, and we had therefore resolved to make no attempt to leave the ship, but to remain by the wreck as long as she would hold together, and when she broke up to endeavour to reach the shore, as we best might, on floating pieces of the wreck. Our situation, however, appeared so desperate that I believe very few cherished the hope of escape, and for my own part I exhorted all about me to think no more of this life, but to implore God's mercy and forgiveness while there was yet time vouchsafed for repentance.

"Hitherto the mizen, which passed through the centre of the cuddy table, had remained firm, but soon after eleven o'clock it began to surge up and down, breaking up the rafters which formed the roof of the cuddy, and admitting still more freely than before the seas which washed through the skylights. We had already ascertained that there was some outlet which carried off the water almost as fast as it poured in, because otherwise we must all have been drowned two or three times over as we stood; but the immediate danger which was apprehended was, that the mizen would go by the board, and, carrying the tables with it in its fall, hurl us all to destruction.

"In the meantime an important event had occurred, of which we were not apprised till some time afterwards. The mainmast fell about half-past one o'clock in the morning, and the vessel parted in two, close to the after hatchway on the main deck. The mainmast descended gradually, with all the rigging standing, athwart the breakers to the boulders above, thus forming a kind of bridge between the ship and the shore, of which such of the sailors as had not already landed, were not slow to avail themselves. Some of the younger men among the passengers followed their example; but no efforts were made by the seamen generally, who alone could be of any service under such circumstances, to save the women and children. Mr. Worthington, however, the third mate, declared that he would not leave the vessel till every woman and child had quitted it, and he and Snow repeatedly passed over from the shore to the ship, and back again, though knocked down several times by heavy seas, in order to conduct those who would venture over it. Mr. Tulloch, also, though he did not cross to the ship after he had got on shore, was yet very active in assisting the passengers to land. I left the cuddy myself as the dawn was just breaking, and though overwhelmed for an instant by a heavy sea in my transit, I reached the shore without much difficulty. It was then about 4 a.m., and the sight that presented itself to my eyes was indeed appalling. Before me lay huge boulders, piled up irregularly, till they reached an altitude of 40 feet or 50 feet, where they were hemmed in by a perpendicular wall of black ferruginous rock, about 100 feet high, rendering a further advance from the sea in that direction impossible. A small portion of the fore-castle of the *Meridian* was still visible above water, but the rest of the forepart of the vessel was completely broken up, and pieces of the wreck were dashed by every sea on the rocks. The sailors—though, with the exceptions already mentioned, they had done little or nothing to assist in the escape of the passengers—had not been idle since they got on shore. They had lighted a fire, and had opened several bales of clothing, which was distributed freely among all, as soon as they set their foot on the rocks. Hundreds of yards of excellent new flannel, perfectly dry, and some hundreds of red and blue serge shirts were shared out among men, women, and children, as they arrived; and it is not going too far to say that, but for this providential supply, half of the women and children must have soon perished from wet and cold. Before sunrise, by God's mercy, every soul on board had escaped from the wreck, with the exception of the unfortunate captain of the *Meridian*, the old cook, Thomas George, and a Swiss stowage passenger, named Pfau, all of whom were washed off the deck soon after the vessel struck.

But their rescue left them in Amsterdam, that rude rock in an unfrequented sea. Some of the sailors got drunk, and few provisions were saved. By the evening we had got two bags of biscuit, one of them a good deal damaged by salt water, several tins of salt herrings, two or three pieces of salt beef, and a few bottles of port wine. A biscuit for every adult, and half a biscuit for each of the children, were served out as rations for the day, and herrings to those who chose to take them, but as no fresh water had yet been found, there were but few applicants for them. Half a glass of port wine was also served out among the women and children, but none could be spared for the men—some of whom wanted it badly enough—though many had drunk quite enough spirits in the course of the day to render such a stimulus superfluous. That night all of us, except a few of the women and children, for whom a sort of tent had been prepared, with the help of a few boards and a sail, lay down on the rock—a hard couch for people who had probably never passed a night in the open air in their lives, except on the top of a stage-coach, well wrapped up in shawls or over-coats. The following day (Friday) much more activity was shown in collecting provisions, and Mr. Scoltock, a London whitesmith, one of the second cabin passengers, discovered a place about a third of a mile to the eastward of the wreck, where an ascent to the top of the cliff was practicable. At this point the cliff was about 200 feet above the level of the debris, which served as a breakwater against the surf, and thither the seamen repaired in the evening, followed by a few of the passengers. It was no easy matter to scale this ascent, for about 15 feet from the top a perpendicular mass of rock hung over the path, but the sailors passed down two guide ropes for the men, and a third for hauling up the women and children. The majority of the passengers, with Mr. Lamburd and myself, passed the night as before, on the rocks; but on the next day, Saturday, it was determined that a general removal to the new encamp-

ment on the cliff should take place without delay, lest the women and children, cramped and chilled as they were by cold, exposure, and want of exercise, should lose the use of their limbs, for the sharp and jagged edges of the rocks made walking both difficult and dangerous. * * * We had now only enough biscuit to last a week, a canister half full of preserved potatoes, a few cases of preserved meat, a large canister of very good tea, five or six pieces of salt beef, two hams, about twenty-five cases of herrings, the brandy and wine already mentioned and a few bottles of port, claret, and champagne, with a box of raisins, two dozen or so of candles, five boxes of lucifer matches, two double-barrelled guns, a six shot revolver, two ship's pistols, five flasks of gunpowder, and a small quantity of shot and some bullets. These were all the means and appliances we possessed for the sustenance of 105 persons, a large portion of whom were women and young children, incapable of doing anything for themselves. The people on the cliff, however, picked up about six or seven dozen of whale birds, which had been half roasted in their nests in an insane attempt to fire the jungle on the top of the cliff on the Friday night. The passengers were generally employed in erecting tents or huts, and making themselves as comfortable on the top of the cliff as circumstances would permit, while some amused themselves by going out shooting, and others attempted to acquaint themselves with the bearings of their new position by ascending the mountain, an effort which the thick jungle, formed by a sort of cane, standing from 5 to 8 feet high, rendered futile.

"The Sunday night I passed again with Mr. Lamburd on the rocks by the stores, in no very buoyant frame of mind, but still not without an humble hope that the all-powerful Being who had so mercifully preserved us from death by drowning and cold, might still point out some means for our deliverance. I need not attempt to describe, therefore, what my feelings were when I received, on the following morning, the unlooked-for intelligence that a ship was rounding the point, and that she had twice answered our signal flags on the cliff, consisting of two red shirts and some yards of white flannel, by lowering her ensign. Very soon afterwards I saw the vessel myself. She was a whaler, apparently of about 300 tons, and still kept her ensign flying. After a time she tacked, and tried to stand in, but the wind blew so hard from the land that she was compelled again to stand out to sea."

—Here is an account of a night on that bleak shore:—

"The sole addition to our stores on Sunday was two baskets of dried apples; and Monday night closed in, without any greater augmentation of our supplies than four tins of smoked herrings. I had been asleep about half an hour when Mr. Lamburd, who took the first watch, roused me with the news that the wind was blowing strong towards the land, and that the sea was rising fast; and he intimated that it would be advisable to look out for some place of greater security, where we might pass the night. His views on the expediency of a removal seemed justified by a heavy fall of spray, which soon afterwards dashed up the rocks, and nearly extinguished our watch-fire. However, we resolved not to desert the post unless it should become absolutely necessary, and after making up the fire again, we lighted a lantern, and searched for the highest bit of rock we could find. About 20 feet above the place where the stores were kept there was a small projecting ledge of rock, upon which there was room for two persons to sit, with their legs hanging over, and having removed thither the biscuit and some other perishable stores, we again descended to the fire, which was now blazing away merrily, and we began to hope that, after all, our apprehensions might prove unfounded. But a second shower of spray, followed soon afterwards by a third, and then by a heavy sea-top, which completely extinguished the whole mass of burning timber at once, drove us away to our place of refuge, and with an anxious heart I watched the onward progress of the waves, which threatened to deprive us in one night of our only means of subsistence. The rollers swept on towards the shore in one immense continuous wall, far as the eye could reach on either side, till they touched the reef, which was about half a mile distant, and then broke in incessant thunder, the boiling surf rushing furiously onward towards the wreck, scattering right and left the huge pile of wood which had been driven between the hull of the vessel and the shore, and with it all our hopes of further supplies from that source. The gale increased, and the sea repeatedly washed up to the holes in the rock in which the herring-tins and other heavy stores had been deposited, and for about an hour there was every reason to apprehend that we should ourselves be washed off from our narrow resting-place. Five times did a sea break over a huge mass of rock which lay a little below us, and which, from its immense size and position, we thought would have proved an impassable barrier. Once a sea washed Mr. Lamburd's feet, but, by God's mercy, the gale abated a little towards morning, and when day broke, we had the happiness to find that none of the stores were injured, though the spray had broken over all of them. But nothing remained of the accumulated mass of drift wood which had been forced up by the waves between the vessel and the shore; nor of the stores which for five days had no doubt been preserved under it. The mizen had given way, and all that remained of the once proud *Meridian* was the mere outer planking, or skin, as it is called, of the poop, which had been driven nearly end on towards the rock, and lifted at least ten feet higher than it was on the Monday evening. If the sea had been as high on the night of the wreck, not ten persons could have escaped with their lives. On the top of the cliff the tents were nearly all blown down, and great anxiety was felt about our fate; but we did not wait for inquiries, for I had resolved now, as our last chance of escape from immediate starvation, to assume an authority which certainly did not belong to me, and Mr. Lamburd had consented to proceed at once to the cliff, and summon all hands to rescue the provisions, with a message from me that not a single ration should be issued for the day, until the stores were deposited in safety at the encampment. Accordingly Mr.

Lamburd departed, taking with him the double-barrelled gun, which he was afterwards ill-advised enough to level at two or three boys and young men, threatening to shoot them if they did not go down to assist in the removal. The object in view, however, was accomplished; nearly all the men came down in double-quick time, every one was provided with a burden, and in two hours the whole of the stores were safe on the top of the cliff, with the exception of the brandy, and a box of silver coin and other treasure which had been rescued from the wreck, and which I left in Mr. Lamburd's charge, in order to resume at once my own duty of distributing rations. * * * While engaged (the next day) in apportioning the work that was to be done by those who wished to have rations to eat, I was startled by a shout of 'A boat, a boat!' and running to the point where the flagstaff was erected, we distinctly saw a whale boat rowing near the shore, at a safe distance from the surf. The steersman waved a flag in his hand, and pointed it two or three times towards the quarter from which the boat had come; a loud shout from the top of the cliff, and a pointing of hands in the same direction, showed them below that the signal was understood, and then the boat, turning its head round, pursued its way back again. All was now bustle, hope, and joy. Many audibly expressed their humble thanks to Almighty God for their deliverance, which they expected to be immediate, and preparations were made for instant departure. Alas! neither we who were on the cliff, nor those who were in the boat below, were at all aware of the dangers and difficulties of the road which we had to traverse nor of the sufferings which we were destined to undergo before our final rescue. The captain of the vessel, who was himself steering the boat, fully calculated upon our arrival that evening at the point where his ship was in waiting to receive us, for the distance by the coast was only about twelve miles, and we ourselves, though we did not know what the distance was, entertained the same impression. But a heavy gale of wind sprang up soon after the boat left us, and it was with great difficulty that the captain and his boat's crew were enabled to regain their ship. The vessel was obliged to stand out to sea immediately, and when the gale ceased, which was not till 48 hours afterwards, the brave fellows were 80 miles from the island of Amsterdam. Happily for us, we were spared the knowledge of this misfortune, for I doubt that many would otherwise have laid down on the rocks to die, before they had half gone through that terrible journey of twelve miles.

They had a terrible journey through the thick strong reeds, and along the edge of the cliff to the place of embarkation.

"The greater portion of the whole route ran through a thick jungle of tall, green cane, generally much higher than a man's head, and occasionally interspersed with patches of sharp-pointed rushes. In making this path the seamen, who had been our pioneers, had kept so close to the edge of the cliff that the utmost vigilance was necessary to avoid a false step, which would have been followed by certain destruction. In some instances, indeed, the path was actually over the edge of the cliff, and the foot had nothing to rest upon but the canes which had been crushed aside by the first comers. Wherever this was the case, the path always took a sudden bend to the left, as if the seaman who for the time being was the leader of the advance party, had been suddenly awakened to a sense of the danger which he had incurred. To make another path was impossible under the circumstances. It required the whole weight of the body to force a single step through the dense jungle, which was so high and strong, and closed up again so rapidly, that nothing but a number of men trampling close upon one another's heels could ever have made a track. Besides, it was necessary to keep the eye constantly on the ground, in order to avoid the chasms and sharp-pointed pieces of rock which ever and anon lay in wait for the unwary, and which were the occasion, even to the most cautious, of many a fall. * * *

"It may here be mentioned that on the second evening of the journey, just as the large party with which I was travelling had taken up their ground for the night, a tall, powerful man, in a sailor's garb, appeared on the brow of a hill which we had just descended, and told us that he was the mate of the boat which we had seen the day before, and that he had been landed by Captain Ludlow for the express purpose of looking after us. He had already made his way across the mountain to the encampment on the cliff, and having slept there on the Wednesday night, he was now on his return to the cabbage-garden, where we were to be embarked. He told us that the cottage-garden was only a mile further, and that if we could only contrive to walk that distance, we should find plenty of bread and plenty of meat. The whole party sprang up at this announcement, as if they had simultaneously received an electric shock; hunger and exhaustion were alike forgotten for the moment, and every one struggled on as far as he could, till darkness fell upon the now widely-separated party, and made a further advance for the night impossible. And here it is but an act of justice to mention the obligations which the passengers in general incurred to the seaman in question, Smith by name, and an Englishman by birth. On their arrival at the encampment ground on the following evening, he did everything in his power to assist and encourage the jaded travellers; he pointed out the locality of the cabbage-garden, assisted in the search for water, which was very scarce, and assured them that Captain Ludlow would make every exertion in his power to take every man, woman, and child from the island. We had never doubted, from the first moment that the whaler answered our signals, that she would assist us in some way or other, and the circumstance of Captain Ludlow's having landed one of his own men inspired all with additional confidence; but our hopes of escape from famine were greatly dashed by Smith's declaration that neither biscuit nor beef could be found in the cabbage-garden, where Captain Ludlow had promised to deposit it. The supplies which we had brought with us were exhausted, and all hands, especially the women and younger children, were now reduced to such a state of weakness,

that it was evident to all who thought about the matter that it was next to impossible for a great many of us to hold out until the middle of the next week. There was nothing but raw cabbage for us to eat, for after hearing Smith's statement about food (which was made in perfect good faith, for Captain Ludlow had promised to leave a bag of biscuit and a barrel of pork at the cabbage-garden; but was prevented from doing so by the gale which sprung up), we had thrown away the herring tins as useless lumber, and had nothing to boil the cabbage in. There were two herring tins in the new encampment, one of which belonged to the sailors, who were cooking cabbages for themselves all day, and the party with which I encamped (comprising 22 persons) could only once obtain a loan of their tin during the residue of our stay on the island. The Saturday and the Sunday (3rd and 4th of September) passed away, and still no signs of the ship, the raw cabbage did not agree with some of the women and children, whose weak stomachs rejected it, and the surf was too high to enable us to gather limpets. Our situation on the Sunday night was indeed critical. The supply of water had just failed, and there was none to be had within less than the distance of nearly a mile, which was far too great for us to walk several times a day, in order to fill with water the few wine bottles or boots that we possessed. There was but a day's supply of cabbage remaining, and unless God should send us immediate aid, it was clear that two or three days would put an end to the sufferings of many. But at daybreak on Monday morning our deliverers were at hand. A long and tremendous shout of 'Ship, ship,' from the stentorian lungs of Smith, aroused the whole encampment, and fervent thanks were offered up to Almighty God for this renewed instance of his mercy. The *Monmouth* was seen standing in towards the shore, with a fair wind; but as we could not tell when she would be able to send her boats, we again betook ourselves to our allotted occupations of collecting fuel, fetching water, gathering cabbages, &c. I myself, with Mr. Scoltock, and three or four others of our party, went down to the sea-shore, and thought ourselves very fortunate—for we certainly were much more successful than anybody else—in having collected, before the tide obliged us to leave off, about two quarts of limpets, and fourteen small rock fish, which Mr. Scoltock, a veteran angler, caught with a crooked pin and a bit of string. This we considered a magnificent provision for the day, though it was to be apportioned out among 22 persons; and we had just boiled and eaten the first sardine tinfal, when a shout from below aroused our attention, and looking in the direction from which the noise proceeded, we saw Smith, and a tall commanding-looking man, the latter of whom had enough to do to shake hands with the people who thronged around him. It proved to be Captain Ludlow, of the *Monmouth*, from Coldspring, in the State of New York, who had come ashore in his own boat to bring us off at once. He was followed by the second mate of the ship, who brought with him some biscuits and a piece of pork, which was rapidly distributed among the famishing multitude; but Captain Ludlow allowed no one to sit down and eat it, for, telling us that not a moment's time was to be lost, and that it was but a quarter of a mile to the place where the boats lay, he led the way rapidly down, and was followed, but with unequal steps—for the route was very rough—by the whole of the late *Meridian's* company, with three exceptions, which will be referred to hereafter. On our arrival, we found that the spot selected for embarkation, the day being fine and the water remarkably smooth, was a ledge of rocks jutting out into the sea, at a point where the surface of the island was more than usually depressed. It proved, in fact, a natural wharf; but so rarely is it available, owing to the surf, for the purpose to which it was that day applied, that Captain Ludlow was the only person on board the *Monmouth* who was aware of its existence. More biscuits and pork were distributed here, and were devoured with a relish which famine only can impart. Never shall I forget the flavour of that biscuit, or the juicy savour of that bit of raw pork. It seemed to impart new strength to the limbs and volume to the voice; and although, in the course of a tolerably long experience, I have partaken of many *recherche* dishes, I can safely say that I never partook of one of them with half the gusto with which I devoured this first instalment of the *Monmouth's* stores. There were four whale-boats employed in taking us off, the women and children going first, and by noon all those who had escaped from the wreck were on board the *Monmouth*, with the exception of the chief cabin steward and a little girl, whom he carried on his back, (both of whom were brought off on the following day), and a steerage passenger named Pell, who severely injured his foot among the rocks on the first day of the wreck, and who was unable to travel. Plenty of provisions, however, had been left with him at the encampment on the cliff, and, to save this man, Captain Ludlow left on the island four of his own men, including Smith, with instructions to bring him off as soon as possible, for he declared that unless he saved the life of every person who had escaped shipwreck, he should look upon his work as incomplete. And surely, when Captain Ludlow stood upon the deck of his staunch old vessel, and gazed upon the grateful but haggard countenances and emaciated bodies of more than a hundred fellow-creatures, almost reduced to the last extremity, he might well feel a degree of anxiety in the completion of an achievement which nothing but an indomitable resolution would have enabled him to accomplish. Another gale sprang up on the Tuesday, after we had embarked, and we were again obliged to stand out to sea, nor could we approach near enough to take the men off till the Friday afternoon, when the captain manned his own boat, and brought Pell and his own four men on board. With three hearty cheers for Captain Ludlow and his brave crew, we then left Amsterdam; and after a very fine, but rather slow, passage of 17 days, we arrived at the Mauritius.

"It would be most improper to speak of our reception here, without adverting in the first place to the manner in which we were treated on board the *Monmouth*. All that

could be done by respectful sympathy and unobtrusive kindness was done for us, in order to make us forget the hardships which we had undergone, and that not merely on the part of Captain Ludlow, but by all hands in the whaler, down to the cook's mate. And it must be borne in mind that every man of the *Monmouth's* crew incurred a considerable pecuniary loss by his participation in Captain Ludlow's views. In a whale ship, no one receives any wages, but every one takes a certain share in the profits of the voyage, according to his rating in the ship. They had been out two years, and had not been very successful, the *Monmouth* being only half full of oil. They had come upon fishing ground where in a few days they might have filled the ship, for I myself saw several whales sporting about close to the shore near the cabbage-garden, and one monstrous fellow shoved his black back above the water within an eighth of a mile from the boat which carried me to the ship. But not a murmur was heard from the lips of the gallant 'Monmouths' at the loss of their whaling season, and with it a sacrifice of their means of living. We were liberally supplied with food, and the quality was such that I should like to see it emulated in English passenger ships. The best of biscuit, salt beef and pork, fresh rice from Java, abundance of pure water from the living rock, yams, sweet potatoes, and molasses at discretion, were placed at our disposal. We had also two novel and unexpected luxuries, half a boatfull of St. Paul's fish, which are equal, if not superior, in flavour to the finest salmon, and a couple of porpoises, which even the ladies admitted, when they had overcome their prejudices against tasting it, to be excellent food. The passengers soon profited by the hospitality which was so bounteously extended to them, and gained flesh rapidly; but the limited accommodation which the *Monmouth* could afford exposed all the women especially, to severe privations of another kind. Except for two of the ladies, for whose use Captain Ludlow gave up his own state-room, sleeping himself on the floor, there was no privacy for any one, and many of the women found it impossible to take off their clothes between the date of the wreck and their arrival at Port Louis. The majority of the passengers slept either in the hold, where some old sails had been laid down, or on the deck; room was found for a few in berths or hammocks in the chief cabin, while others were accommodated on the floor. These arrangements were certainly a great improvement upon the hard rocks or wet reef of Amsterdam, but something was still wanting to restore us to the same measure of health and strength which we formerly enjoyed. All that our kind hosts could bestow they gave cheerfully, but they could not convert a vessel of 300 tons into one of 600 tons, nor could they supply us with separate berths, bedding, or change of linen."

When they landed at Port Louis they were all well cared for, "every one in office, from Mr. Bayley and Mr. Cummins downward, vying with each other in their efforts to make us forget our misfortunes." A subscription was raised for them—probably 1200*l.* The Chamber of Commerce voted a service of plate value 120*l.* to Captain Ludlow.

"By the way," says "L.," "I must mention that, at his request, the 120*l.* subscribed by the Chamber of Commerce for a service of plate has been handed over to him in money, the captain thinking that a display of plate like that which was voted to him would be inconsistent with the frugal style of living to which he has always been accustomed. I understand, however, that he does not intend to apply the money to any vulgar use, but to form an accumulating fund with it for the benefit of his children. Dr. Powell, a medical gentleman here, who practises photography for the amusement of himself and friends, has taken a good likeness both of the captain and of Mr. Worthington, which will be sent to the *Illustrated London News*."

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

LETTER CI.

Paris, Thursday Evening, Dec. 1, 1853.

BONAPARTE returned to Paris yesterday. He has been hurt in the shoulder by a fall out hunting, I believe, or by concussion against a tree in the forest, I believe; while insatiable *gobemouches* insist on his having received a pistol shot, the author of which, as soon as he found he had only winged his game, shot himself. All these versions are ridiculous enough. Sufficient that the Emperor has received a severe blow than any from a pistol. The Fusion has struck him to death. You can scarcely conceive the excitement and elation of the salons in Paris. All the upper classes are in jubilation. They go and inscribe their names at M. Berryer's, as they went, in 1815, to Talleyrand's, and to Wellington's. Persigny, the unique and only thorough-bred Bonapartist that ever existed, is at his wit's end, halting between contradictory resolutions, what course to pursue. The Ministers, Fould and Drouyn de Lhuys, belong to the Legitimist conspiracy. Rothschild is the banker of the Fusion. The four exiled generals, Changarnier, Bedeau, Lamoriciere, and Leflô are "working" the regiments. Not a few colonels have hastened to place themselves at their disposal. As things are going, one would imagine that, in a few months, there would only be four men in France not of the plot—viz., Bonaparte, Persigny, St. Arnaud, and Magnan. Even Carlier is treated for. That fertile brain which conceived the *corp d'état* of the 2nd of December has been invited to furnish a plan for whisking off Bonaparte from the Tuileries. The magistracy and the public functionaries have been half won over to the plot by the promise of retaining them in their places. Persigny, I repeat, is distracted between waiting and doing: whether to strike a blow now, or wait till the

plot ripens: the latter course seems to me the better. He received orders to arrest the Legitimist chiefs; but he has contented himself with a perquisition by the police at the house of one of the party.

Do not be deceived as to the serious importance of this counter-revolution. The life and soul of the plot is no other than the Emperor Nicholas. With Henry V. at Paris, the Continent is Russian: it is the Continent against England, Russia at Constantinople. It is Nicholas who imposed the fusion on the Comte de Chambord and upon the Orleans branch (the Duchess and M. Thiers are said to hold out still, but with them holding out mean waiting); he dictated the very words spoken on either side. What, say some, if some fine night Bonaparte were to disappear from the Tuileries, and Paris were to wake up in the morning to find Henry V. king, the Anglo-French alliance broken, and England alone against the Continent! Bonaparte has now abandoned the idea of a visit to England—for the present. A story was current in the *salons* yesterday that Comte Walewski had negotiated with your Minister an interview at London between our Emperor and your Queen, to which Queen Victoria, notwithstanding her repugnance, had consented; that Bonaparte had then asked permission to present his Empress, which had been declined; that Walewski had thereupon started in post haste for Fontainebleau with the news of this terrible rebuff; and that the news of the Fusion had reached Bonaparte about the same moment. All this may be sheer malice not very cleverly invented. Bonaparte has his troubles without any "airs" from Queen Victoria.

The financial difficulties are increasing daily. The Treasury has been at a low ebb since last September, and the coffers of the Bank have been seriously invaded.

More than 200 millions (of francs) = 8,000,000*l.* of Treasury bonds have been issued, and a loan to about the same amount is in contemplation. How, under existing circumstances, such a loan will succeed, is another question.

Since the Fusion, the Bourse has been rising every day. The stock-jobbers already dream of the 3 per cents. at 100, and discount their dreams. Alas! these blind enthusiasts see nothing beyond Henry V.; they do not discern the possibility of England fighting the absolutist continental alliance with the Revolution itself!

The severities against the Republicans have not diminished. The editor of the *Messenger du Midi* has lately been thrown into prison.

The recent decree of the Supreme Court in the last resort, affirming the right of the police to open letters entrusted to the Post, caused little or no sensation. It fell in the midst of the news of the Fusion, and the rights of imperial despotism were felt to be short lived.

The Fusion, too, renders the rumours from Turkey less and less interesting. The Constantinople question may yet have to be solved at Paris.

News has arrived of an offensive movement of the Russian forces in an attempt to pass the Danube at Giurgevo. They succeeded in establishing two bridges, one near Giurgevo, the other near Hirschova, on the Lower Danube. The 5th *corps d'armée*, under General Luders, would, in the event of the re-inforcements under General Ostensaken, be disposable at that point of attack. But then there is reason to believe that Ostensaken has been counter-ordered to the Caucasus, where the Czar can hardly hold his own. The tactics of the Russians are, you will note, precisely those which I indicated six months ago. While the Turks are kept opposite Giurgevo by the demonstrations of Gortschakof, Luders, after crossing the Danube about Hirschova, will, it seems probable, out-flank the right wing of the Turks, and by that movement force them to abandon the banks of the Danube before Giurgevo, and to fall back upon Shumla. Then it will be Gortschakof's turn to cross the Danube, and out-flanking the Turkish left, to penetrate unopposed to the Balkans. It is stated that Gortschakof has applied to the military archives at Vienna for the admirable topographical charts of the Balkans which were constructed with the greatest possible care by Austrian engineers, and are the most complete maps of that range in existence. Now, it appears, that besides the three grand routes across the Balkans there are five other secondary roads, not to speak of numberless by-roads. It is by one of these that Gortschakof is determined to effect the passage of his army. While the 5th *corps d'armée*, supported by the 3rd, holds in check the Turkish forces fallen back upon Shumla, Gortschakof, with the 4th *corps* (Dannenberg), would cross the Balkans, and thus turning Shumla render its defence useless. Such is the plan of campaign which competent military men here ascribe to the Russian Commander-in-chief. I simply report them.

All military opinions here agree in considering Omar Pacha's retreat as a mistake in this sense, that it was not a simple *manœuvre*. After his retreat he should have recrossed the Danube at another point, at Silistria for example; from thence he might have thrown his forces upon Jaloniza, and by strongly occupying that line of operations have cut off Gortschakof from Moldavia, by hemming him in in the narrow space between Jaloniza, Bucharest, and the Danube. Whereas, by his retreat, he has surrendered the advantage to the Russians.

CONTINENTAL NOTES.

THE SEAT OF WAR.

THE following is the despatch received by the Seraskier from Omar Pasha, narrating the events of the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th ult. :—

"The possession of the island situate in front of Turtukai having been considered indispensable, I had effected the passage of troops, and in the space of the night of the 1st managed to raise tolerably strong fortifications. On the following day, the 2nd, two battalions of infantry, three pieces of cannon, and a hundred of the mounted police were conveyed in large boats to the locality, with ammunition, provisions, and great coats.

They had scarcely landed, when from the batteries of Turtukai we opened a fire on the lazaretto situate on the left bank. After the first discharge, the Russians quitted this position, and the Imperial troops took possession of the building, which is of solid construction, with vaulted chambers. Without loss of time 400 workmen, under the direction of staff officers, commenced raising fortifications, for which purpose 2000 gabions had been already prepared. On the 3rd, again, other troops were sent to fortify the *tête de pont*.

"As soon as the Imperial troops had landed on the left bank of the river, the Russians, quartered in a large village at about an hour's distance, turned round, and began to retreat. A body of cavalry was despatched to reconnoitre, and, having encountered at Oltenitza an outpost of Cossack cavalry, they killed five, and rejoined our lines with a loss of three men. We found at Tonzla, on the left bank, a great number of boats, which were sent to Turtukai.

"The number of boats at our disposal having facilitated the construction of the bridge, we were enabled without delay to place in the fortifications twelve large guns, which were brought from Schumla.

"On the 3rd, at 4 p.m., three battalions of Russian infantry, with eight cannons, a regiment of cavalry, and a party of Cossacks, entered the village of Oltenitza. Our troops, posted within the works constructed on the left bank, waited them with firmness. This same night I caused a bridge to be constructed at the conflux of the Argisch and Danube, and flanked it with redoubts.

"Yesterday, November 4, at 6 A.M., we began to perceive the movement of the Russian forces. As soon as their march was well defined, I caused a reinforcement of one battalion to be embarked and conveyed to the lazaretto. The evening before I had placed on even ground a battery of guns calculated to check any attack which might be made. The Russian forces amounted to twenty battalions, three regiments of cavalry, one of Cossacks, 16 mounted batteries, and 16 on foot. They formed in order of battle, with 14 pieces of cannon in the rear of 12 battalions, and the regiment of Cossacks in lines beyond the reach of our guns, and fronting the centre of our works. They advanced, supported by the fire of their artillery, and at the same time two battalions, with two cannons, came on, threatening our left flank. Having commenced the assault, another stronger division, consisting of six battalions, with four cannons, and having in the rear three regiments of cavalry supporting and outstripping their left flank—took its position and formed in two lines, with artillery, horse, and foot, into *echelons*, attacking our right flank. After an exchange of some cannon shots, the centre gave the assault, whereon they charged both our wings. The centre attacked three different times, and each with a fresh battalion—twice on the left, and once on the right.

"A well-directed fire from our fortress at Turtukai soon dispersed their right column, and the centre gradually fell back, after having suffered severely, and half its numbers being disabled. The battery of the island, also mounted with powerful guns, and commanded by Khalid Pasha, did admirable execution on the enemy's right wing. The Russians advanced with coolness and resolution almost to the brink of the trench, and on this account their loss was considerable, amounting to a thousand men killed, and double the number wounded.

"The engagement lasted four hours, from noon till four p.m., and during this interval the wagons never ceased carrying off their dead, and 20 were observed heavily laden even after the conflict. With a view of facilitating this duty, as long as it lasted, we abstained from molesting the enemy and from firing a single shot, but found, nevertheless, 800 bodies on the field. A private carriage, moreover, was remarked, and from the pains taken in the search we conjecture it must have been destined to receive the body of a general officer.

"At 5 p.m. a total confusion ensued in the Russian ranks; their lines were completely broken and their retreat precipitate. An hour later some few rallied in the neighbouring villages, but the remainder fled in disorder. Some of our men pushed forward in pursuit of them beyond the lines, but were summoned back by trumpet to their own quarters.

"Our loss amounted to 106 men. We found on the field of battle 600 muskets, sacs, cartridge boxes, equipments, &c.

"The resumption of offensive operations on an extended scale by the Turks along the Danube, some significant indications of the determination of the Emperor Nicholas to carry on the war with vigour, and an account of one or two affairs in the Black Sea between Russian and Turkish vessels, form the main features of the latest "fighting intelligence."

On our first page we have described succinctly the position of the Russian and Turkish forces, according to the latest accounts from the seat of war. We here subjoin the most authentic data on which that *resumé* is based.

On the 21st ult., at night, the Turks forced the Russians to quit the island opposite Giurgevo. Two attempts were made by the Russians to retake the island, but were repulsed. In the second attempt the Russian soldiers had to be forced into the fire.

Between seven and eight in the morning of the 24th instant the Russians retook the island.

During the night of the 25th the Turks made another night attack, but were repulsed.

On the 25th the Turks advanced from Kalafat twelve English miles towards Krajova, and formed an intrenched camp for 8000 men. Large bodies of Turks at the same time passed up and down the Danube. The next day the Turks constructed a bridge between Rustchuk and the Island of Moknan. The advance inland from Kalafat would thus appear once more to foreshadow an approaching combat at Krajova, perhaps at Bucharest. Considering the smallness of Prince Gortschakoff's army, and the length of time which must elapse before any fresh troops can arrive to his support, it is not unlikely that Omer Pasha has discovered his enemy's weakness, and is inclined to make a fresh attempt to expel him from the Principalities. This view seems all the more probable from the fact that we are still without any official explanation of the motives which have induced Omer Pasha to retire behind the Danube, and more than one account states that Prince Gortschakoff is completely puzzled at the tactics of the Turkish commander.

The Turks had been bombarding the Russian position at Giurgevo from Rustchuk, for some days previous to the 26th, with their long range artillery, among which there is one of such calibre that the balls it projects fall not only into Giurgevo, but even beyond the barrier situated on the road to Bucharest.

The Russians have been making furious attempts to expel the Turks from their position at Piva Petro, near Hirsova, at the confluence of the Talonitza and the Danube; there, however, they had uniformly failed, the Turks having successfully resisted all their efforts.

Servia is doing her best to assert her neutrality, both against Russians and Turks; but her sympathies, if not her fears, seem to incline rather to the Czar than to the Sultan. A detachment of Turkish troops, or of Bosnian militia, in attempting to cross the Servian frontier from the Drina was resisted near Utschitza. The Porte, it is known, holds by right the six chief fortresses in Servia. Among these is the important position of Belgrade. Izzet Pacha, a man who distinguished himself for his energy in the command of Vaina in 1828-29, now commands the fort of Belgrade.

On Sunday, the 13th, Izzet Pacha declared to the Servian Government that he would not allow the Russian Consul-General and his *personnel* to continue their functions, and added that, if they did not retire within three days, they should consider the town in a state of rebellion, and bombard it. The Prince remonstrated with the Pacha, in order to make him change his resolution, but in vain. The last day of the delay fixed by the Pacha expired on Sunday, and on that day, according to Christian usage, the Russian Consul hoisted his flag. In the evening a considerable movement was observed among the Turkish garrison, and it was every moment feared that hostilities would break out. The Austrian Consul-General went to the fortress, and solicited the Pacha to spare the town, particularly on account of the number of Austrian subjects which were therein. On the following day the Russian Consul suspended his functions, and Russian subjects were placed under the protection of the Austrian Consul.

This was in consequence of M. de Moukhine, the Russian Consul-General, assuming his functions after the commencement of hostilities between his Government and the Porte. M. de Moukhine struck his flag and retired to Vienna, which he reached on the 24th ult. The latest accounts state that the Servian Government now demands the return of the Russian Consul-General, and insists on his receiving his *exequatur*.

The following is the reply of Prince Alexander of Servia to the application of the Ottoman Porte to declare himself on the conflict between it and Russia :—

"Imperial Majesty,—I believe it right to make the following reply to the letter which the Minister of Foreign Affairs of your Majesty addressed to me on the 28th ult. The Servian Government will be always disposed to second the Sublime Porte, as much at least as existing treaties permit; but never can it submit to a thing which appears to it incompatible with its duty. Such a circumstance presents itself at this moment, in the sad dissension which has broken out between your Majesty and the powerful Czar. May Heaven cause this conflict to turn to the advantage of your Majesty! But the Servian Government cannot take part in a conflict between the two Powers that protect Servia. It can only adopt a policy of neutrality and impartiality. It results from that that the Servian Government cannot permit a body of troops to cross its frontiers. That would be contrary to the policy which circumstances command. The Government of your Majesty will be obliged to admit that in so acting the Servian Government only follows the counsels of moderation, and that they will always serve it as a guide. To make its policy of neutrality more energetic, it has given orders to all the inhabitants of the Principality to hold themselves in readiness to execute all the orders it may transmit. Let your Majesty receive, as heretofore, the assurance of my profound devotedness,

"ALEXANDER GEORGIEWITSCH.

"Kragukowatz, 6th November."

It is rumoured that the Austrian Minister at Constantinople, M. de Bruck, has fallen out with Reschid Pasha on the subject of this declaration of the Prince of Servia.

The naval movements in the Black Sea suggest important eventualities. Muchaber Pacha (Admiral Slade) has proceeded, with a reinforced squadron, in the direction of Sebastopol, to look out for the crazy Russian "gun-boxes," of which he will, doubtless, be able to render a good account to his Government if he meets them.

Meanwhile, intelligence having reached Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, at Constantinople, on the 15th, that the Russians were manœuvring to add to the natural difficulties which exist to the passage of vessels of burthen over the Bar at Sulina, to the detriment of a fleet of wheat-laden vessels coming down the Danube, most of them English, Admiral Dundas despatched the *Retribution*, *Sampson*, and *Tiger* steam-frigates, and the *Niger* steam-corvette, into the Black Sea, one or more of which vessels will proceed to the mouth of the Danube, to see that British interests are not wantonly trifled with; whilst the others will cruise along the European and Asiatic coasts, visiting the several ports, where many British subjects are established, and much British property is at stake.

The French Admiral would, it was reported, push a *reconnaissance*, with a detachment of steam-frigates, along the Asiatic coast as far as Trebizond.

The Russians have lost a powerful war steamer, with 1500 troops on board, off Batoum. Only twenty-five were saved, and by the Turkish boats. It is the same steamer that took Prince Menschikoff to Constantinople, and from which he dated his insolent ultimatum.

From Varna, of the 8th November, we learn that a Russian steamboat had visited the harbour, and after making a tranquil inspection of all the batteries, returned so close to Cape Galata, at the entrance of the harbour, that the guard stationed there, which consisted of twenty-five men, levelled their guns at the vessel, and waited with matches alight for a signal from the fortress to fire. An officer on board the frigate was distinctly seen sketching the fort of Galata.

A report, not well authenticated, from Constantinople, states that the Russian steamer *Wladimir* has been taken by an Egyptian steamer, and a Turkish gun boat by the Russian steamer *Bessarabia*.

All accounts from Wallachia concur in representing the exasperation of the people at the conduct of the Russians. The administrative Council has entered a protest against the incorporation of the Wallachian militia with the Russian regiments. Political discussions are strictly prohibited under threats of the most ferocious kind, and one of the Boyards who were lately arrested has been sent to the fortress of Bender, in Bessarabia.

In Asia the Russian forces are worsted at all points. Not only have they been unsuccessful in attempting to retake St. Nicholas, but other fortresses have fallen to the Turks, powerfully backed as they are by Schlammyl in the Caucasus. It is again reported from Afghanistan, that Dost Mahomed has announced to the Shah of Persia his intention of making war against the Russians, and marching against them through the territories of the Shah.

The *Augsburg Gazette* reports the approaching recall of the Russian Ambassadors in London and Paris. The same journal contains violent attacks on Turkey and her Western allies.

The *Lloyd* represents the present state of things in Europe as follows :—"Russia probably now desires peace, as the German powers do, and have done from the very beginning. Lord Aberdeen will keep England at peace as long as he can. But Napoleon?—Russia has managed matters so cleverly that the Cabinet of the Tuileries has just now more political influence than it has ever had since the days of the first Napoleon."

General Baraguay d'illiers, the new military ambassador from Louis Napoleon to the Sultan, attended by a large suite of officers, has reached Constantinople, and has been received in grand audience by the Sultan, who treated him with marked cordiality and respect. The General advocated peace so far as it was compatible with the independence of the Porte. The Sultan pointed out the necessity of putting a term to the demands of Russia, and declared that the Principalities must be evacuated before any negotiations could be renewed.

M. de la Cour, the late French ambassador to the Porte, has arrived at Trieste, on his return to Paris.

Notwithstanding the excitement of the recent victories, the Turkish population at Constantinople remains perfectly calm, and no disturbance has been apprehended ever since hostilities began.

The "indefatigable impotence" of diplomacy is still labouring painfully, if we are to believe report, at all sorts of abortive negotiations. The most authentic we have noticed elsewhere with as much particularity as they deserve. Whatever form these negotiations may assume, Russia is sure to be the gainer by diplomacy. It is stated that another circular, by M. de Nesselrode, defining a *casus belli* between Russia and the Western Powers, is in existence, accompanied by a new manifesto of the Czar.

A large body of Cossacks having passed the river above Turtukai during the night to reconnoitre, were surprised by the Turks and cut to pieces.

Accounts from St. Petersburg describe the Emperor as incensed beyond measure at the successes of the Turks. He is resolved to send the whole of the army now in Poland into the Principalities, while the Imperial Guard and the invalids who garrison the Russian fortresses are to supply the place of the troops so moved from Poland. The troops under General Osten-Sacken, which were to have reinforced Prince Gortschakoff's army, have been otherwise disposed of, being sent to endeavour to restore the Russian prestige in the Caucasus, but letters from Galatz announce that the 4th and 5th corps of the reserve have quitted Bessarabia to enter the Principalities. Before they could arrive, however, it is not unlikely that Omer Pacha may be able to deal another effective blow at Prince Gortschakoff.

We hear of Russian movements in the North as well as in the East of Europe. The following intelligence as to the speech of the King of Sweden is important, as showing that the concentration of troops in Russian Finland and the naval squadron stationed at Helsingfors have excited the anxiety and apprehension of the Swedes:—

STOCKHOLM, Nov. 24.—The King opened the Diet to-day in person. His Majesty's speech contained the following passage:—"Agreeably to the demands of my royal duty and the present political position of Europe, I will cause to be laid before you a statement of a complete system of defence. Such a system is imperatively called for, in order to place the country in a position to preserve its independence."

By way of text to our article last week on the Bourbon conspiracy, take the following from the *Chronicle*, which appears to be authentic:—

"On Wednesday, the 16th inst., a major of cavalry, formerly aide-de-camp to the Duke de Nemours, and the Duke de Levis, met, according to appointment, at Vienna, for the purpose of deciding on the form in which the interview between the Princes was to take place. On Thursday, the 17th, the Count de Chambord sent to Vienne-Neustadt one of his carriages, with the Count de Monti, to meet the Duke de Nemours. When the carriage arrived at the chateau, the Duke de Levis stood at the door, received the Duke de Nemours as he alighted, and conducted him to the apartments of the Prince. In the principal saloon, the members of the household were drawn up; and so soon as the Duke de Nemours was heard advancing towards the door, which was half open, the Count de Chambord advanced fifteen paces (another account says more, and a third states that he advanced to the door of the saloon), the last of which was completed when the Duke entered. He took the hand of the Count de Chambord, and bent as if to kiss it. The Count took him by both hands, and in a very friendly, though very dignified, tone, said:—"My cousin, I am happy to receive your good visit." The Duke de Nemours replied:—"It is I, my cousin, who am delighted to be able to do now what I have so ardently desired to do long since. I declare to you in my name, and in the name of my brothers, that we recognise only one royalty in France, and that that royalty is yours; but one throne, and that the one on which we hope soon to see seated the eldest of our house (*Painé de notre maison*)."

These words were pronounced in a firm voice, and in the presence of the numerous persons who were at the moment as witnesses in the saloons of the Prince. The Count de Chambord, accompanied by the Duke de Nemours, then entered the cabinet of the former, where they remained for three quarters of an hour. It is supposed that during their short interview they touched on the questions most important to both. They appeared completely agreed. On taking his leave, the Duke de Nemours seemed flattered, indeed overjoyed, at the reception he met with. He is reported to have said:—"This day is the brightest of my life. I remember that it is precisely the anniversary of the day I was named Colonel by his Majesty Charles X." Perceiving the Baron (de Montbel), the Duke said:—"I am delighted to be able to congratulate you, M. le Baron, on your constancy and fidelity to the royal family."

The Duke having requested permission to pay his respects to the Countess de Chambord, he was conducted to her apartment by the Count. He also asked permission to present the Duchess de Nemours and her children to the Count de Chambord; the latter said:—"We shall arrange all about that visit at Vienna, and we will decide on the time that you are to return to pass with us at Frohsdorf." The Duke is also reported to have said:—"I have just laid a bridge over the abyss that separated us—that bridge will lead us all back to France."

On the 21st, the Count de Chambord paid a return visit to his cousin at Vienna. Four or five of the Ministers of the late King Louis Philippe are those who have worked with the greatest zeal and activity, for the last few months particularly, to produce this long-postponed recognition of the rights of the Count de Chambord and the reconciliation of the two branches. The moment the act took place messengers were sent off to several of the generals who are in exile. I learn, on the best authority, that the statement of the Duchess of Orleans having given her adhesion to the fusion is erroneous. The Duchess still holds out, but the parties who have succeeded so far express their confident hope that she will give in before long. M. Thiers is, it is said, disappointed and chagrined at the success of his rivals; he has now but three or four persons of any note who still adhere to him." On Thursday last the Earl of Malmesbury left Paris for Fontainebleau, on a visit to the Emperor.

The *Frankfort Gazette* informs its readers that it is empowered to state that the engagements or acknowledgments made at Frohsdorf by the Duke de Nemours were

not made by the authority or on account of the Duchess d'Orleans, who has not acknowledged the transaction in any way. Letters from Vienna of the 27th inform us that the Duke and Duchess of Nemours and the Duke of Cobourg dined with the Comte de Chambord on the previous day.

M. de Montalembert has rallied to the fusion.

The French government is believed to have demanded of the crown lawyers a "case" for the confiscation of the estates of the Comte de Chambord in France, by way of a reply to the Fusion. Certainly there is no reason why the Orleans family should be treated more hardly than the gentleman of the elder branch of the Bourbons.

A singular attempt at the reconciliation of science and theology, or rather of reason and Popery, took place on Sunday last in the restored church of St. Genéviève, formerly the Pantheon. The Archbishop of Paris, Mgr. Sibowi had revived the *Fête des Ecoles*, according to the custom of the University in old days. He had invited all the chief notabilities of literature, science, the arts, the professions, the press, besides all the constituted authorities of the State. Among the men of letters, M. Villemain, Minister of Public Instruction under Louis Philippe; among the philosophers, Victor Cousin was conspicuous. According to traditional usage, the Archbishop delivered an elaborate eulogy on a Saint of the Church. Augustine was his theme on this occasion; and in the course of his subject he dealt some severe blows at the Ultramontane and Obscurandist party in the Church; advocating the use of the Pagan classics in education; discoursing on the harmony of the true, the good, and the beautiful, and dexterously complimenting M. Cousin by the way; insisting on the rights of human reason, and the human conscience, by which Socrates and other sages in Pagan times had been able to arrive at a conception of the Deity and of moral truth.

This discourse of the archbishop is well-timed, as Louis Napoleon is beginning to be weary of Papal arrogance. It will rankle in the heart, and give fresh gall to the pens of M. Veuillot and his friends. Altogether, this is not one of the least curious passages in the history of the Church of St. Genéviève at Paris.

The inauguration of the railway round Paris will take place on the 12th of December, in presence of the Emperor. The only part not yet completed is the bridge at Bercy, but that is in a very forward state.

An old institution, called the Congress of Bakers, has been revived in many of the departments, principally in the central districts. The chief object of the measure is to counteract the vulgar prejudice entertained by the poorer classes that foreign corn is always bad. The duty of the congress is to issue certificates of the quality of all parcels submitted to their examination.

The Prussian Chambers were opened by royal commission on the 28th ult. The Royal speech was read by M. de Manteuffel, President of the Council. The only passage worth extracting relates to the war, and on the whole this royal and ministerial declaration on the character of Prussian neutrality is perhaps less ambiguous than might have been expected from such a source:—

"Gentlemen, your labours recommence at a moment when fears exist that the peace of Europe, so happily and so long maintained, may be troubled by difficulties which have arisen in the East.

"The Government of his Majesty the King cannot and does not wish to dissimulate that these fears are founded upon facts. Nevertheless, the Government looks confidently at the future.

"Prussia, relying upon her own strength, in which she has full confidence, will continue, as heretofore, to point in all directions her sincere and active efforts to lend to the cause of peace and moderation in this question, pregnant with consequences, a language as independent as impartial. Nevertheless, whatever turn events may take, Providence has placed the King, our gracious master, at the head of a people really united, and maintained by patriotism; and the Government of his Majesty—he convinced thereof, gentlemen—in all that it may have to undertake, will adopt as the exclusive guide of its efforts and of its acts the true interests of the country, which are inseparable from those of the Throne."

The permanent constitution of the Prussian House of Peers, or First Chamber, not being yet settled, the actual First Chamber is again convoked. The rest of the speech relates to home affairs.

Herr Camphausen, the well-known Prussian Liberal, was elected deputy to the Second Chamber for the city of Cologne on the 29th ult., by a very large majority. The honourable gentleman at once declined the honour paid by his fellow-citizens.

The Government and the Legislature of Spain are already at variance about the railway bills. It will be remembered that the cabinets of Generals Roncalo and Lersaudi, and Gonzales Bravo, granted certain railway concessions by decree, without consulting the Cortes, who are now called upon to indemnify the unconstitutional acts of those Ministers. The matter now stands thus:—On the 28th the ministers brought down

a royal message inviting the senate to conform to the ministerial project and abandon its own bill, but the senate evaded an immediate answer by referring it to a committee. The government has named five of its friends to the rank of senators, and threaten to nominate more if necessary, and even to go to the length of closing the session.

Of the four secretaries elected by the senate, three were returned by the opposition. Lord Howden has resumed his post at Madrid.

The reports, via Madrid, of a Miguelite insurrection in Portugal are not as yet confirmed. Such reports would always have probability in their favour.

The theological disturbances in South Germany still rage. The dispute is one between Church and State, and is of old date. The Pope, some years ago, constituted an ecclesiastical province of the Upper Rhine, embracing the Papal hierarchy in the partially Protestant States of Baden, Wurtemberg, the Hesse, Nassau, and Hohenzollern, and endowed the Prelates with an authority distasteful to the Civil Governments of these States. Among other things, the Church claimed the right of presenting cures without State sanction. The State asserts the right of placing a lay-coadjutor by the side of the Archbishop of Freiburg, without whose signature no episcopal document should be valid. This coadjutor has been refused the right of voting in the diocesan Chapter by the Archbishop, and some actual presentations without State sanction have been made. The Government of Baden had also appointed a supreme synod for governing the affairs of the Church, and the Archbishop excommunicated the members of that Synod. Upon this, the Government arrested the recalcitrant ecclesiastics, who had read the Act of Excommunication from their pulpits. But the villagers of the Black Forest, are like the ignorant and brutal peasants throughout the Continent, bigoted and furious Catholics. When the constables came to arrest their priests, these villagers rose and rescued the priests from the civic authorities. So the matter stands. Several bishops have publicly declared themselves on the side of the Ultramontane Archbishop of Freiburg. It is not a little remarkable that the Roman Catholic party is supported in its conflict with the Civil Power by aids of money from, among others, the Archbishop of Posen, all the Austrian bishops, and a Princess whose name is not mentioned. As the feeling throughout the province is very strong, we presume the conflict will rage over its whole extent, unless as is anticipated, it be summarily put down with a strong hand. It may be remembered, however, that in the revolutionary rage of '48-'49, the Grand Duke of Baden, like other potentates, was glad to avail himself of the prestige and authority of the Papacy.

The rigours of martial law and of the state of siege are redoubled at Milan of late.

The *Genoa Corriere Mercantile* of the 26th ult. publishes a new notice of the Director of the Police of Milan, enjoining the proprietors of houses in the city to close them at midnight, and in the suburbs at ten o'clock, under a penalty of from 6f. to 24f. fine, or an imprisonment of from one to four days.

The *Opinione* of Turin calls the attention of the government to the attempts of the Jesuits to regain a footing in Piedmont, from which they were driven in March, 1848.

The *Augsburg Gazette*, in its Paris correspondence, relates a *cancan* which, if not true, deserves to be. Russian diplomatic cynicism is certainly capable of the *coup* attributed to M. Kisseleff. The Russian Ambassador was recently invited to join the Emperor's hunting party at Fontainebleau. At *déjeuner*, one day, he was sitting silent and moody; one of the guests asked him what he thought of the present posture of the war and of affairs generally. He replied that he did not see how, in any event, Russia could suffer: for one of two things must happen—either Russia would beat Turkey, in which case the most natural and satisfactory solution would be found; or Turkey would beat Russia, in which case Russia would appeal to France to hold out the hand of rescue to a subdued nationality, as she did to Poland in 1830. This, not, we repeat, deserves to be true. Diplomatic and Russian cynicism could go no further.

The latest accounts from Egypt bring the gratifying information that, after repeated ineffectual protests of the British and French Consuls-General, the latter, M. Sabatier, had succeeded in convincing Abbas Pasha of the serious injury he was inflicting upon European commerce by the interdict upon the further exportation of corn.

On the 14th a circular was issued to the consular body, stating that permission was granted for the export of the entire quantity of grain actually in Alexandria (about 160,000 quarters, chiefly wheat); but that after the export of that quantity the prohibition could have effect.

15,000 men to reinforce the Turkish army were being got ready for transport. Of these, 6,000 are veteran volunteers, the rest being conscripts; and so great is the dread of seizure amongst the latter, that labour is becoming scarce both in town and country.

A body of Bedouins, despatched in the spring, would be well opposed to the Russian Cossacks.

RUSSIAN PUBLICATIONS IN LONDON.*

WE have before us the first part of a new Russian publication by M. ALEXANDRE HERZEN, bearing the title of "Interrupted Tales." It consists of three stories—"Duty before all," "A little 'cracked,'" and "By the way."

The first portion of the novel—"Duty before all"—was, it appears, sent to St. Petersburg in 1848, but the imperial censorship refused its *imprimatur*: hence its renaissance five years later in the freer atmosphere of London. Let us leave to the writer the relation of his literary and political difficulties and misadventures:—

"Why was the impression of my work forbidden? I cannot say: read it and judge for yourself. I will simply remind you that it was just after the Revolution of February, when the Russian censorship assumed the most exorbitant proportions. Besides the ordinary civil censorship, the Emperor had organized another extraordinary and military, composed of generals-in-chief, generals of cavalry, generals of artillery, aides-de-camp of S.M., officers of the suite of S.M., officers of the gendarmerie, a prince of Tartar origin, two orthodox Greek monks—all under the presidency of the Minister of Marine. This naval and military censorship censured not only the books themselves, but books, civil censors, authors, editors, publishers, and printers, all in a heap.

"Guided by the military regulations of Peter the First, and the Byzantine *nomocanon*, this censorship *de siège* took upon itself to forbid the printing of any work of mine on any subject; it would not even permit me to publish an eulogium on the secret police, and on barefaced absolutism, or a private and confidential correspondence on the advantages of serfdom, on corporal punishment, and, above all, on the Russian conscription.

"This embargo laid upon me by the staff of the censorship convinced me at last that it was time for me to print Russian out of Russia. I have done my best to justify the confidence of that literary court-martial—in arms—against literature."

Thus far the proscribed author. He has not, however, completed the novel; he has only given the outline and sketch of his design. We will translate a fragment which has a special interest of *apropos* just now, when everybody is anxious to know what manner of men these orthodox Russian evangelizers are:—

"The General-in-chief was no less a person than our old acquaintance the Prince, the same Prince who had captured *la petite Française* at Paris, just about the time when Paris was taking the Great Bastille. He had enjoyed a brilliant career, and returned after the campaign of 1815, paved with decorations from all the sovereigns of Germany, who had been replaced in possession of their hereditary thrones by the Cossacks of the Don and the Oural. He was a perfect *milky way* of Russian stars; covered with wounds and riddled with debts. His eyesight was slightly impaired; his legs were rather shaky; his hearing had not all the precision one might desire; but on the other hand he was always *coiffé* with a certain *fion* of white hair; his uniform was a tight fit to his imposing figure; his moustaches were dyed, he was bedewed in perfumes, he made love to youth and beauty wherever he found them, and he protected (Heaven knows why, if not *par haute convenance*) a French cantatrice more distinguished perhaps for her statuesque bust than for her chest voice.

"I took a lively interest in our old Prince. He belonged to a certain type which is now disappearing, and which was very familiar to me in my youth: a type which we should endeavour to *conserve* the more that it is so rapidly becoming effaced. He belonged, in short, to a type of Russian Generals of 1812, of the army of Emperor Alexander.

"Let it be remembered that since Peter I., Russian society has four times shed its skin. Much has been written and talked about the men of the reign of Peter I., the old men of Catherine II.'s reign; but the officers of Alexander's time are almost forgotten. Why this silence about those men? Is it because they are nearer to our own days? Their type is characteristic and quite as distinct from that of their fathers as it is from that of our contemporaries who figure in the *Calendrier de la Cour de St. Petersburg*.

"In the time of Catherine II. there grew up in the higher regions of society, not an aristocracy, but a certain *litled class in waiting* (*seigneurie de service*), haughty, ignorant, and half-tamed. From 1725 to 1782 these people took part in every disorder and in every crisis; disposing arbitrarily of the Crown of Russia, which had sunk into Finnish mire. They knew well enough that the Throne of St. Petersburg was not too securely based, and that not only the fortress of Peter and Paul was within easy distance of the Palace, but the immense wastes of Siberia.

"This mutinous boy of high dignities, assisted by seditious officers and by a couple of German intriguers, foisted whom they would upon the throne, while they preserved the semblings of a servile submission and of an unlimited devotion to the Sovereign. As soon as they had disposed of the throne at their caprice, they proceeded at their convenience to acquaint the other great towns, and the people of the empire generally, who was the Tzar now, and who was the Tzar no longer. . . . All things considered, perhaps the people could take no great interest in knowing whose hand held the knout—provided it was tightly held.

"The Princess of Anhalt-Zerbst, promoted by the Counts Orloff to the rank of Empress of all the Russias, with the astuteness of a woman and of a courtisan, had the address to crush the power of these insolent oligarchs, and to hush their savage caprices by soporific

flatteries: by her winning smile, by her largesses of a few thousand *souls* of serfs, and, occasionally, by the imperial grant of more *material* and immediate favours. It was from these effeminate savages that sprang the satraps who, with Catherine, swayed the empire. They were a strange amalgam of the old Boyard, Russian, patriarchal, antediluvian race, with the polished, corrupt, refined exotics of Versailles. They combined curiously the cold and distant self-possession of the western aristocracies, with the abjectness of Eastern serfs, the turbulence of the Hetman Cossacks, the hypocrisy of diplomats, and the effrontery of the Pandours of the Trenk. These men were arrogant in Russian, and impertinent in French, and never polished, save with foreigners. With their countrymen they were scarcely courteous, and merely condescending—occasionally. They treated with insolent familiarity (*tutoyaient*) every man who had not attained the rank of colonel, or who could not boast of a Boyard father. Narrow and inflated, however, as these creatures were, they preserved a certain air of dignity, and loved sincerely 'the Mother Empress,' and 'La Sainte Russie.'

"Catherine coaxed them, and listened with gracious indulgence to their counsels—which she never followed.

"The heavy and overpowering epoch of those old seigneurs, begrimed with gunpowder and snuff; of those senators and chevaliers of the orders of St. André and St. Vladimir of the first class; of those men who leaned on long sticks with golden knobs, and were attended by servants in hussar uniform—that generation of men, who always raised their voice in speaking, and always spoke through their noses, was brushed away by the Emperor Paul; who, within twenty-four hours after the death of his mother, transformed that male seraglio—that splendid and luxurious Aphrodisiac Temple—the *Palais d'Hiver*, into a guard-house, a State prison, a house of correction, a police station, a barrack—*ein Elkerzier Haus*.

"Paul was a sort of savage half tamed. He did but faintly preserve a few romantic ideas about chivalry. He was a white bear,* subject to chronic fits of amorous tenderness.

"Paul must needs have been consigned to a lunatic asylum if he had not chanced to be placed on the Imperial throne of St. Petersburg. He made short and sharp work with those old seigneurs, who had been used to a dignified ease, and to the flatteries and distinctions of the Court. He had no need of statesmen and senators: he wanted sergeant-majors and corporals. Not in vain had he passed twenty years of a severe campaign in teaching a regiment of *trogodytes* a new exercise and a new theory (entirely constructed by his Highness himself) of salutes with *Verponton*: he naturally was anxious to apply the exercises of Gutchika to the wielding (*maniement*) of the affairs of the State, and to govern the empire as you would load a musket. Never, even in Russia, was absolutism seen under an aspect so simple, so naïve, so sincere. It was a delirium, a fever, a *furor*. The *marsonanie* of Paul, which he bequeathed to his children, overleapt the height of absurdity, and from being ridiculous became, by one step, *tragic*. Imagine that crowned Quasimodo shedding tears, and beating time with his hands in a frenzy of delight, as his soldiers marched before him with precision! Madness ruled then: the cruelties of Paul had no excuse, not even state necessity. Who can tell the names or calculate the number of those whom he poisoned, tortured, butchered, exiled *en masse*, by the aid of his attorney-general Oboliansinoff? No one will ever know.

"The time came, however, when the nobles roused themselves to the perception that they were nothing better than serfs, to be exiled and dungeoned at the will of their master, upon whose caprices they were in as absolute dependence as the peasants on their own. They regarded with stupefied horror the practical jokes of the Tzar. Stealthily and silently, from day to day, one at Tobolsk, another at Iskutsk, they began to pack up and be off one after the other, in their lumbering carriages, drawn by their peasants' horses, to bury themselves at Moscow, or on their estates which they owed to the ample bounty of the deceased Empress. There the Emperor Alexander found and left them dozing securely, in the midst of petty courts which they had formed after the fashion of their defunct Imperial Mistress.

"Young Russia, startled so rudely from repose by the cruel blasts of the Paul régime, was full of reckless energy and capacity. It was with this youth that Alexander surrounded himself. Events completed their education. Austerlitz, Eylau, Tilsit, 1812, from Paris to Moscow, from Moscow to Paris—that career was no bagatelle. The officers of Paul's guard came back from the campaign victorious generals. The dangers and the reverses of the national war, the later victories, and the very contact with *la grande armée*—all contributed to form a generation of frank, courageous, liberal-hearted fellows, rather narrow-minded, perhaps, fanatical for discipline, and worshipping buttoned uniforms like a religion, but withal trained in the religion of honour. These men governed Russia till the new school of sworded civil functionaries and military clerks grew up under the fostering hand of Nicholas.

"These mongrel officials not only occupied all the military posts, but about nine-tenths of the whole civil service, without even the semblance of experience in administrative matters, signing the papers put into their hands without reading them, or not signing them at all. Affairs went on no worse for all that! They cherished everything military—even the soldiers; but they had them flogged on every occasion, not from ferocity, but because they had never conceived the possibility of forming a good soldier without flogging him as often as possible. They squandered enormous sums of money, and when their own coffers were exhausted, they dipped their hands into the coffers of the State without stint or scruple. To entice a dog away from its owner, not to return a book lent, is usually considered *theft* in other countries: not so in Russia, where robbery of the State is a national sentiment. On the other hand, these bureaucrats were neither informers

nor inquisitors, and they defended their subordinates through thick and thin. One of the most complete representatives of that class was Count Miloradovitch. Rash, brilliant, reckless, gasconading, ungovernable, extravagant, over head and ears in debt, whitewashed over and over again by the Emperor Alexander, and incessantly penniless, he was the most amiable fellow in the world, the idol of his soldiers, an excellent Governor-General of St. Petersburg, without ever having glanced at a page of any code. . . . Miloradovitch, by a strange fatality, was killed the very day of the accession of Nicholas to the throne.

"When the wounded general was brought into the barracks of the horseguards, and Doctor Arenst, who had examined the wound, was proceeding to extract the ball, Miloradovitch said to him, 'Ma foi! my dear Doctor, I have seen wounds enough in my life to know that this is mortal; but if, to make your conscience easy, you insist on the ball being extracted, call in my old surgeon, he was so attached to me; he would be hurt, *ma foi!* if any other hand were to perform the operation.' So they fetched the old surgeon, who sobbed as he drew out the ball. After the operation, his aide-de-camp asked the General whether he desired to make any testamentary arrangements. Miloradovitch sent for a notary. When the notary arrived he had no instructions to give him. He thought, and thought, and at last said: 'Mais *ma foi!* it is very difficult to say—well, you must know surely what ought to be done; do all—in order—as the law directs.' 'Has M. le Comte no private instructions to give me?' 'Ah! yes, I have one; write as I dictate. There was a young man, son of one of my old comrades, a fine young fellow, but headstrong. I saw him among the insurgents; write, then, my dying request to his Majesty to pardon that young man—that is all I have to say.' Two hours after the General died—*felix opportunitate mortis*.

"The cold, foggy, prosaic reign of Nicholas has no concern with men who, when they are wounded to death, remember their old surgeon, and who in the last agony have no will to make—save to ask pardon for an insurgent. Men like this are not so manageable, they hold their heads too high, speak too directly, disturb the sluggish stream of servility. True, they shed their blood to the last drop, and die in arms, but happily no war was apprehended at the moment, except an internal war, and it is precisely in that sort of war that men like Miloradovitch are incapable. It is said that Count Beckendorff turned pale whenever he entered the Cabinet of Nicholas, and he certainly entered it ten times a day for twenty years. Such were the men the new Emperor required. He wanted agents and auxiliaries to execute, not brains to devise; *ordonnances*, not warriors. He has never known what to do with the most able of all the Russian generals, d'Ermoloff, and leaves him to die at Moscow in complete inaction.

"Much time, constant effort, and laborious persistency have been required to educate the race of contemporary employés: those generals of the inkstand and of the gendarmerie, those sabred clerks and spurred penmen; those correspondents, reporters, secretaries, *reporters*, *tschinovicks* who compose his ministries, not to speak of a herd of spies under denominations more or less euphemistic. The mould of Nicholas has pounded and pulverized all that was good in the government: it has ground down Poland, absorbed the Baltic provinces so devoted, Finland so unhappy—and still it grinds, and grinds always. The fact is, that the father had the acute malady of absolutism, *delirium tyrannorum*; with the son it has degenerated into a chronic inflammation, or slow fever of despotism. The father took to his hobby with such a savage ardour that in four years he broke—not Russia's neck, but his own. The son draws the knot closer by little and little; one day he hangs a few Russians, another he executes a batch of Poles; to-day no passports are allowed for abroad, to-morrow the mixed schools suddenly closed. We are beginning to choke—our breath is failing; while our master, after twenty years slow strangling, is in capital preservation. It is worth remarking, that upon the accession of Nicholas, the jaundiced, bilious, arachnoid, degraded apparition of Comte Arakcheeff, that Typhon of the reign of Alexander, disappeared almost elegiacally, weeping over the grave of a virago who was assassinated by her cook; but his school is increasing, his disciples have seized upon the most influential positions. It is the grand school of scribes in epaulettes, regimental auditors, military lawyers, narrow, soulless, incapable creatures; but punctual, mediocre, destitute of ambition, exact—and whose zeal for the Tzar *omnia vincit*. For these men there is room perhaps in the ministerial bureaux and in *bataillons de correction*, but certainly they can find no place in a novel, and no fitness in a romance.

Wherefore I persist in a weakness for my old Prince, who protected the French cantatrice more renowned for her antique bust than for her *voix de poitrine*."

THE POLISH REVOLUTION OF 1830.

The gallant struggle of the Poles, twenty-three years ago, for independence, was celebrated by a company of gentlemen and ladies at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Tuesday. The speakers were, Mr. Linton, M. Ledru Rollin, Mr. James Watson, M. Alexandre Herzen, Dr. Arnold Ruge, Dr. Roney, and M. E. Stanisiewicz. The whole tone and tendency of the speaking was for war, with the view of revolutionizing Europe. A letter from M. Mazzini, addressed to Mr. Worrell, the chairman, and read at the meeting, we subjoin:—

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Nothing but illness could prevent me from attending at your anniversary meeting. I am hoarse, neuralgic, feverish, coughing. Unable to take the least part in your proceedings, I would only prove a trouble to the bystanders. I am, however, the loser. Soul, mind, affection, you have me all. We have stuck our flag to the mast, some twenty-two years ago, since the first day of our proscription. Old in years, not in spirits, we still hold by it—brothers as ever, brothers for ever. Poverty, deceptions, betrayals, schisms, and feuds, all the bitter-

* At the Universal Library, 50, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, and at the office of the "Polish Democratic Centralization," 38, Regent's-square.

* *Mal léché*, as Louis XVIII. called him.

nesses of a long exile, all the curses of prevailing materialism and indifference, have assailed us by turn. But we, thank God, did not flinch. We have spurned the devil and his temptations. We have seen our beacons one by one disappearing, and darkness prevailing all around us. But our guiding star was on high, far above all temporary events; and we never missed it. There was no darkness in our soul. Despair is the darkness of the soul; and we could not despair. We had long ago clung to things immortal: God, duty, liberty, self-sacrifice, ever-living-and-progressing collective humanity. In that common faith we had grasped each other's hands, and no darkness could make us loosen the grasp, and nothing will. Depend upon me, God has blessed, not our efforts, but our constancy, our long-kept brotherly alliance. In Savoy, in Lombardy, in Rome, whenever there has been a summoning for us to act against lies and oppression, we have been ready to perish together. Therefore we shall, one of these days, conquer together; and, meanwhile, let our souls, in this commemorative evening, renew once more our alliance. Through all my feelings I do commune with you all, my proscribed brothers, and, spite of bodily absence, in faith, hope, and a firm determination of carrying on to the last the sacred struggle for truth and liberty—for the emancipation of our own countries, and for the still higher aim—unity of mankind.

"I send a short address to your Polish Central Democratic Committee. Perhaps you will be so good as to read it to your countrymen present. And as to the English sympathisers who will be in the room, all that I could have said to them about the actual moment, and about the precious opportunity for reviving an active, regular, Polish agitation throughout England, will be more eloquently said by the friends and colleagues whose names are on your list. But, could I venture to suggest to you and to your countrymen the course I should wish to see adopted, I would say—Stand up resolutely on the high ground which befits our cause, and the frank straightforward men whom you want to become its supporters. Do not narrow the question to the proportions of an interest. Speak to them of duty. You are sure of having your appeal responded to. There is still lurking within the soul of every honest British citizen a spark of the old sacred fire which burned in the hearts of Milton and Cromwell. Stir it up boldly, and never fear. The people for whom Nelson had no other speech than the concise one—'England expects to-day every one of her sons to do his duty,' has not been, cannot be, corrupted by the crooked, weak, immoral policy of diplomacy. Speak to them of duty. Tell them that their actual duty is war—war for the purpose of ascertaining whether Europe is to be given up defenceless to the successive encroachments of despotism, or to be the free, orderly, peacefully-progressing God's Europe—war, for the purpose of solving once for all the problem of ages, whether man is to be a passive slave trampled upon by brutal organized force, or a free agent, responsible for his own actions before his Maker and his fellow-brothers—war, because it is a sin and a shame that interference should be always allowed to despots for evil doing, never applied by the good and free to the improvement or the protection of the nations—war, because it is unworthy of England to stand impassive by a murderous conflict, and to repeat the words of the accursed: 'Am I my brother's keeper?' War, because nations die from dishonour as much as from tyranny—war, because it is never too late for expiating, and an expiation is wanted to the sinful, unprincipled, un-English policy which immovably saw—nay, lent directly or indirectly an arm to—the fall of Poland, the fall of Hungary, the fall of Venice, the fall of Rome—war, for the noble aim of seeing truth and right restored, tyranny stopped in its reckless career, nations happy and free, God's earth smiling anew, religious and political liberty enthroned, and England proud and powerful, with the sympathies and blessings of benefited peoples. Tell them these things. Tell them that had Poland been, had Hungary been, had Italy been, war would not now be a sad, unavoidable necessity, a heavy duty to be fulfilled. Tell them that there is a unity of life in mankind which does not allow wrong to be done or tolerated without the consequences falling, soon or late, on the whole; that as Cholera comes to bid us to take care that there should not be abject, filthy, degrading poverty throughout the land, so War comes as a teaching that there can be no permanent peace, no mutual trust, no stability of human affairs, unless justice, right, and liberty are first made the ground for a true balance of power in Europe. And tell them, lastly, to beware. War is, in all probability, unavoidable. Let it be for God's and humanity's sake, the war—the one good, true, decisive battle for a high principle—the last battle for many generations to come. Let it be the war of England, not of Lord Clarendon and Lord Aberdeen. Let them watch closely the conduct of their Government; and let them not allow English brave blood to be spilt for the mere object of achieving a poor, immoral, transitory diplomatic contrivance, leaving the evil to grow again out of its root a few years after, and causes of war to perpetuate themselves. They would sin to us, to themselves, and to the future destinies of England. Ever yours,

"JOSEPH MAZZINI."

The daily journals make a great point of stating, that the meeting was conducted with the utmost propriety—as if British and foreign gentlemen and ladies could not meet without a faction fight. But probably the National Hall abortion obliged them to make the remark.

BRITISH SUBJECTS ABROAD.

THE PROTESTANT ALLIANCE.

EVERY now and then we are called upon to lift up our voices, and denounce the progress of Popery abroad; but when that progress was finally arrested in 1849 by the Roman republicans, the evangelical world did not lift up its voice against setting up of the Pope again. On

Tuesday, the Protestant Alliance met to memorialize the Government "on the aspect of Popery abroad;" Lord Shaftesbury taking the chair, and describing, in a spirited speech, the encroachments and persecutions of the papal system in Holland, Portugal, Spain, Malta, South Germany, and Tuscany:—

In Portugal, he said, a new code was promulgated on the 10th December, 1852, in which were these words:—"Any one failing in respect to the religion of the country—the Roman Catholic Apostolic—shall be condemned to imprisonment from one to three years, and to a fine proportioned to his income." Well, so far so good, but observe the definition of the mode in which you may fail in respect to the religion of that country:—

"1st. Injuring said religion publicly in any dogma, act, or object of its worship, by deed, or word, or publication, in any form.

"2nd. Attempting by the same means to propagate doctrines contrary to the Catholic dogmas defined by the Church.

"3rd. Attempting by any means to make proselytes, or conversions, to a different religion or sect condemned by the Church.

"4th. Celebrating public acts of a worship not that of the Catholic religion."

"Therefore, at once, you are to be told by this kingdom of Portugal—this kingdom that, but for the intervention of this country, under God's providence, would long since have been wiped, in more than one instance, out of the map of the world—you, the people of England, are to be told, that of you go to reside in Lisbon, or in any part of the dominions of Portugal, and if you celebrate public acts of your worship in the most simple, the most decent, and the most orderly and even private manner, you will be imprisoned from one to three years, with a fine proportioned to your incomes.

"Let us pass next to the island of Malta. Here is a possession of our own, which, under our Government, has attained the greatest comfort and independence. A new code has been issued by that self-government which we have allowed to the island of Malta, and which, as conquerors, we might have taken from the island. It has issued a decree, in which it declares that any contempt—and, mark you, the definition of contempt is left in the breasts of those persons who administer the law—there is nothing clear, nothing prescribed, nothing certain; but any contempt manifested towards any of the doctrines, rites, or ceremonies of the Roman-catholic religion, is to be punished by periods of imprisonment from three to six, and I think even twelve months.

"In March last, the Grand Duke of Tuscany emitted a new decree. This decree contains 300 articles. So diffuse is it, that it is difficult to read it—so complicated, that it is impossible to remember; but its leading principle is, that words, acts—nay, even thought, is interdicted to those living under the Government of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Speaking to a wife, or a son, or a daughter; or writing to a relative or friend at home on religious doctrines—not on controversial—not on polemical subjects—but on purely religious doctrines—is, according to the will of the Jesuit confessor who advises the Grand Duke, converted into an offence against the Roman-catholic Church, subjecting the person so offending to five or ten years' hard labour, and in some instances to death—for the penal code has been revived—to death by the hatchet on the scaffold. (Hear, hear.) Is this to be permitted? Is the Grand Duke of Tuscany to exercise such a power over the British subject? We do not question the right of an independent country to make laws for its own subjects, but we claim the right to prescribe the conditions on which we will hold intercourse with such a country—we claim the right to prescribe the conditions on which her Majesty's representative shall lend the sanction of his high authority at the Court of such a Sovereign as the Grand Duke of Tuscany. (Applause.) We maintain, that where the representative of the Queen is found, there the British subject is entitled to protection. (Applause.) I say, that if the Grand Duke prescribes the conditions under which foreigners may reside in his dominions, we will reply, 'you are justified in doing so, but we will also prescribe our conditions—the conditions on which we will hold intercourse with you—the conditions on which her Majesty's representative shall remain at your Court, and lend you the sanction of his great name and character.' (Applause.) I will at once admit that our course would be far easier if our residents in Florence were to mark their sense of deep feeling that the sovereign of those realms should be guilty of such offences towards unoffending Protestants; but when we find them paying him reverence with adulation—I speak not of the due submission to the sovereign—but of fulsome adulation—(hear, hear)—and hastening in disgusting rivalry to kiss the hand that is hardly cool after signing such a decree as this—(hear, hear)—when we find them pressing with eagerness to gain his countenance, and to bask in his favour; when we find all this, can we wonder that the Grand Duke, whose faculties are not of a very superior order—(hear, hear, and laughter)—should be so far misled as to believe more in the flattery of those who throng to his presence than in the speeches made in an assembly such as this, and that he, therefore, goes on from day to day under a religious and a secular delusion?"

At the close Lord Shaftesbury grew revolutionary:—

"The business of the day should not close without an expression of hope that our exertions hereafter shall not be limited to the ties of fellow-citizenship, and to one nation and one language—our joy should be to support the spirit of Protestantism all over the world; and I believe if we persevere in this effort, we shall not want noble and vigorous allies on the other side of the water: we shall meet with the assistance and the sympathy of the American nation; and if they be with us, God be praised, I can snap my fingers at all the Powers of Europe. Why should we be less bold than Elizabeth was? Have we less means, less necessities, less hopes? Why should we be

behind Cromwell? Why should we be inferior to the statesmen of 1704, who demanded and obtained protection for the people who dwelt in the valleys? Why should we be less energetic than our noble Prime Minister, who, in his despatch to Lord Stratford, used these memorable words—'To maintain the rights of a fellow religionist is a paramount duty from which I will never recede.' The responsibility which rests upon us is clear, serious, and inevitable; and, under the blessing of God, we shall not be found wanting to such complete means, and to so glorious a consummation." (Loud applause.)

The other speakers were Sir Culling Eardley, the Reverend Canon Miller, and other gentlemen well known in their own circles. A memorial to Lord Clarendon, containing the following passage, was agreed to:—

The committee "conceive that no political complication or difficulty could result from its being made distinctly known that Great Britain will not maintain diplomatic relations with any State which shall persist in denying to British subjects within its territory the free exercise of their religion, with liberty to possess places of worship for their own use, as well as places of interment, and to have the rites of baptism, marriage, and burial performed among themselves without hindrance or compulsory secrecy. To demand less than this measure of liberty and justice, as the condition of continued diplomatic relations, would seem not consistent with the high position and moral claims of England. In the case of any alleged offence on the part of British subjects against the Church established in those countries, by the peaceable avowal of their own religious convictions, the penalties affixed by the codes above-mentioned, are, it is conceived, wholly unjustifiable, and inconsistent with the admitted principles of international law.

"The committee conceive that, if the refusal of any power to comply with these righteous demands should lead to the cessation of such diplomatic intercourse, no danger would necessarily result to the trade and commerce of this country, as no ground for war would arise out of it, and as the Government of the United States finds it quite practicable to protect the American trade with Europe by means of Consuls where they have no resident Ministry."

At the close Lord Shaftesbury took an especial occasion to point out that their warfare was not against the Roman Catholics, but against the Church and the Court of Rome. After that he is bound to support Roman nationality.

THEATRE OF WAR IN ASIA.

(From the Daily News.)

THE mission of the two Turkish armies in Asia is to break the circle of iron in which General Woronzoff has for years been endeavouring to confine the Caucasian insurrection. Abdi Pacha, leaving Erzeroum, is to penetrate into the valley of the Rioni, and to march straight before him on to Coutais, and from thence on Tiflis. Selim Pacha is charged to operate on the coast of the Black Sea, and to restore to Schamyl his liberty of action and of obtaining stores. In Asia, the frontier territories of Russia and Turkey divide themselves, in a military point of view, into two distinct theatres of operation. It is the high ridge, or rather concatenation of ridges, connecting the Caucasus with the table-land of Central Armenia, and dividing the waters that run toward the Black Sea from those which the Araxes leads to the Caspian Sea, or the Euphrates to the Persian Gulf; it is this ridge which formerly parted Armenia from Pontus, that now forms the partition of the two distinct districts where the war is to be waged. This range of abrupt and generally barren rocks is traversed by very few roads—the two principal of which are those from Trebisond and Batum to Erzeroum. Thus for all military purposes, the hills in question may be considered as nearly impassable, forcing both parties to have distinct corps on either side, operating more or less independently of each other.

The country on the shore of the Black Sea is intersected by a number of rivers and mountain torrents, which form as many military positions for defence. Both the Russians and the Turks have fortified posts on important points. In this generally broken country, (the valley of the river Rioni is the only one which forms anything like a plain), a defensive war might be carried on with great success against a superior army (as very few positions are liable to be turned on the land side, on account of the mountains), were it not for the co-operation of the respective fleets. By advancing, and, in case of need, landing troops, upon the flank of the enemy, while the army engages him in front, a fleet might turn all these strong positions, one by one, and neutralise, if not destroy, fortifications which, on neither side of the frontier, are very respectable. Thus the possession of the Black Sea coast belongs to him who is master of the Sea.

The country in the interior, on the inland side of the mountains, comprises the territory in which the Euphrates, the Araxes, and the Kur (Cyrus), take their rise; the Turkish province of Armenia is on the one, the Russian province of Georgia on the other side of the frontier. This country, too, is extremely mountainous, and generally impassable to armies. Erzeroum on the part of the Turks, Tiflis on the part of the Russians, may be said to be the two immediate bases of operations, with the loss of which the possession of the whole neighbouring country would be inevitably lost. Thus the storming of Erzeroum by the Russians decided the Asiatic campaign of 1829.

But what is the immediate basis of operation for one party, will be the direct object of operations to the

other. Thus the roads connecting Tifis and Erzeroum will be the lines of operations for both. There are three roads; one by the upper Kur and Akhalzikhe, the other by the upper Araxes and Erivan, the third in the midst between these two, across the mountains by way of Kars. All these roads are guarded on either side by fortified towns and posts, and it would be difficult to say which would be for Turks or the Russians the most eligible. Suffice it to say that the road by Akhalzikhe is the one which would lead a Turkish army the most directly upon the insurgent districts of the Caucasus, and the object of the Russian general would probably be to turn the advance of the Turks by a corps advancing from Batun up the valley of the Tcheroekh by Otti upon Erzeroum; the road from Batun joins that from Tifis only about fifteen miles from Erzeroum.

The key to the theatre of war in Asia, and on either side of the hills, then, is Batun, and considering this as well as its commercial importance, we need not wonder at the efforts the Czar has always been making to get hold of it. And Batun is the key of the theatre of war—nay, of all Turkey in Asia, because it commands the only passable road from the coast to the interior—a road which turns all the Turkish positions in advance of Erzeroum. And whichever of the two fleets in the Black Sea drives the other back into its harbours, that fleet commands Batun.

Now, it is exceedingly probable that Captain Slade (Mushaver Pacha) has only left with a division of steamers to support the enterprise of Selim Pacha, and we must expect to learn soon that the Eastern coast is cleared of all the obstacles which the Russians have taken pleasure in creating. As soon as the Turks shall have done their duty, we may be certain that Schamyl will do his, as, though abandoned to his own resources, he has for twenty years successively combated the most renowned Russian generals. Schamyl was born in 1797. His beard became greyish at an early age, but his hair is light, and his constitution, though apparently weak, has been so well preserved and exercised that he possesses almost all the advantages of youth. He is the first horseman, the first marksman, the first swimmer of the Caucasus, though in that country able horsemen, swimmers, and marksmen abound. But Schamyl is not only an excellent general; he is also a most able administrator. Religion is in his hands an instrument of rule, and also an instrument of moralisation and patriotism. Since 1834, when he succeeded Chasi Mollah, who died at his side at the breach of Himry, in an engagement with the Russians, not a single act of weakness can be alleged against him. Sober, chaste, active, comparatively enlightened, he has never employed the power with which he is invested for the satisfaction of his personal passions. The sect of which he is the chief is called Muride, and its object is to destroy the schism which exists between the followers of Ali, of Abou-Bekr, and Omar. He has nearly succeeded in the Caucasus; and of one hundred tribes different by origin, traditions, and, to a certain degree, by language, he has formed a people ready to die for their faith and their country. Let Selim Pacha give room for operations, and let him supply ammunition to such a man, and Russia will soon feel all the conquests which, during the last fifty years, she has made by cunning, intrigue, and corruption in Mingrelia, Gouria, and Georgia, tremble in her hands, and then slip from them altogether.

THE OXFORD TUTORS' REPORT.

A COMMITTEE of the Oxford College Tutors' Association have issued their report on the relation of the professorial and tutorial systems. We have not space, this week, either to insert the report at length, or to enter into any comment on the subject. We must content ourselves with a very brief indication of the principal suggestions, and the main points in which the tutors differ from the commissioners. The defects in the present educational system are stated as follows:—"The first is the want of a body of instructors, who, confining their attention to a single branch of study, shall be capable of prosecuting it to its utmost limits, and who may feel themselves at liberty to lecture up to the requirements of the subject, rather than down to the capacity of inferior pupils. The second deficiency is the want of an adequate means of producing or retaining within the University men of eminence in particular departments of knowledge." In the Commissioners' Report it was proposed to supersede the existing arrangements by a development of the professorial system—to carry on the work of instruction by means of professors and assistant professors, and to compensate the college tutors, by the hope that would be held out of rising to the position of lecturers or professors. It was proposed to "leave the patronage of all new professorships in the hands of the Crown, and that of all those not vested in Convocation, in the hands of a new congregation." It was hoped that, under such a system, private tutors would be rendered unnecessary.

The tutors regard these proposals "as far too revolutionary," and disagree with the commissioners in almost every point of detail. They do not regard professorial lectures, "as especially favourable to the independence and self-education of the pupil;" they look upon the position of the assistant professors as ambiguous, and do not ignore the necessity of private tuition as

a means of special training. When the commissioners recommend that examination should be in subjects, the tutors declare their preference for books. When the commissioners consign the main teaching to professors, the tutors recognise a marked distinction between the duties of professors and tutors, regarding the union of the two as necessary to the full development of the university system. The tutors purpose to create new professors, but to limit their spheres of operation; to leave the appointment in the hands sometimes of electors chosen by Convocation, sometimes of the examiners for the time being, sometimes of a delegacy appointed by the legislative body, sometimes of the Vice-chancellor. The Report is very elaborate, and contains several criticisms on the present condition of the professorial chairs, but we shall resume the whole subject on an early occasion.

THE CITY COMMISSION.

VARIOUS gentlemen have given evidence since our last notice. Captain Williams, Government prison inspector, testified to the excellence of the management of the new prison at Holloway—"a pattern prison for the country;" and the completeness of the prison visitations by the aldermen. As to stipendiary magistrates he thinks one could do the whole business of the City.

Mr. Pratt, Secretary of the General Steam Navigation Company, and Mr. Matthews, a solicitor, much engaged in disputes about river matters, complained about the neglect of the conservancy of the Thames. Mr. Philetus Richardson was a solicitor, and deposed that he had professionally purchased the copyright of a newspaper called the *Citizen*, on behalf of Mr. Benjamin Scott, a city officer, and Mr. Toulmin Smith. The object of the paper was to give reports of Corporation proceedings.

Mr. William Hickson, formerly proprietor and editor of the *Westminster Review*, and Mr. Williams, M.P., gave evidence to show that the accounts of the city are in a most unsatisfactory state, largely quoting figures, and putting in estimates in support of their views. Including all local expenses for public purposes in the city, Mr. Hickson estimates its revenue at 1,107,154*l.* It is in the cost of management of the city—120,000*l.* per annum—that he finds the great sore and grievance of the Corporation. Mr. Hickson is in favour of a metropolitan municipality.

Mr. Williams gave a history of his efforts as auditor of the city accounts in 1830-4, and as Common Councilman. He showed that great mystification prevails in the accounts, and fully sustains Mr. Hickson's charge of cost of management.

THE NATIVES AND THE BENCH OF INDIA.

THE last files of Bombay papers contain the following energetic documents. The signatories are the most distinguished in the Presidency.

To the Right Honourable Sir Charles Wood, Bart., President of the Board of Control, London.

RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR,—We have taken the liberty of addressing you on behalf of Messrs. Le Geyt and Grant, late Sudder Judges of this Presidency, and to point out a mistake which appears in your reply to Mr. Otway in the House of Commons, on the 22nd July last. You are there made to state, that, having regard to the feelings of the Native population, you did not feel justified in directing the restoration of the removed Judges.

That the natives were all in favour of the two Judges, the accompanying copies of addresses to Government on their behalf from the chief cities of the Bombay Presidency will sufficiently certify that their restoration would be hailed by all parties as an act of justice. Messrs. Le Geyt and Grant were loved and honoured by the whole native community; their ability was undoubted, their honesty and impartiality unquestionable; and to their zeal and integrity in office were added those higher qualities which link man with man, and which acknowledge no superiority of race and colour. It is not for us to dictate any line of conduct for you to pursue; but we are at liberty to protest, and now do so, against the statement that the restoration of Messrs. Le Geyt and Grant would not be in accordance with the feelings of the natives. As an act of justice, and to strengthen the belief that there is an authority in England alive to the feelings and interests of the native population, we humbly beg that you will see justice done to these two men, who have been so unjustly dealt with. In support of our application, and to prove the truth of our assertions, we beg to forward the addresses above alluded to. We have the honour to be, Right Honourable Sir, your most obedient servants.

(Signed) Jamssetjee Jeejeebhoy; Nowrojee Jamssetjee; Bomanjee Hormusjee; Meer Jaffer Ali Khan of Surat; Cursetjee Jamssetjee; Rustomjee Jamssetjee; Sorabjee Jamssetjee; Manekjee Nasserwanjee; Linjee Manekjee; Cowasjee Jehangeer; Mahomed Ibrahim Muckba; Ardaseer Cursetjee Dady; Succaram Luximonjee; Ali Mahomed; Vurjeevandass Madowdass; Pursotundass Mohundass; Nurrotundass Madowdass; Cullindass Mohundass; Framjee Nasserwanjee; Merwanjee Jeejeebhoy; Dhunjeebhoy Nasserwanjee Cama; Cursetjee Nasserwanjee Cama, and upwards of 900 others.

Bombay, October, 1853.

To P. W. Le Geyt, Esquire.

DEAR SIR,—We, the undersigned inhabitants of Bombay, have read in the *London Mail* of the 7th August last, with much pain and surprise, the report of a reply made, on the 22nd of July last, in the House of Commons, by the President of the Board of Control, to a question put

by Mr. Otway, in which Sir Charles Wood is made to say, among other things, that his reason for not complying with the application of yourself and Mr. Grant to be restored to the Bench of the Sudder Adalat of Bombay, was a regard for the feelings of the Natives of this Presidency; thereby implying that the feeling of the Native Community was averse to seeing either of you again in your former positions.

At the time of your removal, in March last, addresses and petitions from this and the other principal towns in the interior, were presented to Government, praying for your restoration, and expressing in the strongest terms the unshaken confidence which the community at large had always placed in your integrity, judicial ability, and uprightness. We are, therefore, astonished that such a mistaken opinion as that expressed by Sir Charles Wood should have been conceived by him. We deem it necessary, in justice as well to ourselves as to you both, to come forward at this juncture, and to express in the most unqualified language, that we entertain the most entire confidence in your integrity, and in your judicial ability and uprightness, and that it is our earnest desire and sincere wish to see you restored to your former position in the Sudder Adalat. We feel confident, that such a proceeding will meet with the cordial approval of the millions living within the jurisdiction of that Court, whose interests are intimately connected with its integrity and character. We remain, dear Sir, your sincere and faithful friends,

(Signed) Jamssetjee Jeejeebhoy; Nowrojee Jamssetjee; Bomanjee Hormusjee; Meer Jaffer Ali Khan of Surat; Cursetjee Jamssetjee; Rustomjee Jamssetjee; Sorabjee Jamssetjee; Manekjee Nasserwanjee; Linjee Manekjee; Cowasjee Jehangeer; Mahomed Ibrahim Muckba; Ardaseer Cursetjee Dady; Succaram Luximonjee; Ali Mahomed; Vurjeevandass Madowdass; Pursotundass Mohundass; Nurrotundass Madowdass; Cullindass Mohundass; Framjee Nasserwanjee; Merwanjee Jeejeebhoy; Dhunjeebhoy Nasserwanjee Cama; Cursetjee Nasserwanjee Cama, and upwards of 900 others.

Bombay, October, 1853.

OUR SANITARY CONDITION

THE mortality of the metropolitan districts, says the Registrar-General, has risen considerably during the week. In the preceding week the deaths registered were 1162; in the week that ended on Saturday last they were 1339. The mean weekly temperature has suffered a great fall. In the last week of October it was 55.5 deg., in the four weeks that followed it was 48.9 deg., 45.7 deg., 38.5 deg., and (last week) 36.7 deg.

In the ten corresponding weeks of the years 1843-52, the average number of deaths was 1093, which, raised in proportion to increase of population, becomes 1202. There is an excess in last week's return amounting to 137.

Diseases of the respiratory organs have suddenly become more fatal; they rose from 180 in the preceding to 297 in the last week; in this class bronchitis rose from 68 to 134, pneumonia from 92 to 124. Phthisis was fatal in the two weeks respectively in 133 and 166 cases. Cholera, it is gratifying to observe, subsided, and last week was fatal to only 46 persons. In the first fourteen weeks of the epidemic of 1848-9 (reckoning from 1st October), it destroyed 529 persons; in the same number of weeks of the present attack, commencing 21st August, it has carried off 744, or 215 persons more than in the former. But the epidemic beginning at an earlier season in 1853, the mean temperature has been on an average 5 deg. higher, and making allowance for this circumstance, there does not appear any sufficient ground to conclude that the distemper now prevailing is of a more virulent character than that of 1848.

At the meeting of the City Commission of Sewers, on Tuesday, Mr. John Simon, their able officer of health, read his annual report on the sanitary condition of the metropolis. It is a document of immense length, and we can only hope to give our readers some idea of its contents by summing up the chief points, and giving a specimen of the document itself.

Mr. Simon reported the number of deaths which had taken place in the fifty-two weeks previous to Michaelmas last at 3040, being 25 fewer than in the last preceding similar period. As the population of the City was about 130,000, the average rate of mortality during the last five years had been twenty-four per thousand per annum. The healthiest sub-district (the north-west sub-district of the West London Union) showed a death-rate of only eighteen in the thousand; whereas, in the unhealthiest (the north-west sub-district of the City of London Union) it was above twenty-nine per thousand. The lowest death-rate which had been obtained in any largely populated district throughout the country during the term of seven years was fourteen, or less than one-half of that in the worst sub-district within the jurisdiction of the commissioners. The average death-rate amongst all the City population above five years of age was nearly 17 per thousand, while for children under five years it was nearly eighty-five per annum. The annual rate of death per thousand persons in the different unions had been as follows:—

	Over five years.	Under five years.
East London.....	16.68	91.99
West London.....	20.58	94.84
City of London.....	15.06	71.72
Average.....	16.85	84.72

To the annual average of 3120 deaths, typhus had

contributed 140; choleraic affections (including the epidemic of 1849), 196; scarlet fever, 76; small pox, 40; erysipelas, 30; the acute, nervous, and mucous diseases of children, 572; then measles, whooping cough, and croup, 82; so that diseases of infancy alone had yielded an average of 1242 deaths, or nearly two-fifths of the entire mortality. It was a curious fact that while in the healthier districts the winter was the most fatal time of the year, in consequence of the ravages which inclement weather made upon the aged and feeble, those ravages were completely overmastered in the unhealthiest districts, and the rate of mortality was highest in summer. The unfavourable effects of civilized and City life upon the health was shown by the circumstance that not one-eighth of the 15,597 persons who had died within the jurisdiction of the commissioners during the last five years, had reached the threescore years and ten which are allotted to man.

Passing from statistics to the prospects of the City during the apprehended visitation of cholera, Mr. Simon congratulates the commissioners on the fact that there had been a diminution of mortality to the extent of four per cent. since the sanitary acts of the City had come into operation; and he trusted that the abolition of Smithfield would lead to still more favourable results. Yet their anticipations of the future were pregnant with gloom. The cholera was stealing upon the metropolis in precisely the same manner as it had done upon both its former visitations, and they had only too much reason to dread the results that would follow the approach of summer.

With respect of the question of low levels, it must not be supposed that that was the only condition predisposing a locality to the ravages of the epidemic. The sub-district of St. Peter's, Hammersmith, averaged only 4 feet above the high water level, and that of St. Olave, Southwark, was ten feet higher. Yet the cholera mortality in the former had been only eighteen in the thousand, whereas that of the latter had risen to 196. So also within their own jurisdiction. Side by side along the river lay four of their sub-districts; three at the elevation of 21 feet, one at the elevation of 24 feet. The cholera mortality, if simply proportioned to levels, should have been nearly the same for these four sub-districts, and somewhat less in the last one than in the first three. But the contrary was the fact; for in two of these sub-districts the cholera mortality for equal numbers of population was $4\frac{1}{2}$ times as great as in the other two, where, however, to lowness of situation were added density of population and improper or deficient drainage, the cholera made its home. Their present system of tidal drainage was exceedingly prejudicial. At low water the filth was allowed to trickle over broad belts of spongy bank, exhaling poison; and at high water it was driven back into the sewers to soak into the surrounding brickwork and earth, and to send forth pestilential effluvia through every gully hole. Persons who lived on the higher levels might care nothing for this, but the prevalence of an infantile sickness of unusual malignity, or a doctor's injunction to seek a change of air, that they, too, were subject to the partial workings of that gigantic poison bed which they had contributed to maintain. Lowness of situation, overcrowding, and bad drainage, then, were the chief conditions which rendered a locality obnoxious by the inroads of the pestilence; but there were, of course, other causes that would operate to an important extent in the same manner. Amongst those were, of course, want of proper ventilation, and inefficient water supply, personal uncleanness, an habitually defective diet, and the like.

"The specific migrating power called cholera has the faculty of infecting districts in a manner detrimental to life only when their atmosphere is fraught with certain products susceptible under its influence of undergoing poisonous transformation. These products, it is true, are but imperfectly known to us. Under the vague name of putrefaction we include all those thousandfold possibilities of new combination to which organic matters are exposed in their gradual declension from life. The birth of one such combination rather than another is the postulate for a particular epidemic poison.

"Whether the ferment which induces this particular change in certain elements of our atmosphere may ever be some accident of local origin, or must always be the creeping infection from similar atmospheres elsewhere similarly effected—whether the first impulse, here or there, be given by this agency or by that—by heat, by magnetism, by planets, or meteors—such questions are widely irrelevant to the purpose for which I have the honour of addressing you. The one great pathological fact which I have sought to bring into prominence for your knowledge and application, is this—that the epidemic prevalence of cholera does not arise in some new cloud of venom, floating, above reach and control, high over successive lands, and raining down upon them without difference its prepared distillation of death; but that, so far as scientific analysis can decide, it depends on one occasional phase of an influence which is always about us—on one change of materials, which in their other changes give rise to other ills; that these materials, so perilously prone to explode into one or other breath of epidemic pestilence, are the many exhalations of animal uncleanness which infect, in varying proportion, the entire area of our metropolis; and that, from the nature of the case, it must remain optional with those who witness the dreadful infliction whether they will indolently acquiesce in their continued and increasing liabilities

to a degrading calamity, or will employ the requisite skill, science, and energy to remove from before their thresholds these filthy sources of misfortune."

The precautionary measures recommended by Mr. Simon were capable of being summed up in a single word—cleanliness, in the fullest extent of the term. The state of the docks, and particularly that of Whitefriars, would become of the greatest importance; and the condition of all the sewers should be certified to the commissioners—the grand test of successful sewerage lying in the inodorous discharge of its functions. The City was already well paved, but they should take care that the scavengers and dustmen carefully performed their functions. Great vigilance should be exercised as to the condition of slaughterhouses and other similar places; and no disturbance of the earth should be allowed to take place that could possibly be avoided. He deeply regretted that they could not compel a continuous supply of water, but at least there should be a daily filling of the cisternage, and Sunday should form no exception to the rule. It would surely be no heathen's part to urge that the Christian's sabbath suffered more desecration from the filth and preventible unwholesomeness of many thousand households than in the honest industry of a dozen turncocks. He was glad to learn from the engineer of the New River Company that they expected very shortly to be able to furnish the City with a largely increased and practically exhaustless supply. The subject of the City pumps was an important one; for the quality of the water depended upon the state of the gathering-grounds of each, and they were for the most part saturated with impurities. It might, however, be to some extent improved by the use of filters composed of animal charcoal. The City had already established a system of inspection, and within the last year not fewer than 3147 visitations had been made, and 983 orders for the abatement of nuisances had been obtained. A recent increase of the staff from four to six would of course materially add to its efficiency; and he calculated that the inspectors would be able to visit in each of the five more important districts from 100 to 120 houses, besides attending to their other duties. He recommended that printed notices should, during the prevalence of the epidemic, be posted in every back street, court, and alley, and renewed every month, advising the careful maintenance of cleanliness, and inviting complaints as to nuisances. He also suggested that circulars be sent to the clergy, the heads of visiting societies, and the like, desiring them to communicate with the officers of the commissioners on any local uncleanness which might come to their knowledge. Mr. Simon, after strongly advising all persons to quit the tainted districts—a course of proceeding that might have a very beneficial effect in producing reform, proceeded to give a quantity of advice as to the course to be adopted by individuals during the epidemic. He strongly advised each person, on the appearance of the premonitory symptoms, to seek the advice of their own medical attendants, in preference to relying on any published formula. His advice with respect to avoiding excess, damp and cold, over fatigue, and the like, was not dissimilar to that already given to the public; and he at length concluded by expressing the necessity of a complete and comprehensive reform extending to the whole metropolis.

"If the possible mischief to be wrought by epidemic cholera lay in some fixed inflexible fate, whatever opinion I might hold on the subject of its return, silence would be better than speech; and I would gladly refrain from vexing the public ear by gloomy forebodings of an inevitable future.

"But from this supposition the case differs diametrically, and the people of England are not like timid cattle, capable only when blindfold of confronting danger. It belongs to their race, it belongs to their dignity of manhood, to take deliberate cognizance of their foes, and not lightly to cede the victory. A people that has fought the greatest battles, not of arms alone, but of genius and skillful toil, is little likely to be scared at the necessity of meeting large dangers by the appropriate devices of science. A people that has inaugurated railways, that has spanned the Menai Straits, and reared the Crystal Palace, can hardly fear the enterprise of draining poison from its infected towns—a people that has freed its foreign slaves at twenty millions ransom will never let its home population perish for cheapness' sake in the ignominious ferment of their filth; therefore, gentlemen, advisedly, I state the danger as it seems to me. England has again become subject to a plague, the recurrence of which, or the duration, or the malignity, no human being can predict. But if I state the danger, so likewise, to the best of my belief, I state the remedy and defence. Colossal statistics concur with circumstantial inquiry to refer this disease, in common with many others that scourge our population, distinctly and infallibly to the working of local causes susceptible of removal of causes which devolve on our legislature to remove. The exemption we seek is worth a heavy purchase. My thoughts turn involuntarily to the epidemics of former centuries—to their frequent returns and immense fatality. I reflect on the plague, and how it influenced the average death-rate of London; how, in 1593, it doubled it; in 1603, trebled it; in 1625, quadrupled it; and how (after a less considerable visitation in 1636) it actually multiplied the mortality sevenfold in the tremendous epidemic of '65. The ravages of that pestilence are best appreciated in the fact, that we esteem the Great Fire of London a cheap equivalent for their arrest, looking to that eventful conflagration of the metropolis with gratitude rather than horror, because of the mightier evils that were extinguished with its flames. To

so frightful a development as this, cholera by many degrees has not obtained; but, ignorant as we are of its laws and resources, we dare not surmise, at any renewed invasion, what amount of severity it may have won. In the simple fact that our country has again become subject to pestilential epidemics, there lies an amount of threat only to be measured by those who are conversant by history or experience with the possible development of such disease. Therefore, gentlemen, having the deepest assurance that these unexplored possibilities of cost may be foreclosed by appropriate means, I should ill deserve your confidence if I shrink from setting before you, however ungracious the task, my deliberate estimate of the peril. It belongs to my local office to tell you of local cures, and this I have sought to do. I have suggested that by active superintendence of all houses within your jurisdiction there may be suppressed in detail those several causes of the disease which arise in individual neglect—that by elaborate care as to the cleanliness of pavements, markets, docks, and sewers, something may be done towards the mitigation of more general causes—that by a well organized system of medical visitation very much may be effected towards encountering attacks of the disease while still amenable to treatment—that these with similar precautions are therefore to be recommended; and not for a moment would I seem to depreciate such measures, palliative only and partial though they be. By their judicious application from Aldgate to the Temple, life may possibly be saved to some hundreds—to children that are fondly loved, to parents that are the stay of numbers. But against the full significance of any epidemic, I am bold to tell you that these are but poor substitutes for protection. To render them effectual, even in their narrow sphere of operation, there must be great vigilance and great expenditure—a weary vigilance, a disproportionate expenditure, because chiefly given to defeat in detail what should have been prevented on principle, and be done what may in this palliative spirit, the sources of the disease are substantially unstayed, for the faults to which its metropolitan prevalence is due consist not simply in a number of individual mismanagements, but include a common and radical mal-construction as their chief. No city, so far as science may be trusted, can deserve immunity from epidemic disease, except by making absolute cleanliness the first law of its existence—such cleanliness, I mean, as consists in the perfect adaptation of drainage, water supply, scavenging, and ventilation, to the purposes they should respectively fulfil—such cleanliness as consists in carrying away by these means, inoffensively, all refuse materials of life—gaseous, solid, or fluid—from the person, the house, the factory, or the thoroughfare, as soon as possible after their formation, and with as near an approach as their several natures allow, to one continuous current of removal. To realize for London this conception of how a city should cleanse itself may involve, no doubt, the perfection of numberless details; yet, most of all, it would presuppose a comprehensive organization of plan and method, not alone for that intramural unity of system which is needful for all the works—not least, for those of drainage and water supply—but equally to harmonize those works with other extramural arrangements for utilizing to the country the boundless wealth of metropolitan refuse—for distributing to the uses of agriculture what is then rescued from the character of filth—for requiring to the fields, in gifts for vegetation, what they have rendered to the town, in food for man. How far the construction of London has proceeded in the recognition of such objects, or how far the advantages of such a plan have been realized, it could only be a mockery to ask. Our metropolis, by successive accretions, has covered mile after mile of land; each new edition has been made with scarcely more reference to the legitimate necessities of life than if it had clustered there by crystallization; with no scientific forecast to plan the whole, with little but chance and cheapness to shape the parts, our desultory architecture has eclipsed the conditions of health. Draining uphill or downhill, as the case might be, and running their aqueducts at random from chalk quarries or river mud, or ponding sewage in their cellars, and digging beside it water—blocking up the inlets of freshness and equally the outlets of nuisance—constructing sewers to struggle with the Thames, now to pollute its ebb, now to be obstructed by its flow—the builders of many generations have accumulated sanitary errors in so intricate a system that their apprehension and their cure seem equally remote. Therefore, by reason of causes ramified through the whole metropolis, and deep-rooted in its soil, which bind all parts together in one common endurance of their effects—therefore cannot epidemic disease be thoroughly conquered by any exertion or by any amelioration short of the complete and comprehensive cure. Against the danger we dread no shelter is to be found in petty reforms and patchwork legislation. Not to inspectorships of nuisances, but to the large mind of state policy, one must look for a real emancipation from this chastening plague. A child's intellect can appreciate the wild absurdity of seeking at Peru what here runs to waste beneath our pavement—of ripening only epidemic disease with what might augment the food of the people—of waiting, like our ancestors, to expiate the neglected divinity of water in some better purgation by fire. But it needs the grasp of political mastership, not uninformed by science, to convert to practical application these obvious elements of knowledge—to recognise a great national object, irrelevant to the interests of party—to lift an universal requirement from the sphere of professional jealousies, and to found on immutable principles the sanitary legislation of a people."

JOURNAL OF RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

Saturday.—Accident from imperfect self-acting points at the Patricroft station, on the London and North Western Railway. A train left Manchester early in the morning. At Patricroft the driver found that the points did not act, and that he was going into the Clifton junction; so he moved towards the up line in order that the points might be adjusted. At the moment the train was across both

lines a fast train approached, at a speed of twenty miles an hour, although, warned by fog signals, the driver had slackened speed. Into the Patricroft train, however, he went, broke the break van, dashed against a carriage, and severely injured its occupants.

Tuesday.—Accident from a fall of earth on the South Wales Railway. Going through a cutting in the night, the engine and tender suddenly turned over. A great quantity of earth had fallen on the line. Driver killed, stoker escaped. Passengers' carriages did not go over, and no one was injured.

Wednesday.—"Spindle rod connected with the valve snapt in the centre," bringing a heavy luggage train to a stand at Methley station, on the Midland Railway. Up came coal trains, but were warned in time, and fortunately no further accident happened.

Thursday.—Accident owing to axle-breaking. Official report:—On Thursday morning a serious accident occurred on this line near Berkhamstead. The engine of the train leaving Euston station at 9 a.m., owing to the breaking of an axle, was thrown off the line, together with the leading guard's van and the two following carriages. The rear guard immediately adopted the necessary precautions, and stopped all the trains following from London, but the up-express train from Birmingham, which was passing at the moment, struck the guard's van of the disabled train, killing the guard, William Blaney. Several passengers suffered contusions from the shock, but all, with the exception of one lady, an invalid, continued their journey. The line was clear in about three hours.

A "NICE" STEAMER.

SEVERAL actions are pending against the Australian Royal Mail Steam Navigation Company for breach of contract. It is alleged that the passengers brought home by the notorious *Melbourne*, in her last trip, were supplied with provisions which could not be eaten, and with accommodation of the worst kind. One action, brought by a Mr. George Smith, has been partly tried in the Court of Common Pleas.

Mr. Smith took a second-class passage from Australia to England in the *Melbourne*, for which he paid 42*l.* 10*s.* But as soon as he got on board with his luggage his troubles began. In the first place he was taken into the steerage among the third-class passengers, some sixty in number, and there and throughout the voyage he greatly endured.

"The pigsties were close to the fore-castle and one of the skylights, and the soil was continually tumbling down into the room, and on to the table; and one of the pigs fell down on the table. There were two water-closets, which, from neglect or misconstruction, overflowed the deck, and he had to tread in it to get to his cabin. He complained of it many times. He was obliged to go to the water-closets in the second-class once, as it was blowing hard and he could not go where the sailors did, at the heads, without danger of being washed overboard, when a midshipman came, threw up the venetian blind, and put a bull's-eye in his face, saying, 'Come out of that; you know you have no business there; I will report you to the captain.' He insisted on being taken to the captain, and complained of the condition of the water-closets—that he could not go to them—and the captain said, 'Do you expect me to clean them up?' The pigsties and scullery stank abominably. He could not sleep in his 'bunk' in the fore-castle—a place for him like a coffin—because there were millions and millions of bugs in it. He slept under a form several nights, till he was so cramped he could not bear it any longer. The floor was covered with passengers, and he had to step over them, all mixed together. He could not sleep there, and slept several nights in the boat on deck. He complained about it so often he was at last considered a troublesome fellow."

"The cheese was some of it good, but short in quantity. There was good butter on board, but the second-class passengers were not allowed to have it. They could not touch what they had. The same dish came on the table day after day untouched. There was good rice on board, but it was so badly cooked it was almost uneatable. They complained to the cook, and he was very abusive. The preserved potatoes they never had. The tripe stank most awfully. He thought the preserved meats stank, but they were nothing to the tripe. The hams were delivered out short. The oatmeal was alive. He wanted some gruel, but could not eat it. He complained to the cook, who said there was no other. They had preserved milk for the first month—none afterwards. He had suffered in his health ever since."

Mr. Deighton, a passenger similarly situated, complained to the steward that the beef had the hair on it, and he was told it was buffalo hump and they ought to charge for it. If the biscuits were placed on the table they left the mark of their form on it in maggots and weavels, which tumbled out of little holes in them. They could not eat them.

Four other witnesses, two men and their wives, confirmed these statements. The trial is not yet concluded.

CRIMINAL RECORD.

A MURDER, which appears to have been the product of drink, Primitive Methodism, loose habits and passion, has been committed, at Heath and Reach, a village near Leighton Buzzard. Abel Burrows, a married agricultural labourer of bad character, returned home from Watford, where he had been living the past week in drunkenness and profligacy, to his wife at Heath and Reach. Some time after he had gone to bed he began to ill-use his wife, and at last, seizing her by the throat, attempted to strangle her. After a violent struggle she escaped from his grasp, and rushed almost naked out of the house to his father's. The old man hearing what had taken place, got up and went to his son to try and pacify him, in which for a time

he succeeded; the two lying down on the bed together. Suddenly, however, the son began to abuse him, and, pushing him violently off the bed, swearing he would kill him, bent the poor old man's head upon the floor till he was insensible. He then sallied out in pursuit of his wife, expressing his determination to do for her, but she, hearing him approach, slipped unperceived out of the house and took shelter in a passage close by. It was now about four o'clock in the morning. Not finding his wife at home, the villain began to wreak his vengeance on his mother—an old woman who had been confined to her bed with illness for six months—and having brutally ill-treated her, sat down to breakfast in her house. Whilst he was eating, a poor old cripple who lodges in his mother's house, ventured to make some remark of pity for his wife, when the savage broke out into a storm of passion, and seizing hold of a stone-breaking hammer, aimed a blow at the poor creature's head. So great was the old woman's terror, that she rushed, unassisted by her crutch, out of the house in the dark up into the bedroom of a man named Adams, and locked the door. Burrows rushed up after her, knocked the door down with his hammer, and while the poor old creature was in Adams's arms literally beat out her brains with three tremendous blows, which killed her instantaneously. He then turned upon Adams, and aimed a blow at his skull, which the latter providentially avoided, and rushed past him down stairs, and out into the street. Burrows followed still, again striking at Adams with the hammer, and some of the neighbours coming up, he brandished the hammer at them, swearing that he would have his wife's life yet, and threatening any one with instant death who approached him. At length three working men came upon him from behind, threw him down, and bound him with a strong rope; and presently a constable arrived, and secured him in hand-cuffs and leg-irons; the wretched man making a variety of grimaces, and affecting to be insane. The poor old woman they found where she fell, quite dead, and surrounded by such a pool of blood, that it seemed that it had all oozed from her body. She was a widow, and leaves several grown-up children. It is supposed that the prisoner had a premeditated intention to murder his wife, he having lately run away with a woman who had supposed him to be a single man; and, it is said, he met this woman on the night of the murder. The inquest on the body of the murdered woman, whose name is Charity Glenister, was held on Monday, and a verdict of "Wilful murder," without hesitation, returned against Abel Burrows.

Nearly three days have been occupied in the Third Court at the Old Bailey, in dealing with what are called "Mint cases,"—in other words, the uttering of forged coin. Some of the base coin are of very beautiful workmanship. The sentences in some instances have been heavy, such as "four years' penal servitude," and "two years' hard labour."

Grinney, the man who used three knives in three separate attempts to murder his wife, was tried on Wednesday. The evidence adduced was the same as that we have already reported; and the jury found a verdict of "guilty of wounding with intent to murder." In passing sentence, Mr. Justice Talfourd said that there was no doubt the deed had been committed "in a moment of brutal passion, consequent upon a delusion as to his wife's infidelity;" he should therefore only record a sentence of death against Grinney; the facts would all be taken into consideration in the proper quarter.

A clever burglary was perpetrated at Leighton Buzzard last week. The shop of a jeweller, named Matthews, situate in one of the most public thoroughfares, was entered from the first-floor front window and robbed of goods worth 1000*l.* The thieves lit up the shop and proceeded with a business-like promptitude. Early in the week Mr. Matthews came to London to look after his property, and in a shop in the Barbican he met a man, a Jew, selling some of it. The man is in custody.

Cases of wife-battering have again been brought before the police-courts; but they are not sufficiently distinctive in character from those already reported to need recounting.

Winter brings the garrotte again into play. Last week, a clergyman going home with his stipend in his pocket, was garrotted, and a great part of his money taken from him; a gentleman at Manchester was attacked by five men on Saturday, half strangled, and robbed.

Incendiary fires are beginning to attract attention. A short time ago we noticed two near Tiverton, in Devon. Another has since occurred in the same locality.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Court is now at Osborne, whither it removed on Saturday.

Parliament was prorogued in due form, on Tuesday, by Royal Commission, until the 3rd of January, 1854.

In like manner the Convocation of the province of Canterbury, was, on Wednesday, prorogued until the 4th of January.

The Russian corvette, *Navarin*, twenty-two guns, was to have been docked, at Portsmouth, on Thursday, and all was ready, when a telegraphic message came down, "Russian corvette not to be docked." The *Navarin* was then making five inches of water per day.

Mr. James Wyld, of Charing-cross, has published an admirable and cheap map of the seat of war, both in Europe and Asia, and its relations to surrounding countries. One of the chief points of interest on this map will be found in the fact, that the dates of the Russian acquisitions of territory are marked.

The strikes seem coming to a close, and trade seems growing worse at the same time. There are indications that the Preston men must soon give way, although they got 2000*l.* last week. Several mills in other towns are working four days a-week. The paper war between masters and men goes on vigorously.

In consequence of mobbings at Blackburn, and the general semi-riotous state of the town, Lord Palmerston, complying with the demands of the manufacturers, has permitted a company of the Thirty-fourth from Preston to be quartered in that borough. Some Preston hands had gone there recently to mob the masters.

The ceremony of consecrating the bishops appointed to the newly-constituted sees of Natal and Graham's Town took place, on Wednesday, in St. Mary's, Lambeth. The officiating prelates were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and the Bishop of Oxford. The church was crowded, although admission was obtained only by tickets. Long before the hour appointed for the ceremony the church bells rang a peal, and the church organ played appropriate music. The reverend divines elevated were the Reverend Dr. John William Colenso, of St. John's, Cambridge, and the Reverend Dr. John Armstrong, of Lincoln College, Oxford; the former nominated to the bishopric of Natal, and the latter to the bishopric of Graham's Town. Divine service was performed by the Reverend Charles Dalton, the rector, assisted by the Reverend Messrs. James, Ensom, and Gregory; after which the Bishop of Oxford ascended the pulpit, and delivered an impressive sermon. After the service, the new bishops were duly admitted to their sacred office by the imposition of hands. The proceedings occupied several hours.

The *Gazette* having published the names of the Indian Law Commission, the *Morning Chronicle* tells us something about the Commissioners. "The Master of the Rolls; the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; the Right Hon. Sir Edward Ryan, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Calcutta from 1838 to 1842; Charles Hay Cameron, Esq., (who succeeded Mr. Macaulay and Mr. Amos as fourth or legal member of the Supreme Council of India, and as President of the Law Commission at Calcutta) John M'Pherson M'Leod, Esq. (who served as secretary to the government of Madras under Sir Thomas Munro, and as a member of the Law Commission at Calcutta); John Abraham Francis Hawkins, Esq. (who was ten years registrar and two years a judge of the Sudder Court of Bengal); Thomas Flower Ellis, Esq., and Robert Lowe, Esq.; have been appointed Commissioners to consider and report upon the Reform of the judicial establishments, judicial procedure, and laws of India, under the 28th sec. of the Government of India Act. Frederic Millett, Esq. (who was employed in 1833 to revise the civil regulations of the Bengal code, and afterwards filled the offices of secretary to the Law Commission at Calcutta, and member of the Supreme Council of India), has been appointed secretary to the commissioners; and we understand that the services of Neil B. E. Baillie, Esq., who has practised for many years in the Sudder Court at Calcutta as vakeel (a profession which includes the duties of barrister and attorney with us), and who is well known as the author of some valuable treatises on Mahomedan law, has been secured as assistant secretary.

Mr. James Grant Lumsden has been appointed provisional member of the Council at Bombay.

Two county divisions—East Gloucestershire and South Staffordshire—are now in want of a member. The Marquis of Worcester becoming Duke of Beaufort by the death of his father, leaves vacant the former, and Viscount Lewisham becoming from a similar cause Earl of Dartmouth, throws open the latter. Liberals and Conservatives are actively engaged in looking up candidates.

The Blue Ribbon, vacant by the death of the Duke of Beaufort, is to be given to the Earl of Carlisle.

We hear that Sir Edward Parry is to be the Deputy-Governor of Greenwich Hospital.

Sir Thomas Bradford and Sir Augustus de Butts, both generals in the British service, died on Monday; the former seventy-six, the latter eighty-three years of age.

The Reverend Septimus Grover, for forty years fellow of Eton, and until within a few months Vice-Provost of the College, died on Monday, at the age of eighty-seven.

Mr. Ruskin, who is said to dress quite in a clerical fashion, and who almost intones his lectures, has been holding forth in Edinburgh against Greek architecture, and on the favourite themes of Turner and the Pre-Raphaelites. His condemnation of the Greek architecture was, especially when we consider that he spoke in Edinburgh, bold and unsparingly severe.—*Glasgow Commonwealth*.

The Synod of Lothian and Tweeddale, determined to have a day of humiliation, fixed on Tuesday last. The Churches of Edinburgh were opened, and the law courts closed; but the factories and workshops and some public offices carried on business as usual.

A large amount of money has been subscribed by the Missionary Society to send missionaries to China.

The Lords of the Admiralty have determined to take forthwith the most vigorous measures for improving the sanitary arrangements of the Royal dockyards. An official inquiry has been ordered at Woolwich.

Mr. Rawlinson, of the Board of Health, is holding an inquiry at Devonport, to collect information as to the sanitary condition of that town, with a view to obtaining a provisional order for applying the Health Act.

The Board of Customs have issued a notice, announcing an open court for the purpose of hearing and deciding complaints, and for investigating matters relating to the customs' revenue. A room in the custom-house has been set apart for the purpose, and the new court is to sit on Tuesdays and Fridays, every week, when necessary.

Mr. Samuel Warren, one of Lord Derby's Oxford Doctors, and Recorder of Hull, has brought Lord Palmerston down upon him. Some gentlemen of Hull represented to the Home Secretary, that Mr. Warren sentenced boys to whippings rather freely, and mentioned especially the case of a boy named Regan, who, for a trivial offence, was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment, and 100 whippings. Lord Palmerston has remitted the whip-

pings not yet performed, and has cut down the rest of the sentence to six months imprisonment.

The names of the members of the committee appointed to inquire into the establishment of the Post-office are:—Lord Elcho, M.P., one of the Lords of the Treasury; Sir Stafford Northcote; Sir Charles Trevelyan, Assistant-Secretary to the Treasury; Mr. E. A. Haffay, Inspector of Naval and Military Accounts at the Audit-office.

Sir John Young paid his first visit to Belfast, last week, and then proceeded to Armagh. At the former city the Harbour Commissioners gave a dinner in his honour, and in his after-dinner speech on behalf of the Lord-Lieutenant, he thus pictured the circumscribed duties of that functionary:—"I need scarcely tell you that the weight and amount of the duties incumbent on the Irish government have been very much curtailed, and its functions greatly limited and reduced. The principal part of the functions of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland now consists in the preservation of order, and the due administration of the law. The other interests of Ireland have been happily merged in the general interests of England, and in that department receive the attention which they demand. The Lord-Lieutenant's functions, therefore, are now mainly confined to the preservation of peace and the administration of the law; but I may say that, in a sincere desire for the welfare of Ireland, Earl St. Germans yields to no other man in the empire." (Cheers.)

We learn from the Cape of Good Hope that a serious deficit in the revenue was likely for the year 1854; and that resort would be had to higher import duties to meet the deficiency.

The agent of the Royal Australian Mail Company has informed the London underwriters, that it is intended to abandon the *Adelaide*. An officer has been sent to Sydney to take such measures in reference to the ship as he may think best for all concerned.

A meeting was held on Monday to commemorate the Polish Revolution of 1830, in the National Hall, Holborn, but it resulted in a fight between two parties—the partisans of Mr. Julian Harney on one side, and of Mr. Bronte O'Brien on the other—both put forward as chairmen. A regular fight ensued, which a policeman was required to quell. A Frenchman at length took the chair, and a series of resolutions were agreed to, preceded by a series of French and Polish speeches.

The usual public-house lotteries at Christmas will be permitted this year, "on condition that they do not take place in future years."

The numbers attending at the Museum of Art, at Marlborough House, during the month of November were as follows:—13,345 persons on the public days, and admitted free; 770 persons on the student's days, and admitted as students on the payment of 6d. each, besides the registered students of the classes and schools.

In the Manchester Memorial to the great Duke, the figure of Wellington occupies the centre, and around are grouped statues of Lord Hill, Sir E. Pakenham, General Crauford, Lord Lynedoch, and Lord Fitzroy Somerset. The pedestal is supported at the angles by groups of flags representing those of English, Scottish, Irish, and Welsh regiments. The body of the monument is festooned with triumphal garlands, and the frieze is decorated with wreaths of laurel. In the spaces which intervene are panels in which the sculptor intends to introduce medalion portraits of Gough, Hardinge, Colborne, Sidney, Beckwith, and William Napier, the historian of all the great deeds of the Peninsula.

Eight copper-plate printers were tried before Mr. Justice Alderson at the Central Criminal Court, on Wednesday, for conspiring to obtain the dismissal of one Frederick Spence from his employment. The facts lie in a nut-shell. Spence and others were employed by the Messrs. Tallis. Some of the men struck, but Spence and others continued to work. Shortly after, Spence was discharged, and three days subsequently obtained work at the establishment of a Mr. Jackson. The men knew Spence had worked at Tallis's, and they held a "chapel," excluding him from the deliberations. At the end of the week he was discharged. On asking the reason why, the foreman told him that the men had said that they should not like to work with him. Mr. Justice Alderson said, that the evidence failed to establish the case, and the jury acquitted the defendants.

On Monday last, the equestrian circus of Herr Renz, at Berlin, was destroyed by fire. The structure was formed of wood, and the flames having acquired a strong hold of it before water in sufficient quantities could be obtained, its destruction was complete in less than an hour.

Three men were working in a flax scutching mill, at Portadown, Ireland. One of them placed a brick on the safety valve of the steam engine. The boiler exploded, killing the author of the mischief, and scalding another man.

The *New York Commercial Advertiser* gives the following as a letter from Dr. Parker, Secretary to the United States Legation:—"I hear what I am assured is contained in a private letter from Peking, that Hien Fung, the present Emperor, on the 2nd of August fled to Gehul, in Tartary, and that Prince Wei Chin, fifth brother of Taou Kwang, was left in charge of the empire, and that the insurgent troops were within six days of Peking at that date. This news bears marks of probability, and the source of my information is as reliable as any we can ordinarily get in China. In speaking with the British Consul, this evening, he informed me that he heard the same news two or three days since, which corresponds with the time my informant states the intelligence reached this city. Mr. Robertson seemed to receive the intelligence with some doubt. I can only say, that I think it very likely to prove true, and that Prince Wei Chin is the man of all others who would be most likely to be called upon to take the reins of Government. He is the man who is said to have written Taou Kwang's answer to the President's letter, delivered in 1844, by Mr. Cushing." Dr. Parker's letter is dated on the 3rd of September.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The writer on the subject of Mr. Thackeray's allusion to Washington will no doubt have been satisfied by the letter that appeared in our paper of last week.

"Rusticus" shall receive our attention.

"A Jesuit Philosopher" in our next.

It is impossible to acknowledge the mass of letters we receive. Their insertion is often delayed, owing to a press of matter; and when omitted, it is frequently from reasons quite independent of the merits of the communication.

All letters for the Editor should be addressed to 7, Wellington-street, Strand, London.

Communications should always be legibly written, and on one side of the paper only. If long, it increases the difficulty of finding space for them.

The Leader.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 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.

PROGRESS AND DIFFICULTY OF THE ABSOLUTIST CONSPIRACY.

THE contest commenced on the banks of the Danube has already, in fact, been transferred to the banks of the Rhine; and although it is now carried on only in the form of preparations and preliminary inquiries respecting alliances to be formed, it demands far more solicitude than the contest between the Russians and the Turks. It is a contest between the North-East and the South-West. Gigantic intrigues are evidently on foot to break up the alliance of the West, and to place the whole of Europe at the mercy of the North. Some part of these manœuvres appears on the surface; another part is still understood, although not so generally seen; and a third part diplomacy still succeeds in veiling. We fear that the object of England still is, if possible, to "hush up." We say that *we* fear it, because we regard any such process as impracticable, and the attempt at it is only to waste time, to place England in an equivocal position, and to run the risk of the necessity for much greater sacrifices than would be demanded by a policy prompt and vigorous.

If we attach the slightest faith to the report which the Vienna correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* gives of a conversation with a Russian nobleman of distinction, it is because that conversation has an internal air of verisimilitude. The Russian nobleman may be a gossip; but the actions of his master certainly suggest the interpretation which the "distinguished" person puts upon them. Russia, he says, does not fear a twenty years' war; she does not even mind having her ships and sea-port towns destroyed on the Black Sea and in the Baltic, because English capital would suffer, and she still possesses her army, with the prospect of establishing herself in Constantinople. Now, whatever the Russian nobleman may say, the conduct of Russia for a long time past suggests such a policy. The only question is, whether she is stronger than Europe? There is no reason to suppose that she is. The Circassians have held her in check; the Turks have been able to give her pause; and the mere diplomatic intervention of England, with the first aspect of English fleets in the Black Sea, puts her to all her tricks for the purpose of avoiding more positive action on the part of the West. It appears to us, that Russia, although boasting so loudly, is conscious of her weakness; and if England would use them, there are instruments on the borders of Russia herself that might be employed to subdue, if not to break up that great empire, and give it in pieces as the reward for those who did the work.

Great as her army may be on paper, it never brings into the field so many as are sent; and, as we see in Wallachia, it is obliged to cripple its own forces by the punishments of imprisonment and death necessary to check desertion, as well amongst its Russian forced conscripts and convict recruits, as amongst the alien tribes whom it drags into its ranks. Captain Slade, who has succeeded Sir Baldwin Walker in command of the Ottoman navy, expresses his con-

fidence in making short work with the crazy "gun-boxes" of Russia, wherever he meets them. The four steam-frigates which our Government has sent into the Black Sea to push a reconnaissance along the Asiatic coast, will make further discoveries of Russian strength. Sebastopol is regarded as a castle of cards; and Admiral Dundas has expressed a strong desire to try what he can do with that impregnable arsenal. British officers make no secret of sharing the Admiral's impatience; for it is anticipated that the heavy guns of the forts would bring down, not the enemy, but the forts themselves. Russia is weak in her outworks and in the political tissue of the State, and she could not stand alone.

Austria is helping her under the guise of neutrality—Austria, whose arrogance provokes retaliation, while her weakness invites summary treatment. An elaborate attempt has been made to show that she is not insolvent; for her deficit last year was only 54,000,000 florins. But last year was not alone in exhibiting a deficit: there had been previous deficits of 62,000,000 florins, 55,000,000, and even 122,000,000 in 1849. Such is the statement in a work on the *Present State of the Finances and Currency of Austria*, which has been put forth from official sources, and circulated in all the countries of Europe, evidently with the object of restoring Austrian credit. Now why is that done? because Austria, having more than once failed in negotiating a loan, is now in pressing need of money. And what are the sources which the apologists of Austrian finance represent as the means for making good her promises? First of all, there is reduction of her military expenditure—a recent furlough of an extensive kind; but it is well known that that furlough has subsequently been in part countermanded, because the position of Serbia at once demands and invites the preparations of Austria, either to defend her frontier or to take advantage of further troubles in Turkey for the purpose of seizing the province which Austria covets. Any extension of the war too would first bring the conflagration within Austrian dominions; and if the apologists plead the troubles of 1849, as the reason for the great deficit and enormous expenditure in that year, how can they assure us that 1854 will not give the same valid reasons for a further inroad on Austrian finance? They cannot do it. Two other grand sources on which she reckons, are, the productive powers of Lombardy, and the taxable capacities of Hungary. Lombardy, which has but an eighth of the Austrian Empire, has furnished a quarter of its revenue; and under the screw of Radetzsky and his subordinates, she is now said to be "repairing her recent loss"—that is, recovering from the effects of Austrian tyranny. The apologists of Austrian finance say, that one reason for the deficiency has been that Hungary has not contributed her share to the taxes; and she has now to be placed under the financial screw much more severely than when she possessed that constitution which Austrian officials deride. Thus Austria depends for the wealth which is to sustain her credit on the two most disaffected provinces of her empire. What would any underwriter or insurance office charge for guaranteeing to Austria the continued possession of Lombardy and Hungary? The insurance would be a heavy item in Austrian expenditure if it could be effected. The boasted sources of Austrian strength are her weakness; and while the present system is suffered to continue, those to whom Austria is really an enemy, preserve to her the half of a revenue of which a European war would at once deprive her. The Powers that forbear, do, in fact, give to her the sinews of war for keeping down a large portion of Europe, the best portion of her own empire, under martial law.

That Austria is making preparations hostile to the West is evident from the countenance given to the reconciliation of the Bourbon family. Henry V. of France, to whom the polite Duke de Nemours has just been reconciled, has also obtained the adhesion of several French generals, the Duke promising his Cousin a prompt restoration to the French throne. All this has been done under the immediate eye of the Emperor of Austria, who entertains the two allied princes at his own table. In other words, the Royalist counter-revolution in France is undergoing active preparation by two Bourbons residing at the court of the Emperor of Austria, of course with the connivance of Russia. A counter-revolution in

France, therefore, is to be part of the tactics of the Absolutist campaign.

No wonder that the Emperor Napoleon is endeavouring to strengthen himself against this combination. The neutrality of Austria, like the "negotiations" of Russia, is but a cover to prepare active, comprehensive, and treacherous hostilities.

The great point of attack is France, and the Emperor takes his measures accordingly. It is confidently asserted that the French ambassador returned from Fontainebleau with the draft of a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, between France and England. Nothing could be more legitimate, and the people of England, we believe, would hail such a reduction of the understanding between France and England to a definite alliance.

It is believed, however, that our Government does not share the impatience of England's naval officers in the Black Sea, nor in the impatience which is so very generally extended to the people of this country. It is reported of one of the most energetic of British Ministers, that he treats this national feeling with slight; to a gentleman who was speaking of the growing impatience in the country with regard to the foreign policy of the Government, Lord Palmerston is said to have replied,—"You see, one cannot extemporise a war." This is very true, and very well said; but 'not furiously to the purpose.' No one wishes a war to be extemporised,—nobody wishes a war at all; but what everybody does wish, is a decided declaration on the part of England as to what she is prepared to make a stand for. The English people are unquestionably beginning to feel ashamed that the larger share of manful resolution should remain with France. It is felt that to postpone that manful declaration may lead to foolish dreams on the part of our enemies, and may cause us more trouble than we should have to take if we made them at once understand that which we regard as absolutely necessary.

THE REFORM QUESTION.

WHY WE SHALL NOT HAVE A REFORM BILL NEXT SESSION.

PARLIAMENTARY Reform is discussed at present in a manner which shows that those who are engaged in the discussion wish to shelve the real question. We have a number of suggestions towards a Reform Bill, the object being, not to produce an efficient plan, but to construct such a measure as may be an apology for postponing a real Reform Bill. The object of those who have taken part in the discussion appears to be to find the minimum of a measure which may supply a literal fulfilment of the Ministerial promise, while in spirit furnishing an evasion of it. We do not believe, indeed, that all who are taking part in this discussion are dishonest; on the contrary, we believe that the disputants might be divided, speaking roughly, into two classes, those who are earnest and honest men, who are in the habit of handling such subjects in the closet, and cannot apply themselves to action, or to the world as it really is out of doors; and those whose real and conscious object is the evasion we have mentioned.

There is, indeed, a third party, represented by a correspondent of the *Times*, who suggests an ingenious mode of rearranging the present constitution of the House of Commons with the present franchise, in such a way as to avoid many of the evils that exist. He would proceed principally by abolishing smaller boroughs, and by placing towns and counties more upon an equality. The principal advantage that we discern from such an arrangement would be some avoidance of present scandals, and an increase of strength to that which is called the "liberal" interest. It would give a triumph to the Parliamentary agents upon that liberal side; and the signature of these letters which emanate from the Reform Club, with the initial "C.," sufficiently points to the highest of all authorities on the subject of Parliamentary agency.

Other writers are urging an educational franchise; as if the world would be rendered better by placing the construction of Parliament more in the hands of schoolmasters, authors, literati, and dilettanti of all kinds! From the days when the crack constitution of the Abbé Sieyès was shelved by the French Assembly, it has never been supposed that literary men had more than a part of the attainments necessary for statesmanship; and didactic constitutions seldom work well,

if they ever arrive at the working point at all. Indeed, the very notion rests upon a fundamental fallacy. The welfare and will of a nation being in question, the object must be to get at the great body of that nation, in order to ascertain its convictions and wishes; and hence, in any representative constitution, the franchise should be national. If you deny the right of a people to self-government; if you proceed upon the assumption that "the élite" of the nation must govern, then you admit the principle of toryism or absolutism, which reposes the origin of power in an aristocracy, an hierarchy, or an anointed autocrat. Much may be said for that principle which vindicates the right of power by its own existence and by its own victory over opposition. But to trim between the principle, that that class must govern which can snatch the power, and the principle which claims a voice for the body of the people, and to labour by nice calculations at finding the exact amount of education or property which involves the ability to choose representatives for self-government, is a compromise worthy of Laputa rather than of England. A pedagogue franchise will never work, and can only become, first, a laughing-stock, then an incumbrance.

The main discussion turns upon the property point, and the great difficulty is to avoid Lord John Russell's offered five-pounds franchise. We have always regretted the short-sightedness in the public that did not seize at that when it was offered. It is said, upon authority which induces us to believe the assertion, that Lord John Russell has renewed, in the Cabinet, his proposition of a five-pound franchise, and has been out-voted by the majority of his colleagues. Now, the object of those who stand in the way of Lord John, is to find a decent pretext for not renewing the offer. Journalists assist in this work, and we find two arguments that well exemplify the moral character in which the contest is conducted on that side. One is, that the persons who are now "on strike," in Lancashire, represent the five-pound constituency, and prove how dangerous it would be. As if the masters were not "on strike" too! As if the men had not conducted their share of the contest, however mistakenly, with much decorum! As if, above all things, because a certain class of the people makes a mistake, it has no right to be represented in a representative constitution! The second argument is, that the freemen, who are the chief depositories of parliamentary corruption at the present day, are tenants of five-pound houses, and therefore represent the five-pound constitution—an argument more transparently impudent than the other. It amounts to asserting that, because a rogue lives in a five-pound house, all men living in five-pound houses must be rogues. It is the kind of argument which proves that every banker may be proved to be a Fauntleroy, every Secretary-at-War a W.B., every royal person a Nicholas.

It is, however, not the argument that concerns us, at present, but the proof which the advancement of such arguments furnishes, that the object is to find out such a shadow of a Reform Bill as may be a fair pretext for avoiding a real Reform Bill. For our own part we stand at present aside from this discussion, as premature and out of season. We observe that it is chiefly in the hands of closet men or evasionists; they are discussing, not a real thing but an imaginary measure. Some, we verily believe, encourage the discussion at this season in order to weary attention, and to blunt the public expectation. At all events the discussion before Christmas is idle. We shall not enter upon the debate until the approach of Parliament, and of the Government measure or the Government retraction, can give a substantial interest to the question. Let us, in the meanwhile, take leave of it for the present, with one remark, repeating what we have already said.

In no instance can history sustain the idea that the liberties and strength of a people depend upon their statutes. In all cases the statutes have recorded liberties and rights already attained, by the sheer strength and will of a people, the statute being nothing more than a record. It is a stipulation rather to save trouble for a minority, which, without that memorandum, might still seek to disturb the judgment of the majority. Trial by jury was obtained by the people before it was recorded in Magna Charta. The rights of representation, of frequent parlia-

ments, of possessing arms, were obtained by the people, were held in their hands, and had become conditions for the acceptance of the Crown by William, before those rights, with many others, were recorded in the Bill of Rights. That principle of political vitality has not ceased. The people will obtain nothing by the spontaneous concessions of those who do not agree with the body of the nation. Even if the people were to obtain the concession of a Reform Bill, the parchment would be of no use. In short, while a people is supine, and willing to waive the exaction of those things which it thinks it ought to have, and *can* have, it will remain without any increase to its rights. The facility of evading Reform consists in the supineness of the British public.

RUSSIAN GENERALS.

THE inquiries touching the commissariat department of the armies of the Czar which we, on a recent occasion, took the liberty to submit to the Russian Embassy, on behalf of certain of our contemporaries who have been ridiculously accused of Russian predilections, have not received any contradictory satisfaction, although they have had the advantage of a continental publicity. Perhaps they may be classed with those questions which answer themselves, and we will not be so ungenerous as to dispute the wisdom of that silence which is the crowning virtue of diplomacy. We beg distinctly to affirm, that our sole aim in proposing these questions was no other than the commonplace journalistic ardour for information from the most authentic sources. It is true there was a shocking similarity of names on which we, in perfect innocence of motive, appeared to ring the changes with a "damnable iteration." We have received letters indicating all sorts of wild and injurious conclusions, from the simple accident of *Brunaw*, the convict of Odessa in 1828, beginning like *Brunow*; and only differing in termination as much as *oh!* can be said to differ from *ah!* We positively decline to make ourselves responsible for interpretations which can only spring from the heated brains of partisans with whom Russia is not merely synonymous with robbery, but *Brunaw* identical with *Brunow*. To be one of two Dromios is a fearful misfortune to any statesman, as Sir James Graham has found; but we refuse to understand how a distinguished statesman is to be made responsible for the hazard of some thieving rogue or other having been born with the same, or—as in this case—a somewhat similar name. Edmund Burke was a great orator and statesman, but he is not to be confounded with his distinguished namesake, Burke, who fills so conspicuous a position in the Chamber of Horrors. Even a bishop may have many a rascally namesake, as Archdeacon Hare had his; and we see no reason at all why, even a name so pure as Russell should not by some irony of fortune decorate a dandy for whom Mr. Calcraft will have to tie the last neck-cloth.

We protest, therefore, against that intemperate abuse of syllables, which would even presume to confound his Excellency the Russian Ambassador to the Court of St. James, a gentleman universally esteemed in polite society, with his imperfect namesake, the fraudulent contractor and convict of 1828. These similarities of surnames are very common in Russia, especially, it would seem, in the higher regions of administration. For example, General Gortschakof, Commander-in-chief of the forces of the Czar in Moldo-Wallachia, the honoured guest of our military circles a year ago, has the misfortune to bear a name exactly resembling that of a certain General, sometime Governor-General of Siberia, who was dismissed the army for that worst of offences in Russia—*detection* in a career of fraud, more than usually magnificent in conception and imperial in execution. The General Gortschakof to whom we allude, General-in-chief of the Russian infantry, had been in the habit, during many years, of drawing from the imperial military administration large sums for the maintenance of a military seminary at Tornsk, in Siberia. One fine day the Emperor learned that this celebrated seminary, the importance of which had been estimated by its increasing expenditure, *had never existed*; in other words, that it was composed entirely of those paper bullets of the brain of General Gortschakof, which, in the shape of cooked accounts and imaginary disbursements, had been sedulously fired upon the Imperial Treasury.

General Comte Stackelberg, we believe, was the officer appointed by the Emperor to prosecute an inquiry into the existence of the military college: and all the researches of that careful officer got no further than the discovery of a few very doubtful vestiges of creation of such an institution. He found in the environs of Tornsk a few young peasants, who were got up with some ingenuity, but whose appearance and occupations were strangely inconsistent with the education of cadets. The result of this commission, conducted on the spot by Comte Stackelberg, was the further appointment of General Annenkof, Minister of the Council of the Empire, to proceed to more special investigations, the result of which was, that Prince Gortschakof was found to have been conscientiously and calmly sharing the sums hypothetically devoted to the military college with a subordinate officer, by name Shramm, to whose intimate relations this benevolent Prince, it was whispered, entertained a close but clandestine attachment. Prince Gortschakof was 'broke'; his friend and *partaker*, Shramm, dismissed the service in disgrace, and the military college ceased to decorate the list of the military defences of the Russian Empire. Now, Sir Harry Lester, in the *Game of Speculation*, whose salt-marsh was "about the coast," and who "borrowed money on the sea," was a marvel of simplicity and uprightness, compared with this admirable type of Russian probity and patriotism—Prince Gortschakof. If such is the morality of Russian Princes, what may that of Russian *Barons* be?

General Politikowsky, Governor of the Invalides, committed suicide not long since, after having pocketed 3,000,000 roubles. As the culprit had shot himself out of the ugly scrape, the Emperor made an example of his corpse, which was degraded and denied Christian burial. It was on this occasion that General Lüders, Grabbe, and Sass were brought to trial. Where the guilty had escaped, it was probable that the accused were innocent. But their innocence did not prevent their being tried and condemned for infringement of the general orders. The Czar offered to pay their fine, confidentially. General Grabbe refused a surreptitious atonement for injustice; and the curious letter he wrote to the Emperor on the subject was for some time the whisper of the salons at St. Petersburg. This General Grabbe, it may be well to remember, is the same who burnt to the ground a town in Hungary, where a Russian officer or two had been killed by the Honveds. General Sass has distinguished himself for rapine in the Caucasus. His illustrious Asiatic campaigns consisted in pillaging and razing inoffensive Circassian villages, on the pretext that they were ready to revolt.

Prince Paskiewitch is the *enfant gâté* of the Czar. He received a million of roubles for his Persian campaign. With that sum he sought to purchase the famous domain which was granted to Roumiawzoff by Catherine II., in consideration of his victories over the Turks. But the domain was worth three a million of roubles. Prince Paskiewitch mortgaged his purchase, and the Emperor remitted him half, and, subsequently, the whole amount.

Prince Woronkzof is, or was, a sovereign in the Caucasus. He permits no reports to be addressed directly to himself: his court is worthy of Darius for luxury and splendour, and presided over, with infinite grace, by a distinguished Countess, whose name belongs to the old aristocracy of France. The Prince's recreation has consisted in organizing imaginary expeditions against the Circassians, for the sake of his favourite officers, who pant for promotion. This inimitable composer of bulletins has been in the habit of destroying more Circassians in one year than are born in ten.

General Kleimichel, Minister of Ways and Communications, is the man who made the following reply to the Czar, who had expressed his fears about the safety of the route to Moscow, as the Empress was departing to that city. "Sire," said the adroit courtier, "we will lick the road with our tongues." And the amiable Kleimichel, whose domestic felicity is annually twice blessed by his master, and whose home is a nursery of Imperial foundlings, scoured the empire for snow to make a safe sledge-way of the road to Moscow.

Prince Menschikof is almost more renowned for his bitter and caustic wit in the salons, than for his diplomatic conquests. Since the death of the Grand Duke Michael, he has been without a

rival in *jeux d'esprit*. But General Bibikof, Minister of the Interior, is our trump card. He sent a certain M. Pissaref, his *chef de chancellerie*, to Kief, as Civil Governor of Siberia. Domestic sympathies, as usual, facilitated the promotion of M. Pissaref by his patron: and the obliged husband bettered his instructions. The public virtue, so conspicuous in every other department of the Russian administration, sinks into insignificance compared with the systematic and ostentatious honesty of M. Pissaref. The Ministry of the Interior itself is pure by contrast.

Such are a few of the notabilities of the Russian army. No wonder Russia has won more victories with her gold than with her guns!

SCOTCH EVICTIONS.

HITHERTO, under the influence of ignorance—educated as well as uneducated ignorance—agricultural improvement has involved two important classes of mistake. It has been assumed that the grand object was, not the welfare of the people, but the prosperity of the estates, which is literally to mistake the means for the end. And it has been supposed that it is a better plan to drive the people like sheep, than to guide them by sound instruction. The improvement of machinery, a better distribution of the population, and new methods of cultivation, are essential to agricultural improvement: but all can be brought about better by guiding the people than by driving them.

One auxiliary to improvement is emigration, which carries off a mass of useless labour; but it is not to be forced in the old Scotch and Irish fashion. We say "old," though it is still continuing. Down to this very autumn we have had evictions from the Scotch highlands, of which our contemporary, the *Scotsman*, furnishes an authentic and connected account. Knoydart, a district of Inverness, is a wildly mountainous country, "in the possession of the house of Clanronald, famous in Highland story." Here a numerous body of cottiers' sons, or near relatives, had built themselves houses on their friends' crofts, and were not rented to the estate. They maintained themselves by fishing or by labouring for a portion of the year in the eastern and southern counties. Glengarry, the owner, having died in 1852, the managing trustee, Mrs. McDonnell, on behalf of the heir, a minor, issued to the small tenantry notices to quit, together with a notice that they must prepare to go to Australia, or to leave the estate; their passages to be paid, and their arrears forgiven. May the 10th brought these people a letter from Mrs. McDonnell, announcing that "for good and sufficient reasons," *Canada* must be their destination. In default, the people were threatened with eviction. The crofters had requested the Rev. Mr. McDonald, a Roman Catholic clergyman, to intercede on their behalf; but a resolution had been taken that the estate should be cleared of all small tenantry and cottiers, at whatever expense or hazard. It was done. On the 9th of August, a ship sailed for Montreal with 331 men, women, and children. Twenty families who refused the assistance Mrs. McDonnell had offered, were evicted a fortnight after the departure of the emigrants. Five cases, where sickness was in their houses, remained exceptions to this wholesale deportation.

Little discrepancies in payments on the part of the tenants—the demoralizing of customers who purchased whisky by the *sale* of that liquor—the want of sites for farm offices at some future—the having received relief from the poor funds, served as pretexts for warranting this cruelty. The desolate habitations, the sufferings of sickly women and children, and the fate of the evicted, are told in a long list of sickening incidents. Three poor women are turned out after an occupation of a hut for fifteen years. Three families at Doune were exposed to the weather for four weeks. One woman endured premature labour, brought on by her sufferings. She was found by the reporter lying under a bush, a keen northerly wind blowing, and heavy showers falling. A wall was her next shelter. These are a few of the incidents, not perhaps the worst in their accumulated suffering.

The refinement of obedience to instructions was exhibited in the case of a poor woman, who, being found in bed, was suffered to remain there with only so much of the walls and roof of the habitation as sheltered her bed.

"Twelve houses were completely destroyed—the roofs thrown down, the walls levelled, the furniture scattered about, and the inmates left exposed on the moor to the weather, which at the time was cold for the season. The most stringent orders were issued to the paupers that they should not give shelter to any of the ejected people under penalties sufficiently terrifying to them. On the third evening, when returning to Inveree, the factor's party came upon a small boat-house erected on the shore, at Doune, which they had overlooked. In this the ejected families had huddled together at night for two nights, not daring to put up any artificial shelter. Fire was immediately applied to the roof, and the structure burned down. This completed the work of destruction, and eleven families were left absolutely without shelter—for unfortunately for them the coast of Knoydart has no caves in which protection from at least the rain might have been found. This state of matters remained unaltered until early in the present month, when one of the families obtained service and shelter from Mr. Macleod, Scotus, and three others obtained possession of bothies, after exposure for four or five weeks, in weather singularly cold, wet, and stormy. Weekly, during that period, acting on the peremptory orders of his superiors, the local manager had gone the round of the townships, and overturned the frail coverings of blankets and turf which the people had constructed."

The *Scotsman* enters into calculations to show that a poor-law would have afforded the means of rescuing these people from the depth of misery, and of effecting the change without such cruelty. It is possible also that the simple furnishing of information to the people would have done it. Some of the emigrants who have gone out to the north with Glengarry have done very well; indeed, accounts from them have come over from time to time, showing that they had better opportunities than they had at home. Emigration to Australia is of course not less promising. The most stupid people can understand such facts when they are plainly stated; or, if some were too old and too bigoted to understand, surely the State could bear the burden of the ignorance which it has suffered to continue in existence. There is many a thriving settlement peopled by such men and women as those from Knoydart; but they can be transferred without such barbarity as that which has attended these evictions; or if they cannot be transferred, "enlightened" economy might be ashamed to hunt ignorance, age, and feebleness out of bed, and to persecute them with paltry tortures like those which our contemporary so properly exposes.

DIVORCE A LUXURY FOR THE RICH.

It is probable that Mr. Henry Fitzroy's Bill, for checking aggravated assaults upon women, may not be without much useful effect, but we are not certain that it will be all gain. Those who are not the worst or the bravest amongst the wretched cowards that habitually beat their wives, may be frightened or shamed into better behaviour, but there are some to whom the being called to account, in court, may act as a new offence, to be visited by retribution on the wife; and three cases that we mentioned last week, seemed to be beyond the probability of being effectually checked by such a law. The manna that appears to have visited Grimney will inevitably be checked by no law at all, and the two tailors, who exercised their prowess upon their wives, in New-cut, Gravel-lane, and in Goodman's-yard, Goodman's-fields, evidently regarded legal interference only as an impediment to be overcome. Curtis, the hero of New-cut, threatened his wife that if she hallooed, he would dance upon her till she burst; and Wright, the hero of Goodman's-yard, said, as he was going to the station-house, that, "if he got over this, he would smash his wife's brains out." He had already made considerable progress towards that result. Mrs. Wright is secured against domestic murder for six months, and Mrs. Curtis may enjoy, for an equal space, a holiday from beating. But how at the end of that time? Mrs. Wright has been married to her husband for three years, and he has beaten her every month since she married him. Curtis's treatment of his wife it is difficult to realize to the imagination; but any tangible conception of it shows us that the horrors which that woman must go through, daily, exceed any description in Dante's picture of the infernal regions. He had frequently struck her; he had thrown boiling water upon her, from the teapot; he had repeatedly used upon her a thick square stick; the blows from that stick were heard, by a policeman, before he could force an entry into the room where Curtis was ill-using his wife.

On that last critical occasion the process of his brutality was elaborate in the extreme. He made his wife to strip off all her clothes, and lie upon the bed. He beat her with a bone, which he had cut for the purpose, out of her stays, until he broke it. He then beat her with a hairbrush; he dragged her out of bed, obliged her to make it three times; he tried to strangle her with his hands; he beat her with a square stick; he threatened if she called out to dance upon her; he went out of the room, for a short time, and returned, to commence beating her again. All this while he was perfectly sober. The prisoner made one counter-accusation against the wife. It was that "she was the person most in fault." He supplied no details, but asserted that charge, which appears, in fact, to refer to her having made objection at his taking another young woman to a public-house to drink. This case came before the Lord Mayor, on the 19th of November. The couple were married in January last, and thus the woman's life had been of this kind for ten months. A six months' holiday is something; she will at least have repose for that period; but imagine the six months expiring, with the prospect of such a husband coming back, his temper soured by prison discipline!

Technicality has made lawyers feel much difficulty in pronouncing what is "cruelty" within the legal sense. We presume that the treatment undergone by Mrs. Wright and Mrs. Curtis amounts to that offence, which would, we believe, give them a right at least to divorce *à mensâ et thoro*, but there would be expenses in the ecclesiastical courts to which either must refer, five hundred pounds a-piece at least. How is Mrs. Curtis or Mrs. Wright to raise five hundred pounds? Even the Commissioners who have been investigating the law of divorce with a view to improvement, only advocate the separation of husband and wife on the ground of adultery; but surely that departure from established law is not equal in effect to the degrading influences of such brutal treatment as is inflicted by the husband and endured by the wife in horrible cases like that of Wright or Curtis. Granting, however, that a divorce might possibly be accorded, in what court should it be sought? In Parliament. After having paid, say, five hundred pounds for relief in the ecclesiastical court, the wife would have to institute a Bill in Parliament for a divorce, costing, at the minimum, say a thousand pounds. The law, therefore, which is oppressive to the rich is prohibitory to the poor; and while the wife of a gentleman can claim protection from cruelty, the wife of a tailor must undergo daily torture because she cannot muster 1500*l.* to purchase her release.

WHERE IS THE RUSSIAN ROUTE TO INDIA?

MANY opinions have been advanced, and discussion has much fermented, respecting the probability of an attack upon our Indian possessions by Russia; misapprehension being a large ingredient in the fermentation. It arises partly from ignorance of the state of the countries through which a Russian force would have to march, and partly from a false idea of the feelings of the inhabitants of those countries both towards the Russians and ourselves. Some of the leading journals of the day have entered into elaborate disquisitions concerning our means of resisting the invasion of a Russian army in India, and the probability that the Sepoys and other native troops in our pay might desert at the approach of an invader. With the truth of these surmises we have at present no concern; for we must first see how the invader could overcome the difficulty—nay, the impossibility—of finding his way with a great army into the plains of India, either by our north-western frontier, or by any other route.

There are two lines of march which the caprice of speculators has fixed upon for the advance of this terrible force, the bare approach of which is to lay our empire in the dust, more suddenly than the hordes of Tamerlane, and more irretrievably than the armies of the Mogul. The first of these lies through Georgia and Circassia, on the west side of the Caspian Sea, and so southwards through Persia; the second is by the East side of the Caspian through the wild steppes of Independent Tartary, and across the eastern corner of Afghanistan.

The first of these is not as smooth, or well

kept, as the road from London to Richmond. Supposing Persia to be friendly, yet Russia does not lie next that country; but between the two there is a large extent of land, inhabited by races who are of no tame disposition, but are warriors from their youth, and are the hereditary foes of the Russian Czar. The history of the struggles of these tribes against the overbearing tyranny of their oppressors is written in the blood of the best and bravest of the soldiers of Russia, whose armies have been shattered time after time against the impregnable barriers of the Caucasus. Again, it has been presumed that Persia is friendly to Russia, and ill-disposed towards England; but this is an assumption which it would be difficult to support with any good evidence. It rests upon the idea of the free agency of Persia; whereas it is notorious that the Court of Persia is under the influence of the Affghans, and has within the last few months received a dictatorial mandate from Herat, to which it has thought proper to pay submissive attention.

As to the second route, that by Tartary and Afghanistan, we have no hesitation in asserting that it is simply impossible for a Russian army to get through such a country in a state of any efficiency. The impregnable nature of the fastnesses, the severity of the climate, the want of provisions, the hostility of the wild tribes of the hills, combine to render such a course impracticable. By no conceivable combination of circumstances could the tribes which inhabit those districts be brought to unite in favouring an invader, for many of them are at deadly feud with one another, and all are equally hostile to the stranger. Would their interests be promoted by the success of the invader? The Russians have sought to offer that they would care to accept. Would their religious sympathies be roused? The disciple of Mahomet cannot fight in the same ranks with a Russian serf. Would their revenge be gratified? The slaughterers of Cabool and the Khyber Pass would be little pleased to witness the defeat of a Russian army on the banks of the Sutledge or the Chenaub. If the Affghans were to allow a free passage through their own territory, the Khyberees and the Affreedies, safe in their mountain fastnesses, would annihilate the invading army as it slowly wound its way through their terrible defiles. Our sad experience at Cabool ought to teach us that it is no easy thing for an army, even with the advantage of a wide base for military operations, to thread the country which lies at the North of our Indian possessions; and how much more would the difficulty be increased with an army far removed from its resources, with no enthusiasm to urge it onward, and composed of a people who are notoriously incapable of resisting the severities of a campaign.

Doubtless there are dangers attending our Eastern possessions, and it behoves us to be careful of our interests in the vast country committed to our charge, but we have no occasion to dread the interference of Russia otherwise than as an intriguer. Reports, so constantly rife in the north of India, about the coming of a Russian army, are for the most part idle and frivolous, as the traditional expectation of the coming of Alexander the Great, or of the Gog and Magog. If the Russians should ever come, our troops in India will fail to grasp the bayonets of their forefathers, and forgetting the victories of Plassy or Sobraon, will fly in terror; for never yet have they encountered so horrible a force as they must then confront,—an army of ghosts marched across the starving desert and fatal rocks, and borne by a supernatural power to fulfil some dread destiny. For never else will the Russians enter India. The Continent is closed to them, and the only other route, the sea, is the path of the Anglo Saxon.

THE GOVERNING CLASSES.

No. XII.

LORD HENRY LENNOX.

IN a not splendid simile, Lord Brougham, in his Paley Preface, compares society—meaning the State—to a sow with more piglings than tents; and antecedent to his cleverly-reminiscent Lordship, Gilray has a caricature, significant as to disappointed place-hunters, in which, there being a surplussage of piglings, several are attempting nourishment from the tail of the fainting mother. Such are the coincidentally painful and ludicrous attitude and hope of the younger

sons of the British aristocracy. They are, indeed, as a class, so completely the jest of other classes, that they are a jest to themselves. Yet the joke is a serious one to the public, for their contemptible position, leading to loss of self-respect, leads to defective *morale* in the public life in which they are actors; and it may readily be shown that if the Peerage had no younger sons, it would be much more pure and patriotic.

The "detrimental" is a stock character in the fashionable novel, and also in politics, and it is because the younger son has small chances as to heiresses, that he is turned into the government of this free people. The younger son has no taste for politics; but what else is there for him to do but govern England?

Assuming that the British aristocracy includes the great landed commoners, there are many thousand younger sons in each generation to be provided for; and the Church being limited, besides being dull, and the Bar requiring cleverness, besides being unfashionable, and the army being poor, besides taking one out of London, what is a detrimental to do but take a *précis* writership, *attaché*-ship, private secretaryship, good clerkship, or colonial appointment? Notwithstanding our Venetian constitution, our nobles consider commerce vulgar; they marry merchant princesses, when they can get them, but disdain to become merchant princes; and no University man ever thinks of pushing on to independence through a counting-house. Public life,—and Moggs, of the Colonial, fully believes that he is a statesman when he ponders at ten A.M. over the *Times*,—is all that is left to the young gentleman who is of a good family. The detrimental, when you meet him hanging about the club all day, will tell you that a feller must live, you know; and it is only because he sees no other chance in life that he bores all the kith he hath to bore the minister. A young English gentleman of this class is as fine a fellow as there is in Europe, from twenty to twenty-five years of age; unconscious of the constitutional delusions on which his "governor" has thrived, he never thinks a meanness, and would scorn to measure his private career by considerations with respect to a taxed but complacent public. But he gets into debt, of course, and then the public must pay. Public offices must be filled, and he does not see why he should not have an easy 200*l.* or 300*l.* per annum, which, with what the disgusted and over-bled governor still consents to allow, will keep him till—till something turns up. Certainly he has no particular qualifications for anything in general. He has read Paul de Kock, and has French enough for a *précis* writer,—which is periphrase for copying clerk, who knows the difference between grave and acute accent. He'd be puzzled to tell you where the Mauritius is, and would be longer than Di Gama in rounding the Cape, if you put a globe before him. But, never mind, he'll go to the Colonial Office, with pleasure, and gets accustomed to Grey's or Newcastle's autography, with great quickness. As to education, has he not forgotten as much Greek as Liddell remembers, and can he not very nearly translate his chief's Latin quotations, in the House? His general "information" is extensive: he can tell you all about Bals Mabille and the Argyll Rooms, and why Colonel Weel gave up his stud; and he is convinced, over his cigar, in the evening, that Palanque is a wonderful cook, and that the French people are not fit for liberty, sir,—not a bit of it: while he is sure that the British Constitution is stunning. He has made up his mind about the Manchester school: low, sir, narrow-minded, think of nothing but money; and he has a hankering after pitching into Cobden, and no doubt would, but that he thinks Bright might come up. On the whole, perhaps, he is a very ridiculous animal.

The British aristocracy is, obviously, not clever. Except Lord John Russell, no young person has distinguished himself, for years, and the present house of Derby offers the only really prominent eldest sons, for several generations. In politics the Cannings, Peels, and Disraelis got the first places, and elsewhere the aristocracy is utterly unillustrious. Throughout the Peninsular war only Paget, of the whole peerage connexion, got a first position; and, in India's military service, no lordly name is known, since Wellesley. In diplomacy we may count Lord William Bentinck, as the only great man that has turned up, from the peer-

age, in behalf of the British people. In the Church what honourable, beyond Mr. Noel, ever gained even a respectable place? At the bar Mr. Norton (through Mrs. Norton) got a metropolitan court, and Mr. Wortley, by cultivating a knowledge of fish dinners, became City Recorder. With regard to commerce, as the Irish officer "died of love, (through drink,) last year," the Duke of Bridgewater made a fortune, by an inevitable canal; and Lord Alfred Paget, having once wandered to Shoreditch, was pounced upon, and made a railway director, to his astonishment—as his countenance evinces, ever since. True, a Plantagenet is Chairman of the London and North-Western, but that may be put down as a railway accident. Then, in literature? Byron, it has been often said, was an accidental Lord, who owed his brains to a vulgar Scotch woman; and, since Byron, not a presentable poet from the titular grandees, except Mr. Julian Fane, who, perhaps, may get some laurels for his order. As to the crowd of younger sons, sprung from the land *consumere fruges*, they, with all their start and advantages, are beaten into back places, even in the easiest work, by vigorous new men, thinking less of the glory of having had a grandfather, than of the honour of leaving a fortune for a grandson. The fact is, that the detriments went work: born into shifty affluence, it is easier to struggle on in a false position than to struggle out of it; and, in our generation, "fast" is so much the vogue, that a man of thirty thinks he has gone through enough, and is entitled to lounge away an existence not enjoyed because *not* exhausted. The detrimental is, in short, "a swell" till his waist becomes bulgy and his hair thin, and his pulse twitters; and then, to use the fine expression of Macaulay, having lost his youth, he throws his manhood after it in despair: toddling on, accordingly, to malignant fog-dorm. The utter inutility of younger-son-ism, as a class, fills a philosophical spectator with melancholy; and as idle men of unrigid careers are mischievous, such a spectator, deploring the expense of such a class to the people, must also speculate upon the effect on "society." The honourable Mr. de Tropic, who has been in all the capitals of Europe, and has become a man of the world, will tell you, frankly, that society is in an awful state, sir,—cuss him, if Princesses are not as available as grissettes—that is, *crème de la crème* for the strawberry leaves; and as to the West End of London, why, hang him, if it isn't a doosed deal worse than Venice ever was. Why? Because younger-son-ism counteracts the holy influences of our reformed religion.

The Parliamentary younger son is essentially of the class, with the class characteristics; and Lord Henry Lennox may be taken fairly as a specimen of his order. Nobody ever heard of Lord Henry Lennox: and that is the very reason why he should be selected as a sample of the social and political detrimental. Lord Henry Lennox is a son of the Duke of Richmond, and has no appearance of being ashamed of his ancestry. Mr. Wickham, the celebrated Radical, having been intrigued out of Chichester by his Grace the Duke, his Grace succeeded in returning Lord Henry for that highly independent borough; and as member for Chichester, Lord Henry Lennox sits, or rather strolls, as component part of the British Legislature. As an M.P. he is not eminent, and his principal Parliamentary act was in running out for, and running in with, a tumbler of cherry-brandy for the refreshment of Mr. Disraeli, when that remarkable financier was reaching the fifth hour of his immortal Budget. For that act Lord Henry Lennox got 1200*l.*; that is, he was a year in office, and he was a Lord of the Treasury. For he is a Derbyite, or was; he may return to the allegiance of Lord Aberdeen, who made him once a *précis*-writer. Lord Henry Lennox parts his hair in the middle, and is doubtless in favour of a *juste milieu* policy. Generally speaking, Lord Henry Lennox, like a large majority of the inhabitants of clubs, is in favour of 1200*l.* a year. He is also against the endowment of Roman Catholics, their teaching, in his opinion, being immoral; and you may see him, any evening during the season, in the omnibus-box of the Opera, or in the stalls of the Haymarket, with his back to the stage and his hands in his pockets, looking vaguely senatorial in the eyes of the free people in the galleries. He considered, for some years, that the unrestricted importation of foreign corn would be ruinous to this happy nation; but he would now prefer a "revision of taxation" to a reversion of the corn laws. That is to say, he puts

that opinion in Dod; he was never known to mention anything in the House; and at Chichester he is not confidential—certainly not voluble. When he needs relaxation from studying the complicated action of British politics, he goes on the turf; and he is said to be better able to make a book than a speech. His career, political, consists in cheering Mr. Disraeli and advising Lord Stanley to go ahead. He has a great horror of Sir James Graham, and thinks, or thought, the Coalition "mean." He hates Mr. Bright, because he is so personal, and laughs at Mr. Hume, because he is so scrupulous; and, on the whole, he doesn't believe the Radicals are in earnest in deprecating bribery, while he is sure the Whigs are sham Liberals,—and he hates shams,—as he told the people of Chichester when, just after his election—they pelted him. He thinks Lord John Manners a fine poet, and agrees in the importance of saving our old nobility; and he is proud of the British constitution, but still thinks it twaddle to abuse Louis Napoleon, and considers Kossuth and those fellows humbugs. What is to become of this country he is not quite sure about; but he knows this, that the Radicals would render Great Britain ungentelemanly. He does not mind the people having a small, subdued, voice in the House; he supposes he cannot help that; but he thinks our statesmen should be more contemptuous of the pressure from without. He is also disgusted that the big constituencies send up men who are able to talk. There is his brother, March, and his brother, Alexander, and himself—three Members, sir, and representing a whole Duke—why the three never occupied an hour in talking to the House—not altogether between them; and he would like to know if the large towns ought not to be as moderate. Their votes are equal to all the Manchester and half the Liverpool representation; and yet they never intrude, except when a change of Ministry occurs, and then surely three votes are entitled to 1200*l.* a year between them? He is not altogether opposed to the coming Reform Bill. He will not deny that it was a good thing to sweep away the rotten boroughs; and he is sure the county franchise ought to be extended to counteract the radical fellows. At the same time he is not so sure that the Radicals are the popular men after all. He shouldn't wonder if Disraeli were to propose universal suffrage; and, by Jove, he believes the rabble would prefer lords to millowners after all. Meanwhile, even when without the 1200*l.* a year, he is for keeping faith with the public creditor, and all that sort of thing; and he's d—d if he won't always vote for keeping up the Church, and all that sort of thing.

And that sort of thing is just as popular and safe as any other sort of thing. Whence doubts as to British privilege to dictate to Tuscany and appoint Colonial Bishops.

NON-ELECTOR.

THE "TIMES" ON THE NATIONAL CAUSE IN ITALY.

We notice with true satisfaction an improvement in the *Times*, which we may be permitted to ascribe not only to a sense of what is due to public opinion, but to a feeling of justice in the conductors of that journal. Not long since, a garbled and distorted report of certain incidents in Italy encouraged our great contemporary to make a general attack upon the Republican party, and Mazzini in particular, whom it accused, with copious vituperation, of promulgating a plan for the tyrannical coercion of opinion, exactly like that actually enforced by Austria and the Italian Governments. Mazzini sent a denial (which was not inserted), with evidence of his maintaining the totally opposite doctrine; and he might have pointed to his Government in Rome for proof of tolerance carried almost to a point of impolitic indulgence. On Thursday, the *Times* took a characteristic advantage of the indiscretion of ill-reported speakers at the Polish meeting in the Hanover-square Rooms, to hurl another blow at the national leaders. It quoted some phrases uttered by a foreign gentleman, a friend of Mazzini's, who, according to this report, avowed Socialistic convictions, and declared that the permanent success of revolution involved the sad necessity of the guillotine. Now, this recital of the language uttered by Colonel Pianciani was a total misconception, owing, we suppose, to his having spoken in French. He used the word guillotine to express capital punishment generally, just as we, versed in Old Bailey traditions, should use the word gallows, and his argument was addressed to those who deprecate war as a calamity—a calamity, he admitted, which we must resort to only upon extremity, as we may resort to the gallows to avoid still worse calamities. Colonel Pianciani was distinguished for a conspicuous share in the heroic defence of Venice, and is not the man to suffer, much less to advocate, a dastardly terrorism, any more than Victor Hugo, as implacable a denouncer of tyranny, and as deeply wronged as any patriot, who yet in his new lyrical outburst of indignation and sorrow,* ardently protests in behalf

* *Châtiments.*

of the people, against the thought of a sanguinary retaliation, and emphatically insists that the resurrection of the new Republic shall be as pure and stainless as the people's cause. The *Times*, however, admits a statement from Colonel Pianciani, and in the same number devotes two columns to a long letter, singularly exact and temperate in style, correcting, by the actual experience of an eye-witness, Austrian views of Italian affairs. Such of our readers as have perused the communication of a "Traveller in Italy," will seem to have been reading explanations that have been furnished from time to time in our own columns, but it is something to secure for those explanations the countenance of the *Times*. Such a letter, we may well believe, would scarcely have been admitted by a journal which so lately refused to Mazzini himself, the calumniated exile, space enough for his own vindication, had not the name of the writer been as unexceptionable as his evidence.

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.

SCOTCH ORTHODOXY.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—It is a curious study to trace the connexion between the circumstances of an individual and the development of his character, but still more curious the connexion that seems to subsist between the country the man inhabits and the man himself. The analogy between the two is certainly surprising. Let the children of another age account for it as they will, the facts remain. Cold, bleak, and cheerless, dull, foggy, and drowsy, the resemblance between the country and the aboriginal intellect is complete. Such is Scotland. Stubborn as her mighty hills, barren as her rocky soil, uncultivated as her mountain tops, her soul is still. Stern, rugged, and uncompromising, she maintains the character of her fathers, except where the friction of some nobler soul has thawed her mental icicles, and kindled latent sparks into a flame. Then does her austerities become her beauties,—then, indeed, may she claim kindred with surrounding nature, and see in her mountain cataracts and streams—in her Benlomond's heights and silent glens, her mirrored self.

Scotland has no character for versatility; her opinions are hoary-headed things, that follow the law of entail; her beliefs rest upon Faith, pure and simple; her creed, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, altereth not; and her devoted sons are ready to defend with their hearts' best blood "the faith once delivered to the fathers;" but bigoted, dull, and stupid as she is, she stands not still amidst the general progress—she is exhibiting a more tolerant disposition—a more lenient aspect; her ideas are growing larger, her faith more universal, her charity more extended; sects and sectarian feelings are melting away, the human brotherhood is being more fully acknowledged, and a comingling of feelings and sympathies exists, such as we have not seen for many a day.

There are established churches here, where more regard is paid to truth than to the "Confession of Faith;" where some of the most Calvinistic doctrines are termed "metaphysical difficulties with which we have nothing to do." There are pulpits—old church pulpits, too—where interpolations in our plenary inspired Bible are denounced without fear, and the Sabbath regarded in its proper light. Nay, I believe there are Established Churches held by men who are only deterred from expressing their convictions by the fear of bringing their families to poverty, and who settle the matter with their own consciences by preaching negatively. There are men in communion with the Church, who hold all grades of opinions, from the narrowest to the most liberal. There are books published by ministers circulating in our Sabbath Schools in advance of the teachings of the present day. There are discussions going on (that, once-a-day, would not have been tolerated) upon religious questions of every kind, from Predestination up to the God question, and both sides listened to with some degree of candour. Surely *this is progress*. The students at our colleges and institutions are taught, if they want to arrive at truth, to doubt everything; treating time-honoured notions as of mushroom growth. Surely this will produce some heavings in the moral world, if not an irruption.

Scotland may be slow to receive truth; but she holds it tenaciously. She has been staunch to the principles of the last Reformation, may she not be first in the "coming struggle?"

It is true she may not be skilled in disquisitions about Spirit as an entity, or in the fanciful differentiations of a "Dick Futrel," but she is also destitute of that spirit of indifference on religious subjects which is the chief characteristic of her sister land. If she partakes of the bold, decisive nature of her own grand scenery, she must be like the extreme temperature of her island home.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.

A SCOTCHMAN.

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 alluded, last week, to the mischief of what, by a ludicrous mis-use of terms, is called the *science* of Teleology, in other words, the Final Causes energetically named by BACON, "barren virgins." When GOETHE, ridiculing these Final Causes, said that they proved cork trees to have been created for the purpose of stopping ginger-beer bottles, he said laughingly no more than many say gravely. The various parasites which we observe growing on plants and animals, frequently making their nest a cause of destruction to the plant or animal, seem rather puzzling, teleologically. You doubtless know that there is not one plant only, but a whole flora, growing in the living tissues of animals; (CHARLES ROBIN, the French anatomist, has written a thick volume, detailing and classifying them.) You also know that there are large classes of animals—a small fauna—living in living animals, making themselves most familiarly at home, and often requiting hospitality with poison. In the last volume of the *Annales des Sciences Naturelles*, among other curiosities which from time to time we shall communicate, there is a paper on the *acari* which deposit their eggs in sparrows and snails—two peculiar genera, which have their historians. It appears that the *acarus* spins a white silky web on the base of the sparrow's thigh, or on the forepart of its body. On delicately raising this web you perceive little eggs, young *acari*, the skins they have shed, and one or more females, who, in constructing the nest, have taken care to provide an issue. Teleologically, this plan is admirable. It is true the young *acari* are abundantly destroyed, by the bird's beak; but one must run some risk, you know! If, however, we turn from the acarian point of view to that of the bird, who is forced to peck, because he itches, the "design" seems less benevolent; true, one may endure a little itching, if the existence of another depend on it, only one could wish the existence had a less unpleasant dependence; but when one's own existence is to be the sacrifice, the question assumes another and a graver aspect.

Ingenious as the "design" of the *acarus* is, with reference to his sparrow's nest, we see a more ingenious effort still, when he has to tackle the snail, the surface of whose body presents two conditions unfavourable for nidification: 1st, it is constantly moist; 2nd, it is constantly rubbing against the shell, and the surfaces of the objects over which the snail crawls. What is the *acarus* to do? There and there only can its little ones be developed, (for the sparrow's enemy is another species,) there and there only will it build its nest. The snail has a pulmonic orifice, which he dilates, to allow the air to penetrate his respiratory cavity. The *acarus* "bides her time," and, when her eggs are ready, she slips through that orifice, lays them in the folds of the mucous membrane, where they are cozily housed and gradually developed. When their growth is perfect they slip out of the orifice, as it dilates, and then proceed to select some portion of the snail's body, in which to live comfortably. A teleologist would point out how admirably adapted this mucous membrane was, for the purpose of developing the young *acari*; but nothing is gained by such explanations, and, meanwhile, science is obstructed by them.

The very remarkable Professor of Greek now possessed by the University of Edinburgh, JOHN STUART BLACKIE, has just published his *Introductory Lecture on the Living Language of the Greeks and its Utility to the Classical Scholar*, wherein he makes suggestions destined, we believe, to effect the greatest change made in the study since the revival of learning. Our own reiterated complaints against the precious time and labour wasted by the majority of "educated" men in acquiring an ignorance of Greek, are obviated, to a great extent, by Professor BLACKIE's suggestions, while the advantages of possessing a practical acquaintance with Greek are secured. The thing is not worth its purchase money, and is rarely given even when the money is paid. To spend the best years of your education in *not* acquiring Greek, is to beguile tutors and parents into the belief that you have received a "liberal education;" but, after all, that beguilement is not of eminent importance. Professor BLACKIE points to an issue: he proves that Greek is a *living* not a dead language, and consequently should be studied as living languages are studied. Get his pamphlet and read it.

There seems to be an awakening of the poetic impulse, consequently an increased demand for poetry just now. Not to mention familiar names, here is a name new in the regions of poetry, JOHN RUSKIN, heralded to the world by that truly excellent paper, *The Edinburgh Guardian*; here, also, is a volume of poems by FREDERICK TENNYSON, announced for speedy publication; and from the single poem published in this month's *Fraser*, we predict a volume not unworthy of the name of TENNYSON. Here it is, shorn of half-a-dozen stanzas:—

HARVEST-HOME. BY FREDERICK TENNYSON.

Come, let us mount the breezy down,
And hearken to the tumult blown
Up from the champaign and the town.
Lovely lights, smooth shadows sweet,
Swiftly o'er croft and valley fleet,
And flood the hamlet at our feet;
Its groves, its hall, its grange that stood
When Bess was Queen, its steeple
rude;
Its mill that patters in the wood;
And follow where the brooklet curls,
Seaward, or in cool shadow whirls,
Or silvery o'er its cresses purls.
The harvest days are come again,
The vales are surging with the grain;
The merry work goes on amain;
Pale streaks of cloud scarce veil the blue,
Against the golden harvest hue
The Autumn trees look fresh and new;
Wrinkled brows relax with glee,
And aged eyes they laugh to see
The sickles follow o'er the lea;
I see the little kerchief'd maid
With dimpling cheek, and boddice
staid,
'Mid the stout striplings half afraid;
That is a very fanciful image; the close is still more like the accents
of the elder brother:—
Yet, when the shadows eastward seen
O'er the smooth-shorn fallows lean,
And Silence sits where they have
been,
Amid the gleaners I will stay,
While the shout and roundelay
Faint off, and daylight dies away;
While on the subject of poetry, let us not forget that ROBERT BELL's
edition of the *English Poets*, in half-crown volumes, is to commence in
January with the works of DRYDEN; and that the author of *The Roman*
is soon to appear with a new poem. And although the day is gone by
when the poetry of a working man can excite more astonishment than
that of any other man, yet GERALD MASSEY's forthcoming volume will
no doubt challenge attention.
Returning to this number of *Fraser*, we find a pictorial, suggestive,
and instructive paper on the *Crystal Palace at Sydenham*, its rise, pro-
gress, and prospects; an amusingly instructive paper on *Poultry*; more
erudite gossip on *Fish*; a good review of DONALDSON'S *Tarronianus* and
New Cratylus; and other papers.
Other Magazines we must defer till next week.

BOOKS ON OUR TABLE.

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| <i>Handbook of Greek Chronology.</i> By John Turner. | R. Griffin and Co. |
| <i>Handbook of Scripture and Early Oriental Chronology.</i> By John Turner. | R. Griffin and Co. |
| <i>Handbook of Roman Chronology.</i> By John Turner. | R. Griffin and Co. |
| <i>The Future of the Human Race.</i> By Robert Owen. | E. Wilson. |
| <i>A Treatise on the Science of Music.</i> By D. M. G. S. Reeves. | J. A. Novello. |
| <i>The Young Voyageurs; or, the Boy Hunters in the North.</i> By Captain Mayne Reid. | D. Bogue. |
| <i>Miss Corner's Scriptural History Simplified.</i> Revised by J. Kitto, D.D., &c. | T. Dean and Son. |
| <i>The Gold Rocks of Great Britain and Ireland.</i> By John Calvert. | Chapman and Hall. |
| <i>Life of Robert Southey, LL.D., Poet-Laureate, &c.</i> By C. T. Browne. | Chapman and Hall. |
| <i>The Hermit. A Novel.</i> By E. Carlen. 4 vols. | T. C. Newby. |
| <i>The National Miscellany.</i> Vol. I. | Office, Exeter-street. |
| <i>The History of England from the Earliest Times to the Final Establishment of the Reformation.</i> | |
| By the Right Hon. Sir James Mackintosh. New Edition. Revised by the Author's Son, | |
| R. J. Mackintosh. 2 vols. | Longman and Co. |
| <i>The Attic Philosopher in Paris.</i> From the French of Emile Souvestre. (<i>The Traveller's Library</i> .) | Longman and Co. |
| <i>A Bundle of Crowquills, dropped by Alfred Crowquill.</i> | G. Routledge and Co. |
| <i>Western India. Reports addressed to the Chambers of Commerce of Manchester, Liverpool,</i> | |
| <i>Blackburn, and Glasgow, by their Commissioner, the late Alexander Mackay, Esq.</i> Edited by | |
| J. Robertson. | Nathaniel Cooke. |
| <i>The Coinage of the British Empire.</i> By H. N. Humphreys. | Nathaniel Cooke. |
| <i>The Illustrated Family Friend Almanack for 1854.</i> | W. S. Orr and Co. |
| <i>Essays on Agriculture.</i> By Thomas Gisborne. | John Murray. |
| <i>The Autobiography of a Five-Pound Note.</i> By Mrs. J. B. Webb. | Clarke, Beeton, and Co. |
| <i>Russia in the Right; or, the Other Side of the Turkish Question.</i> By J. Mosely, B.C.L. | Clarke, Beeton, and Co. |
| <i>A Lay of the Sea.</i> | Clarke, Beeton, and Co. |
| <i>The Newcomer.</i> No. III. | Bradbury and Evans. |
| <i>The English Cyclopædia.</i> No. VII. | Bradbury and Evans. |
| <i>Writings of Douglas Jerrold. Plays.</i> | Punch Office. |
| <i>The National Miscellany.</i> | Office, Exeter-street. |
| <i>Table Turning.</i> A Lecture by the Rev. R. W. Dibdin, M.A. | Aylott and Co. |
| <i>History of the Constituent Assembly.</i> By Alphonse de Lamartine. Vol. I. | Vizetelly and Co. |
| <i>A Narrative of Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro.</i> By A. R. Wallace. | Reeve and Co. |
| <i>The Dublin University Magazine.</i> | J. Mettishan. |
| <i>Fraser's Magazine.</i> | J. W. Parker and Son. |
| <i>Blackwood's Magazine.</i> | W. Blackwood and Son. |
| <i>The Illustrated London Magazine.</i> | Piper and Co. |
| <i>Orr's Circle of the Sciences.</i> No. I. | W. S. Orr and Co. |
| <i>The Historical Educator.</i> | John Cassel. |
| <i>The Illustrated Magazine of Art.</i> | John Cassel. |
| <i>The Dodd Family Abroad.</i> | Chapman and Hall. |
| <i>The Partition of Turkey an Indispensable Feature of the Present Political Crisis.</i> By Veritas. | Chapman and Hall. |
| <i>The Ottoman Empire and its Resources.</i> By E. H. Michelson. | Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. |

ARNOLD'S POEMS.

Poems. By Matthew Arnold. A New Edition. Price 5s. 6d. Longman and Co.

[SECOND ARTICLE.]

HAVING in a previous article discussed the propositions of Mr. Arnold's preface, and tried to come to an understanding on the subject of his critical precepts, we have now to consider his practice, and to read his poems in the light of his precepts.

Study the Classics, and beware of the syren-charms which enervate the Moderns! that is the text from which he preaches. The logical consequence is Imitation.

Study the Classics, and the Moderns too, but beware of the rudeness and baldness of the one, no less than of the rhetoric and glitter of the other! That is our text. For we believe the Ancients to have had every virtue and every vice conspicuous in the Moderns, over and above the remoteness of their ideas and feelings, which to us moderns becomes a vice. When the Classics are good, they are so by virtue of qualities essential in all excellent works of Art; when they are bad, which is mostly the case, they are so by vice of qualities noticeable in every age—rudeness, incongruity, untruth, greater regard for manner than for matter, and for the mere fopperies of manner. Homer, with all his fine qualities, is as rude as hemp; Æschylus is often as fantastic, obscure, and incongruous, and Virgil as feeble, affected, and unpictorial as the very worst specimens which can be selected from eminent poets of Modern times. To deny this would be to deny evidence. It is not the traditional belief, but it is a fact.

Such being our critical faith, instead of Imitation we counsel Emulation; instead of following the mere fashions of Greek Art, follow no fashions but those which bear the general verdict of your age, and while learning from the Greeks the lessons they and all great artists have to teach, beware, above all things, of imitating them.

Mr. Arnold, as a scholar, and one of poetical tendencies rather than of poetical genius, a man of culture, reflection, and sensibility, but not forming one of that small band of Singers who "sing as the birds sing," naturally looks towards Greece for inspiration. His poems will delight scholars, who will with curious pleasure follow him in his undisguised imitations of works which long have been their ideals; they will note his curiosities of verse, and his Græcism of imagery. Nor will the larger public read without delight. Poems such as these are not common. Some of the qualities most easily appreciable these poems possess, and they will secure an audience. But the fit audience is that of the cultured few. The longest poem in the volume, *Sohrab and Rustum*, will be the greatest favourite, for it tells an intelligible and interesting story, and the story moves through pictures and pathos such as we rarely meet in "volumes of poetry." It has its Græcisms, but they are little more than ornaments of questionable taste; the real attractiveness lies in the qualities just named. Let a brief analysis make this apparent.

Sohrab, who is Rustum's son, unknown to Rustum, is everywhere seeking his father; and the place most certain to find Rustum is a battle-field. In order that his fame may reach his father's ear, Sohrab entreats to be allowed to challenge, in single combat, a champion from the Persian ranks. The request is granted. In the following graphic description of the fighting hosts, the reader will have no difficulty in tracing Homer and Milton:—

"The sun, by this, had risen, and clear'd the fog
From the broad Oxus and the glittering sands:
And from their tents the Tartar horsemen fil'd
Into the open plain; so Haman bade;
Haman, who next to Peran-Wisa rul'd
The host, and still was in his lusty prime.
From their black tents, long files of horse, they stream'd:
As when, some grey November morn, the files,
In marching order spread, of long-neck'd cranes,
Stream over Casbin, and the southern slopes
Of Elburz, from the Aralian estuaries,
Or some froze Caspian reed-bed, southward bound
For the warm Persian sea-board: so they stream'd.
The Tartars of the Oxus, the King's guard,
First, with black sheep-skin caps and with long spears;
Large men, large steeds; who from Bokhara come
And Khiva, and ferment the milk of mares.
Next the more temperate Toorkmans of the south,
The Tukas, and the lances of Salore,
And those from Attuck and the Caspian sands;
Light men, and on light steeds, who only drink
The acrid milk of camels, and their wells.
And then a swarm of wandering horse, who came
From far, and a more doubtful service own'd;
The Tartars of Ferghana, from the banks
Of the Jaxartes, men with scanty beards
And close-set skull-caps; and those wilder hordes
Who roam o'er Kipchak and the northern waste
Kalmuks and unkemp'd Kuzzaks, tribes who stray
Nearest the Pole, and wandering Kirghizzes,
Who come on shaggy ponies from Pamere.
These all fil'd out from camp into the plain.
And on the other side the Persians form'd:
First a light cloud of horse, Tartars they seem'd,
The Hyats of Khorassan: and behind,
The royal troops of Persia, horse and foot,
Marshall'd battalions bright in burnished steel.
But Peran-Wisa with his herald came
Threading the Tartar squadrons to the front,
And with his staff kept back the foremost ranks.
And when Ferood, who led the Persians, saw
That Peran-Wisa kept the Tartars back,
He took his spear, and to the front he came,
And check'd his ranks, and fix'd them where they stood.
And the old Tartar came upon the sand
Betwixt the silent hosts, and spake, and said:—

"Ferood, and ye, Persians and Tartars, hear!
Let there be truce between the hosts to-day.
But choose a champion from the Persian lords
To fight our champion Sohrab, man to man."

"As, in the country, on a morn in June,
When the dew glistens on the pearled ears,
A shiver runs through the deep corn for joy—
So, when they heard what Peran-Wisa said,

A thrill through all the Tartar squadrons ran
Of pride and hope for Sohrab, whom they lov'd.

"But as a troop of pedlars, from Cabool,
Cross underneath the Indian Caucasus,
That vast sky-neighbouring mountain of milk snow;
Winding so high, that, as they mount, they pass
Long flocks of travelling birds dead on the snow;
Chok'd by the air, and scarce can they themselves
Slake their parch'd throats with sugar'd mulberries—
In single file they move, and stop their breath,
For fear they should dislodge the o'erhanging snows—
So the pale Persians held their breath with fear."

The imitation mars this for all except scholars. But, to continue. The Persians accept the challenge, and then go to Rustum's tent, as the Greeks did to that of Achilles, and implore his arm; Rustum answers:—

"Go to! if Iran's Chiefs are old, then I
Am older; if the young are weak, the King
Errs strangely: for the King, for Kai Khosroo,
Himself is young, and honours younger men,
And lets the aged moulder to their graves.
Rustum he loves no more, but loves the young—
The young may rise at Sohrab's vaunts, not I.
For what care I, though all speak Sohrab's fame?
For would that I myself had such a son,
And not that one slight helpless girl I have,
A son so fam'd, so brave, to send to war,
And I to tarry with the snow-hair'd Zal,
My father, whom the robber Afghans vex,
And clip his borders short, and drive his herds,
And he has none to guard his weak old age.
There would I go, and hang my armour up,
And with my great name fence that weak old man,
And spend the goodly treasures I have got,
And rest my age, and hear of Sohrab's fame,
And leave to death the host of thankless kings,
And with these slaughterous hands draw sword no more."

They prevail, however, at last, and—

"So follow'd, Rustum left his tents, and cross'd
The camp, and to the Persian host appear'd.
And all the Persians knew him, and with shouts
Hail'd; but the Tartars knew not who he was.
And dear as the wet diver to the eyes
Of his pale wife who waits and weeps on shore,
By sandy Bahrein, in the Persian Gulf,
Plunging all day in the blue waves, at night,
Having made up his tale of precious pearls,
Rejoins her in their hut upon the sands—
So dear to the pale Persians Rustum came.

"And Rustum to the Persian front advanc'd,
And Sohrab arm'd in Haman's tent, and came.
And as afield the reapers cut a swathe
Down through the middle of a rich man's corn,
And on each side are squares of standing corn,
And in the midst a stubble, short and bare;
So on each side were squares of men, with spears
Bristling, and in the midst, the open sand.
And Rustum came upon the sand, and cast
His eyes towards the Tartar tents, and saw
Sohrab come forth, and ey'd him as he came.

"As some rich woman, on a winter's morn,
Eyes through her silken curtains the poor drudge
Who with numb-blacken'd fingers makes her fire—
At cock-crow, on a starlit winter's morn,
When the frost flowers the whiten'd window panes—
And wonders how she lives, and what the thoughts
Of that poor drudge may be; so Rustum ey'd
The unknown adventurous Youth, who from afar
Came seeking Rustum, and defying forth
All the most valiant chiefs: long he perus'd
His spirited air, and wonder'd who he was.
For very young he seem'd, tenderly rear'd;
Like some young cypress, tall, and dark, and straight,
Which in a queen's secluded garden throws
Its slight dark shadow on the moonlit turf,
By midnight, to a bubbling fountain's sound—
So slender Sohrab seem'd, so softly rear'd.
And a deep pity enter'd Rustum's soul
As he beheld him coming; and he stood,
And beckon'd to him with his hand, and said:—

"O thou young man, the air of Heaven is soft,
And warm, and pleasant; but the grave is cold.
Heaven's air is better than the cold dead grave.
Behold me: I am vast, and clad in iron,
And tried; and I have stood on many a field
Of blood, and I have fought with many a foe:
Never was that field lost, or that foe sav'd.
O Sohrab, wherefore wilt thou rush on death?
Be govern'd: quit the Tartar host, and come
To Iran, and be as my son to me,
And fight beneath my banner till I die,
There are no youths in Iran brave as thou."

"So he spake, mildly: Sohrab heard his voice,
The mighty voice of Rustum; and he saw
His giant figure planted on the sand,
Sole, like some single tower, which a chief
Has builded on the waste in former years
Against the robbers."

Sohrab suspects that it is his father standing there before him, and, embracing his knees, asks if it be not so. But Rustum, fancying there is some cunning in this question, evades the question, and forces him to fight:—

"He spoke; and Sohrab kindled at his taunts,
And he too drew his sword: at once they rush'd

Together, as two eagles on one prey
 Come rushing down together from the clouds,
 One from the east, one from the west: their shields
 Dash'd with a clang together, and a din
 Rose, such as that the sinewy woodcutters
 Make often in the forest's heart at morn,
 Of hewing axes, crashing trees: such blows
 Rustum and Sohrab on each other hail'd.
 And you would say that sun and stars took part
 In that unnatural conflict; for a cloud
 Grew suddenly in Heaven, and dark'd the sun
 Over the fighters' heads; and a wind rose
 Under their feet, and moaning swept the plain,
 And in a sandy whirlwind wrapp'd the pair.
 In gloom they twain were wrapp'd, and they alone;
 For both the on-looking hosts on either hand
 Stood in broad daylight, and the sky was pure,
 And the sun sparkled on the Oxus stream.
 But in the gloom they fought, with bloodshot eyes
 And labouring breath; first Rustum struck the shield
 Which Sohrab held stiff out: the steel-spik'd spear
 Rent the tough plates, but fail'd to reach the skin,
 And Rustum pluck'd it back with angry groan.
 Then Sohrab with his sword smote Rustum's helm,
 Nor clove its steel quite through; but all the crest
 He shore away, and that proud horsehair plume,
 Never till now defil'd, sunk to the dust;
 And Rustum bow'd his head; but then the gloom
 Grew blacker: thunder rumbled in the air,
 And lightnings rent the cloud; and Ruksh, the horse,
 Who stood at hand, utter'd a dreadful cry:
 No horse's cry was that, most like the roar
 Of some pain'd desert lion, who all day
 Has trail'd the hunter's javelin in his side,
 And comes at night to die upon the sand:—
 The two hosts heard that cry, and quak'd for fear,
 And Oxus curdled as it cross'd his stream.
 But Sohrab heard, and quail'd not, but rush'd on,
 And struck again; and again Rustum bow'd
 His head; but this time all the blade, like glass,
 Sprang in a thousand shivers on the helm,
 And in his hand the hilt remain'd alone.
 Then Rustum rais'd his head: his dreadful eyes
 Glar'd, and he shook on high his menacing spear,
 And shouted, *Rustum!* Sohrab heard that shout,
 And shrank amaz'd: back he recoil'd one step,
 And scann'd with blinking eyes the advancing Form:
 And then he stood bewild'rd; and he dropp'd
 His covering shield, and the spear pierc'd his side.
 He reel'd, and staggering back, sunk to the ground.
 And then the gloom dispers'd, and the wind fell,
 And the bright sun broke forth, and melted all
 The cloud; and the two armies saw the pair;
 Saw Rustum standing safe upon his feet,
 And Sohrab, wounded, on the bloody sand."

Then comes the *ἀναγνώρισις*, the terrible discovery of parentage, and the poem closes with the grandeur of a setting sun:—

"So, on the bloody sand, Sohrab lay dead.
 And the great Rustum drew his horseman's cloak
 Down o'er his face, and sate by his dead son.
 As those black granite pillars, once high-reared
 By Jemsid in Persepolis, to bear
 His house, now, mid their broken flights of steps,
 Lie prone, enormous, down the mountain side—
 So in the sand lay Rustum by his son.
 "And night came down over the solemn waste,
 And the two gazing hosts, and that sole pair,
 And darken'd all; and a cold fog, with night,
 Crept from the Oxus. Soon a hum arose,
 As of a great assembly loos'd, and fires
 Began to twinkle through the fog: for now
 Both armies mov'd to camp, and took their meal:
 The Persians took it on the open sands
 Southward; the Tartars by the river marge:
 And Rustum and his son were left alone.
 "But the majestic River floated on,
 Out of the mist and hum of that low land,
 Into the frosty starlight, and there mov'd,
 Rejoicing, through the hush'd Chorasman waste,
 Under the solitary moon: he flow'd
 Right for the Polar Star, past Orgunjè,
 Brimming, and bright, and large: then sands begin
 To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,
 And split his currents; that for many a league
 The shorn and parcel'd Oxus strains along
 Through beds of sand and matted rushy isles—
 Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he had
 In his high mountain cradle in Pamere,
 A foil'd circuitous wanderer:—till at last
 The long'd-for dash of waves is heard, and wide
 His liminous home of waters opens, bright
 And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bath'd stars
 Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea."

It will be confessed that this is far from ordinary writing. The poem, indeed, is not an ordinary production; but we should have an easy task to show that its excellencies are not derived from the Greek, although most of its defects are. More than this, its defects are often the mere defects of rude art, which are copied from Homer; such, for example, as the practice of conducting the narrative through lengthy similes, elaborately circumstantial, positively retarding and encumbering what they are meant to accelerate and lighten. If Homer lived in our days he would not write like Homer's imitators. In fact the mistake of all imitation is that it naturally fastens on the fleeting modes, and not on the eternal spirit.

Criticism might also have something to say in other directions, if this poem were to be closely scrutinised. We point, in passing, to such pro-saisms as "fate" treading something or other down, with an "iron heel," and to such mistaken familiarities of illustration as those at p. 20 and p. 47. But we need not dwell on them. Our purpose is gained if we have directed the reader's attention to an unequal but delightful volume of poems, and if we have, at the same time, indicated the real position which the poet is to hold, with respect to both Ancients and Moderns.

MISS MARTINEAU'S TRANSLATION OF COMTE.

The Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte. Freely Translated and Condensed by Harriet Martineau. In 2 vols. Price 16s. John Chapman.

CHAPMAN'S "Quarterly Series" receives an unexpected and most welcome addition in this translation of the *opus magnum* of our century; and the world at large has reason to be grateful to all concerned in this publication; for, whatever the reputation of an author, there are not many students who could be induced to read with the requisite attention six volumes containing four thousand seven hundred and twenty pages of cumbrous French. Into two volumes, containing one thousand and forty pages, these six volumes are compressed. We make this comparison of bulk, (fallacious though it really is, from the much more solid page of the English work) to indicate one material point of attractiveness possessed by Miss Martineau's publication: the student whom six volumes have warned off, will be eager to attack *two*. Nor will he lose much in the omitted matter; he will lose illustrations and details which make the ideas clearer, and repetitions which make them by emphasis more directly effective; he will have to bring more knowledge and more labour of his own; but these demands we regard as insignificant beside the fact that the two volumes will be read when the six would not.

Miss Martineau has confined herself rigorously to the task of translating freely and condensing the work, adding nothing of illustration or criticism; so that the reader feels he has Comte's views, presented as Comte promulgated them. This was the wisest course: it gives the reader confidence, and it removes the very natural misgiving as to the competence of Miss Martineau to reproduce a philosophy of the physical sciences. We will confess that until we saw the method she had adopted, we shared the misgivings so generally expressed. Our misgivings are changed into approbation. We cannot possibly tell, cannot even surmise, what the effect of her condensation will be upon the reader who approaches the work for the first time; our own familiarity with the original renders it impossible for us to test this point of execution, but it enables us to say, that at any rate Comte's views *are* there, without suppression of important considerations, with only such omissions as the very fact of abridgment implies. Indeed, in the whole range of philosophy, we know of no such successful abridgment.

The sections on Mathematics, Astronomy, and Physics, have been carefully revised by Professor Nichol, who adds a few brief notes. We regret that similar aid was not sought in the sections on Chemistry and Biology; there are several passages which are obscure and even inaccurate, solely because the translator has not had the benefit of such indispensable revision. However delicate a task it may be for us to point out slight defects in this work, it is our duty, and we must not shrink from it, lest our very praise be suspected. In a second edition we may hope these two sections will have the benefit of revision, and some notes from persons thoroughly acquainted with the sciences. A specimen or two of the passages which we noted in a cursory reading, will suffice to point to what we mean. At vol. i., p. 375, we read, "Thus the theory of analogous existences which has been offered as a recent innovation, is only the necessary principle of the comparative method under a new name." Few would understand that this "theory of analogous existences" is the celebrated *théorie des analogues* with which Geoffroy St. Hilaire created an epoch in philosophic anatomy. The phrase points to the existence of analogous *organs* in different animals; and as it is a phrase which, like the "Nebular Hypothesis," points to a specific conception, it should be retained, and a note of a line or so added to inform the reader thereof.

A line or two of rectification ought also to be added in the shape of notes to various passages,—*e.g.*, where Comte, unacquainted with the history of the vertebral theory of the skull, attributes its discovery to de Blainville, who came after Goethe, Oken, Spix, and Bojanus without improving on them.

At p. 401 we read, "It is apparently strange that after Bichat's discovery, comparative anatomists, with Cuvier at their head, should have persisted in studying organic apparatus in its complex state." This is misleading. Cuvier did not study the "organic apparatus," but the apparatus of each function, *i.e.*, in the group of organs (*appareil*) constituting the functional apparatus. The French word has no single equivalent in our language.

It is in such points as these that an experienced eye would see the necessity for revision; as also in matters of terminology. A reader's Greek would be puzzled by *artiozoaires*, *malacozoaires*, *ostozoaires*, *entomozoaires*, unless he suspected that his old friends *zoo* were here undergoing the transformation which *Tite Live*, *Pythagore*, *Spensippe*, and others of the goodly company of classics, have undergone.

We are dwelling upon trifles, but not without the hope that such microscopic criticism will be of use; assuredly not with any desire to make the general excellence of the execution imputed because of such details. There are probably only some half-dozen men in the country who could have produced a condensation of these sections on science without being open to criticism of the kind.

From the dignified preface we extract two passages. In the first she adduces one of the reasons which made her undertake the task:—

"The supreme dread of every one who cares for the good of nation or race is that men should be adrift for want of an anchorage for their convictions. I believe that no one questions that a very large proportion of our people are now so

adrift. With pain and fear, we see that a multitude, who might and should be among the wisest and best of our citizens, are alienated for ever from the kind of faith which sufficed for all in an organic period which has passed away, while no one has presented to them, and they cannot obtain for themselves, any ground of conviction as firm and clear as that which sufficed for our fathers in their day. The moral dangers of such a state of fluctuation as has thus arisen are fearful in the extreme, whether the transition stage from one order of convictions to another be long or short. The work of M. Comte is unquestionably the greatest single effort that has been made to obviate this kind of danger; and my deep persuasion is, that it will be found to retrieve a vast amount of wandering of unsound speculation, of listless or reckless doubt, and of moral uncertainty and depression. Whatever else may be thought of the work, it will not be denied that it ascertains with singular sagacity and soundness the foundations of human knowledge, and its true object and scope; and that it establishes the true filiation of the sciences within the boundaries of its own principle. Some may wish to interpolate this or that; some to amplify, and perhaps, here and there, in the most obscure recesses of the great edifice, to transpose, more or less: but any who question the general soundness of the exposition, or of the relations of its parts, are of another school, and will simply neglect the book, and occupy themselves as if it had never existed. It is not for such that I have been working, but for students who are not schoolmen; who need conviction, and must best know when their need is satisfied. When this exposition of Positive Philosophy unfolds itself in order before their eyes, they will, I am persuaded, find there at least a resting-place for their thought, — a rallying-point of their scattered speculations, — and possibly an immovable basis for their intellectual and moral convictions."

In the second she speaks of the work itself:—

"During the whole course of my long task, it has appeared to me that Comte's work is the strongest embodied rebuke ever given to that form of theological intolerance which censures Positive Philosophy for pride of reason and lowness of morals. The imputation will not be dropped, and the enmity of the religious world to the book will not slacken for its appearing among us in an English version. It cannot be otherwise. The theological world cannot but hate a book which treats of theological belief as a transient state of the human mind. And again, the preachers and teachers, of all sects and schools, who keep to the ancient practice, once inevitable, of contemplating and judging of the universe from the point of view of their own minds, instead of having learned to take their stand out of themselves, investigating from the universe inwards, and not from within outwards, must necessarily think ill of a work which exposes the futility of their method, and the worthlessness of the results to which it leads. As M. Comte treats of theology and metaphysics as destined to pass away, theologians and metaphysicians must necessarily abhor, dread, and despise his work. They merely express their own natural feelings on behalf of the objects of their reverence and the purpose of their lives, when they charge Positive Philosophy with irreverence, lack of aspiration, hardness, deficiency of grace and beauty, and so on. They are no judges of the case. Those who are—those who have passed through theology and metaphysics, and, finding what they are now worth, have risen above them—will pronounce a very different judgment on the contents of this book, though no appeal for such a judgment is made in it, and this kind of discussion is nowhere expressly provided for. To those who have learned the difficult task of postponing dreams to realities till the beauty of reality is seen in its full disclosure, while that of dreams melts into darkness, the moral charm of this work will be as impressive as its intellectual satisfactions. The aspect in which it presents Man is as favourable to his moral discipline, as it is fresh and stimulating to his intellectual state. We find ourselves suddenly living and moving in the midst of the universe,—as a part of it, and not as its aim and object. We find ourselves living, not under capricious and arbitrary conditions, unconnected with the constitution and movements of the whole, but under great, general, invariable laws, which operate on us as a part of the whole. Certainly, I can conceive of no instruction so favourable to aspiration as that which shows us how great are our faculties, how small our knowledge, how sublime the heights which we may hope to attain, and how boundless an infinity may be assumed to spread out beyond. We find here indications in passing of the evils we suffer from our low aims, our selfish passions, and our proud ignorance; and in contrast with them, animating displays of the beauty and glory of the everlasting laws, and of the sweet serenity, lofty courage, and noble resignation that are the natural consequence of pursuits so pure, and aims so true, as those of Positive Philosophy. Pride of intellect surely abides with those who insist on belief without evidence and on a philosophy derived from their own intellectual action, without material and corroboration from without, and not with those who are too scrupulous and too humble to transcend evidence, and to add, out of their own imaginations, to that which is, and may be, referred to other judgments. If it be desired to extinguish presumption, to draw away from low aims, to fill life with worthy occupations and elevating pleasures, and to raise human hope and human effort to the highest attainable point, it seems to me that the best resource is the pursuit of Positive Philosophy, with its train of noble truths and irresistible inducements. The prospects it opens are boundless; for among the laws it establishes that of human progress is conspicuous. The virtues it fosters are all those of which Man is capable; and the noblest are those which are more eminently fostered. The habit of truth-seeking and truth-speaking, and of true dealing with self and with all things, is evidently a primary requisite; and this habit once perfected, the natural conscience, thus disciplined, will train up all other moral attributes to some equality with it."

We must close there. Of Comte himself it is needless to speak in these columns. May this work find its way to every sincere student of philosophy!

SAUNTERINGS IN LONDON.

Saunterings in and about London. By Max Schlesinger. The English Edition by Otto Wenckstern. Price 2s. 6d. Nathaniel Cooke.

"To see ourselves as others see us" is the wish often expressed. The gratification of that wish would not be gratifying, were it completely realized; but as we have all an uneasy curiosity to hear what others say about us, the books on England by foreigners always secure attention. Mostly the books are so preposterous that we are only interested in seeing how far caricature can go; sometimes they are so accurate as to be instructive; this, however, is rare, and its rarity will make the *Saunterings in London* welcome.

When the original first appeared, we gave a slight account of this excellent German's "impressions of England," and have only now to add that it is translated by Otto Wenckstern in a style one seldom meets with among our native translators; and it is illustrated by several amusing sketches on wood. Max Schlesinger is a lively, observant man, who has had good opportunities for observing, as—to cite one example—

his chapter on the *Times Office* abundantly proves. It will enlighten the majority of our countrymen; a fact the reader will appreciate after going through the following extracts from that chapter:—

"The care and the responsibility of conducting the business of the *Times* has devolved on a manager, Mr. M. M. This gentleman is neither what we in Germany call a *redacteur*, nor is he what we would call an expeditor or accountant. He is just all in all, being the sovereign lord and master within the precincts of Printing-house Square.

"A heap of papers lies on his desk. At his side sits the editor *du jour*. What his functions are will be seen in the following lines:—

"The editorial functions of the *Times* are in the hands of several individuals, exactly as in the case of the great German journals. But, in Germany, each editor has his own separate department, for instance, home politics and foreign politics, or the literary and critical departments. They come to an understanding on the most important points, and then act altogether independently of one another. Besides, they meet frequently, and have plenty of opportunities to exchange their views and defend their opinions. Hence they very often quarrel, and their quarrels lead to frequent editorial crises. Far different is the case with the *Times*, where, besides the manager, there are two editors—Mr. John D— and Mr. George D—, with a third gentleman as sub-editor. The two editors take the service by turns, but they do not confine themselves to separate departments. Each of them has, at the time he conducts the paper, to see that it has that tone which has been decided upon in council. However, we will not anticipate. Having here hinted at the many merits of the editorial department, we continue to act as invisible spectators in the *Times* office.

"We mentioned before, that a large heap of papers was lying on the desk of Mr. M. M., and that the editor *du jour* was sitting by his side. What are these two gentlemen doing? They read the most important journals of the day, take notes of their leading features, they talk over the topics of the leading articles for the next day's paper; but this is not enough. The material for the leaders having been selected, they are discussed in detail; notes are taken of some of the more leading features of the subject, and, if need be, the tendency is marked out. In many cases there is no need of this, but on some occasions the last measure is indispensable. The extraordinary and quick transitions of the *Times* are sufficiently known in Germany. The politics of the *Times* are an inscrutable mystery to most men, even to the majority of Englishmen; but the simple solution of the mystery is, that the *Times* either follows the lead of public opinion, or that it contradicts public opinion only when—more far-sighted than its contemporaries—it foresees a change; that under all circumstances, and at all times, it aims at a special critical interest; and with an iron consistency, and in an astonishing sobriety, it advocates this critical interest unsparingly, to the sacrifice of every other interest. That is the whole enigma of its seemingly changeable politics. It seizes with an unerring grasp that which is profitable for England, no matter how pernicious it may be for the outside barbarians. It is humane, constitutional, liberal, and even sentimental in its views of foreign countries, if England finds her advantage thereby; but it is also capable of imagining an eternal spring in the icy plains of Siberia, if an alliance with Russia should happen to advance English interests. It would even defend the slave trade, if it could be convinced that the cessation of that traffic would ruin the Lancashire cotton manufacturers.

"In England, the *Times* is the champion of gradual and reasonable progress; while, in its foreign policy, it clings to old allies and time-honoured systems of government; and the very *Times* which the English justly consider as a moderately Liberal paper, is abused among the Liberals of the Continent as a moderately reactionary organ. While Protectionist papers have, for years past, accused the *Times* of having given itself up to the evil genius of democracy and the demons of Manchester: the Radicals of all countries, are fully persuaded that the same *Times* is in the pay of Austria, Russia, and of all the devils generally. But the fact is, that the *Times* is as little democratic as it is Russian; it is as little paid by Willich as by Rothschild; and, under all circumstances, and for very good reasons, it will always be found to be rather Russian than Austrian; and rather Austrian than French; and always, above all things, it will be found to be English, egotistical; that is to say, political. To ask the *Times*, or any other reasonable political paper, to take a general purely humanistic standing point, and to ground its verdicts on the politics of the day, on the eternal laws of the history of civilization, and of moral philosophy; to ask it, in short, to write morals instead of politics, is absurd; and he who can make such a demand, knows nothing whatever of the position or the duties of a political journal.

"We ask the reader's pardon for this monstrous digression; the temptation was too great, and we naturally thought of the tendencies of the *Times* while the manager and editor consulted about to-morrow morning's leaders.

"The consultation is over. A few short notes have been taken of its results, and a sort of programme been made for every leader. Documents, letters from correspondents, and other papers are added to each programme, which is put into an envelope, and sent by messenger to a certain leading article writer, who, a few hours afterwards, sends in his article ready written. These leading article writers of the *Times* are altogether in an exceptional position. At the German newspapers, the leader-writing is generally done by the editor; now at the *Times*, the principle is generally acted upon, that the editor should rather edit the paper, than write it. The arrangement is thoroughly reasonable in theory, as well as in practice. Every one is naturally partial to his own productions. Who would quarrel with an editor if he prefers his own article to other essays, when he has the selection among various papers on the same subject. To save the editors from this temptation, and to give them full leisure to edit attentively and impartially, they have been mostly relieved from writing. There are, however, exceptions to this salutary rule; and we understand that the witty and humorous leaders on local affairs, which vie with the best of the French *feuilletons*, are from the pen of Mr. M. M.

"The leading article writers have the programme of their articles sent to their respective domiciles. None but the editors know who these gentlemen are, and what their position in life is. They never, except on extraordinary occasions, come to the *Times* office. They have pledged their words to lay no claim to the authorship of their own articles, or to reveal their connexion with the *Times*. They have renounced all hopes of literary fame; whatever credit is due to their productions belongs to the *Times*, which monopolises all the honour, and bears all the responsibility. Such an author has nothing but his pay; he has sold his work to the journal; and with it, he has sold the right to change it, to alter expressions, to remodel parts of it, or to condemn the article altogether. The article is a piece of merchandise with which the purchaser may do what he likes. If the writer ceases to agree with the tendencies of the *Times*, he is always at liberty to break off the connexion; but so long as that connexion continues, he is compelled to submit the form of his articles to the critical verdict of the editors."

We dare not extract more from a work so cheap and so well worth its cost.

The Arts.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

WHY Shakspeare's comedy was produced at the HAYMARKET, unless to prove the tediousness it was capable of creating when so acted, I know not. The entertainment was most Lenten in its kind; a painful, not a pleasing thing, it was to see princely gaiety with such extremely loose legs, and with tones and gesticulations which are considered facetious in farce; painful it was to note how one was loud and ungraceful, and another ungraceful and loud—how a general delirium of arms and universal exaltation of the voice were supposed to represent hilarity—and how, when passion was demanded, noise, and only noise, was there to answer for it.

Much Ado about Nothing hovers so constantly on the unpleasant, both in story and dialogue, the wit is often so forced and (burn me, idolaters!) feeble, that unless the insolence of youth and beauty, and confidence and animal spirits be represented as such, unless the comedy be comedy, the mirth of high natures having the privileges of birth and beauty, it becomes mere impertinence, and is unpleasant. If *Beatrice* be not made fascinating—if disdain and scorn do not “ride sparkling in her eyes”—she is an ill-bred woman, whom every man would carefully avoid. If *Benedict* have not manly strength and power underlying the airy coxcombry of animal spirits which makes him “flout” the sex—if his sarcasms do not carry with them their own excuse and forgiveness, then *Benedict* is a very ill-conditioned gentleman, with whom we desire no further acquaintance.

To-night we are to have Stirling Coyne's new Comedy. May it succeed, and keep us at least from Shakspeare travestied in this fashion.

VIVIAN.

WEDNESDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

THE sixth and last of the series was given on Wednesday last. The first part of the programme consisted of selections from Weber and Meyerbeer; the second part was miscellaneous. The merit of the performers generally was “too little for a great praise,” being dwarfed by the genius and consummate art of Pauline Viardot Garcia, who looks in better health, and whose voice is firmer and truer than when we heard her last. She sang, with equal power and perfection, the moonlight scena from *Der Freischütz*, “Ah! mon fils,” from the *Prophète*, and her own “Non più mesta.” And as the rebellious *encore* of the last was not to be put down, instead of repeating it, she took to the piano, and with irresistible insouciance threw off one of her *Zingara* songs to the enraptured audience. Mademoiselle St. Marc, a very pretty young pianiste, whose lovely arms were positively “features” of the concert, played with success a fantasia from *Lucrezia Borgia*, by Leopold de Meyer, which was difficult, and in no sense beautiful. Benedict's conducting was, as usual, excellent; and the instrumental pieces (especially the overture to *Der Freischütz*) were all efficiently performed. Why were no selections made from Weber's other operas?

Next Wednesday evening, the first concert of a new series will be devoted (the first part at least) to Mendelssohn again. Mademoiselle Clauss will, we are rejoiced to be able to announce, repeat her exquisite performance of the Concerto in G minor—alas! her last before she takes wing for St. Petersburg.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

[THIRD ARTICLE.]

WE are far from regarding the silvered plate as exploded by the perfection of calotype paper. For certain purposes, there can be no doubt that the polished surface will always be found the best; but only in cases where precision rather than effect is wanted, as in copying machinery. The continuance of the “dry process” of Daguerre will be restricted to technical requirements, while most persons who are led to practise heliography by a general admiration of its pictorial results, will make the Talbotype their exclusive study. Indeed, the facility of multiplying pictures taken by Talbot's process; of transmitting the several copies; and, above

all, of publishing them, like engravings, will secure the Talbotype a monopoly of general favour.

Nicéphore Niépce, the originator, as we have already remarked, of heliography, died in 1833; and it was not till 1839 that the process which he and Daguerre had struck out between them was made known. Niépce, however, had left a son, with whom Daguerre entered into a new agreement, of equal participation in the profits of their labours; and in July, 1839, the French Government purchased their secret with a pension. We shall give but a slender outline of the process, because, for reasons hinted, the Talbotype will engage our principal consideration.

The tablet on which the pictures of the Daguerreotype are produced is a thin sheet of copper, plated with silver, and rendered sensitive by an application to be presently described. It has been shown, that the difficulty which baffled every precursor of Niépce was—how to arrest the action of light, or rather, of its accompanying phenomena, on the sensitive object. The triumph of Niépce consisted alone in overcoming this difficulty; and the operation, as may naturally be conjectured, forms the last step in the process. The first, is to prepare the silvered plate for the reception of the sensitive iodure of silver. This is effected by a gentle rubbing over the plate with finely levigated pumice and olive oil. When cleaned, the silver coating is again rubbed with diluted nitric acid. The plate is then placed on a frame, the silver surface being upwards, and a spirit lamp is kept in motion underneath, so as to produce an even heat throughout the metal. In a few minutes a white film will be seen; the plate is then allowed to cool as rapidly as possible, and the polishing is repeated, with the application of the nitric acid. Great delicacy is required in the whole of this operation, as, indeed, in every step throughout the process, “dry” or “wet,” of heliography.

The next step in the manipulation of the Daguerreotype is the vaporising process. The plate is shut in a box, peculiarly constructed for the purpose, so that the silver coating being downwards is exposed to a vapour arising from iodine. This operation must be terminated as soon as the surface has become the colour of gold. If left a few seconds too long the plate will be violet-coloured and useless.

The third operation consists in fixing the plate in the camera. This enters as well into the process of the Talbotype, and will be explained by-and-by. In the camera the sensitive tablet is solarized. The development of the image is the next step, and is attained by submitting the plate to a temperature of 167-degrees Fahrenheit in the “mercury box.” The plate is adjusted with its face downwards, as when exposed to the vapour of the iodine, only instead of being placed horizontally, it is inclined at an angle of about 45 degrees. The box, of course, is carefully closed, and when, by means of the spirit lamp, a temperature of 140 degrees has been reached, it will continue to rise without further aid of artificial heat. When the thermometer fitted in the box indicates a fall to 131 degrees the plate is transferred to another box, which is simply constructed, by means of grooves, to hold a number of such plates, and to exclude light.

We now come to the final operation of arresting that solar action which, when found by Wedgwood and others to produce a change in nitrate of silver, was employed by them to copy images, fading as they did under the continued influence by which the pictures were produced.

The removal of the iodine, leaving the image, was, in effect, the problem that Niépce solved.

Once solved, the problem is a common-place. No step in heliography so simple or uninteresting. A saturated solution of chloride of sodium—common salt, that is to say—will do; hyposulphite of soda does better. After repeated plunging in one or other of these saline washes, the plate is held on an incline, while warm distilled water is poured over it. The Daguerreotype is finished, and, being placed behind a glass (for the light parts of the picture will come off at a touch, like the down from a moth's wing), is unalterable—thanks to Niépce and Daguerre—by the sun's rays.

We have not spoken of combinations employed since Daguerre first published his discovery. To have done so would have interfered with our purpose of making this particular branch subordinate to other branches of our subject. We now turn to the calotype, or paper heliograph, invented by our countryman, Fox Talbot.

Q.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

On the 28th of September, at Singapore, the wife of Captain J. W. Goad, Deputy Assistant Commissary-General, and Superintendent H.M.'s Coal Depot: a son.

On the 8th of October, at Muree, Punjab, the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley, H.M.'s Tenth Regiment: a daughter.

On the 28th of October, at the Rectory, Welwyn, Herts, Lady Boothby: a daughter.

On the 29th, at Hyde-park-gardens, the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Kimbird: a daughter.

On the 28th November, at Bath, the wife of Captain J. F. Stirling, R.N.: a daughter.

On the 28th, at Farnham-hall, near Bury St. Edmunds, the Lady Manners: a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On the 29th of October, at Mountstuart, Rothsay, the residence of the Marchioness of Bute, Lieutenant-Colonel C. C. Yarborough, C.B., of the Ninety-first Regiment, third son of the late John Cooke Yarborough, of Campsoun, Doncaster, to Flora Sophia Emma, only daughter of David Grant, Esq., of Cambridge-villas, Nottingham-hill, and granddaughter of the late Nicoll Raynsford, Esq., of Brixworth-hall, Northamptonshire.

On the 24th of November, at St. Dunstons Church, Chichester, W. L. Reid, Esq., M.D., H.M. Medical Staff, son of the late Captain C. Hope Reid, R.N., of Grange-hill, Ayrshire, to Sophia, daughter of the late Charles Cooke Dendy, Esq., of Southgate-house, Chichester.

On the 24th, at St. George's, Hanover-square, the Rev. Freeman Heathcote Bishop, youngest son of the late Charles Bishop, Esq., Procurator-General to his Majesty George the Third, to Emily Huskisson, eldest daughter of the Rev. Evan Nepean, chaplain in ordinary to her Majesty, and domestic chaplain to H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester.

On Thursday, the 24th, at the parish church, Duffield, James, son of the late Charles Mathias, Esq., of Lamphrey-court, Pembroke-shire, to Maria Harriet, daughter of the late William Rawstorne, Esq., of Howick, Lancashire.

DEATHS.

On the 21st of November, at Torquay, William M. De Butts late Captain in the Eighty-eighth (Commaught Rangers) Regiment, second surviving son of General Sir Augustus De Butts, K.C.H., aged thirty-seven.

On the 22nd, at Patshull, Staffordshire, the Right Hon. William, the Earl of Dartmouth, aged sixty-nine.

On the 23rd, at Barnsbury-villas, Islington, Janet, last surviving sister of the late Sir Alexander Ferrier, K.G.H., H.B.M. Consul at Rotterdam, aged eighty.

On the 24th, at Lansdown-terrace, Cheltenham, Lieutenant-General Duncan McPherson, of the Bengal Army, aged seventy-five.

On the 24th, in London, the Hon. Lady Palmer, wife of Sir John Henry Palmer, Bart., of Cullton-park, Northamptonshire, aged sixty-seven.

Commercial Affairs.

MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

Friday Evening, December 2, 1853.

THERE has been a further rally in the English Funds. The fact that no advance was made yesterday in the rate of discount, and the hope that the decrease in the bullion may not prove so large as was anticipated, have had a good effect, and as the settling day approaches, it would appear that the “contango” gets

smaller, being now 1-16 only. Consols have been dealt in at 95 for money, and are last quoted 94½ to 95 for immediate transfer and Tuesday next. Reduced 3 per Cents. recovered to 93½, and New 3½ per Cents. to 95½. Bank Stock was dealt in at 217, and India Stock 250 253. India Bonds were rather heavy at par, and Exchequer Bills are 3s. to 6s. premium, being still rather heavy.

Foreign Stocks are very quiet, and for the most part only nominal. Russian 5 per Cents. have been at 111 to 111½, being steady. Sardinian Bonds are quoted 89, Dutch 2½ per Cents. 64, and the Four per Cents. 95½.

There have been some severe fluctuations in the Share Market, but the general tone of prices is better. Great Northern have been heavy at 82½ and 83. Caledonians were 11. Higher. Eastern Counties improved ½. Lancashire and Yorkshire rallied to 67. North Westerns were steady at 102½. Midlands rose to 62½. South Easterns are 25s higher to-day; and York and North Midlands have recovered 11. in price. Colonial Shares were somewhat depreciated. East India, 23½. Grand Trunk of Canada lower at 7½ or 2½ dis. Belgian Shares were all firm. Great Luxembourgs recovered to 10½; ditto railway to 6½. Namur and Liege rose 5s, and Sambre and Meuse the same. West Flanders Preference realised 9½. Northern of France were higher.

Mines were dull, and Bank Shares flat. Australian Agricultural Company improved to 41½. Van Diemen's Land Company stand at 15. Crystal Palace, 1½ premium.

CORN MARKET.

Mark Lane, Friday, December 2, 1853.

LOCAL TRADE.—The supplies of all Grain into London during the week have been moderate. The trade has, however, been exceedingly quiet, and where sales are pressed a slight reduction in prices must be submitted to.

F. O. B.—The value of the finest descriptions of Wheat has again slightly advanced in New York, while secondary qualities are a shade lower. Fine white Genesee was worth 63s. 3d. per

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MALTA and CONSTANTINOPLE.—On the 27th of every month from Southampton.

MARSEILLES and the COAST of ITALY.—From Marseilles to Genoa, Leghorn, Civita Vecchia, and Naples, on the 15th and 30th of every month; and from Naples to Civita Vecchia, Leghorn, Genoa, and Marseilles, departing from Marseilles on the 19th and 4th of the month.

SPAIN and PORTUGAL.—For Vigo, Oporto, Lisbon, Cadiz, and Gibraltar, from Southampton, on the 7th, 17th, and 27th of every month.

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